



THE
TRAGICAL COMEDY, OR COMICAL TRAGEDY,
OF
PUNCH AND JUDY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PUNCH.
SCARAMOUCH.
THE CHILD.
COURTIER.
DOCTOR.
SERVANT.
BLIND MAN.
CONSTABLE.
POLICE OFFICER.
JACK KETCH.
THE DEVIL
TOBY.
HECTOR.

JUDY.
POLLY.



THE
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OF
PUNCH AND JUDY.



As told to John Payne Collier
by Giovanni Piccini in 1827.
Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

ENTER PUNCH.

After a few preliminary squeaks, he bows three times to the spectators; - once in the centre, and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks the following

PROLOGUE.

Ladies and Gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too.
Stop and hear my merry littel play;
If me make you laugh, me need not make
you pay.

[*Exit.*

ACT 1.—Scene 1.

Punch is heard behind the scene, squeaking the tune of *Malbroug s'en vat en guerre* : he then makes his appearance and dances about the stage, while he sings to the same air,

Mr. Punch is one jolly good fellow,
His dress is all scarlet and yellow,
And if now and then he gets mellow,
It's only among his good friends.
His money most freely he spends;
To laugh and grow fat he intends,
With the girls he's s rogue and a rover;
He lives, while he can, upon clover;
When he dies-its only all over;
And there Punch's comedy ends.

He continues to dance and sing, and then calls "Judy, my dear! Judy!"

ENTER THE DOG TOBY.

Punch. Hollo, Toby! who call'd you? How you do, Mr. Toby? Hope you very well, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Bow, wow, wow!

Punch. How do my good friend, your master, Mr. Toby, How do Mr. Scaramouch?

Toby, Bow, wow, wow, wow!

Punch. I'm glad to hear it.-Poor Toby! What a nice good-temper'd dog it is! No wonder his master is so fond of him.

Toby. [Snarls.] Arr! Arr!

Punch. What! Toby! you cross this morning? You get out of bed the wrong way upwards!

Toby. [Snarls again.] Arr! Arr!

Punch. Poor Toby. [Putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it.] Toby, you're one nasty cross dog: get away with you! [Strikes at him.]

Toby. Bow, wow, wow, wow! [Seizing Punch by the nose.]

Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! My nose! my poor nose! my beautiful nose! Get away! get away, you nasty dog-I tell your master. Oh dear! dear! -Judy! Judy! [Punch shakes his nose, but cannot shake off the dog, who follows him as he retreats round the stage. He continues to call "Judy! Judy, my dear!" until the dog quits its hold, and *exit*.]

Punch. [*Solus*, and rubbing his nose with



both hands.] Oh my nose! my pretty littel nose! Judy! Judy! You nasty, nasty, brute, I will tell you master of you. Mr.Scaramouch! [Calls.] My good friend, Mr. Scaramouch! Look what you nasty brute dog has done!

SCENE II.

ENTER SCARAMOUCH – With a Stick

Scaramouch. Hollo! Mr. Punch! What have you been doing to my poor dog?

Punch.. [Retreating behind the side scene, on observing the stick, and peeping round the corner.] Ha! my good friend! how you do? glad to see you look so well. [*Aside.*] I wish you were farther with your nasty great stick.

Scaramouch. You have been beating and ill-using my poor dog, Mr. Punch.

Punch. He has been biting and ill-using my poor nose. – What have got there, sir?

Scaramouch. Where?

Punch. In your hand?

Scaramouch. A fiddle.

Punch. A fiddel! what a pretty thing is a fiddel! Can you play upon that fiddel?

Scaramouch. Come here, and I'll try.

Punch. No, thank you– I can hear the music here, very well.

Scaramouch. Then you shall try yourself. Can you play?

Punch. [Coming in.] I do not know, 'til I try. Let me see! [Takes the stick, and moves slowly about, singing the tune of the *Marche des Marseillois*. He hits Scaramouch a slight blow on his high cap, as if by accident.]

Scaramouch. You play very well, Mr. Punch. Now, let me try. I will give you a lesson how to play the fiddle. [Takes the stick, and dances to the same tune, hitting Punch a hard blow on the back of his head.] There's sweet music for you.

Punch. I no like you playing so well as my own. Let me again. [Takes the stick, and dances as before: in the course of his dance

he gets behind Scaramouch, and, with a violent blow, knocks his head clean off his shoulders.] How you like that tune, my good friend? That sweet music, or sour music, eh! - He! he! he! [Laughing, and throwing away the stick.]

