

THE SMITHFIELD PLAY v1c
For Taborers Winter Warmer, Islington 2025
with uncured Dragon and Beelzebub

Intro music:

Michel 3m

Elizabeth 3m

The Taborers Ensemble play [Sumer is icumen in]

<u>Cast</u>	<u>Player</u>	<u>Agreed</u>	<u>Costume Provider</u>
Knight Herald	Bill Tuck	Yes	Bill Tuck
Roomer	Roger Twitchin	Yes	Roger Twitchin
Lady Margaret	Peter Judge	Yes	Peter Judge
St George	Annie Bryett	Yes	Annie Bryett (Roger's sword)
Slasher Scales	George Twitchin	Yes	Roger Twitchin
Burgundish Bastard	Cameron Dodds	Yes	Cameron Dodds (Roger's sword)
Doctor	Andy Richards	Yes	Andy Richards
Johnny Jack	Elizabeth Christina	Yes	Bill Tuck
Dragon	Mark Perkins	Yes	Bill Tuck
Beelzebub	Peter Kanssen	Yes	Peter Kanssen

Prologue

We recount in this tale a great jousting of old
When knights were young and women were bold
At Smithfield Town near London City
It all took place around fourteen sixty
Or sixty-seven to be precise
In the month of June when the weather was nice.
The Burgundian team sent by Philip the Good
Were four hundred strong, brave souls -- and hard!
Led by Antoine, his son, Le Grande Bastard.
For the English, a troupe of young knights from the north
From Middleton Castle they all sallied forth,
Led by a knight from the Woodville clan
Slasher Scales was his name, though called Siss by his nan.
His sister Eliza had married the King
Who desired an alliance with Philip to bring
To the English an ally 'gainst France
And proposed that young Margaret, his sister no less
Should be married to Charlie the son of Philippe.
The deal 'twas cemented with jousting and fun
At a Tournament at Smithfield -- all day in the sun
And at night there was dancing when feasting was done.

Dance music: Schein Suite no. 10 (Gaby's group, Taborers Consort)

The Jousts enter doing a morris dance (to La Duchesse)

All Jousts (sing) Here's five or six jolly lads all in one mind,
We're come out a-guising and we hope you'll prove kind.
We hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.

Knight Herald In comes I, Sir Richard Styles

Knight Herald for these Jousts
All peace, all peace among you all
And honour to our Hosts
King Edward IV and his noble Queen,
Elizabeth the Fair
And to our Lady Margaret
Resplendent in yon chair
to whom we dedicate this Day
in this propitious Year
of 14 hundred 67
(and may all good children go to Heaven)

Music: La Duchesse **And Douce dame jolie**

Roomer Activity of youth, activity of age,
Such activity as never was upon the common stage.
No London actors we but of the Surrey sort.
So sit a while beside your fire And watch our gallant sport.
But what, don't you believe what I do say?
Room, Gallants, room, give me room I pray
And we shall quickly have fighting men this way.

Three gallant knights will show their skill upon this sacred ground
To honour our Country and our King
None bolder might be found

Music: Fanfare from Trumpets & Taborers

Herald Step in, St George.

St George Here come I, St George, a worthy knight. I'll shed my blood for England's right.
England's right I will maintain, I'll fight for old England once again.
Bring to me the man that bids me stand And I will cut him down with my courageous hand.

Music: Fanfare from Trumpets & Taborers

Herald Step in **Lord Anthony Woodville Scales**.

Bold Slasher In comes I, bold Slasher **Scales**
I am a giant knight

I come to challenge bold St George to see if he will fight.
He fights for old England - I'll soon knock him down
I'll break his head and tear his limbs
And carry off his crown.

St George Stand off, stand off, Bold Slasher,
And let no more be said
For if I draw my sword, I will surely break thy head.

Slasher My head is made of iron,
My body's lined with steel
My arms and legs are beaten brass
No man can make me feel.

St George So draw thy sword and fight
Or pull thy purse and pay
For satisfaction I must have Before I go away

Bold Slasher No satisfaction shalt thou have But I shall bring thee to thy grave.

St George Then battle to battle with thee I call To see which on this ground shall fall.

Bold Slasher Battle to battle with thee I pray To see which on this ground shall lay.

St George Then guard thy body and mind thy head Or else my sword shall strike thee dead.

Bold Slasher One shall die and the other shall live, This is the challenge that I do give.

(They make ready to fight)

Herald Desist I pray, desist I say!
Our list's not yet complete!
One further knight requests to join
Our noble tournament
Step in, I say, Burgundish Knight
And make your honest claim
to join our warrior band this night,
Pathway to knightly fame!

Music: Fanfare from Trumpets & Taborers

Burgundish Knight I am a true Burgundian Knight:

Antoine le Grande Bastard!
To join this joust is my desire
For this I've travelled far.
From Burgundy I've lately come
For the hand of a Lady Fair
As spouse for my father's lawful son
Charlie le Temeraire
Our two great houses will then become one
Sous la Duchesse Marguerite!

Music: Brief recapitulation of La Duchesse

St George But first thou must fight me
To demonstrate your right
To claim an English maid to be
Your lawful Brother's wife.

