

# From a knight to a saint 4.3.5

11/11/2008

FC: In come Prize Old Mummers  
Here to act their play.  
It's all about that knight Saint George  
And how he got that way.

Fool: Yes, clear the floor and let us in  
We hope your favour we shall win.  
We'll tell this tale without restraint  
Of how George became the English saint.

George: In come I, the brave knight George.  
And good I am at fightin'  
But I've got to do some saintly things  
So wrongs I'll start a rightin'

Sheba: I'm the lady of the play, by popular demand  
I just want a husband who will come when I command  
I'm looking for a hero bold, I wonder who I'll find ( indicating George)  
He needs to be extremely brave,... but also fairly blind

George: I've already gained my spurs  
And I'm on a proper quest.  
I don't know what a saint prefers  
But it's not a hairy chest.

Dragon Aha, in come I the fiercest dragon  
And to test you is my pleasure.  
When I've burnt you to a crisp  
I'll chew your bones at leisure

George: You rotten turkey-twizzler  
I know you're not conforming  
I'll put out your fire  
And reduce our global warming

Drag: Oh hark at you, all nice and Green  
I'm going to make you fry.  
You'll have my carbon footprint  
right between your eyes

George: You mangy little lizard.  
I'm going to have a stab.  
With my sword in your gizzard  
You'll be shish kebab.

Drag: Really George you shouldn't boast.  
My flames will make you Sunday roast

*They fight*

Sheba: George, George what have you done?

Omnes: He's gone and stabbed him up the .....

George: His credit's crunched, without a doubt  
His fire has definitely gone out

Don't worry folks, carry on with your lunch,  
I've just got rid of the credit crunch

Sheba: Oh Georgie Porgie You are MY saint  
Keep it up and there'll be no complaint  
Your vigour makes me quite bewitched  
I just can't wait til we are hitched

George: I still maintain you seem too weird.  
Do normal women have a beard?

Slasher: In come I with sword and shield  
You'll find that I'm no runt  
I've come to fight and make you yield  
Stand still you, ... face the front. Or silly ..... knight

George: At last, a challenge I can rise to.  
This makes my courage flicker.  
I'll dispatch him with my sword  
And reach my sainthood quicker.

Slash: As a trainee saint you're not much good  
You'd never make X Factor  
You're stiff - just like a block of wood  
And such a rotten actor.

George: I am bound for higher things  
A patron saint I'll be.  
I'll chop you up without delay  
And that's a guarantee

Slasher: I've heard enough you're just a faker  
Take up thy sword and meet thy maker.

*They fight (and slay each other)*

FC: Now There's a problem with this match  
They've each dispatched the other.  
What we need now is someone's help  
To sort out this here bother

Devil: But In come I Beelzebub  
To grab these three dead fighters.  
I'll take them back to Hell with me  
And use them as fire lighters

Sheba: No, no, no! This cannot be  
George must become my man.  
Is there a doctor in the house  
Who can help me with this plan?

Devil: There is no medic here so skilled  
Who's qualified to act.  
They are all as good as mine.  
This is the devil's pact

Fool: Sheba's lost, without a hope  
She's really feeling sick  
There must be someone hereabouts  
To save them from Old Nick

Dr: In come I that very man  
My reputation's sound.  
I'll top up any treatment  
For just five hundred pounds.

Dr's helper: Yes, he's a man of many talents  
He'll even revive this knight.  
He'd do most things for cash.  
So long as the price is right!

Dr: Yes, I'm a wheeler dealer,  
And an honest Pompey quack.  
If you bung me a monkey  
I'll bring these fighters back.

Sheba: All George needs is a kiss from me,  
It will have the best effect.  
Just one caress of my luscious lips  
Will make him stand erect.

Dr's helper: No, no ...Such a shock might prove too much  
It could get him in a stew.  
let the doctor give him a dose  
He won't want that from you.

FC: Just one minute mister  
Before you do your stuff  
There's a problem with the money. (*Looking in bucket*)  
I don't think we've got enough

Dr: Look No-el. That's no deal.  
you'll have to call your banker..  
If you think I'll work for free  
Then you really are a..... silly man

Sheba: You said my George would be revived  
But the waiting just gets longer.  
Now do your best with what you've got  
And make my knight grow stronger.

Dr: OK just keep your wig on, dearie.  
Nurse, where's my bag of tricks  
I'll bring them back, so never fear.  
We'll soon find them a fix.

Dr's h. what did your last nurse die of?  
I haven't been paid this year.  
I'll just take this Prize old ale  
And have my pay in beer *exit drinking*

Dr: let's hope that's worked off his frustration,  
The beer will cure his constipation.  
What's needed now is my sharp whopper.  
With just one prick they'll all be proper. *Injects, they rise*

Dragon: Ouch. That needle hurt my rear

Slasher: I need some life rescuing beer!

George: Doc, I feel a glow about me  
My life's work has now begun.  
I've been brought back from the dead  
Your patron saint I've now become.

Sheba: At last, he's back; I've got my man.  
A lovely bride I'll make.  
And when he takes me up the aisle  
He'll see that I'm no fake.

George No, no. A saint must lead a celibate life  
I cannot now be wed.  
No woman can become my wife  
Find another for your bed.

Sheba I've never been spurned by a saint before  
I don't know what to think.  
What about that chap in red?  
Perhaps he'd like a drink. *Runs after devil*

Devil What's that? First I lose three souls and now she wants a kiss.  
Look dear, I'm Beelzebub,.... you'll have to stay a miss

Fool: The doctor's worked his miracle  
He's certainly saved the day.  
He doesn't really want your thanks  
All he wants is pay

Dr: Yes I work in the private sector  
I'm not some NHS infector ,  
Get some cash from these people here  
I can't afford to wait all year.

Dr. assistant : so with the doc demanding more  
We end our festive play  
It's time to find those few odd coins  
And send us on our way.

FC: if you pass those 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. *Exeunt omnes singing*

Here's two, four six jolly lads all in one mind  
We have all come a-mumming and we hope you'll prove kind.  
And we hope you'll prove kind, with your cash and strong beer  
We'll come no more 'nigh you until the next year