VOCAL SCORE
OF
The Mikado;
or
The Town of Titipu.
Arrangement for Pianoforte
by
GEORGE LOWELL TRACY,
(OF BOSTON, U.S.A.)
OF THE ABOVE NAMED OPERA BY
W. S. GILBERT
AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
Joint Authors of "THESPIS; or THE GODS GROWN OLD;" "TRIAL BY JURY;" "THE SORCERER;" "H.M.S.PINAFORE;" "THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR;" "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE; or THE SLAVE OF DUTY;" "PATIENCE; or BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE;" "IOLANTHE; or THE PEER AND THE PERI;" and "PRINCESS IDA; or CASTLE ADAMANT;"

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COMPLETE PIANO SCORE.......$2.00


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CAUTION.—I have permitted Mr. G. L. Tracy to incorporate in this work the vocal parts of The Mikado for the sole purpose of their being sung in private. Single detached numbers may be sung at Concerts, not more than two at any one Concert, but they must be given without Stage Costume or Action. Applications for the right of performing any more than the above, or the complete Opera must be made to R. D'Oyly Carte, Savoy Theatre, London. Every copy of this book is offered for sale strictly upon the condition that it shall be used only as above. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday, 14th March, 1885, management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

The Mikado

or

The Town of Titipu.

Dramatis Personae.

The Mikado of Japan

Nanki-Poo (His Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with Yum-Yum)

Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)

Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else)

Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord)

Yum-Yum

Pitti-Sing (Three Sisters—Wards of Ko-Ko)

Peep-Bo

Katisha (an elderly Lady, in love with Nanki-Poo)

Chorus of School Girls, Nobles, Guards and Coolies.

ACT I.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko’s official residence.

ACT II.—Ko-Ko’s Garden.

Stage Guide or Acting Libretto and Orchestra Parts of “The Mikado” may be had from the Publishers.
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OVERTURE.

PRIMO.
Andante con moto. ($d = 69$)
Allegro con brio.
ACT I.

N° 1.

Chorus of Men.

Allegro vivace.
If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan.

On many a vase and jar
On many a screen and fan

We figure in lively paint, Our
at-titude quee and quaint
You're wrong if you think it ain't.

Oh,

Unison.

If you think we are world by strings,

Like a commonplace marionette,

You don't understand these things,
simply Court e - ti - quette.

Per - haps you suppose this throng. Can't keep it up for long? If

that's your i - dea, you're wrong. Oh, oh,
On vase and

On vase and

jar, On screen and fan.

jar, On screen and fan.
NANKI. Recit.

Gentle-men I pray you tell me, Where a gentle maiden dwell-eth, Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-ko? In pity speak, oh

PISH.

speak, I pray you! Why who are you, who ask this question?

NANKI

Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.
No 2.

Song and Chorus.

(NANKI-POOH.)

Allegretto con grazia.

A wandering minstrel

I'm a thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads songs and

snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is

long,
Thro' every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing I
Andante espressivo.

Are you in sentimental mood? I'll sigh with you,

Oh, sorrow! Oh maiden's coldness do you brood? I'll do so too.

Oh, sorrow, sorrow! I'll charm your willing ears with songs of love and tears,

While sympathetic tears my cheeks bedew.
Allepro marziale.

Oh, sorrow sorrow! But if

patrio-tic sen-ti-ment is want-ed, I've patrio-tic bal-lads cut and

dried; For wher-e'er our coun-try's ban-ner may be plant-ed, All

other lo-cal ban-ners are de-fied! Our war-ri-ors in ser-ried ranks as-

sem-bled, Ne-ver quail or they con-ceal it if they do And I

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shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled Before the mighty troops, the troops of Ti-

MEN:

We shouldn't be surprised if people trembled, trembled with alarm Before the mighty

Allegro pesante, non troppo vivo. \((\text{d} = 160)\) NANKI.

And

troops, the troops of Ti-

if you call for a song of the sea, We'll heave the capstan round, With a
Ye ho heave ho, for the wind is free, Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee, Hur rah for the homeward bound!

Lay a-loft in a howling breeze May tickle a landsman's taste, But the happiest hour a

sailor sees is when he's down At an inland town With his Nancy on his knees, yeo-bo! And his
Round, with a yeo heave ho, And a rum-be-low, Hurrah for the home-ward round, with a yeo heave ho, And a rum-be-low, Hurrah for the home-ward
NANKI.

Allegretto.

wan - dring min - stre! i - A thing of shreds and patch-es, Of bal - lads, songs and

snatch-es, And dream-y lul - la - by, And dream-y lul -

- la - lul - la - by lul - la - by!

dream - y lul - la - by, lul - la - by!
Song and Chorus.

No. 3.

Allegro con brio.

PISH-TUSH.

Our great Mi-ka-do, virtuous man, When he to rule our land began, Re solv'd to try A plan whereby Young men might best be steadied. So he de-creed in words suc-cinct, That all who flirt-ed, leer'd, or wink'd (Un-less con-nu-bi-al-ly link'd,) Should forthwith be be-head-ed, be-head-ed, be-head-ed, Should forthwith be be-
That he was right to so decree. And I am right, And you are right, And all is right as right can be! And all is right as right can be, Right as right can be!
This stern decree, you'll understand, Caused great dismay throughout the land; For young and old and

-sly and bold Were equally affected, The youth who wink'd a roving eye, Or breath'd a non-con-

ubial sigh, Was there-upon condemned to die. He usually objected, objected, obj-

jected, He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect, That
And you are right, And I am right, And you are right, And ev'-ry-thing is quite correct, All is quite correct.

MEN.  

