



# Punch and Judy Theatre.

Printed in Bavaria.

# Punch and his wife Judy.

Punch: Good-day, dear children, Hip, hip hurrah!  
(alone) I greet you all friendly with loud ha, ha!  
And because so many are here  
Judy and I will quickly appear.

My wife is so loving, so neat and so kind  
So true and so charming, no better you'll find.  
But still she has one fault and that you must know:  
She grumbles directly when out I will go.

Judy: (comes in)

Ah! Punch, my good man! Glad to see you I am,  
From morning to night as hard as I can,  
Cooking and cleaning and grudging all day  
For a rest, with you, I will walk a short way.

Punch:

Go for a walk, Oh dear, dear me! Where?  
Something quite different I was thinking of there,  
No, not so, No, no, my dear little wife,  
I go now to the sign of the «Golden Knife».

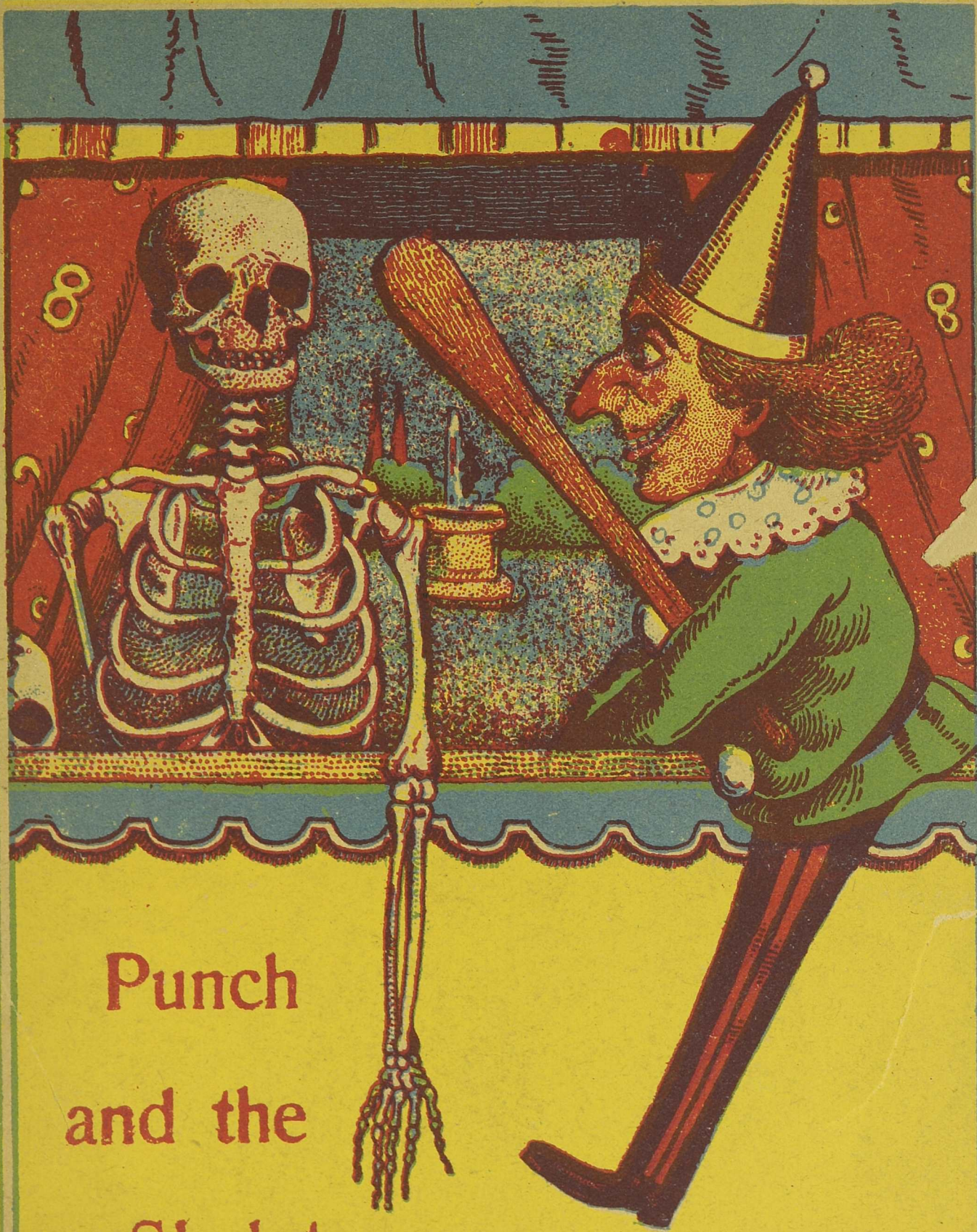
Judy:

