THE MIKADO

OR,

THE TOWN OF TITIPU

Libretto by

W. S. Gilbert

Music by

Arthur Sullivan

A new edition based on Sullivan's autograph manuscript,
edited by Colin Jagger

Vocal Score

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This new edition was prepared by Colin Jagger in 2014-26 and published in 2026.

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Introduction

The Mikado was the 9th of 14 collaborations between Gilbert and Sullivan. The initial production opened on 14 March, 1885 and ran for 672 performances, making it the longest of any of their initial runs. It rapidly became popular in the USA and across Europe, and, even 140 years on, is still widely performed throughout the English-speaking world. Reviews at the time were generally good, but as usual contained caveats. The first-night review in *The Times* summed up by saying '*The Mikado* is likely to hold its own among the series of pretty and enjoyable operettas which we owe to Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. As a piece of stage show it is, perhaps, the best of all. In a dramatic and musical sense it holds a medium position, being scarcely as good as *The Sorcerer* and *The Pinafore*, and certainly infinitely better than *Iolanthe* or *Princess Ida*.'

This new edition is first and foremost designed for performance. It is based on Sullivan's autograph manuscript, together with the original vocal score and original libretto. The autograph contains some music which did not make it into the final version, as well as indications of two songs starting life in a different place in the opera. For those wishing thus to experiment, the intention throughout has been to make everything easily possible to perform. The Chappell vocal score has always given the overture as a piano duet, which is great on occasions where two pianists are available, but clearly rather less practical most of the time when there is only one. I therefore give an editorial version for one pianist, and include the piano duet version as an appendix.

This vocal score incorporates all the dialogue and stage directions, and, in addition to correcting the voice parts, I have edited the generally good piano part by George Lowell Tracy (1855-1921), correcting errors and making it more closely match the orchestration. There is also a matching full score (available from Amazon) and complete orchestral material. For those with limited space and/or resources, there is a reduced orchestration for a minimum of ten players. The orchestral materials are available from: cjagger99@gmail.com

There are quite a few metronome marks given both in the Autograph and in the original vocal score, which I have generally followed. Those in brackets are editorial, intended to give tempos that Sullivan himself might have recognised. Otherwise such additions are kept to a minimum. Lyrics shown above the staff are from the autograph manuscript or original vocal score where those are not simply in error (comprehensive notes are given in the full score). Cue-sized notes usually indicate Sullivan's preferred reading.

Dramatis Personæ

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN	bass
NANKI-POO (*His Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with* YUM-YUM)	tenor
KO-KO (*Lord High Executioner of Titipu*)	comic baritone
POOH-BAH (*Lord High Everything Else*)	baritone
PISH-TUSH (*a Noble Lord*)	baritone
YUM-YUM	soprano
PITTI-SING (*Three Sisters—Wards of* KO-KO)	mezzo-soprano
PEEP-BO	mezzo-soprano
KATISHA (*an elderly Lady, in love with* NANKI-POO)	contralto

CHORUS OF SCHOOL-GIRLS, NOBLES, GUARDS, AND COOLIES.

ACT I.—Court-yard of KO-KO's official residence

ACT II.— KO-KO's Garden

First performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Richard D'Oyly Carte, on Saturday 14 March, 1885.

Vocal ranges and list of musical numbers each character sings in (C3 is 'middle' C):

	Act I	Act II
MIKADO, F1-D3	-	5, 6, 8
NANKI-POO, C2-A4	1, 2, 4, 4a, 9, 11	3, 4, 9, 13
KO-KO, G1-E3	5, 5a, 10, 11	4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13
POOH-BAH, Bb2-Eb3	4, 4a, 8, 10, 11	7, 8, 9, 13
PISH-TUSH, A2-E3	3, 4, (8), 10, 11	3, 13
YUM-YUM, D3-A5	7, 8, 9, 11	2, 3, 4, 9, 13
PITTI-SING, G2-F4	7, 8, 11	1, 3, 7, 8, 9, 13
PEEP-BO, D3-D4	7, 8, 11	13
KATISHA, G#2-F4	11	5, 8, 10, 12
Male Chorus	1, 2, 3, 5, 5a	-
Female Chorus	6, 7, 8	1
Mixed Chorus	11	5, 6, 7, 13

The chorus is not difficult but is always very grateful to sing. There is a significant amount of *divisi* in Act I especially for the men, but it is always quite manageable. There is a solo fragment for an un-named male noble at the end of Act I No. 1. All the principal roles are manageable even for amateurs, and, as always with Gilbert and Sullivan, singers of appropriate age who are also good actors are ideal. Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko are vocally the most challenging roles.

Dialogue plot giving the relevant page numbers (brackets indicate silent presence):

	Act I	Act II
MIKADO	-	150, 157-8, 180-1
NANKI-POO	25, 31, 58, 65, 82-3	125, 131, 136-7, 164, 181
KO-KO	41, 46, 58-9, 72, 82-3	131, 136-7, 150, 157-8, 164, 172, 174, 180-1
POOH-BAH	31, 46, 58-9, 72	137, 150, 157-8, 164, 180-1
PISH-TUSH	25, 31, (58), 72	125, 180-1
YUM-YUM	58, 65	122, 125, 131, 137, 164, 181
PITTI-SING	58	125, (150), 157-8, 164, (180-1)
PEEP-BO	58	125, (180-1)
KATISHA	-	157-8, 172, 174, 180-1

The Mikado (1885)

or,

The Town of Titipu

Sir W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)

Sir Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Overture




37
A
p
42
cresc.
45
f
50
Attacca
Andante comodo (♩ = 69)
54
p
p sost.
59


63
cresc.
68
dim.
rall.
B
a tempo
p
73
78
82
cresc.
86
dim.
rall.
p
a tempo
mf


90
Allegro con brio ♩ = 112
C
f
96
dim.
p
D
102
tr
108
f
114
E
p


119
123
f
p
127
F
f
p
131
135
f
p
139
p


143
tr
f
149
G
tr
155
tr
dim.
p
159
cresc.
162
f
p
H
166
p


172
p
mf
178
J
cresc.
f
mf
184
cresc.
f
p
191
K
dim.
p
197
tr
tr
L
p
tr
202
tr
f


M
208
ff
p
213
tr
f
N
219
ff
225
f
mf
p
O
230
p
236
p


242
cresc.
f
mf
P
248
ff
Q
254
p
p
260
266
p
cresc.
R
272
ff


278
284
289
295
S
fff
301
307

Act I: No. 1. If you want to know who we are

Chorus of Men

SCENE.—*Courtyard of* KO-KO'S *Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.*




A
34
unis. f
T.
B.
1. If you want to know who we are,
We are gen-tle-men of Ja - pan:
41
On ma-ny a vase and jar—
On ma-ny a screen and
48
fan,
We fi-gure in live-ly
54
paint: Our at - ti-tude's queer and quaint— You're wrong if you think it ain't,


59
T.
B.
oh!
65
T.
B.
unis.
B
2. If you think we are work'd by strings,
Like a
71
T.
B.
Jap-an-ese ma-rio - nette,
You don't un-der-stand these things:
77
T.
B.
It is sim-ply Court e-ti - quette.


83
T.
B.
Per-haps you sup-pose this throng Can't keep it up all day
89
T.
B.
long? If that's your i-dea, you're wrong, oh! oh!
95
T.
B.
C
ff
If that's your i - dea, you're wrong. If you want to know who we
101
T.
B.
unis.
are, We are gen-tle-men of Ja - pan:
tr
tr


107
T.
On vase and jar, And screen and fan, On
B.
On vase and jar, And screen and fan, On
112
D
T.
ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma-ny a jar, Oh!
B.
ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma - ny, ma-ny a jar, Oh!
118
T.
oh! oh! oh!
B.
oh! oh! oh!
8va


124
E
T.
B.
On vase and jar, On screen and fan.
On vase and jar, On screen and fan.
(8)
130
sempre ff
136
(Enter NANKI-POO in great excitement.
He carries a native guitar on his back,
and a bundle of ballads in his hand.)
F
142

Recit.

149 NANKI-POO

N-P

Gen - tle-men, I pray you tell me Where a gen - tle mai-den dwel-leth, Named Yum-

p

155

N-P

-Yum, the ward of Ko - Ko? In pi - ty speak— oh, speak, I pray you!

G

162 A NOBLE

N.

Why, who are you who ask this ques - tion?

p

169 NANKI-POO *Segue*

N-P

Come ga - ther round me, and I'll tell you.

fp

No. 2. A wandering minstrel I

Song (Nanki-Poo) with Chorus of Men




23
Andante espressivo (♩. = 72)
N-P
song! Are you in sen-ti-men-tal mood? I'll sigh with you, Ah,
p
28
N-P
sor - row! On maid-en's cold-ness do you brood? I'll do so, too— Ah,
33
J
N-P
sor-row, sor-row! I'll charm your will-ing ears With songs of lov-ers' fears,
37
N-P
While sym-pa-the-tic tears My cheeks be-dew— Ah, sor-row, sor-row!
cresc.
mf
dim.


42
Allegro marziale (♩ = 126)
N-P
But if pa - tri-o - tic sen - ti-ment is want - ed, I've
f
dim.
p
46
N-P
pa - tri-o - tic bal - lads cut and dried; For wher-e'er our coun-try's ban - ner may be
49
N-P
plant - ed, All o - ther lo - cal ban - ners are de - fied! Our
52
K
N-P
war - ri-ors, in ser - ried ranks as - sem - bled, Ne - ver quail—or they con-ceal it if they


55
N-P
do—
And I should-n't be sur-pris'd if na-tions trem-bled Be-fore the migh-ty
58
N-P
troops, the troops of Ti - ti - pu!
MEN
f
T.
B.
We should-n't be sur-pris'd if na-tions trem-bled, trem-bled with a-
ff
Allegro pesante, non troppo vivo (♩ = 104)
61
T.
B.
unis.
-larm Be-fore the migh-ty troops, the troops of Ti - ti - pu!
f


66
NANKI-POO
N-P
And if you call for a song of the sea, We'll heave the cap-stan round, With a
dim.
mp
71
L
N-P
yeo heave ho, for the wind is free, Her an-chor's a-trip and her helm's a - lee, Hur - rah for the home-ward
76
N-P
bound! To lay a - loft in a
MEN
f
T.
B.
Yeo - ho heave ho Hur - rah for the home-ward bound!
f
p
82
N-P
howl-ing breeze May tick-le a lands-man's taste, But the hap-piest hour a sail - or sees Is


87
N-P
when he's down At an in - land town, With his Nan-cy on his knees, yeo-ho! And his arm_ a-round her
92
M
N-P
waist!
T.
f
Then man the cap - stan— off we go, As the fid - dler swings us round, With a
B.
f
Then man the cap - stan— off we go, As the fid - dler swings us round, With a
f
97
T.
yeo heave ho, And a rum-be-low, Hur - rah for the home-ward bound!___ With a yeo heave ho,___
B.
yeo heave ho, And a rum-be-low, Hur - rah for the home-ward bound!___ With a yeo heave ho,___


102
T.
B.
And a rum - be - low, Yeo - ho, heave ho, Yeo -
And a rum - be - low, Yeo - ho, heave ho, Yeo - ho,
cresc.


107
T.
B.
ho, heave ho, heave ho, heave ho, yeo - ho!
heave ho, heave ho, heave ho, yeo - ho!
ff
dim.


N
Allegretto come primo (♩. = 72)
113
N-P
NANKI-POO
A wan-d'ring min-strel I— A thing of shreds and patch-es, Of
dim.
p



(*Enter* PISH-TUSH.)

PISH-TUSH. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

NANKI-POO. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard, a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

PISH-TUSH. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following remarkable circumstances:—

No. 3. Our great Mikado, virtuous man

Song (Pish-Tush) & Chorus of Men




20
P-T
words suc-cinct, That all who flirt - ed, leer'd, or wink'd (Un - less con - nu - bi - al - ly link'd), Should
rov - ing eye, Or breath'd a non-con - nu - bial sigh, Was there-up - on con-demned to die— He—
B
25
P-T
forth-with be be - head - ed, be - head - ed, be - head - - - -
u - sual - ly ob - ject - ed, ob - ject - ed, ob - ject - - - -
30
P-T
-ed, Should forth-with be be - head-ed.
-ed, He u - sual - ly ob - ject - ed.
ff
C
35
P-T
And I ex - pect you'll all a - gree That
And you'll al - low, as I ex - pect, That
p


40
P-T
he was right to so de-cree. And I am right, And you are right, And all is right as
he was right to so ob-ject. And I am right, And you are right, And ev - 'ry-thing is
45
P-T
right can be!
quite cor-rect!
MEN
f
T.
B.
1. And you are right, And we are right, And all is right, is right as right can
2. And you are right, And we are right, And ev - 'ry-thing is quite, is quite cor -
f
50
D
P-T
And all is right as right can be, Right as right can be!
And ev-'ry-thing is quite cor-rect, All is quite cor - rect!
T.
B.
be! And all is right as right can be, Right as right can be!
-rect, And ev-'ry-thing is quite cor-rect, All is quite cor - rect!
ff
58
E


63
P-T
3. And so we straight let out on bail A con - vict from the coun - ty jail, Whose
p
68
F
P-T
head was next On some pre - text Con - demn - ed to be mown off, And made *him* Heads - man,
73
P-T
for we said 'Who's next to be de - ca - pi - ted Can - not cut off an - o - ther's head Un -
78
P-T
-til he's cut his own off, his own off, his own


G
83
P-T
off, un - til he's cut his own off.'
ff
88
P-T
And we are right, I think you'll say, To
p
H
93
P-T
ar - gue in this kind of way. And I am right, And you are right, And all is right— too-
98
P-T
-loo - ral - lay! And I am
MEN f
T.
B.
And you are right, And we are right, And all is right— too - loo - ral, loo - ral - lay! And you are
f



(*Enter* POOH-BAH.)

NANKI-POO. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu! Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!

POOH-BAH. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

NANKI-POO. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

POOH-BAH. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

PISH-TUSH. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

POOH-BAH. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it.

NANKI-POO. And it does you credit.

POOH-BAH. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For instance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (NANKI-POO *takes the hint, and gives him money*.) (*Aside*.) Another insult, and, I think, a light one!

No. 4. Young man, despair

Song (Pooh-Bah) with Nanki-Poo & Pish-Tush

Allegro moderato (Tempo di Minuetto) (♩. = 104)

P-B

f

p

6

POOH-BAH

1. Young man, des-pair, Like - wise go to, Yum - Yum the fair You
2. It's a hope-less case As you may see, And in your place A -

10

must not woo. It will not do: I'm sor-ry for you, You ve-ry im-per - fect a-
-way I'd flee; But don't blame me— I'm sor-ry to be Of your plea - sure a di - min-

14 **A**

-blu - tion-er! This ve - ry day From school Yum-
-u - tion-er. They'll vow their pact Ex - treme - ly


18
P-B
-Yum soon, Will wend her way, And home-ward In point of fact This af - ter-
22
P-B
come -noon With beat Her of drum, ho - And ney - a moon rum - With tum - that tum, buf - To foon wed the At sev'n com-
25
B
P-B
Lord -men High ces, Ex - e - so cu - you tion - shun er! her!
sf
28
P-B
1&2. And the brass will crash, And the trum-pets bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wed-ding
ff
p


C
32
P-B
day. She'll tod-dle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Ex - e-
36
P-B
-cu - tion-er!
NANKI-POO
N-P
P-T
PISH-TUSH
And the brass will crash, And the trum-pets bray, And they'll cut a dash On their wed-ding
f
40
P-B
She'll tod-dle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion-er!
unis.
N-P
P-T
day. She'll tod-dle a-way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion-er!
f
45
(Exit PISH-TUSH.)
Attacca

No. 4a. And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly

Recitative (Nanki-Poo & Pooh-Bah)

Recit. NANKI-POO

N-P

And have I jour-ney'd for a month, or near - ly, To learn that Yum-Yum,

p

4

a tempo moderato

N-P

whom I love so dear-ly, This day to Ko-Ko is to be u - ni - ted!

f *dim.*

9 *Recit.* POOH-BAH **a tempo moderato**

P-B

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

p

3

3

(*Exeunt* POOH-BAH *and* NANKI-POO *in opposite directions.*)

13 *Recit.* **a tempo** *Attacca*

P-B

But here he comes, e-quipped as suits his sta-tion; He'll give you a-ny fur-ther in-for-ma - tion.

No. 5. Behold the Lord High Executioner!

Chorus of Men with Solo (Ko-Ko)




A
(*Enter* KO-KO, *attended.*)
20
T.
B.
of - fi-cer, Whose func-tions are par-tic - u-lar - ly vi - tal. De - fer, de-
unis.
of - fi-cer, Whose func-tions are par-tic - u-lar - ly vi - tal. De - fer, de-
24
-fer, To the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion-er! De - fer, de-
unis.
-fer, To the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion-er! De - fer, de-
28
-fer, To the no-ble Lord, to the no-ble Lord, to the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion - er!
unis.
-fer, To the no-ble Lord, to the no-ble Lord, to the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion - er!


