

## Island 2 Island: A Newfie's Perspective on Christmas Any Mummers Allowed In?

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Reporter



Well here it is everyone - how a newfie celebrates Christmas. What's the first thing you think of when someone says "newfie"? Drinking of course! We sure know how to party! Not that we really need any excuse to have a kitchen party, it is kinda fun to have a reason! During the 12 days of Christmas, it is custom that people dress up and go from house to house. No, I'm not getting confused with Halloween. It's called Jannying, or Mummering as it is commonly known. The costumes worn are supposed to be such that people will not recognize who you are. Mummers go, usually in groups, from house to house and entertain with dancing and singing while the homeowner offers food and drink to the friendly mummers. Can't turn down free fruit cake and screech.

Simini, (a Newfoundland band) wrote a song that really captures the spirit of Mummering. Though you can't quite

get the same effect without the music, their lyrics do speak for themselves. Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays and go out Mummering!!

### Any Mummers Allowed In?

*"Don't seem like Christmas if the mummers are not here."*

*Granny would say as she'd knit in her chair,*

*"Things have gone modern and I suppose that's the cause,*

*Christmas is not like it was."*

{Knock}

*Hark, what's the noise out by the porch door?*

*"Granny, 'tis mummers, there's twenty or more."*

*Her old weathered face brightens up with a grin,*

*"Any mummers, nice mummers 'lowed in?"*

*"Come in, lovely mummers, don't bother the snow,*

*We can wipe up the water, sure, after you*

*go,  
Sit, if you can, or on some mummer's knee,  
Let's see if we know who you be."*

*There's big one and small one and tall ones and thin,  
Boys dressed as women and girls dressed as men,  
Humps on their backs, and mitts on their feet,  
"My blessed, we'll die with the heat."*

*There's only one there that I think that I know.*

*That tall fellow standing over long side the stove,  
He's shaking his fist for to make me not tell,*

*Must be Willie from out on the hill.*

*Now, that 'one's a stranger if there ever was one,*

*With his underwear stuffed and his trap door undone*

*Is he wearing his mother's big forty-two bra?*

*I knows but I'm not gonna say.*

*"Don't s'pose you fine mummers would*

*turn down a drop?"*

*"No!! Homebrew or alky, whatever you've got."*

*Not the one with his rubber boots on the wrong feet,*

*He's enough for to do him all week.*

*"S'pose you can dance?" "Yes." They all nod their heads,*

*They've been tapping their feet ever since they came in.*

*Now that the drinks have been all passed around,*

*The mummers plankin' 'er down.*

*"Be careful the lamp, and hold on to the stove,*

*Don't swing Granny hard cause you that she's old,*

*No need for to care how you buckles the floor,*

*Cause mummers have danced here before."*

*"My God, how hot is it, we'd better go, I 'low we'll all get the devil's own cold,"*

*"Good night and good Christmas, mummers, me dears,*

*Please God we will see you next year."*

*"Good night and good Christmas, mummers, me dears,*

*Please God we will see you next year."*

# Alpine

## LAGER

IT'S ALL GOOD.