You scamp, you old rascal! What think you about?  
To play and to drink, that is all, I've no doubt.  
Go, get you gone, and don't waste your time  
Or, if you are late, you will get it fine.

Punch: (to the lookers-on) (to Judy)

Did you hear her cackling like an angry goose?  
Don't you really think she has a screw loose?  
Eh! What? Please not threaten quite so quick  
Or, instead of my hand I will use my stick.

(Exit, beating her.)



Punch  
and the  
Skeleton.

# Punch and the Skeleton

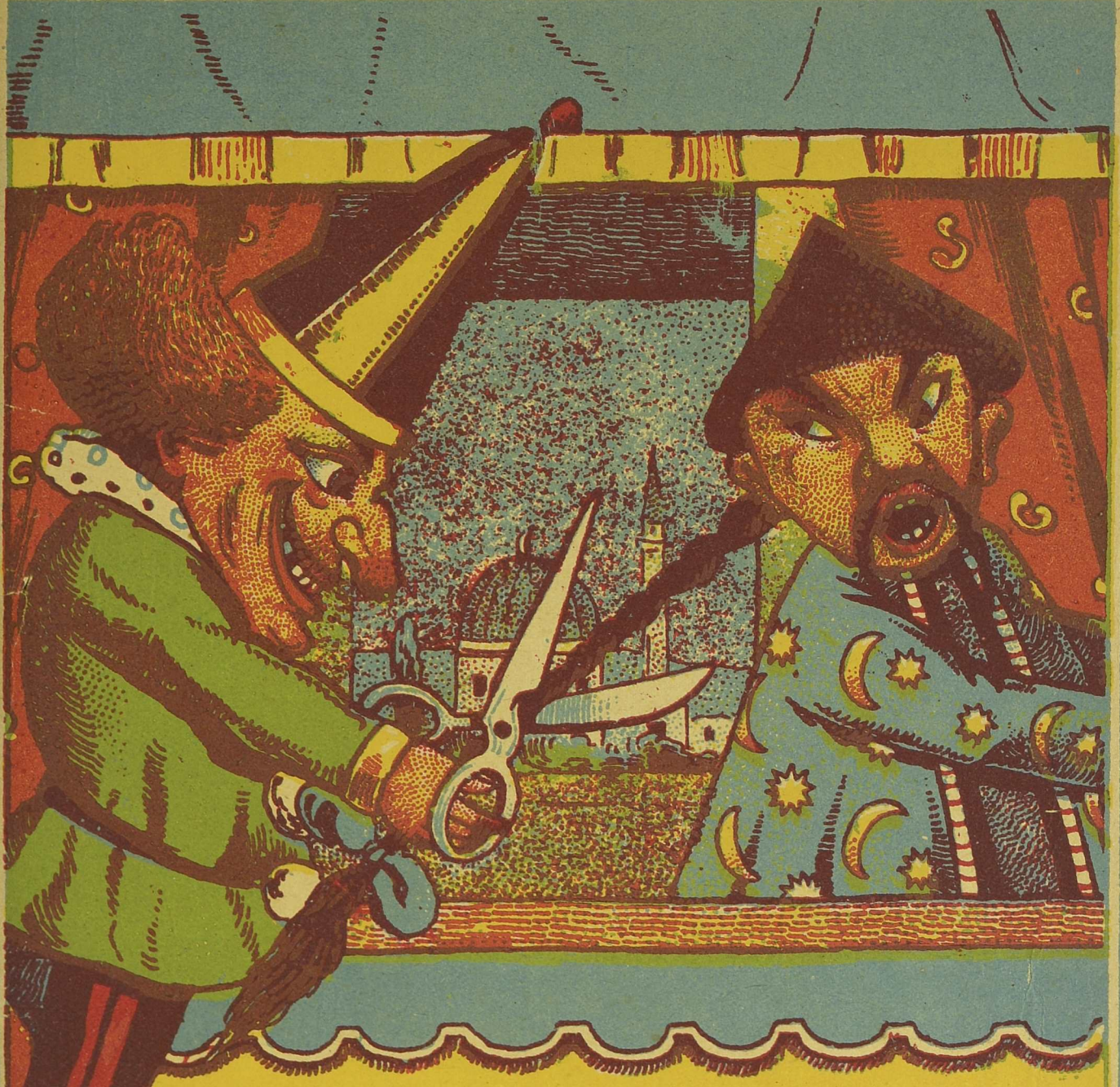
Skeleton Punch, you have been so very bad  
Over are all the fine times you have had  
Now, alone, at once with me you must come  
For, away from me, one never can run.

