

# WORTH GARDENERS' SOCIETY CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' PLAY

## CHARACTERS

Old Man of Worth	As picture - has walking stick
Father Christmas	Long staff with holly & ribbons
St George	Sword & silver helmet
Robin Hood	Green cap with feather
Scurvy Weevil	Sword & black helmet
Jack Frost	Icicle 'sword' & black cap hung with icicles
Photographer	Hat with 'PRESS' and a camera with flash
Doctor Good	Big flat brimmed hat & 'stethoscope'
Nurse	White apron & cap + red cross and big bag
Drummer-boy	Drum & wool cap

All characters, except Father Christmas are dressed alike. Shirts covered with strips of paper/material/ribbons etc. Normal trousers/skirts and shoes. The shirts are worn over-all like a tunic. Head-wear can be a fantastic as desired.

## INTRODUCTION

Our play needs a little introduction. It is based on a traditional Mummings' Play, such as were performed in the Middle Ages all over the country and are in fact still performed in some places today. They were often played at Christmas, but sometimes at other Festivals during the year. The story is always the same, with a mixture of St George and the Crusades. The characters & costume are also traditional.

Our play is based on the Christmas Mummings' Play of Chithurt, Sussex, which was adapted as the First Worth Mummings' Play some years ago. Our Play has been further adapted as you may imagine (*by Ray Harlow who plays the Scurvy Weevil*)

*Curtain rise to reveal the Old Man of Worth.*

## **OLD MAN OF WORTH**

I am the Old Man of Worth  
How long I've been on earth  
Nobody knows!  
My name and from whence I came;  
The answer is the same  
Nobody knows!

But if you're sitting comfortably  
Why, watch along with me  
The ancient tale of fights so gory  
involving brave St George in glory!

But ere we further with this tale apace  
I think you'll recognise the face  
Of Father Christmas, leader of our band,  
Who'll whisk you back to Old England.

*Drum-beat off. Drummer-boy comes on followed by FATHER CHRISTMAS.*

### **FATHER CHRISTMAS**

In a loud voice:

In come I, Old Father Christmas

Welcome or welcome not!

I hope Old Father Christmas

Will never be forgot!

Aside: (Unlike gunpowder treason and plot and entries for the 'Monthly competition' spot!)

Although we're here,

We can't stay long!

But sport & cheer

We'll offer you, and song!

Before we seek the land of Pigeons blue

Or seek St Crispin's draught, and so might you!

Behold my ladies and my lords

Upon this stage will now appear my hoards!

*Enter St George, Scurvy Weevil.*

### **SCURVY WEEVIL**

In come I the Scurvy Weevil

Just arrived to do some evil.

I'll fight St George with courage bold

I'll change his blood from hot to cold!

I'll cut him up as small as dust

Then cook him up inside a crust!

### **ST GEORGE**

In come I, brave St George, from England I did spring.

With some of my wondrous works now I'm going to begin.

I fought the fiery dragon to great slaughter

And thereby won Queen Alice's fairest daughter.

*(to Scurvy Weevil)*

Down under thee I'll never bow or bend,

I never took thee for my friend!

*THEY FIGHT. A PHOTOGRAPHER COMES IN AND TRIES TO GET A FLASH PICTURE. THE SCURVY WEEVIL FALLS FRONT LEFT. ST GEORGE GOES TO STAND DOWN STAGE.*

**FATHER CHRISTMAS**

Is there a noble Doctor to be found  
To raise this body from the ground?

*Enter Doctor and Nurse.*

**DOCTOR**

*(steps forward)*

In come I Doctor Good  
With my hand I can stop the blood.  
I can stop the blood and heal the wound  
And raise this body from the ground.  
And with my bag of miracles and worse  
I have my skilful trauma nurse.

Enter nurse with large bag.

**NURSE**

With Doctor Good I've come to town  
I am the famous Florence Nighting-Gown.

**FATHER CHRISTMAS**

What else can you cure, Doctor Good?

**DOCTOR**

We can cure hipsy, pipsy, palsy and gout.

**NURSE**

Pains within and pains without,  
Draw a leg and set a tooth

**DOCTOR**

And bring the dead to life forsooth.

**FATHER CHRISTMAS**

Try your skill, Doctor.

*They kneel beside Scurvy Weevil and take things out of the bag. Enter Jack frost*

**JACK FROST**

Stepping forwards  
In come I, Jack Frost, with Arctic freeze.  
My ally he is slain.  
The foe who life from him did seize  
Must fight with me again!  
Goes to attack St George.

*Enter Robin Hood*

**ROBIN HOOD**

*Steps forward*

In come I, brave Robin Hood  
Gallant soldier pledged to good.  
Sword in hand, to help St George I aim,  
I'll fight this foe and win the game.  
I've travelled far and wide within this Realm  
And many's the invader I overwhelm.  
With cap of green and nerve of steel  
My wrath this green-wood scourge will feel.

*THEY FIGHT. AGAIN THE PHOTOGRAPHER COMES IN WITH THE USUAL BUSINESS. JACK FROST FALLS RIGHT FRONT.*

**OLD MAN OF WORTH**

Behold what stirring efforts and couragous skills  
Our heros use to coutract such ills  
As threaten our beloved wards  
Our garden plants and mar our hallowed swards!  
And ten more such as these they'd fight  
Before the threatened wrong they'd right.

*Robin Hood moves down stage*

**FATHER CHRISTMAS**

Doctor, Doctor, another needs your skill.

**DOCTOR**

Here I come with potion and with pill.  
I have drops for foreheads, pills for tongues,  
Plus pegs on noses and air for lungs!

*BUSINESS WITH PLANT-SPRAY, GOLF BALLS, PEGS AND A BICYCLE PUMP OR BELLOWS.  
DOCTOR AND NURSE 'CURING' BOTH THE FALLEN.*

**FATHER CHRISTMAS**

What is your fee Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Ten pounds

**NURSE**

Plus VAT! (*Value Added Tax*)

### **FATHER CHRISTMAS**

Oh dear! We cannot pay as much as that!

### **DOCTOR**

Well nine pounds and ninety-nine 'p'  
Because you're poor we'll give that free.  
Our skill we do not have to prove  
You see those fallen low now move!

*THE FALLEN GET UP.*

### **ST GEORGE**

Arise, arise you scurvy blights  
You know the fate of one that fights  
In this great and glorious land.  
Go home and tell how you've been tanned.

### **THE SCURVY WEEVIL & JACK FROST**

*(alternating lines)*

We have crossed the sea from foreign parts  
Intending you great hurts.  
We will liberate your gore in spurts  
Before we both departs!

*All four fight again.*

### **FATHER CHRISTMAS**

*(Breaking up the fight)*

Away, away, now stop this fight  
For Christmastide is near.  
This is no time for quarrelling  
But for laughter and good cheer.  
So go and quaff your warming punch  
Or sample home brewed beer,  
And wait 'till after Christmas Lunch  
To plan your reign of fear  
Against our common enemies  
That work against our plants!  
(While wearing all those knitted socks you get from all those aunts!)

### **OLD MAN OF WORTH**

Now our play is over  
We can no longer stay  
I beg a favour of you all  
The Doctor's bill to pay.

*The drummer-boy takes his cap round the crowd while everyone sings:*

We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
And and a happy New Year.  
Glad tidings we bring  
To you and your kin  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year

*END*