

Father Christmas: Clear the floor and let us in
 We hope your favour we shall win.
 We'll tell a tale of a hero bold
 And villains more horrible than the common cold

Fool: Yes, In come the Mummers with a song
 to act a play, we won't be long.
 There's rhymin, fightin, lots of stuff
 And by the end, you'll have had enough.

Saint George: In come I, Saint George.
 I'm England's champion knight.
 An old-time superhero
 I know wrong from right!

Slasher: In come I, Al Jeizera
 A knight from the East or maybe nearer
 Dirty fighting is my game.
 A naughty knight with a funny name

Saint George: A nasty blighter you may be
 But your tiny sword don't bother me.
 I am a saint when all is done
 So stop your posing, do be gone

Slasher: This sword and shield are just for show
 I don't want to face my foe.
 My knees they knock, my brow does sweat
 You don't want to fight me yet.

Fool: You really are a cowardly runt.
 Look at St George. He's such a great ... saint

Saint George: My dear Al
 I just want to test your mettle.
 And see who's in the finer fettle. *(George prods Slasher)*

Slasher: Oh St George, St George my fight's all front
 My shield's all bent and my sword is blunt.
 So, just turn around , do be kind
 And let me take you from behind *(Slasher makes a feint attack then turns away)*

Saint George: My dear Al , not on your Nelly
 (Not without the KY Jelly)
 Before too long you'll feel my blade
 Upon that floor, you'll soon be laid! *(THEY FIGHT)*

Father Christmas: Oh, He's dead and gone, that nasty knave
 You've sent him to an early grave.

Saint George: I'm such a saintly chap, my work's all done.
 No one here can spoil our fun.

Dragon: Oh St. George, St George ,You forgot the dragon

My dander's up and my tail's a waggin'.
Your talk is very bold
But you've only a little weapon so I've been told.

Saint George: You little Newt
I've got a contract with a burger van
And meat like yours will fill their pan.
Mine is a weapon of mass destruction.
I'll soon give you a swift reduction.

Dragon: Oh St George, these words make my blood rise
Your life will make a worthy prize.
A dish you'll make, what's left of you
A Happy Meal and just for two.

Saint George: A Happy Meal, you mangy lizard?
You'll feel my sword around your gizzard.

Dragon: I'll eat your guts, I'll bite your bum.
I'll make you wish you hadn't come!
Think kebabs - yes you're a goner
When I'm done, they'll call you Donna *(THEY FIGHT)*

Father Christmas: Saint George, Saint George, what have you done?

Saint George: I've gone and stabbed him up the bum.

Devil: At last, at last two souls Hell-bound!
But just to make sure I'll stick around!
I need some more to join with me
I can't let them go too easily.

Fool: The Devil cannot take these two
There must be something we can do?
Oh, is there a doctor in the room
to save these souls from a fiery doom?

Devil: There's not a medic in the land
Who can save these souls from my dread hand!

Fool: Oh, Doctor, Doctor do not linger, the dragon's wounded in the finger.
Doctor, Doctor visit here, the knight is wounded in the ear.
Doctor, Doctor come and try, the dragon's wounded in the eye
Oh, Doctor, Doctor do be quick, the knight is wounded in the.....

Doctor: Prick up your ears and listen to me
Here's a medic in search of a hefty fee
To fool
Did you call for a doctor you foolish lout?
I'm a doctor within and a professor without

Fool: Without what ?

Doctor: Without a doubt the finest doctor in this town
So give me your money and go and lie down.

Fool: Enough of this you medical man.

Make them alive as soon as you can.

Doctor: This man is dead or is he pissed?
And that dragon don't look well.
I'll put them on the waiting list
But how long they'll be I cannot tell.

Father Christmas: They must be saved without delay!
Or there really will be Hell to pay

Doctor: Well, I happen to have here a bottle of a wonderful potion
That will soon get them up with a sprightly motion. *(Devil snatches bottle)*

Devil: If his stuff can make those two stiffs rise
I'll drink it all and keep my prize! *(and drinks)*

Doctor: He's drunk the lot! That's the end of my booze
But I've something special here I can use

Viagra given by injection
Will guarantee a resurrection *(injects Dragon and slasher)*

Devil: Those two souls were mine, I say
But now that doctor's saved the day.
He's gone and spoilt my night of fun
So I'm off home, my work's undone.

Slasher: It is a wonderous act indeed
That injection sure is magic

Dragon: If I don't get a drink soon we'll all see something tragic!

Fool: Well, what fee could there be for the doctor's prescription?
His performance beggars all description.
Enough cash would be hard to find
Perhaps you'll accept a payment in kind?

Doctor: I may be a Quack but I'm not a duck...
But sure as Hell I'd like a

Fool: Very Quickly! Yes good folk our tale is ended
And we hope that you were not offended.

Saint George: Now you need to have no fear
The sun will rise again next year.

Father Christmas: And if you'll pass your coins in this direction
we'll finish off with our collection.
The Lifeboats are our worthy cause,
So give us your money and some applause!