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;" or "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

PITI-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.
CONTENTS.

OVERTURE. .................................................. 4

ACT I.

No.
1. Chorus of Men ........................................... 22
2. Song and Chorus (Nanki-Poo) ......................... 29
3. Song (Pish-Tush and Chorus) ......................... 36
4. Song (Pooh-Bah, with Nanki-Poo and Pish) ....... 42
4a. Recit. (Nanki-Poo and Pooh-Bah) ................ 47
5. Chorus with Solo (Ko-Ko) ............................ 48
5a. Song (Ko-Ko, with Chorus of Men) ............... 53
6. Chorus of Girls ........................................... 57
7. Trio (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing, with Chorus of Girls) ........................................... 62
8. Quartet and Chorus (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing and Pooh-Bah) ......................................... 68
9. Duet (Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo) ...................... 76
10. Trio (Ko-Ko, Pish-Tush and Pooh-Bah) ............ 79
11. Finale, Act I ............................................. 87

ACT II.

1. Solo (Pitti-Sing and Chorus of Girls) ............... 116
2. Song (Yum-Yum) .......................................... 121
3. Madrigal (Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki-Poo and Pish-Tush) ............................................... 124
4. Trio (Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko) ............ 128
5. Entrance of Mikado and Katisha ...................... 132
6. Song (Mikado and Chorus) ............................. 137
7. Trio and Chorus (Pitti-Sing, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah and Chorus) ............................................. 142
8. Glee (Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah and Mikado) ..................................................... 147
9. Duet (Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko, with Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Pooh-Bah) .................................... 152
10. Recit. and Song (Katisha) ............................ 156
11. Song (Ko-Ko) ............................................. 158
12. Duet (Katisha and Ko-Ko) ............................ 161
13. Finale, Act II ............................................. 166
OVERTURE.

SECONDO.
OVERTURE.

PRIMO.

\( \text{\textcopyright 1870} \)
Andante con moto. (d = 89)
ACT I.

Н° 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
**Oh,**

*Unison.*

If you think we are world by strings,

Like a commonplace marionette,

You don't understand these things,

It is
simply Court e-tiquette.

Perhaps you suppose this throng Can't keep it up for long? If

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

Tenors.

If that's your i-dea, you're wrong If you

Basses.

If that's your i-dea, you're wrong If you
Gentlemen I pray you tell me, Where a gentle maiden dwell-eth, Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-ko? In pity speak, oh speak, I pray you! Why who are you, who ask this ques-tion? Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.
No. 2.

Song and Chorus.
(NANKI-POOH)

Allegretto con grazia.

NANKI.

A wandering minstrel

I. A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads songs and

snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is

long, Thro' ev'ry passion ranging, And to your humours chang-ing I
Andante espressivo.

Tune my sup-ple song! I tune my sup-ple

Are you in sen-ti-men-tal mood? I'll sigh with you,

Oh, sor-row! Oh maid-en's cold-ness do you brood? I'll do so too.

Oh sor-row, sor-row! I'll charm your will-ing ears With songs of lov-er's

Fears, While sym-pa-the-tic tears my cheeks be-dew.
Allegro marziale.

Oh, sorrow sorrow! But if

patriotic sentiment is wanted, I've patriotic ballads cut and dried; For wher'er our country's banner may be planted, All others local banners are defied! Our warriors in serried ranks as-

sem bled, Never quail or they conceal it if they do. And I
shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled Before the mighty troops, the troops of Titi

pu!

MEN:

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

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

And

troops, the troops of Titi

pul!

if you call for a song of the sea, Well heave the capstan round, With a
yeo heave ho, for the wind is free, Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee, Hurrah for the homeward bound!

Yeo ho heave ho Hurrah for the homeward bound!

lay aloft 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 Nau-ty on his knees, yeo ho! And his
Arm a round her waist.

Then man the capstan off we go, As the fiddler swings us round,

With a yeo heave ho, And a rumble low, Hurrah for the home-ward bound!

With a Yeo heave ho, And a rumble low,

NANKI.

ho! ho!

