

The Famous Freston Mummers

present

The Lord Grotney Mummers' Play

cast in order of appearance

John Barleycorn
Lord Grotney
Southwold Jack

[Enter John Barleycorn]

John Barleycorn

Attend to me good people, a moment of you time,
We would tell you a short story, both in action and in mime.
My name is good John Barleycorn, see my ale mug in my hand.
I hope that drinking beer and ale shall not vanish from our land.
Barley from Suffolk, hops from Kent, their praises we should shout,
We'll sample all their flavours here, 'til the landlord throws us out.
But what's all this, a man I see, a standing near the bar,
Come in good sir, I pray you, and tell us who you are ?

[Enter Lord Grotney]

Lord Grotney

(Ad. Lib.)
My what have we got here ?

[Lord Grotney pokes a member of the audience]

You'll have to go !
We'll have a pool table here and a fruit machine here.

In comes I, that noble man, the seventh earl of Grotney
come to steal all Suffolk Pubs from Lowestoft down to Shotley.
Your ancient Breweries I will buy, and beer made from turpentine
I'll supply.
I'll water the beer and water the wine, enormous profits will soon
be mine.

[Lord Grotney bursts into song...]

I'm the man the very fat man what waters the workers beer...

[John Barleycorn]

Can I believe the words I hear, this man has come to steal our beer.
Pool tables, juke box, one arm bandit, I tell you Sir, we just won't
stand it.

You'll soon be made your bags to pack,
Come in our hero, Southwold Jack.

[Enter Southwold Jack in cardboard armour holding a sword and a bell]

Southwold Jack In come I, bold Southwold Jack, that Suffolk knight of fame,
From the east into the west everyone knows my name.
Throughout the land my bell will peal,
So where's the man that would feel my steel ?

[Southwold Jack spies Lord Grotney and confronts him...]

My Lord you came to change our beer, but I'll put you to the test,
We'll fight it out man to Lord and see which one is best !

[They fight and at last Lord Grotney is overcome, and is held by the neck. Southwold Jack forces Lord Grotney to drink foul brew...]

Begone foul chemist, Earl of Grotney, now you are overthrown,
Please try a drop of this old brew, see how you like your own !

[After much staggering about Lord Grotney expires...]

John Barleycorn Jack, dear Jack, what have you done,
you've killed Lady Grotneys only son.
It's true he was a villain, but think of his child and wife,
So do your best, give him something to bring him back to life !

[Southwold Jack administers the magic ale and Lord Grotney recovers]

[All sing "Good ale..."]

Postscript:

This play is a rewrite of "Lord Grotney" by John Worlledge, Tarry Davey and John Clarke.

Music:

Unknown.

Reference Books

None.

Reference Records/CD's

None.

Performance history:

Unknown.