And you are right, And we are right, And ev'-ry-thing is quite, is quite correct, And ev'-ry-thing is quite correct, All is quite correct.
out on bail A-convict from the county jail, Whose head was next On some pretext con-
demned to be mown off, And made him Headsman, for we said "Who's next to be de-
capitated Cannot cut off another's head Until he's cut his own off, his own off, his
own off, until he's cut his own off!"

And we are right, I think you'll say, To
argue in this kind of way. And I am right, And you are right, And all is right, too-

looral-ley.

MEN.

And you are right, And we are right, And all is right, Too-looral, looral-

And I am right, And you are right, And all is right. And you are right, And we are right, And all is right!

right!

right!
Song.

No 4.

POOH-BAH (with NANKI and PISH.)

Allegro moderato. Tempo di Minuetto.

Young man, despair, Likewise go to, Yum-

Yum the fair You must not woo. It will not do: I'm sorry for you, You

very imperfect ablutioner!

This

very day From school Yum-Yum Will
wend her way, And home-ward come With beat of drum, And a

rum-tum-tum, To wed the Lord High Execution-er!

And the brass will crash, And the

trum-pet bray, And they'll cut a dash on their wed-ding day, She'll tod-dle a-way, as

all a-ver, With the Lord High Exec-u-tion-er! NANKI & FISH.

And the brass will crash, And the
She'll toddle away, as trumpets bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wedding day. She'll toddle away, as

all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner!

all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner!

2. It's a hope-less case As you may see, And in your place Away I'll flee; But

don't blame me I'm sorry to be Of your pleasure a diminution-er.
They'll vow their pact extremely soon,

In point of fact this afternoon Her

honey-moon With that buffoon at seven commences so

you shun her.

And the brass will crash, And the trumpet tray, And they'll cut a dash on their wedding day, She'll
toddle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner!

NANKI & FISH.

And the trumpets bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wedding day.

She'll
Recit.

(NANKI—POOH—BAH.)

Recit.

And have I jour-nayed for a month, or near-ly, To learn that Yum-Yum, whom I love so
dead-ly. This day to Ko-ko is to be un-i-ted!

Recit. POOH.  

The fact ap-pear to be as you’ve re-ci-ted:

Recit.  

But here he comes, e-quipped a-units his sta-tion, He’ll give you a-ny fur-ther in-for-ma-tion.
Chorus with Solo.

(Ko-Ko.)

No 5.

Allegro marziale. \( \text{\textit{J}} = 144. \)

Tenors.

Be-hold the Lord High Ex-e-cu-tion-er! A per-son-age of no-ble rank and

Basses.

Be-hold the Lord High Ex-e-cu-tion-er! A per-son-age of no-ble rank and
title A dignified and potent officer, Whose functions are particularly vital. Defer, defer, To the Lord High Executioner! Defer, defer, To the noble Lord, to the noble Lord, to the Lord High Executioner!

Lord High Executioner! Defer, defer, To the Lord High Executioner! Defer, defer, To the
As one sometimes is in trance, To a height that few can scale,

Save by long and weary dances; Surely, never had a male

So adventurous a tale, Which may rank with most romances.

KO-KO.

Taken from the county jail By a set of curious chances,

Liberated then on bail On my own recognition; Wafted by a favoring

gale As one sometimes is in trance, To a height that few can scale,
Taken from the county jail.

By a set of curious chances,

Taken from the county jail.

Li-bra-ted then on

P staccato.

Surely, never had a male
So ad-ven-tu-rous a tale.

De-fer, de-fer, To the Lord High Ex-e-cu-tion-er! De-fer, de-fer, To the Lord High Ex-e-cu-tion-er!
To the noble Lord, to the noble Lord High Executioner! Bow down, bow down, To the Lord High Executioner! Degrade, defer, To the noble, noble Lord, The High Executioner!
As someday it may happen that a victim must be found, I've got a little list... I've
nigger serenade, and the others of his race, And the piano organist... I've
got a little list. Of society of-fenders who might well be un-der-ground, and who
got him on the list! And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face, They
never would be miss'd... who never would be miss'd! There's the pesti- lential nuis-ances who
never would be miss'd... They never would be miss'd! Then the i-di-o-t who prai-ses, with en-
write for au-to-graphs... All people who have flabby hands and ir-ri-tat-ing laughs... All
thu-si-as-tic tone... All cen-tu ries but this, and ev-ry coun-try but his own; And the
chil-dren who are up in dates and flore you with'em flat. All per-sons who in shak-ing-hands, shake la-dy from the pro-vin-ces, who dress-es like a guy. And who does-at think she waltz-es, but would

hand with you like that. And all third per-sons who on spoiling let-i-ish insist. They'd ra-ther like to try; And that sin-gu-lar an-o-ma-ly, the la-dy no-vel-ist. I

none of 'em be miss'd, they'd none of 'em be miss'd! don't think she'll be miss'd. I'm sure she'll not be miss'd! CHORUS OF MEN.

He's got 'em on the list he's got her on the list he's got 'em on the list he's got her on the list. And that

1st and 2nd verse.

KO-KO

2. There's the 3. And that

got 'em on the list; And they'll none of 'em be miss'd. They'll none of 'em be miss'd! got her on the list; And I don't think she'll be miss'd, I'm sure she'll not be miss'd!

3. I don't think she'll be miss'd, I'm sure she'll not be miss'd!
Ni- si Pri-us nui-sance, who just now is ra- ther rife. The Ju- di-cial hu-mor-ist... I've got him on the list! All fun- ny fel-lows, com- ic men, and clowns of pri- vate life... They'd none of 'em be miss'd... they'd none of 'em be miss'd! And a- po-lo- ge- tic statesmen of a com- pro- mis- ing kind, Such as... what-dye call him... Thing 'em bob, and like-wise Ne-ver Mind, And St- st- st- and What'shis-name, and al-so You-know-who... The...
task of fill-ing up the blanks I'd ra-ther leave to you. But it real-ly does-not mat-ter whom you
put up-on the list, For they'd none of 'em be miss'd they'd none of 'em be miss'd!