B
33
Ko-Ko
K-K
Ta-ken from the coun-ty jail By a set of cu - rious chan-ces;
p
38
K-K
Lib-er-a-ted then on bail, On my own re-cog - ni - zan-ces; Waft-ed by a fav-'ring
C
43
K-K
gale As one some-times is in tran-ces, To a height that few can scale,
48
K-K
Save by long and wea - ry dan-ces; Sure-ly, ne-ver had a male


52
K-K
Un-der such like cir - cum - stan-ces So ad - ven - tur-ous a tale, Which may rank with most ro -
57
D
K-K
-man-ces. Ta-ken from the coun-ty jail By a set of cu-rious chan - ces,
T.
p
Ta-ken from the coun-ty jail, Li-ber-a - ted then on
B.
p
Ta-ken from the coun-ty jail, Li-ber-a - ted then on
p stacc.
62
K-K
Sure-ly, ne-ver had a male So ad - ven - tur - ous a tale.
T.
unis. f
bail, Sure-ly, ne-ver had a male So ad - ven - tur - ous a tale. De - fer, de-
B.
unis. f
bail, Sure-ly, ne-ver had a male So ad - ven - tur - ous a tale. De - fer, de-
f


67
T.
B.
-fer, To the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion-er! De - fer, de - fer, To the
unis.
-fer, To the Lord High Ex - e - cu-tion-er! De - fer, de - fer, To the
72
E
T.
B.
no-ble Lord, to the no-ble Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion - er! Bow down, bow down, To the
unis.
no-ble Lord, to the no-ble Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion - er! Bow down, bow down, To the
ff
77
T.
B.
unis.
Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion - er! De - fer, de - fer, To the
Lord High Ex - e - cu - tion - er! De - fer, de - fer, To the



Ko-Ko. Gentlemen, I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally, I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose loss will be a distinct gain to society at large. [*Continue with song below.*]

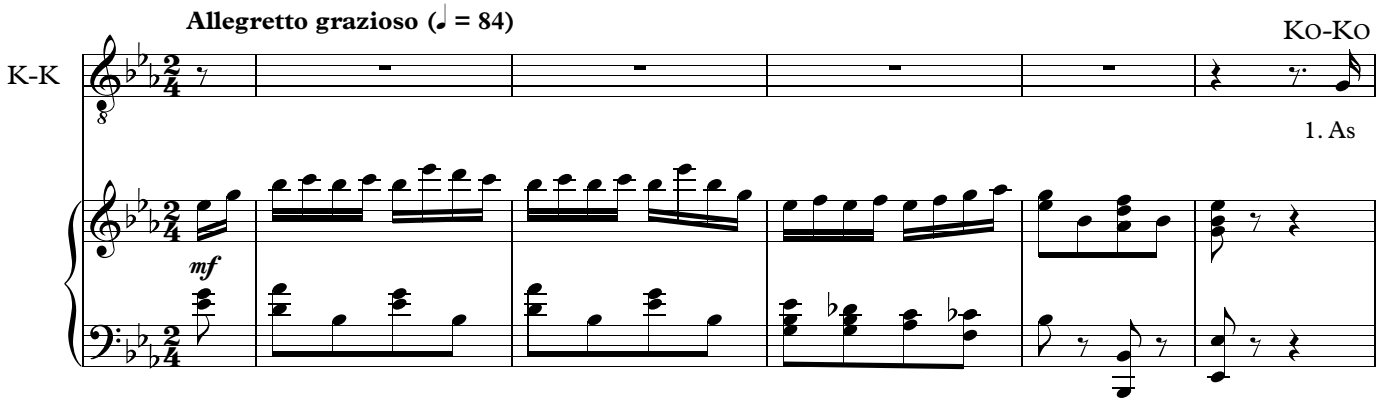
In the original 1885 production, No. 5a followed here, but as originally conceived it came between Nos. 10 and 11 (see Appendix A on page 190). This was managed by using the following monologue in place of the above, not singing No. 5a, but then continuing with the dialogue on page 46.

Ko-Ko. Gentlemen,—I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. Gentlemen, I expect my three beautiful wards, Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, and Pitti-Sing, in a few minutes. If you will kindly receive them with a show of abject deference, I shall feel obliged to you. I know how painful it must be to noblemen of your rank to have to humiliate themselves before a person of my antecedents, but discipline must be observed.

(Chorus *bow and exeunt*.)

No. 5a. As some day it may happen that a victim must be found

Song (Ko-Ko) with Chorus of Men




6
K-K
some day it may hap-pen that a vic-tim must be found, I've got a lit-tle list— I've
ban-jo se-re-nad-er, and the o-thers of his race, And the pia-no or-gan-ist— I've
p
9
K-K
got a lit-tle list Of so-ci-e-ty of-fend-ers who might well be un-der-ground, And who
got him on the list! And the peo-ple who eat pep-per-mint and puff it in your face, They
12
K-K
ne-ver would be miss'd— who ne-ver would be miss'd! There's the pes-ti-len-tial nui-san-ces who
ne-ver would be miss'd— they ne-ver would be miss'd! Then the i-di-ot who prais-es, with en-
15
K-K
write for au-to-graphs— All peo-ple who have flab-by 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


18
K-K
chil-dren who are up in dates and floor 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-n't think she walt-zes, but would
21
K-K
hands with you like *that*— And all third per-sons who on spoil-ing *tête - à - têtes* in - sist— They'd
ra - ther like to try'; And that sin - gu - lar an - o - ma - ly, the la - dy no - vel - ist— I
24
A
K-K
none of 'em be miss'd— they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
don't think she'd be miss'd— I'm *sure* she'd not be miss'd!
MEN
f
T.
B.
He's got 'em on the list— he's
He's got her on the list— he's
f
27
K-K
2. There's the
3. And that
T.
B.
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!
p


31
K-K
Ni-si Pri-us nui-sance, who just now is ra-ther rife, The Ju - di-cial hu-mour - ist— I've got him on the list! All
p
35
K-K
fun - ny fel-lows, com - ic men, and clowns of pri-vate life— They'd none of 'em be miss'd— they'd
38
K-K
none of 'em be miss'd! And a - po - lo - ge - tic states-men of a com-pro-mis-ing kind, Such as—
colla voce
41
K-K
What d'ye call him—Thing-'em-bob, and like-wise—Ne-ver Mind, And 'St— 'st— 'st—and What's-his-name, and

44

a tempo

K-K

al - so You-know-who— The task of fill - ing up the blanks I'd ra - ther leave to *you*. But it

47

A2

K-K

real - ly does-n't mat - ter whom you put up - on the list, For they'd none of 'em be miss'd— they'd

50

K-K

none of 'em be miss'd!

MEN *f*

T. B.

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

f

53

(*Exeunt* CHORUS.)

T. B.

none of 'em be miss'd—they'll none of 'em be miss'd!

f

Dialogue

(*Enter* POOH-BAH.)

KO-KO. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

POOH-BAH. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

KO-KO. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

POOH-BAH. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

KO-KO. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

POOH-BAH. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

KO-KO. Oh! But you said just now 'don't stint yourself, do it well'.

POOH-BAH. As Private Secretary.

KO-KO. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

POOH-BAH. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

KO-KO. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (*They cross the stage*.) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

POOH-BAH. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying 'chance it—'

KO-KO. Thank you. (*Shaking his hand*.) I will.

POOH-BAH. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

KO-KO. I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (*They cross the stage*.) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

POOH-BAH. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts, that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

KO-KO. That's extremely awkward.

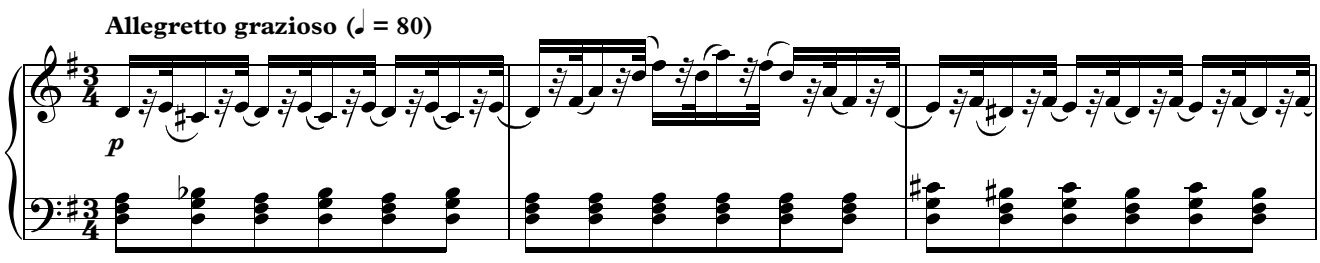
POOH-BAH. I don't say that all these distinguished people couldn't be squared; but it is right to tell you that I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe.

KO-KO. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour. (*Exeunt together*.)

No. 6. Comes a train of little ladies

Chorus of Girls

(*Enter procession of* YUM-YUM'S *schoolfellows, heralding* YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING.)




4
cresc.
7
mf
dim.
p
10
f
S.
Comes a__ train of__ lit - tle__ la - dies From scho - las - tic__ tram - mels
f
A.
Comes a__ train of__ lit - tle__ la - dies From scho - las - tic__ tram - mels
13
S.
free, Each a__ lit - tle__ bit__ a - fraid is, Won-d'ring
A.
free, Each a__ lit - tle__ bit__ a - fraid is, Won-d'ring


A
16
S.
what the world can be! Is it but a
A.
what the world can be! Is it but a
19
S.
world of trou - ble— Sad - ness set to song?
A.
world of trou - ble— Sad - ness set to song?
22
p
S.
Is its beau - ty but a bub - ble Bound to break ere
p
A.
Is its beau - ty but a bub - ble Bound to break ere


B
25
S.
A.
long?
Are its pa - la - ces and plea - sures
long?
Are its
28
Fan - ta - sies that fade?
And the glo - ry of its
plea-sures Fan - ta - sies that fade?
31
trea - sures
Sha - dow of a shade?
And the glo - ry of its trea - sures
Sha - dow of a shade?


34
S.
A.
dim.
And the glo - ry of its trea - - sures Sha - dow of a
And the glo - ry of its trea - sures Sha - dow of a
37
C
p
shade? Sha - dow of a shade?
shade?
40
f
School-girls we,_ eigh - teen and un - der, From scho - las - tic_ tram - mels
mf


D
43
S.
free, And we won - der— how we won - der! We
A.
free, And we won - der— how we won - der! We
46
S.
won - der— how we won - der!— What on earth the world can
dim.
A.
won - der— how we won - der!— What on earth the world can
dim.
sf
dim.
49
S.
be! What on earth the world can be!
p
A.
be! What on earth the world can be!
p
p
54
Attacca

No. 7. Three little maids from school are we

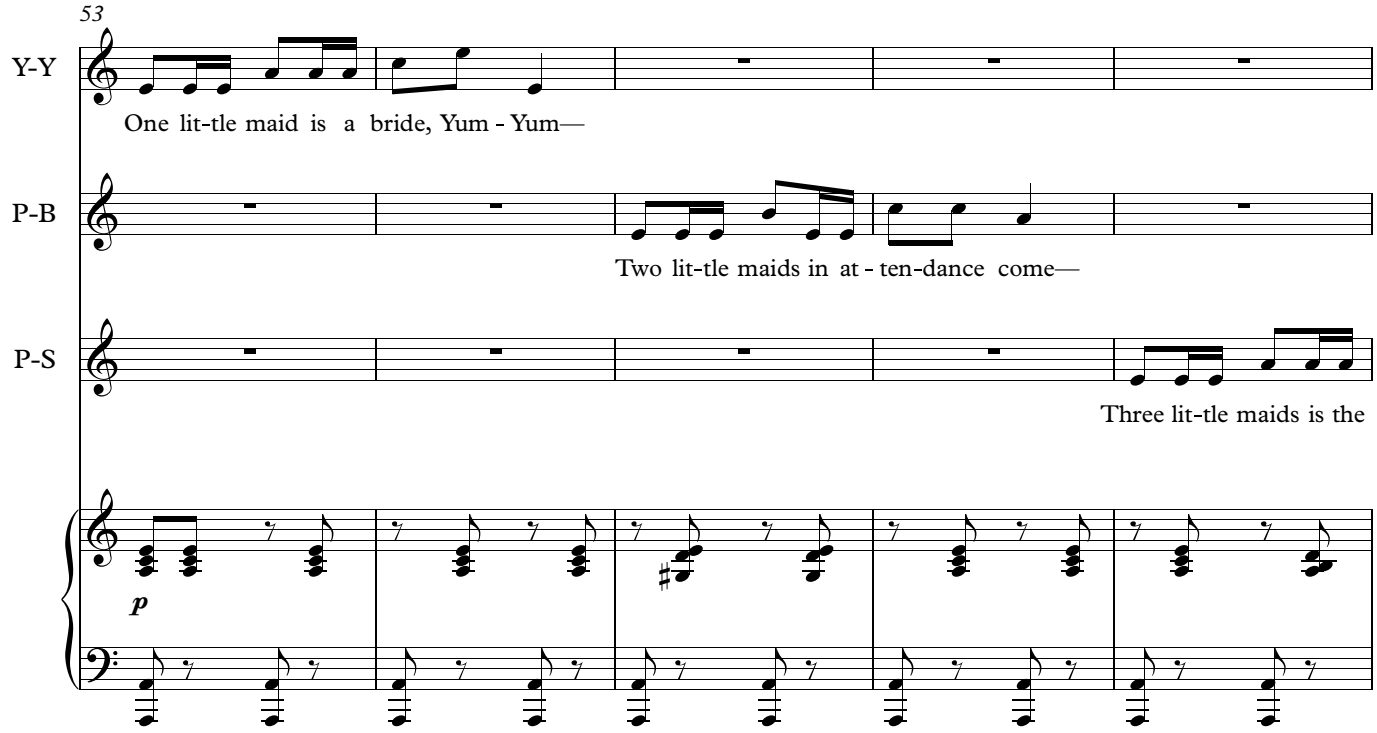
Trio (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, & Pitti-Sing) with Chorus of Girls

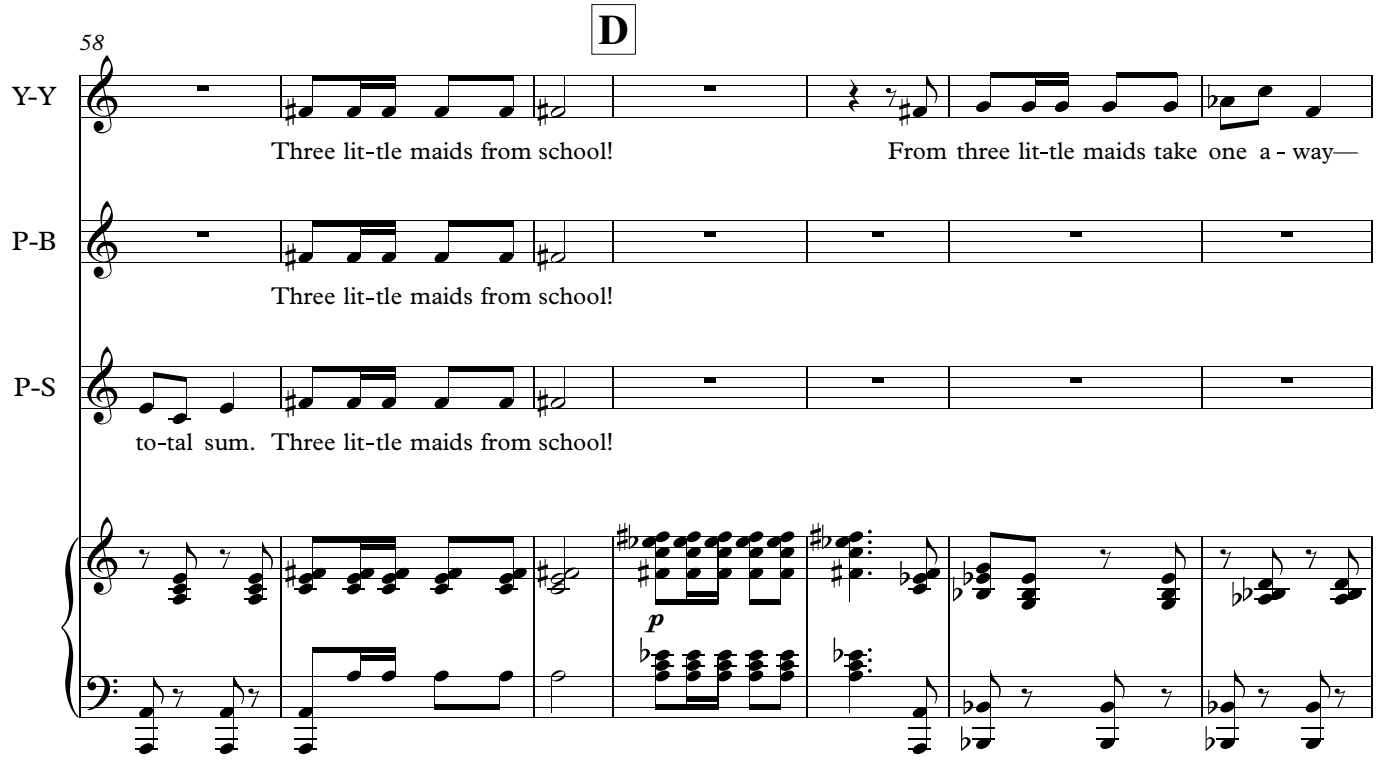
Allegretto grazioso (♩ = 112)




19
(Chuckle.)
Y-Y
-thing is a source of fun.
P-B
No-bo-dy's safe, for we care for
24
(Chuckle.)
P-B
none!
P-S
(Chuckle.)
Life is a joke that's just be - gun!
30
B
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids from school!
P-B
Three lit-tle maids from school!
P-S
Three lit-tle maids from school!
p


36
(Dancing.)
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry, Freed from its ge-nius tu-te-la-ry—
(Dancing.)
P-B
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry, Freed from its ge-nius tu-te-la-ry—
(Dancing.)
P-S
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry, Freed from its ge-nius tu-te-la-ry—
p
42
(Suddenly demure.)
sf
C
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids from school, Three lit-tle maids from school!
(Suddenly demure.)
sf
P-B
Three lit-tle maids from school, Three lit-tle maids from school!
(Suddenly demure.)
sf
P-S
Three lit-tle maids from school, Three lit-tle maids from school!
sf
48


53
Y-Y
One lit-tle maid is a bride, Yum - Yum—
P-B
Two lit-tle maids in at - ten-dance come—
P-S
Three lit-tle maids is the
p


D
58
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids from school!
From three lit-tle maids take one a - way—
P-B
Three lit-tle maids from school!
P-S
to-tal sum. Three lit-tle maids from school!
p


65
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids from school!
P-B
Two lit-tle maids re-main, and they—
Three lit-tle maids from school!
P-S
Won't have to wait ve-ry long, they say—
Three lit-tle maids from school!