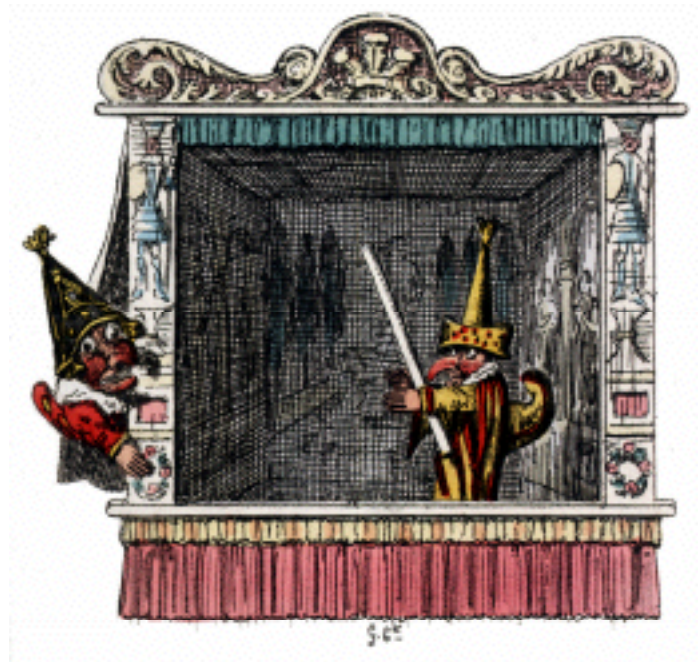
You'll never hear such another tune, so long as you live, my boy. [Sings the tune of "Malbroug," and dances to it.] Judy! Judy, my dear! Judy! can't you answer, my dear' Judy. [Within.] Well! what do you want, Mr. Punch?

Punch. Come up stairs: I want you.

Judy. Then want must be your master. I'm busy.

Punch. [Singing, tune "Malbroug."]

Her answer genteel is and civil!
No wonder, you think, if we live ill,
And I wish her sometimes at the Devil,
Since that's all the answer I get.
Yet, why should I grumble and fret,
Because she's sometimes in a pet ?



Though I really am sorry to say, Sirs,
That that is too often her way, Sirs.
For this, by and by, she shall pay, Sirs.
Oh, wives are an obstinate set!

Judy, my dear! [Calling.] Judy, my love!
pretty Judy ! come up stairs.

SCENE III.

ENTER JUDY.

Judy. Well, here I am! what do you want,
now I'm come!

Punch. [Aside.] What a pretty creature! An't
she one beauty!

Judy. What do you want, I say!

Punch. A kiss! a pretty kiss! [Kisses her,
while she hits him a slap on the face.]

Judy. Take that then: how do you like my
kisses ? Will you have another ?

Punch. No; one at a time, once at a time, my
sweet pretty wife. [Aside.] She always is so
playful. - Where's the child! Fetch me the
child, Judy, my dear.

[Exit Judy.

Punch. [Solus.] There's one wife for you!
What a precious darling creature? She go to
fetch our child.

RE-ENTER JUDY WITH THE CHILD.

Judy. Here's the child. Pretty dear! It knows
its papa - Take the child.

Punch. [Holding out his hands.] Give it me-
pretty littel thing! How like its sweet
mamma!

Judy. How awkward you are!

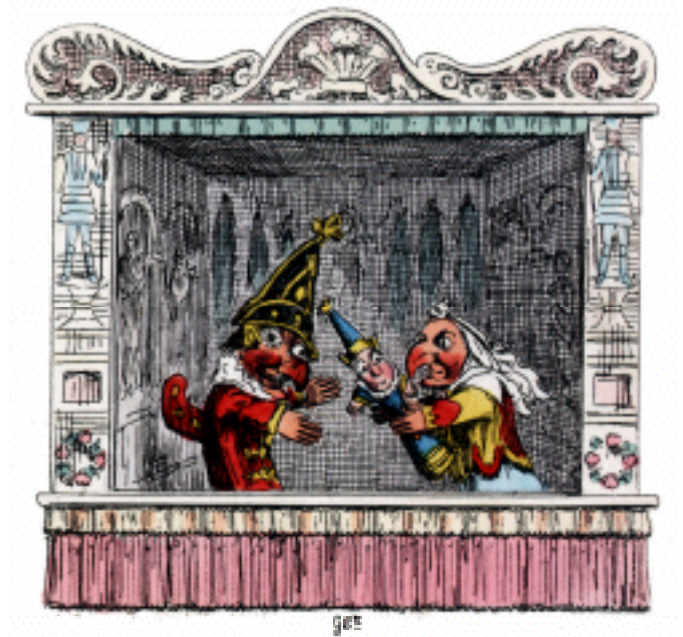
Punch. Give it me: I know how to nurse it
so well as you do. [She gives it him.] Get
away! [Exit Judy. Punch nursing the child in
his arms.] What a pretty baby it is! was it
sleepy then? Hush-a-by, by, by. - Sings to
the tune of "Rest thee, babe."]

Oh, rest thee, my baby,
Thy daddy is here:
Thy mammy's a gaby,
And that's very clear.
Oh rest thee, my darling,
Thy mother will come,
With voice like a starling; -
I wish she was dumb!

Poor dear littel thing! it cannot get to sleep:
by, by; by, by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it
shan't. [Dances the child, and then sets it on
his lap, between his knees, and sings the
common nursery ditty,

Dancy baby diddy;
What shall daddy do widdy ?
Sit on his lap,
Give it some pap;
Dancy baby diddy.

[After nursing it upon his lap, Punch sticks
the child against the side of the stage, on the



platform, and going himself to the opposite side, runs up to it, clapping his hands, and crying, "Catchee, catchee, catchee!" He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.] What is the matter with it. Poor thing! It has got the stomach ache, I dare say. [Child cries.] Hush-a-by, hush-a-by! [Sitting down, and rolling it on his knees] Naughty child! Judy! [Calling.] the child has got the stomach ache. Pheu! Nasty child! Judy, I say! [Child continues to cry] Keep quiet, can't you? [Hits it a box on the ear] Oh you filthy child! What have you done! I won't keep such a nasty child. Hold your tongue! [Strikes the child's head several times against the side of the stage] There! - there! - there! How you like that? I thought I stop your squalling. Get along with you, nasty, naughty, crying child. [Throws it over the front of the stage among the spectators] - He! he! he! [Laughing and singing to the same tune as before]



Get away, nasty baby;
There it goes over:
Thy mammy's a Raby,
Thy daddy's a rover.