CHORUS OF MEN.

You may
You may
You may
You may
You may
You may
You may
You may
You may
You may

none of 'em be missed they'll none of 'em be missed!
none of 'em be missed they'll none of 'em be missed!
No 6.

Chorus of Girls.

Allegretto grazioso.

Sopranos.

Comes a train of little ladies

From scholastic tram-mels
Each a little bit a

Irrend is, Wondering what the world can

be?

Is it but a

world of trouble Sadness set to

song?

Is its beauty
but a bubble, bound to break ever long?
Are its palaces and pleasures that fade?
And the glory of its treasures, shadow of a
shade? And the glory of its treasures

of a shade? And the glory of its treasures

Shadows of a shade?

Shadows of a shade?

Shadows of a shade?

Schoolgirls we eighteen and under.
From scholastic trammels free.
And we

wonder—how we wonder!
We

wonder—how we wonder!
What on

dim.

earth the world can be!
What on

earth the world can be!
Trio.

No. 7.  (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo & Petti Sing) with Chorus of Girls.

Allegretto grazioso.

Trio.  (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo & Petti Sing) with Chorus of Girls.

maids from school are we,  Pert as a school-girl well can be,  Filled to the brim with girl-ish

maids from school are we,  Pert as a school-girl well can be,  Filled to the brim with girl-ish
Three little maids from school! Everything is a source of fun.

No body's safe, for we care for none!

Life is a joke that's just begun!
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids who, all unwarly, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius tutela-ry.

Three little maids from school.

Three little maids who, all unwarly, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius tutela-ry.
school, Three little maids from school.

One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum,

Two little maids in attendance come,

Three little maids is the total sum,

Three little maids from school.
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids from school.

Three little maids from school.

one away.

Two little maids remain, and they

Won't have to wait very long, they say...

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!
Three little maids who, all unhawy, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius.

Three little maids who, all unhawy, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius.

Three little maids who, all unhawy, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius.

Three little maids who, all unhawy, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius.

Tutelary, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutelary, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutelary, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutelary, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutelary, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!
No 8.
(YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, PETTI-SING, POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH) WITH CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Quintett.

Allegro con brio.

YUM-YUM.

So please you, Sir, we much re-

PEEP-BO.

So please you, Sir, we much re-

PETTI-SING.

So please you, Sir, we much re-

So please you, Sir, we much re-

YUM-YUM.

If we have failed in e-ti-quette Towards a man of rank so high We shall know

If we have failed in e-ti-quette Towards a man of rank so high We shall know

If we have failed in e-ti-quette Towards a man of rank so high We shall know

If we have failed in e-ti-quette Towards a man of rank so high We shall know
we're designed to dance and sing, Tra la la la la la,

But youth, of course, must have its fling, So pardon us, So

better by and bye.

But don't in girlhood's happy spring, Be hard on us, Be hard on us, If

par- don us,
Petti-sing.

And don't in girlhood's happy spring, Be hard on us, Be hard on us, If

Yum yum.

But

peeP-bo.

But

we're designed to dance and sing, Tra la la la la la,

But

chorus of girls.

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la

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youth, of course, must have its fling. So pardon us, And
la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la
la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la

youth, of course, must have its fling. So pardon us, And

don't in girl-hoods happy spring, Be hard on us.

But

youth, of course must have its fling, So pardon us, Tra la la la la
You can not show too much respect towards the high-ly-ti-pled few; But no-body does, and why should you?

That youth at us should have his fling. Is hard on us, Is hard on us;
tive we cling. So pardon us, So pardon us, if we decline to dance and

YUM-YUM.

PEEP-BO. But youth, of course, must

PITTI-SING. But youth, of course, must

But youth, of course, must

sing, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la

have its fling, So pardon us, And don't in girlhood's

have its fling, So pardon us, And don't in girlhood's

have its fling, So pardon us, And don't in girlhood's

la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la

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hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

la, Tra la la la la la la!

la, Tra la la la la la la!

CHORUS.

But youth, of course must have its fling, So

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

par - don us, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra

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Duet.

YUM-YUM & NANKI-POOH.

Andante non troppo lento.

We're you not to Ko-Ko plight-ed, I would say in tendef

tone, "Lov'd one, let us be u-ni- ted; Let us be each oth-er's own!" I would

merge all rank and sta - tion, World-ly sneers are nought to us, And to mark my ad-mi-

YUM-YUM

He would fond - ly kiss me thus

ra - tion, I would fond - ly kiss you thus. I would fond - ly kiss me thus.
But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko, To embrace you thus con-fu-co, Would distinctly be no glio-co.

And for you I should get to-co, To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co,

Tempo I.

So in spite of all temptation, Such a theme I'll not dis-cuss, And on no con-si-der-a-tion Will I kiss you fond-ly thus... Will I kiss you fond-ly.
Allegro.

thus. Let me make it clear to you, This is what I'll never do This, oh, this oh,

YUM-YUM.

This, oh, this oh, this oh, this is what I'll never, never do! This, oh, this oh, this oh,

this oh, this this is what I'll never do! I'll never do!

never do! This is what I'll never, never do!

Oh this, this is what I'll never, never do!
Trio.
KO-KO, PISH-TUSH, POOH-BAH.

POOH-BAH.

