



PUNCHINELLO

By ESTELLE M. KERR

"PUNCHINELLO, Punchinello!" the Sicilian children cry
As they flock to where the pretty mimic stage is reared on high.
"Punchinello! Quick, begin it!" Hands and feet will not keep still;
"Ah!" the little curtain's lifted! Now they listen with a will.
You're surprised, if you'll admit it, for I was myself, to see
Dear old Punch disporting gaily, off in sunny Sicily.

Here his costume's somewhat altered, but he's up to his old tricks,
And his same old love of beating all the people, plainly sticks.
Punchinello was Italian, and he lived there long ago,
Then he went to France, and England, always popular, and so
Changed his costume with his language, and he sailed across the sea,
Judy, Toby and the Baby, came with Punch to you and me.