





On a recent visit to my mother Julie, I came across a C90 cassette containing a recording of a rehearsal for the 1972 Bampton Mummers Play. The players were:

Father Christmas..... . Don Rouse\*  
 Saint George ..... . Roy Hewett  
 The Turkish Knight..... Arnold Woodley  
 The Doctor..... Don Rouse  
 Robin Hood..... Trevor Hewett  
 Little John..... Ted Hunt  
 Royal Aprussia King .....Roy Hewett  
 Slasher, The Soldier Bold.....Arnold Woodley  
 Jack Finney.....Trevor Hewett  
 Old Tom the Tinker.....Ted Hunt

\* Standing in for Martin Hewett who played this part on Christmas Eve.

Recorded at a rehearsal in the old chapel at University Farm, Lew. 1972.

The Bampton Mummers Play

The players :

Father Christmas..... Mark Booley

St. George

Royal Aprussia King..... Ken Adams

Turkish Knight

Soldier Bold..... Matthew Green

The Doctor ..... Don Rouse

Robin Hood

Jack Finney..... Geoff Dando

Old Tom the Tinker

Little John..... Frank Piercy.

The cast for Christmas Eve 1991.



## THE BAMPTON MUMMERS PLAY

### Enter Father Christmas

"In comes I old Faather Christmas, welcome, or welcome not.  
I 'ope old Faather Christmas will never be forgot.  
There is a time for work, there is a time for play,  
A time to be melancholy and for to be gay.  
A time to be thrifty, a time to be free.  
And sure enough this Christmas time we all shall jovial be,  
For this is the time when Christ did come, that we might happy be.  
So listen all ye gentiles to what we have to say.  
St. George, the Doctor and the Turk, are 'ere together tonight,  
The Doctor has 'is physicks', the Knights have their swords sharp set,  
One will kill the other and the doctor will raise him up.  
Now all we shall happy be with each 'is Christmas cup:  
And Robin Hood and Little John will pass the beer pot round,  
For two nobler chaps on earth there never yet were found.  
So Ladies an' Gentlemen I pray you give good cheer  
T'old Faather Christmas, he comes but once a year.  
Come in St. George the Knight."

### Enter St. George the Knight

"In comes I St. George the Knight who with my pagans used to fight,  
With my sword and spear and valiant shield  
I'll make an 'ost of adversaries yield.  
I'll swear t'is true although I am so pliant in battle  
I'm as strong as any giant and although I am so slim  
I can eat a calf and then not fill my belly. Oh no, not 'arf.  
Come in the Turkish Knight."

### Enter the Turkish Knight

"In come I the Turkish Knight, I come from Turkeyland to fight  
With bold St. George if 'es 'ere, and if 'is 'eart doesn't quake with fear,  
I'll cut it out with my shaarp sword and eat it  
That I will upon my word.  
Just let 'im come if he be so bowld,  
If 'is blood is 'ot, I'll make it cowld."

### Fighting

### Gasp

"Ahhh!"

### Father Christmas

"Is there a doctor in the land?"

### Enter the doctor

"There is a doctor in the land, skillful both in yead and hand,  
And if a man has got a cough I can cure him without cutting 'is yead off,  
And if this pays me well, I'll leave the sinner to eat a bunch of thistles for  
his dinner,  
And if this pays me well, the secret I shall never tell.  
Being the case as it was before, rise up thy yead and fight once more."

### Fighting



Doctor Good

"Come in bold Robin Hood."

Enter Robin Hood

"In comes I bold Robin Hood, with bended bow of yew tree wood,  
And arrows sharp for my quiver, I'll choose an alderman's fat liver.  
Under the greenwood tree merrily come with me  
To hunt the deer with horn and hound, we take our joyous way,  
And when we've done with nut brown ale we'll cheer the hunting day.  
With Little John and Friar Tuck we'll roast and eat the slaughtered buck.  
Come in bold Little John."

Enter Little John

"In comes I bowld Little John, with my quarterstaff I'll play the don  
I'm not the man to cheat or cozen, but knock men's brazins out by the dozen.  
All I ask you in this quorum, I'll drink your honour in the jorum.  
Last Christmas Eve I turned the spit, burnt me fingers, and finds ant't it.  
The sparks fled over the table, the skimmer ran arter the laadle,  
I said to the grid iron "Caan't you two agree,  
I'm the justice, bring 'im to me.""

The Mummers Play Part 2

Enter Father Christmas

"Good master and good mistress, I 'ope you're all within,  
For we've come this Merry Christmastime to greet you and your kin,  
But if you are offended we'll take it as offence,  
And If you do not own us, we'll quickly go you hence.  
A room a room to rhyme, please give me and my brave gallant boys a room  
To rhyme this Merry Christmastime, active youth, active life,  
Life that's never seen or done before upon a common stage,  
Stage or no stage, off St. George.  
Come in the Royal Apprussia King."

Enter the Royal Apprussia King

"In comes I the Royal Apprussia King, bound to defend all nations,  
Cares for no man, neither Austrian, Spannish, French, Dutch nor Turk.  
An' I'm sure no man can do me any hurt.  
So let all your noble voices ring,  
For I'm the Royal Apprussia King.  
Come in Soldier bowld."

Enter the Soldier bold

"In comes I, Soldier bowld, Slasher is my name,  
With sword and sash hanging by my side, I'll swear I'll win the game.  
Who is this man who wi' me stand? I'll swear I'll kill him sword in hand,  
Kill 'im and cut 'im and maul 'im into smaller slices,  
Send 'im to the cookshop to make mince pies,  
Mince pies 'ot, Mince pies cowld,  
Send 'im to the cookshop before 'es nine days old."

Royal Apprussia King

"Count myself as good a man as thee."

Soldier bold

"Same as I to thee.  
Wherein the forelife I value it not,  
Must give it up sooner or later or no more room for mortality."

Fighting

Knocking

Father Christmas

"Who's there?"

Doctor Good (off stage)

"Doctor."

Father Christmas

"Come in then good Doctor."

Enter Doctor Good

"In comes I Doctor Good, with my 'and I'll stop his blood  
And my pills will work 'im through, cure both body and stomach too."

Father Christmas

"Where doest 'ee come from then good Doctor?"

Doctor Good

"Italy, t'Italy, Germany, 'rance and Spain,  
That's my 'ome and I shall return again."

Father Christmas

"What sort of diseases do thy pills cure then good Doctor?"

Doctor Good

"All sort of diseases, the itch, the stitch, the palsy, the gout,  
Pains within, pains without, hard carns, soft carns,  
Cure a magpie with the toothache."

