

The Famous Freston Mummers

present

# The Guising Mummers' Play

cast in order of appearance

Master Winter  
The Farmer  
The Poacher  
The Fisherman  
Jack O'Lantern  
Guido Fawkes  
Donkey Driver  
Jerusalem

*[Enter Master Winter]*

*Master Winter*

My name is Master Winter, welcome or welcome not.  
When the harvest comes and the cold wind blows  
I can never be forgot.  
I whiten your windows and freeze your hands  
And start a new years's work on the farmers land.

*[All sing]*

Come all jolly fellows,  
Who love to be mellow,  
Attend unto me and sit easy.  
For the tinkling of glasses,  
All music surpasses,  
Dull drinking will drive a man crazy.

For it's here we are kings,  
We can laugh, dance and sing.  
Let no man appear as a stranger.  
But show us the arse  
Who refuses a glass  
And we'll treat him to hay in a manger.

We've got laws, we've got powers  
We've got bread, we've got flowers.  
And the Lark is our morning alarmer.  
So be jolly boys now,  
Here's God speed the plough,  
Long life and success to the farmer.

*[Enter the Farmer]*

*The Farmer*                    In walks I the farmer.  
All the hours of daylight I work on the land.  
I consider myself a hard working man,  
And although the times and the seasons change  
I'll complain at the prices just the same.  
When evening comes and I'm sat by the fire,  
All the cares of the day are soon forgotten.  
For all that I moan, I am proud of my farm,  
So I'll struggle on and accept my load.

*[Enter the Poacher]*

*The Poacher*                    In come I, Poacher Jack.  
Wife and five children on my back.  
If I escape the keeper's wrath,  
They're all well fed on pheasant broth,  
Though I've never been a wealthy man,  
For the wages are poor when you work on the land.  
So while honest work I will never bear,  
I will help myself with my gun and snare.

*The Farmer*                    Don't boast of your skills, take care Jack  
Or I'll break my stick across your back.

*Master Winter*                Put down that stick, we want no bother.  
In the pub, we should all be man and brother.  
So on our musicians we'd like to call  
And dance the cobbler for us all.

*[The Farmer and Poacher Jack dance to Cock o' the North]*

*[Enter the Fisherman]*

*The Fisherman*                These two fine fellows waste many a night  
Arguing about their work and their rights.  
Where I work, my life is free  
For no man on earth owns the sea.  
When winter comes, I'll stow away my trawl  
And with long line and hooks, I'll shoot and haul.  
For the soles and dabs have all gone away  
And the codling and whiting have set in the bay.  
So I'll hope for good luck, good prices and good sales,  
A bit of fine weather and not too many gales.

*Master Winter*                Well said good fellow, we must all wish you well.  
For fishing and farming are worthy work  
As any man can tell.  
But now the nights are drawing in,  
So it's on with our play.  
Step in Jack O'Lantern and show us the way.

*[Enter Jack O'Lantern]*

*Jack O'Lantern*                My name is Jack O'Lantern, I live out on the marsh.  
I can lure many a weary traveller from his path.  
So if you see a smiling face out among the reeds,  
Keep straight on and pay no head.

*[Enter Guido Fawkes]*

*Guido Fawkes*                Guido Fawkes is next in line

Facing up to parliament his only crime.

*[All Sing]*

High, high, set him on high  
Put him on the bonfire,  
There let him die.

*Guido Fawkes*

So please to remember the fifth of November  
Gunpowder, treason and plot.  
And as long as men want to do the same  
I'll never be forgot.  
So come by the bonfire and sing, dance and sup  
And see the old custom is always kept up.

*[Dance to the tune of Golden Slippers]*

*[Enter Donkey Driver]*

*Donkey Driver*

On Jerusalem my donkey, I'd like to call  
And I hope he'll give satisfaction to you all.  
He's a great beast full of blood, bone, knuckle and action  
And if you'll give attention, I'll now bring him in.  
Jerusalem.

*[Enter Jerusalem, the donkey]*

*Donkey Driver*

Jerusalem, show me the young man who dips his fingers in the jam  
pot, when his mother is out shopping.

Jerusalem, show me the young girl who goes out with her boyfriend  
and doesn't get back 'till six o'clock in the morning.

Jerusalem, show me the boy who gets into the classroom late,  
if she doesn't get in 'till six o'clock in the morning.

Jerusalem, show me the biggest boozier in this public house tonight.

Jerusalem, show me the biggest liar and blackguard in the public  
house tonight.

*[All sing the chorus]*

*Chorus*

Come uppagee-wee, come uppagee-woe.  
The ladies all did say  
Hoorasy, hooray  
The troubles we had, were but few  
There never was a donkey like jerusaliyem Tagoo.

*Donkey Driver*

I am an old donkey driver, I am the first of the line.  
There never was yet a donkey that would ever come up to mine.  
He has got a pair of delicate ears and a wonderful curly tail.  
And a rattling donkey for whistling is JerusaliyemTagoo.

Chorus

*Donkey Driver*

I took my old donkey to Yarmouth, on the old Yarmouth sands.  
A lady jumped on top of his back to hear the german band.  
The donkey he kicked up his heels and off the lady flew.  
For a rattling donkey for dancing is JerusaliyemTagoo.

Chorus

*Donkey Driver*

I took my old donkey to Epsom, to the in the Derby race.  
Thinking this old donkey could run the cracking pace.  
The jockey, he dug in his heels, the donkey he bloody near flew  
And the first one past the winning post was Jerusaliyem Tagoo.

Chorus

*Master Winter*

Ladies and Gents, we'll take our leave  
We'll make no further fuss.  
And if we've tried to make you smile  
Then think no less of us.  
Ladies and Gents our play is ended,  
But our money pots are recommended.

Postscript:

John 'Mouse' Clarke, one of the founder members of The Famous Freston Mummers, suggested that this particular play was written by Syzewell Gap, a local folk band.

Music:

Unknown.

Reference Books:

None.

Reference Records/CD's

None.

Performance history:

This play has been performed by The Famous Freston Mummers in the streets of Ipswich towards Christmas, especially late shopping nights, and also at the Butt & Oyster, Pin Mill at one of the annual Mummers Days.