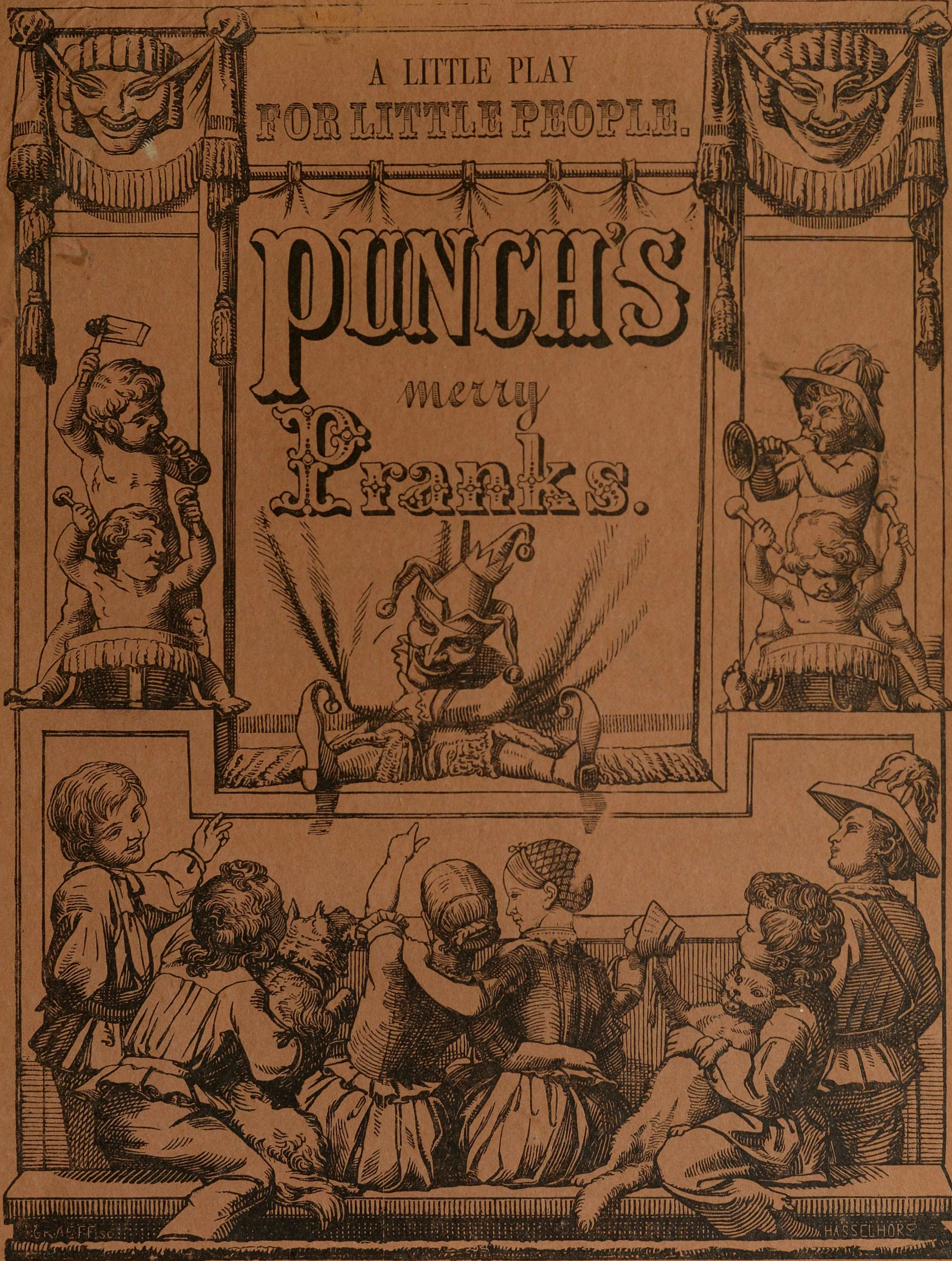


A LITTLE PLAY
FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

PUNCH'S

merry
Pranks.



LEIPSIC. FRIEDRICH VOLCKMAR.
LONDON

WILLIAM TEGG & Co. 85 Queen-Street, Cheapside.

A. & S. JOSEPH, MYERS & Co. 144 Leadenhall-Street.

(SA) fol.

PUNCH'S MERRY

PRANKS

[between

1850

and

1860]

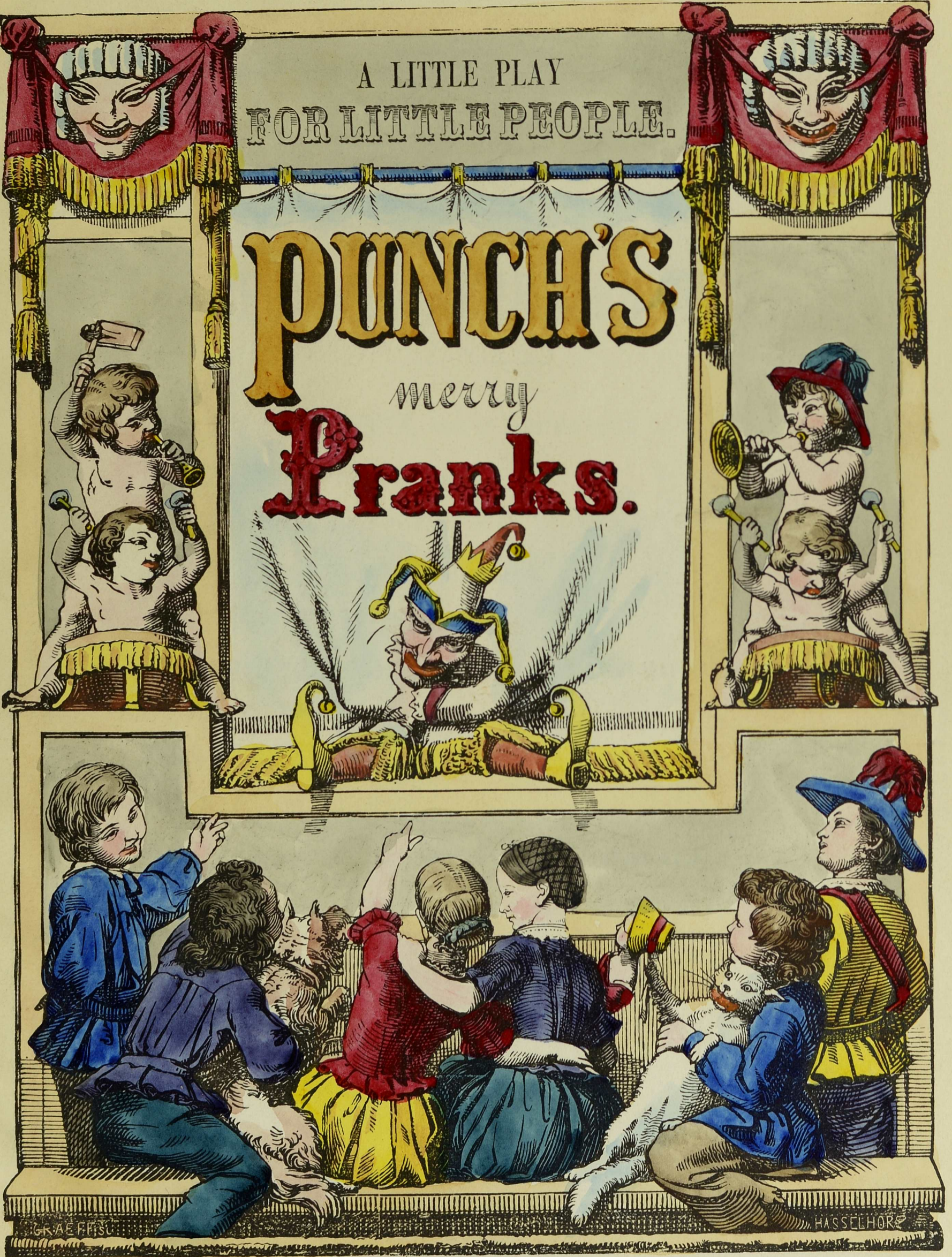


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~~SECRET~~

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

FOURTH EDITION

1918

LEIPZIG: FRIEDRICH VON KUNZE, JR.
LONDON



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOHN THE SEVENTEENTH, KING OF BLUSTERBIGBRAG.

THE QUEEN, HIS AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

PRINCESS MARY, THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER.

LORD BENDOWN, LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE TWELVE COURT-PHYSICIANS.

LORD FRIZZLEWIG, AMBASSADOR FROM THE COURT OF BLACKANSHORT, KING
OF INKYSHORE

PRINCE BRUNO, KING OF DUSLEBIMBAM.

PUNCH, A MERRY OLD SOUL.

(ATTENDANTS, MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, NEGROES, ETC.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A forest, with a castle in the back-ground.
PRINCE BRUNO standing alone in deep thought.*

BRUNO.

Dear me! What shall I do? I'm sure I've stood
One hour at least within this shady wood,
And listened to each pretty little dove,
In hopes of tidings from my lady-love.
Oh, that I had some nice convenient fairy,
Who'd bring me here my own sweet Princess Mary!
I love her so devotedly, so dearly,
But yet I do not see my way quite clearly.
The King of Blusterbigbrag, her papa,
Is quite as bad as any Russian Czar;
He's banished me from court; and I've heard since,
That she's to wed some ugly nigger Prince.
And yet, I'm certain, if her choice were free,
She couldn't make a better choice than me.

(He walks up and down; then stands still).

I'm King of Duslebimbam, my name is Prince Bruno;
I have a score more names, which I hardly think
I know.

I have a mighty army of five-and-twenty men,
With whom I make incursions on the pheasants
now and then.

My pedigree, I know, is the oldest in the land,
Of a noble house so old, 'tis a wonder it can stand;
My father's uncle's cousin's sister's husband's
grand-papa

Was grand-son of Methusalah; that's going rather
far.

And then again I'm handsome; my eyes are large
and bright;

And they sparkle like the Koh-i-noor, or like the
stars of night.

My moustache is imposing and my nose is aquiline,
Tho' I've never seen an eagle, which has a nose
like mine.

And I have a splendid castle with jewel-panelled
rooms,

And Turkey-carpets, which are swept with turkey-
feather brooms;
In all the rooms alike, sweet perfumes fill the air,
But the castle is quite empty, without the Prin-
cess there.

(Enter PUNCH, bounding on the stage with a light step).

PUNCH *(sings).*

Here I go merrily, joking so readily,
That all folks I meet are set laughing most terribly;
Through France, Spain and Italy, talking so wittily,
First playing my pranks, then singing so prettily.

BRUNO.

Pray who are you, and what has brought you here?

PUNCH.

You're too inquisitive for me, I fear.
I think I'm free to travel where I please,
And not first ask your leave upon my knees.
I'm here as free as air, without my wife
To give me lectures, and to plague my life;
And, what may seem to you now still more funny,
I've left my wife at home with all my money.

BRUNO.

I only wish, that I could do the same!

PUNCH.

Well, if you don't, I must say it's a shame.
But now, to tell the truth, I'm not so mad;
I've left her nothing, — that was all I had.
And still you see, altho' not rich, I'm jolly;
Indeed I think, that sadness is a folly.

BRUNO.

Well, I have riches, and have sadness too.

PUNCH.

I don't believe it; — I'm sure, it can't be true.
I'm hungry sometimes, then I may be sad;



But when I have enough, 'twould be too bad.
Now if I could, I'd eat both day and night,
The only ill on earth is too much appetite.

BRUNO.

And yet I am so sad, all day I weep; —

PUNCH.

And don't you find some time for wine and sleep?
Well, I should like to hear, what fate's so bad
That makes a man, who has enough, so sad.

BRUNO.

Well, well, my friend, you shall not ask in vain;
To tell my sorrow may assuage its pain.
But let me ask you, friend, I think — I'm sure
I've seen this jovial face of yours before;

When I was young, and had a merry heart,
And played at ball, or with my horse and cart,
And went out walking in such pretty frocks,
I saw you in your Punch-and-Judy box. —

PUNCH.

I've changed a little since those good old times;
And since I'm old, I now repent my crimes;
I used to beat that blessed Judy so,
And hurt her too, most dreadfully I know;
But now those men, who beat their wives, are fined,
Or sent to prison, if they've been unkind; —
Perhaps, I've taught some men to kill their wives,
So since an Act of Parliament protects their lives.
I've left off cracking lovely Judy's head,
And live content to crack good jokes instead.