Father Christmas

"How does'th thee do it then good Doctor?"

Doctor Good

"Cut 'is yead off and chuck 'is body in the ditch.  
Also John Jenkins and his wife, I cured they, but they died.  
Bring me an old woman, seventy years of age and lying in her grave,  
She'll be able to raise her head and crack one of my imple pimple pills,  
I'll be bound a Fifty Pound bonfire for her life  
If there's another quack doctor in the land  
Who can do as well as I can.  
Just let 'im come here and raise this dead man.  
Come in Jack Finney."

Enter Jack Finney

"In comes I as aint bin 'it. Wi' my big yead and little wit.  
Meyad's so big, me wits so small, I will endeavour to please you all.  
Ladies and gentlemen, my name is not Jack Finney."

Father Christmas

"What is thy name then Jack?"



Jack Finney

"Mr. Finney. A man of great pains,  
Can do more than thee, or any other man."

Father Christmas

"What cans't thee do then Jack?"

Jack Finney

"Cure this man if not quite dead,  
Being the case as it was before,  
Rise up thy yead and fight no more.  
Come in old Tom the Tinker."

Enter Tom the Tinker

"In comes I ol' Tom the Tinker. I beant no small beer drinker.  
I towld the landlord to 'is face, the chimney carner was 'is place.  
There us set and dried our face, Old Tom Giles and I.  
Me face was black, me beard was long,  
Me hat tied on with a leathern thong.  
So if you please all ye ladies and gentlemen,  
Will ye give me a copper or two  
To get me beard cut to go to church on Sunday?  
As I was walking down a wide, narrow, straight, crooked lane  
I met a pig with a horse's mane, I went down a little bit faather  
I come to a pig sty built with pancakes and thatched wi' apple dumplings.  
Now I thought it all very well for trade,  
I knocked at the maid, open fled the door,  
The pig began to shake and the 'ouse began to roar.  
She asked me if I could yet half a pint of ale  
And drink a piece of bread and cheese.  
I said "No thankee, but just if thee please."  
I went down a little bit further, I came to two owld women, snipper snapping.  
One cut a barley corn through a ten foot wall,  
Knocked the bottom out of a caste iron pot,  
And Killed a poor dead dog.  
Now I had pity on this poor dead dog."

Doctor Good

"What was 'it 'om a pedigree?"

Tom the Tinker

"No a bitch.  
I turn 'im inside outerds, slap bang outerds,  
Set 'im at the top of Buckland Hill barking back'ards."

Final Song

"Now for the music and now for the fun,  
The feast is ready and Christmas is come,  
So welcome us now, and give us a cheer,  
For Ol' Faather Christmas comes once in a year."

# AN OXFORDSHIRE MUMMERS' PLAY.

[By ALFRED WHITMAN, author of "Round About the Upper Thames," "Folk Songs of the Upper Thames," etc.]

With the approach of Christmas we begin to think of the carol singers and the mummers, who every year used to meet and practice in a shed, barn or stable before they perambulated the village and asked permission to perform at the farmhouse or cottage. Not that we hear much of either carol singers or mummers at the present time. Drastic changes have set in everywhere, and folk observances are well-nigh extinct not only here but all over the country. And yet there is more organised interest in local customs and observances than ever before. Many who would not deign to listen to a party of mummers at Christmas time would yet read an account of them with interest and pleasure. We are not indifferent to the folk inheritance; notwithstanding our finer culture, at heart we are steeped in the old spirit. After all, what is the real foundation of our present-day habits, rules, rites and ceremonies? Are they not all based on tradition? Of course! They are all a species of folk lore, or they were so before they were moulded into their present shape by what we call the evolutionary process.

Nowhere in the country was there more folk activity than in the neighbourhood of the Upper Thames between Oxford, Cirencester and Malmsbury. This applies to both banks of the river, and includes parts of the four counties of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Berkshire. From Fynewich to Stanton Harcourt, and thence past Standlake, Aston, Bampton, Clonsfield and Alvington, taking a line roughly to the Thames head, there was a boundless world of merriment, and many popular customs. The same applies to the villages on the south bank, though there were very important differences. These differences are quite striking, and sometimes even startling. The river provides a key to the mystery. But this is not the time nor the place in which to enter upon a discussion of the subject.

There were many versions of the mummers' play in circulation, even in the Upper Thames district, but no doubt they might all be traced to a common origin. I have collected five or six different pieces between Oxford and Cirencester, but near the Thames the best known were the play of "Robin Hood" and another which bore the title of "Father Christmas." The piece called "Robin Hood" given in full in my "Round About the Upper Thames" was popular at Standlake, Bampton and Iwerlade. Near Cricklade we have another excellent copy of a mummers' play in circulation, which contains references to the Islamic Emperor of Spain. All the pieces are old in their origin, but the versions have undergone many changes and developments.

It is the fashion to complain of the crudeness of folk plays and folk music. But is it not that very crudeness which excites our interest in them? Similitude is the distinguishing feature of all folk lore. But this does not mean that crudeness is a necessary part of it. This often came in later, owing to imperfect traditions, interpolations and poor copying. At ordinary seasons of the year certainly we are not in the mood to listen to third-rate music, songs and ballads that may be little better than doggerel and the unintelligible chapsardie of street actors. But at Christmas time we relax and for the sake of being genial show ourselves ready and willing to submit to anything that is sanctioned by a lengthy observance.

The origin of mumming is too obscure for anyone to offer an easy and satisfactory explanation of it. No doubt it originated in a solar myth; this is to say that it bore some relation to the astronomical order and the contents of the calendar. It appears to have come to us from the East. Nowhere in the world are there more folk customs, games, shows and crude dramatic entertainments than among the Aryan populations of India, who are our historical ancestors. In the Hindu Jatra, or "Birth Tale," we find the counterpart of the English Miracle Play, only older by many centuries. In the Rio-Veda, also, is the germ of the true drama and many, if not most, of our popular rites. We have outgrown these things, but in the East their popularity is boundless, and it shows no sign of abating.

Mumming undoubtedly means "acting." The word is probably identical with the old German word "mimen," which meant "to mimic." Mumming was, therefore, understood on the Continent centuries ago. In the days of Queen Elizabeth mumming was called "disguising." Young men and women exchanged dresses and, forming a company, went from house to house singing, dancing and acting, for which they were expected to be rewarded with gifts of food and drink. At the same time they were creating a diversion for the company.

In a mumming piece, which I discovered near Faringdon one of the characters is dressed as a woman; so here we have a relic of the "disguising," as it was called. No doubt this used to be a general practice.