Allegretto.

wan - dring min - strel 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 -

lul - la - by! lul - la - by! lul - la - by!
Song and Chorus.

(PISH-TUSH.)

Allegro con brio.

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 decreed in

words succinct, That all who flirt-ed, leer'd, or wink'd (Un-less con-nu-bi-al-ly linked,) Should

forthwith be be-head-ed, be-head-ed, be-head-ed, Should forthwith be be -
And I expect you'll all agree. That he was right to so decree. And I am right, and you are right, and all is right as right can be!

And you are right, and we are right, and all is right, as right as right can be! And all is right as right can be, right as right can be!
This stern decree, you'll understand, Caus'd great dis-may throughout the land; For young and old And.

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

rubial sigh, Was there-up-on condemned to die He usually objected, objected, objected, He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect, That
he was right to so ob-ject, And I am right, And you are right, And ev'-ry-thing is
quite cor-rect.

MEN.

And you are right, And we are right, And ev'-ry-thing is quite, is quite cor-
rect, And ev'-ry-thing is quite cor-rect, All is quite cor-rect.

And so we straight let
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-

loolar-ley.

MEN.

And you are right, And we are right, And all is right, Too loolar-ley.

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!
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 ablation-er!

This

very day From school Yum-Yum

Will

13809
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 to-dle a-way, as

all a-ver, With the Lord High Execution-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 Exe- cu-tion-er!

all a-ver, With the Lord High Exe- cu-tion-er!

2. It's a

hope-less case As you may see, And in your place A-way I'd flee; But
don't blame me I'm sor-ry to be Of your plea- sure a di-min- u-tion-er.
They'll vow their pact Extremely soon,

In point of fact This afternoon Her

honey-moon With that buf-foon At seven commen-ces so

you shun her.

And the

brass will crash, And the trum-pet bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wed-ding day, She'll
toddle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner!

NANKI & FISH.

And the

She'll

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

toddle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner.

toddle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner.
Recit.

(NANKI—POOH—BAH.)

Recit.

And have I jour-n ey d 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 uni-t ed!

Recit. POOH.  

a tempo. moderato.

The fact ap- pears to be as you've re-ci-ted:

Recit.

a tempo.

But here he comes, e-qui pp d a- nits his sta-tion, He'll give you a- ny fur-ther in-for ma tion.
Chorus with Solo.
(Ko-Ko.)

No 5.

Allegro marziale. \( \frac{d}{d} = 144. \)

Tenors.

Be hold the Lord High Executioner! A personage of noble rank and

Basses.

Be hold the Lord High Executioner! A personage of noble 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!
Taken from the county jail By a set of curious chances,

Liberated then on bail On my own recognizances; Wafted by a favoring gale As one sometimes is in trance, To a height that few can scale,

Save by long and weary dances; Surely, never had a male Under such like circumstances So adventurous a tale, Which may rank with most romances.
Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances,

Taken from the county jail,
Liberated then on

Taken from the county jail,
Liberated then on

Surely, never had a male
So adventurous a tale.

Surely, never had a male
So adventurous a tale.

Surely, never had a male
So adventurous a tale.

Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!
Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!
Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!

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Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!
Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!
Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!

Deferred, deferred, to the Lord High Executioner!
To the noble Lord, to the noble Lord High Executioner! Bow down, bow down.

To the Lord High Executioner! Defer, de-fer.

To the noble, noble Lord, The High Executioner!
Song.

(Ko-Ko, with CHORUS OF MEN.)

Allegretto grazioso.

As someday it may happen that a victim must be found, I've got a little list... I've nig-ger se-re-na-der, and the others of his race, And the piano organist... I've

got a little list of soci-ety of-fen-ders who might well be un-der-ground, and who got him on the list! And the people who eat pep-per-mint and puff it in your face, They

never would be missed... who never would be missed! There's the pes-ti-llen-tial nuis-ances who never would be missed... They never would be missed! Then the idi-ot who praises, with en-

write for au-to-graphs... All people who have flab-by hands and thu-si-as-tic tone, All cen-tu-ries but this, and ev'-ry ir-ri-tat-ing laughs... All country but his own; And the
children who are up in dates and flour you with 'em flat. All persons who in shaking hands, shake lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy. And who doesn't think she waltzes, but would hand with you like that. And all third persons who on spoiling tête-à-têtes insist. They'd rather like to try. And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist. 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.

