
Duke of B. 2.

Duke of B. 3.


Duke of B. 5.


Duke of B. 7.
I'm I cannot tell what brings me here
Come on! May do not ask fear
Unhep it is true - May do ask fair
To whom he's the - fair
And to assume her that all the is right
So that you will listen to her brief appeal address
In which she means to give you a great deal

that is
Fair
The Only that Means is gone

To speak my custom - I'll

And fancy more in
She can
well express
Not what
Who what have we here—yet there upon the floor.
What imp is that? At this key hole that has come

M.P. — Here I will tell you why you appear
For Christmas — jolly Christmas I see here
And would you call my name? it is mince pie
But would you call my name, not all in my eye
For I am called 'Mince pie'

And you let a very jolly fellow
And that you'll permit me—just let a merry dance
To introduce to sir and hope change return to France.

1° Sir: What can that be? — for all Trumps that are found
In France to said by looks are understood.

Mince pie + plum pudding (a Waltz)

There is plum pudding, cheese England's prudent diet
With what shall beef and it? there's nothing more to wish

Except perhaps a little homemade beer
And long may England want such cheer.

To: they'll
The cat's out, it will prove to some year
Lab Elter Lister No. 3

Well - here it Christmas - but it is no matter.

No 2 Was ever any thing more dull? - no matter.

Some of the nice old plows?

1st. What is the use to pray till me dearest Rose...

Sick our Tom to asks to a good people to refer

At Badminton - We'll see what we should

Why, we get up a mask -

Age at I question that I make

No. 2 I gave I must confess a gentle hint.

And once have I seen there was something in it

Let me mention to between you and me

She should not wonder that her face will see

That Christmas should be Christmas as old

Christmas was kept in merry days of old.

But it looks

1st. What is that?

Music - Christmas memento

"a merry memento" strain.

2nd. Ho - ho - 'tis but the cards - a piece of mummy.

1st. How list again.

Music

2nd. Age list is very well against the door.
Elder Sister No. 1. Well here is Christmas - but it brings no clatter.
No. 2. Was ever any thing more dull? - no matter!
No. 1. What is the use pray tell me dearest Rose,
Why Mama asks good folks to sleep and dote
At Badminton? - Why not get up a masque?
Aye, that's a question that I long to ask.
No. 2. Lord Albert gave you saw a gentle hint,
And I suppose that something there is in't.
So let me mention, between you and me,
I should not wonder that her grace will see
That Christmas should be kept, as we are told
Christmas was kept in merry days of old.

No. 1. But hark -
[Music]
—a merry strain of Christmas mummeries?
No. 2. Nonsense - 'tis but the wind - your Christmas mummeries
No. 1. Now list?
[Music]
No. 2. Aye list is very well against the door.
[Enter Mummer Pic to Music]
No. 1. What can this mean?—all dishes that are good,
In France 'tis said by Cooks are understood.

No. 2. — see there upon the floor
What sing is that?—though key-hole that has come?
I feel sister, for its presence makes me dumb—
Mince pie. I'll tell you sisters, why I do appear

'Twas Christmas—jolly Christmas brought me here,
Behold the icy breath around my head
And see the holly berries, ripe and red.
How would you know my name?—not "all-in-my-eye"
The answer is—for I am called Mince pie;
And with permisison this a merry dance
I'll introduce a dish, unknown in France

[Enter Mince pie & Plumb pudding. Rappair on to Music—when it

Mince pie. This is Plumb pudding—England's choicest dish
With beef and it—there's nothing more to wish
Plumb pudding. Except perhaps, a little home brewed beer;
And long may England stay in such cheer... But

Plumb pudding. Think you Mince pie that ever,
These gilded gods will start up from a river?
And throw the ponderous slab upon their backs?
Or Derby's shackled be swept away by hawks?
As soon will Badminton itself be found
Through Wiltshire and Gloucester raiway heading ground
Or in its Park within a little year
Another and a greater oak appear
Then Rome's field—or that... some not lost
Fitzherbert's height,—(I see you nightly guard
No Railway Staff, thro' Badminton shall range
Our Herd belongs not to the Rock Exchange
What try to barrier, peace of mind for each
The Order, would call such conduct very rash.
Music. I—All this is right: for nowThunk pudding dear
No small way project can have business here.
—Thunk pudding—Railways farewell—For things both good and true
—Death round in pride—And think of Waterloo.
Behold it, Skand.

[4 March]
—The memory of that field
What noble feelings do such relics yield
In this our house—These household troops were led
By those we loved—they fought and there they died
And there a deathless name was won
By Wellington!

[Enter Night to left Music.]

No. 2—Enter there stands another sprite
No. 1—Say what art thou?

Night—Am night—gentle night
That gives to the weary rest
Upon my brow
I wear as my crest
The pearlly moth-beam light.

On my scable shield
Is a sturdy field
And dark clouds make my crest.
I am fierce, I am mild
As a giant or child
When the wild winds howl or sigh;
For the tempests crash and the lightning flashes
Often change to my lullaby.

[Night rejoices—Enter a gentleman Usher]

In due I cannot tell, what brings me here
 Unless it is—[Steps back] come on pray do not fear
To introduce our Polar star to right
And to assure her that "all here is right."
That you will listen to her brief address
In which she means a great deal to express.

[Polar Star comes forward]

Poor winter mummers that un mirth have met
Do we deserve the name of Somerset?
Resolve me that? Oh! now I see a reason
Off badminton mirth near is out of season
In Autumn—spring—In Winter and in Summer
Welcome is there the merry Christmas mummer;
And long may we — and I, in dress resplendent
Perform before an Audience so indulgent.