All? non troppo vivace. I am so proud, If I al-low'd My fa-mi-ly pride To

be my guide, I'd vo-lun-teer To quit this sphere, In stead of you, In a minute or two, But

fam-ly pride Must be de-nied, And set a-side, And mor-ti-fied, And mor-ti-

fied.

My brain it teems... With end-less schemes, Both good and new For Ti-

pu! But if I flit, The be-ne-fit, That I'd dif-fuse The town would lose! The town would lose! Now
Every man to aid his clan should plot and plan as best he can.

I heard one day, a gentleman say that criminals who are cut in two can hardly feel the fatal steed, and so are slain, are slain without much pain. If this is true it's jolly for you; your courage screw to bid us adieu.

My brain it I am so proud, if
I heard one day, a gentle-man say: That cri-mi-nals who are cut in two Can hardly feel the tears With endless schemes Both good and new For Ti-ti-pu, For Ti-ti-pu; But if I allow'd my family pride To be my guide, I'd fatal steel, and so are slain, are slain Without much pain, If this is true It's jolly for you; Your courage flit, The ben-e-fit That I'd diffuse The town would lose! Now ev'ry-man To aid his clan Should volunteer To quit this sphere Instead of you, In a screw To bid us a-dieu.

KO-KO
plot and plan As best he can. And so, Al-though I'm minute or two.
ready to go, Yet recollect Tweredisrespect Did I neglect To thus effect This

aim direct, So I object. POOH-BAH. And so, Although I wish to go, And
greatly pine To brightly shine, And take the line Of a hero fine. With grief con dign I

And go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare. I'm quite aware It's

must decline.
your affair, Yet I declare I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd
sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock, In a pestilential prison, with a lifelong lock, A waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chippier chopper on a big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a
dull, dark dock, In a pesti-lential prison, with a life-long lock, A

dull, dark dock, In a pesti-lential prison, with a life-long lock, A

dull, dark dock, In a pesti-lential prison, with a life-long lock, A

waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chip-py chopper on a

waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chip-py chopper on a

waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chip-py chopper on a

big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life-long lock, A short sharp shock A

big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life-long lock, A short sharp shock A

big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life-long lock, A short sharp shock A
big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a pestilential prison. And a
big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a pestilential prison. And a
big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a pestilential prison. And a

waiting the sensation From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big
waiting the sensation From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big
waiting the sensation From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big

black block!
black block!
black block!
No. 11.  

Finale Act I.

Allegro moderato.

GIRLS.

CHORUS. With aspect stern And gloomy stride,

MEN. With aspect stern And gloomy stride,

We come to learn How you decide.

We come to learn How you decide.
Don't hesitate

Don't hesitate

name,

A dreadful fate You'll suffer all the same,

A dreadful fate You'll suffer all the same.

POOH-BAH.

To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

KO-KO

Con-
The Japanese equivalent for
KO-KO

'Tis Nan-ki Pooh! I think he'll do?

Hear, hear, hear, Hail, Nan-ki-Pooh!
Yes yes he'll do!

Hear, hear, hear, Hail, Nan-ki-Pooh!
Yes yes he'll do!

yields his life if I'll Yum-Yums surrender; Now I adore that girl with passion tender, And

could not quit her with a ready will, Or her allot, If I did not A
dore my-self, with pas- sion ten-dre still! With pas- sion ten-dre still!

KO-KO.

still! CHORUS.

Take her—she's yours!

Ah, yes! he loves him-self with pas-sion ten-dre still!

Ah, yes! he loves him-self with pas-sion ten-dre still!

YUM-YUM

NANKI-POOH.

And fair-ly shines the dawn-ing

Allegro con brio.

The threat-en'd cloud has pass'd a-way,
Let the throng our joy advance,
Then let the throng our joy advance,
Then let the throng our joy advance, with laughing
With laughing song, and merry dance, Then let the throng Our joy advance,
With laughing song, and merry dance, Then let the throng Our joy advance,
With laughing song, and merry dance, Then let the throng Our joy advance,
With laughing song, and merry dance, Then let the throng Our joy advance.
rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and
rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In au - gu - rate, in augur - ate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer.
shout!

PITTI-SING

Or far, or near, or far, or

rear.

A day, a week, a month, a year

rear.

rear.

rear.

near.

You'll live at least a honey-moon!

PEEP-BO.

Then

NANKI-POOH.

POOH-BAH.

Life's eventide comes much too soon,

Then

POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH.
Shout! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

As in three weeks you've got to die, if Ko-Kotellsus true, 'twere empty compliment to cry Long life to Nan-ki-Poo! But as you've got three weeks to live As fellow-citizen, This toast with three times three we'll give. Long life; long life to you, till
CHORUS...

May all good fortune, all good fortune prosper you, May you have health, may you have health and riches too, May you succeed in health, may you have health and riches too, May all good fortune prosper you, May you have health, may you have health and riches too, May all good fortune prosper you, May you have health, may you have health and riches too, May all good fortune prosper you, May you have
do, in all, all you do, Long life to you, till
health and riches too, May you succeed in all you do, Long life, long life to you, till
health and riches too, May you succeed in all you do, Long life, long life to you, till

Recit. KATISHA.

Allegro agitato.

Your revels cease. Assist me
all of you!

Why who is this whose evil eyes Rainblight on our festivities?

Why who is this whose evil eyes Rainblight on our festivities?

Recit.

claim my perjurer lover Nan-ki Pooh!

Oh fool! to shun des-

Recit.

lights that never cloy!

Come back oh shallow fool, come back to

Go, leave thy deadly work undone!

Recit.

Go, leave thy deadly work undone!
joy!