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!
3rd verse.

*Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather ripe. The judicial humorist—I've got him on the list! All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—They'd none of 'em be missid—they'd none of 'em be missid! And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind, Such as what-d'ye call him. Thing 'em bob, and likewise Never Mind, And St-st-st-and What's his-name, and also You-know-who. The
task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you, but it really doesn't matter whom you
put upon the list, for they'd none of 'em be missed; they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS OF MEN.
You may
You may

put 'em on the list; You may put 'em on the list; And they'll
put 'em on the list; You may put 'em on the list; And they'll

none of 'em be missed; they'll none of 'em be missed!

none of 'em be missed; they'll none of 'em be missed!
free.
Each a little bit a-

fraid is, Wondering what the world can

be?
Is it but a

world of trouble Sad-

ness set to

song?
Is its beauty
but a bubble
Begot
to break ever

long?
Are its palaces and

pleasures
Fantasies that
Are its pleasures Fantasies that

fade?
And the glory of its

treasures
Shadow ow of a
And the glory of its treasures Shadow ow
shade? And the glory of its treasures
of a shade? And the glory of its treasures

Shadow of a shade?

Shadow of a shade?

School-girls 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!

earth the world can be!
Trio.

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

Allegretto grazioso.

Yum-Yum.

pee-pee-boo.

petti-sing.

maids from school are we, Pert as a school-girl well can be, Fill'd 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 unwaried, come from a ladies' seminary, freed from its genius tutelaary.
school,  Three little maids from school.

school,  Three little maids from school.

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!

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!

Two little maids remain, and they

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

Three little maids from school!

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

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

Three little maids, all unaware, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius,

Three little maids, all unaware, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius,

Three little maids, all unaware, Come from a ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius,

Tutela-ry, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutela-ry, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutela-ry, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!

Tutela-ry, Three little maids from school, Three little maids from school!
Quintett.
(Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Petti-Sing, Pooh-Bah & Pish-Tush) with Chorus of Girls.

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-

Gret if we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high. We shall know

Gret if we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high. We shall know

Gret if we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high. We shall know
better by and bye. But youth, of course, must have its fling, So pardon us, So
better by and bye.
better by and bye.
youth, of course, must have its fling. So pardon us, And

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

Don't in girlhood's happy spring, Be hard on us.

But
think you ought to re-collect You can-not show too much re-spect To-
wards the high-ly-ti-tled few; But no-body does, and why should you? PISH-TUSH.

That youth at us should

POOH-BAH.

To our pre-ro-ga-

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 la

Tra la 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 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 la, Tra la 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 la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la
Happy spring, be hard on us.

la, Tra la la la la la la la!

But youth, of course must have its fling, So

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

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

Tra la 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

13809
Duet.

YUM-YUM & NANKI-POOH.

No. 9.

Andante non troppo lento.

NANKI-POOH.

Were you not to Ko-Ko plight-ed, I would say in tend-
tone, "Loved one, let us be uni-
ted. Let us be each other's own." I would
merge all rank and station, Worldly sneers are nought to us, And to mark my ad-

YUM-YUM

He would fondly kiss me thus.

ra-tion, I would fondly kiss you thus. I would fondly kiss me thus.
Allegro.

YUM-YUM.

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko, To embrace you thus confess, Would distinctly be no gluey,

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

Tempo I.

to-co.

To-co, So in spite of all temptation, Such a theme I'll not discuss, And on no consideration Will I kiss you fondly thus... Will I kiss you fondly...
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—This is what I'll never, never do! This, oh, this—oh,

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

this—oh, this—this. Hell never do! 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!
All? non troppo vivace. I am so proud, If I all low'd My fam-i-ly pride To be my guide, I'd vol-un-teer To quit this sphere, In stead of you, In a minute or two. But fam-i-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-ti-pu; But if I flit, The be-ne-fit, That I'd dif-fuse The town would lose! The town would lose! Now

Trio.
KO-KO, PISH-TUSH, POOH-BAH.
ev'-ry man To aid his clan Should plot and plan As best he can.

