

QUEEN OF SHEBA

St George! St George! What have you done?
You've gone and stabbed him up the bum.
You've gone and chopped off his great
weapon,

SHE STABS ST GEORGE

There! I hope that teaches you a lesson!

FATHER CHRISTMAS

Is there a doctor to be found,
Can cure these two dead men,
Who lie bleeding on the ground ?

FOOL

Doctor, Doctor, come and see,
This man is wounded in the knee.
Doctor, Doctor, come and try,
This man is wounded in the thigh.
Doctor, Doctor, perform thy trick,
This man is wounded in the ...finger.
Doctor Doctor, do thy task,
This man is wounded in the ...!

QUEER OF SHEBA

STAY YOU PRATTLE !
Send for a doctor to cure my Slasher.

DOCTOR

Here's a doctor, Doctor Brown,
One of the finest quack doctors in this
town.
Why, I'm a doctor within and a professor
without.

FOOL

Without What ?

DOCTOR

Without a doubt - the finest doctor in this
land,
Come and look at this steady hand.

FOOL

But what diseases can you cure ?

DOCTOR

All sorts of diseases - whatever you
pleases,
Pains within and pains without,
The itch, the stitch the palsy and the
gout,
Give me an old woman of four score years
and ten,
And I'll make her young and full-bodied
again.

QUEEN OF SHEBA

Stay your prattle you foolish man,
Can you cure my Slasher ? Do you think you
can ?

DOCTOR

Well, Sheba, I'll try,
Here ! I have a bottle of Ali Camphani,
I'll sprinkle some to this mna's head,
And some to this man's heart,
And say, "Rise up, bold gentlemen, and
boldly act thy parts."

FATIMA CHRISTMAS

A wondrous act indeed,
but how much are we in thy debt, ?

DOCTOR

Ten pounds to you, old man,
But to the young maid I'll only charge five,
Plus a little bit of something on the side.

QUEEN OF SHEBA

I'll give you more than a bit on the side,
for here comes Beelzebub to burn you alive !

BEELEZEBUB

Here comes I - BEELEZEBUB,
And over me shoulder I carries me club.
And in my hands a dripping pan,
I thinks meself a jolly old man.
Rink, jink, jink and a sup from your cup,
If you don't give me money I'll eat you all
up !
But if you don't believe these words I say,
Then old Father Christmas will bring an end
to this play.

FATHEAD CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,
Plum pudding, roast turkey and mince pies,
For who likes these better than I ?
Now ladies and gentlement our play is ended,
Our collecting box is recommended.
Give us money for the RNLI,
Or give us beer for we are dry.
Now ladies and gentlemen we'll soon be gone,
But we'll entertain you with a song.