It is curious that in England mumming was often confused with wassailing. Something of the kind took place in the region of the Upper Thames, because the wassailers of Cricklade dressed in fancy costumes and wore coloured ribbons, such as was usually done by mummers. But it was not the rule generally to dress in gay costumes, or to wear any but the ordinary clothes in the wassail rites.

The mummers' play given below was popular in the Bampton and Aston district.

**Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS:**  
In come I, old Father Christmas,  
Welcome or welcome not,  
I hope old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot.  
Last Christmas Day I turned the spit,  
I haven't my sinners and feel on't yet;  
The swarks went over the table,  
The skimmer heat the ladle,  
"Ay, ay," said the gridiron, "can't you two agree?"  
I am the Justice; bring them to me.  
A room, a room, to sing her-down-derry.  
I am come this Christmas to make you all merry,  
If there's any offence I'll go hence,  
If not, make room for me  
And my jolly company.  
Come in the Valiant Soldier!

**Enter the VALIANT SOLDIER:**  
I am the Valiant Soldier,  
And Slasher is my name,  
With my sword and buckler by my side  
I hope to win the game.

**FATHER CHRISTMAS:**  
Slasher, Slasher, pray don't be too hot,  
Before thou know'st who thou'st got.

**VALIANT SOLDIER:**  
What grows on Land's End?

**FATHER CHRISTMAS:**  
Wheat and rye.

**VALIANT SOLDIER:**  
Then there shall be a battle 'twixt thee and I,  
To see which first on the ground shall lie;  
So mind thy head, and guard thy blow,  
Mind thy eyes, and face also.  
Come in the Royal Russian King!

**Enter the ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:**  
I am the Royal Russian King,  
I am the Turkish Knight,  
And I am come from the Turkish land,  
And I am bound for to fight.  
If any man thinks he can do me harm  
Let his voice ring.  
For I am the Royal, the Russian King.

The Valiant Soldier and the Royal Russian King fight. The Royal Russian King falls.

**ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:**  
A doctor, a doctor: I want five pound  
If a good doctor could be found.

**DOCTOR:**  
I will not come for five pound.

**ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:**  
What will you come for then?

**DOCTOR:**  
I will come for ten pound.

**ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:**  
I am a doctor, a doctor good,  
And with my hand I can stop thy blood;  
I have cured in England, I have cured in Spain,  
And I am come to old England to cure again.

**VALIANT SOLDIER:**  
What can'st thou cure more than any other man?

**DOCTOR:**  
An old magpie with the toothache.

**VALIANT SOLDIER:**  
How dost thou do that?

**DOCTOR:**  
First I wrist off his head,  
Throw his body in the ditch,  
Then chop him up as small as dice,  
And send him to France to make mince-pie—  
Mince-pie hot, mince-pie cold,  
Mince-pie in the pot nine days old.  
Come in, Jack Vinney!

**Enter JACK VINNEY:**  
Here come I that has not been hit,  
With my great head and little wit;  
My head so big, and wit so small,  
But I'll endeavour to please you all.  
As I went up along a narrow, straight and  
crooked lane, I saw a pigsty tied to an eldern  
bush, built with apple dumplings and slated  
with pancakes. I knocked at the maid and the  
door came out. She asked me if I could eat a  
plat of ale and drink a crust of bread and cheese.  
I said, "No, thank you, Miss," but meant "Yes,  
if you please." So she brought me out a cold leg  
of mutton and no taters, and that's what gives  
me my big belly. I went on a little further, and  
there I saw two old women sifting tobacco.  
One flung a piece through a cast-iron platter and  
knocked the bottom out, and another flung a  
piece through a ten-foot wall and injured a poor  
dead dog. I had mussy on that poor dead dog,  
and I turned him slap-dab-inside-outside and sent  
him to Buckland Hill backwards a-barking.  
Here all join hands and dance together, singing:  
Green sleeves, yellow lace,  
Pretty boys, dance space,  
For the fiddler is in great distress  
For the want of a little money.



The Merrymergers  
first part.

In comes I old Father Xmas  
Welcome or welcome <sup>not</sup> ~~no~~

I hope old father Xmas will  
never be forgot, There is a time  
for work there is a time for  
play, time to be Melancholy  
and for to be gay, time to be  
tipsy, time to be free, and  
sure enough at Xmas time  
we all shall jolly be, this is  
a time when Christ should  
come, that we might happy  
be so listen all ye gentiles  
note what we shall say, King  
George, the Doctor, and the  
Turk, are here together to night  
The Doctor has his ~~physic~~  
physic, knight, sword and  
sharp set, one will kill the  
other and the Doctor will  
rise him up, now all we  
shall happy be with each  
his Xmas cup, it is so good  
and little John will pass the  
beer pot round for two  
nobler chaps on earth there  
never yet was found so ladies  
and gentlemen we pray, your  
gifts good cheers to old father  
Xmas, for he comes but once  
a year. come King George.



2) In comes I King George  
the knight whom with my  
package used to fight, and  
with my sword and spear  
and valley and shield, I  
make an oath of advergale,  
I swore tis true although I  
am so pliant in battle I am  
as strong as any giant, though  
I am so slim, I can eat a  
calf and not fill my belly  
O, no not half, come in  
the Turkish knight.

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3) In comes I the Turkish knight  
I come from Turkey land  
to fight and if brave King  
George if he is here and if  
his heart dont quake with  
fear I will cut it out with  
my sharp spear and eat it  
half that I will upon my  
word just let him come if  
he is so bold and if his  
blood is hot I'll make it  
cold battle to battle is  
there a Doctor in the land

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4) There is a Doctor in the  
land skilful of both in  
head and hand, but if a  
man has got a cough I



can cure him without cutting  
his head off, but if this pay  
me well, I will leave this  
sinner to eat a bunch of  
thistles for his dinner, if this  
pay me well this secret I  
will never tell being the  
case it was before rise  
up thy head and fight  
once more, come in bold  
Robin Hood.

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5 In comes I bold Robin  
Hood with bended bow  
of Yew tree wood with  
arrow sharp and for my  
~~quiver~~ quiver I will choose  
the elderly man's fat liver  
under the greenwood tree  
merrily come with me to  
hunt the deer with horn  
and hound and take  
one joyous way when we  
done, with nut brown hill  
to cheer the hunting day  
with little John and  
Friars Tuck we will roast  
and eat the slaughtered  
buck, come in bold  
little John.

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6) In comes I bold little  
John, with my quarter staff  
I'll play the Don, I am not  
the man to cheat my  
cousins, but knock mens  
brains out by to dozens,  
all I said to please you  
in chorus, I will drink  
your honour in the ~~forum~~  
forum, last Xmas eve I  
turned a spit burnt me  
finger and finds ant it,  
sparks fled over the table  
the skimmer went after  
the ladel I said to the  
grid iron cant you two  
agree I am the justice  
so just bring it to me.