I heard one day, A gen-tle-man say That criminals who Are cut in two Can hardly feel The fa-tal steed, And so are slain, are slain Without much pain. If this is true It's jol-ly for you; Your courage screw To bid us a-dieu.

KO-KO

My brain it

POOH-BAH

I am so proud, If
PISH-TUSH.

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

I al-low'd My fa-mi-ly pride To be my guide, I'd

fa-tal 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 dif-fuse The town would lose! Now ev-ry-man To aid his clan Should'

vo-lun-teer To quit this sphere In stead of you, In a

screw To bid us a-dieu.

KO-KO

plot and plan As best he can, And so, Al-though in

min-ute or two.
ready to go, Yet re-col-lect Tweredis-respect Did I neg-lect To thus ef-fect This

aim di-rect, So I ob-ject... POOH-BAH.

And so, Al-though I wish to go, And
great-ly pine To bright-ly shine, And take the line Of a her-ro fine, With grief con-dign I

And go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare, I’m quite a-ware It’s

must de-cline.
your affair, Yet I declare I'd take your share, But I don't much care... I'd

So I object,

I must decline... I must decline, I must decline... I must decline To
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 chippy chopper on a big black block! To 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 chippy chopper on a

big black block! A dull, dark dock, A lifelong lock, A short sharpshock A
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, your choice to 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 -
gratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!

CHORUS.

The Japanese equivalent for

The Japanese equivalent for

KO-KO

'Tis Nanki Pooh! I think he'll do? He

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

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

yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum 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-

13809
dore myself, with passion tender still! With passion tender still!

KO-KO.

Take her, she's yours!

Ah, yes! he loves himself with passion tender still!

Ah, yes! he loves himself with passion tender still!

Yum-Yum

Nanki-Poo.

And fairly shines the dawning

Allegro con brio.

The threat-end cloud has passed a-way,
day; There's yet a month of after-noon!

NANKI-POOH.

Then tho' the night may come too soon,

Then

PEEP-BOO

POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH

Then

Then let the throng Our joy advance,

PETTI-SING.

Then let the throng Our joy advance,

Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing

then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing

let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing

let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing
With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
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With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-

With laughing song, and merry dance,
Then let the throng Our joy ad-
rate, in augu-rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and
rate, in augu-rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-
rate, in augu-rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-
rate, in augu-rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-
rate, in augu-rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-

cheer, joy-ous, joy-ous
ring-ing cheer, With joy-ous, joy-ous
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-
rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-augu-rate their brief ca-

13809
shout!  

shout!  

PITTI-SING  

Or far, or near, or far, or  

rear.  

A day, a week, a month, a year.  

rear.  

rear.  

rear.  

YUM-YUM  

near.  

You'll live at least a honey-moon!  

PEEP-BO.  

Then  

NANKI-POOH.  

POOH-BAH.  

Life's e-ven-tide comes much to soon,  

Then  

POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH.  

Then
shout! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

reer! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

reer! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

reer! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

reer! Laughing song, merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance.

POOH-BAH. Solo.

As in three weeks you've got to die, If Ko-Kotellus true, 'Twere empty compliment to cry Long life to Nan-ki-Pooh! 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...
then!!

CHORUS.

May all good fortune, all good fortune prosper you, May you have

May all good fortune, all good fortune prosper you, May you have

May all good fortune, all good fortune prosper you, May you have

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
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?

Recie.

claim my perjuri lover Nan-ki Pooh!

Oh fool! to shun de-

Recie.

lights that never cloy!

Come back oh shallow fool, come back to

Go, leave thy deadly work undone!

Go, leave thy deadly work undone!

Recie.
NANKI-POOH.

Ah! 'Tis Ka-ti-sha, The

Away! away! ill-favoured one!

Away! away! ill-favoured one!

KATISHA.

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

maid of whom I told you.

Allegro agitato.

Oh fool, that flee-est My hallow'd

joys! Oh blind, that see-est No e-qui-poise!
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 be thy bride, restore her place. Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

KATISHA.