RE-ENTER JUDY.

Judy. Where is the child?

Punch. Gone, - gone to sleep.

Judy. What have you done with the child, I say.

Punch. Gone to sleep, I say.

Judy. What have you done with it!

Punch. What have I done with it!

Judy. Ay; done with it! I heard it crying just now. Where is it?

Punch. How should I know?

Judy. I heard you make the pretty darling cry.

Punch. I dropped it out at window.

Judy. Oh you cruel horrid wretch, to drop the pretty baby out at window. Oh! [Cries and wipes her eyes with the corner of her



white apron.] You barbarous man. Oh!
Punch. You shall have one other soon, Judy,
my dear. More where that come from.
Judy. I'll make you pay for this, depend
upon it.

[*Exit* in haste.

Punch. There she goes. What a piece of
work about nothing! [Dances about and
sings, beating time with his head, as he turns
round, on the front of the stage.]

RE-ENTER JUDY, with a stick. She comes in
behind, and hits Punch a sounding blow on
the back of the head, before he is aware.

Judy. I'll teach you to drop my child out at
window.

Punch. So-o-oftly, Judy, so-o-oftly!

[Rubbing the back of his head with his
hand] Don't be a fool now. What you at?

Judy. What! you'll drop my poor baby out at
window again, will you, [Hitting him contin-
ually on the head.]

Punch. No, I never will again. [She still hits
him] Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke!



Judy. Oh you nasty cruel brute! [Hitting him again] I'll teach you.

Punch. But me no like such teaching. What! you're in earnest, are you!

Judy. Yes, [hit,] I [hit,] am [hit.]

Punch. I'm glad of it: me no like such jokes. [She hits him again.] Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

Judy. No, I won't. [Hits him]

Punch. Very well: then now come my turn to teach you. [He snatches at, and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her, and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different parts of the stage to get out of his way.] How you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear, [Hitting her.]

Judy. Oh pray, Mr. Punch. No more!

Punch. Yes, one littel more lesson - [Hits her again.] There, there, there! [She falls down with her head over the platform of the stage; and as he continues to hit at her, she puts up her hand to guard her head.] Any more?



SCENE IV.

ENTER PRETTY POLLY.

Judy. No, no, no more! [Lifting up her head.

Punch. [Knocking down her head.] I thought I should soon make you quiet.

Judy. [Again raising her head.] No.

Punch. [Again knocking it down, and following up his blows until she is lifeless.] Now if you're satisfied, I am. [Perceiving that she does not move.] There, get up Judy, my dear; I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. You got the head-ache? Why, you only asleep. Get up, I say.- Well, then, get down. [Tosses the body down with the end of his stick.] He, he, he! [Laughing.] To lose a wife is to get a fortune.' [Sings.]

“Who'd be plagued with a wife
That could set himself free
With a rope or a knife,
Or a good stick, like me.”

Punch. [Seeing her, and singing out of “The Beggar's Opera” while she dances,]

When the heart of a man is oppress'd with cares,
The clouds are dispelled when a woman appears, &c.

Punch. [Aside.] What a beauty! What a pretty creature! [Extending his arms, and then clasping his hands in admiration. She continues to dance, and dances round him, while he surveys her in silent delight. He then begins to sing a slow tune and foots it with her; and, as the music quickens, they jig it backwards and forwards, and sideways, to all parts of the stage. At last, Punch catches the lady in his arms and kisses her most audibly, while she appears “nothing loth.”

After waltzing, they dance to the tune of
“*The White Cockade*,” and Punch sings as
follows:]

I love you so, I love you so,
I never will leave you; no, no, no:
If I had all the wives of wise King Sol,
I would kill them all for my Pretty Poll.
[*Exeunt* dancing.]

ACT II. - SCENE I.

[Enter a figure dressed like a courtier, who
sings a slow air, and moves to it with great
gravity and solemnity. He first takes off his
hat on the right of the theatre, and then on
the left, and carries it in his hand. He then
stops in the centre; the music ceases, and
suddenly his throat begins to elongate, and
his head gradually rises until his neck is
taller than all the rest of his body. After
pausing for some time, the head sinks again;



and, as soon as it has descended to its natural place, the figure *exit*.]

SCENE II.

ENTER PUNCH from behind the curtain, where he had been watching the manœuvres of the figure.

Punch. Who the devil are you, me should like to know, with your long neck! You may get it stretched for you, one of these days, by somebody else. It's a very fine day, [Peeping out, and looking up at the sky.] I'll go fetch my horse, and take a ride to visit my pretty Poll. [He sings to the tune of "*Sally in our Alley*."]

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Polly:
She is the darling of my heart,
She is so plump and jolly.

[*Exit* singing.]



RE-ENTER PUNCH, leading his horse by the
bridle over his arm. It prances about, and
seems very unruly.

