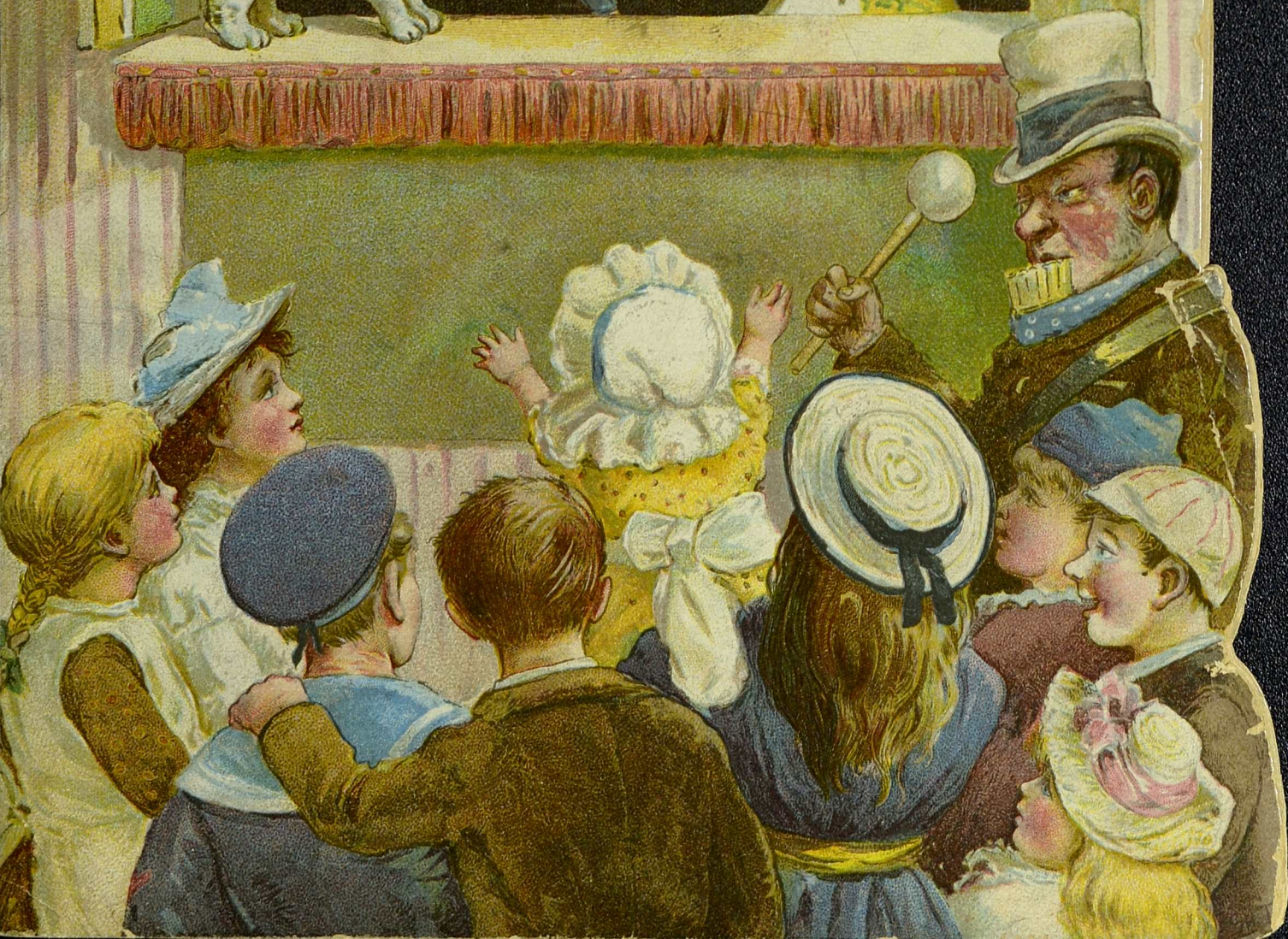


PUNCH AND JUDY





Punch and Judy.

AS PERFORMED IN ALL NURSERIES
IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

(PUNCH *looking over curtain.*)

PUNCH.

Hullo! there, I've got my eye on you.
Here we are again all a-blowing and
a-growing. Wait till I've got my boots
on and I'll be with you.