Pinkcheek, that rul-est Wherewis- dom serves! Bright eye, that fool-est lie-ro-ic serves; Rose-lip, that scorn-est Love-la-den years— Sweet tongue, that warn-est Who right-ly hears... Thy doom is nigh, Pinkcheek, bright
eye! Thy 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.

TUTTI.

If true her

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

tale, thy knell is rung. Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet
Thy doom is nigh, Thy knell
tongue! If true her tale, thy knell is rung, If true her

is rung, Thy knell, thy knell is
tale, Thy knell is rung, Thy knell is
tale, Thy knell is rung, Thy knell is

Pitti-sing.
Away, for prosecute your
rung!
rung!

rung!
quest. From our intention well expressed, You cannot turn us!

The state of your conjugal views Toward the person you accuse Does not concern us!

Allegretto grazioso. \( \frac{1}{4}=88 \)

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

Cumb.cumb!

Cumb.cumb!
On this subject I pray you be dumb....
You'll find there are many who'll
Dumb dumb!
Dumb dumb!

We'd for a pen-ny. 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-
Andante. The hour of gladness Is dead and gone; In si-lent sad-ness I live a-

lone! The hope I che-rish’d All life-less lies, And all has per-ish’d, all has

per-ish’d Save love, which ne-ver dies, Which ne-ver, ne-ver dies! Oh,

faithless one, this in-sult you shall rue! In vain for mercy on your knees you’ll

sue. Ill tear the mask from your dis-guis-ing?

Allegro non troppo.
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.
Recit. KATISHA.

In vain you interrupt with this tornado: He is the
bik-kuri shak-kuri to!
bik-kuri shak-kuri to!

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

Your gay gambado! He is the son.
bik-kuri shak-kuri to!
ob ni!

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

Allegro con brio.

KATISHA.

Ye torrents roar! Ye tempest howl! Your wrath out-pour With angry grow!

Do ye your worst, my vengeance call! Shall rise triumphant o'er all! TUTTI.

Well hear so more, ill-omen'd owl. To joy we soar, despite your scowl: The echoes of our festi-

KATISHA.

Prepare for woe, Ye val! Shall rise triumphant o'er all!
haughty lords, At once I go Mi-ka-do-wards. TUTTI.

way you go, Collect your hoardes; Pro-claim your

YUM-YUM.

We do not heed their woe In dismal chords;

dismal sound, NANKI-POOH

For joy reigns ev-ry-where a-round.

13809
do not heed their dismal sound, For joy reigns ev-
NANKI-POOH.

For joy reigns ev-

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

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

We'll hear no more, Ill-o-mend owl, To joy we soar, Des-

We'll hear no more, Ill-o-mend owl, To joy we soar, Des-

Tri-

Tri-

pite your scowl;

pite your scowl;

cresc.
My

umphant over all! Shall rise triumphant over all!

umphant over all! Shall rise triumphant over all!

To joy we soar, To joy we soar, Despite your scowl.

To joy we soar, To joy we soar, Despite your scowl.

wrongs with vengeance will be crowned!

TUTTI.

We do not heed their dismal sound, For

We do not heed their dismal sound, For

gress.

joy reigns everywhere around! We do not heed their dismal sound, For

joy reigns everywhere around! We do not heed their dismal sound, For
KATISHA.

My wrongs with vengeance will be
joy reigns ev'ry-where a-round!
joy reigns ev'ry-where a-round!
We do not heed their dismal sound, For joy reigns ev'ry-where a-round!
We do not heed their dismal sound, For joy reigns ev'ry-where a-round!
crowned! My wrongs with vengeance shall be
crowned! crowned!
ACT II.
Solo.
(PITTI- SING, AND CHORUS OF GIRLS.)

N° I.

Allegretto grazioso. \( \cdot \cdot \cdot  \)
**CHORUS.**

Braid the raven hair

Weave the

Braid the raven hair

Weave the

supple tress

Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness

supple tress

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

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

make a pretty bride!

make a pretty bride!