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## Part 2)

1) Good Master & good Mistress  
I hope you are within, I  
am come this merry Xmas  
to see you and your kin,  
but if you are offended  
we will take it as a fence  
but only I will quickly go  
your hence, a room a room  
to rhyme please give me  
and my brave gallant  
lads room to rhyme this  
Merry Xmas tide active



youth active life, life, life  
which never seen or done  
before on a common stage  
or no stage off King George  
come in the Royal ~~and~~ a  
Prussian King.

2) I comes I the Royal ~~and~~  
a prussian King bound  
to defend all nations cares  
for no man neither Austrian  
Spanish French or Dutch  
nor Turk I am sure no man  
can do one any hurt let  
all the voices use the  
ring for I am the Royal a  
prussian King come in Soldier  
Bold.

3 I comes I Soldier bold  
Slasher is my name with  
sword and sash ~~hung~~<sup>hung</sup> by  
my side I swore I'd win  
the game who is the man  
that licks me stand he  
swore he'd kill <sup>me</sup> sword in  
hand I will cut him <sup>and</sup> ~~all~~  
mall him in ~~small~~ small  
pieces send him to the  
cook shop to make mince  
~~pie~~ pies, mince pies hot  
mince pies cold send him  
to the cook shop before he's



nine days old count my-  
self as good ~~any~~<sup>a</sup> man  
as the same as I to ~~the~~  
~~wherein~~<sup>and</sup> the far life I valley  
thee not give up sooner or  
later or no more, room to  
tallowty Battle to Battle  
who's there come in then  
good Doctor.

H) In comes I Doctor good  
with my hand I'll stop  
his blood and my pills shall  
work him through and cure  
both body and stomach  
too where dost ~~thee~~ thee  
come from good Doctor  
Italy Italy Germany  
France and Spain that  
is my home and I will  
return again what sort  
of diseases do thy pills  
cure then good Doctor all  
sorts of diseases the itch  
the stich the palsy and the  
gout pain within and pains  
with-out hard corns soft  
corns cure a massie with  
the toothache how does it  
do that then good Doctor  
cut his head off and throw  
his body in the ditch



also John Jenkins, and his  
wife I cured but she died,  
bring unto me an old <sup>lying</sup>  
woman 40 years of age ~~lying~~  
in her grave she will be  
able to rise her head and  
crack one of my imple  
pimple pills I will be bound  
fifty pounds Confide for  
her life if there is another  
~~man~~ quack Doctor in the  
land can do any more  
than I can let him come  
and rise this dead man  
come in Jack finny.

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5) In comes I as aint bin  
it with my big head and  
little witts my heads so  
big my witts so small I  
will endeavour to please  
you all ladies and gentlemen.  
My name is not Jack  
Finney what is thy name  
then Jack Mr. Finney a  
man of great pain can  
do more than thee or any  
other Man what canst  
thee do then Jack cure  
this man who is not quite  
dead bring the case it was  
before rise up thy head

4



and fight no more, come in  
old Tom the Tinker.

6) In comes I old Tom the Tinker  
I am no small beer drinker I  
told the landlord to his face the  
chimney corner was his place  
there we sat and dried our face  
old Tom files and I my face was  
black my beard was long my hat  
tied on with leathering thong if  
please all you ladies and gentlemen  
give me a copper or two to get my  
beard cut to go to church on  
Sunday with, as I was going  
down a wide strait ~~on~~ narrow  
crooked lane I met a pig with a  
horses main went down a bit  
further come to a pig sty built  
with Parcaker and thatched  
with apple dumblins I thought  
it was all very <sup>well</sup> ~~good~~ for trade  
so I knocked at the maid open  
fled the door the pigs began to  
~~shake~~ shake the house began  
to roar she ask me if I could  
eat half a pint of ale and drink  
a piece of bread and cheese I said  
no thank you but just if  
you please went down a bit  
further come to two old  
women a strip snoffing



one cut a Barley corn through  
a ten foot wall knocked the  
bottom out of a cast Iron Pot  
killed a poor dead dog I had  
pity on this poor dead dog  
I turned him inside out-  
ards slap bang out-ards  
sent him up a top of  
Buckland Barking back-ards  
finist

Please ~~to~~ turn over  
for Chorus to be sung  
altogether at the end.  
of Part Two.



Chorus.

Now for the music and  
now for the fun our  
speeches ready and  
Xmas is come so welcome  
him now and give him  
a cheer for old father  
Xmas comes once in  
a year

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The Merry Merrying  
first part.

In comes I old Father Xmas  
Welcome or welcome <sup>not</sup> ~~no~~

I hope old father Xmas will  
never be forgot, There is a time  
for work there is a time for  
play, time to be Melancholy  
and for to be gay, time to be  
tipsy, time to be free, and  
sure enough at Xmas time  
we all shall jolly be, this is  
a time when Christ should  
come, that we might happy  
be so listen all ye gentiles  
note what we shall say, King  
George, the Doctor, and the  
Turk, are here together to night  
The Doctor has his ~~physic~~  
physic, knight, sword and  
sharp set, one will kill the  
other and the Doctor will  
rise him up, now all we  
shall happy be with each  
his Xmas cup, it is so good  
and little John will pass the  
beer pot round for two  
nobler chaps on earth there  
never yet was found so ladies  
and gentlemen we pray, your  
gifts good cheers to old father  
Xmas, for he comes but once  
a year. come King George.



2) In comes I King George  
the knight whom with my  
package used to fight, and  
with my sword and spear  
and valley and shield, I  
make an oath of advergale,  
I swore tis true although I  
am so pliant in battle I am  
as strong as any giant, though  
I am so slim, I can eat a  
calf and not fill my belly  
O, no not half, come in  
the Turkish knight.

---

3) In comes I the Turkish knight  
& I come from Turkey land  
to fight and if brave King  
George ~~if he~~ is here and if  
his heart dont quake with  
fear I will cut it out with  
my sharp spear and eat it  
half that I will upon my  
word just let him come if  
he is so bold and if his  
blood is hot I'll make it  
cold battle to battle is  
there a Doctor in the land

---

4) There is a Doctor in the  
land skilful of both in  
head and hand, but if a  
man has got a cough I



can cure him without cutting  
his head off, but if this pay  
me well, I will leave this  
sinner to eat a bunch of  
thistles for his dinner, if this  
pay me well this secret I  
will never tell being the  
case it was before rise  
up thy head and fight  
once more, come in bold  
Robin Hood.