BRUNO.

Oh! What a strange contentment must that be,
To be content, no more to disagree!
But now, good Punch, pray hear my tearful tale!

PUNCH.

Well, if you mean to pipe, I'll fetch a pail.
I don't like stories, if they're downright dry!
So wet yours first by one good hearty cry.

BRUNO.

Oh! Do not wound my tender hopeful heart!
Your scorn is rough, and makes my temper smart.

PUNCH.

Poor little baby! Then he shan't be teased!
Now tell your story, if you're quite appeased.

BRUNO.

My tale commences at my own life's dawn;
Upon the first of April I was born.

PUNCH.

Oh, that I certainly can well believe!
Now you'll forgive my laughing in my sleeve.

BRUNO.

To interrupt in such a way 's a shame; —

PUNCH.

It 's not my fault. All tales begin the same;
The hero 's born upon some day or other
And has a certain father or some mother.
You never dropped from heaven; that I know;
There's hardly any need to tell me so.

BRUNO.

Pray listen patiently; I tell my tale,
Because advice is sometimes of avail.
Know, first of all, my name is Prince Bruno.

PUNCH.

Oh that's too bad! Well here's a pretty go!
You never mean to say, that you're the King?
But if you are, it's quite another thing;
I hope Your Highness won't chop off my head;
I'm sorry now for ev'ry word I've said.

BRUNO.

Pray have no fear; I bear no grudge indeed;
But let me kindly with my tale proceed.

PUNCH.

Your Majesty has only to command;
I'll be your slave with head and heart and hand.
I'm listening, Sire, with such attention now,
I'm ears all over, tho' I don't know how;
I hear so well, that in those distant trees,
I think, I hear a fly begin to sneeze.

BRUNO.

Well Punch, enough of this; of course you see —

PUNCH.

Of course I do; I think we here agree;
I'm eyes all over, sir, from top to toe;
I see so well, I think I see you grow.

BRUNO.

You seem to me to be all over tongue.

PUNCH.

Well, if I speak a word more, I'll be hung.

BRUNO.

I should not like to have you executed,
So if you speak, your sentence is commuted.

(Punch nods and makes grimaces).

To talk in such a way, there is no need;
But let me quietly at once proceed. —
The King of Blusterbigbrag has a child,
The Princess Royal, I believe, she's styled;
I think the lady is about sixteen,
And she's the finest girl I've ever seen;
She's neither fat nor lean; not tall, not short,
And has accomplishments of every sort;
She has the virtues of a first-rate saint,
She's learnt to sing, to dance, to play, to paint.
She does such sewing-over work, I'm sure,
The end of it, no mortal ever saw;
She knits, embroiders and she does crochet
As trimming for — I'm quite afraid to say; —
She reads romances too at such a rate,
And feels such sorrow for the hero's fate;
She writes sweet poems on the stars of night,
And wrote a novel called the „Dismal light.“
I could not help it, but it set me crying,
It finishes by ev'ry body dying.

PUNCH.

Well this must be a killing work indeed;
No doubt a most delightful book to read.



BRUNO.

I knew the Princess, when a little child,
 I then was playful, mischievous and wild;
 The Queen was young, and very often she
 Invited me and my mamma to tea;
 And then I used to play with the Princess,
 And make her baby-house in such a mess;
 We used to eat a quantity of cake,
 Besides some very excellent hardbake.

PUNCH.

I only wish that I had been there too!

BRUNO.

We sometimes used to quarrel, that's quite true;
 But then I used to make it up so soon,
 And time went on, just like a honey-moon.
 I need not tell you how affection grew,
 No doubt the same as with your wife and you.

PUNCH.

Oh no! You're quite mistaken there, I'm sure;
 I soon considered Judy quite a bore. —

BRUNO.

The King, my father, lately lost his life,
 And soon was followed by his gentle wife;
 And when I thus assumed the crown as King,
 I found to live alone was not the thing.

I went to Blusterbigbrag in full dress,
 To offer hand and heart to the Princess.
 Lord Bendown met me at the palace door,
 And made such bows, I never saw before;
 But soon I cut his ceremonies short,
 And then he said the King was holding court.
 The King was seated on his golden throne,
 But don't you think, that he was there alone!
 Twelve doctors, with their wigs and gowns, were
 there;

Twelve ministers, with faces full of care;
 Twelve chaplains, too, who never dared to laugh;
 Twelve men, whose legs were nothing else but
 calf. —

Twelve pages, too, who seemed just made to match,
 Twelve scribes with pens, which seemed just made
 to scratch.

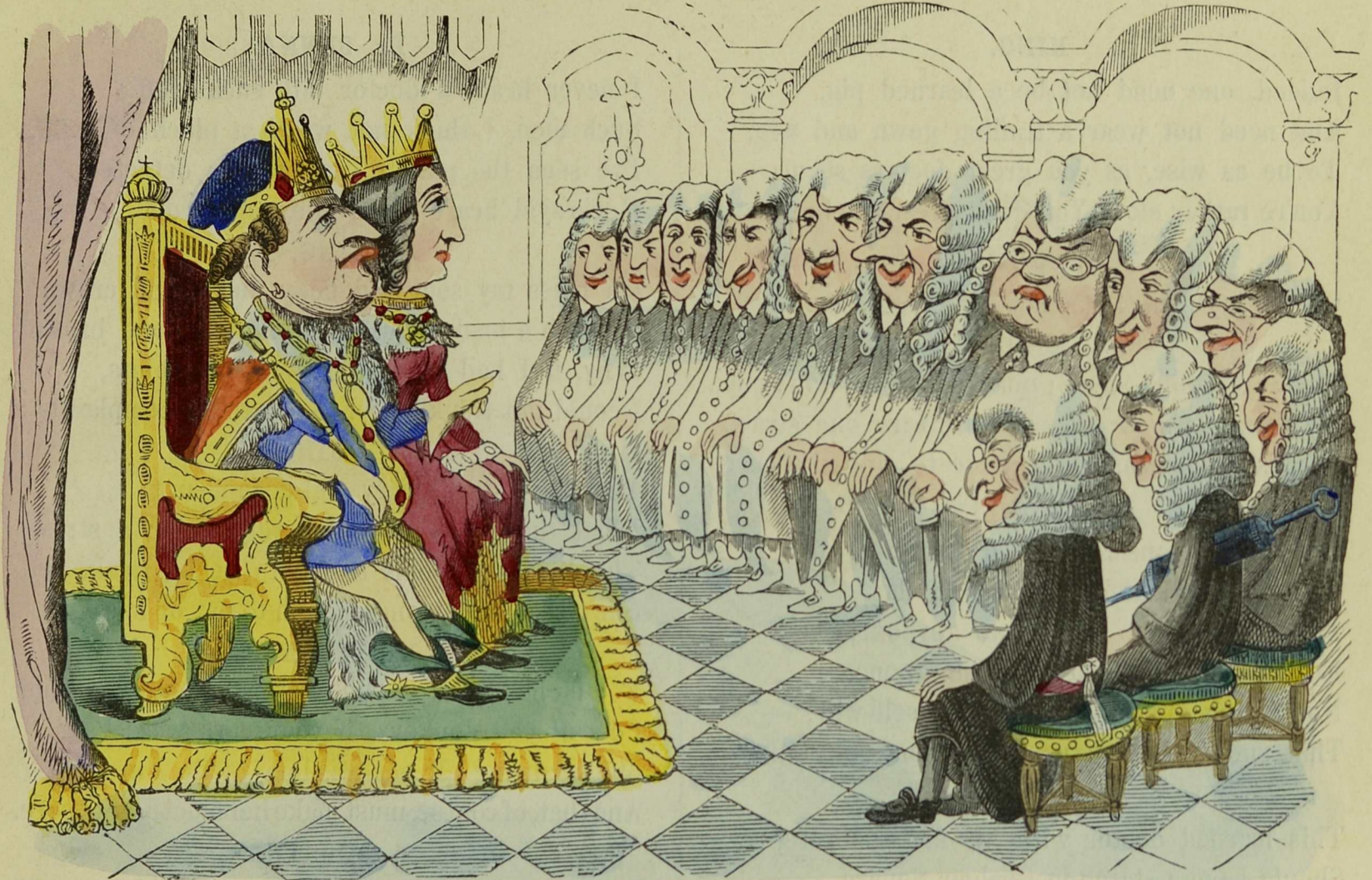
The King looked proud, but yet not serious,
 As if he only tried to look imperious;
 And then besides his legs were short and skinny. —

PUNCH.

Dear me! He must have looked a precious ninny!

BRUNO.

Up rose the King from off his lofty throne,
 And all the courtiers stood as still as stone;



BRUNO.

You ought to know yourself the best, of course,
I hardly like to recommend a horse;
I shall myself be much more at my ease,
For horses sometimes will begin to sneeze.
But come, you want refreshment, that I know.

PUNCH (*laughing and dancing*).

I never felt so jolly, Prince Bruno.

BRUNO.

You seem as happy as the day is long.

PUNCH.

Of course I am. Come, here's a pretty song! (*sings*):
I knew a fellow once. He's a funny friend of mine,
He's very fond of water, tho' he's fonder still of wine.
He breakfasts and he dines on air, and hardly knows
what's lunch,

He sups just as he dines; and people call him Punch;
He doesn't care for food,
But he likes to be as free to roam, as jolly Robin
Hood.

If he sees a man, who's rich, do you think he cares
for him?

Rich folks are not the happiest; I've seen some
always grim.

Punch doesn't mind at all to sneeze before the King,

He'll make him soon good-humoured, when he once
begins to sing.

Now come to lunch!

I hardly care to ask what fare you'll give to Mr.
Punch. (*Exeunt*).

SCENE II.

Audience-chamber in the palace of the King of Blusterbigbrag. — The KING seated on a throne by the side of the QUEEN; in front of him the TWELVE COURT PHYSICIANS, in long gowns and wigs.

KING.

Ye great Physicians! Learned doctors all!
I'm glad to see, you've all obeyed my call.
The Queen and I are both in great dismay;
The Princess Mary is quite ill to-day.
She's been some time quite sorrowful and sad,
But till to-day she's never been so bad;
She will not have a thing to eat and drink,
Now let us know, what you great doctors think.

Dr. RHUBARB.

Oh mighty King! We doctors all agree;
That is to say, they all agree with me.
We've all consulted, and we all can tell,
The Princess Mary is no doubt unwell.
The King, of course, with penetration sees,
There must be hidden somewhere some disease.

KING.

Indeed, one need not be a learned pig,
And need not wear a trailing gown and wig,
To be as wise, as you great doctors seem;
You're rather slow. You don't prescribe by steam.

Dr. SQUILLS.

Oh mighty King! It's not for me to say, —

KING.

Then pray don't say it; quacks with me don't pay.
My daughter's ill; now I don't care one straw
What's the disease; you have to find the cure.

Dr. SQUILLS.

Old Dr. Dramanscruple used to say,
That if a person lay in bed all day,
And never spoke a word to any one,
Enjoying nothing and addressing none,
Not eating anything from pure self-will; —
That such a person would become quite ill.

KING.

This learned doctor with his facts so rare,
Should have a statue in Realgar Square.
All you, who wisdom from his school imbibe,
Will, no doubt, feel most happy to subscribe.
But, since your brains with knowledge so abound,
Pray let me hear at once the cure you've found.

Dr. RHUBARB.

You may, oh mighty King! be quite at ease;
The Princess has no serious disease;
Her chief complaint appears to me to be
A great dislike for dinner and for tea.

Dr. SQUILLS.

Oh Dr. Rhubarb! You must be insane,
The chief complaint, I know, is in the brain.

Dr. CALOMEL.

I do believe, you're both of you half cracked,
You both know nothing; that's the honest fact.
Her brain is sound enough, else she'd be mad;
I think myself, her liver's very bad.

Dr. SALTS.

Her liver! Pshaw! I know it's sound enough,
I think she only wants some doctor's stuff.

Dr. JALAP.

Pooh, pooh! You know as much as all the rest;
I'm sure, it's only cold upon the chest.

Dr. SENNA.

I never heard a doctor talk such stuff;
Such men, I think not worth a pinch of snuff.
I've seen the patient, and I soon detected,
Her royal heart is certainly affected.

KING.

Oh bless my soul and body, heart and crown!
By such a load of quacks, I'm quite done brown;
Why, if I had the faith of twenty saints,
I could not think she had all these complaints.

