

The White Boys Millennium Special

Narrator. It is here by your leave Ladies + Gentlemen,
We will act a sporting play;
We will show you fine diversion, Before we go away
It is Room, room, give us room to rhyme,
We will show you fine diversion in this Christmas time
It is Room, room, give us room to sport.
St Matthews church hall is where we wish to resort
Resort and repeat our merry rhymes,
For remember Good Folk it is the Christmas times
This Christmas time as we do now appear.
We wish to act our merry Christmas here

All. We are the merry actors that travel the street,
We are the merry actors who fight for our meat,
We are the merry actors who show a pleasant play
Enter in St George, thou champion - clear the way

St George. A knight am I, and not unknown to Fame,
St George the bold of England is my name,
Still in the front of battle formost found,
By ~~brave~~ field and flood for martial deeds renowned
Many brave knights I've stretched upon the plain;
Towns have I taken, mighty giant slain.
And lately, tis ~~is~~ indeed a feat to dragon
I've killed with this good sword a furious
Dragon.

- the
inter Dragon. Who's he that seeks the dragons blood
And boast so angry and so loud
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand

②
Dragon con: With my long teeth and scurvery jaw
of such I'd break up half a score,
And fill my stomach till I'd more.

(St G + dragon fight. :- dragon slain)

St George - Show me the man who dares before me stand,
Who dares to face my bold and cunning hand,
Who dares to challenge me to fight, and so great
I who fought Dukes and made the earth to quake.

Enter St Denis

St George, who are thou poor silly fellow

St Denis - St George St George thou talkest like an ass!
Full of conceit, I will not let it pass
Till I have banged thy hide thou empty boaster
Despite thy swaggering arms and long ^{please} ~~boaster~~ ^{boaster}
A knight ~~St Denis~~ of France St Denis famed I am,
And now appearing in the Isle of Man,
cause I got a lift in Matty Halsall's van!
And ere we part, I ~~surely~~ surely mean to try
whether your English sword I can defy
I now confess that I detest your tone,
Your English wether and beef on the bone!

St George :- Thy head from off thy shoulder soon I'll lop,
And that foul mouth of thine I'll stop.
An English knight, on coming to the scratch
For two of France is always fowled a match,
(they fight St George falls)

St George :- I die by a Frenchmans hand ah fate too cruel

St Denis I think I've given St George his gruel,
Enter St Patrick.

St Patrick, I am St Patrick, Ireland gave me birth
In dearest Dublin sweetest place on earth,
Sword or shillabagh equally I wield,
To break a head or cut a throat well skill'd
Fighting and ~~eat~~ eating - drinking too - my trade is
with some spare time devoted to the ladies
St tho' I'm called and yet I must allow,
Then and now I dearly love a row
The English ~~kn~~ George, you've fairly floored I see
And now my boy you'll take a turn with me
Come on St Denis, from Frogs of France
and without a fiddle, I will make you dance

Denis, For this thou well deserves a broken head
Born in a bog and on potatoes fed
No bog nor murrins shall delight you more
This weapon sends thee to the Stygian shore
(St Denis + St Patrick fight)
St Denis falls

Narrator :- Is there a doctor in the house
St Patrick - Halloo a doctor is a doctor ne ar?
Doctor. - Friend did you call a doctor - I am here
Jalap my and for all sorts of fills
I've powder, bolus, lotions, potions pills.
Narrator - From whence come ye?

④
Doctor - From France, from Spain from Rome I came,
I've travelled all part of Christendom.

Narrator - Well spoken doctor what can you cure?

Doctor - All sorts of diseases, whatever you please
All pains within all pains without.
The plague the palsey and the gout
For Cholera Morbus too complaints terrific.
I have a never failing grand specific
The itch, the stitch and molly grubs
I can cure all these
Likewise, I will wedge my life,
I can cure a scolding wife
Let them be curst or ever so stout
If the Devils in I'll blow him out.

st Patrick - what is your fee.

Doctor - No fee I look for if I make no cure.

Narrator - Gentlemen cease thy bothering ear
These wounded knights straightway demand
thy care
Run through the guts in mortal combat fair.

Doctor - Stabb'd through the guts is sure a sad disaster
But even for that I've a surprise sticking plaster.

st Patrick. - what medicine do you carry doctor

Doctor. - I carry a little bottle in my pocket.
of paxum faxum prixum-praxum
with I cock-a-logy.
A little of this to their nostrils will soon
their vigour restore.

Doc cont :- And make them sound and active as befit
(doctor administers to all dead who surp up)

st Patrick After this squabble our hand let us join
In friendship and together let us dine
Hungry I am and well prepared for cheer
With no objections to a glass of beer.

st Denis To dinner - I will join

st George And I also - lead on

Dragon (Me too
Three knights + dragon - prepare to leave)

Doctor Stop! I wish to know,
Whos to come down my fee before you go?

st George - This morning I had money ~~my~~ to loose
But this afternoon I spent it all on ~~my~~ booze
st Patrick fork out and satisfy the chop.

st Patrick Alas I've nothing not a tap.

st Denis Nor I good doctor but I'll try to borrow
A pound of unde John come round tomorrow
(Depart 3 knights + dragon)

Doctor. I'm fairly fiddled, Birds of the same feather
knights and dragon humbug all together.
No cash and call tomorrow all a bubble
The doctors bilked, lost in his time and trouble.
(Takes of his hat)

Narrator -

Good folks I hope you'll pity his mishap
and kindly drop a penny in his hat

So may a Merry Christmas and New Year
Attend you all with plenty of good cheer.
Bows. The END