(*Sings.*) *I'm such a good-natured old chap,
I wear a nice hump on my back,
I've a beautiful nose,
And a fine suit of clothes,
And a stick—to fetch you a whack.
(Comes on stage.)*

How de do? I'm in a good humour this
morning; got out of
bed the right side.

(*Dances round the
Stage.*)

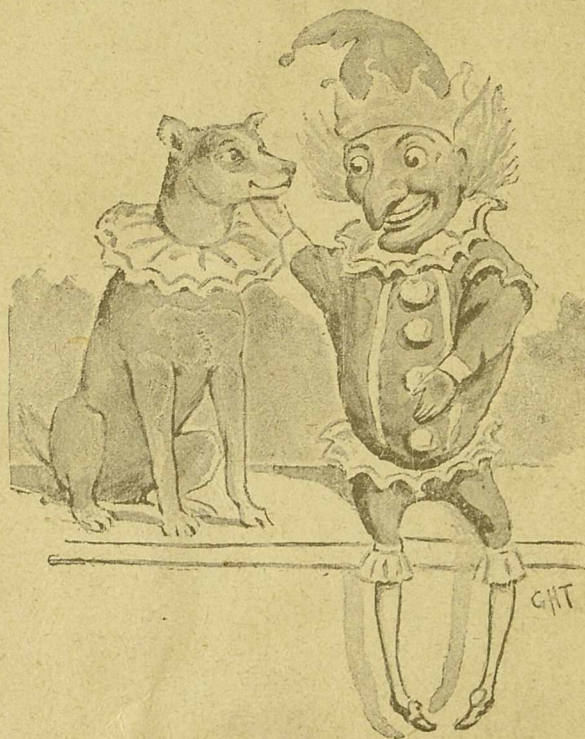
(*Sings.*) *See me
dance the Polka.*

(*Calls below.*)

Judy! Judy!! Judy,
Judy, Judy, come—

JUDY. (*Pops up.*)

Now, Mr. Punch,
I'm busy, can't wait
a second. There's



this and that, and t'other and which, all got to be done first. Now! what do you want?

PUNCH. Oh! nothing, only wanted to know if you'd like a nice—new—beautiful—silk dress, but as you're

busy it's of no consequence. Any time next year will do.

JUDY. *(Sidling up a little.)* Punch-wunchy, dear old Punchy, I'm not so very, very busy. Let's go at once.

PUNCH. Well! that will do, if you can't be sooner. But give me a kiss first.

(They hug each other affectionately and then dance a jig.)

JUDY. Now I'll go and dress the baby.

PUNCH. And don't forget to put a clean collar on Toby. *(TOBY barks.)*

PUNCH. *(Calling.)* Toby, Toby, old dog—Here! cats, rats, seize 'em! fetch 'em! Whoop!

TOBY. Bow-wow-wow.

PUNCH. Come here! Shake hands, Toby, you're a nice good-tempered dog. *(Toby snarls)* with such a cheerful smile. *(TOBY snaps at his nose.)* Oh, my nose! my best Sunday nose, my only nose. *(Enter JIM CROW.)*



JIM. Yah! Yah! Yah! Golly! Massa Punch,
how am you dis mawnin?

PUNCH. Yah! Yah! Yah! "woolly head," how are
you last Saturday fortnight? Why don't
you wash your face, you're as black as
a sweep.

JIM. Don't you call names, old lobster-nose.

PUNCH. What? You Jack in the box, would you
insult my beautiful nose? (*Aims a blow
at him with his stick.*)

JIM. We are not taking any dis mawning. Call
again (*PUNCH calls again but misses him.*)

JIM. (*Sings*) Turn about, and wheel about,
and do just so,
And every time I turn about, I jump,
Jim Crow.

(*PUNCH continues to strike at him, but misses.*)

(*Exit JIM CROW. Enter PUNCH on a DONKEY.*)

PUNCH. Whoa! Neddy, tuppence more and up
goes the donkey. (*Donkey kicks and throws
PUNCH off.*) Oh! I'm killed! I'm dead!
Doctor! Doctor! (*Enter DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR. Ha! my good friend
Punch. How's my friend Punch?
Let me feel your tongue.

PUNCH. Oh! I'm dead!

