

The Anglo-Saxon Hip-Hop Rap

Parts:	Durwin	An Anglo Saxon peasant boy
	Flair	His delightful sister
	Seward	An Anglo Saxon Ceorl
	Devona	His loud sister
	Kenric	An Anglo Saxon Thane
	Ora	His rather snooty daughter

Durwin: I am an Anglo Saxon,
A simple farmer's son
And I've a hip hop rap to tell
So listen everyone!

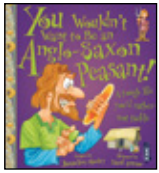
My Saxon name is Durwin
My sister's name is Flair
And she's an Anglo Saxon, too!
With lots of golden hair.

Flair: Hi yer!
Today it is my birthday,
I've not had any presents,
That's because we're very poor...
We're Anglo Saxon peasants!

Life isn't very easy,
We've all got jobs to do
I have to grow our vegetables...

Durwin: And I'm in charge of poo!

That means I'm 'Head of cow pats'
I scoop them up all day
Then throw them on Flair's vegetables,
So best keep out my way!



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This can be performed to a regular beat, performers clapping in rhythm or to music.

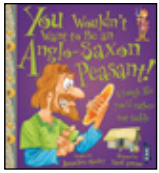
Flair: I'm very good with turnips,
My radishes are fine.
I put dung on my beans and peas...

Durwin: And gravy over mine!

For all us Anglo Saxons,
Cow dung's the best, we think
For building huts and growing stuff
So now I've caused a stink,
As sometimes I will sell it
To make a bit of cash
For where's there's muck, there's gold, they say
And that's not balderdash!
I also use our loo waste
For adding to the mix
To make a wattle and daub paste
It's great with mud and sticks!
I am an Ang-loo Saxon
(It's a joke but hey, it fits!)
I scoop out all the loo-holes,
It really is the pits!

But we have got a problem,
And please don't think me rude,
Our neighbours treat us worse than dung...
We're in a bad blood-feud.

They raid us in the night time
They often steal our stuff
We try to fight them off with sticks
Yes, peasant life is tough.



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Their granddad stole my grandad's sheep
Back in the bad old days.

Devona: All I want's a woolly fleece
To lie back and relax on
For that's the only aim in life
When you're an Anglo Saxon.

Flair: We've never owned a sheep, though,
We've only got a cow
To give us milk and piles of dung
So stop your feuding now.

Devona: I've just slipped in your cow pat (*falls on her back*)
And landed with a thwack...

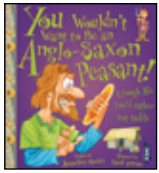
Flair: Unlucky, Miss Devona,
But a big pat on the back!

Devona: That Flair thinks she's so special
With all her golden curls
She acts so high and mighty but
They're nothing more than coerls (*like us*)

Durwin: The thing with Anglo Saxons,
However much we try,
There's so much fighting going on,
So many people die.

Seward: We fight with swords and axes
Or anything at hand
I'll battle till the death of me
Just to defend our land.

I have to be aggressive



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And wrestle in the mud
With anyone who I don't like...
Aggression's in my blood (So watch out!)

Devona: I do like boys with attitude
I find them very pleasant
And Seward's such a churlish ceorl...

Flair: An Anglo Saxon peasant!

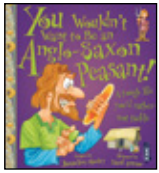
Seward: (*Threatening*) I don't care who I threaten,
I'll beat up any girl
Or anyone who I don't like...

Flair: He's an Anglo Saxon ceorl!

Durwin: Hey, here comes master Kenric,
An Anglo Saxon Thane.
That means he's from a higher class
But let me first explain...
The Thanes are kind of bossy
They own big plots of land
And treat us like we're worthless scum,
Which I don't understand.

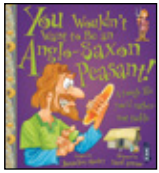
Kelvin: Durwin, you're a helpful lad,
My loo-hole's getting full.
I need a ceorl to clear it out,
I'll pay you with some wool.
I've lots of sheep for shearing
And one's not mine, but lent
I've no idea who loaned it, though

Devona: So that's where grandad's went!



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- Seward: (Oops!) It wasn't Durwin's grandad
Who stole my grandad's ewe
We got it wrong, there's no blood-feud,
Whatever shall we do?
- Flair: You just say you are sorry
Then we can call it quits.
And maybe then we'll live in peace...
- Durwin: (Shaking Seward's hand) We're really chuffed to bits!
- Kelvin: So will you come and help me?
My daughter Ora's here...
She thinks you're cute and 'peasanty'
Don't blush so, Ora, dear!
- Ora: These Anglo Saxon peasants
Just make me smile, that's all
They all look pale and hungry,
So filthy, thin and small.
This Durwin looks so smelly,
And though he's only young,
He walks just like a poor old man
Up to his neck in dung!
- Durwin: (Thanks a lot!)
I am an Anglo Saxon,
A simple farmer's son
And I've a final thing to say
So listen everyone!
- I'm glad we've sorted our dispute
With Seward and his kin
At last our blood-feud's at an end
And friendship can begin.



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Yes, Thane, I'll come and help you
As well as you, sweet Ora
Who, though she's upper class, I liked
The instant that I saw-'er! (*winks*)

Which goes to show, good Saxons,
That still the fairer sex,
And wealthy Thaners, need ceorls like me
When right up to their necks (in unmentionables!)

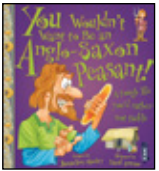
So now I'll get my bucket
And come to work for you
For nothing will be quite so posh
As really classy poo!

But can I ask a favour
From all of you today?
My hip hop rap is over now
There's one thing left to say...

My sister is quite special
With all her golden curls
And bright blue eyes, she's typical
Of Anglo Saxon girls.
Today it is her birthday
So, people everywhere
Please join me in a big 'Hooray'
And 'Happy birthday, Flair!'

All: Happy birthday, Flair!

Durwin: I am an Anglo Saxon,
A simple farmer's son
And now my hip hop rap is wrapped
Our little play is done!



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Enough to say, we're finished
And don't forget my plea,
An Anglo Saxon peasant
You wouldn't wanna be!

All:

You wouldn't wanna live here
You wouldn't wanna be
An Anglo Saxon peasant
In Britain, our country...

You wouldn't wanna be
You wouldn't wanna be
You wouldn't wanna be
Anglo Saxon peasantry! YAY!!!