Dr. QUININE.

Your Majesty is very right, I'm sure;
What these men say, is hardly worth a straw;
The Princess seems to me to be so weak,
She's scarcely strong enough to eat or speak.

Dr. WRENCH.

You foolish quacks; you're ev'ry one quite wrong;
I'd call you donkeys, if your ears were long;
She's cutting all her wisdom teeth, I'm sure,
And that, of course, must make her mouth quite sore.

Dr. BLISTER.

Why don't you doctors hold your stupid tongues?
I'm sure it's inflammation in the lungs.
She makes a rattling noise, when she is breathing,
That can't proceed, of course, from merely teething;

KING.

Stop! stop! You gabbling doctors! Talk no more,
I called you here, to find some speedy cure.
I want a cure, you find complaints instead,
And each opposes, what another's said. —
If I had four-score doctors, such as you,
Then they would find four-score disorders too.
Find out the cure, whatever the disease is,
It then may go, I say, where'er it pleases. —

Dr. RHUBARB.

Oh mighty King! Your wond'rous penetration
Is worthy of your high, exalted station.
Happy the nation, who obeys your will!
Happy the leech, who cures you, when you're ill.
Oh lord of all the Blusterbigbrag states!
Your humble doctor's chosen by the fates,
To find a cure for every disease;
I'll cure the Princess with it if you please.

KING.

You never mean to say so? Do you though?



Dr. RHUBARB.

Enlightened Sire! That's for me to show.
But I should wish the audience-chamber clear,
The cure is not for such as these to hear.

(pointing to the other doctors. The King makes a sign to them, and they retire).

The cure is simple, though it has great power; —
A dose of Rhubarb taken ev'ry hour.
I had a patient once, thirteen years old,
Who never did, whatever he was told;
If bid to read, he used to say „No no!
„I can't! I have a corn upon my toe!“
When told to take a walk, he always said,
He had far too much hair upon his head;
His anxious parents asked for my advice,
I gave him Rhubarb, and cured him in a trice. —
I had another patient, rather older,
She never used to do, what people told her.
If told to wash and dress herself, she wouldn't;
She said, she had a tooth-ache, so she couldn't.
When sent to school, she never would be taught,
Because she said her finger-nails were short.
Her parents of my skill were well assured,
I gave her Rhubarb, and she soon was cured.

KING.

I think myself the remedy is good. —
You'll cure her then.

Dr. RHUBARB.

Great King! I think I could,
But you've not heard the whole cure I propose,
You'll have no great objection, I suppose;

The Rhubarb doses all would be in vain,
Without a good sound thrashing with a cane.

KING.

Oh that's the cure! That's quite another story;
I'll leave your cure alone in all its glory.
The age is past for punishments like these;
To gain our point, we ought to try to please;
By reason mild and sweet persuasion too,
We gain far more than people used to do.
A King should never seem too weak or fickle,
But I prefer to keep the rod „in pickle.“
To flog a female is a vile disgrace;
To flog a Princess Royal, still more base;
And yet you take the matter quite of course,
As if you talked of whipping some old horse.
Shame, Doctor! Shame! If that's your wond'rous
cure,

I shall not want to see you any more. —

(Dr Rhubarb retires).

QUEEN.

My Royal Husband! Think of our poor child!
I know your temper is so sweet and mild,
You'll condescend to think of her sad state,
And try to find a cure before too late.

KING.

I'm no physician; it's not for me to know,
What makes our daughter hate her dinner so,
As not to eat or drink, and not to speak,
I can't believe but 't is a wilful freak. —

QUEEN.

I think I know the cause, my Royal spouse;
I'll name it, if His Majesty allows;
I know he won't be vexed at what I say,
To be ill-humoured, never was his way.

KING.

You know I love you, far too well to scold you;
All secrets, that I've known, I've always told you.
You're not so handsome, as indeed you were,
When you were wont to wear your own fine hair;
(Since which, I'm told, you've taken to a wig,
Altho', of course, I do not care a fig),
You used to have such pearly teeth, — your own, —
Which you have changed for ivory or bone.

QUEEN.

These little details you might well avoid.

KING.

I hope, my dear, you do not feel annoyed.
I only meant to say, I love you well,
Altho' you're not at present quite a belle;
There's no denying, that you're handsome yet,
Tho' not so juvenile, as when we met.

QUEEN.

I do not understand what you can mean;
Remember, I'm a lady and a Queen.

KING.

Nay, nay, my love! How can you be so haughty?
There's no denying, that you're over forty.

QUEEN.

No lady ever yet has been so old!

KING.

I must say, that assertion's rather bold.

QUEEN.

When we were married, I was twenty-four;
And we've been married twenty years or more;
So now, you see, I'm only twenty-six.

KING.

Her calculation puts me in a fix!
Well, she's a credit to whoever taught her!
But what has this to do with our dear daughter?

QUEEN.

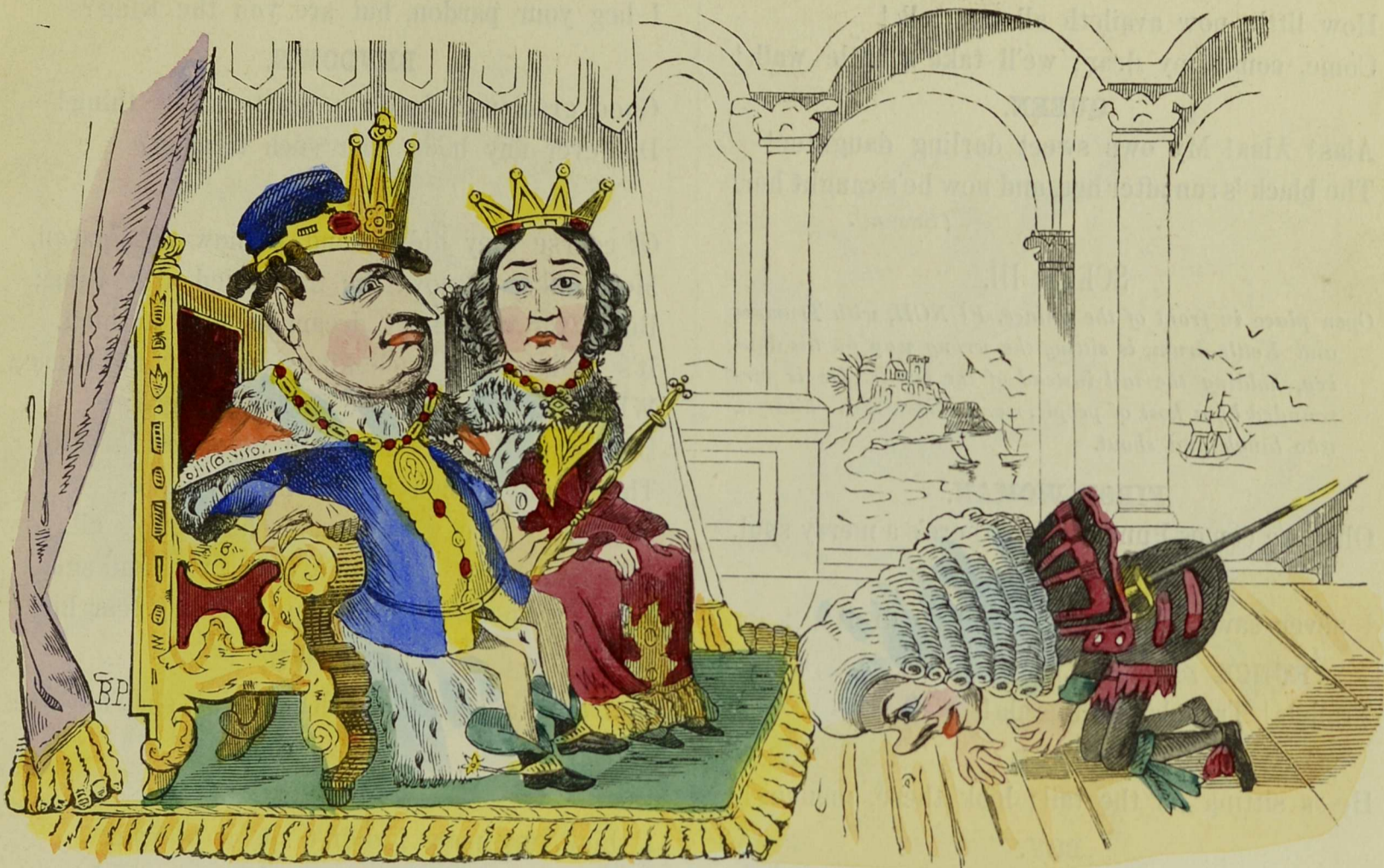
You interrupted me yourself, you know.

KING.

Oh so I did! But pray don't be so slow!

QUEEN.

It certainly is very, very strange,
That in our Mary there's so great a change;
She used to be so cheerful and so good,
And used to be quite partial to her food. —
At nine o'clock she breakfasted with me;
At ten she'd take ten biscuits with some tea;
At twelve she used to eat a hearty lunch,
And have a piece of cake, a great big hunch.
At one she'd dress herself and look so fine,
And then she'd have a glass or two of wine.
At two she used to dine with you and me,
And did not finish, till long after three.
At four she used to have some lollipops,
Some hardbake, chocolate and lemon drops.
At five o'clock she took a hearty tea;
And Prince Bruno she often used to see;



Oh, what a happy time she used to spend
 When she was joking with the Prince her friend!
 And how they used to play, and laugh, and chatter!
 I sometimes thought, that something was the matter.
 But since you've banished Bruno from the court,
 And then betrothed her to King Blackanshort,
 She's lost her spirits and her appetite,
 Her lips are pale, her cheeks are now quite white.

KING.

I've listened patiently to all you've said,
 And think you've hit the nail upon the head.
 But then, you see, I cannot break my word.

QUEEN (*aside*).

Of Kings, I'm sure, such things are often heard.

KING.

You see, I lost the battle, which I fought
 A month ago, with old King Blackanshort;
 And now, his minister has made demand
 To take as hostage Princess Mary's hand.

QUEEN.

Oh, what a dreadful fate, to have to wed
 An ugly fellow with a coal-black head!

I'm told, his nose is really downright flat,
 Oh dearest husband! Pray do think of that!

KING.

Here comes Lord Bendown, with obeisance low;
 He bends so low, I think he'll never grow. —

QUEEN.

I hate these flatterers; they 're dreadful bores!

KING.

It's right, that boars should walk upon all fours.

(*Enter Bendown, bowing*).

BENDOWN.

Oh mighty King! and fair, majestic Queen!
 Forgive your humble slave, so poor, so mean!
 Forgive me, if I've come without your call,
 And brought my carcass to this royal hall!
 The great ambassador, Lord Frizzlewig,
 Is grumbling, growling, grunting like a pig;
 He wants an audience of my Lord, the King.

KING.

This really is a most annoying thing.
 He won't postpone his visit, that I'm sure;
 I think I'll see him then at half past four.

(*Lord Bendown bows himself out*).

How little now availeth all our talk!
Come, come, my dear; we'll take a little walk!

QUEEN.

Alas! Alas! My own sweet darling daughter!
The black 's run after her, and now he's caught her.

(Exeunt).

SCENE III.

Open place in front of the palace. PUNCH, with Trumpet and Kettle-drum, is sitting the wrong way on his donkey, holding the tail instead of the bridle. He is surrounded by a host of people, men, women and children, who laugh and shout.

FIRST WOMAN.

Oh, here comes Punch! Well, there's a merry soul.

SECOND WOMAN.

I never saw a Punch look half so droll!

PUNCH *(trumpeting and playing the drum).*

Trallela! Trallela! Tralleralla!

CHILD.

He 's sitting on the tail; look there, mamma!

BOY.

Now then, stand off! you're just in front of me!

ANOTHER BOY.

Take off your hat, and let a fellow see!

FIRST MAN.

You hold your tongue; I shan't take off my hat!

A LITTLE CHILD.

I cannot see; that woman is so fat.

FIRST MAN.

Keep off there; do! You're treading on my toes.

SECOND MAN.

That's just because they're in the way, I s'pose!

PUNCH *(sings).*

Talk of Theatres, talk of plays,
There is nothing now that pays
Half so well as jolly Punch's Exhibition;
It's good for all to see,
Whoever he may be,
King, peasant, chimney-sweep or politician!

(Enter KING and Lord BENDOWN; they stand together under the portico of the palace. The people shout and cry „Hurrah“).