Burgundish Knight My knightly deeds are widely known
My foes I've always killed
No vessel would be vast enough
To catch all the blood I've spilled.
I am Black Prince of Paradise
From Frankish lands I come
On purpose to fight thee, St George Upon this very plain.
Of Flemish lands am I the King, Of fiery renown
And with my sword I soon shall fetch Thy lofty courage down.

St George Stand back, thou black Burgundish Dog Or by my sword you'll die I'll cut your body in four parts And make your buttons fly.

Burgundish Knight Thou braggart and thou boasting man, That is not in thy power, For I will cut thee into slashes In less than half an hour.

St George Stand back, thou black Burgundish Dog And let no more be said For, if I draw my glittering sword, I will surely break thy head.

Burgundish Knight How can'st thou break my head When my head is made of iron, My body made of steel My arms and legs of beaten brass, No man can make me feel.

St George Battle to battle with thee I call To see which on this ground shall fall.

Burgundish Knight Battle to battle with thee I pray To see which on this ground shall lay.

St George Then guard thy body and mind thy head Or else my sword shall strike thee dead.

Burgundish Knight One shall die and the other shall live, This is the challenge that I do give.

(They set to as if to fight)

Herald Desist, desist I say again!
We have not yet drawn lots,
The shortest straw will fall to he
who must the Dragon's fight.
**The other two by combat will see
who champion of Marguerite shall be.**

They draw. St George gets the short straw.

The other two fight: Bold Slasher Scales and Antoine de Bourgogne (Le Grande Bastard)

They nearly kill each other. Both collapse on the ground as if dead

Roomer Is there a doctor to be found All ready and near at hand To heal these deep and deadly wounds And make these fellows stand. (Enter Doctor)

Doctor Yes, here's a doctor to be found All ready and near at hand To heal these deep and deadly wounds And make these villains stand.

Roomer Where hast thou been and where has't come from?

Doctor Italy, Sicily, Germany, France and Spain Three times around the world and back again.

Roomer What can'st do and what can'st cure?

Doctor All sorts of ills and sicknesses Just what my physic pleases: The itch, the stitch, the palsy and the gout The pains within and the pains without.

Roomer But tell me doctor, what is thy fee?

Doctor Now fifteen pounds, it is my fee, the money to lay down But since 'tis such a rogue as he, I'll cure him for ten pounds.

Roomer Try thy skill doctor.

Doctor I have a bottle by my side It's fame spreads far and wide A drop to his head, a drop to his heart, Rise up, rise up and take thy part.

(Antoine and Slasher rise to knees)

Antoine le grande bastard & Bold Slasher Scales, together Oh, pardon, pardon, bold St George One thing of thee we pray Spare but our lives and we shall be thy constant slaves today.

St George Yes, proud fellows, then arise and go and tell thy lands What a noble champion in England now there stands. (Exit Burgundish Knight and Slasher)

Music: Fanfare from Trumpets & Taborers

Herald Proceed St George

St George Here stand I, St George, From England did I spring. Now I'll fight the dragon bold My wonders to begin. I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly, I'll cut him down or else I'll die.

Herald Then enter, Bold Dragon. (Enter Johnnie-Jack)

Johnnie Jack In comes I as can't be hit With my big head and little wit. My head's so big, my wit so small I'll dance a jig to please you all. (Dances jig) I am a valiant hero lately come from sea, You never seen me before now, did you? I slew ten men with a seed of mustard, Ten thousand with an old crushed toad, And if you don't be off, Sir Knight, I'll serve you the same.

St George I'll slish you and slash you as small as any flies And send you across the sea to make into mincey pies.

Johnnie Jack You'll slish and slash me as small as any flies? And send me across the sea to make into mincey pies? You wouldn't do that to a poor old soldier! (They fight and Johnnie-Jack runs away)

Herald Proceed St George.

St George Here stand I, St George, From England did I spring. Now I'll fight the dragon bold My wonders to begin. I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly, I'll cut him down or else I'll die.

Herald Then enter Bold Dragon. (Enter the Dragon)

Dragon Who's he who seeks the dragon's blood And calls so angry and so loud? That English dog, will he before me stand? I'll cut him down with my courageous hand. With my long teeth and scurvy jaw Of such, I'd eat up half a score To stay my stomach 'till I'd more.

St George Battle to battle on thee I call To see which on this ground shall fall.

Dragon Battle to battle with thee I pray To see which on this ground shall lay.

St George Then guard thy body and mind thy head Or else my sword shall strike thee dead.

Dragon One shall die and the other shall live, This is the challenge that I do give.

(They fight and Dragon is wounded)

Dragon Pardon, pardon, Bold St George One thing of thee I pray; Spare my life and I shall be thy constant slave.

St George Oh no, that may not be for thus is the story told: That now the brave St George did slay the dragon bold. (They fight again, cheating on both sides, and George wins)

Roomer Room, room for me and my broom. Ladies and gentlemen, alas, our sport is all done, We can no longer stay, Remember now, for ever more: St George will hold the day.

Beelzebub In comes I, Beelzebub, Over my shoulder I carries my knob, In my hand a dripping pan, Don't you think I'm a fine old man?

All Fine enough we all know! It's your money we want It's your money we crave So spare us some cash Or be swept to your grave.

All (sing) Come ladies and gentlemen sat round your fire, Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire. Put your hands in your pockets and treat us alright, If you've got nowt, we'll take nowt, Farewell and goodnight.

Exit music: Hunt the Squirrel