Punch. Wo, ho! my fine fellow, Wo! ho!
Hector. Stand still, can't you, and let me get
my foot up to the stirrup. [While Punch is
trying to mount, the horse runs away round
the stage, and Punch sets off after him,
catches him by the tail, and so stops him.
Punch then mounts, by sitting on the front of
the stage, and with both his hands lifting one
of his legs over the animal's back. At first, it
goes pretty steadily, but soon quickens its
pace; while Punch, who does not keep his
seat very well, cries, "Wo, ho! Hector, wo,
ho!" but to no purpose, for the horse sets off
at full gallop, jerking Punch at every stride
with great violence. Punch lays hold round
the neck, but is ultimately thrown upon the
platform]

Punch. Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Help! Help! I
am murdered! I'm a dead man! Will nobody



save my life? Doctor! Doctor! Come, and
bring me to life again. I'm a dead man.
Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

SCENE III.

Doctor. Who calls so loud?

Punch. Oh, dear! Oh, lord! Murder!

Doctor. What is the matter? Bless me, who
is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have
you had an accident, or are you only taking
a nap on the grass after dinner?

Punch. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I have been
thrown: I have been killed.

Doctor. No, no, Mr. Punch; not so bad as
that, sir: you are not killed.

Punch. Not killed, but speechless. Oh,
Doctor! Doctor!

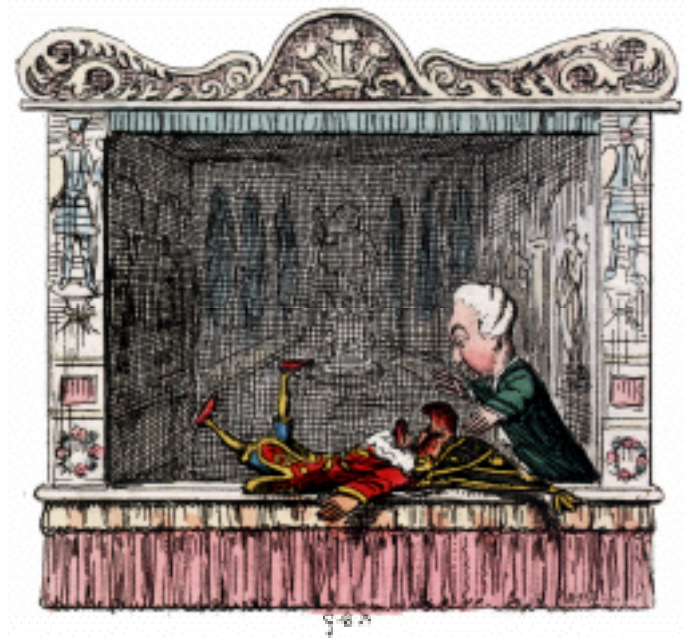
Doctor. Where are you hurt! Is it here?

[Touching his head]

Punch. No; lower.

Doctor. Here, [Touching his breast.

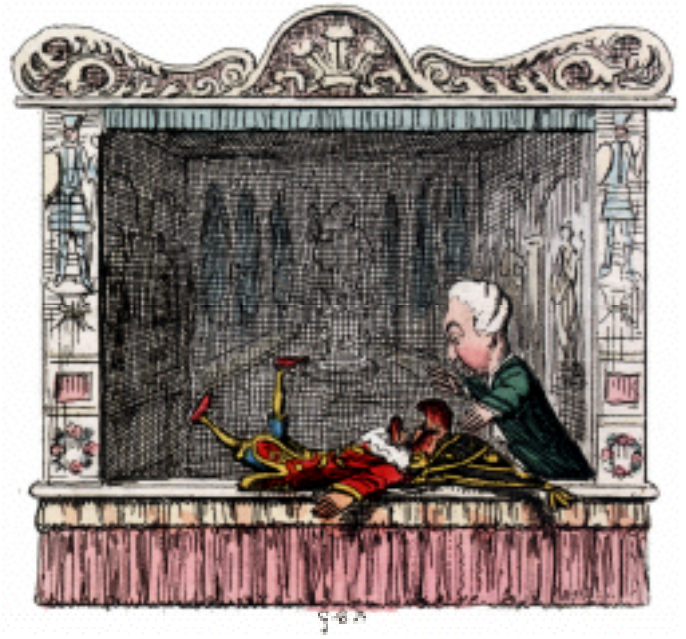
Punch. No; lower, lower.



Doctor. Here then! [Going downwards.
Punch. No; lower still.
Doctor. Then, is your handsome leg broken?
Punch. No; higher. [As the Doctor leans over Punch's legs, to examine them, Punch kicks him in the eye.]
Doctor. Oh, my eye! my eye! [Exit.
Punch. [Solus.] Aye, you're right enough: it is my eye, and Betty Martin too. [Jumping up and dancing and singing, tune "Malbroug."]

The Doctor is surely an ass, sirs,
To think I'm as brittle as glass, sirs;
But I only fell down on the grass, sirs,
And my hurt,- it is all my eye.

[While Punch is singing and dancing, the Doctor enters behind, and hits Punch several times on the head. Punch shakes his ears.]
Punch. Hollo! hollo! Doctor, what game you up to now? Have done! What you got there?
Doctor. Physic, Mr. Punch. [Hits him.]



Physic for your hurt.

Punch. Me no like physic: it give me one headache.

Doctor. That's because you do not take enough of it. [Hits him again.] The more you take, the more good it will do you. [Hits him.]