DOCTOR. No, no! Not so bad
as that. Let me look at your pulse.

PUNCH. Yes! dead as a door-nail.
All my bones are broken and I
can't move.

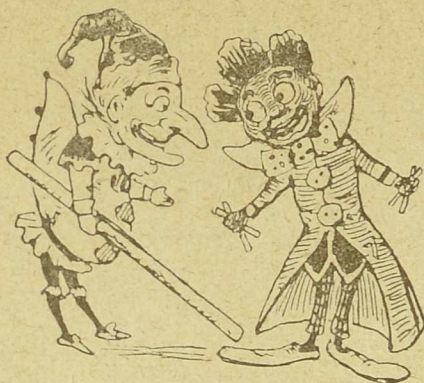


Dr feeling Pulse 11-11-11

15-1-15-9-15-10-11

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(Kicks the DOCTOR in the eye.)

DOCTOR. How long have you been dead?

PUNCH. Three weeks.

DOCTOR. And when did you die?

PUNCH. Oh! half-an-hour ago! I've been knocked down and I want a "Pick-me-up."

DOCTOR. Oh, I'll give you a tonic, such a good one! *(Fetches Stick.)* "Before taken to be well shaken." *(Shakes PUNCH and then whacks him.)*

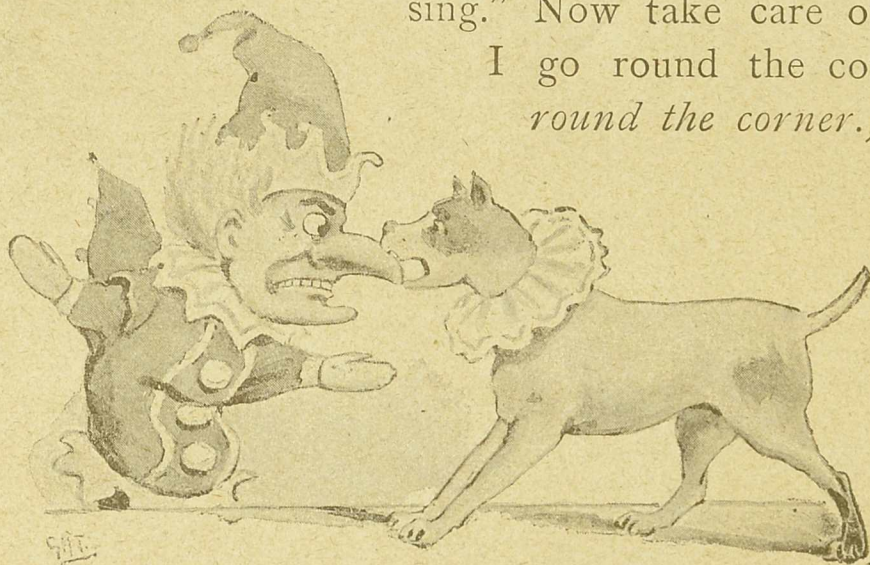
PUNCH. Only one dose at a time, Doctor, it's strong medicine.

DOCTOR. Oh! you're not cured yet. *(Whacks PUNCH again.)* Physic! Physic! Physic!

PUNCH. Yes, I am, and I'll pay your bill. *(Takes the stick and knocks the DOCTOR down.)* That's the way to pay the Doctor. *(Calls.)*

JUDY. Judy! Judy! Judy! Where's the babby? Here, Punchy, here's the "pretty ickle sing." Now take care of him while

I go round the corner. *(Goes round the corner.)*



PUNCH. (*With the BABY, sings.*)
"Don't make a noise or else
you'll wake the baby." It was a
popsey-wopsey. Isn't it a beau-
tiful babby? (*BABY squalls.*)
Stop that noise—you twopenny
doll.



(*Sings.*) "*Hush-a-by baby on the tree top.*" (*BABY yells.*)
Go to mammy!! (*Throws BABY out of window.*)
(*Enter JUDY.*)

JUDY. Where's the child—where's my dear,
dear—darling—BABY?

PUNCH. I thought you caught him. I threw him
down to you.