Ah! 'Tis Ka-ti-sha, The

Away! away! ill-favoured one!

Away! away! ill-favoured one!

f a tempo

dim.

KATISHA.

No! you shall not go, These arms shall thus enfold you!

maid of whom I told you.

Allegro agitato.

Oh fool, that sleepest My hallowed joys!

Oh blind, that seekest No equipoise!
Oh rash, that judg-est From half the whole!

Oh base, that grudg-est Love's light-est dole! Thy

heart un-bind, Oh fool, oh blind! Give me my place, Oh rash, oh base! Thy

heart un-bind, Give me my place, Oh fool, oh blind, Oh

rash, oh base! Thy heart un-bind, Give me, give me my
If she thy bride, restore her place, Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

Pink cheek, that rulest Wheresoever wisdom serves! Bright eye, that

fool'est heroic nerves; Rose lip, that

scorn'est love-laden years. Sweet tongue, that

warn'est Who rightly hears... Thy doom is nigh, Pink cheek, bright
knell is rung, Rose-lip, sweet tongue! Thy doom is nigh, Thy

knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright eye, Rose-lip, sweet tongue! Thy

doom is nigh, Thy knell, thy knell is rung.

If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet

TUTTI.
Thy doom is nigh, Thy knell

If true her tale, thy knell is rung, If true her
tongue!

is rung, Thy knell, thy knell is

tale, Thy knell is rung, Thy knell is

Pitti-sing.

A-way, nor prose-cute your

rung!
quest From our intention well expressed, You cannot turn us! The state of

your nuptial views Toward the person you accuse Does not concern us!

Allegretto grazioso. ($=88$)

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum... You anger pray bury, For

CHORUS.

Yum-Yum.

all will be merry, I think you had better succumb... And join our expressions of

Gumb.cumb!

Gumb.cumb!
glee, On this subject I pray you be dumb. You'll find there are many Who'll

Dumba.dumb!

Dumba.dumb!

wed for a penny. The word for your guidance is, "Mum". There's lots of good fish in the

Mum.mum!

Mum.mum!

sea! CHORUS. PITTI.SING with 2d Sop.

On this subject we pray you be dumb.dumb.dumb. We think you had better suc-

On this subject we pray you be dumb.dumb.dumb. We think you had better suc-
cumb_cumb_rumb! You'll find there are many Who'll wed for a penny, Who'll wed for a penny. There are lots of good fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!
The hope I cherish'd

All life-less lies, And all has

And all has

All life-less lies, And all has

Save love, which never dies,

All life-less lies, And all has

And all has

I'll tear the mask from your disguise!
KATISHA.

NANKI (aside)  
Prepare yourself for news surprising!

Now comes the blow!

Recit.  
No minstrel he, despite bravado!

How foil my foe?  
Ha!

He is the son of your...  
ha! I know!

Meno mosso.
In vain you interrupt with this tornado. He is the
bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!

bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!

only son of your... I'll spoil.
o ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
o ni!

Your gay gambado! He is the son.
bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
o ni!

Of your...
The son of your
bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
o ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
O nil! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! o-ya, o-ya!

Allegro con brio.

Ye tor-rents roar! Ye tem pests howl! Your wrath out-pour with angry
grow! Do ye your worst, my vengeance call! Shall rise triumphant over all! TUTTI.

Well hear go

more, Ill-o-mend owl, To joy we soar, Despite your scowl: The echoes of our festi-

KATISHA.

Prepare for woe, ye

val! Shall rise triumphant over all!
We do not heed their dismal chords.
In dismal chords;
We do not heed their woe.

For joy reigns everywhere around.

haughty lords, At once I go Mi-ka-do-wards. TUTTI.

way you go, Collect your hoardes; Proclaim your

YUM-YUM.

We do not heed their dismal sound, NANDI-POOH.
do not heed their dismal sound, For joy reigns every-

NANKI-POOH.

For joy reigns every-

where a-round, The echoes of our festival Shall rise triumphant-

where a-round, The echoes of our festival Shall rise triumphant-

Well hear no more, Ill-o-men'd owl, To joy we soar, Des-

Well hear no more, Ill-o-men'd owl, To joy we soar, Des-

o-ver all! Shall rise triumphant, Tri-

o-ver all! Shall rise triumphant o-ver all! Tri-

pite your scowl;

pite your scowl;

cresc.
My

umphant o-ver all! Shall rise triumphant o-ver all!

umphant o-ver all! Shall rise triumphant o-ver all!

To joy we soar, To joy we soar, Des-pite your scowl.

To joy we soar, To joy we soar, Des-pite your scowl.

wrongs with ven-geance will be crownd!

We do not heed their dis-mal sound, For

We do not heed their dis-mal sound, For

joy reigns ev-ry-where a-round! We do not heed their dis-mal sound, For

joy reigns ev-ry-where a-round! We do not heed their dis-mal sound, For
My wrongs with vengeance will be

joy reigns every where around! We do not heed their dismal sound. For joy reigns every where around!

crownd! My wrongs with vengeance shall be

sound. For joy reigns every where around!

round!

round!
ACT II.
Solo.
(Pitti-Sing, and Chorus of Girls.)

No. 1.

Allegretto grazioso. \( \text{\textit{dolce.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Alleu; retto grazioso.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{dolce.}} \)
CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair
Weave the

supple trees
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness

Paint the pretty face
Dye the coral lip
Emphasize the grace of her

ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to

make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to

make a pretty bride!

PITI-SING.

Sit with downcast eye Let it brim with dew Try if you can

cry We will do so, too. When you're summoned, start,
Like a frightened doe, flutter, little heart,

Colour, come and go! Modesty at marriage tide,

Well becomes a pretty bride! Modesty at marriage tide Well be-

comes a pretty bride!