I wonder, if these cheers are all for me;
Oh no, they're not! Why, it's the King I see.

(turns over head and heels to the King).

I beg your pardon, but are you the King?

BENDOWN.

Good gracious! Here's a pretty saucy thing!
Did ever any body hear such treason?

PUNCH.

Of course they didn't, and I know the reason.
Most folks, I know, are frightened at a King;
But I, for one, don't dream of such a thing.
It's well to fear such kings, as have no sense,
Who kill and tyrannise in self-defence;
But, when I see a monarch good and great,
The mighty monarch of a mighty state,
A King, whose wisdom rules his actions all,
Who's loved by ev'ry one, both great and small;
I must respect, but wherefore should I fear him?

BENDOWN.

You dare approach the King! You shan't come
near him!

PUNCH.

I think, my man, I didn't speak to you,
You're not the King, remember; that I knew;
For I had heard, the King was good and kind.

BENDOWN.

You worthless fellow! Hold! You'd better mind!

KING.

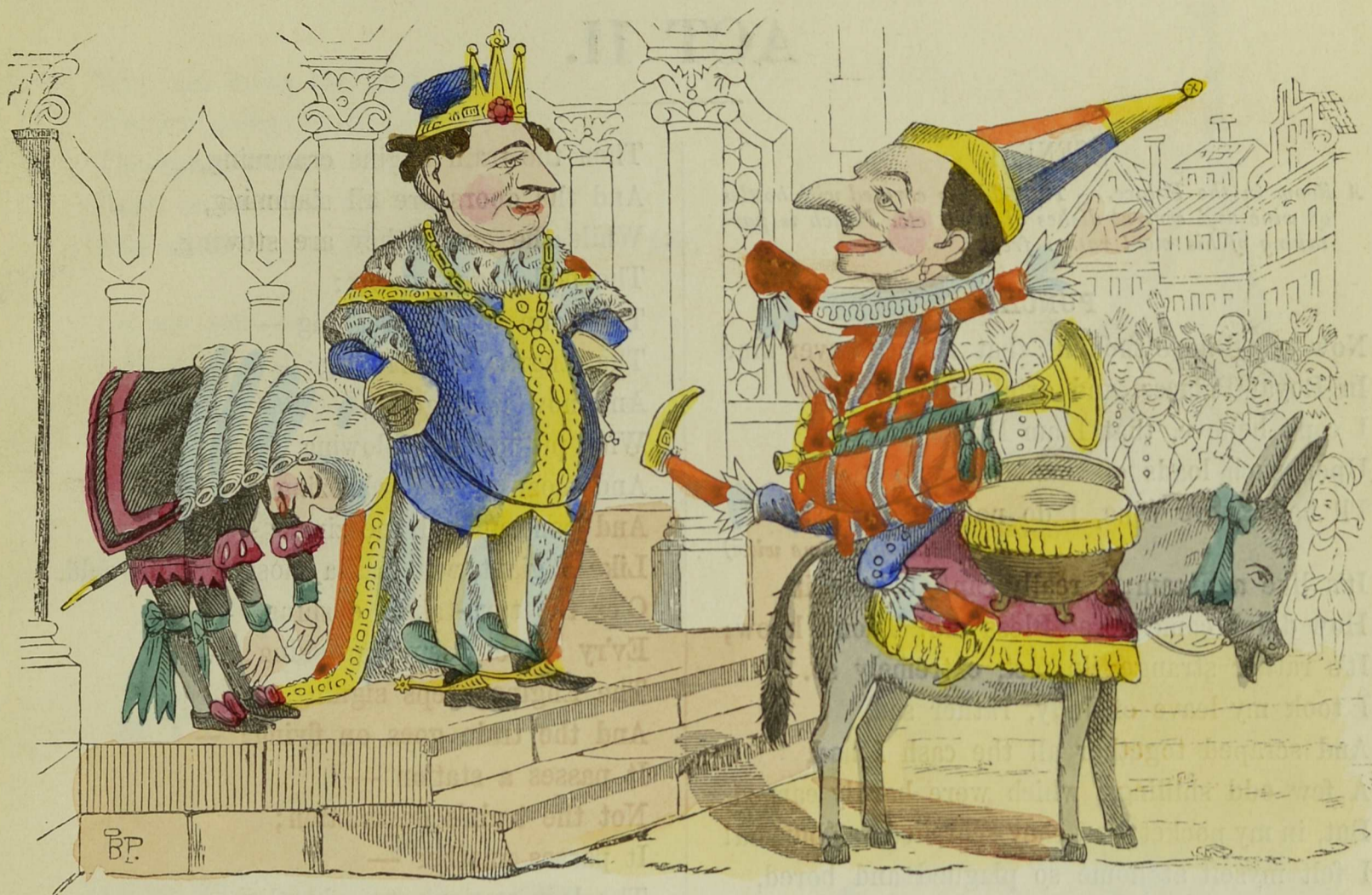
Now Bendown! Don't you be in such a pet;
A droller jester I have never met. —

PUNCH.

I never did, I know, and what is more,
A wiser King, I've never met before.
I knew a king, who thought himself much wiser;
But then, he really was a dreadful miser;
For all my tricks, he didn't give one groat,
Altho' I well deserved a ten-pound note. —
I'd like Your Majesty to see me play,
I'd undertake to make a Stoic gay.
Do see my pranks, you won't regret it after,
There's nothing in the world so good as laughter!

KING.

Oh! Could you only make my daughter smile!
Since last she laughed, 't is such a long, long while,
I'd like to see the Princess laugh to day;
But first I ought to know, what tricks you'll play.



PUNCH.

I'll play them all, if you will give me time.
I mean upon a tight rope first to climb,
And sing and dance, and, though it seems untrue,
I mean to make my donkey dance there too.
We'll dance together, like a King and Queen. —

KING.

Well such a sight, I'm sure, I've never seen!

PUNCH.

Of course, you'll see, that ev'ry thing's provided;
The work is hard, and must be well divided.

KING.

My Chamberlain will see you have all right;
Come Bendown, come and pray, be more polite!
Just see, that Punch has something good to eat,
And let all be prepared, when next we meet;
Of course, you'll come yourself to see the fun.

BENDOWN.

Command! Oh mighty King! It shall be done;

Oh King, before whose face no man dare sneeze,
Your servant does, whatever you may please. —

PUNCH.

How pleasant it must be to be a King,
To order ev'ry one and ev'ry thing!

KING.

Good bye good Punch! at four o'clock we meet;
Your ass and you must want to drink and eat;
Go Bendown, take this donkey to the stable (*retires*).

BENDOWN (*aside*).

I'd strangle him, I would, if I were able!
(*sulkily walks away, leading the ass*).

PUNCH.

He looks just like a bird without a feather;
How brotherly those two do walk together! —
(*Punch follows Bendown, turning head over heels, and the curtain falls amidst the noise and cheers of the people*).

End of Act. I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace. — The table is covered with bottles of wine and several dishes of meat etc. Punch is partaking of his meal rather freely.

PUNCH.

Now who'd have thought, that I should ever dine
In Royal Palaces, and drink such wine?
I can't believe, that I am Punch indeed,
Upon such loads of viands thus to feed.

I'll have more wine, I do not like to leave it.
(drinks some wine)

It's like a dream; I really can't believe it.
How did I come here? Bless me! I don't know;
It's rather strange; in fact, extremely so.
I took my leave of Judy, rather sad,
And scraped together all the cash I had,
A few odd shillings, which were hardly earned,
But, in my pocket, how they scorched and burned!
I felt myself at home so plagued and bored,
I thought I'd try, for once, my luck abroad.

(Punch stands up and suits the action to the word while describing his journey):

There's the fine Railway Station,
Full of such animation;
Piles of luggage erected —
Females unprotected —
The babies all crying, —
One fat lady, half dying
With the noise and the clatter,
While another, much fatter,
Has lost all her baggage,
And howls like a savage,
And makes all the porters shrink back quite afraid;
There's a lady who's bearing
Two babes, with eyes staring,
With eight others all crowing,
All a-blowing and growing; —
An old gent, who's rheumatic,
With phrases emphatic,
Quite frightens his daughter,
And swears at the porter,
Because he don't know where his bag he has laid.

(Punch empties another glass of wine).

Then the train begins cramming,
And the doors are all slamming,
While the goods they are stowing,
The bell begins going;
The train begins creaking —
The Engine is shrieking; —
And now it is going,
With puffing and blowing
And moaning and wheezing
And panting and sneezing,
Like a giant, who has a most terrible cold.
O'er the turn-tables dashing,
Ev'ry object seems smashing; —
The Engine keeps sighing,
And the train goes on flying; —
It passes a station —
Not the train's destination;
It passes another —
The last station's twin-brother,
Now the whistle is sounding,
Through the tunnel we're bounding,
And a darkness around us commences to fold. —

(Punch drinks again)

Now the Engine is rumbling,
Like an old giant grumbling, —
And the train begins growling,
Like a fierce tiger howling;
The Engine's voice growing,
Still louder he's blowing,
And there's really no knowing,
Which way we are going.
All the children are crying —
All the old ladies sighing, —
And they wish themselves out in the light open air.
Here's a flash! Is it lightning?
No! The prospect is bright'ning.
An old gentleman's urging,
As the train is emerging
From darkness, that really
He didn't see clearly,
Why directors half-witted
Such tunnels permitted.

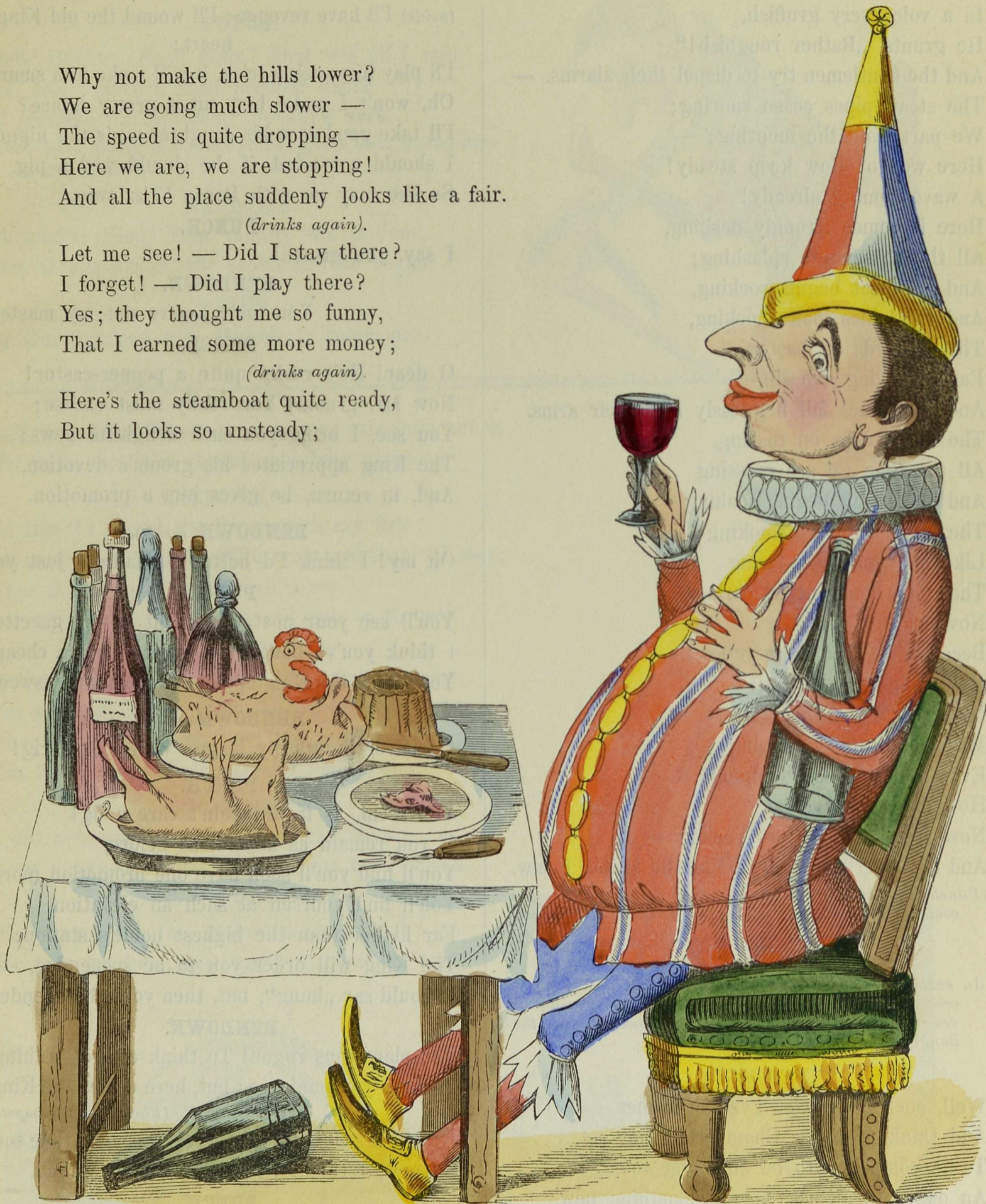
Why not make the hills lower?
We are going much slower —
The speed is quite dropping —
Here we are, we are stopping!
And all the place suddenly looks like a fair.