Pitti-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 roe
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
love-li-ness

Paint her prety face-
Dye the co-ral lip-

Empha-size the grace of her la-dy-ship!
Art and na-ture,

thus al-lied,
Go to make a prety bride!
Art and na-ture, thus al-

lied, Go to make a prety bride!
Andante commodo.
The sun, whose rays Are all a-blaze With ever
living glory, Does not deny His majesty—He scorns to tell a story!
He don’t exclaim “I blush for shame, So kindly be indulgent!”
But, fierce and bold, In fiery gold, He glores all effulgent!
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 really know our worth, The sun and I!

Observe his flame, That placid dame, The moon's celestial highness;

There's not a trace Upon her face Of diffidence or shyness:
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

ve-ry wide a wake! The moon and I!

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

rall.

ve-ry wide a-wake! The moon and I.
Madrigal.

No. 3.

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

1. Brightly
   Joy-ous hour, we give thee greet-ing! Whi-ther, whi-ther art thou
dawns our wed-ding day;
   Though the hours are sure-ly creep-ing, Lit-tle need for wo-ef-ful
   fleet-ing? Fic-kle
   weep-ing, Till the
   mo-ment, pri-thee stay! Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay!

2. Let us
   dry the rea-dy tear,
   Though the hours are sure-ly creep-ing, Lit-tle need for wo-ef-ful
   Joy-ous hour, we give thee greet-ing! Whi-ther, whi-ther art thou
   fleet-ing? Fic-kle
   weep-ing, Till the
   mo-ment, pri-thee stay! Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay!

NANKI-POOH

PISH-TUSH

PITTI-SING

YUM-YUM
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,
This the close of every song,

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

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

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This the close of every song.

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

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

Though the tocsin sound ere long,
til the shadows fall O-ver one and o-ver all, 
sol-emn sha-dows fall, Soon-er, lat-er, o-ver all,
Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-
gal, Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, 
Fa

Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, 
Fa

Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, 
Fa

Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, Sing a mer-ry ma-dri-gal, 
Fa

Fa la la la
Trio.
(YUM-YUM, NANKI-POOH, AND KO-KO.)

No. 4.

YUM-YUM.

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,
Here’s a pretty mess! Here’s a pretty mess!
KO-KO.

Here’s a state of things!

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!

YUM-YUM.

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

NANKI-POOH.

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

With a passion that’s intense You worship and adore, But the
laws of common sense. We ought not to ignore. If what I say is true, 'Tis
dead to marry you! Here's a pretty state of things! Here's a pretty how-de-do!

dead to marry you! Here's a pretty state of things! Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Here's a pretty state of things, a pretty state of things! Here's a how-de-do!

Here's a pretty state of things, a pretty state of things! Here's a how-de-do.
For if what he says is true, I cannot, cannot marry you!

Here's a how-de-do!

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!

Here's a pretty how-de-do!

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

No. 5. Allegro moderato.

MICA SAMA, ON NI'M NA NO MA-YE NI PIRA PIRA SURU NO WA NANGIA

MICA SAMA, ON NI'M NA NO MA-YE NI PIRA PIRA SURU NO WA NANGIA

NO NA -- TOKO TON-YARÉ TON-YARÉ NA!
KATISHA.

And I'm his daughter-in-law 

Man obedienc I ex-pect; I'm the Em-pror of Ja-pan

lect! He'll mar-ry his son (He's on-ly got one) To his daugh-ter-in-law e-lect.

My

But they're no-thing at all, com-
morals have been de-claird Par-ti-cu lar-ly cor-rec;

paid With those of his daugh-ter-in-law e-lect! Bow-- Bow-- To his
CHORUS.

Bow—Bow—To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow—Bow—To his daughter-in-law elect!

Mikado.

In a

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—
daughter-in-law e·lect!

My na·ture is love and light—My free·dom from all de·fect—

in·sig·ni·fi·cant quite, Com·par'd with his daughter-in-law e·lect! Bow! Bow! To his
daughter-in-law e·lect!

CHORUS.

Bow! Bow! To his daugh·ter-in-law e·lect!

Bow! Bow! To his daugh·ter-in-law e·lect!

dim.

dim.
Song and Chorus.