71
E
(Dancing.)
Y-Y
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry,
P-B
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry,
P-S
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry,
CHORUS OF GIRLS
S.
Three lit-tle maids from school!
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry,
A.
Three lit-tle maids from school!
Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry, Come from a la-dies' se-mi-na-ry,
p


77
Y-Y
P-B
P-S
S.
A.
(Suddenly demure.)
Freed from its ge-nius tu-te-la-ry—
Three lit-tle maids from school,
Three lit-tle maids
ff
sf
f
83
from school!
Dialogue

(*Enter* KO-KO *and* POOH-BAH. *Enter* PISH-TUSH. *Enter* NANKI-POO, *unobserved.*)

KO-KO. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*)

YUM-YUM. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

KO-KO. Well, that was the idea.

YUM-YUM (*aside to* PEEP-BO). It seems odd, don't it?

PEEP-BO. It's rather peculiar.

PITTI-SING. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

YUM-YUM. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual.

KO-KO. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (*Appealing to* POOH-BAH.)

POOH-BAH. I have known it done. (KO-KO *embraces her.*)

YUM-YUM. Thank goodness that's over! (*Sees* NANKI-POO, *and rushes to him.*) Why, that's never you? (*The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.*)

YUM-YUM. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes, and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PEEP-BO. And have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she don't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you! I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PITTI-SING. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but thank goodness that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(*The three speeches above are spoken together in one breath.*)

KO-KO. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

YUM-YUM. Oh, this is the musician who used—
PEEP-BO. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—
PITTI-SING. Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

KO-KO. One at a time, if you please.

YUM-YUM. Oh, if you please he's the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—on the—

PITTI-SING. On the Marine Parade.

YUM-YUM. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

NANKI-POO. Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger!

KO-KO. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Good-bye. (*To* PISH-TUSH.) Take him away. (PISH-TUSH *removes him.*)

PITTI-SING (*who has been examining* POOH-BAH). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

KO-KO. That is a Tremendous Swell.

PITTI-SING. Oh, it's alive. (*She starts back in alarm.*)

POOH-BAH. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears.

KO-KO. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride elect.

POOH-BAH. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I *will not* kiss them.

KO-KO. No, no, you shan't kiss them: a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

POOH-BAH. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.

KO-KO. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

POOH-BAH (*aside to* KO-KO). Well, I shan't mean it. (*With a great effort.*) How de do, little girls, how de do? (*Aside.*) Oh, my protoplasmal ancestor!

KO-KO. That's very good. (*Girls indulge in suppressed laughter.*)

POOH-BAH. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say 'How de do, little girls, how de do?' to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying 'How de do, little girls, how de do?' to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker.

KO-KO (*aside to girls*). Don't laugh at him, he can't help it—he's under treatment for it. (*Aside to* POOH-BAH.) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

POOH-BAH. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

KO-KO. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand.

(KO-KO *retires up and goes off*.)

No. 8. So please you, Sir, we much regret

Quintet* (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah, Pish-Tush) with Chorus of Girls



* Although this began life as a quintet, the final intention was a quartet, Pish-Tush being taken offstage. In purely musical terms, the quintet version works particularly well, and, since it is presented in both the autograph manuscript and original vocal score, I do likewise (Pish-Tush should return to the stage after removing Nanki-Poo). Two simple instructions are given for those wishing to perform as a quartet.


13
Y-Y
failed in e - ti - quette To - wards a man of rank so high—We shall know bet - ter by and
P-B
failed in e - ti - quette To - wards a man of rank so high—We shall know bet - ter by and
P-S
failed in e - ti - quette To - wards a man of rank so high—We shall know bet - ter by and
P-B
show too much res - pect To - wards the high-ly ti - tled few; But no - bo-dy does, and why should
18
A
Y-Y
bye. But youth, of course, must have its fling, So par - don us, So par - don us,
P-B
bye.
P-S
bye.
(1.) And
(For the quartet version, Pooh-Bah sings these four bars of Pish-Tush.)
P-B
you?
(2.) To
PISH-TUSH
P-T
2. That youth at us should have its fling, Is hard on us, Is hard on us;

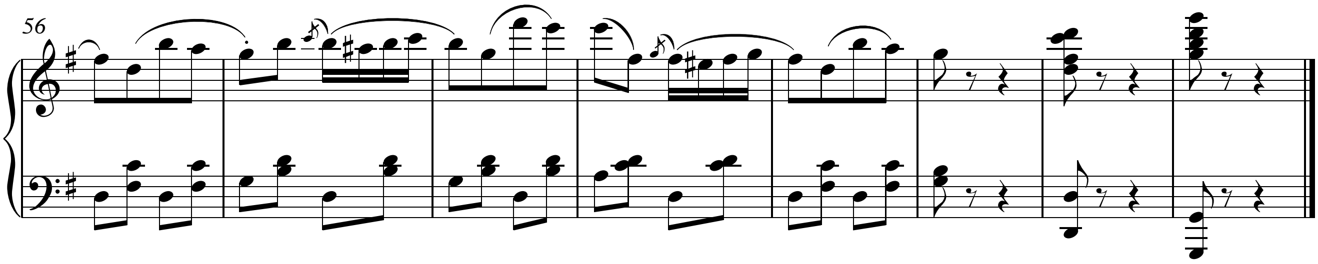


*The autograph manuscript and original libretto have 'disposed', while the original vocal score has 'designed'. More recent vocal scores have 'inclined'!


35
Y-Y
don't, in girl - hood's hap-py spring, Be hard on us.
P-B
don't, in girl - hood's hap-py spring, Be hard on us.
P-S
don't, in girl - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us.
P-B
la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la!
P-T
la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la!
S.
la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la! 1.&2. But youth, of course, must have its fling, So
A.
la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la! 1.&2. But youth, of course, must have its fling, So
f
f
f


42
C
Y-Y
(1.&2.) Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
P-B
(1.&2.) Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
P-S
(1.&2.) Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
P-B
(2.) Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
P-T
(2.) Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
S.
par-don us. Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
A.
par-don us. Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra
p
sf
sf





Dialogue on next page.

In the original conception, and, indeed, on the opening night in 1885, 'The sun, whose rays' (page 122) was performed here, before being moved to Act II due to singer exhaustion. This was managed by using the following monologue which was cut when the song was moved. After the song, Nanki-Poo entered, and the dialogue continued as on the next page.

YUM-YUM. How pitiable is the condition of a young and innocent child brought from the gloom of a ladies' academy into the full blown blaze of her own marriage ceremony; and with a man for whom I care nothing! True, he loves me, but everybody does that. Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world? Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

(*Enter* NANKI-POO.)

NANKI-POO. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

YUM-YUM. Alas, yes!

NANKI-POO. But you do not love him?

YUM-YUM. Alas, no!

NANKI-POO. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

YUM-YUM. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

NANKI-POO. But I would wait until you were of age!

YUM-YUM. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

NANKI-POO. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

YUM-YUM. Besides—a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

NANKI-POO. But— (*Aside*.) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (*Aloud*.) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician?

YUM-YUM. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

NANKI-POO. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

YUM-YUM. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

NANKI-POO. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's Court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her*.)

YUM-YUM (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

NANKI-POO. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

YUM-YUM. Still, that don't make it right. To flirt is capital.

NANKI-POO. It *is* capital!

YUM-YUM. And we must obey the law.

NANKI-POO. Deuce take the law!

YUM-YUM. I wish it would, but it won't.

NANKI-POO. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

YUM-YUM. Happy indeed!

NANKI-POO. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her*.)

YUM-YUM. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage*.)

NANKI-POO. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Approaching and gazing at her sentimentally*.)

YUM-YUM. Breathing sighs of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him*.)

NANKI-POO. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her*.)

YUM-YUM. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

NANKI-POO. If it wasn't for the law.

YUM-YUM. As it is, of course, we couldn't do anything of the kind.

NANKI-POO. Not for worlds!

YUM-YUM. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

NANKI-POO. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

No. 9. Were I/you* not to Ko-Ko plighted

Duet (Yum-Yum & Nanki-Poo)



* The duet originally had two verses, the first of which was cut shortly after the opening night.
The verse 2 lyrics were re-worked in bars 58-87; two pairs of staves are used to make each version clear.
To perform the final version, cut bars 3-57 (between the ϕ symbols), and use the 'final version' staves.


23
Y-Y ori.
To ex-press my love 'con fuo-co', Would dis-tinct-ly be no gio-co, And for yam I should get to-co!
29
Y-Y ori.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co! So I will not say
N-P ori.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co!
f
35
Tempo primo
Y-Y ori.
'Oh, stran-ger, Press me close-ly to thy heart, Shar-ing ev-'ry joy and
p
40
Allegro
Y-Y ori.
dan-ger, We will ne-ver part! We will ne-ver part!' Clear-ly un-der-stand, I
dim.
p


46
Y-Y ori.
pray, This is what I'll ne - ver say— This—oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This_
sf
52
Tempo primo
Y-Y ori.
__ is what I'll ne - - ver, I'll ne - - ver say.
58
NANKI-POO (final version)
N-P fin.
Were you not to Ko-Ko plight-ed, I would say in ten - der tone, 'Lov'd one, let us be u -
NANKI-POO (original version)
N-P ori.
2. Were you not to Ko-Ko plight-ed, I should thrill at words like those, Joy of joys is love re -
63
N-P fin.
-ni - ted— Let us be____ each o-ther's own!' I would merge all rank and sta - tion, World-ly
N-P ori.
-quit - ed, Love des - pis'd__ is woe of woes. I would merge all rank and sta - tion, World-ly


68
N-P fin.
sneers are nought to us, And, to mark my ad-mi - ra - tion, I would kiss you fond-ly
N-P ori.
sneers are nought to us, And, to mark my ad-mi - ra - tion, I would kiss you fond-ly
73
YUM-YUM (final version)
(Kiss.)
Allegro
Y-Y fin.
He would kiss me fond - ly thus— But as I'm en - gaged to Ko - Ko,
(Kisses her.)
(Kiss.)
N-P fin.
thus— I would kiss you fond - ly thus—
(Kiss.)
Y-Y ori.
He would kiss me fond - ly thus—
(Kisses her.)
(Kiss.)
N-P ori.
thus— I would kiss you fond - ly thus— But as you're en - gaged to Ko - Ko,
p
78
Y-Y fin.
To em-brace you thus, con fuo - co, Would dis-tinct-ly be no gio - co, And for yam I should get to - co—
N-P ori.
To em-brace you thus, con fuo - co, Would dis-tinct-ly be no gio - co, And for yam I should get to - co—


84
(From this point on, both versions are the same.)
Tempo primo
Y-Y fin.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co!
N-P fin.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co! So, in spite of all temp - ta - -
Y-Y ori.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co!
N-P ori.
To-co, to-co, to-co, to-co, to-co! So, in spite of all temp - ta - -
f
91
N-P
-tion, Such a theme I'll not dis - cuss, And on no con - si - der - a - tion Will I
p
96
(Kissing her.)
Allegro
(Kissing her.)
N-P
kiss you fond - ly thus— will I kiss you fond - ly thus— Let me make it clear to you, This is
dim.
p


102
(Kissing her.)
N-P
what I'll ne-ver do! This—oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This is what I'll ne - ver, ne - ver
sf
110
(Kissing.)
Y-Y
This—oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This He'll ne-ver do!
(Kissing.)
N-P
do! This—oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This is what I'll ne-ver do! I'll
cresc.
117
Y-Y
He'll ne-ver do! This is what he'll ne-ver, ne - ver do!
N-P
ne-ver do! Oh, this— This is what I'll ne-ver, ne - ver do!
f
ff
(Exeunt in opposite directions.)
124
Dialogue

(*Enter* KO-KO.)

KO-KO (*looking after* YUM-YUM). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony!— (*Enter* POOH-BAH *and* PISH-TUSH.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

PISH-TUSH. I am the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

KO-KO (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come sooner or later! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

PISH-TUSH. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

KO-KO. Yes. There is no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody at once. The only question is, who shall it be?

POOH-BAH. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you*.

KO-KO. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself.

POOH-BAH. Why not?

KO-KO. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

POOH-BAH. That is so, no doubt.

PISH-TUSH. We might reserve that point.

POOH-BAH. True, it could be argued six months hence before the full Court.

KO-KO. Besides, I don't see how a man *can* cut off his own head.

POOH-BAH. A man might try.

PISH-TUSH. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

POOH-BAH. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

KO-KO. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

POOH-BAH. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to *you*, but it places us in a very awkward position.

KO-KO. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

PISH-TUSH. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute—

KO-KO. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier. (*To* POOH-BAH.) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you Lord High Substitute.

POOH-BAH. I should like it above all things. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

No. 10. I am so proud

Trio (Pooh-Bah, Ko-Ko, Pish-Tush)

Allegro non troppo
vivace (♩ = 126)

POOH-BAH

P-B

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

(pizz. strings)

f *p*

7

P-B

vo - lun-teer To quit this sphere In-stead of you, In a mi-nute or two. But fam-'ly pride Must

12

A

P-B

be__ de - nied, And set a - side, And mor - ti - fied, And mor - ti - fied.

17

KO-KO

K-K

My brain it teems__With end-less schemes Both good and new For Ti-ti - pu, For Ti-ti-pu; But if I

p

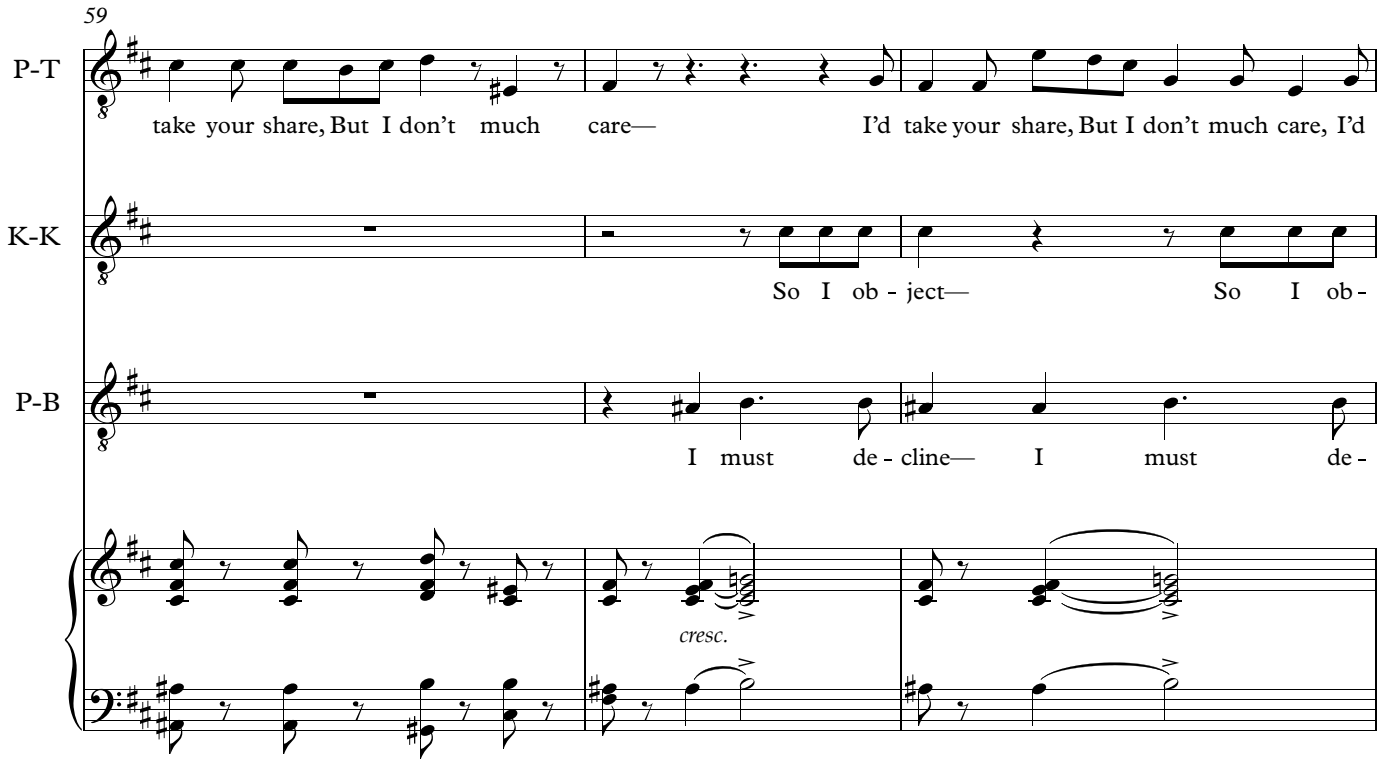

21
K-K
flit, The be - ne - fit That I'd dif - fuse The town would lose! Now ev -'ry man To aid his clan Should
B
24
PISH-TUSH
P-T
I heard one day A
K-K
plot and plan As best he can.
27
P-T
gen-tle-man say That cri-mi-nals who Are cut in two Can hard-ly feel The fa - tal steel, And so are slain, are
30
P-T
slain With-out much pain. If this is true It's jol-ly for you; Your cou-rage screw To bid us a-dieu.