(drinks again).

Let me see! — Did I stay there?
I forget! — Did I play there?
Yes; they thought me so funny,
That I earned some more money;

(drinks again).

Here's the steamboat quite ready,
But it looks so unsteady;



I'm quite ready for crossing,
But the waves are all tossing,
And foaming and whirling,
And rolling and curling;
The ladies are fearing,

And, in voices endearing,
Are asking the captain,
Who closely is wrapt in
Thick oil-skin and leather,
If they'd have stormy weather;

In a voice very gruffish,
 He grunts, „Rather roughish!“
 And the gentlemen try to dispel their alarms. —
 The steam-pipes cease snoring;
 We part from the mooring; —
 Here we go! Now keep steady!
 A wave coming already!
 Here it comes strongly dashing,
 All the passengers splashing;
 And the boat begins rocking,
 And the ladies look shocking,
 The stewards all hasten,
 Each bringing a basin,
 And the ladies fall helplessly into their arms.
 The boat keeps on tossing,
 All the time we are crossing
 And the spray begins soaking
 The gents who are smoking;
 Like men quite sea-faring
 They first look rather daring!
 Now see! Ev'ry fellow
 Becomes pale or light yellow! —
 How sick I am getting!
 Dear me! I'm forgetting!
 My head begins thumping!
 Ev'ry object seems jumping!
 How dizzy I'm feeling!
 Now stumbling — now reeling —
 And I stagger down-stairs, like the ladies I saw.
(Punch, who during the latter part of his speech has become rather unsteady about the feet, reels out of the room).

SCENE II.

An enclosed area in front of the Palace. A tight rope is erected there; also a marquee for the Royal Family. A crowd of people behind. Enter Bendown, leading the donkey. He comes forward.

BENDOWN.

Well, such indignities I've never met
 And think no other Chamberlain has yet.
 To be compelled to be an ostler too,
 An ostler to an ass; that's something new.
(Enter Punch; he goes behind Bendown and imitates his gestures).
 For me, Lord Bendown, of Great Bendown Hall,
 The lord of all I own, both great and small,
 For me, the Alderman of Bagwigtown,
 To be the fool of that old ugly clown!

(aside) I'll have revenge; I'll wound the old King's
 heart;

I'll play him such a trick, 't will make him smart;
 Oh, won't I make him cut a pretty figure?
 I'll take good care his daughter weds the nigger.
 I should not mind, if she should wed a pig,
 So she may go with Baron Frizzlewig.

PUNCH.

I say, you groom!

BENDOWN.

You fool! You're not my master!

PUNCH.

O dear! He's really quite a pepper-castor!
 Now Mr. groom! You really must excuse;
 You see, I bring you such delightful news;
 The King appreciates his groom's devotion,
 And, in return, he gives him a promotion.

BENDOWN *(aside)*.

Oh my! I think I'd better not fall out just yet.

PUNCH.

You'll see your post this night in the gazette.
 I think you've bought promotion rather cheap,
 You'll find, the King appoints you chimney-sweep.

BENDOWN *(aside)*.

He never knows my league with Frizzlewig!

PUNCH.

You seem, as if you didn't care a fig!
 If you remain as faithful as before,
 You'll find you'll soon have one promotion more;
 You'll find yourself at such an elevation,
 Far higher than the highest noble's station;
 The King will order you to be suspended, —
 I should say „hung“, but, then you'd be offended.

BENDOWN.

You sland'rous rogue! To think of such a thing;
 I'll have you punished; but, here comes the King!
(Flourish of trumpets).
 Now here's the donkey, there's the tight-rope too;
 So now, I think, I've nothing more to do.

PUNCH.

I want two donkeys to complete my fun;
 So, Donkey Bendown! You will do for one.
(He leaps over Bendown, knocking him over, and then jumps upon the donkey. The people laugh and shout).

BENDOWN *(getting up and rubbing himself)*.

Say that again. — I'll break your ugly head.

PUNCH.

Well! Donkey, Bend down! That was all I said.
You see, I have a most peculiar knack
Of jumping on my trusty donkey's back.

(Enter King, Queen and Princess. The people shout, as they enter the Royal box).

BENDDOWN.

Oh mighty King! Your mighty will is done,
And, if you please, the sports can be begun.

KING.

By Our gracious will, the sports commence,

And you, Lord Benddown, don't you stir from hence.
We wish, that you should cheerfully assist.

BENDDOWN *(aside).*

I'd like to pound the fellow with my fist.
(aloud) O mighty King! With pride and thanks I stay;
Your Royal will I gladly will obey.

(Punch runs up the ladder and walks on the rope).

PUNCH.

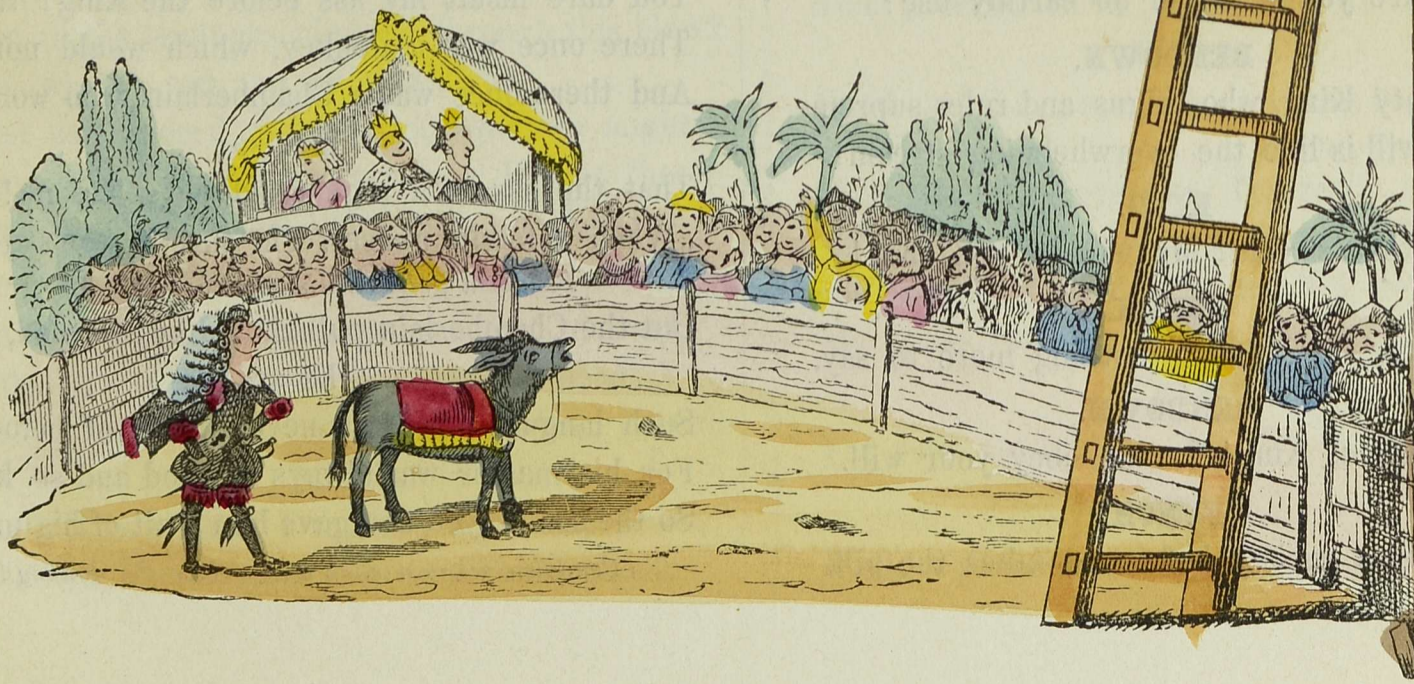
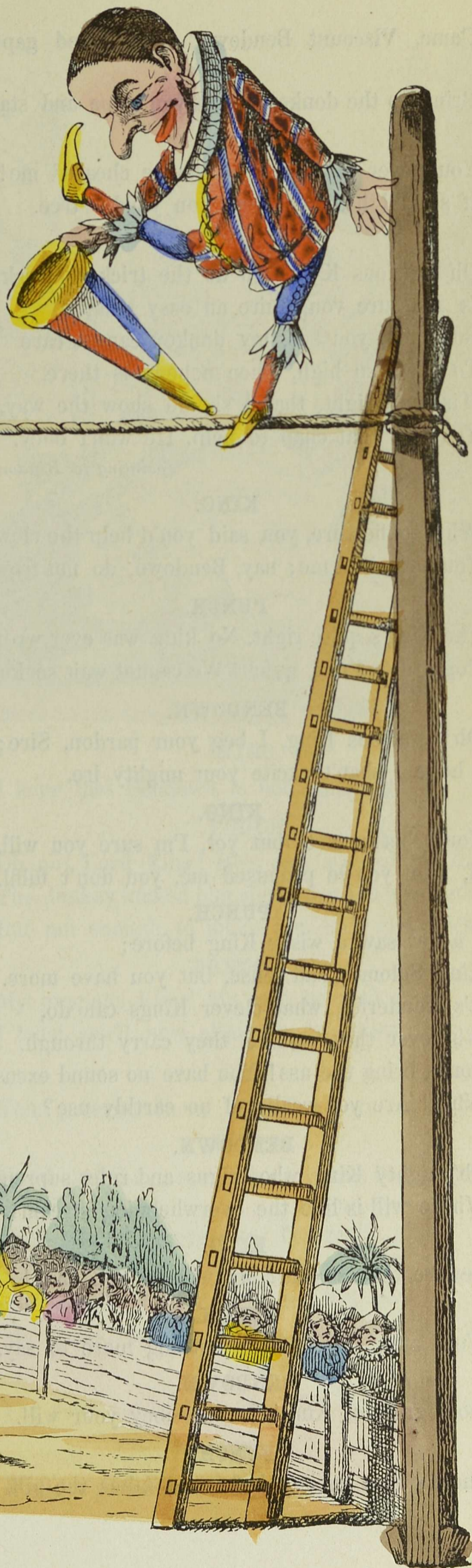
You see, Oh gracious King! I'm standing here;
I'm walking on the rope, devoid of fear;
The donkey, Benddown, and the people see,
I'm like a bird, who's perched upon a tree.

KING.

I did not come to see your tricks alone;
Your donkey's virtues have not yet been shown.

PUNCH.

The very thing the donkey wants to do!
He sees me here, and wants to come up too.



Come, Viscount Bendown, don't stand gaping there!

Bring up the donkey! Don't you gape and stare!

KING.

You never mean to say, you've cheated me!
If so, I'll have you hung on yonder tree.

PUNCH.

Oh gracious King! To do the trick you ask,
Is, I assure you, quite an easy task,
But then, you see, my donkey cannot care
To climb so high, when nobody is there.
'Tis only right, that I should show the way.
You told that chap to help. He won't obey.

(pointing to Bendown).

KING.

Why, to be sure, you said you'd help the clown;
You promised me; nay, Bendown, do not frown!

PUNCH.

The King's quite right. No king was ever wrong.
Come, Bendown, quick! We cannot wait so long!

BENDOWN.

Oh! gracious King, I beg your pardon, Sire;
I hope I shan't excite your mighty ire.

KING.

You'd better not; but yet, I'm sure you will,
If, what you've promised me, you don't fulfil.

PUNCH.

I never saw a wiser King before;
King Solomon had sense, but you have more.
It's wonderful, what clever Kings can do,
Whatever they resolve, they carry through.
Come, bring the ass! You have no sound excuse.
What! Are you really of no earthly use?

BENDOWN.

Oh mighty King, who reigns and rules supreme,
Whose will is like the overwhelming stream! —

KING.

