



***West
Marden
Tip-Teering
Script***



**Unlocking hidden treasures of
England's cultural heritage**
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The Full English

The Full English was a unique nationwide project unlocking hidden treasures of England's cultural heritage by making over 58,000 original source documents from 12 major folk collectors available to the world via a ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project. The project was led by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and in partnership with other cultural partners across England.

The Full English digital archive (www.vwml.org) continues to provide access to thousands of records detailing traditional folk songs, music, dances, customs and traditions that were collected from across the country. Some of these are known widely, others have lain dormant in notebooks and files within archives for decades.

The Full English learning programme worked across the country in 19 different schools including primary, secondary and special educational needs settings. It also worked with a range of cultural partners across England, organising community, family and adult learning events.

Supported by the National Lottery through the Heritage Lottery Fund, the National Folk Music Fund and The Folklore Society.



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West Marden Tip-Teering Script

[West Sussex, SU 7713]

Collected by the late Mervyn Plunkett from Fred Glew, North Bersted, Sussex, 31st March 1959. Transcribed from a typed copy (with occasional MS additions) in Mervyn's papers.

A word of caution

None of The Full English materials have been censored. The contents do not reflect the opinions and views held by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, or any of The Full English partner organisations.

Characters

- Old Father Christmas (FC)
- Turkey Snipe (TS)
- King George (KG)
- Prince of Fairland (PF)
- Valiant Soldier (VS)
- Doctor Good (DG)

The Play

All sing

In Dixieland where I was born
A place where milk and 'oney flows, 'oney flows
We're all going 'ome to Dixie
We're all going 'ome to Dixie
Yes, we're all going 'ome to Dixie
And we 'ave no time to tarry
We 'ave no time to stay

It's a rocky road to Dixie
And Dixie is far away.

FC In comes I Old Father Christmas, welcome - welcome not,
I 'ope Old Father Christmas will never be forgot
'Ere I am an' a short time to stay
I'll show you sport and pastime before I go away
Room room ladies and gentlemen, room room I pray
I am the man that leads the Noble (or Naval) Captain all 'is
merry men the way
Step in here young men I pray

ALL We come we come we merry merry come
Go sound your trumpets and beat your drum
From shore to shore let loud your cannons roar
Step in King George all on the British shores

KG In comes I King George, from England I did spring,
Now some of my wonderful works I'm going-to begin
First in a dungeon I was shut up, erected on a rock and stone
That's where I made my sad place to moan
By these means I won the First King of Egypt's daughters

VS In comes I the Valiant Soldier just lately come from France
Sword and buckle by my side I'll make King George dance
I've been through England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain

Many a French dog in my time I've slain
So neither unto you will I bow or bend
Nor I never took you to be my friend

KG For why, Sir, for why, Sir, d' I ever do you any 'arm?

VS Yes you 'ave, you sassy cock, get you gone
Get you gone you sassy cock, undrawn or slain
Why you ought to be stabbed, you sassy man

KG Stab for stab, it is my fear
'ppoint the place, 'n' I'll meet you theer [sic]

VS My place is 'ppointed on this ground
that's where I mean to lay your body down

KG Across the water I'll arrive and meet you there if I'm alive

(Exit VS)

FC Since 'e's gone with 'is strict charge Step in 'ere the Turkey Snipe

TS In comes I the Turkey Snipe
Come from my Turkish land to fight
To fight that man o' courage bold
If 'is blood runs 'ot I'll turn it cold

KG Oh Turk oh Turk, oh do not vapour
Or I'll cut you down with my rusty rap'er

(They fight. TS is bested)

KG Go 'ome, go 'ome, you Turkey Snipe
Go to your Turkey land and fight
Go to your Turkey land and tell
What champions we 'ave 'ere in Old England dwell

TS Off goes I with my strict charge
God bless the Noble Captain, likewise 'is noble guard
God bless them all, beneath'we go
Because our blood it doth run so

(Exit TS)

FC Since 'e's gone with 'is strict charge Step in 'ere the Prince of Fairland

PF In comes I the Prince of Fairland
To beg these foes to fearless stand Stand our King, stand,
Ruler o'er the seas and all our British lands

(Here they presumably fight)

KG Be'old, be'old, what 'ave I done
I've cut 'im down like the setting sun
But is there not a Doctor to be found
To rise this young man from the ground?

FC Yes there is a Doctor to be found
To rise this young man from the ground
Step in 'ere, Doctor,

DG In comes I old Doctor Good
With my 'and I stop the blood
Stop the blood and 'eal the wound
And raise this young man from the room (ground)

FC Oh you clever little Doctor, you, what do you do?

DG I can cure the eesy peesy palsy and the gout
A strain within and a strain without
If a man falls down and breaks 'is neck I can set 'un again
Or else-I won't 'ave not a penny farthing of my fee

FC What is your fee Doctor?

DG Ten pound

- FC Ten pound is a lot of money Doctor
- DG I know it is a lot of money but you'd better pay that than 'ave
this man laying about your 'ouse all over Christmas
- FC Well, what is your easiest charge?
- DG Well, you being a poor man I'll charge you £9-19-11-3/4d –
that's a farthing on the price you being a poor man
- FC Well, you'd better carry on Doctor
- DG I've got a box of pills in my pocket called loz'berry drops
And a bottle of medicine called . . .
I place one pill in his mouth and one drop on 'is temple
Strike a light in 'is 'ole body
See! 'e moves a leg already!
- (PF revives)*
- FC So 'e do, Doctor, clever little Doctor you are
- DG Clever? I sh'd think I am clever, I can tell you more lies
in an 'alf 'our than you can find true in seven years
- FC I'll believe you that, Doctor

ALL join round and sing:

Sarah's got a lovely face and oh such winning wiles
She'll really drive you frantic with 'er fascinating smile
When first I went to see 'er I fell on my knee to beg
And as she was listening to my suit I chanc'd to touch 'er leg
Not 'er real leg - oh dear no - it was 'er wooden leg.
First I thought it was the leg of the sofa, but when she began to move
I was ready to drop. She saw my confusion and rose to leave the room,
and as she did so..
'Er leg came down with a dot-and-carry-one
She stump'd along so gaily
There's many worse girls go square on their pins
Than lovely Sarah Bailey, etc.

The following additional information is taken from a letter from Mervyn Plunkett to Alex Helm, dated 13th May 1959.

“I am enclosing the text of the West Marden Play as performed at Hurstpierpoint by the Glews of Marden. Glew told me at Easter that the last of the previous generation of W. Marden performers died only just before Christmas. This is infuriating, because I could have got the 'original' Marden text and hence could have compared the interesting differences between the version of the 1880 generation and that of the 1865 generation (which I am sure existed)....

I am sure that some of the contestants' speeches have become a bit confused and will try to see Glew over the weekend. They wore - No hats. All wore trousers of unbleached calico with shredded stuff down the seams "like cowboys' chaps". All wore calico jackets, buttoned, covered haphazardly with patches and tufts of coloured material. The fringe was cut to a special pattern (I once interviewed one of Glew's nieces who remembered cutting out the jackets when they renewed them). I also once met Glew's sister-in-law. She said that her husband died in 1940 and was born in 1855 or thereabouts. Glew, however, says that this must have been his uncle's wife.

Most carried wooden swords. No music...”



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