No. 6.

MIKADO.

Allegro.

A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist, To nobody second, I'm certainly reckoned a true philanthropist. It is my very humane endeavour to make, to some extent, Each evil liver a running river of harmless merriment. 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 bore,

Advertising quack who wearies with tales of countless cures,

Hiss
sent to hear sermons From mystical Germans Who preach from ten till four
In teeth, I've enacted, Shall all be extracted By terrified amateurs

a - ma - teur te - nor, whose vol - cal vil - la - nies All desire to shirk,
Music hall singer attends a series of masses and fugues and "ops"

during off-hours, Exhibits his powers To Madame Tussaud's wax-work.
Bach, interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven, At classical Monday Pops.

lady who dyes a chemical yellow, Or stains her grey hair puce,
Billiard sharp whom anyone catches, His doom's extremely hard—

pinch-ess her fig-ger, Is black'd like a nigger With permanent walnut juice.
made to dwell—In a dungeon cell On a spot that's always barred.
i-diot who, in rail-way car-riages, Scrib-bles on win-dow panes, We
there he plays ex-tra-gant matches in fit-les fin-gers stalls, On a
on-ly suf-fer To ride on a buf-fer In Par-lia-men-try trains. My
cloth un-true With a twist-ed cue, And ellip-tical bi-liard balls!

ob-ject all sub-lime I shall a-chieve in time— To let the pun-ish-ment

fit the crime— the pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And make each pris-her pent Un-

will-ling-ly re-pre-sent A source of in-no-cent mer-ri-ment, Of in-no-cent mer-

13809
ment!

CHORUS.

His ob-ject all sub-lime He will a-chieve in time—
To

His ob-ject all sub-lime He will a-chieve in time—
To

let the pun-ishment fit the crime, The pun-ishment fit the crime; And make each pris-ner pent
Un-

let the pun-ishment fit the crime, The pun-ishment fit the crime; And make each pris-ner pent
Un-

willing-ly re-pre-sent A source of in-no-cent mer-
ri-
ment!  The

willing-ly re-pre-sent A source of in-no-cent mer-
ri-

13809
Allegretto commodo.

The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown
I bared 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

PITTI-SING.

2. He shiverd and shook as he gave, the sign For the stroke he did'nt de-

every time he fails.

every time he fails...

serve; When all of a sudden his eye met mine, And it seemd to brace his nerve, For he
nodded his head and kissed his hand, And he whistled an air, did he, As the sabre true Cut cleanly through his cervical vertebrae, his vertebrae! When a man's afraid a beautiful maid Is a cheering sight to see; And it's oh, I'm glad, That moment sad Was soothed by sight of me! CHORUS.

Her terrible tale You can't assail, With truth it quite agrees;

Her terrible tale You can't assail, With truth it quite agrees;
Now tho' you'd have said that
taste exact For fault-less fact A-mounts to a dis-ease.

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 humble 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
CHORUS.

The haughty youth He speaks the truth When

KO-KO.

Exactly, exactly, exactly as he says!

Exactly, exactly, exactly as he says!

Exactly, exactly, exactly as he says!
Glee.
(Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah & 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.
I should say He's worth a great deal more than A. Yet A is happy!

Pooh-Bah.
Is B more worthy?

Yet A is happy!

Ko-Ko.
Is B more worthy?

Yet A is happy!

Mikado.
Yet A is happy!
Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous,
PITTISINGO.

Happy un de serving A!

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

POOH-BAH.

Happy un de serving A!

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

KATISHA

But

Happy lot, And A should die in mis-erie, That is, assuming I am B.

MIKADO.

But

Happy lot, And A should die in mis-erie, That is, assuming I am B.
That should he, (Of course assuming I am B.)

should A perish?

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

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 condemned to die is he, Wretched, merito-
rous B! But condemned to die is he, Wretched, merito-
rous B! But condemned to die is he, Wretched, merito-
rous B! But condemned to die is he, Wretched, merito-
rous B!
Duet.

**NANKI-POOH & KO-KO, (WITH YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING & POOH-BAH.)**

**№ 9.**

_NANKI-POOH._

Allegro giojoso.