Beware that stream! My will is, you obey!

PUNCH.

Well! after that, there's nothing more to say.

BENDOWN.

Most gracious King! I must obey your will.

PUNCH.

There's fuss enough before he takes the pill.

(Bendown tries to pull the donkey to the ladder, but the animal will not move. Laughter.)

That's right! that's right! Pull hard and persevere,
It won't be long before you bring him here.

BENDOWN *(to the donkey).*

You brutish ass! You mass of skin and bone!

PUNCH.

You might as well address a lump of stone!

BENDOWN.

You stupid thing! I'll clear your head of brains!

PUNCH.

He does not hear your sweet, melodious strains.
Such language is unknown to ears polite;
'Twould be enough to put him in a fright.

BENDOWN.

You hideous beast! I'll teach you to obey!

PUNCH.

But then 'tis only fair you show the way.
Why, if my ass were not a downright saint,
He'd go into hysterics, Sir, and faint.

BENDOWN.

You long-eared beast! I'll break your head in two.

PUNCH.

I've heard a proverb, which I think most true; —
That bridles were for asses and for mules,
But, that the rod was for the back of fools.

BENDOWN.

Unlearned brute! Unsaintly, hideous thing!

PUNCH.

You dare insult my ass before the King! *(sings).*
There once was a donkey, which would not go,
And there once was a Chamberlain, who worried
him so;

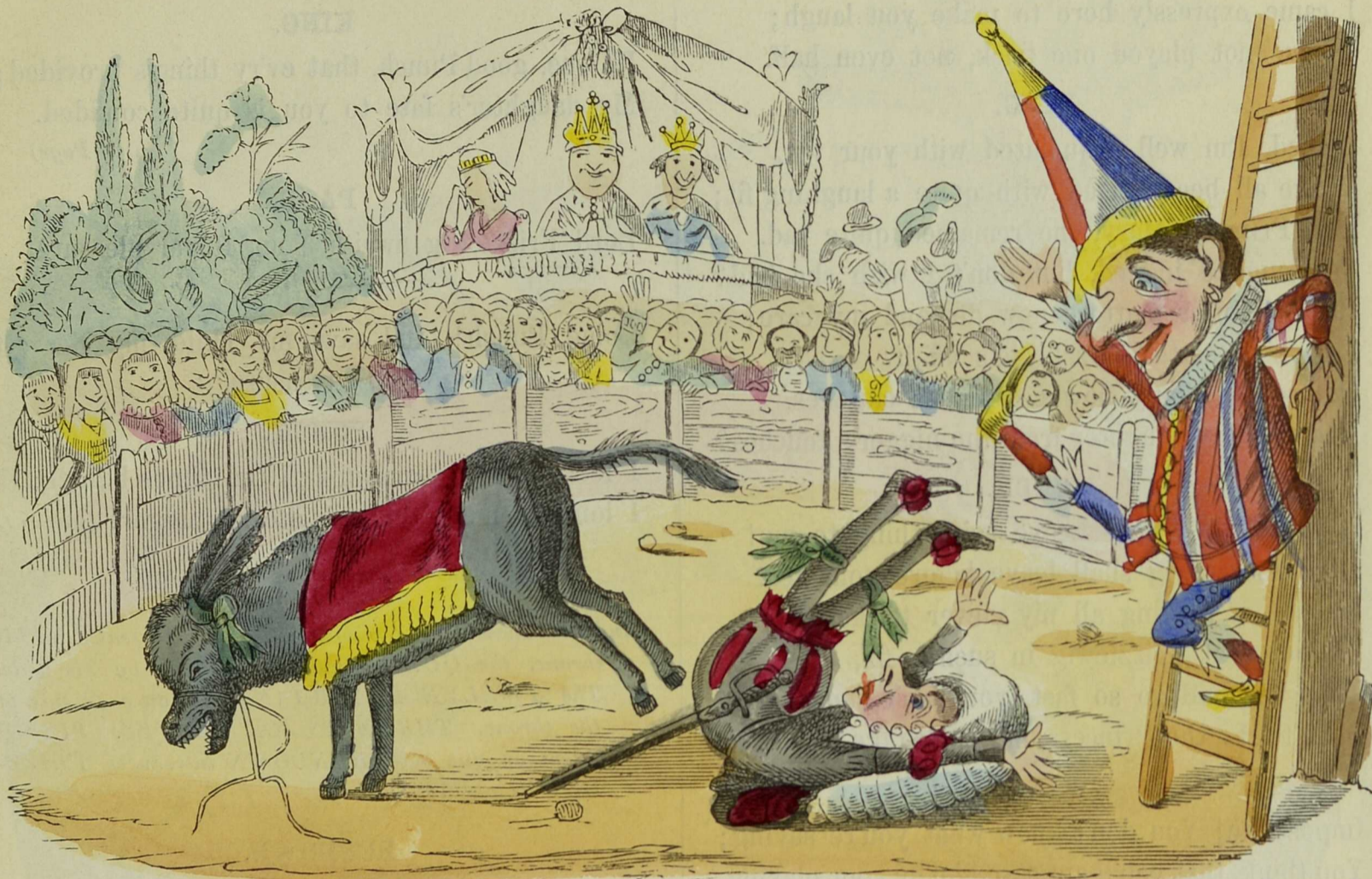
That the ass in a rage cried out „No, no!
„When a fellow abuses, I'm sure I won't go!“

(Bendown pulls still harder, but in vain.)

But the Chamberlain pulled, and he stormed, and
he swore;

Such language the ass never heard of before;
For his master was always so good and so kind,
So the ass brayed and gave him a bit of his mind.

(Bendown seizes a stick and strikes the donkey).



For the Chamberlain struck the poor ass with a
stick;
But the ass raised his hind-legs and gave him a
kick;
And down on the ground went the Chamberlain bold,
And over and over the Chamberlain rolled. —
*(The donkey gives Bendown a kick, which causes him to
roll over on the ground. The King and all the people
laugh, but the Princess remains in tears. Punch comes
down from the tight-rope).*

PUNCH.

Oh mighty Bendown! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy triumphs blighted through this blow?
Oh, what a sad and pitiable sight!
Just now indeed the stick of Bendown might
Have stood against the ass, now lies he there,
And none polite enough to bring a chair!

BENDOWN *(rising and rubbing himself).*

Oh my! Oh my! I'm hurt from foot to head,
I do believe the donkey's killed me dead!
(walks about, rubbing himself).

PUNCH.

Well, if he's dead, I think you all may boast,
That you have really seen a walking ghost.

KING.

I hope that Bendown is not really ill.

PUNCH.

Oh no! Lord King! He's only stained his frill;
The donkey kicked him slightly, when he struck it,
But not enough to make him kick the bucket.

BENDOWN.

My gracious King! My well beloved Sire!
I trust you'll now allow me to retire.

KING.

Your presence here, Lord Bendown, is excused.

PUNCH.

Good bye! Good bye! I hope you've been amused.
(Exit Bendown).

Most gracious Sovereign, I'm ready still,
To carry out at once your Royal will.
But somebody must help me, if I do;
My tricks can't be performed by less than two.

KING.

I've seen enough! To day, I'll see no more; —

PUNCH.

Well, really, that's a most disgusting bore!

I came expressly here to make you laugh;
I have not played one trick, not even half.

KING.

Indeed, I'm well acquainted with your wit,
We've all been seized with quite a laughing fit;
Yet, Princess Mary, she remained quite sad.
We laughed indeed, but don't I wish she had?
But weightier matters now demand my care;
I have to settle Frizzlewig's affair.
Oh, could I only now escape his clutches,
And save my daughter from the nigger's touches?

PUNCH.

Is that your grief? Leave ev'ry thing to me!
Lord Frizzlewig shall leave before your tea.
Instead of playing all my clever tricks,
I'll put that Frizzlewig in such a fix,
That he shall go so fast, you can't conceive;
Shan't take the Princess, but shall take his leave.

KING.

Impossible! You don't know what you're saying;
You think, that you'll appease him by your playing.

PUNCH.

I can't do worse than you, Majestic Sire!
I sell my wisdom to the noblest buyer;
You mean to sell so cheap your lovely daughter,
Then drown your sorrow in a pot of porter.
I'll be ambassador —

KING.

And if you fail?

PUNCH.

Then tie my body to my donkey's tail,
And have me whipped and driven round the town,
For being so ridiculous a clown.

KING.

You have more wit than any fool I've heard;
So, Mr. Punch, I'll take you at your word.

PUNCH.

I mean, Lord King, besides, to cure your daughter.
Some like to cure their patients by cold water;
With thirteen pigeons I'll complete her cure,
The birds, of course, your servants must procure.
But then, I hope your doctors will attend,
Besides Lord Bendown, our very spiteful friend.

KING.

I'll see, good Punch, that ev'ry thing's provided;
My daughter's fate to you is quite confided.

(Enter Page)

PAGE.

Lord Frizzlewig awaits Your Royal pleasure.

KING.

Come Punch! And save my child, my dearest
treasure.

PUNCH.

I feel, as if I'd grown full ten times bigger;
I long to meet this ministerial nigger! *(Exeunt)*

SCENE III.

Audience-chamber in the palace. The KING, seated on his throne, the QUEEN and PRINCESS by his side. The TWELVE PHYSICIANS, six on each side of the throne. THREE BLACK SLAVES. PUNCH enters on one side, BENDOWN introduces FRIZZLEWIG on the other.

BENDOWN.

Lord Frizzlewig, the Prince of princely blackies!
The proud possessor of one hundred lackeys!
Ambassador, and Minister of War
To Blackanshort, the King of Inkyshore!
Knight of the order of the Crocodile,
And all the lovely reptiles of the Nile!
Knight of the noble order of the Rat,
Whose face is blacker than the blackest hat,
Whose only great ambition is, to strive
To be the blackest of the blacks alive!

(Frizzlewig bows to Punch.)

PUNCH.

He bows to me, altho' I'm not a Knight;
I think, I may as well be as polite.

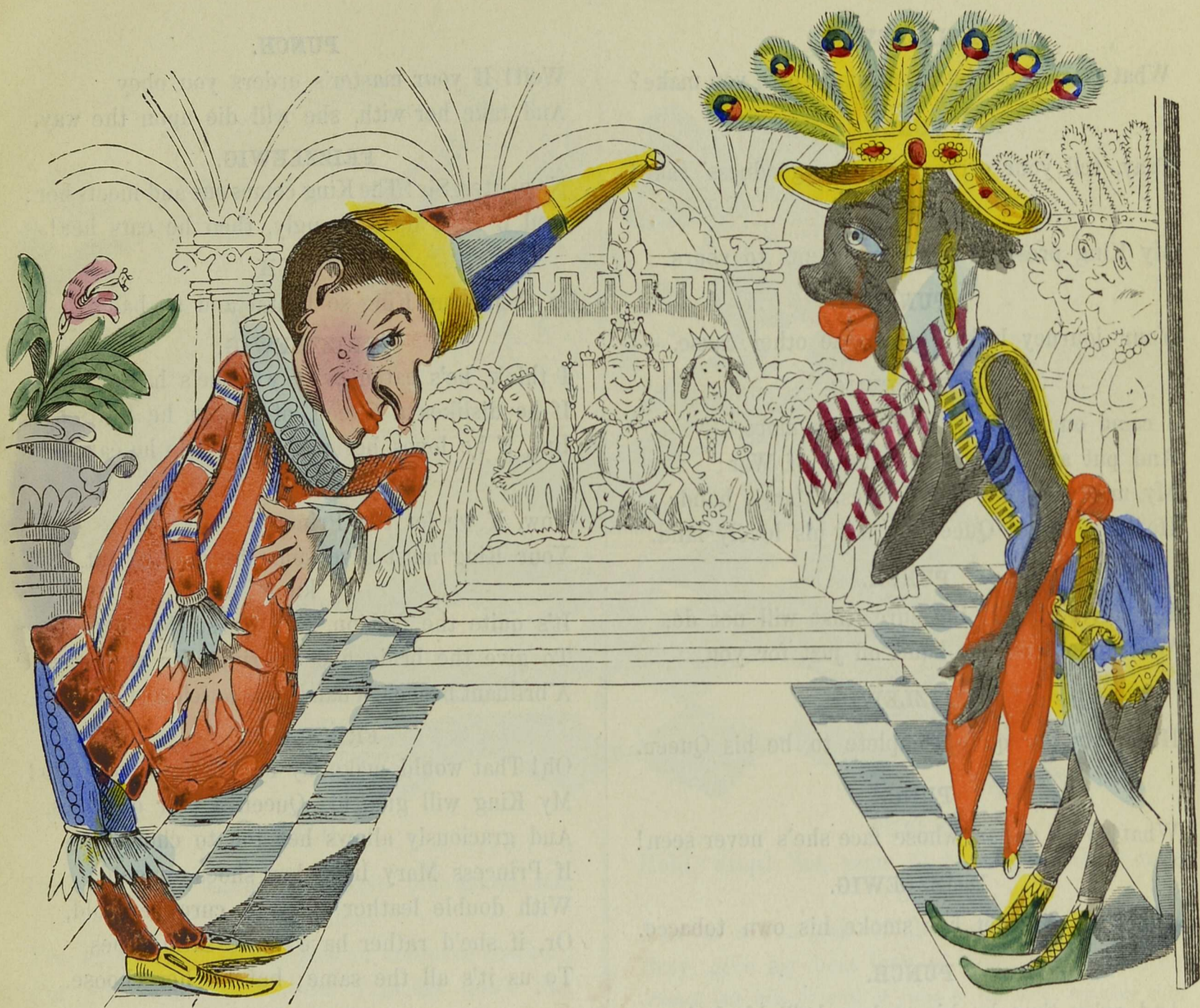
(Punch bows to Frizzlewig.)