33
C
P-T
PISH-TUSH
I heard one day A
K-K
KO-KO
My brain it teems With end-less
P-B
POOH-BAH
I am so proud, If I al - low'd My
sf

37
P-T
gen - tle - man say That cri - mi - nals who Are cut in two Can hard - ly feel The
K-K
schemes Both good and new For Ti - ti - pu, For Ti - ti - pu; But if I
P-B
fa - mi - ly pride To be my guide, I'd


39
P-T
fa - tal steel, And so are slain, are slain With-out_much pain. If this is true It's jol-ly for you; Your cou - rage
K-K
flit, The be - ne - fit That I'd dif-fuse The town would lose! Now ev-'ry man To aid his clan Should
P-B
vo - lun - teer To quit this sphere In-stead of you, In a
D
42
P-T
screw To bid us a-dieu.
K-K
plot and plan As best he can. And so, Al-though I'm rea-dy to go, Yet
P-B
mi-nute or two.
46
K-K
re-col-lect 'Twere dis-res-pect Did I neg-lect To thus ef-fect This aim_ di - rect, So


49
K-K
I ob - ject—
P-B
And so, Al-though I wish to go, And great-ly pine To bright-ly shine, And
E
53
P-T
And
P-B
take the line Of a he - ro fine, With grief— con - dign I must de - cline—
56
P-T
go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare. I'm quite a-ware It's your af-fair, Yet I de-clare I'd

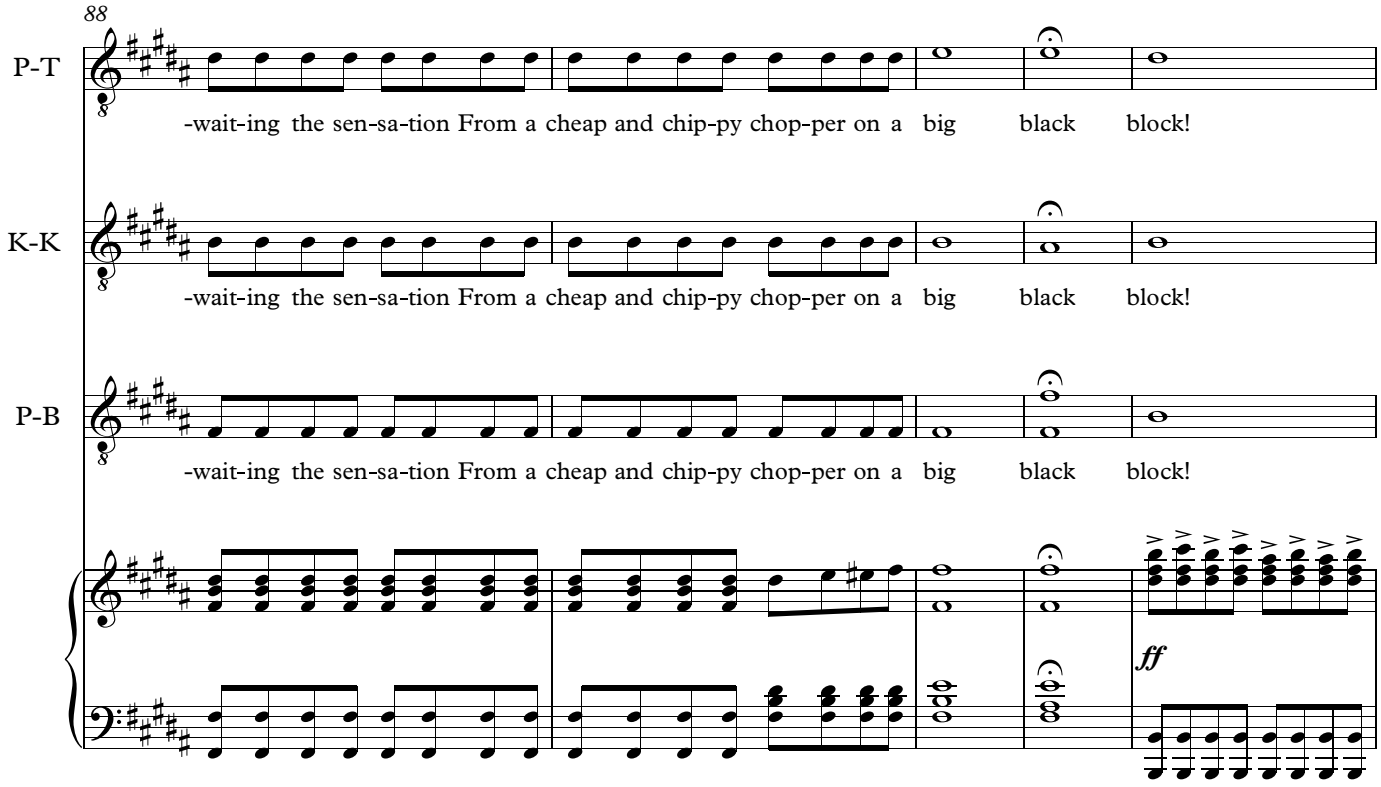

59
P-T
take your share, But I don't much care—
I'd take your share, But I don't much care, I'd
K-K
So I ob - ject—
So I ob -
P-B
I must de - cline—
I must de -
cresc.


62
P-T
take your share, But I don't much care, I'd take your share, But I don't much care, much
K-K
-ject—
So I ob - ject—
So I ob -
P-B
-cline—
I must de - cline—
I must de -

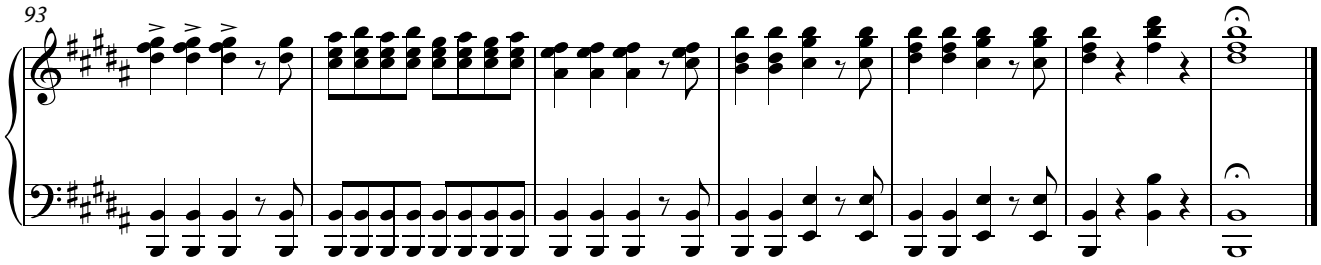

64
F
Un poco più vivo (♩ = 160)
P-T
K-K
P-B
p
care, I don't much care, I don't much care— To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a dull, dark dock, In a
-ject, So I ob - ject, So I ob - ject— To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a dull, dark dock, In a
-cline, I must de - cline, I must de - cline— To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a dull, dark dock, In a
f
marcato
68
pes-ti-len-tial pri-son, with a life-long lock, A-wait-ing the sen-sa-tion of a short, sharp shock, From a


G
72
P-T
K-K
P-B
cheap and chip-py chop-per on a big black block! To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a dull, dark dock, In a
76
pes-ti-len-tial pri-son, with a life-long lock, A-wait-ing the sen-sa-tion of a short, sharp shock, From a


H
80
P-T
cheap and chip-py chop-per on a big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life - long lock, A
K-K
cheap and chip-py chop-per on a big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life - long lock, A
P-B
cheap and chip-py chop-per on a big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life - long lock, A
84
P-T
short, sharp shock, A big black block! To sit in sol-emn si-lence In a pes-ti-len-tial pri-son, And a -
K-K
short, sharp shock, A big black block! To sit in sol-emn si-lence In a pes-ti-len-tial pri-son, And a -
P-B
short, sharp shock, A big black block! To sit in sol-emn si-lence In a pes-ti-len-tial pri-son, And a -



(*Exeunt* POOH-BAH *and* PISH-TUSH.)



KO-KO. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this— (*Enter* NANKI-POO, *with a rope in his hands*.) Go away, sir! How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

NANKI-POO. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

KO-KO. What are you going to do with that rope?

NANKI-POO. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

KO-KO. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

NANKI-POO. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

KO-KO. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

NANKI-POO. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

KO-KO. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly*.) Why, you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing a crime which—which—which is—Oh! (*Struck by an idea*.)

NANKI-POO. What's the matter?

KO-KO. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

NANKI-POO. Absolutely!

KO-KO. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

NANKI-POO. Nothing.

KO-KO. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

NANKI-POO. All! My mind is made up.

KO-KO. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner!

NANKI-POO. I don't see how that would benefit me.

KO-KO. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting-cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

NANKI-POO. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

KO-KO. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

NANKI-POO. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

KO-KO. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily; and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

NANKI-POO. True.

KO-KO. Life without Yum-Yum—why, it seems absurd!

NANKI-POO. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

KO-KO. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

NANKI-POO (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!

KO-KO. Noble fellow!

NANKI-POO. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum tomorrow, and in a month you may behead me.

KO-KO. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

NANKI-POO. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I. (*Preparing rope*.)

KO-KO. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

NANKI-POO. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

KO-KO. That's true, of course. I quite see that, but, dear me, my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant!

NANKI-POO. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

KO-KO. But—dear me—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see, I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

NANKI-POO. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

No. 11. Act I Finale

Ensemble

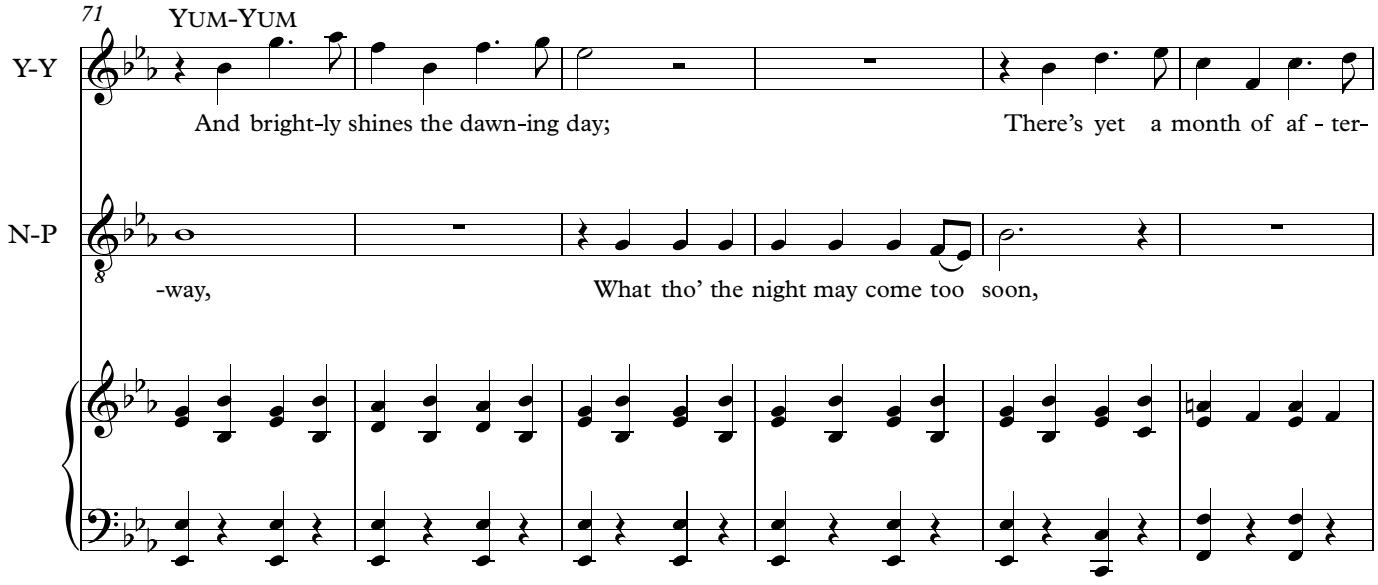
Allegro moderato (♩ = 126) (*Enter Chorus,* POOH-BAH, *and* PISH-TUSH.)




23
S.
A.
-tate Your choice to name, A dread-ful fate You'll suf-fer all the
T.
B.
-tate Your choice to name, A dread-ful fate You'll suf-fer all the
p
29
same, A dread-ful fate You'll suf-fer all the same.
same, A dread-ful fate You'll suf-fer all the same.
sf
p
B
35
K-K
Ko-Ko
Con-gra-tu-late me, gen-tle-men, I've
P-B
Pooh-Bah
To ask you what you mean to do we punc-tual-ly ap-pear.
p


39
(Presenting him.)
K-K
found a Vo-lun-teer!
'Tis Nan-ki-Poo!
I
S.
A.
The Ja-pan-ese e-qui-va-lent for Hear, Hear, Hear!
Hail, Nan-ki-Poo!
T.
B.
The Ja-pan-ese e-qui-va-lent for Hear, Hear, Hear!
Hail, Nan-ki-Poo!
44
K-K
think he'll do?
He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum sur-ren-der; Now
S.
A.
Yes, yes, he'll do!
T.
B.
Yes, yes, he'll do!
C
48
K-K
I a-dore that girl with pas-sion ten-der, And could not yield her with a rea-dy will, Or


52
K-K
her al - lot, If I did not A - dore my-self with pas - sion ten - d'rer still! With
57
(*Enter* YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING.)
(*To* NANKI-POO.)
K-K
pas - sion ten-d'rer still!
Take her— she's yours!
S.
A.
f unis.
p
Ah, yes! He loves him-self with pas-sion ten-d'rer still!
T.
B.
f unis.
p
Ah, yes! He loves him-self with pas-sion ten-d'rer still!
f
p
(*Exit* KO-KO.)
63
ff
66
Allegro con brio (𝅗𝅥 = 120)
N-P
NANKI-POO
The threat-en'd cloud has pass'd a -
f
mf


71
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
And bright-ly shines the dawn-ing day; There's yet a month of af - ter-
N-P
-way, What tho' the night may come too soon,


77
D
Y-Y
-noon! Then let the throng Our_ joy ad - vance, With laugh-ing
PITTI-SING.
P-S
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh-ing
PEEP-BO
P-B
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song And
N-P
Then let the throng Our joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song And
POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH
P-B
P-T
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song And


84
Y-Y
song And mer-ry dance,Then let the throng Our joy ad-vance,With laugh-ing song And mer-ry dance, With laugh-ing
P-S
song And mer-ry dance,Then let the throngTheir joy ad-vance,With laugh-ing song And mer-ry dance,With laugh-ing
P-B
mer - ry dance,Then let the throngTheir joy ad-vance,With laugh-ing song And mer-ry dance, With laugh-ing
N-P
mer - ry dance,Then let the throng Our joy ad-vance,With laugh-ing song And mer-ry dance, With laugh-ing
P-B
P-T
mer - ry dance,Then let the throngTheir joy ad-vance,With laugh-ing song And mer-ry dance, With laugh-ing
E
90
Y-Y
song And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-S
song And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-B
song And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
N-P
song And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-B
P-T
song And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
cresc.