Punch. So you Doctors always say. Try how you like it yourself.

Doctor. We never take our own physic, if we can help it. [Hits him.] A little more, Mr. Punch, and you will soon be well. [Hits him.] During this part of the dialogue, the Doctor hunts Punch to different parts of the stage, and at last gets him into a corner, and belabours him until Punch seems almost stunned.]

Punch. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! no more, no more! Enough physic for me! I am quite well now.

Doctor. Only another dose. [Hits him.]

Punch. No more! Turn and turn about is all fair, you know. [Punch makes a desperate



effort, closes with the Doctor, and after a struggle succeeds in getting the stick from him.] Now,, Doctor, your turn to be physicked. [Beating the Doctor.]

Doctor. Hold, Mr. Punch! I don't want any physic, my good sir.

Punch. Oh, yes, you do; you very bad : you must take it. I the Doctor now. [Hits him.] Now do you like physic? [Hits.] It will do you good. [Hits.] This will soon cure you. [Hits.] Physic! [Hits.] Physic! [Hits.] Physic! [Hits.]

Doctor. Oh, pray. Mr. Punch, no more! One pill of that physic is a dose.

Punch. Doctors always die when they take their own physic. [Hits him.] Another small dose, and you never want physic again. [Hits him.] There; don't you feel the physic in your inside! [Punch thrusts the end of the stick into the Doctor's stomach: the Doctor falls down dead, and Punch, as before, tosses away the body with the end of his staff.] He, he, he! [Laughing.] Now Doctor, you

may cure yourself, if you can. [Sings and dances to the tune of "*Green grow the rushes, O.*"]

Right toll de riddle doll,
There's an end of him, by goll!
I'll dance and sing,
Like any thing,
With music for my pretty Poll.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ENTER PUNCH, With a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, and dances about the stage, shaking the bell and his head at the same time, and accompanying the music with his voice; tune "*Morgiana in Ireland.*"

Mr. Punch is a very gay man,
He is the fellow the ladies for winning oh;
Let them do whatever they can,

They never can stand his talking and grinning oh.

ENTER A SERVANT, in a foreign livery.

Servant. Mr. Punch, my master, he say he no like that noise.

Punch. [With surprise and mocking him.]

Your master, he say he no like dat noise!

What noise?

Servant Dat nasty noise.

Punch. Do you call music a noise.

Servant. My master he no lika de music, Mr. Punch, so he'll have no more noise near his house.

Punch. He don't, don't he? Very well.

[Punch runs about the stage ringing his bell as loudly as he can.]

Servant. Get away, I say wid dat nasty bell.

Punch. What bell?

Servant. That bell. [Striking it with his hand.]

Punch. That's a good one. Do you call this a bell? [Patting it.] It is an organ.

Servant. I say it is a bell, a nasty bell.



Punch. I say it is an organ. [Striking him with it.] What you say it is now?

Servant. An organ, Mr. Punch.

Punch. An organ! I say it is a fiddel. Can't you see ? [Offers to strike him again.]

Servant. It is a fiddel.

Punch. I say it is a drum.

Servant. It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

Punch. I say it is a trumpet.

Servant. Well, so it is a trumpet. But bell, organ, fiddel, drum, or trumpet, my master he say he no lika de music. ,

Punch. Then bell, organ, fiddel, drum, or trumpet, Mr. Punch he say your master is a fool.

Servant. And he say, too, he will not have it near his house.

Punch. He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so: be off. [Hits him with the bell.] Get along. [Driving the servant round the stage, backwards, and striking him often with the bell.] Be off, be off.

[Knocking him off the stage. *Exit* Servant. Punch continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances.]

RE-ENTER SERVANT, Slily, With a stick

[Punch, perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The Servant does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible. Punch again comes forward, sets down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, (marking his steps with his hands upon the platform,) to ascertain whereabouts his enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and, going quietly over the stage, hits the Servant a heavy blow through the curtain, and *exit*, ringing his bell on the opposite side.]

Servant. You one nasty, noisy, impudent blackguard. Me catch you yet. [Hides again as before.]

[Enter Punch, and strikes him as before with the bell. The Servant pops out, and aims a

blow, but not quickly enough to hit Punch, who *exit*.]

Servant. You dirty scoundrel, rascal, thief, vagabond, blackguard, and liar, you shall pay for this, depend upon it.

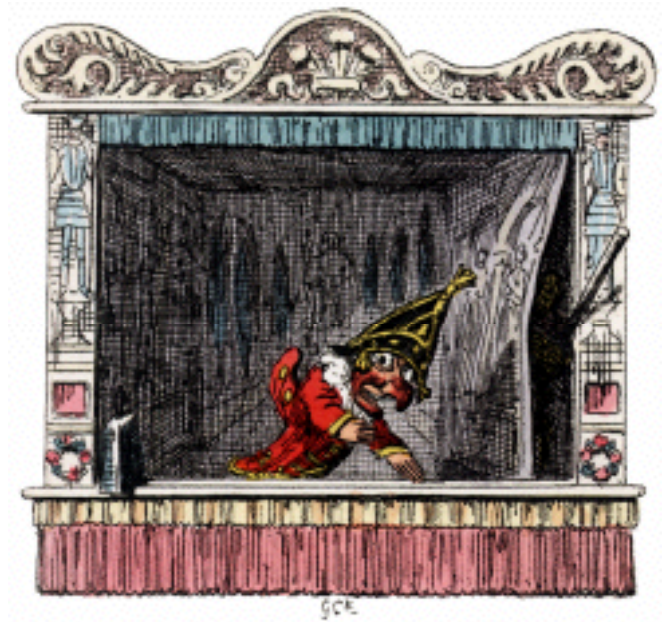
[He stands back. Enter Punch, with his bell, who, seeing the Servant with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first shew. The Servant comes forward, and strikes Punch on the head so hard a blow, that it seems to confuse him.]