FRIZZLEWIG.

My Royal Master, King of all the Moors,
Upon whose endless, jet-like, inky shores,
The radiant sun doth never dare to set —

PUNCH.

Well, that's no source of sorrow or regret!
That saves you candles, oil and candle-sticks;
At night, you have no need of lamps or wicks.



FRIZZLEWIG.

The sun doth never end the brilliant day,
Unless my Royal Master cries „You may!“
One day, however, while the King was sleeping,
The sun imprudently continued creeping
Along the skies, until at last it set,
And put King Blackanshort in such a pet!
For when he woke, and found the sun had vanished,
He thought he'd punish it, and have it banished.
He swore, each man should keep within his hut
For one whole day, and keep his shutters shut;
And ev'ry one was forced to think and say,
The sun had never dared to shine that day;
Oh what a mighty King! Whom none approach, —

PUNCH.

Well, I should like to know, who drives his coach?

Who brings his meat? Who serves him up his
dinner?

He'd be as thin as you, in fact, much thinner!

FRIZZLEWIG.

In short, he owns whatever's black on earth;
He owned five thousand black men from his birth;
But now he has much more, in fact, whole heaps —

PUNCH.

Of course! He's Lord of all the chimney-sweeps!

FRIZZLEWIG.

My King would like to be ten inches bigger;
But then he's blacker than the blackest nigger;
He has not washed for fourteen years or more,
The late King had not washed for twenty-four;
My gracious Lord won't be out-done I hope.

PUNCH.

There cannot be a great demand for soap! —

FRIZZLEWIG.

What mean these interruptions, which you make?

PUNCH.

Pray, tell your errand, Sir, for goodness' sake!

FRIZZLEWIG.

My King presents his compliments to yours.

PUNCH.

Your journey hither had some other cause. —

FRIZZLEWIG.

I came our union to strengthen more,
And put an end to any chance of War;
My master wants the Princess Mary's hand;
He'll make her Queen of half his lovely land.

PUNCH.

Her lovely hand! I'm sure, that will not do,
We cannot cut her hand off just for you.

FRIZZLEWIG.

He wants her quite complete to be his Queen.

PUNCH.

What! Wed a man, whose face she's never seen!

FRIZZLEWIG.

The King will let her smoke his own tobacco.

PUNCH.

And ev'ry time he kisses her, he'll black her.
The Princess will not have your handsome King;
In short, she will not think of such a thing.

FRIZZLEWIG.

You mean to say, the Princess then refuses;
My monarch charged me not to take excuses.

PUNCH.

My King will give you diamonds and gold,
If you will say, the Princess has a cold.

FRIZZLEWIG.

You know, your King was by my lord defeated;
And that his onslaughts may not be repeated,
We want the Princess Mary, if you please;
We must have some „material guarantees,“
My King will never be refused. He said
That I should bring her, if alive or dead.

PUNCH.

Well! If your master's orders you obey
And take her with, she will die upon the way.

FRIZZLEWIG.

No matter, Sir! The King comes out and meets her,
And if she's dead or ugly, then he eats her!

PUNCH.

Is then your King so brutal and so bad?

FRIZZLEWIG.

I think, he's eaten ev'ry wife he's had.
If he dislikes a Queen, of course, he beats her,
But, if he loves her well, why, then he eats her.

PUNCH.

Now, if we let the Princess Mary go,
Your King must give some handsome gift, you
know;

It's quite the fashion, Sir, for suitors here
To give the bride five ear-rings for each ear,
A brilliant brooch, a handsome watch and chain, —

FRIZZLEWIG.

Oh! That would make my master's wife too vain!
My King will give his Queen a pair of shoes,
And graciously allows her too to choose.
If Princess Mary likes her shoes of gold,
With double leather soles, to cure her cold,
Or, if she'd rather have white satin shoes,
To us it's all the same; but let her choose.

PUNCH.

And if you cannot get the shoes she chooses,
Your King will make you green and blue with
bruises?

FRIZZLEWIG.

Whatever shoes the Princess may desire,
I'd get them, if I had to walk through fire.

PUNCH.

The Princess has a cold, — has lost her voice,
So she desires me to make the choice.
She does not care to have white satin shoes;
Such trash, indeed, I'm certain she'd refuse;
The only stuff, that she would like, is leather;
That's always useful in the wettest weather.

FRIZZLEWIG.

Oh, very well! I'll go and take her measure.
To touch her foot will be my greatest pleasure.



PUNCH.

Pray stay, my Lord! You have not asked me,
whether
The shoes shall be of black or coloured leather;
For you must know, the Princess don't like
either; —

Bronze leather is the only kind to please her.
The imitation is not worth a pin; —
She wants her shoes of your own bronze-like skin!

(Frizzlewig starts.)

Come, come! my Lord! Now, wherefore do you
start?

To do your duty ought to cheer your heart.
Between your shoulders there's sufficient skin
To make the shoes, and still they won't be thin;
And even, if there's not sufficient stuff,
The skin from those sweet cheeks will make enough,
A fitting present for a monarch's wife!
Come now, prepare! I think I have a knife!

FRIZZLEWIG.

I won't! You shan't! You're all a pack of brutes! —
(He tries to run away, but Punch catches him.)

PUNCH.

Hold! Stop! You seem to have some three-mile
boots!

I never saw a pair of shoes run faster;
Pray, give my best love to your Royal Master.
*(Punch lets him go and he runs to the door, together with
the other blacks.)*

FRIZZLEWIG *(leaving).*

I'll tell my King, the Princess is all bone,
The ugliest kitten, that was ever known!
I'll say she's hideous, miserably skinny,
And her complexion — yellow as a guinea. —
(He runs away.)

*(The King comes down from off the throne and shakes
hands with Punch.)*

KING.

Oh Punch! I owe you now so deep a debt!

PUNCH.

Then pray oblige me; don't you pay me yet.
Remember, that the Princess is quite skinny,
And her complexion yellow as a guinea!
The Queen and you with laughter are half dying,
But she, alas! has scarcely left off crying.
I have to play my grand concluding feat,

And then I'll guarantee her cure complete.
So let me ask your presence just once more,
For fifteen minutes, where we met before,
I'll lay before the King a dainty dish.

KING.

I'm pleased to go wherever you may wish.
I'll come at once, and bring my doctors there;
And this our pleasure Bendown too must share.
Come Royal consort! Bring my lovely daughter;
The black's run after her, but has not caught her!

(The King, Queen and Princess arise.)

Poor thing! She's weak! Come Bendown and support her.

She ought to drink all day some stout or porter.

QUEEN.

She never will! In spite of all I've taught her,
She will persist in drinking milk and water. —

(They retire. Music.)

SCENE IV.

Enclosed area in front of the Palace. The people are assembled as before. PUNCH comes forward with a pigeon-house on his head. He places it on the ground. The TWELVE PHYSICIANS stand, looking on and talking to one another in a low tone.

Dr. RHUBARB.

I'm quite astonished at this Royal freak.

PUNCH.

I beg your pardon Sir; but did you speak?

Dr. RHUBARB.

I do not condescend to talk to quacks.

Dr. SQUILLS.

He soon will taste the gallows or the axe.

PUNCH.

As yet I've tasted but the knife and fork.
I'm well aware, to quacks you never talk;
That's how it is, you doctors talk to me;
I hope my colleagues there will all agree.

Dr. SENNA.

Indeed! His colleagues? Does he point to us?

PUNCH.

Now learned doctor! Do not make a fuss!

I've done good service to the King and state,
Altho' I have no wig upon my pate.
You doctors bought your titles by a fee,
But my diploma's for diplomacy.

(Flourish of trumpets.)

PEOPLE.

Here comes the King! Long live our gracious King.

(Enter Bendown.)

BENDOWN.

He's loved by ev'ry one and ev'ry thing.

(Enter Queen, King and Princess. They take their seats in the marquee.)

KING.

Ye doctors! Stand in front in perfect order!

PUNCH.

Your doctors only understand disorder.

(The doctors all stand in a row in front of the King. Bendown stands by their side. Punch goes behind them and busies himself with the pigeons.)

KING.

Ye great Physicians! I should like to know,
What punishment you'd wish your greatest foe.
The foe in question is a thorough quack.

BENDOWN.

I'd recommend the thumbscrew or the rack.

KING.

You were not asked. What say you, Doctor Squills?

Dr. SQUILLS.

I'd feed the quack with nothing else but pills.

Dr. BLISTER.

I'd make the fellow feed on plaister pies,
And butter all his bread with Spanish flies.

KING.

I wonder, that they've not propos'd as yet
This novel plan, to pay the Spanish debt.

Dr. RHUBARB.

Now, I'd propose to make the quack devour
An ounce of Turkey Rhubarb ev'ry hour.



KING.

I wonder, that the Turks did not send off
A few such doses to Prince Menschikoff.

(During this conversation Punch contrives to tie to the tail of each doctor's wig a piece of string, one end of which is already fastened to the pigeons. He does the same to Bendown, without exciting the attention of the respective owners of the wigs).

PUNCH.

Well! If the quack were not too tall or big,
I'd take the liberty to steal his wig.

(He opens the door of the pigeon-house; the birds fly away, carrying with them the wigs off the heads of Bendown and the doctors. — The doctors attempt to leap after their wigs, and, in the confusion, fall over one another on the ground. Roars of laughter ensue, and even the Princess joins in the general mirth.)

PRINCESS.

Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh bless my heard and soul!
I can't help laughing; 'tis so very droll!

PUNCH.

Here lie the bodies of twelve great physicians
Who've done their duty and fulfilled their missions.
Their wigs have fled; they've tried to follow after,
And made the Princess split her sides with laughter.

(The doctors rise).

There stand the doctors, looking, very thin!
Bare heads without, and empty heads within.
Just now those heads most wond'rous knowledge
freighted; —

But now alas! 'tis gone — evaporated! —

(The doctors look up to the skies).

The wigs once served to keep the wisdom in,
To warm the brains, supposed to be within,
But now the Rhubarb brains and Spanish flies
Have taken flight and settled in the skies.

BENDOWN.

Oh what a fate for me, the Chamberlain!
I'll never eat a pigeon-pie again!

PUNCH.

And there stands Bendown, looking very sad,
He's now lost all the sense he ever had.
For Chamberlain Lord Bendown was not made;
He's much more fit to be a chamber-maid. —
Sweet angels! Guard the wigs just now departed,
And soothe the spirits of the broken-hearted;
And, when you hold a banquet in the skies,
Pray make the wigs a crust for pigeon-pies!

(The Princess continues laughing).

PRINCESS.

Dear me! Dear me! Oh what a funny joke!
He makes me laugh so much, I'm sure I'll choke!

KING.

Oh dearest Punch! I'm sure, I owe such thanks, —

PUNCH.

Pray stay, Lord King! I have not done my pranks;
You have no right to pay the doctor's fee,
Until you have undoubted guarantee,
That this sweet Princess never will be sad.

KING.

To have this guarantee I'd be most glad.

PUNCH.

Then here it is! So enter, Prince, and show
That you're a friend to him, who was your foe!
(Enter Prince Bruno. He throws himself at the King's feet.)