PRINCIPALS *with* CHORUS
95
ff
S.
With joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate, in - au - gu -
A.
With joy - ous shout, With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate, in - au-gu -
unis.
T.
B.
With joy - ous shout, With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate, in - au-gu -
102
(Y-Y/N-P 'our brief')
cheer, joy -
S.
-rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer,
A.
-rate their brief ca - reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-au-gu - rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous
T.
B.
-rate their brief ca - reer! With joy-ous shout and ring-ing cheer, In-au-gu - rate their brief ca-reer! With joy-ous


108
1.
PITTI-SING
P-S
- ous, joy - - ous shout!
A day, a week, a month, a
S.
With joy - ous, joy - ous shout!
A.
shout and ring-ing cheer, In-au-gu - rate their brief ca - reer.
T.
B.
shout and ring-ing cheer, In-au-gu - rate their brief ca - reer.
mf
115
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
Or be it far, or be it near.
P-S
year—
You'll live at least a ho - ney-moon!
PEEP-BO
P-B
Then
NANKI-POO
N-P
Then
POOH-BAH
POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH
P-B
Life's e-ven - tide comes much too soon,
Then


122
2.
F
S.
shout! Laugh - ing song, mer - ry dance, with laugh - ing song and mer - ry dance.
A.
-reer! Laugh - ing song, mer - ry dance, with laugh-ing song and mer - ry dance.
T.
B.
-reer! Laugh - ing song, mer - ry dance, with laugh-ing song and mer - ry dance.
127
Pooh-Bah
P-B
As in a month you've got to die, If Ko - Ko tells us true, 'Twere
p
132
P-B
emp - ty com - pli - ment to cry 'Long life to Nan - ki - Poo!' But as one month you
137
P-B
have to live As fel - low ci - ti - zen, This toast with three times three we'll give—'Long
cresc.


142
P-B
life, long life to you, long life to you, long life to you till
f
p
143
(Exit POOH-BAH.)
P-B
then!'
PRINCIPALS with CHORUS
S.
ff
May all good for - tune, all good for - tune pros - per you, May you have
A.
ff
May all good for-tune, all good for-tune pros-per you, May you have
T.
B.
unis.
ff
May all good for-tune, all good for-tune pros-per you, May you have
ff
149
S.
health, may you have health and rich - es too, May you suc - ceed in
A.
health, may you have health and rich - es too, May all good for-tune pros-per you, May you have
T.
B.
health, may you have health and rich - es too, May all good for-tune pros-per you, May you have


G
154
S.
A.
T.
B.
do, in all, all you do.
(Dance.)
all you do. Long life to you— till then!
health and rich-es too, May you suc-ceed in all you do. Long life, long life to you—till then!
160
tr
167
Allegro agitato (♩ = 160)
Recit. KATISHA
K.
(Enter KATISHA melodramatically.)
Your re-vels
ff


171
a tempo
K.
cease—as-sist me, all of you!
I
S.
A.
f
Why, who is this whose e - vil eyes Rain blight on our fes - ti - vi - ties?
T.
B.
f
Why, who is this whose e - vil eyes Rain blight on our fes - ti - vi - ties?
f
H
177
K.
claim my per - jur'd lov - er— Nan - ki - Poo!
p
f
181
Recit.
a tempo
Recit.
K.
Oh, fool! to shun de - lights__ that ne-ver cloy!
Come back, oh, shal-low
S.
A.
f
Go, leave thy dead-ly work un - done!
T.
B.
f
Go, leave thy dead-ly work un - done!
fp
f
fp


186
a tempo
K.
fool, come back to joy!
S.
A.
f
A - way! a - way! ill - fa - vour'd one!
T.
B.
f
A - way! a - way! ill - fa - vour'd one!
dim.
J
191
NANKI-POO (aside to YUM-YUM)
(About to go.)
N-P
Ah! 'Tis Ka - ti - sha! The maid of whom I told you.
p
195
(Detaining him.)
K.
No! You shall not go, These arms shall thus en - fold you!
199
Allegro agitato (♩ = 138)
(Addressing NANKI-POO.)
K.
Oh fool, that flee - est My hal - low'd
f
p

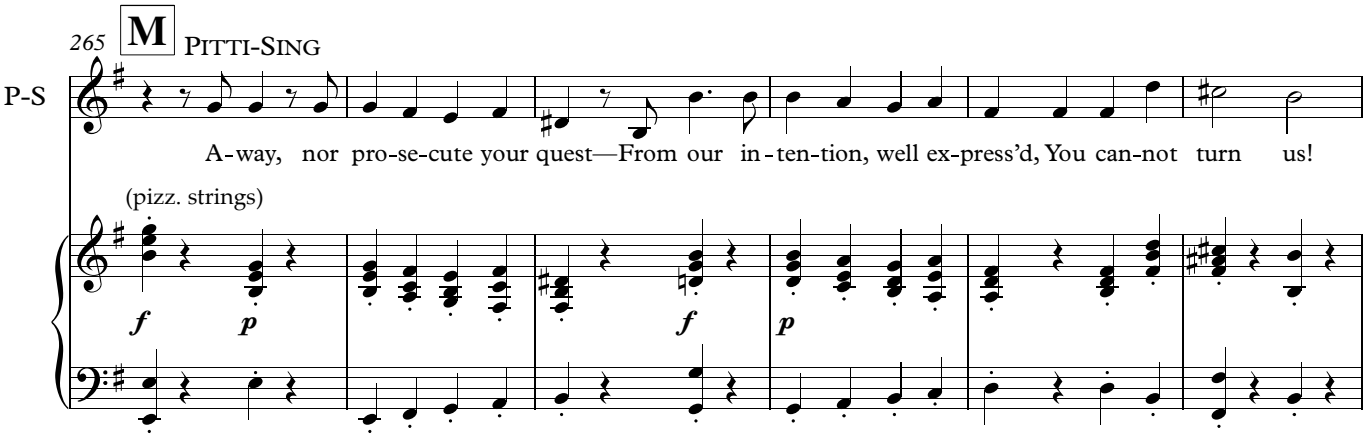

202
K.
joys! Oh blind, that see - est No e - qui-poise!
f
p
205
K.
Oh rash, that judg - est From half, the whole!
3
3
208
K.
Oh base, that grudg - est Love's light - est dole! Thy
3
3
211
K
K.
heart un - bind, Oh fool, oh blind! Give me my place, Oh rash, oh
f
p
f
p

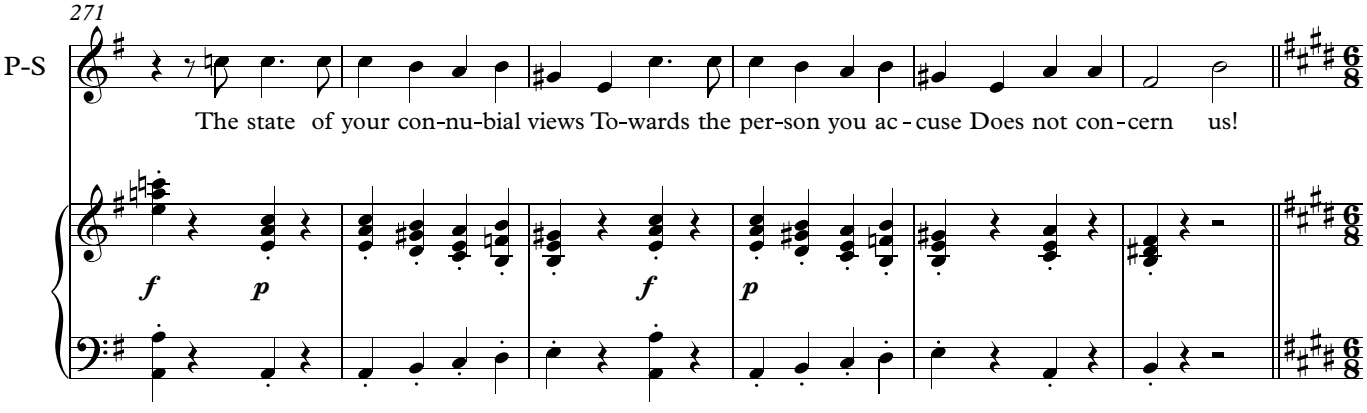

216
K.
base! Thy heart un-bind, Give me my place, Oh fool, oh blind, Oh
p
220
K.
rash, oh base! Thy heart un - bind, Give me, give me my
224
L
K.
place!
(PRINCIPALS except YUM-YUM with CHORUS.)
S.
A.
f
If she's thy bride, re - store her place, Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!
T.
B.
f
If she's thy bride, re - store her place, Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!
f
229
(Addressing YUM-YUM.)
K.
Pink cheek, that rul - est Where wis - dom serves! Bright eye, that
p
f


232
K.
fool - est He-ro - ic nerves! Rose - lip, that
p
235
K.
scorn - est Lore - la - den years— Sweet tongue, that
3
3
238
K.
warn - est Who right - ly hears— Thy doom is nigh, Pink cheek, bright eye! Thy
3
3
f
p
243
K.
knell is rung, Rose-lip, sweet tongue! Thy doom is nigh, Thy knell is rung, Pink
f
p
p


248
K.
cheek, bright eye, Rose - lip, sweet tongue! Thy doom is nigh, Thy knell, thy knell is
253
K.
rung.
S.
A.
If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet
T.
B.
If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet
257
K.
Thy doom is nigh, Thy knell is rung, Thy
S.
A.
tongue! If true her tale, thy knell is rung, If true her tale, thy knell is
cresc.
T.
B.
tongue! If true her tale, thy knell is rung, If true her tale, thy knell is
cresc.
cresc.


261
K.
knell, thy knell is rung!
S.
A.
rung, thy knell is rung!
T.
B.
rung, thy knell is rung!


265
M
PITTI-SING
P-S
A-way, nor pro-se-cute your quest—From our in-ten-tion, well ex-press'd, You can-not turn us!
(pizz. strings)
f
p
f
p


271
P-S
The state of your con-nu-bial views To-wards the per-son you ac-cuse Does not con-cern us!
f
p
f
p


277
Allegretto grazioso ♩. = 88
P-S
For he's go-ing to mar-ry Yum-Yum— Your an-ger pray bu-ry, For
S.
A.
Yum-Yum!
T.
B.
Yum-Yum!
p
281
P-S
all will be mer-ry, I think you had bet-ter suc-cumb— And join our ex-pres-sions of
S.
A.
Cumb-cumb!
T.
B.
Cumb-cumb!


285
P-S
glee. On this sub-ject I pray you be dumb— You'll find there are ma-ny Who'll
S.
A.
Dumb-dumb!
T.
B.
Dumb-dumb!
289
P-S
wed for a pen-ny—The word for your guid-ance is 'Mum'— There's lots of good fish in the
S.
A.
Mum-mum!
T.
B.
Mum-mum!


293
N
(PITTI-SING *with* ALTO.)
P-S
sea!
S.
A.
f
On this sub-ject we pray you be dumb—Dumb-dumb! We think you had bet-ter suc-cumb—Cumb-cumb! You'll
T.
B.
f
On this sub-ject we pray you be dumb—Dumb-dumb! We think you had bet-ter suc-cumb—Cumb-cumb! You'll
298
S.
A.
find there are ma-ny Who'll wed for a pen-ny, Who'll wed for a pen - ny—There are lots of good
T.
B.
find there are ma-ny Who'll wed for a pen-ny, Who'll wed for a pen - ny—There are lots of good
303
S.
A.
fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the
T.
B.
fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the
sf


307
S.
A.
sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!
T.
B.
sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!
sf
O
312
317
sf
p
rall.
323
Andante (♩ = 72)
KATISHA
K.
The hour of glad - ness Is dead and gone; In si-lent sad - ness I live a-
p


327
K.
-lone! The hope I che - rish'd All life-less lies, And all has pe - rish'd, all has
cresc.
cresc.
331
K.
pe - rish'd Save love, which ne-ver dies, Which ne - ver, ne - ver dies!
f
sempre f
P
Allegro agitato
f
p
336
K.
Recit.
Oh, faith-less one, this in - sult you shall rue!
a tempo
Recit.
In vain for mer-cy
f
341
K.
on your knees you'll sue.
Allegro non troppo (𝅗𝅥 = 96)
I'll tear the mask from
f
p


346
K.
your dis-guis-ing!
Pre-pare your-self for news sur-pris-ing!
NANKI-POO (aside)
N-P
Now comes the blow!
pp
Q
352
Recit.
No min-strel he, de-spite bra-
(Aside.)
How foil my foe?
f dim.
p
358
a tempo
YUM-YUM (aside, struck by an idea)
Meno mosso
Y-Y
Ha! ha! I know!
-va-do!
He is the son of your—


364
Recit.
K.
(Interrupting, all sing Japanese words, to drown her voice.)
In vain you in-ter-rupt with this tor - na-do: He is the on - ly son
S. A.
ff
O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
T. B.
O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
370
of your—
I'll spoil—
unis.
O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri


R
376
K.
Your gay gam - ba - do! He is the son— Of your—
S.
A.
to! O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O ni!
T.
B.
to! O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O ni!
382
K.
The son of your—
S.
A.
bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O - ya, O -
T.
B.
bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O ni! bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! O - ya, O -


388
Allegro con brio (𝅗𝅥 = 132)
K.
Ye tor-rents roar! Ye tem-pests howl! Your wrath out-
S. A.
-ya!
T. B.
-ya!
f
meno f
393
K.
-pour With an-gry growl! Do ye your worst, my ven-geance call Shall rise tri-umph-ant o-ver
398
K.
all!
unis.
S. A.
We'll hear no more, Ill-o-men'd owl, To joy we soar, Des-pite your scowl; The e-choes
unis.
T. B.
We'll hear no more, Ill-o-men'd owl, To joy we soar, Des-pite your scowl; The e-choes
più f


S
403
K.
Pre - pare for_
S.
A.
of our fes - ti - val Shall rise tri-umph - ant o - ver all!
T.
B.
of our fes - ti - val Shall rise tri-umph - ant o - ver all!
meno f
408
K.
woe, Ye haugh - ty___ lords, At once I___ go Mi -
413
K.
-ka - do - wards.
S.
A.
A - way you go, Col - lect___ your___
T.
B.
A - way you go, Col - lect___ your___
più f


418
T
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
We
S.
A.
hordes; Pro - claim your woe In dis - mal chords;
T.
B.
hordes; Pro - claim your woe In dis - mal chords;
p
423
Y-Y
do not heed their dis - mal sound,
NANKI-POO
N-P
For joy reigns ev - 'ry -
429
Y-Y
We do not heed their dis - mal sound, For
N-P
-where a - round!
For


U
435
Y-Y
joy reigns ev - 'ry - where a - round! The e - choes of our fes - ti -
N-P
joy reigns ev - 'ry - where a - round! The e - choes of our fes - ti -
S.
A.
We'll hear no more, Ill - o - men'd
T.
B.
We'll hear no more, Ill - o - men'd
p
pp
442
Y-Y
-val Shall rise tri - umph - ant o - ver all! Shall rise tri -
N-P
-val Shall rise tri - umph - ant o - ver all! Shall rise tri - umph - ant
S.
A.
owl, To joy we soar, Des - pite your scowl;
T.
B.
owl, To joy we soar, Des - pite your scowl;
cresc.

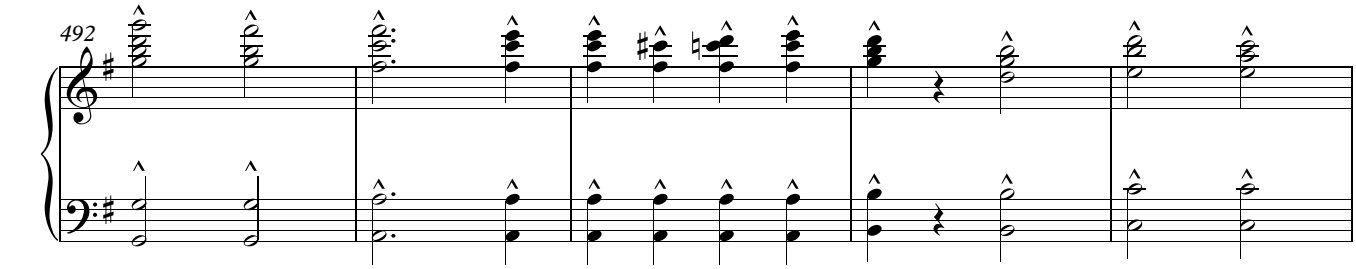


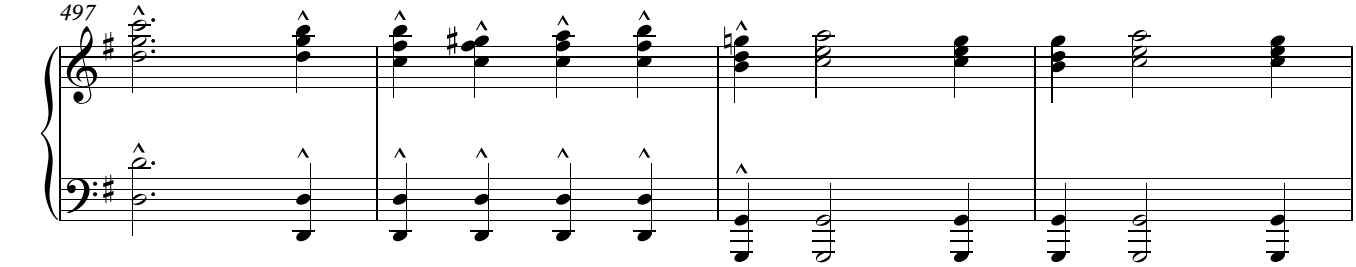
* In the original libretto, this is Katisha's penultimate line of lyrics, the given final line appearing again from bar 480. It was omitted from the musical sources, just possibly in error. I include here for reference, for the sense it provides.