The

flow-ers that bloom in the spring. Tra la. Breathe pro-mise of mer-ry sun-shine—

As we

mer-rily 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.

That's what we mean when we say that a thing is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

YUM-YUM.

Tra PITTI-SING.

Tra

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

Tra POOH-BAH.

Tra

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

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

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

la la la la, Tra la 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 un-der my wing, Tra la, A

most un-at-trac-tive old thing, Tra la, With a ca-ri-ca-ture of a face, With a

car-ri-ca-ture of a face; And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing, "Oh

bo-ther the flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Oh
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! --

Cometell me why, when hope is gone dost thou stay on? Why linger here, where all is dear?

Oh, living! --

Come, tell me why, when hope is gone dost thou stay on? May not a cheat-ed maiden die? May not -- a cheat-ed maiden die?
Song.
(Ko-Ko.)

No 11.

"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 insides?" With a shake of his poor little head he replied, "Oh
wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

2. He slapped his chest as he

sat on the bough, Singing "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" And a cold perspi ration 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 e-cho a-rose from the
suicide's grave. "Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name isn't Willlow, tit-willow, tit-willow. That was blighted affection that made him exclaim, "Oh willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!" And if 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 willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
Duet.
(KATISHA & KO-KO.)

**KATISHA.**

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 roaring. And the tiger is a lashing of his tail!

**KO-KO.**

Yes, I

I like to see a tiger from the Congo or the Niger, And especially when lashing of his
Volcanos 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 merrily marry, Nor tardily tarry, Till day is done!

KO-KO.

There is beauty in extreme old age—Do you fancy you are elderly enough? Information I'm requesting on a

KATISHA.

subject interesting: Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?
out this wide dominion It's the general opinion That she'll last a good deal longer when she-

tough, KO-KO.

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 romantic; Do you

KATISHA.

To the matter that you mention, I have

think you are sufficiently decayed?

given some attention, And I think I am sufficiently decayed. If
that is so, Sing derry dower derry! It's evident, very, Our tastes are one! Away we'll go, and

merri ly mar ry. Nor tardy tar ry Till day is done! If that is so, Sing
derry dower derry! It's evident, very, Our tastes are one! Away we'll go. And

merri ly mar ry, Nor tardy tar ry Till day is done! Sing derry dower derry! We'll

merri ly mar ry, Nor tardy tar ry Till day is done!
Finale, Act II.

No 13.

Pitti-sing.

Allegrceto grazioso.

For he's gone and married Yum-

Yum-

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

Chorus.

Yum-Yum!

Yum-Yum!

Cumb-cumb.

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!

13809
notions, though many, are not worth a penny, The word for your guidance is "Mum" You've

CHORUS.

Mum-mum!

Mum-mum!

got a good bargain in me!

ALL.

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
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, In the sea. In the sea.

Allegro con brio.

YUM-YUM.

NANKI-POOH.

And fairly shines the dawning
The threatened cloud has passed away,
day!

There's yet a month of after-noon!

PEEP-BO.

NANKI.

Then let the

What tho' the night may come too soon,

POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH.

Then let the

CHORUS.

Then let the

YUM-YUM.

Then let the throng Our joy advance,

PITTI-SING.

With laughing song, And merrily

Then let the throng Our joy advance,

Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing song, And merrily

throng Our joy advance, With laughing song, And merrily

throng Our joy advance, With laughing song, And merrily

throng Our joy advance, With laughing song, And merrily

throng Our joy advance, With laughing song, And merrily
dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

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dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

dance. Then let the throng Our joy advance, with laughing song, and merry dance, with laughing

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.

song. And merry dance, with laughing song.
With joyous shout, With joyous shout and ringing cheer, Inaugurate their new career! With joyous shout and ringing cheer, Inaugurate their new career! With joyous shout and ringing cheer, Inaugurate their new career! With joyous shout and ringing cheer, Inaugurate their new career! With joyous shout and ringing cheer, Inaugurate their new career!
shout! With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.

With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.

With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.

With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.

With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.

With laugh-ing song and mer-ry dance.