

COMBERBACH SWILLTUB MUMMERS

ST.GEORGE and THE DRAGON

Characters

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| 1. The Fool | Fool's Costume dress.
Juggling balls (or, more correctly, Thuds) |
| Or Father Christmas | Traditional Father Christmas dress with broom. |
| 2. St. George | Hobby Horse (waist frame) White
Red Cross tabbard, Shield, Sword and
Lance. Chainmail (old jumper
painted aluminium. |
| 3. The Turkish Knight | Hobby Horse (waist frame) Black
Turban, Flowing robes,
Scimitar and
Round Shield. |
| 4. The Dragon | Requires Detachable Head.
Ability to blow 'smoke' would be good |
| 5. The Doctor | Top Hat and long coat. Usual 'accessories' |
| 6. Old Woman | Peasant type clothes: - drab,
sacking, dull, not modern. |
| 7. Musician | Play accordion for entrance, dance and exit. |

There could be extra non-speaking performers to act as Squires to St George and Turkish Knight if required. These would be available for the dancing – to make up the required 6 people.

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**MUSICIAN PLAYS TUNE
(BRITISH GRENADIER) TO GET AUDIENCE ATTENTION**

FOOL DANCES IN

**OPTIONALLY HE CAN ENTER JUGGLING – DROPS THE THUDS BEFORE
SPEAKING**

FOOL In comes I the fool (*or Father Christmas*)
Welcome or welcome not.
You gentle Lords and Ladies
Of high or low
I say we all desire your favour
For to see our pleasant show.
Now, though some of us be little
And some of us be middle sort
I say we all desire your favour
To see our pleasant sport.
Welcome or welcome not
I hope this fool (*or Father Christmas*).
Will never be forgot.
For I am not here to laugh or jeer
But for a pocket full of money
And a cellar full of beer.
So room, room do I obtain
For after steps St George
And all his noble train.

**PLAYERS FILE IN LED BY MUSICIAN AND WALK AROUND THE STAGE
FORMING A CIRCLE OR LINE. FOOL SWEEPS THE WAY FOR PLAYERS AND
SWEEPS BACK THE CROWD.**

ST.GEORGE: Here am I St. George - from Britain did I spring,
I'll fight the Dragon bold - my wonders to begin.
I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly,
I'll cut him down or else I die.

**LOUD FEARSOME ROARS ARE HEARD. ST.GEORGE STEED PLUNGES
WILDLY, CAREERS AROUND THE AREA AND IS REINED IN FACING THE
DRAGON'S ENTRANCE. ENTER THE DRAGON STILL ROARING.**

DRAGON Who's he that seeks the Dragon's blood?
And calls so angry and so loud?
That English Dog will before me stand
I will cut him down with my long teeth
and my scurvy jaw.
Of such I'd break up half a score
And stay my stomach, 'til I'd more.

FIGHT.

**TWO OR THREE PASSES WITH LANCE. FINAL PASS HITS THE DRAGON
DRAGON FALLS WITH A ROAR. ST.GEORGE DISMOUNTS, HIS STEED PLANTING A
FOOT ON THE DRAGON (BODY WIGGLES A LITTLE). SQUIRE WOULD BE HELPFUL
HERE TO TAKE LANCE AND HORSE OUT OF AREA.**

ST.GEORGE: Here am I, St. George, that worthy champion bold,
And with my sword and spear
I have won three crowns of gold,
I've fought the fiery Dragon
And brought him to the slaughter,
And by that means hope to win
The Queen of Egypt's daughter.

TURKISH KNIGHT: In comes I, the Turkish Knight,
Just come from Turkey land to England for to fight.
I'll fight thee St. George, that valiant man.
That valiant man of courage bold.
Be thy blood be ever so hot,
I'll shortly draw it cold.

ST.GEORGE: Ah, Ah, my little man, you talk so brave and bold,
Just like some of these little lads, so I've been told.
Pull out your purse and pay,
Pull out your sword and fight

TURKISH KNIGHT: No purse will I pull out,
No money will I pay,
But my sword I will draw out
And have satisfaction of thee this day.

**DRAGON CRAWLS OUT OF WAY APPREHENSIVELY
TURKISH KNIGHT STEP OUT OF HIS HORSE. SQUIRES COULD BE USEFUL
AGAIN.**

**THE FIGHT BEGINS.
BOTH HIT SWORDS AND SHIELDS.
FINALLY ST GEORGE STAMPS ON TURKISH KNIGHT'S FOOT
THE TURKISH NIGHT, OVERCOME, BENDS ON ONE KNEE.**

TURKISH KNIGHT: Oh! Pardon me. St. George,
Pardon me I crave.
Oh, pardon me this night,
And I will be your slave.

ST. GEORGE: Pardon a Turkish Knight?
Never – Get thee up and try thy might.

BATTLE CONTINUES THE TURKISH NIGHT IS SLAIN.

OLD WOMAN: Horrible, terrible, what have thou done?
You've cut down this Knight like the evening sun.
Is there a doctor to be found?
To cure this noble Turk lying, bleeding on the ground.

DOCTOR: Ah! Yes there is a doctor to be found,
All ready near at hand.
To cure a deadly wound
And make the champion stand

OLD WOMAN: What can you cure?

DOCTOR: I can cure all diseases.
I can cure the hitch, the stitch,
and palsy and the raging
pain - both inside and out.
If the Devil's a man, I'll fetch him out.
Give me an old woman four score and ten,
With scarcely a stump of tooth in her head.
I will make her young and plump again.

OLD WOMAN: Where have you been learning these fine things doctor?

DOCTOR: I've been to England, Ireland, Scotland and Dover,
I have traveled the world wide over.

OLD WOMAN: What is your fee?

DOCTOR: Ten Guineas is my fee, but thee being a poor old woman
Twice of half of that I'll take off thee.

OLD WOMAN: Here take that and cure him.
(GIVING MONEY)

**DOCTOR BEGINS THE CURE. RAISING AND LIFTING LEGS AND ARMS
(Comedy) TESTING HEART ETC.**

DOCTOR: I have a **(SHOW BOTTLE)** little bottle of elicompane,
made from -
Easy Peasey peas, midget oil and humble bees gravy,
The juice of the beetle - the sap of the pan.
Three turkey eggs, nine mile long,
All put together in a midges bladder,
And stirred up with a grey cat's feather.

**DOCTOR OBTAINS LARGE FUNNEL, POURS IN THE CURE.
TURKISH KNIGHT CHOKES AND SNEEZES AND RISES TO HIS FEET WITH A
STAGGER.**

FOOL: Now Lords and Ladies, your sport is just ended,
So prepare for the dance, which is highly commended.

**LONGSWORD DANCE. CAN BE PERFORMED BY 5 OR 6 PEOPLE
AT END OF DANCE THE DRAGON ENTERS THE 'KNOT' OF SWORDS AND AS
THEY ARE DRAWN THE DRAGON'S HEAD IS REMOVED AND DISPLAYED TO
THE AUDIENCE.**

FOOL: Good Lords and Ladies, your fool will soon be gone,
And these players will make it their business to follow me along
So - Good night and thank-you.

ALL LEAD OFF SINGING (Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho ...)