JUDY. Oh! you cross-nosed, hook-backed, bandy-
eyed, hump-legged old villain, take that—
and *that*—and—*that*. (*Beating him with
stick.*)

PUNCH. (*Taking the stick from her.*) There's a
little one for yourself. (*Knocks her down.*)
(*Enter CROCODILE.*)

PUNCH. Hullo! What a mouth for the toothache.
(*Rams his staff down the Crocodile's throat.*)
Oh dear! he has swallowed the toothpick.
(*Sings*) "*Ri tooral, looral, li-day.*"

(*Enter JOEY.*)

JOEY. (*Poking his head round the corner and
(disappearing again.)*) "Tooral, looral, li-
day."

PUNCH. Did anybody speak? (*Sings*) "*Fol-de-rol,
tol-de-rol, fol-de-rol-day*"

JOEY.

No, the wind blew. Fol-de-rol, tol-de-rol,
fol-de-rol-day.

PUNCH.

Punchy! Punchy! Punchy!
(Looking round the corner.) "Who's dat
a calling so sweet?"



(JOEY comes up
with the dead
body of JUDY
and pokes it in
PUNCH's face.)

JOEY. Punch!

PUNCH. Why I
settled you long
ago. (Knocks
JUDY down.)

(JOEY comes up
with the body of

the DOCTOR and bobs it in PUNCH's face.)

JOEY.

Punch!

PUNCH.

Hullo! Here's the Doctor come for his bill
again. (Whacks the body, and suddenly
discovers JOEY between JUDY and the
DOCTOR.) Hullo! (Tries to hit him, but
JOEY dodges.) Shake hands, Joey!
I wouldn't hurt you for the world.
(Aims a blow at him, but misses.)

There, it didn't hurt, did it?

JOEY.

No.

PUNCH.

Nor that, nor that, nor that?

(Aims at him, but misses.)

JOEY.

Not a bit; didn't feel it.

*Blessed with
Joey*



PUNCH. Try one of this sort. (*Misses again.*)

JOEY. Go on—you couldn't hit a haystack.

PUNCH. Oh, dear! I can't hit him at all.
(*Aims another blow at JOEY, but hits JONES, who has just popped up. Exit JOEY.*)

JONES. (*Rubbing his head.*)

What a fortunate fellow I am. If there

is anything knocking about I'm sure to come in for it. Now, Mr. Punch, where's my dog Toby?

PUNCH. What sort of a dog is he—a little dog with a tail one end and a head the other?

JONES. Yes.

PUNCH. Well, that's my dog.

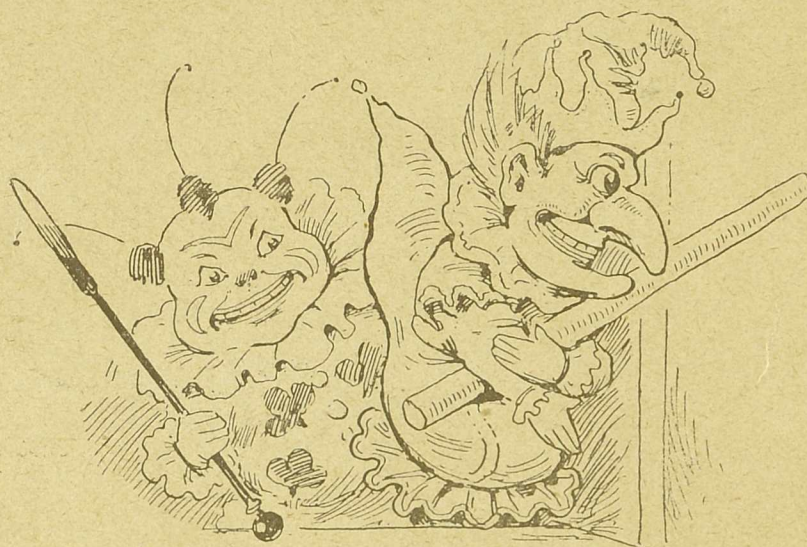
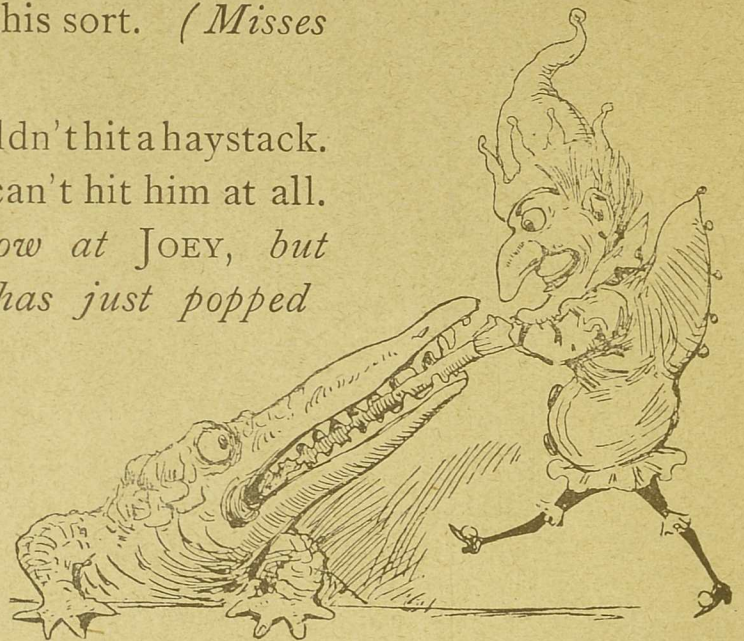
JONES. I tell you he's mine.