Braid the raven hair, Weave the supple tress Deck the maiden fair. In her

Braid the raven hair, Weave the supple tress Deck the maiden fair. In her
thus allied, Go to make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to make a pretty bride!
Song.
(YUM-YUM.)

No. 2.

Andante commodo.

The sun, whose rays Are all a-blaze With e-ver

liv-ing glo-ry, Does not de-ny His ma-jes-ty—He scorns to tell a sto-ry!

He don't ex-claim "I blush for shame, So kind-ly be in-dul-gent!"

But, fierce and bold, In fie-ry gold, He glo-ries all ef-ful-gent!
mean to rule the earth, _As he the sky—_ We really know our worth,

The sun and I! I mean to rule the earth, _As he the sky—_ We

real-ly know our worth, The sun and I!

Ob-serve his flame, That pla-cid dame, The moon’s ce-les-tial high-ness;

There’s not a trace Up-on her face Of dif-fi-dence or shy-ness:
She borrows light, That, thro' the night, Man-kind may all ac-claim her,

And, truth to tell, She lights up well, So I, for one, don't blame her.

Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're

very wide a wake! The moon and I!

Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're

very wide a wake! The moon and I.
Madrigal.

No. 3.

(YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANKI-POOH, PISH-TUSH.)

1. Brightly
2. Let us

Dawns our wedding day; Joyous hour, we give thee greeting! Whither, whither art thou
Dry the ready tear, Though the hours are surely creeping, Little need for woeful

PITTI-SING.

Joyous hour, we give thee greeting! Whither, whither art thou
Though the hours are surely creeping, Little need for woeful

NANKI-POOH.

Joyous hour, we give thee greeting! Whither, whither art thou
Though the hours are surely creeping, Little need for woeful

PISH-TUSH.

Joyous hour, we give thee greeting! Whither, whither art thou
Though the hours are surely creeping, Little need for woeful

Fleeting? Fickle moment, pri-thee stay! Fickle moment, pri-thee stay!
Fleeting? Fickle moment, pri-thee stay! Fickle moment, pri-thee stay!
Fleeting? Fickle moment, pri-thee stay! Fickle moment, pri-thee stay!
Fleeting? Fickle moment, pri-thee stay! Fickle moment, pri-thee stay!

Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.
Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.
Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.
Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.
Pleasures come, if sorrows to-day, and thou to—

What though mortal joys be hollow?
All must sip the cup of sorrow—

Though the tocsin sound ere long,
This the close of every song,
Though the tocsin sound ere long, Though

Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding

Though the tocsin sound ere long,
This the close of every song,
Though the tocsin sound ere long,

Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding

Though the tocsin sound ere long,
The close of every song, Ding—
dong! Ding—
dong! Ding—
dong! Yet un—
dong! What, though

Dong! Ding dong! Ding—
dong! Ding—
dong! Yet un—
dong! What, though

Dong! Ding dong! Ding—

Yet un—

Dong! What, though

Dong! What, though

Dong! What, though
Trio.

(YUM-YUM, NANKI-POOH, AND KO-KO.)

No. 4.

Allegro vivace.

Here's a how-de-do!

If I marry you, When your time has come to perish, Then the maiden whom you cherish

Must be slaughtered too! Here's a how-de-do! Here's a how-de-do!

NANKI-POOH.

Here's a pretty mess! In a month, or less,

I must die without a wedding! Let the bitter tears I'm shedding witness my distress,
To her life she clings! Matrimonial devotion doesn't seem to suit her notion—

Burial it brings! Here's a state of things! Here's a state of things!

With a passion that's intense I worship and adore, But the

Yum-Yum.
laws of common sense. We ought not to ignore. If what I say is true, 'Tis death to marry you! Here's a pretty state of things! Here's a how-de-do!
Here's a how-de-do!

For if what he says is true, I cannot, cannot marry you!

Here's a how-de-do!

For if what he says is true, I cannot, cannot marry you!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Spoken.

Here's a pretty how-de-do!
Entrance of Mikado and Katisha.

No. 5.

Allegro moderato.

![Musical notation image]

Mi-ya sa-ma, On'n'm ma no ma-yé ni Pi-ra Pi-ra su-ru no wa Na ngia

Mi-ya sa-ma, On'n'm ma no ma-yé ni Pi-ra Pi-ra su-ru no wa Na ngia

To ko to-n ya-ré ton ya ré na!

To ko to-n ya-ré ton ya-ré na!
Mi ya sa ma, mi ya sa ma,

On-n'm ma no ma yé ni Pi-ra Pi-ra su ru no wa Nau gia na To ko

On-n'm ma no ma yé ni Pi-ra Pi-ra su ru no wa Nau gia na To ko

ton ya ré ton ya ré na!

ton ya ré ton ya ré na!

MIKADO.

From ev ry kind of
And I'm his daughter-in-law; I expect; I'm the Emperor of Japan.

He'll marry his son (He's only got one) To his daughter-in-law elect.

But they're nothing at all, morals have been declared particularly correct;

pard'With those of his daughter-in-law elect! Bow— B— To his
daughter-in-law elect!

CHORUS.

Bow—Bow—To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow—Bow—To his daughter-in-law elect!

In a

dim. p dim.

fatherly kind of way I govern each tribe and sect, All cheerfully own my

KATISHA.

Except his daughter-in-law elect! As tough as a bone, With a will of her own, Is his

sway—
My nature is love and light—My freedom from all defect—

daughter-in-law elect!

insignificant quite, Compared with his daughter-in-law elect! Bow! Bow! To his daughter-in-law elect!

CHORUS.