Punch: Dear old Death let me beg of you,  
Please, let me live still for years a few,  
For I wish here on earth better to grow  
And teach the children a good Punch to know.

Skeleton

No! no! You have done far too much wrong  
Your life of sin has so been long,  
Your good wife have you often flogged  
And of money you have robbed  
Old Tom Tricks and other men,  
For you always cheated them.  
Even life was from you not sure  
Dead are «Peeler» and peasant poor.  
And not so very long ago  
The Chinaman you filled with woe  
Cutting off his tail, so long  
Which, you know, was very wrong.  
Therefore now in your great need  
Pray to God with all your speed  
For the time has come to mend  
And all things must have an end.

(Exit both).



Punch and the Chinese.



# Punch and the Chinese.

Punch:

That was a journey from Europe to China!  
Firstly «Good-bye» to say to my dearest Jemima,  
The trouble and worry till the great ship was filled  
For, you know quite well — poor Tom I had killed

Ah! here comes along just such a creature  
Ei! there! my good man, you with the feature  
Where do you live? and what is your name?

Chinese: Leff-chang-tchame.

Punch: On the left he lives, and James 'his name  
That I have not taken long to win  
And now to find out; Ei! where is an Inn?

Chinese: Tchus-tneer-ching-heer.

Punch:

Is it true? Just near! Not far from here?  
I never would have thought them half so clever,  
They only look stupid because they wear ever  
Behind on their heads their long tails of hair  
And in front they are so dreadfully bare.  
What is it for, this very long queue?

Chinese: Waw-tsyeet-toryu.

Punch: What's it to me? I'll make him cough!  
I'll very quickly cut his tail off.  
This I will send to Jemima by post  
And now I will go and drink a fine toast  
For, after all, I can swear by the card  
The Chinese language is not at all hard.

Chinese: O myo-myo-my.

# Punch and the Peasant.

Punch:

Ah! we had good beer in the «Knife» last night!

And to it a card-party lively and light.

Eight shillings and sixpence I won from Tom Tricks,

The cards I dealt out — with a few needle pricks

Peasant: (coming in angrily):

You villain! You wretch! With false cards you have played,

In the Inn where for you so long we have stayed

My money give me back, or — it is not only talk

Your body I'll stick right through with this fork.

Punch:

Now look at this stupidly angry old fellow,

Of gold a large box full he has, bright and yellow,

The money I won fair and honest as ever

And give it to you back again, that I will never.

Peasant:

Quick! here with the money or I'll have your life.

Punch: To try to frighten is quite a vain strife.

Peasant:

And when not with freewill I'll take it with might.

Punch:

Good, come then my cockerel, come on if you will fight,

(strikes him down dead)

Ah! now lies he dead and out is his light!



Punch  
and the  
Peasant.