Servant. Me teach you how to ring you nasty noisy bell near de gentil-mens houses.

Punch. [Recovering.] Two can play at that. [Hits the Servant with his stick. A conflict: - after a long struggle, during which the combatants exchange staves, and perform various manœuvres, Punch gains the victory, and knocks his antagonist down on the platform, by repeated blows on the head.]

Servant. Oh, dear! Oh, my head!

Punch. And oh, your tail, too. [Hitting him



there.] How do you like that, and that, and that? [Hitting him each time.] Do you like that music better than the other? – This is my bell, [Hits.] this my organ, [Hits.] this my fiddle, [Hits.] this my drum, [Hits.] and this my trumpet, [Hits.] there! a whole concert for you.

Servant. No more! me dead.

Punch. [Quite dead.

Servant. Yes, Quite.

Punch. Then there's the last for luck. [Hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, swings it round two or three times, and throws it away.]

ACT III.-SCENE I.

ENTER AN OLD BLIND MAN, feeling his way with a staff. He goes to the opposite side, where he knocks.

Blind Man. Poor blind man, Mr. Punch; I



hope you'll bestow your charity. I hear that you are very good and kind to the poor, Mr. Punch. Pray have pity upon me, and may you never know the loss of your tender eyes! [Listens, putting his ear to the side, and hearing nobody coming knocks again.] I lost my sight by the sands in Egypt, poor blind man. Pray, Mr. Punch [Coughs and spits over the side] Only a half-penny to buy something for my bad cough. Only one half-penny" [Knocks again.]

ENTER PUNCH, and receives one of the knocks, intended for the door, upon his head.

Punch. Hollo! you old blind blackguard, can't you see?

BlindMan. No, Mr. Punch. Pray sir, bestow your charity upon a poor blind man, with a bad cough. [coughs]

Punch. Get along, get along; don't trouble me: - nothing for you.

BlindMan. Only a halfpenny! Oh, dear! my



cough is so bad! - [Coughs, and spits in Punch's face.

Punch. Hallo! Was my face the dirtiest place you could find to spit in? Get away ! you nasty old blackguard! Get away! [Seizes the blind man's staff, and knocks him off the stage. - Punch hums a tune, and dances to it; and then begins to sing, in the mock Italian style, the following words, pretending to play the fiddle on his arm, with the stick.]

When I think on you, my jewel,
Wonder not my heart is sad;
You're so fair, and yet so cruel,
You're enough to drive me mad.

On thy lover take some pity:
And relieve his bitter smart.
Think you Heaven has made you pretty,
But to break your lover's heart?

SCENE II.

ENTER A CONSTABLE.

Constable. Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I'm come to make you sing on the wrong side of your mouth.

Punch. Why, who the devil are you?

Constable. Don't you know me?

Punch. No, and don't want to know you.

Constable. Oh, but you must: I am the constable.

Punch. And who sent for you?

Constable. I'm sent for you.

Punch. I don't want constable. I can settle my own business without constable, I thank you. I don't want constable.

Constable. But the constable wants you.

Punch. The devil he does! Want for, pray,

Constable. You killed Mr. Scaramouch. You knocked his head off his shoulders.

Punch. What's that to you? If you stay here

much longer, I'll serve you the same.

Constable. Don't tell me. You have committed murder, and I've a warrant for you.

Punch. And I've a warrant for you. [Punch knocks him down, and dances and sings about the stage to the tune of "*Green grow the Rushes, O!*"]

ENTER AN OFFICER, in a cocked hat with a cockade, and a long pigtail.

Officer. Stop your noise, my fine fellow.

Punch. Shan't.

Officer. I'm an officer.

Punch. Very well. Did I say you were not?

Officer. You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

Punch. They were my own, I suppose; and I had a right to do what I liked with them.

Officer. We shall see that, I'm come to take you up.

Punch. And I'm come to take you down. [Punch knocks him down, and sings and

dances as before.]

ENTER JACK KETCH, in a fur-cap. Punch, while dancing, runs up against him without seeing him.

Punch. [With some symptoms of alarm.] My dear

Sir,- I beg you one thousand pardon: very sorry.

J. Ketch. Aye, you'll be sorry enough before I've done with you. Don't you know me?

Punch. Oh, sir, I know you very well, and I hope you very well, and Mrs. Ketch very well.

J. Ketch. Mr. Punch, you're n very bad man. Why did you kill the Doctor?

Punch. In self defence.

J. Ketch. That won't do.

Punch. He wanted to kill me.

J. Ketch. How?

Punch. With his d_____d physic.

