

## A Tale of Four Yorkist Men

**(with apologies to Terry Jones, Michael Palin, Eric Idle and Graham Chapman)**

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Well gentlemen, a far better Christmas 'ere in Westminster than it were last year at Sandal

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Aye, tha' can say that again, our Eddie on t'throne, us in power and t'Lancastrians scattered t' fourwinds

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Didn't come easy though did it, lads? Took some doin' when tha looks back

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: No, there were a lot of feightin' went on, all them battles, started six year ago at St Albans - an away match and kicking into't wind an' all.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: then Blore 'Eath 'n' Ludford Bridge

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Northampton

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Wakefield

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: St Albans again

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Mortimer's Cross

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Towton

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Tewkesbury & Barnet

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: No, you daft bugger, that's next season! Any road, fellow lords, a very decent Winter feast that was tonight, a very decent roast

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Aye, very passable, that, very passable bit of venison.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Nothing like a good flagon of Château de Chasselais, eh, Sir Josiah?

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: You're right there, Baron Obadiah.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: Who'd have thought thirty year ago we'd all be sittin' here in Westminster drinking Château de Chasselais, eh?

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: In them days we was glad to have the price of a cup o' mead.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: A cup o' cold mead.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: Without milk or sugar.

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Or mead.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: In a cracked jug, an' all.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: Oh, we never had a jug. We used to have to drink out of a rolled up manuscript.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: The best we could manage was to suck on a piece of damp livery cloth.

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: But you know, we were happy in those days, though we were poor.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Because we were poor. My old Dad used to say to me, "Money doesn't buy you happiness, son".

ALL (Nodding agreement): Aye, 'e was right, Aye, 'e was that etc.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: I was happier then when I had nothin'. We used to live in this tiny old castle with great big holes in the roof.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Castle! You were lucky to live in a castle! We used to live in one room, all twenty-six of us, no furniture, 'alf the floor was missing, and we were all 'uddled together in one corner for fear of falling.

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Eh, you were lucky to have a room! We used to have to live on t' battlements!

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Oh, we used to dream of livin' on t' battlements! Would ha' been a palace to us. We used to live in an old basket on a midden. We got woke up every morning by having a load of rotting fish dumped all over us! Castle? Huh.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: Well, when I say 'castle' it was only a hole in the ground covered by an old drawbridge, but it was a castle to us.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: We were evicted from our 'ole in the ground; we 'ad to go and live in a moat.

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: You were lucky to have a moat! There were a hundred and fifty of us living in t' quiver in t' middle o' road.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: Leather Quiver?

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Aye.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: You were lucky. We lived for three months in a ripped pavilion on side of sh\*tbrook. We used to have to get up at six in the morning, clean the pavilion, eat a crust of stale bread, go to work down t' manor, fourteen hours a day, week-in week-out, for six groats a week, and when we got home our Dad would thrash us to sleep wi' his belt.

SECOND YORKIST-MAN: Luxury. We used to have to get out of the moat at three o'clock in the morning, clean the moat, eat a handful of 'ot gravel, work twenty hour day at manor for two groats a month, we'd come home and Dad would club us to sleep with a mace, if we were lucky!

THIRD YORKIST-MAN: Well, of course, we had it tough. We used to 'ave to get up out of quiver at twelve o'clock at night and lick road clean wit' tongue. We had two bits of cold gravel, worked twenty-four hours a day at manor for one groat every four years, and when we got home our Dad would slice us in two wit' poleaxe.

FOURTH YORKIST-MAN: Right. I had to get up in the morning at ten o'clock at night half an hour before I went to bed, drink a cup of hemlock, work twenty-nine hours a day down t'manor, and pay lord of' manor for permission to come to work, and when we got home, our Dad and our mother would riddle us wi arrows and dance about on our graves singing Te Deum.

FIRST YORKIST-MAN: And you try and tell the young plantagenets of today that ..... they won't believe you.

ALL: They won't!