PRINCESS.

I can't believe my eyes! My dearest love!
The pigeons must have dropped him from above!

BRUNO.

Most kind and gracious King! Indeed I know,
You never could have been my mortal foe.
You loved me well, when even once it suited
Your royal will, to wish me executed.
Indeed I now confess, upon my knees,
'Twas not my fault, that I began to sneeze;
I would have kept it under, if I could, —
I had a cold, and gruel did no good.

(The King raises him, and they embrace.)

KING.

Come to my arms, and never more depart,
Come Bruno, come, and claim a father's heart.

PUNCH.

'Tis not *your* heart, the noble Prince desires;
Your daughter's is the heart, that he requires.

KING.

He's gained my heard, and gained my daughter's
too.

QUEEN.

He's gained your heart? Then what am I to do?

KING *(in a loud voice).*

We, John the Seventeenth, by Grace Divine,

The King of Blusterbigbrag and Turyne,
Grand Duke of Maltihopp, and Earl of Rum,
To all to whom these greeting presents come; —
We will, declare, and hereby do proclaim,
And we announce, (all which doth mean the same),
A Royal marriage 'twixt the Royal pair,
Whose Royal names we hereby do declare; —
Prince Bruno George Octavius Pericles
Horatius William Paul Themistocles
Augustus Peter Charles Sebastian John,
The Royal son-in-law I've pitched upon;
And Princess Mary Caroline Sophia
Theresa Eve Elizabeth Maria
Augusta Frederika Evelina
Victoria Laura Helena Selina,
Our only, dearest, well-beloved daughter,
Princess of all the lakes of milk and water.
The Prince and Princess shall be man and wife,
And live content and happy all their life. —
So let the priest the Church at once prepare,
And let the grandees of Turyne be there;
Besides the Chamberlain and great phisicians,
The Tories, Whigs and red-hot politicians.
The King his Maltihoppian Viscounts summons,
The Blusterbigbrag Lords and noble Rummuns. —
So let the church-bells all begin to go,
And let the Tower guns salute Bruno.

PEOPLE.

Hurrah! Hurrah! And may they live for ever!

PUNCH.

And may they both agree, and quarrel never!
Be loving, kind, forgiving, good and true! —
I speak most feelingly, you know I do;
I've had experience of married life,
And know the blessing of a scolding wife.

BRUNO.

With roses one another's path we'll strew!

PUNCH.

Take care no thorns are with them, if you do!
I had myself (ah! miserable sinner!)
Too often thorns instead of soup for dinner. —



There go the guns, and now the bells are ringing,
And now the Prince is looking still more winning.

KING.

But now, good Punch, I have a word for you;
I scarcely know, what I should rightly do.
I owe such gratitude, I can't express;
You've saved her life, you've cured the sweet Princess.

Kneel down, good Punch! and, by my kingly right,
I make you here a noble and a knight.

(Punch kneels, and the King places a gold chain round his neck).

I'll give you now this golden snuff-box too,
It's big enough for Judy and for you;
But yet the snuff-box is not made for snuff;
'Twould make you sneeze, to take such horrid stuff;
You'll find enough to buy a golden coat,
For ev'ry pinch of snuff a ten pound note.

QUEEN.

And you must take besides this looking-glass;
'Tis not attractive, for the frame is brass;
'Twill make you handsome, if you look therein,
However ugly you may once have been.

PUNCH.

Oh Gracious Queen! With pleasure I receive it;
(Aside) But yet indeed I hardly can believe it;
For, if she'd used it, then, her Royal phiz
Would never be as ugly as it is.

QUEEN.

And here's a handsome golden watch besides,
Which shows how many miles its owner rides;
With this no cabman can dispute his fare,
'Twill judge as well as any fat Lord Mayor.

PRINCESS.

I give good Punch my best and heartfelt thanks,
And half my money in the Savings-Banks.

BRUNO.

To give him dignity besides rewards,
I'll make him leader of my House of Lords;
My present Premier's rather fond of creeping,
And when we want him, then we find him sleeping.

PUNCH.

I'm much afraid, you'll find me quite as lazy;
And, if you don't, the work will drive me crazy.

KING.

And now, that Our Royal heart's so warm,
We have a duty, that we must perform;
Perhaps, some folks may think we are to blame,
But if they do, to us it's all the same.
We do declare, that from this day and off,
All our subjects are allowed to cough,
And, if the act will make them more at ease,
Then we permit them also all to sneeze,
And they may laugh, and if they like, sneeze twice;
We think henceforth, that sneezing is no vice.

BENDOWN.

Alas! The times have quite degenerated,
And all good manners have evaporated; —
A sneeze would once have caused a royal passion.

KING.

But now it can't; for sneezing's all the fashion.
(The King, Queen, Bruno, Princess and Punch all sneeze together.)

And now, good Punch, pray place us in procession,
That we may make a lasting, grand impression,
So deep, indeed, that nothing can destroy;
And let the people join us in our joy.

PUNCH *(placing each in order).*

First comes the King with sceptre and with crown,
His face is bright, his forehead has no frown;
He seems unconscious of his lady's beauty,
But walks just like a man, who's done his duty.
The lovely Queen, she walketh by his side,
And looketh marvellously like a bride.

QUEEN *(to the King).*

I know I'm handsome still. — I've often told you.

KING.

And if you're not, you know I will not scold you.

PUNCH.

Next comes the Prince, the Princess by his side;
She looks like Modesty, and he like Pride.
And well he may be proud of such a treasure.

BRUNO.

In all my life I never felt such pleasure.

KING.

I think 'tis fair, Sir Punch should come the next,
And trust no other person will feel vexed.

PUNCH.

Next come two banners and two cavaliers,
And next two maids, their faces full of sneers;
They wear around their necks tremendous ruffs,
And seem what vulgar folks regard as muffs.
Next come two chubby, consequential pages,
They're both of equal sizes, — equal ages.

BRUNO.

I think myself, they're handsome little chaps.

PUNCH.

Oh Prince! You've put a feather in their caps!
Next comes the Ass, the pride of the Creation;
He's looking sad; he's had some agitation.
He walks in thought before his younger brother,
Altho' the one is not much like the other.

BENDOWN.

Whom can he mean? I see one donkey there;
That's one too many. But I do not care. —

PUNCH.

And next comes Bendown, bowing very low,
He's very near the ass, his former foe.
He looks so sad, and seems so humble yet;
He's in deep thought, or else he's in a pet.
Next come the doctors, also very sad;
They ought to think themselves all very bad;
They're bad enough, but they don't seem so big,
As when each doctor had his learned wig.

Dr. RHUBARB.

Pray hold, Sir Punch! We beg your pardon, Sire!
To be your colleague now we all aspire;
All animosity we must destroy,
So now we wish the Prince and Princess joy. —

KING.

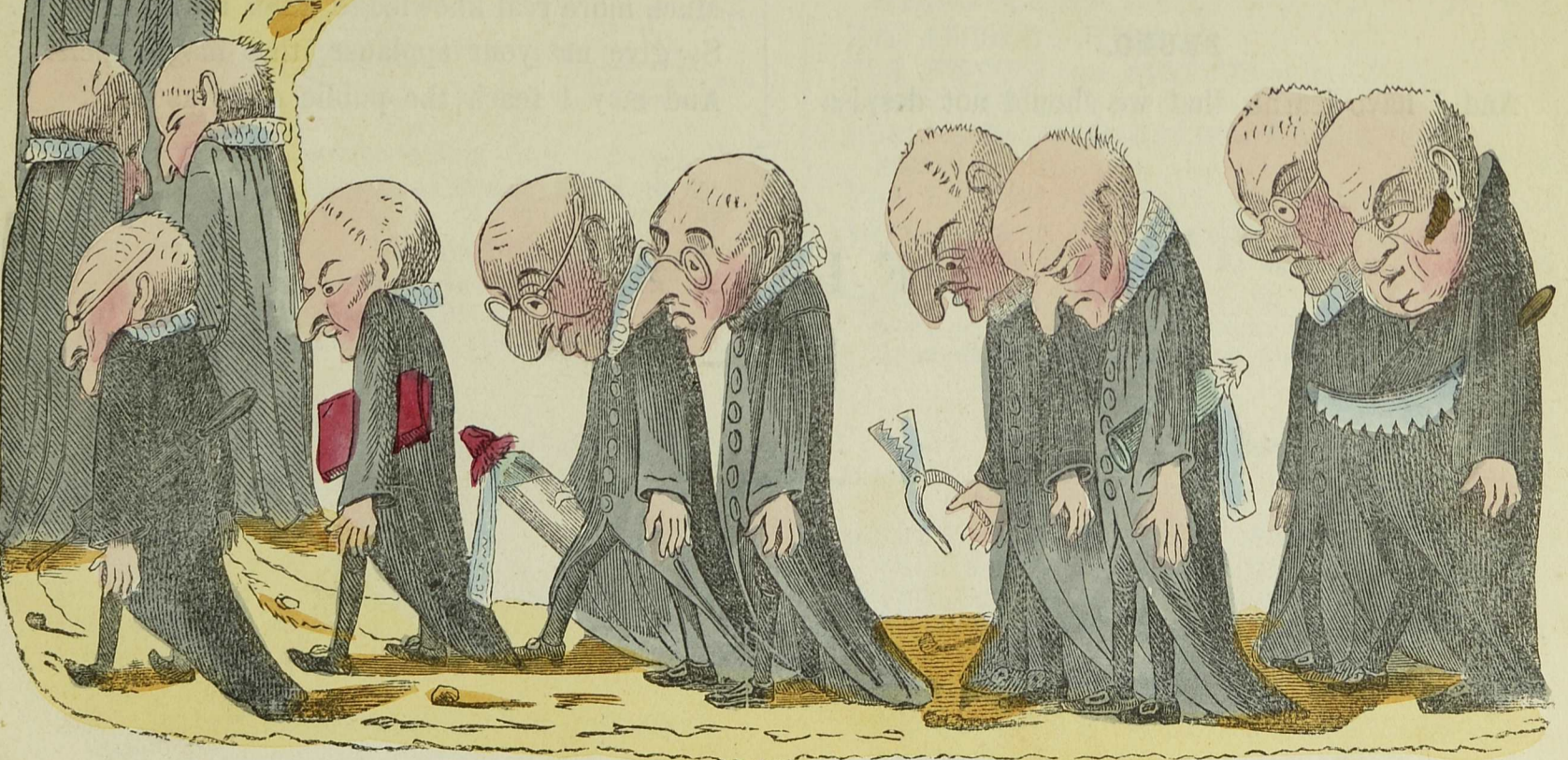
Oh Bruno! Such a wife you've scarce deserved,
She's sweet as sugar. May she be preserved!

BRUNO *(to the King).*

I love her so, I idolise your daughter.

PUNCH.

Then live united just like bricks and mortar! —
(The procession moves on, and the curtain falls amid the firing of guns and the cheers of the assembled multitude.)



EPILOGUE.

PUNCH.

Perhaps you'll ask, and even if you don't,
I do not know, that other people won't,
What earthly use there is in such a play;
Utility's the order of the day.
Some folks are never tired of abusing
A useless thing, altho' it is amusing.
With folks like these, I should not like to quarrel,
So let us try to find some wholesome moral!

KING.

I've learnt that Kings, to keep their dignity,
Should temper all their actions with benignity;
That Flattery and Chamberlain's formality
Will not ensure a Monarch immortality.

QUEEN.

I've learnt, that Hope is better than Despair;
We can't expect the weather always fair.
But when misfortunes come, away with fears!
We cannot drown stern Fate in floods of tears.

BRUNO.

And I have learnt, that we should not despise

A man, who is not opulent, but wise;
However poor a man may seem to be,
He may have riches, which Man cannot see.
I've learnt there's little in a Royal name.

PRINCESS.

And I, your future wife, have learnt the same.

BENDOWN.

I've learnt, how vain are all the pomps of Earth,
Unless accompanied by sterling worth.
When Evil comes, no Flatteries avail,
But Truth defends us, like a coat of mail.

Dr. RHUBARB.

I've learnt, what I had never learnt at school;
I've learnt a title cannot fit a fool;
As birds can't fly, which only have one wing,
So „little knowledge is a dangerous thing.“

PUNCH.

It seems to me, that I have somehow taught
Much more real knowledge, than I ever thought.
So give me your applause, that magic spell!
And may I teach the public quite as well!

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