465
S.
A.
T.
B.
do not heed their dis - mal sound, For joy reigns ev - 'ry - where a -
do not heed their dis - mal sound, For joy reigns ev - 'ry - where a -
472
-round! We do not heed their dis - mal sound, For joy reigns ev - 'ry -
-round! We do not heed their dis - mal sound, For joy reigns ev - 'ry -
X
479
K.
My wrongs with ven - geance shall be crown'd! My
-where a - round! We do not heed their dis - mal sound, For
-where a - round! We do not heed their dis - mal sound, For
sf



(KATISHA *rushes furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on steps at the back of the stage.*)







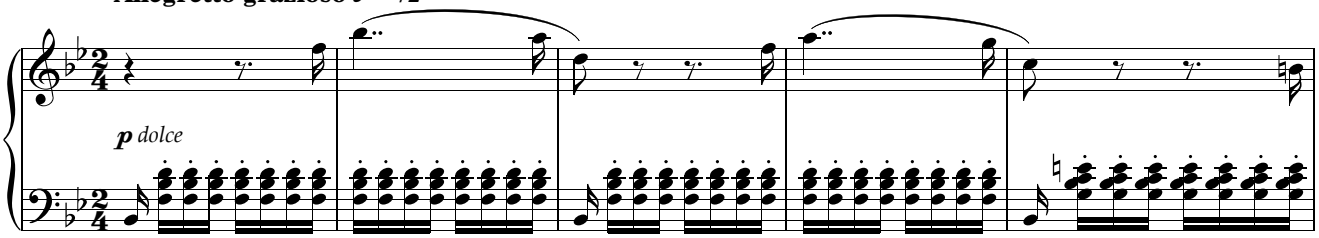
End of Act I

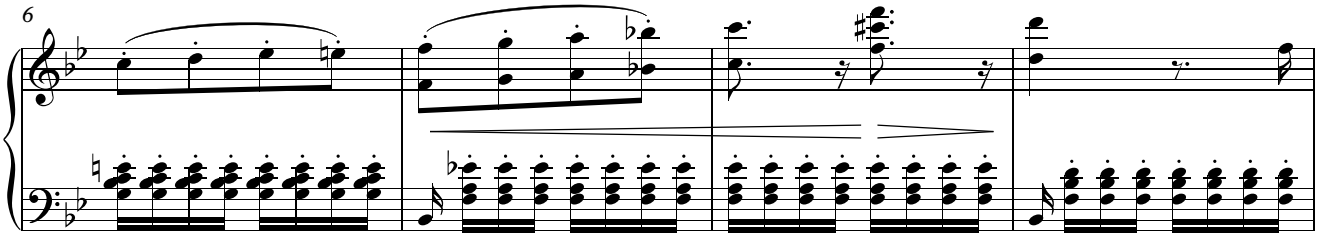
Act II. No. 1. Braid the raven hair

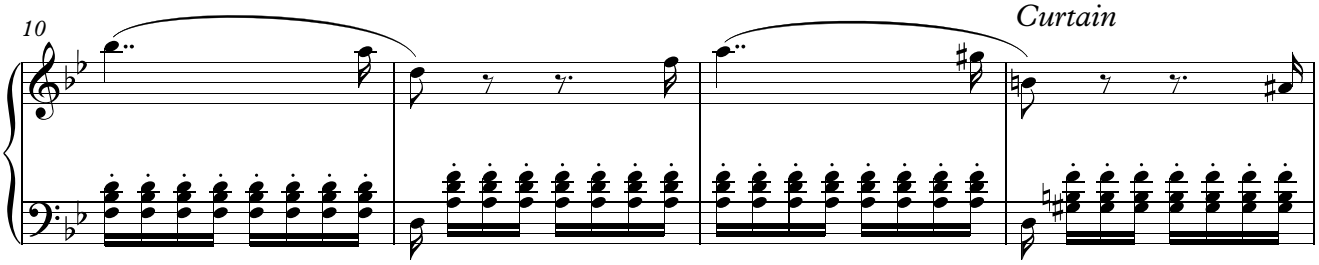
Chorus of Girls & Solo (Pitti-Sing)

SCENE.—KO-KO'S *Garden*

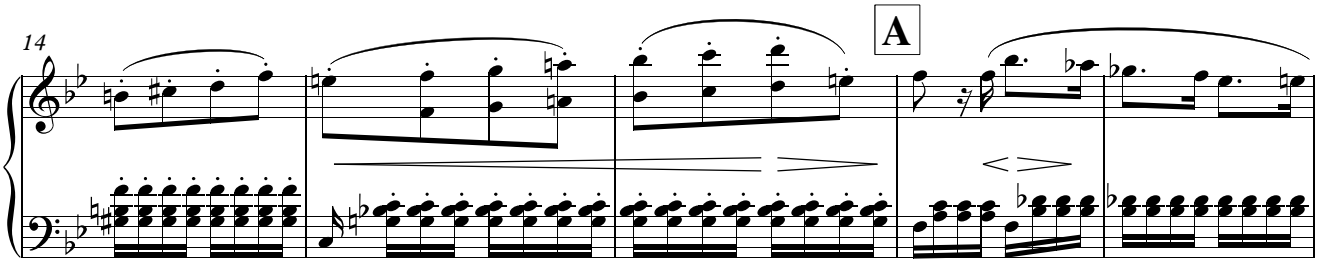
Allegretto grazioso ♩ = 72

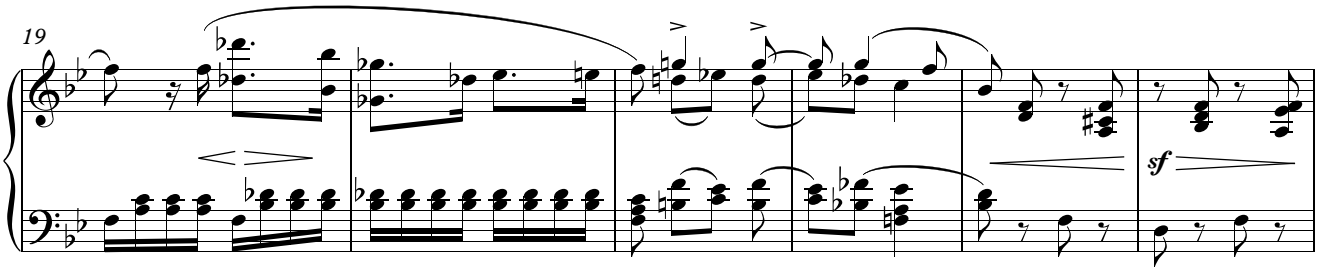






(YUM-YUM *discovered seated at her bridal toilet, surrounded by maidens, who are dressing her hair and painting her face and lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.*)






25
p
S.
Braid the ra-ven hair— Weave the sup - ple tress— Deck the mai-den fair_ In her love - li-
p
A.
Braid the ra-ven hair— Weave the sup - ple tress— Deck the mai-den fair_ In her love - li-
32
S.
-ness— Paint the pret-ty face—Dye the co - ral lip— Em-pha-size the grace Of her la - dy -
A.
-ness— Paint the pret-ty face—Dye the co - ral lip— Em-pha-size the grace Of her la - dy -
40
B
S.
-ship! Art and na-ture, thus al - lied,__ Go to make a pret-ty bride!__ Art_ and
A.
-ship! Art and na-ture, thus al - lied,__ Go to make a pret - ty bride! Art and


49
S.
na-ture, thus al-lied, Go to make a pret - ty bride!
A.
na-ture, thus al-lied, Go to make a pret - ty bride!
57
PITTI-SING
P-S
Sit with down-cast eye— Let it brim with dew— Try if you can cry— We will do so,
p
64
C
P-S
too. When you're sum-moned, start Like a fright-ened roe—
69
D
P-S
Flut-ter, lit-tle heart, Col-our, come and go! Mo - des - ty at


75
P-S
mar - riage - tide Well be - comes a pret-ty bride! Mo - des - ty at mar-riage-
E
82
P-S
-tide Well be - comes a pret - ty bride!
cresc.
f
89
S.
f
Braid the ra - ven hair— Weave the sup - ple tress— Deck the mai-den fair In her love - li-
A.
f
Braid the ra - ven hair— Weave the sup - ple tress— Deck the mai-den fair In her love - li-
mf



* In the original conception, and indeed on the opening night of the original production, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo also remained onstage. Yum-Yum's following monologue and song were in Act I (see bottom of page 64), and the production continued with the dialogue on page 125.

YUM-YUM (*looking at herself in glass*). Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

No. 2. The sun, whose rays

Song (Yum-Yum)




16
rall.
a tempo
Y-Y
I mean to rule the earth, As he the sky—We real-ly know our worth, The sun and I!
mf
19
Y-Y
2. Ob - serve his flame, That pla-cid dame, The moon's ce - les - tial high - ness;
p sost.
22
Y-Y
There's not a trace Up - on her face Of dif - fi - dence or shy - ness:
24
Y-Y
She bor - rows light That, thro' the night, Man - kind may all ac - claim her!


26
Y-Y
And, truth to tell, She lights up well, So I, for one, don't blame her!
28
B
Y-Y
Ah, pray make no mis - take, We are not shy; We're
p
cresc.
31
Y-Y
ve - ry wide a - wake, The moon and I!
Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're
dim.
34
rall.
a tempo
Y-Y
ve - ry wide a - wake, The moon and I!
mf
Dialogue

(*Enter* PITTI-SING *and* PEEP-BO.)

YUM-YUM. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married today to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

PEEP-BO. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

YUM-YUM. In 'all but' perfection?

PEEP-BO. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. [*Added later:* It does seem to take the top off it, you know.]

PITTI-SING. I don't know about that. It all depends!

PEEP-BO. At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

PITTI-SING. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

YUM-YUM (*in tears*). I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be—to be—

PEEP-BO. Cut short.

YUM-YUM. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping*.)

(*Enter* NANKI-POO, *followed by* PISH-TUSH.)

NANKI-POO. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morn!

YUM-YUM (*sobbing*). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*.)

PITTI-SING. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears*.)

PEEP-BO. It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*.)

NANKI-POO (*aside*). Humph! How some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud*.) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

PITTI-SING. There's a popular impression to that effect.

NANKI-POO. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

PEEP-BO. And, at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three-quarters! (*Exit* PEEP-BO.)

YUM-YUM (*still sobbing*). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

NANKI-POO. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

YUM-YUM. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears*.)

PISH-TUSH. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

PITTI-SING. It's—it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh*.)

YUM-YUM. Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh*.)

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh*.)

No. 3. Brightly dawns our wedding day

Madrigal (Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki-Poo, Pish-Tush)

Allegretto con spirito ♩ = 144




16
Y-Y
P-S
Plea-sures come, if sor-rows
I to - day, and thou to -
N-P
P-T
What though mor - tal joys be hol - low?
All must sip the cup of sor - row—
21
Though the toc-sin sound, ere long, Though the toc-sin sound, ere long, Though
This the close of ev - 'ry song, This the close of ev - 'ry song, This
fol - low: Though the toc-sin sound, ere long,
-mor-row: This the close of ev - 'ry song,
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding
Though the toc-sin sound, ere long, ere long, Though the toc-sin sound, ere
This the close of ev - 'ry, ev-'ry song, This the close of ev-'ry
Though the toc-sin sound, ere long,
This the close of ev - 'ry song,
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding


26
Y-Y
the toc - sin sound, ere long, Ding dong! Ding dong! Yet un -
the close of ev - 'ry song, What, though
P-S
dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Yet un -
What, though
N-P
long, sound, ere long.
song, this the close.
Ding dong! Ding dong! Yet un -
What, though
P-T
dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Yet un -
What, though
32
G
Y-Y
-til the sha - dows 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 -
P-S
-til the sha - dows fall O - ver one and o - ver all,
sol - emn sha - dows fall, Soon - er, lat - er, o - ver all?
N-P
-til the sha - dows fall O - ver one and o - ver all,
sol - emn sha - dows fall, Soon - er, lat - er, o - ver all?
P-T
-til the sha - dows fall O - ver one and o - ver all,
sol - emn sha - dows fall, Soon - er, lat - er, o - ver all?


37
Y-Y
-gal, Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal, Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal— Fa
P-S
f
Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal, Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal— Fa
N-P
f
Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal, Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal— Fa
P-T
f
Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal, Sing a mer - ry ma - dri - gal— Fa la la la
42
Y-Y
ff
la, Fa la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa
P-S
ff
la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la, Fa la, Fa la, Fa la la la la
N-P
ff
la la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la
P-T
ff
la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la, Fa la
f


47
Y-Y
P-S
N-P
P-T
dim.
la la la la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la, Fa la la la, Fa
la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la, Fa
la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la, Fa la la la, Fa
la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la


(Ending in tears, both verses.)
(Turn back 2 pages.)
1.
2.
52
p dim.
pp
Y-Y
P-S
N-P
P-T
la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la la. la.
Dialogue

(*Exeunt* PITTI-SING *and* PISH-TUSH.)

(NANKI-POO *embraces* YUM-YUM.—*Enter* KO-KO—NANKI-POO *releases* YUM-YUM.)

KO-KO. Go on—don't mind me.

NANKI-POO. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

KO-KO. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist. (NANKI-POO *does so*.) There; let me get used to that first.

YUM-YUM. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so affectionate together!

KO-KO. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder. (*He does so*—KO-KO *much affected*.) I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (*He does so*—KO-KO *writhes with anguish*.) Thank you—it's simple torture!

YUM-YUM. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

KO-KO. No. It's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

NANKI-POO & YUM-YUM. What do you mean?

KO-KO (*to* YUM-YUM). My child—my poor child! (*Aside*.) How shall I break it to her? (*Aloud*.) My little bride that was to have been—

YUM-YUM (*delighted*). *Was* to have been!

KO-KO. Yes, you never can be mine!

YUM-YUM (*in ecstasy*). What!!!

KO-KO. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

NANKI-POO & YUM-YUM. Buried alive!

KO-KO. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

NANKI-POO. But whom did you get that from?

KO-KO. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my solicitor.

YUM-YUM. But he may be mistaken!

KO-KO. So I thought; so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

NANKI-POO. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force?

KO-KO. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

NANKI-POO. Of course they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end!

YUM-YUM. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month!

NANKI-POO. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

YUM-YUM. It—it makes a difference, don't it?

NANKI-POO. It *does* make a difference, of course!

YUM-YUM. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death! You see my difficulty, don't you?

NANKI-POO. Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

No. 4. Here's a how-de-do!

Trio (Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo & Ko-Ko)




27
N-P
-out a wed-ding! Let the bit-ter tears I'm shed-ding Wit-ness my dis-tress, Here's a pret-ty
J
33
N-P
mess! Here's a pret-ty mess!
K-K
Ko-Ko
Here's a state of things!
39
K-K
To her life she clings! Ma-tri-mo-ni - al de-vo-tion Does-n't seem to suit her no-tion—
K
45
K-K
Bu-ri-al it brings! Here's a state of things! Here's a state of things!


52
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
With a pas-sion that's in-tense I wor-ship and a - dore, But the laws of com-mon sense We ought-n't
NANKI-POO
N-P
With a pas-sion that's in-tense I wor-ship and a - dore, But the laws of com-mon sense We ought-n't
KO-KO
K-K
With a pas-sion that's in-tense You wor-ship and a - dore, But the laws of com-mon sense You ought-n't
59
L
Y-Y
to ig - nore. If what he says is true, 'Tis death to mar-ry you! Here's a pret-ty
N-P
to ig - nore. If what he says is true, 'Tis death to mar-ry you! Here's a pret-ty
K-K
to ig - nore. If what I say is true, 'Tis death to mar-ry you! Here's a pret-ty
p


66
Y-Y
state of things! Here's a pret-ty how-de-do! Here's a pret-ty state of things, a pret-ty state of things!
N-P
state of things! Here's a pret-ty how-de-do! Here's a pret-ty state of things, a pret-ty state of things!
K-K
state of things! Here's a pret-ty how-de-do! Here's a pret-ty state of things, a pret-ty state of things!
cresc.
M
73
f
Y-Y
Here's a how-de-do! For if what he says is true, I can-not, can-not
N-P
Here's a how-de-do! For if what he says is true, I can-not, can-not
K-K
Here's a how-de-do! For if what I say is true, he can-not, can-not



KO-KO (*going up to* NANKI-POO). My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

NANKI-POO. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

KO-KO. You see I'm quite helpless.

NANKI-POO. I quite see that.

KO-KO. I can't conceive anything more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But you shan't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

NANKI-POO. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

KO-KO. Why so?

NANKI-POO. Today I die.

KO-KO. What do you mean?

NANKI-POO. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch.

KO-KO. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

NANKI-POO. Why not?

KO-KO. Why, hang it all, you're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

NANKI-POO. It would certainly seem so!

(*Enter* POOH-BAH.)

KO-KO. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

POOH-BAH. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

KO-KO. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To* NANKI-POO.) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

NANKI-POO. Very well, then—behead me.

KO-KO. What, now?

NANKI-POO. Certainly; at once.

KO-KO. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

POOH-BAH. Still, as Lord High Executioner,—

KO-KO. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner, I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? I *can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! (*Weeps*.)