---

5 In comes I bold Robin  
Hood with bended bow  
of Yew tree wood with  
arrow sharp and for my  
~~quiver~~ quiver I will choose  
the elderly man's fat liver  
under the greenwood tree  
merrily come with me to  
hunt the deer with horn  
and hound and take  
one joyous way when we  
done, with nut brown hill  
to cheer the hunting day  
with little John and  
Friars Tuck we will roast  
and eat the slaughtered  
buck, come in bold  
little John.

---



6) In comes I bold little  
John, with my quarter staff  
I'll play the Don, I am not  
the man to cheat my  
cousins, but knock mens  
brains out by to dozens,  
all I said to please you  
in chorus, I will drink  
your honour in the ~~forum~~  
forum, last Xmas eve I  
turned a spit burnt me  
finger and finds ant it,  
sparks fled over the table  
the skimmer went after  
the ladel I said to the  
grid iron cant you two  
agree I am the justice  
so just bring it to me.

---

## Part 2)

1) Good Master & good Mistress  
I hope you are within, I  
am come this merry Xmas  
to see you and your kin,  
but if you are offended  
we will take it as a fence  
but only I will quickly go  
your hence, a room a room  
to rhyme please give me  
and my brave gallant  
lads room to rhyme this  
Merry Xmas tide active



youth active life, life, life  
which never seen or done  
before on a common stage  
or no stage off King George  
come in the Royal ~~and~~ a  
Prussian King.

2) I comes I the Royal ~~and~~  
a prussian King bound  
to defend all nations cares  
for no man neither Austrian  
Spanish French ~~or~~ Dutch  
nor Turk I am sure no man  
can do one any hurt let  
all the voices use the  
ring for I am the Royal a  
prussian King come in Soldier  
Bold.

3 I comes I Soldier bold  
Slasher is my name with  
sword and sash ~~hung~~<sup>hung</sup> by  
my side I swore I'd win  
the game who is the man  
that licks me stand he  
swore he'd kill <sup>me</sup> sword in  
hand I will cut him <sup>and</sup> ~~all~~  
mall him in ~~small~~ small  
pieces send him to the  
cook shop to make mince  
~~pie~~ pies, mince pies hot  
mince pies cold send him  
to the cook shop before he's



nine days old count my-  
self as good ~~any~~<sup>a</sup> man  
as thee same as I to ~~the~~  
~~wherein~~<sup>and</sup> the far life I valley  
thee not give up sooner or  
later or no more, room to  
tallowty Battle to Battle  
who's there come in then  
good Doctor.

H) In comes I Doctor good  
with my hand I'll stop  
his blood and my pills shall  
work him through and cure  
both body and stomach  
too where dost ~~thee~~ thee  
come from good Doctor  
Italy Italy Germany  
France and Spain that  
is my home and I will  
return again what sort  
of diseases do thy pills  
cure then good Doctor all  
sorts of diseases the itch  
the stich the palsy and the  
gout pain within and pains  
with-out hard corns soft  
corns cure a massie with  
the toothache how does it  
do that then good Doctor  
cut his head off and throw  
his body in the ditch



also John Jenkins, and his  
wife I cured but she died,  
bring unto me an old <sup>lying</sup>  
woman 40 years of age <sup>lying</sup>  
in her grave she will be  
able to rise her head and  
crack one of my imple  
pimple pills I will be bound  
fifty pounds Confide for  
her life if there is another  
~~man~~ quack Doctor in the  
land can do any more  
than I can let him come  
and rise this dead man  
come in Jack finny.

---

5) In comes I as aint bin  
it with my big head and  
little witts my heads so  
big my witts so small I  
will endeavour to please  
you all ladies and gentlemen.  
My name is not Jack  
Finney what is thy name  
then Jack Mr. Finney a  
man of great pain can  
do more than thee or any  
other Man what canst  
thee do then Jack cure  
this man who is not quite  
dead bring the case it was  
before rise up thy head

4



and fight no more, come in  
old Tom the Tinker.

---

6) In comes I old Tom the Tinker  
I am no small beer drinker I  
told the landlord to his face the  
chimney corner was his place  
there we sat and dried our face  
old Tom Giles and I my face was  
black my beard was long my hat  
tied on with leathern thong if  
please all you ladies and gentlemen  
give me a copper or two to get my  
beard cut to go to church on  
Sunday with, as I was going  
down a wide strait ~~on~~ narrow  
crooked lane I met a pig with a  
horses main went down a bit  
further come to a pig sty built  
with Parcaker and thatched  
with apple dumblins I thought  
it was all very <sup>well</sup> ~~good~~ for trade  
so I knocked at the maid open  
fled the door the pigs began to  
~~shake~~ shake the house began  
to roar she ask me if I could  
eat half a pint of ale and drink  
a piece of bread and cheese I said  
no thank you but just if  
you please went down a bit  
further come to two old  
women a strip snuffing



one cut a Barley corn through  
a ten foot wall knocked the  
bottom out of a cast Iron Pot  
killed a poor dead dog I had  
pity on this poor dead dog  
I turned him inside out-  
ards slap bang out-ards  
sent him up a top of  
Buckland Barking back-ards  
finist

---

Please ~~to~~ turn over  
for Chorus to be sung  
altogether at the end.  
of Part Two.

---



Chorus.

Now for the music and  
now for the fun our  
speeches ready and  
Xmas is come so welcome  
him now and give him  
a cheer for old father  
Xmas comes once in  
a year

---



# AN OXFORDSHIRE MUMMERS' PLAY.

[By ALFRED WILLIAMS, author of "Round About the Upper Thames," "Folk Songs of the Upper Thames," etc.]

With the approach of Christmas we begin to think of the carol singers and the mummers, who every year used to meet and practice in a shed, barn or stable before they perambulated the village and asked permission to perform at the farmhouse or cottage. Not that we hear much of either carol singers or mummers at the present time. Drastic changes have set in everywhere, and folk observances are well-nigh extinct not only here but all over the country. And yet there is more organised interest in local customs and observations than ever before. Many who would not deign to listen to a party of mummers at Christmas time would yet read an account of them with interest and pleasure. We are not indifferent to the folk inheritance; notwithstanding our finer culture, at heart we are steeped in the old spirit. After all, what is the real foundation of our present-day habits, rules, rites and ceremonies? Are they not all based on tradition? Of course! They are all a species of folk lore, or they were so before they were moulded into their present shape by what we call the evolutionary process.