J. Ketch. That's all gammon. You must come to prison: my name's Ketch.

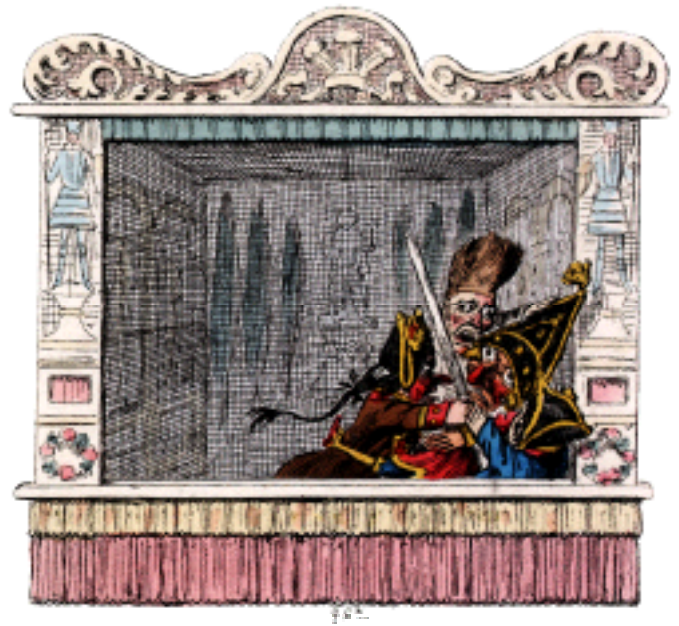
Punch. *Ketch* that then. [Punch knocks down Jack Ketch, and continues to dance and sing.]

[Enter behind, one after the other, the Constable, the Officer, and Jack Ketch. They fall upon Punch in the order in which they enter, and, after a noisy struggle, they pin him in a corner, and finally carry him off, while he lustily calls out “Help! murder!” &c.]

SCENE III.

The curtain at the back of the stage rises, and discovers Punch in prison, rubbing his nose against the bars and poking it through them.

Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! what will become of poor pill-garlick now. My pretty Poll,



when shall I see you again? [Sings to the air of "Water parted from the sea."]

Punch, when parted from his dear,
Still must sing in doleful tune.
I wish I had those rascals here,
I'd settle all their hashes soon!

ENTER JACK KETCH. He fixes a gibbet on the platform of the stage, and *exit*.

Punch. Well, I declare now, that very pretty! That must be a gardener. What a handsome tree he has planted just opposite the window, for a prospect!

ENTER THE CONSTABLE. He places a ladder against the gibbet, and *exit*.

Punch. Stop thief! stop thief! There's one pretty rascal for you. He come back again and get up the ladder to steal the fruit out of the tree.



ENTER TWO MEN With a coffin. They set it down on the platform, and *exeunt*.

Punch. What that for, I wonder, Oh dear, I see now: what one fool I was! That is a large basket for the fruit be put into.

RE-ENTER JACK KETCH.

J. Ketch. Now, Mr. Punch, you may come out, if you like it.

Punch. Thank you, kindly; but me very well where I am. This very nice place, and pretty prospect.

J. Ketch. What, won't you come out, and have a good dinner for nothing?

Punch. Much obliged, Mr. Ketch, but I have had my dinner for nothing already.

J. Ketch. Then a good supper?

Punch. I never eat suppers: they are not wholesome.

J. Ketch. But you must come out. Come out and be hanged.

Punch. You would not be so cruel.

J. Ketch. Why were you so cruel as to commit so many murders?

Punch. But that's no reason why you should be cruel, too, and murder me.

J. Ketch. Come, directly.

Punch. I can't; I got one bone in my leg.

J. Ketch. And you've got one bone in your neck, but that shall be soon broken. – Then I must fetch you. [He goes to the prison, and after a struggle, in which Punch calls out, "Mercy! mercy! I'll never do so again !" Jack Ketch brings him out to the front of the stage.]

Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! Be quiet - can't you let me be!

J. Ketch. Now, Mr. Punch, no more delay. Put your head through this loop.

Punch. Through there! What for?

J. Ketch. Aye, through there.

Punch. What for! - I don't know how.

J. Ketch. It is very easy: only put your head through here.

Punch. What, so? [Poking his head on one side of the noose.]

J. Ketch. No, no, here!

Punch. So, then? [Poking his head on the other side.]

J. Ketch. -Not so, you fool.

Punch. Mind, how you call fool: try if you can do it yourself. Only shew me how, and I do it directly.

J. Ketch. Very well; I will. There, you see my head, and you see this loop: put it in, so. [Putting his head through the noose.]

Punch. And pull it tight, so! [He pulls the body forcibly down, and hangs Jack Ketch.]

Huzza! Huzza! [Punch takes down the corpse, and places it in the coffin: he then stands back. Enter two, who remove the gibbet, and placing the coffin upon it, dance with it on their shoulders grotesquely, and *exeunt.*]

Punch. There they go. They think they have got Mr. Punch safe enough. [Sings.]



They're out! they're out!
I've done the trick!
Jack Ketch is dead - I'm free;
I do not care, now, if Old Nick
Himself should come for me.

