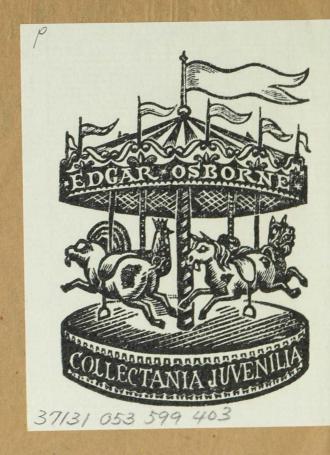


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4.83



NOW little folks, come see a funny sight, Rare Punch and Judy surely will delight; Mirth, fun and glee, sit on their laughing phizzes, Regardless they who sneers, who jeers, or quizzes.

And look at little Punch, that pretty baby, The very image of his proud daddy.



Also dog Toby, here you may them see— A little, merry, cheerful family. Now on a certain day, it so fell out, Punch gave to Toby such a fearful clout, That Toby in a rage, seized Punch's nose, Punch was not pleased we may suppose; He roared and kicked, but all in vain, Toby right firmly did his hold maintain;



Hugged him, and then a loving ditty sung. Her kind attentions so relieved his pain, That in a short time his nose got well again.

.do.



B it little Punch would squall and cry, Which Punch's patience very much did try; So one day in a raging passion flew,

And out of the window little Punch he threw; At this poor Judy shrieked, "What have you done?

Oh, cruel Punch, you've killed our little son !"



With that she seized a cudgel strong and stout, And gave a blow that almost broke his snout; A battle royal instantly took place,

She bit his nose—he tore and scratched her face;

At last he gave her such a fearful wound, That down she fell stone dead upon the ground.



When Punch saw Judy stretched upon the floor, "I've killed her, as dead as mutton, to be sure, Judy !" cried he, then bawled in her ear. "Are you, dead Judy? answer me, my dear, Dead, safe enough ! but grieving is a folly." So drank a pot and sung, "Live and be jolly."



But hark ! a thundering knocking at the gate, 'Tis the police ! now, Punch, you'll meet your fate.

Punch like a lion fought, with cudgel stout, He bravely knocked their aching skulls about; Unmerciful his blows! but at the last,' They haul'd him off to limbo, hard and fast.

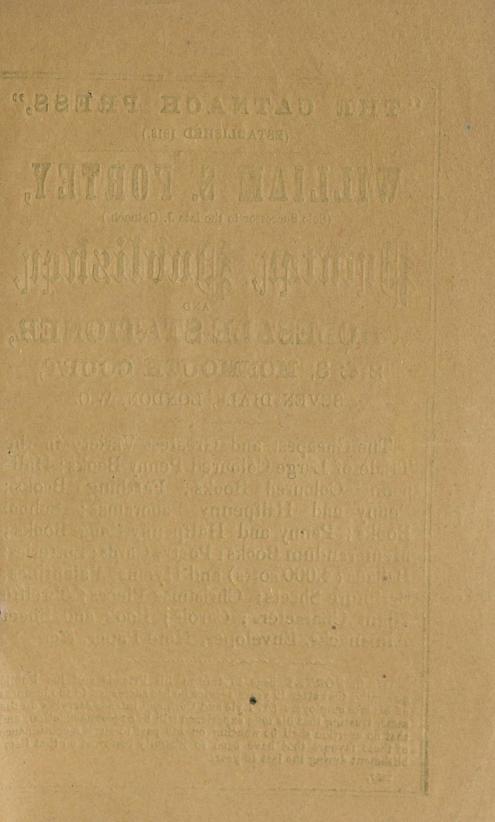


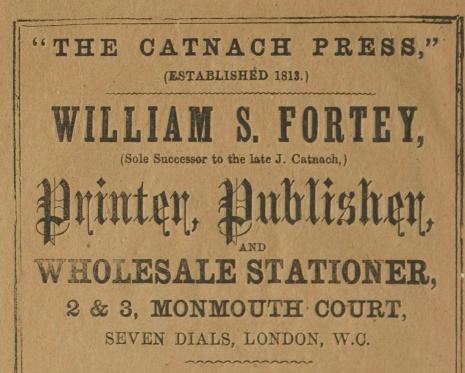
Now fast in durance, Punch his trial awaits; Behold the rascal grinning at the grate;

He chatters and laughs with as much glee as he may,

Nor thinks of his poor murdered wife and bady.

The die is cast, now Punch, by law's decree, Must end his precious life upon a tree.





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1859.