Nowhere in the country was there more folk activity than in the neighbourhood of the Upper Thames between Oxford, Cirencester and Malmesbury. This applies to both banks of the river, and includes parts of the four counties of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Berkshire. From Eynsham to Stanton Harcourt, and thence past Standlake, Aston, Bampton, Clanfield and Alvescot, taking a line roughly to the Thames head, there was a bounded music and merriment, and many popular customs. The same applies to the villages on the south bank, though there were very important differences. These differences are quite striking, and sometimes even startling. The river provides a key to the mystery. But this is not the time nor the place in which to enter upon a discussion of the subject.

There were many versions of the mummers' play in circulation, even in the Upper Thames district, but no doubt they might all be traced to a common origin. I have collected five or six different pieces between Oxford and Cirencester, but near the Thames the best known were the play of "Robin Hood" and another which bore the title of "Father Christmas." The piece called "Robin Hood" (given in full in my "Round About the Upper Thames") was popular at Standlake, Bampton and Lechlade. Near Cricklade we have another excellent copy of a mummers' play in circulation, which contains references to the Islamic Emperor of Spain. All the pieces are old in their origin, but the versions have undergone many changes and vicissitudes.

It is the fashion to complain of the crudeness of folk plays and folk music. But is it not that very crudeness which excites our interest in them? Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of all folk lore. But this does not mean that crudeness is a necessary part of it. This often came in later, owing to imperfect traditions, interpolations and poor copying. At ordinary seasons of the year certainly we are not in the mood to listen to third-rate music, songs and ballads that may be little better than doggerel and the unintelligible rhapsodies of street actors. But at Christmas time we relax and for the sake of being genial show ourselves ready and willing to submit to anything that is sanctioned by a lengthy observance.

The origin of mumming is too obscure for anyone to offer an easy and satisfactory explanation of it. No doubt it originated in a solar myth; this is to say that it bore some relation to the astronomical order and the contents of the calendar. It appears to have come to us from the East. Nowhere in the world are there more folk customs, games, shows and crude dramatic entertainments than among the Aryan populations of India, who are our historical ancestors. In the Hindu Jastras, or "Birth Tales," we find the counterpart of the English Miracle Play, only older by many centuries. In the Rig-Veda, also, is the germ of the true drama and many, if not most, of our popular rites. We have outgrown these things, but in the East their popularity is boundless, and it shows no sign of abating.

Mumming undoubtedly means "acting." The word is probably identical with the old German word "mummen," which meant "to mimic." Mumming was, therefore, understood on the Continent centuries ago. In the days of Queen Elizabeth mumming was called "disguising." Young men and women exchanged dresses and, forming a company, went from house to house singing, dancing and acting, for which they were expected to be rewarded with gifts of food and refreshment. At the New Year, for example, the men dressed in women's attire and sing, and the women dress in men's attire and sing, creating diversions for the company. This was done here. In a mumming piece which I discovered near Faringdon one of the characters is dressed as a woman; so here we have a relic of the "disguising," as it was called. No doubt this used to be a general practice.

It is curious that in England mumming was often confused with wassailing. Something of the kind took place in the region of the Upper Thames, because the wassailers of Cricklade dressed in fancy costumes and wore coloured ribbons, such as was usually done by mummers. But it was not the rule generally to dress in gay costumes, or to wear any but the ordinary clothes in the wassail rites.

The mummers' play given below was popular in the Bampton and Aston district.

Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS:

In come I, old Father Christmas,  
Welcome or welcome not,  
I hope old Father Christmas  
Will never be forgot.  
Last Christmas Day I turned the spit,  
I burnt my fingers and feel on't yet;  
The sparks went over the table,  
The skimmer beat the ladle,  
"Ay, ay," said the gridiron, "can't you two agree."

I am the Justice; bring them to me.  
A room, a room, to sing hey-down-derry.  
I am come this Christmas to make you all merry,  
If there's any offence I'll go hence,  
If not, make room for me  
And my jolly company.

Come in the Valiant Soldier!

Enter the VALIANT SOLDIER:

I am the Valiant Soldier,  
And Slasher is my name,  
With my sword and buckler by my side  
I hope to win the game.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Slasher, Slasher, pray don't be too hot,  
Before thou know'st who thou'st got.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

What grows on Land's End?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Wheat and rye.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

Then there shall be a battle 'twixt thee and I,  
To see which first on the ground shall lie;  
So mind thy head, and guard thy blow,  
Mind thy eyes, and face also.

Come in the Royal Russian King!

Enter the ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:

I am the Royal Russian King,  
I am the Turkish Knight,  
And I am come from the Turkish land,  
And I am bound for to fight.  
If any man thinks he can do me harm  
Let his voice ring,  
For I am the Royal, the Russian King.

The Valiant Soldier and the Royal Russian King fight. The Royal Russian King falls.

ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:

A doctor, a doctor; I will give five pound  
If a good doctor could be found.

DOCTOR:

I will not come for five pound.

ROYAL RUSSIAN KING:

What will you come for then?

DOCTOR:

I will come for ten pound.

I am a doctor, a doctor good,  
And with my hand I can stop thy blood;  
I have cured in England, I have cured in Spain,  
And I am come to old England to cure again.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

What can'st thou cure more than any other man?

DOCTOR:

An old magpie with the toothache.

VALIANT SOLDIER:

How dost thou do that?

DOCTOR:

First I wrist off his head,  
Throw his body in the ditch,  
Then chop him up as small as flies,  
And send him to France to make mince-pies—  
Mince-pies hot, mince-pies cold,  
Mince-pies in the pot nine days old.  
Come in, Jack Vinney!

Enter JACK VINNEY:

Here come I that has not been hit,  
With my great head and little wit;  
My head so big, and wit so small,  
But I'll endeavour to please you all.

As I went up along a narrow, straight and crooked lane, I saw a pigsty tied to an oldern bush, built with apple dumplings and slated with pancakes. I knocked at the maid and the door came out. She asked me if I could eat a pint of ale and drink a crust of bread and cheese. I said, "No, thank you, Miss," but meant "Yes, if you please." So she brought me out a cold leg of nothing and no taters, and that's what gives me my big belly. I went on a little further, and there I saw two old women a-sifting tobacco. One flung a piece through a cast-iron platter and knocked the bottom out, and another flung a piece through a ten-foot wall and injured a poor dead dog. I had massy on that poor dead dog, and I turned him slap-dab-inside-outerds and sent him to Buckland Hill backwards a-barking. Here all join hands and dance together, singing:

Green sleeves, yellow lace,  
Pretty boys, dance apace,  
For the fiddler is in great distress  
For the want of a little money.



The Merry Merrying  
first part.