Bow! Bow! To his daughter-in-law elect!
Song and Chorus.

No. 6.

MIKADO.

Allegro.

A more humane Mi-

ka - do ne-ver Did in Ja-pan ex-ist,— To no-bo-dy se-cond, I’m cer-tain-ly re-kon’d A

true phil-an-thro-pist — It is my ve-ry hu-man en-deavour To make, to some ex-

tent,— Each e-vil liv-er A run-ning ri-ver Of harm-less mer-ri-ment.— My
object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment

fit the crime, The punishment fit the crime;
And make each prisoner pent

willingly represent
A source of innocent merriment, Of innocent merriment!


All

prosy dull society sinners, Who chatter and bleat and bale,
Advertising quack who wearies With tales of countless cures,

Are

HIs
sent to hear sermons From mys-ti-cal Ger-mans Who preach from ten till four teeth, I've en-act-ed, Shall all be ex-tract-ed By ter-ri-fied a-ma-teurs

amateur te-nor, whose vo-cal vil-la-nies All de-sire to shirk, Shall mu-sic hall sing-er at-tends a se ries Of mas-ses and fugues and "ops" By

dur-ing off-hours, Ex-hi-bit his pow-ers To Ma-dame Tus-saud's wax-work. The Bach, in-ter-woven With Spohr and Beetho-ven, At clas-sic-al Mon-day Pops. The

la-dy who dyes a che- mi-cal yel-low, Or stains her grey hair puce, Or bil-liard sharp whom any-one catches, His doom's ex- tremely hard— He's

pinches her fig-ger, Is black'd like a nig-ger With per-ma-nent wal-nut juice. The made to dwell—In a dun-geon cell On a spot that's al- ways barr'd. And
idiot who, in railway carriages, scribbles on window panes.

there he plays extravagant matches in fitless finger stalls. on a

play to ride on a buffer in parliamentary trains. my

cloth untrue with a twisted cue, and elliptical billiard balls.

object all sublime, I shall achieve in time—

To let the punishment

fit the crime—

And make each prisoner pent

willingly present

A source of innocent merriment, of innocent merriment.
And let the punishment fit the crime, The punishment fit the crime; And make each prisoner pent

willingly represent A source of innocent merit, Of innocent merit!

The

CHORUS.
His object all sublime He will achieve in time—
His object all sublime He will achieve in time—

let the punishment fit the crime, The punishment fit the crime; And make each prisoner pent

willingly represent A source of innocent merit, Of innocent merit!
Trio and Chorus.
(PITI-SING, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Chorus.)

Allegretto commodo.

The criminal cried, as he dropped him down, In a state of wild alarm— With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown I barred my big right arm— I seized him by his little pig-tail, And on his knees fell he, As he squirmed and struggled And gurgled and gurgled, I drew my snick-er-snee, my snick-er-snee! Oh ne'er shall I forget the cry, Or the shriek that shrieked he, As I
guash'd my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick-er-snee!  

TUTTI & CHORUS.

We know him well, He

We know him well, He

cannot tell Un-true or ground-less tales — He al-ways tries To ut-ter lies, And

cannot tell Un-true or ground-less tales — He al-ways tries To ut-ter lies, And

PITTI-SING.

2. He shiver'd and shook as he gave, the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-

ev-ry time he fails...

ev-ry time he fails...

serve; When all of a sud-den his eye met mine, And it seem'd to brace his nerve... For he
nodded his head and kiss'd his hand, And he whistled an air, did he, As the sa-bre true Cut clean-ly through his cer-vi-cal ver-te-brae, his ver-te-brae! When a man's a-fraid a beau-ti-ful maid Is a cheer-ing sight to see; And it's oh, I'm glad, That mo-ment sad Was sooth'd by sight of me! — CHORUS. Her ter-rible tale You can't as-sail, With truth it quite a-grees; _ Her ter-rible tale You can't as-sail, With truth it quite a-grees; _
head was dead (For its own-er dead was he), It stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And

bow'd three times to me! It was none of your im-pu-dent off-hand nods, But as hum-ble as could be, For it
clear-ly knew The de-fer-ence due To a man of pe-di-gree, of pe-di-gree! And it's

oh, I vow, This death-ly bow Was a touch-ing sight to see; Though trunk-less, yet It
The haughty youth He speaks the truth
When

The haughty youth He speaks the truth
When

Ko-Ko.

Ex-act-ly, ex-
Pitti-sing & pooh-bah.

Ex-act-ly, ex-

e-ter he finds it pays. And in this case it all took place Ex-act-ly as he says! Ex-act-ly, ex-

act-ly, ex-act-ly, ex-act-ly as he says!
Glee.

(PITTI-SING, KATISHA, KO-KO, POOH-BAH & MIKADO.)

No. 8.

MIKADO.

Allegro moderato.

See how the Fates their gifts allot, For A is happy

B is not. Yet B is worthy, I dare say, Of more prosperity than A!

PITTI-SING.

Is B more worthy?

KATISHA.

rall. Yet A is happy!

POOH-BAH.

I should say He’s worth a great deal more than A. Yet A is happy!

Is B more worthy?

KO-KO.

Yet A is happy!

Is B more worthy?

MIKADO.

Yet A is happy!

Yet A is happy!
HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

If I were Fortune—which I'm not—B should enjoy A's

HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

POOH-BAH.

HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

If I were Fortune—which I'm not—B should enjoy A's

HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

KO-KO.

HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

HAPPY UNDE SERVING A!

HAPPY LOT, AND A SHOULD DIE IN MISERIE, THAT IS, ASSUMING I AM B.

KATISHA

But

HAPPY LOT, AND A SHOULD DIE IN MISERIE, THAT IS, ASSUMING I AM B.