NANKI-POO. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it *must* be done.

KO-KO (*springing up suddenly*). *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

NANKI-POO. What do you mean?

KO-KO. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice, Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To* POOH-BAH.)

POOH-BAH. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

KO-KO. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

POOH-BAH. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

KO-KO. It will be a ready-money transaction.

POOH-BAH (*aside*). Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud*.) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside*.) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck?

NANKI-POO. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

KO-KO. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commissionaire (*to* POOH-BAH), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit* POOH-BAH.) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (*Enter* POOH-BAH *with* YUM-YUM.) Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy?

YUM-YUM. Not particularly.

KO-KO. You've five minutes to spare?

YUM-YUM. Yes.

KO-KO. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

YUM-YUM. But if I'm to be buried alive?

KO-KO. Now don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

NANKI-POO. But one moment—

KO-KO. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *followed by* POOH-BAH.) Close thing that, for here he comes! (*Exit* KO-KO.)

No. 5. Entrance of Mikado & Katisha*

Chorus and Duet (Mikado & Katisha)



* The autograph manuscript and original vocal score do not include the first 12 bars, and so in the original production the cue-line was followed by bar 13. The first 12 bars appear in some 19th century orchestra parts, so must have had Sullivan's approval, the intention perhaps being to start earlier under the dialogue.


31
S.
A.
Nan gia na To - ko ton - ya - ré ton - ya - ré na!
T.
B.
Nan gia na To - ko ton - ya - ré ton - ya - ré na!
37
43
B
S.
A.
Mi - ya sa - ma, mi - ya sa - ma, On n'm-ma no ma - yé ni Pi - ra - Pi - ra su - ru no wa
T.
B.
Mi - ya sa - ma, mi - ya sa - ma, On n'm-ma no ma - yé ni Pi - ra - Pi - ra su - ru no wa
49
S.
A.
Nan gia na To - ko ton - ya - ré ton - ya - ré na!
T.
B.
Nan gia na To - ko ton - ya - ré ton - ya - ré na!


55
f
63
C
MIKADO
M.
1. From ev-'ry kind of man O-be-dience I ex-pect; I'm the
p
69
KATISHA
K.
And I'm his daugh-ter-in-law e-lect! He'll mar-ry his son (He's
M.
Em-p'ror of Ja-pan—
74
D
K.
on-ly got one) To his daugh-ter-in-law e-lect.
M.
My mo-rals have been de-clar'd Par-ti-cu-


79
K.
But they're no-thing at all, com-par'd With those of his daugh-ter-in-law e-
M.
-lar-ly cor-rect;
84
K.
-lect! Bow— Bow— To his daugh-ter-in-law e- lect!
E
89
f
S.
A.
Bow— Bow— To his daugh-ter-in-law e- lect!
T.
B.
Bow— Bow— To his daugh-ter-in-law e- lect!
93
dim.
p dim.


98
F
K.
M.
MIKADO
2. In a fa-ther-ly kind of way I go-vern each tribe and sect, All
pp
p
103
KATISHA
K.
Ex-cept his daugh-ter-in-law e - lect! As tough as a bone, With a
M.
cheer-ful-ly own my sway—
108
G
K.
will of her own, Is his daugh-ter-in-law e - lect!
M.
My na-ture is love and light—My free-dom from


113
K.
Is in - sig - ni - fi - cant quite, Com-par'd with his daugh-ter-in - law e -
M.
all___ de - fect—
118
K.
-lect! Bow! Bow! To his daugh-ter-in - law e - lect!
H
123
f
S.
A.
Bow! Bow! To his daugh-ter-in - law e - lect!
T.
B.
Bow! Bow! To his daugh-ter-in - law e - lect!
dim.
128
p dim.

No. 6. A more humane Mikado never

Song (Mikado) & Chorus





*This word is in the autograph manuscript. It is part of a more extensive change in verse 1 (see note overleaf).



*The autograph manuscript presents an earlier (pre-production) version of the verse 1 lyrics, which I give for reference (this also accounts for *malcontent* in bars 29-30 & 81-2).


57
la - dy who dyes a che - mi - cal yel - low, Or paints with - out__ ex - cuse, Or
M.
la - dy who dyes a che - mi - cal yel - low, Or stains her grey_ hair puce, Or
bil - liard sharp whom a - ny - one catch-es, His doom's ex - treme - ly hard— He's
61
pinch-es her fi - gure, Is made up with vi-gour And per-ma-nent wal - nut juice. And
M.
pinch-es her fi - gure, Is paint-ed with vi-gour And 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
M
65
ev - 'ry big and bulk - y fel - low, Of e - le-phan - tine weights, Is
M.
i - diot who, in rail - way car - ria - ges, Scrib-bles on win - dow panes, We
there he plays ex - tra - va-gant match-es In fit - less fin - ger stalls On a
rall.
N
69
made to run ra - ces On gra-vel-ly pla - ces In eigh - teen pen - ny skates.
a tempo
M.
on - ly suf - fer To ride on a buf - fer In Par - lia - men - t'ry trains.
cloth un-true With a twist - ed cue, And el - lip - ti - cal bil - liard balls!
My ob - ject all sub-
pp


74
M.
-lime I shall a-chieve in time— To let the pun-ish-ment
78
mal - con-tent
M.
fit the crime—The pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And make each pris - 'ner pent Un-
83
M.
-wil-ling-ly re - pre - sent A source of in-no-cent mer - ri-ment, Of in-no-cent mer - ri-
O
88
M.
-ment!
S.
A.
f
His ob - ject all sub-lime He will a-chieve in time— To let the pun-ish-ment
T.
B.
f
His ob - ject all sub-lime He will a-chieve in time— To let the pun-ish-ment
ff


94
S.
A.
T.
B.
mal - con-tent
fit the crime—The pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And make each pris - 'ner pent Un-
fit the crime—The pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And make each pris - 'ner pent Un-
99
-wil-ling-ly re - pre - sent A source of in-no-cent mer - ri-ment, Of in-no-cent mer - ri-
unis.
unis.
-wil-ling-ly re - pre - sent A source of in-no-cent mer - ri-ment, Of in-no-cent mer - ri-
104
M.
1.
2.
2. The
-ment!
-ment!
8va
ff

(*Enter* POOH-BAH, KO-KO, *and* PITTI-SING. *All kneel*.)

(POOH-BAH *hands a paper to* KO-KO.)

KO-KO. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

MIKADO. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

KO-KO. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

POOH-BAH. I am the Coroner. (KO-KO *hands certificate to* MIKADO.)

MIKADO. And this is the certificate of his death. (*Reads*.) 'At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Lord Mayor, and Groom of the Second Floor Front.'

POOH-BAH. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

MIKADO. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

KO-KO. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

MIKADO. Describe it.

No. 7. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down

Trio (Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah) & Chorus




A
11
K-K
arm. I seiz'd him by his lit-tle pig-tail, And on his knees fell he, As he
16
K-K
squirm'd and strug-gled And gur-gled and gug-gled, I drew my snick - er - snee,
B
20
K-K
my snick-er - snee! Oh, nev-er shall I For-get the cry, Or the shriek that shriek - ed
25
K-K
he, As I gnash'd my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick - er -


C
29
K-K
-snee!
S.
A.
T.
B.
f
unis.
We know him well, He can - not tell Un - true or ground-less tales— He
We know him well, He can - not tell Un - true or ground-less tales— He
34
P-S
PITTI-SING
2. He shi-ver'd and shook as he
al - ways tries To ut - ter lies, And ev - 'ry time he fails.
al - ways tries To ut - ter lies, And ev - 'ry time he fails.
p
39
P-S
gave the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-serve; When all of a sud-den his eye met mine, And it


A2
44
P-S
seem'd to brace his nerve, For he nod-ded his head and kiss'd his hand, And he whis-tled an air, did
49
P-S
he, As the sa - bre true Cut clean - ly through His cer - vi - cal ver - te - brae,
B2
54
P-S
his ver - te - brae! When a man's a-fraid, A beau-ti-ful maid Is a cheer-ing sight to
59
P-S
see; And it's oh, I'm glad, That mo - ment sad Was sooth'd by sight of


C2
63
P-S
me!
S.
A.
f
unis.
Her ter - ri - ble tale You can't as - sail, With truth it quite a - grees; Her
T.
B.
Her ter - ri - ble tale You can't as - sail, With truth it quite a - grees; Her
68
POOH-BAH
P-B
3. Now tho' you'd have said that
taste ex-act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis - ease.
taste ex-act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis - ease.
p
73
P-B
head was dead (For its own - er dead was he), It stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And


A3
78
P-B
bow'd three times to me! It was none of your im-pu-dent off - hand nods, But as hum - ble as could
83
P-B
be, For it clear - ly knew The de-fer-ence due To a man of pe - di - gree,
B3
88
P-B
of pe - di - gree! And it's oh, I vow, This death - ly bow Was a touch-ing sight to
93
P-B
see; Though trunk - less, yet It could-n't for - get The de - fer-ence due to


C3
97
P-B
me!
S.
A.
f
This haugh - ty youth, He speaks the truth When - e - ver he finds it
unis.
T.
B.
101
P-S
PITTI-SING
Ex-act - ly, ex-
K-K
KO-KO
POOH-BAH
pays, And in this case It all took place Ex - act - ly as he says! Ex-act - ly, ex-



MIKADO. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

KO-KO. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

KATISHA. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

POOH-BAH. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

KATISHA. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. My face *is* unattractive, but I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

KO-KO. And yet he fled!

MIKADO. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

KO-KO, POOH-BAH, & PITTI-SING. A second trombone!

MIKADO. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

KO-KO. Oh, no; not at all—only—

MIKADO. Yes?

KO-KO. It's rather awkward, but in point of fact, he's gone abroad!

MIKADO. Gone abroad? His address!

KO-KO. Knightsbridge!

KATISHA (*who is reading certificate of death*). Ha!

MIKADO. What's the matter?

KATISHA. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning! Oh, where shall I find another? Where shall I find another? (KO-KO, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING *fall on their knees*.)

MIKADO (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To* KO-KO.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

KO-KO. I beg to offer an unqualified apology.

POOH-BAH. I desire to associate myself with that expression of regret.

PITTI-SING. We really hadn't the least notion—

MIKADO. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise*.)

KO-KO. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

MIKADO. Obliged? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

POOH-BAH. No, of course we couldn't know who the gentleman really was.

PITTI-SING. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO-KO. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

MIKADO. Ha! ha! ha! (*To Katisha*.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO-KO, POOH-BAH, & PITTI-SING. Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again*.)

MIKADO. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry.

KO-KO (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

MIKADO. Of course—

PITTI-SING. I knew nothing about it.

POOH-BAH. I wasn't there.

MIKADO. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of an Act says 'compassing the death of the Heir Apparent'. There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

KO-KO, PITTI-SING, & POOH-BAH. What's the good of that?

MIKADO. Now let's see about your execution—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO-KO, PITTI-SING, & POOH-BAH. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

MIKADO. Then we'll make it after luncheon.

POOH-BAH. I don't want any lunch.

MIKADO. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

No. 8. See how the Fates their gifts allot

Glee (Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, & Mikado)



* This is the metronome mark given in the autograph manuscript, but it contradicts *Allegro moderato*. ♩ = 120 would fit much better, and allow the singers time to make the lyrics intelligible.


16
P-S
K.
P-B
K-K
M.
Oh, so hap-py! Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy-ous,
20
e - ver_ gay, Hap-py, un-de-serv-ing A!_ E - ver joy-ous, e - ver_ gay, Hap-py, un-de-
e - ver gay, Hap-py, un-de-serv-ing A!_ E - ver joy-ous, e - ver gay, Hap-py, un-de-
rall.


B a tempo
26
P-S
-serv-ing A!
If I were For-tune—which I'm not—
B should en-joy A's
K.
-serv-ing A!
P-B
-serv-ing A!
If I were For-tune—which I'm not—
B should en-joy A's
K-K
-serv-ing A!
If I were For-tune—which I'm not—
B should en-joy A's
M.
-serv-ing A!
For rehearsal purposes only (orchestra is tacet).
f
C
32
P-S
hap-py lot, And A should die in mi-se-rie, That is,— as-sum-ing I am B.
K.
But should A per-ish?
P-B
hap-py lot, And A should die in mi-se-rie, That is, as-sum-ing I am B.
K-K
hap-py lot, And A should die in mi-se-rie, That is, as-sum-ing I am B.
M.
But should A per-ish?
p


38
rall.
a tempo
P-S
That should he, (Of course as-sum-ing I am B). B should be hap-py! Oh, so hap-py!
K.
B should be hap-py! Oh, so hap-py!
P-B
That should he, (Of course as-sum-ing I am B). B should be hap-py! Oh, so hap-py!
K-K
That should he, (Of course as-sum-ing I am B). B should be hap-py! Oh, so hap-py!
M.
B should be hap-py! Oh, so hap-py!
43
P-S
Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! But con-demn'd to die is he,
K.
Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! But con-demn'd to die is he,
P-B
Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! But con-demn'd to die is he,
K-K
Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! But con-demn'd to die is he,
M.
Laugh-ing, Ha! ha! Chaff-ing, Ha! ha! Nec-tar quaff-ing, Ha! ha! ha! But con-demn'd to die is he,


47
P-S
K.
P-B
K-K
M.
Wretch-ed, me - ri - to-rious B!
But con-demn'd to die is he,
Wretch-ed, me - ri -


52
P-S
K.
P-B
K-K
M.
-to-rious B!
(*Exeunt* MIKADO *and* KATISHA.)

KO-KO. Well! a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

POOH-BAH. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

PITTI-SING. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

KO-KO. And you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories about catching his eye and his whistling an air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

POOH-BAH. But how about your big right arm?

PITTI-SING. Yes, and your snickersnee!

KO-KO. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once—(*Enter* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *prepared for journey*), here he comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

NANKI-POO. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

KO-KO. Nonsense. A terrible thing has just happened. It seems you're the son of the Mikado.

NANKI-POO. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

KO-KO. Is this a time for airy persiflage? Your father is here, and with Katisha!

NANKI-POO. My father! And with Katisha!

KO-KO. Yes, he wants you particularly.

POOH-BAH. So does she.

YUM-YUM. Oh, but he's married now.

KO-KO. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it?

NANKI-POO. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry her because I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my execution, and if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

YUM-YUM. You see our difficulty.

KO-KO. Yes. I don't know what's to be done.

NANKI-POO. There's one chance for you. If you could persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

KO-KO. I marry Katisha!

YUM-YUM. I really think it's the only course.

KO-KO. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!

PITTI-SING. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see!

POOH-BAH. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

KO-KO. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel.

NANKI-POO. It comes to this: While Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.

No. 9. The flowers that bloom in the spring

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



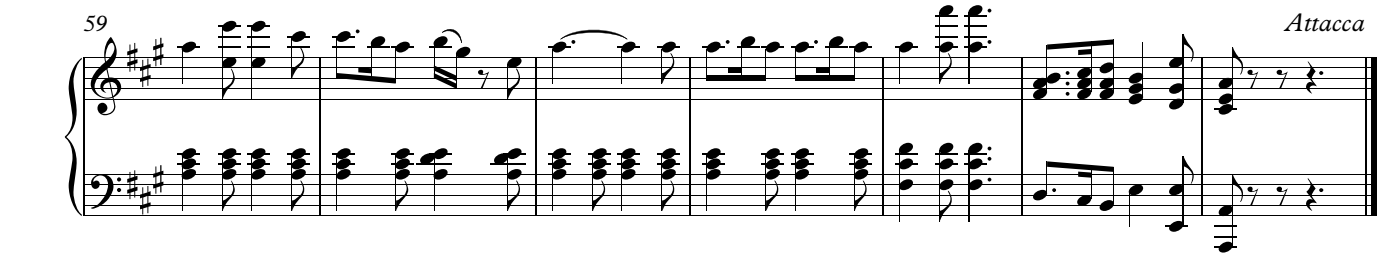

7
N-P
spring, Tra la, Breathe pro - mise of mer-ry sun-shine— As we mer - ri - ly dance and we
11
N-P
sing, Tra la, We wel-come the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a sum-mer of ro-ses and wine, Of a
16
A
N-P
sum-mer of ro-ses and wine; And that's what we mean when we say that a thing Is wel-come as flow-ers that
rall.
21
a tempo
N-P
bloom in the spring. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, The flow - ers that bloom in the


25
B
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!
PITTI-SING
P-S
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!
N-P
spring. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!
POOH-BAH
P-B
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la!
30
KO-KO
K-K
2. The
34
K-K
flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth - ing to do with the


37
K-K
case. I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A most un-at-trac - tive old
41
K-K
thing, Tra la, With a ca - ri-ca-ture of a face, With a ca - ri-ca-ture of a
45
rall.
a tempo
K-K
face; And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing, 'Oh, bo-ther the flow-ers that
49
K-K
bloom in the spring!' Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, 'Oh, bo - ther the flow-ers of



(*Dance and exeunt* NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, POOH-BAH, PITTI-SING, *and* KO-KO.)