In comes I old Father Xmas  
Welcome or welcome <sup>not</sup> ~~no~~

I hope old father Xmas will  
never be forgot, There is a time  
for work there is a time for  
play, time to be Melancholy  
and for to be gay, time to be  
tipsy, time to be free, and  
sure enough at Xmas time  
we all shall jolly be, this is  
a time when Christ should  
come, that we might happy  
be so listen all ye gentiles  
note what we shall say, King  
George, the Doctor, and the  
Turk, are here together to night  
The Doctor has his ~~physic~~  
physic, knight, sword and  
sharp set, one will kill the  
other and the Doctor will  
rise him up, now all we  
shall happy be with each  
his Xmas cup, it is so good  
and little John will pass the  
beer pot round for two  
nobler chaps on earth there  
never yet was found so ladies  
and gentlemen we pray, your  
gifts good cheers to old father  
Xmas, for he comes but once  
a year. come King George.



2) In comes I King George  
the knight whom with my  
package used to fight, and  
with my sword and spear  
and valley and shield, I  
make an oath of advergale,  
I swore tis true although I  
am so pliant in battle I am  
as strong as any giant, though  
I am so slim, I can eat a  
calf and not fill my belly  
O, no not half, come in  
the Turkish knight.

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& I come from Turkey land  
to fight and if brave King  
George ~~if he~~ is here and if  
his heart dont quake with  
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word just let him come if  
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4) There is a Doctor in the  
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head and hand, but if a  
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can cure him without cutting  
his head off, but if this pay  
me well, I will leave this  
sinner to eat a bunch of  
thistles for his dinner, if this  
pay me well this secret I  
will never tell being the  
case it was before rise  
up thy head and fight  
once more, come in bold  
Robin Hood.

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Hood with bended bow  
of Yew tree wood with  
arrow sharp and for my  
~~quiver~~ quiver I will choose  
the elderly man's fat liver  
under the greenwood tree  
merrily come with me to  
hunt the deer with horn  
and hound and take  
one joyous way when we  
done, with nut brown hill  
to cheer the hunting day  
with little John and  
Friars Tuck we will roast  
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buck, come in bold  
little John.

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6) In comes I bold little  
John, with my quarter staff  
I'll play the Don, I am not  
the man to cheat my  
cousins, but knock mens  
brains out by to dozens,  
all I said to please you  
in chorus, I will drink  
your honour in the ~~forum~~  
forum, last Xmas eve I  
turned a spit burnt me  
finger and finds ant it,  
sparks fled over the table  
the skimmer went after  
the ladel I said to the  
grid iron cant you two  
agree I am the justice  
so just bring it to me.

---

## Part 2)

1) Good Master & good Mistress  
I hope you are within, I  
am come this merry Xmas  
to see you and your kin,  
but if you are offended  
we will take it as a fence  
but only I will quickly go  
your hence, a room a room  
to rhyme please give me  
and my brave gallant  
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youth active life, life, life  
which never seen or done  
before on a common stage  
or no stage off King George  
come in the Royal ~~and~~ a  
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Bold.

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that licks me stand he  
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cook shop to make mince  
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nine days old count my-  
self as good ~~any~~<sup>a</sup> man  
as thee same as I to ~~the~~  
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thee not give up sooner or  
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who's there come in then  
good Doctor.

H) In comes I Doctor good  
with my hand I'll stop  
his blood and my pills shall  
work him through and cure  
both body and stomach  
too where dost ~~thee~~ thee  
come from good Doctor  
Italy Italy Germany  
France and Spain that  
is my home and I will  
return again what sort  
of diseases do thy pills  
cure then good Doctor all  
sorts of diseases the itch  
the stich the palsy and the  
gout pain within and pains  
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cut his head off and throw  
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wife I cured but she died,  
bring unto me an old <sup>lying</sup>  
woman 40 years of age <sup>lying</sup>  
in her grave she will be  
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My name is not Jack  
Finney what is thy name  
then Jack Mr. Finney a  
man of great pain can  
do more than thee or any  
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thee do then Jack cure  
this man who is not quite  
dead bring the case it was  
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4



and fight no more, come in  
old Tom the Tinker.

6) In comes I old Tom the Tinker  
I am no small beer drinker I  
told the landlord to his face the  
chimney corner was his place  
there we sat and dried our face  
old Tom giles and I my face was  
black my beard was long my hat  
tied on with leathering thong if  
please all you ladies and gentlemen  
give me a copper or two to get my  
beard cut to go to church on  
Sunday with, as I was going  
down a wide strait ~~on~~ narrow  
crooked lane I met a pig with a  
horses main went down a bit  
further come to a pig sty built  
with Parcaker and thatched  
with apple dumblins I thought  
it was all very <sup>well</sup> ~~good~~ for trade  
so I knocked at the maid open  
fled the door the pigs began to  
~~shake~~ shake the house began  
to roar she ask me if I could  
eat half a pint of ale and drink  
a piece of bread and cheese I said  
no thank you but just if  
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Please ~~to~~ turn over  
for Chorus to be sung  
altogether at the end.  
of Part Two.

---



Chorus.

Now for the music and  
now for the fun our  
speeches ready and  
Xmas is come so welcome  
him now and give him  
a cheer for old father  
Xmas comes once in  
a year

---



# Bampton Mummers' Play

## Enter Father Christmas

In comes I ol' Father Christmas, welcome or welcome not, I hope ol' father Christmas will never be forgot.

There is a time for work, there is a time for play, a time to be melancholy and for to be gay.

A time to be thrifty, a time to be free and sure enough this Christmas time we all shall jovial be.

For this is the time that Christ did come that we might happy be ,

So listen all ye gentiles to what I have to say

St George , the Doctor and the Turk are here together tonight,

The Doctor has his physics and the Knights have their swords sharp set,

One will kill the other and the Doctor will raise him up.

Now all we shall happy be with each his Christmas cup

When Robin Hood and Little John will pass the Beer pot round

For two nobler chaps on earth there never yet were found

So Ladies and Gentlemen I pray you give good cheer to ol' Father Christmas ,

He comes but once a year.

Come in St George the Knight.

## Enter St George.

In comes I St George the Knight

Who with my pagans used to fight

With sword and spear and valiant shield

I'll make an 'ost of adversaries yeild

I'll swear tis true, although I am so pliant

In battle, I'm as strong as any giant

And although I am so slim I could yet a calf and then not fill my belly

Oh no not 'alf.

Come in the Turkish Knight.

## Enter the Turkish Knight

In comes I the Turkish Knight

I come from Turkey land to fight

With bold St George if he be 'ere

And if 'is 'art don't quake with fear

I'll cut it out with my sharp sword and eat it that I will , upon my word

So just let 'm come 'ere if he be so bold

And if 'is blood is hot , I'll mak it cold.