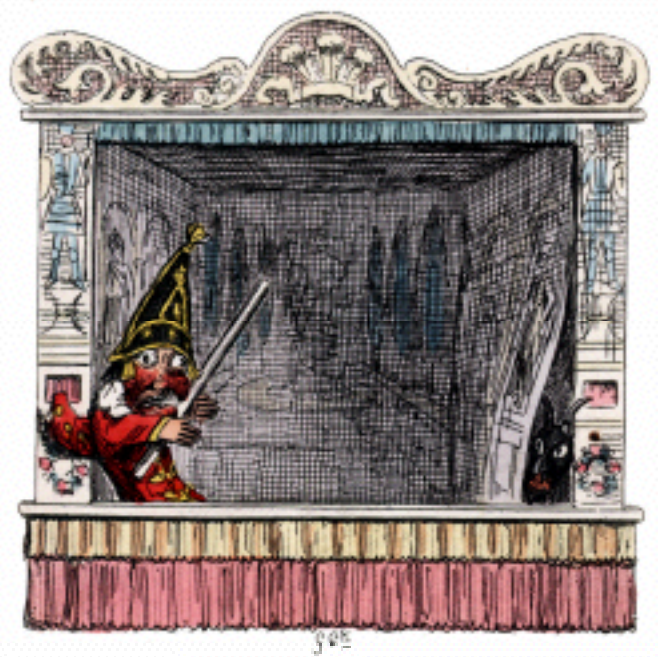
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

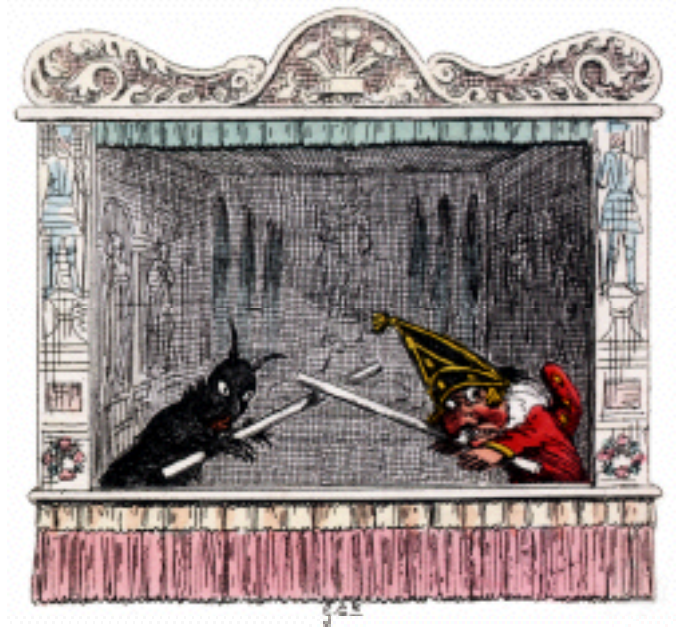
ENTER PUNCH With a stick. He dances about, beating time on the front of the stage, and singing to the tune of "*Green grow the rushes, O.*"

Right foll de riddle loll
I'm the boy to do 'em all.
Here's a stick
To thump Old Nick,
If he by chance upon me call.

ENTER THE DEVIL. He just peeps in at the corner of the stage, and *exit*.
Punch. [Much frightened, and retreating as



far as he can.] Oh dear! Oh Lord! Talk of the devil, and he pop up his horns. There the old gentleman is, sure enough. [A pause and dead silence, while Punch continues to gaze at the spot where the Devil appeared. The Devil. comes forward.] Good, kind Mr. Devil, I never did you any harm, but all the good in my power. -There, don't come any nearer. How you do, Sir? [Collecting courage.] I hope you and all your respectable family well? Much obliged for this visit - Good morning - should be sorry to keep you, for I know you have a great deal of business when you come to London. [The Devil advances.] Oh dear! What will become of me! [The Devil darts at Punch, who escapes, and aims a blow at his enemy: the Devil eludes it, as well as many others, laying his head on the platform, and slipping it rapidly backwards and forwards, so that Punch, instead of striking him, only repeatedly hits the boards.] [Exit Devil. Punch. He, he, he! [Laughing.]. He's off: he



knew which side his bread butter'd on. He one deep, cunning devil. [Punch is alarmed by hearing a strange supernatural whirring noise, something like the rapid motion of fifty spinning-wheels, and again retreats to the corner, fearfully waiting the event.]

RE-ENTER THE DEVIL With a Stick. [He makes up to Punch, who retreats round the back of the stage, and they stand eyeing one another and fencing at opposite sides. At last, the Devil makes a blow at Punch, which tells on the back of his head.]

Punch. Oh, my head! What is this for? Pray, Mr. Devil, let us be friends. [The Devil hits him again, and Punch begins to take it in dudgeon, and to grow angry.] Why, you must be one very stupid Devil not to know your best friend when you see him. [The Devil hits him again.] Be quiet, I say, you hurt me! Well, if you won't, we must try which is best man. – Punch or the Devil.



[Here commences a terrific combat between the Devil and Punch: in the beginning, the latter has much the worst of it, being hit by his black adversary when and where he pleases. At last, the Devil seems to grow weary, and Punch succeeds in planting several heavy blows. The balance being restored, the fight is kept up for some time, and towards the conclusion Punch has the decided advantage, and drives his enemy before him. The Devil is stunned by repeated blows on the head and horns, and falls forward on the platform, where Punch completes his victory, and knocks the breath out of his body. Punch then puts his staff up the Devil's black clothes, and whirls him round in the air, exclaiming, "Huzza! huzza! the Devil's dead!"]

The Curtain falls.

FINIS.