PUNCH. Will you fight for him?

JONES. Yes; but let's fight fair. No hitting on

the head and no hitting on the body, no treading on the toes.

PUNCH. All right. Come on. (*Hits JONES on the nose.*)



JONES. I say, that's against the rules. (*Calls TOBY.*)
Toby! Toby!! Toby!!! Come and help
your master. (*General fight*) *Kills Jones*

(*Enter BEADLE.*)

~~BEADLE.~~ Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!! What's all this
noise about? Move on, I say.

PUNCH. Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo! Here's another guy.

BEADLE. Do you know who I am?

PUNCH. Oh! you are Church Warming Pan, Street
Sweeper, and Black Beetle of the Parish.
So am I.

BEADLE. Pooh! You a Beadle? Show me your
authority.

PUNCH. There it is. (*Pokes his staff into him.*)

BEADLE. Don't you knock me about in that
manner. (*They fight.*)

BEADLE. There goes one.

PUNCH. Well and there goes two.

BEADLE. That's an-
other one.

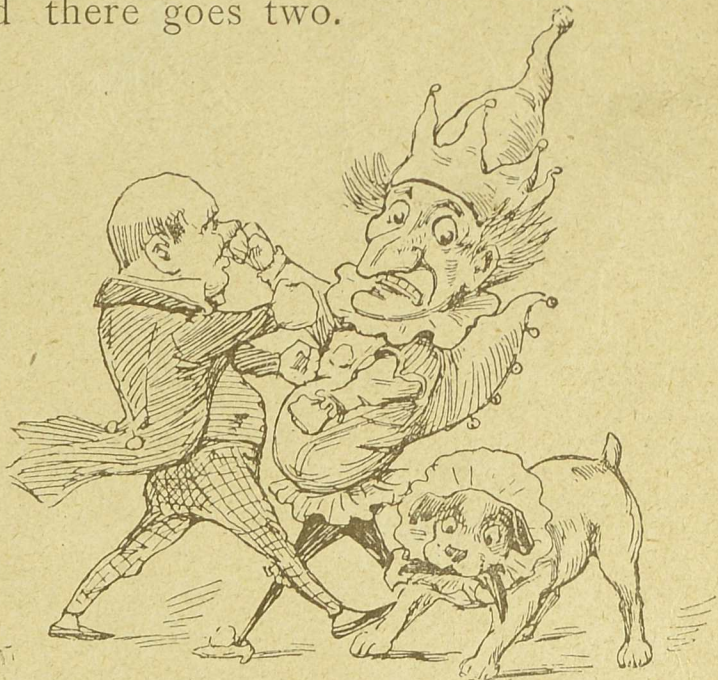
PUNCH. There's a
rubber one.