*Fighting.erupts. Turkish Knight Falls*

## Father C

Is there a Doctor in the land?

## Enter Doctor



# Bampton Mummers' Play

There is a doctor in the land skillfull both in 'ead an' 'and  
Now if a man has got a cough , I can cure 'im without cutting 'is 'ead off  
And if this pays me well, I'll leave the sinner to eat a bunch of thistles for his dinner  
And if this pays me well, the secret I shall never tell  
Being the case it was before, Rise up thy 'ead and fight once more.  
*(Doctor raises him from the dead)*  
Come in bold Robin Hood

## **Enter Robin Hood**

In comes I bold Robin Hood, with bended bow of yew tree wood  
And arrows sharp for my quiver I'll choose an aldermans fat liver  
Under the greenwood tree merrily come with me  
To 'unt the deer with 'orn and 'ound, we'll take our joyous way  
And when weve done with nut brown ale  
We'll cheer the 'unting day  
When Little John and Friar Tuck will roast and eat the slaughtered Buck  
Come in Bold Little John

## **Enter Bold Little John**

In comes I bold little John, with my Quarterstaff I'll play the don  
I'm not the man to cheat or cozen, but knock mens brains out by the dozen  
All I ask you in this quorum, I'll drink your honour from a jurom.  
Last Christmas eve I turned a spit, burnt my fingers and finds ants it  
The sparks fled over the table, the skimmer ran a'ter the ladel  
I said to the grid iron "Can't you two agree ,  
I'm the justice, bring him to me."

## **PART TWO**

### **Enter Father Christmas.**

Good master and good and good Mistress, I 'ope your all within  
For we've come this merry Christmas time, to greet you and your kin,  
Now if you are offended we'll taken it as offence  
And if you will not own us, we'll quickly go your hence.  
A room, a room to rhyme,  
Please give me and my brave gallant boys a room to rhyme this merry Christmastime  
Active youth, active life  
Life thats never seen or done before upon a common stage,  
Stage or no stage. Off St George, come in the Royal Aprussia King.

### **Enter the Royal Aprussia King.**

In comes I the Royal Apprussia King  
Bound to defend all nations, cares for no man  
Niether Austrian, Spanish, French, Dutch nor Turk



# **Bampton Mummers' Play**

And I'm sure no man can do me any hurt  
So let all your noble voices ring

For I am the Royal Apprussia King  
Come in soldier Bold.

## **Enter Soldier Bold**

In comes I soldier bold, Slasher is my name  
With sword and sash hanging by my side I'll swear I'll win the game  
Who is this man who with me stands? I'll swear I'll kill 'im sword in hand  
Kill 'im, cut 'im, maul 'im into smaller slices  
Send 'im to the cook shop to make mince pies  
Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,  
I'll send 'im to the cook shop afore he's nine days old.  
I count myself as good a man as thee

## **Royal Apprussia King**

Same as I to thee

## **Soldier Bold**

Where in the forelife I valued it not  
I must give up sooner or later or no more room for Mortality

*Fighting ensues with The Royal Apprussia King falling*

*Knocking at door*

## **Father Christmas**

Who's there?

## **Doctor off stage**

Doctor

## **Father Christmas**

Come in then good Doctor

## **Enter Doctor Good**

In comes I doctor Good  
With my 'and I'll stop 'is blood  
And my pills will work 'im through, cure both body and stomach to.

## **Father Christmas**



# **Bampton Mummers' Play**

Where doest thee come from then good Doctor?

## **Doctor Good**

Italy, Titaly, Germany, France and Spain, that is my home and I shall return again

## **Father Christmas**

What sort of diseases do thy pills cure then good Doctor?

## **Doctor Good**

All sorts of diseases, the Itch, the Stitch , the Pulsie, the Gout  
Pains within and pains without  
'Ard carns, soft carns, cure a Magpie with the toothache.

## **Father Christmas**

Hows do that then good Doctor?

## **Doctor Good**

Cuts 'is yead off and chucks 'is body in the ditch  
Also John Jenkins and his wife I cured they. But they died  
Bring unto me an old woman, seventy years of age and lying in her grave  
She'll be able to rise 'er 'ead and crack one of my Imple Pimple pills  
I'll be bound a fifty pound bonfire for her life  
If there is another quack doctor in the land that can do as well as I can  
Just let 'im come here and raise this dead man  
Come in Jack Finney

## **Enter Jack Finney**

In comes I who aint been 'it  
With my big 'ead and little wit  
Me 'eads so big, my wits so small, I will edeavour to please you all  
Ladies and gentlemen my name is not Jack Finney

## **Father Christmas**

What is thy name then Jack?

## **Jack Finney**

Mr Finney. A man of great pains, canst do more than thee or any other man

## **Father Christmas**

What canst thee do then Jack?



# Bampton Mummers' Play

## Jack Finney

Cure this man if not quite dead

*Raising The Royayal Apprussia King from the dead*

Being the case it was before ,  
Rise up thy 'ead and fight no more.  
Come in old Tom the Tinker

## Enter Tom the Tinker

In comes I, old Tom the Tinker, I aint no small beer drinker  
I told the Landlord to his face, the chimney carener was his place  
There we set and dried our face, old Tom Giles and I  
Me face was black, me beard was long  
Me 'at tied on with a leather an thong  
So if you please ladies an' gentlemen, could you give me a copper or two  
To get me beard cut to go to Church on Sunday  
Now as I was walking down a wide, narrow, straight, crooked lane,  
I met a pig with a 'orses main  
I went down a bit farther and I comes to a pigsty,  
Built with pancakes and thatched with apple dumplins  
Now I thought this all very well for trade  
I knocks at the maid, open fled the door  
The pig began to shake an' the 'ouse began to roar  
She asked me, if "I could yet a pint of ale and drink a piece of bread and cheese?"  
I said "No thankee, but just if you please"  
I goes down a bit farther and I comes to two old women , snipper-snapping  
One cuts a Barley carn through a ten foot wall  
Knocks the bottom out of a cast iron pot and kills a poor dead dog.  
Now I 'as pity on this poor dead dog

*Tank*

## Doctor Good

Why, was 'ee a pedigree?

## Tom the Tinker

No, twas a Bitch. So I turned 'im inside outards, slap bang outards  
An' set 'im up the top of Buckland a barking backards

## Final Song

Now for the music and now for the fun  
The feast is ready and Christmas has come  
So welcome us now and give us a chear  
For old Father Christmas comes once in a year.