MIKADO.

But
That should he, (Of course assuming I am B.)

should A perish?

That should he, (Of course assuming I am B.)

should A perish?

B should be happy! Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha!

B should be happy! Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha!

B should be happy! Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha!

B should be happy! Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha!

B should be happy! Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched, merri-

torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-
torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-
torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-
torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-
torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-
torious B! But condemn'd to die is he. Wretched merri-

13809
Duet.

Nanki-Pooh & Ko-Ko, (with Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing & Pooh-Bah.)

No 9.

Nanki-Pooh.

Allegro gioioso.

flow'rs that bloom in the spring. Tra la, Breathe promise of mer-ry sun-shine—

mer-ri-ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We wel-come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a

sum-mer of ro-ses and wine, Of a sum-mer of ro-ses and wine; And
that's what we mean when we say that a thing is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

Tra la la la la, The flowers that bloom in the spring.

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la!

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la!

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la!
KO-KO.

The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have no thing to do with the case. I've got to take under my wing, Tra la, A most unattractive old thing, Tra la, With a caricature of a face, With a caricature of a face; And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing, "Oh bother the flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Oh
bother the flowers of spring!
Recit, and Song.

(Katisha.)

No. 10.

KATISHA.

Allegro agitato.

A-lone, and yet a-live!

Oh, sepulchre! My soul is still my body’s prisoner!

Remote the peace that

Death alone can give—

My doom to wait! My punishment to live!

Andante moderato.

Hearts do not break! They sting and ache for
old love's sake. But do not die! Though with each breath they long for death, as

witnesseth the living!—the living! Oh living! Come, tell me why, when hope is gone dost thou stay on? May not a cheated maiden die? May not a cheated maiden die?
Song.
(Ko-Ko.)

No 11.

Andante espressivo.

1. On a tree by a river a little tomtit sang

"Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!" And I said to him, Dicky-bird, why do you sit singing

"Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow?" "Is it weakness of intellect birdie?" I cried, "Or a

rather toughworm in your little inside?" With a shake of his poor little head he replied, "Oh
wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

2. He slapped at his chest as he

sat on the bough, Singing "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" And a cold perspi-rate-ation be-

spangled his brow, Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low! He sobbed and he sighed, and a

gurgle he gave, Then he threw himself into the bil-low-y wave, And an echo arose from the
suicide's grave "Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name isn't Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low, That twas blighted affection that made him exclaim, "Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

you remain callous and obdurate. I shall perish as he did, And you will know why, Tho' I probably shall not exclaim as I die, "Oh wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"
Duet.
(KATISHA & Ko-Ko.)

№ 12.

Allegretto con brio.

There is beauty in the bellow of the blast, There is grandeur in the growling of the gale, There is eloquent outpouring When the lion is a roaring, And the tiger is a lashing of his tail!

Yes, I

like to see a tiger From the Congo or the Niger, And especially when lashing of his
Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim, And earthquakes only terrify the tail!

But to him who's scientific There is nothing that's terrific In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts! KO-KO.

Yes, in spite of all my meekness, If I have a little weakness, It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts. If that is so, Sing derry down derry, It's evident, very. Our tastes are one. A-
way well go. And mer-ri-ly mar-ry, Nor tar-di-ly tar-ry, Till day is done!

KO-KO.

There is beau-ty in ex-treme old

age— Do you fan-cy you are el-der-ly e-nough? In-for-ma-tion I'm re-quest-ing On a

KATISHA.

Through —

sub-ject in ter-est-ing: Is a mai-den all the bet-ter when she's tough?
Are you old enough to marry, do you think? Won't you wait until your eighty in the shade? There's a fascination frantic In a ruin that's roman tie; Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

To the matter that you mention, I have given some attention, And I think I am sufficiently decayed. 
that is so, Sing der-ry down der-ry! It's e-vi-dent, ve-ry, Our tastes are one! A-way we'll go, and

mer - ri - ly mar - ry. Nor tar - di - ly tar - ry Till day is done! If that is so, Sing
der - ry down der - ry! It's e-vi-dent, ve-ry, Our tastes are one! A-way we'll go, And

mer - ri - ly mar - ry, Nor tar - di - ly tar - ry Till day is done! Sing der-ry down der-ry! We'll

mer - ri - ly mar - ry, Nor tar - di - ly tar - ry Till day is done!
Finale, Act II.

No 13.

Allegretto grazioso.

Fright-Sing.

For he's gone and married Yum-

Yum-

Your anger pray bury, For all will be merry, I think you had better suc-

Yum-Yum!

Yum-Yum!

And join our expression of glee!

KO-KO.

On this subject I pray you be dumb—Your

Cumb-cumb!

Dumb-dumb!

Cumb-cumb!

Dumb-dumb!
no-tions, though many, Are not worth a penny, The word for your guidance is "Mum" You've

CHORUS.

Mum-mum!

Mum-mum!

On this subject we pray you be dumb—Dumb, dumb! We

On this subject we pray you be dumb—Dumb, dumb! We

think you had better succumb—Cumb, cumb! You'll find there are many who'll wed for a

think you had better succumb—Cumb, cumb! You'll find there are many who'll wed for a
day;
There's yet a month of after-noon!

Then let the throng Our joy advance,
With laughing song, And merr...
dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing song. And merry dance, With laughing song. Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing song. And merry dance, With laughing song. Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing song. And merry dance, With laughing song. Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing song. And merry dance, With laughing song.
shout! With laughing song and merry dance, With laughing song and merry dance.

reer! With laughing song and merry dance, With laughing song and merry dance.

reer! With song and dance.

With song and dance.

ff

END OF OPERA