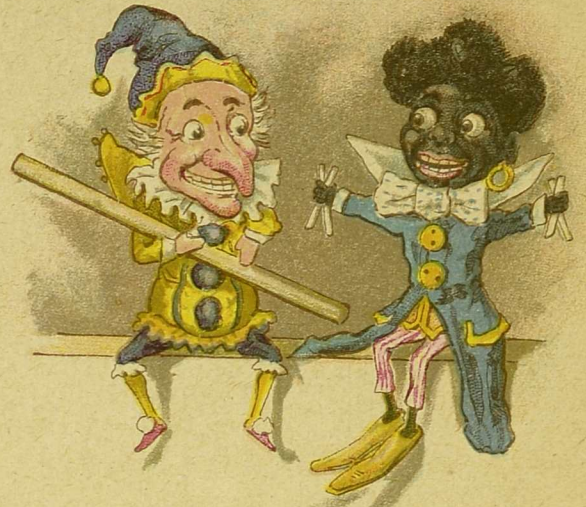
BEADLE. Oh! that's
a topper.

PUNCH. And that's a
whopper. (*Knocks
him out of sight.*)
That's the way to
serve the Beadle.

(*Enter POLICEMAN.*)

PUNCH. Bobby, what's





the time? (*Sings: If you want to know the time, ask a policeman.*)

POLICEMAN. I'll tell you the time—it's time for you to go to prison.

PUNCH. Oh—you're *too fast*, and I'm *not going*.

POLICEMAN. I've an order in my pocket to lock you up.

PUNCH. And I've an order in my pocket to knock you down. (*Does so*)

(*Enter BEADLE and HANGMAN.*)

PUNCH. Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm so sorry.

(*They arrest him.*)

PUNCH IN PRISON.

(*Enter HANGMAN.*)

HANGMAN. Now, Mr. Punch, come out and be hanged! I'm in a hurry.

PUNCH. But *I'm not*. (*HANGMAN drags him out*)

PUNCH. Oh! I've a bone in my leg; I can't walk.

HANGMAN. You won't want to walk any more. Now have you made your will?

PUNCH. No.



HANGMAN. Well, we can't hang you till you make your will.

PUNCH. Then I won't make mine at all.

HANGMAN. Now, no nonsense, put your head in here. (*Points to noose.*)



PUNCH. Here?-

HANGMAN. No, higher up.

PUNCH. Here?

HANGMAN. No, lower down.

PUNCH. Here? Here? Here?

(Putting his head everywhere but in the noose.)

HANGMAN. No. Stoopid! There!!

PUNCH. Well! How am I to know? I never was hanged before.

HANGMAN. That's true. Well! I'll show you; evidently you don't know how it's done. See now; you put your head in like this. *(Puts his head in the noose.)*

PUNCH. Yes; and you pull the rope like this *(Pulls the rope and hangs the HANGMAN.)* Oh! it's quite easy when you're used to it. That's the way to serve the Hangman.

(Sings: What a day we're having.)

Now! I don't care for anybody or anything.

(Enter GHOST.)

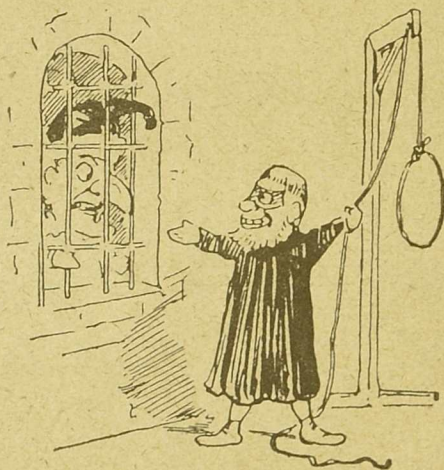
GHOST. Boo! ooo!! ooooo!!!

PUNCH. Oh dear! Here's my sweetheart back again. Take it away!

GHOST. Boo-oooo!! Wimm-rrr. Ooo!!

PUNCH. Why don't you speak English?

GHOST. I can't, I'm a foreigner and come from Bogieland.



PUNCH. Well, I hope you've got a return ticket. What do you want?

GHOST. I've come for Punch—the man who was to be hanged.

PUNCH. Oh! there he is. (*Points to HANGMAN.*) Take him away. I don't want him.



GHOST. Thank you—much obliged.
(*Takes HANGMAN.*)

PUNCH. Good night. (*Crows "Cock-a-doodle-doo."*)
(*Ghost disappears.*)

PUNCH. That's the way to get rid of the Ghost. Well, they are all gone now. I've settled all my enemies, so I'm going to live in peace and quiet. Good night, little boys and girls! Good night, everybody! Good night! Good night!

THE END.



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