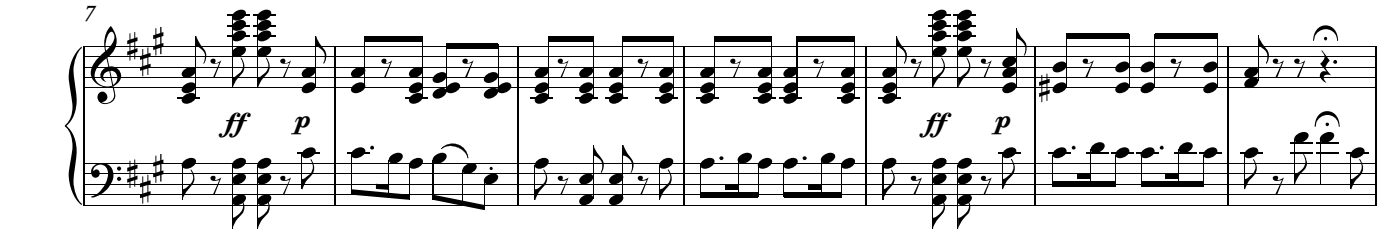


No. 9a. Duet Encore

Instrumental

Allegretto giojoso ♩. = 80







No. 10. Alone, and yet alive!

Recit. & Song (Katisha)




10
K.
Death a-lone can give— My doom, to wait! my pun-ish-ment, to live!
f
p
15
Andante moderato
K.
Hearts do not break! They sting and ache For
p
19
K.
old love's sake, But do not die! Though with each breath They
3
22
K.
long for death, As wit - ness - eth The liv - ing I!— The liv - ing I!


26
K.
Oh, liv - ing I! Come, tell me why, When hope is gone, Dost
p
31
K.
thou stay on? Why lin-ger here, Where all is drear? Oh, liv - ing I!
cresc.
36
K.
Come, tell me why, When hope is gone, Dost thou stay on? May not a cheat-ed mai-den
cresc.
f
p
41
K.
die? May not a cheat-ed mai - den die?
f

Dialogue

KO-KO (*entering and approaching her timidly*). Katisha!

KATISHA. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues—they are heating the cauldron!

KO-KO. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy!

KATISHA. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating *his* palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. Am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another?

KO-KO (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*). Here!—Here!

KATISHA. What!!!

KO-KO (*with intense passion*). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered—it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth, all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticised. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it!

KATISHA. You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

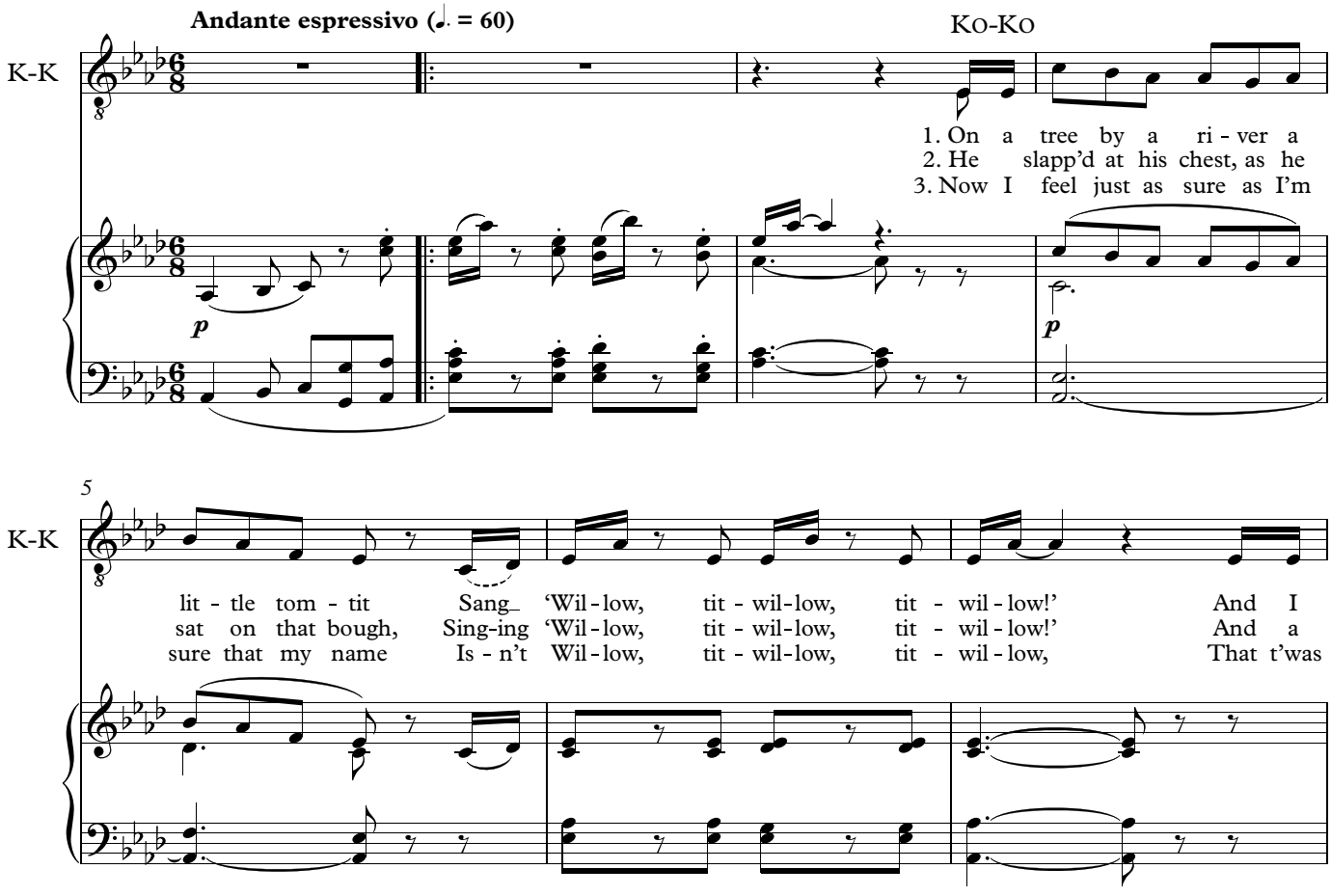
KO-KO. I do—accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

KATISHA. Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

KO-KO. You know not what you say. Listen!

No. 11. On a tree by a river a little tom-tit

Song (Ko-Ko)





(*During this song* KATISHA *has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.*)

Dialogue

KATISHA (*whimpering*). Did he really die of love?
KO-KO. He really did.
KATISHA. All on account of a cruel little hen?
KO-KO. Yes.
KATISHA. Poor little chap!
KO-KO. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.
KATISHA. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!
KO-KO. His devotion was something extraordinary.
KATISHA (*still whimpering*). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?
KO-KO. At once.
KATISHA. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (*Falls on his breast.*) Oh, I'm a silly little goose!
KO-KO (*making a wry face*). You are!
KATISHA. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit bloodthirsty, will you?
KO-KO. Hate you? Oh, Katisha! is there not beauty even in bloodthirstiness?
KATISHA. My idea exactly!

No. 12. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast

Duet (Katisha & Ko-Ko)



* The autograph manuscript has *Allegro con brio*, with ♩ = 120 added in pencil. The original vocal score is as given, which surely is more practical if the lyrics are to be intelligible.


A
12
K.
tail!
Ko-Ko
K-K
Yes, I like to see a ti - ger From the Con-go or the Ni-ger, And es - pe-cial-ly when lash-ing of his
16
K.
Vol - ca - nos have a splen-dour that is grim, And earth-quakes on - ly ter - ri-fy the
K-K
tail!
f
p
20
K.
dolts, But to him who's sci-en-ti-fic There is no-thing that's ter-ri-fic In the fall-ing of a flight of thun-der-
K-K


24
B
rall.
K.
-bolts!
K-K
Yes, in spite of all my meek-ness, If I have a lit-tle weak-ness, It's a pas-sion for a flight of thun-der-
sf
p
28
a tempo
K.
If that is so, Sing der-ry down der-ry! It's e-vi-dent, ve-ry, Our tastes are one. A-
K-K
-bolts. If that is so, Sing der-ry down der-ry! It's e-vi-dent, ve-ry, Our tastes are one. A-
p
tr
33
C
K.
-way we'll go, And mer-ri-ly mar-ry, Nor tar-di-ly tar-ry Till day is done!
K-K
-way we'll go, And mer-ri-ly mar-ry, Nor tar-di-ly tar-ry Till day is done!
f


39
tr
tr
tr
p
46
KO-KO
K-K
2. There is beau-ty in ex-treme old__ age— Do you fan-cy you are el-der-ly e-
50
K-K
-nough? In-for-ma-tion I'm re-quest-ing On a sub-ject in-ter-est-ing: Is a mai-den all the bet-ter when she's
54
A2
KATISHA
K.
Through-out this wide do-min-ion It's the gen-er-al o-pin-ion That she'll last a good deal long-er when she's
K-K
tough?

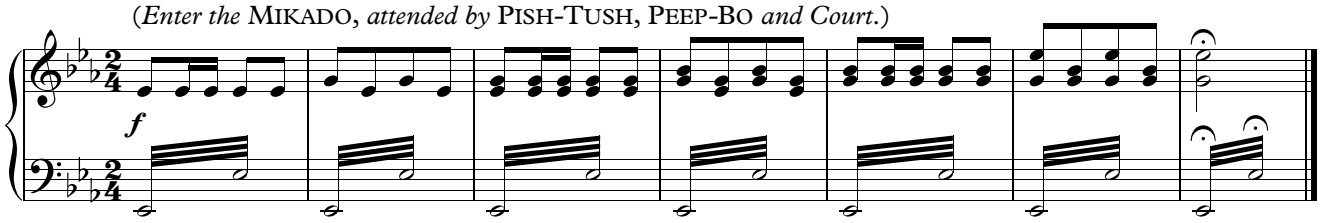

58
K.
tough.
K-K
Are you old e-nough to mar-ry, do you think? Won't you wait un-til you're eigh-ty in the
f
p
62
K.
K-K
shade? There's a fas-ci-na-tion fran-tic In a ru-in that's ro-man-tic; Do you think you are suf-fi-cient-ly de-
66
B2
rall.
K.
To the mat-ter that you men-tion I have gi-ven some at-ten-tion, And I think I am suf-fi-cient-ly de-
K-K
-cayed?
sf
p


70
a tempo
K.
-cayed. 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
K-K
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
p
76
C2
f
K.
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
K-K
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
81
K.
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
K-K
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



No. 12a. Entrance of the Mikado

Instrumental



MIKADO. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?

PISH-TUSH. Your Majesty, all is prepared.

MIKADO. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

(*Enter* KO-KO, KATISHA, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING. *They throw themselves at the* MIKADO'S *feet.*)

KATISHA. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

MIKADO. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.

KATISHA. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.

MIKADO. Oh! You've not been long about it!

KO-KO. We were married before the Registrar.
POOH-BAH. *I* am the Registrar.
MIKADO. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir-Apparent—

(*Enter* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM. *They kneel*.)

NANKI-POO. The Heir-Apparent is *not* slain.
MIKADO. Bless my heart, my son!
YUM-YUM. And your daughter-in-law elected!
KATISHA (*seizing* KO-KO). Traitor, you have deceived me!
MIKADO. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.
KO-KO. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo—
MIKADO. Yes, with most affecting particulars.
POOH-BAH. Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and—
KO-KO. *Will* you refrain from putting in your oar? (*To* MIKADO.) It's like this: when your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done,' it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, 'Kill a gentleman,' and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?
MIKADO. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

No. 13. Act II Finale

Ensemble




11
P-S
join our ex-pres-sions of glee!
Ko-Ko
K-K
On this sub-ject I pray you be dumb— Your no-tions, though ma-ny, Are
S.
A.
Dumb-dumb!
T.
B.
Dumb-dumb!
16
P-S
K-K
not worth a pen-ny, The word for your guid-ance is, 'Mum'— You've got a good bar-gain in
S.
A.
Mum-mum!
T.
B.
Mum-mum!


20
K-K
me!
PITTI-SING *with* ALTO
S.
A.
T.
B.
On this sub-ject we pray you be dumb—Dumb-dumb! We think you had bet-ter suc-
On this sub-ject we pray you be dumb—Dumb-dumb! We think you had bet-ter suc-
24
-cumb— Cumb-cumb! You'll find there are ma-ny Who'll wed for a pen-ny, Who'll wed for a
-cumb— Cumb-cumb! You'll find there are ma-ny Who'll wed for a pen-ny, Who'll wed for a
28
pen - ny—There are lots of good fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish in the
pen - ny—There are lots of good fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish in the


32
S.
A.
sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea, There's lots of good fish, good fish in the
T.
B.
sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea, There's lots of good fish, good fish in the
sf
sf
36
Allegro con brio (𝅗𝅥 = 120)
NANKI-POO
N-P
The threat-en'd cloud has pass'd a -
S.
A.
sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!
T.
B.
sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!
mf
42
YUM-YUM
Y-Y
And bright-ly shines the dawn-ing day; There's yet a month of af - ter-
N-P
-way, What tho' the night may come too soon,


48
Y-Y
-noon!
Then let the throng Our joy ad - vance,
PITTI-SING
P-S
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance,
PEEP-BO
P-B
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance, With
N-P
Then let the throng Our joy ad - vance, With
POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH
P-B
P-T
Then let the throng Their joy ad - vance, With
53
Y-Y
With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, Then let the
P-S
With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, Then let the
P-B
laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, Then let the
N-P
laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, Then let the
P-B
P-T
laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, Then let the

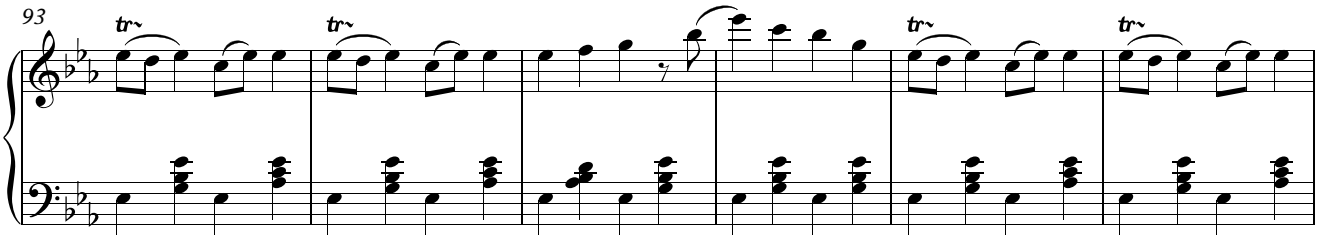

57
Y-Y
throng Our joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing
P-S
throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing
P-B
throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing
N-P
throng Our joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing
P-B
P-T
throng Their joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing song, And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing
61
Y-Y
song, And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-S
song, And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-B
song, And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
N-P
song, And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
P-B
P-T
song, And mer-ry dance, With laugh - ing song,
cresc.

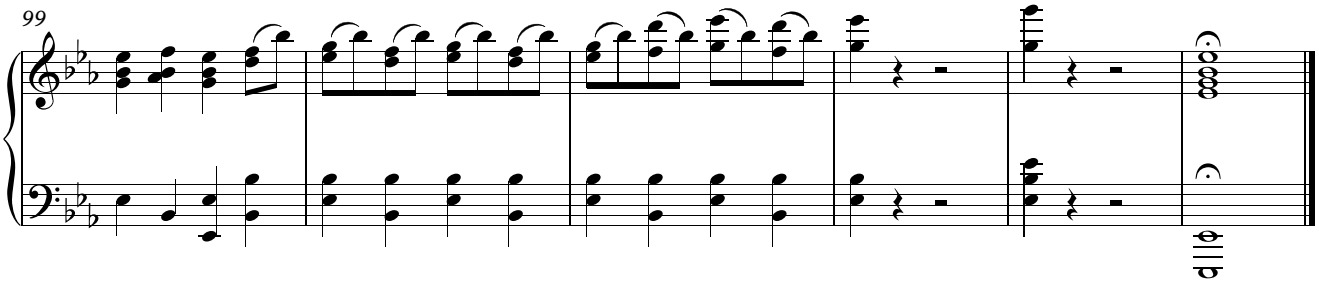

PRINCIPALS *with* CHORUS
66
ff
S.
With joy - ous shout, With joy - ous_ shout and_ ring - ing_ cheer, In -
A.
With joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In -
T.
With joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In -
B.
With joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In -
71
(Y-Y/N-P 'our new')
S.
-au - gu - rate, in - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous
A.
-au - gu - rate, in - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing
T.
-au - gu - rate, in - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing
B.
-au - gu - rate, in - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing


76
cheer, joy - - ous, joy - -
S.
shout and ring - ing cheer, With joy - ous,
A.
cheer, In - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu -
T.
cheer, In - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu -
B.
cheer, In - au - gu - rate their new ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu -
81
- ous
S.
joy - ous shout! With laugh-ing song and mer - ry dance, With laugh-ing song and mer - ry
A.
-rate their new ca - reer! With laugh-ing song and mer - ry dance, With laugh-ing song and mer - ry
T.
-rate their new ca - reer! With song and
B.
-rate their new ca - reer! With song and



(*All including the* MIKADO *dance.*)





End of Opera

Appendix A: The 'list' song in its position as originally conceived

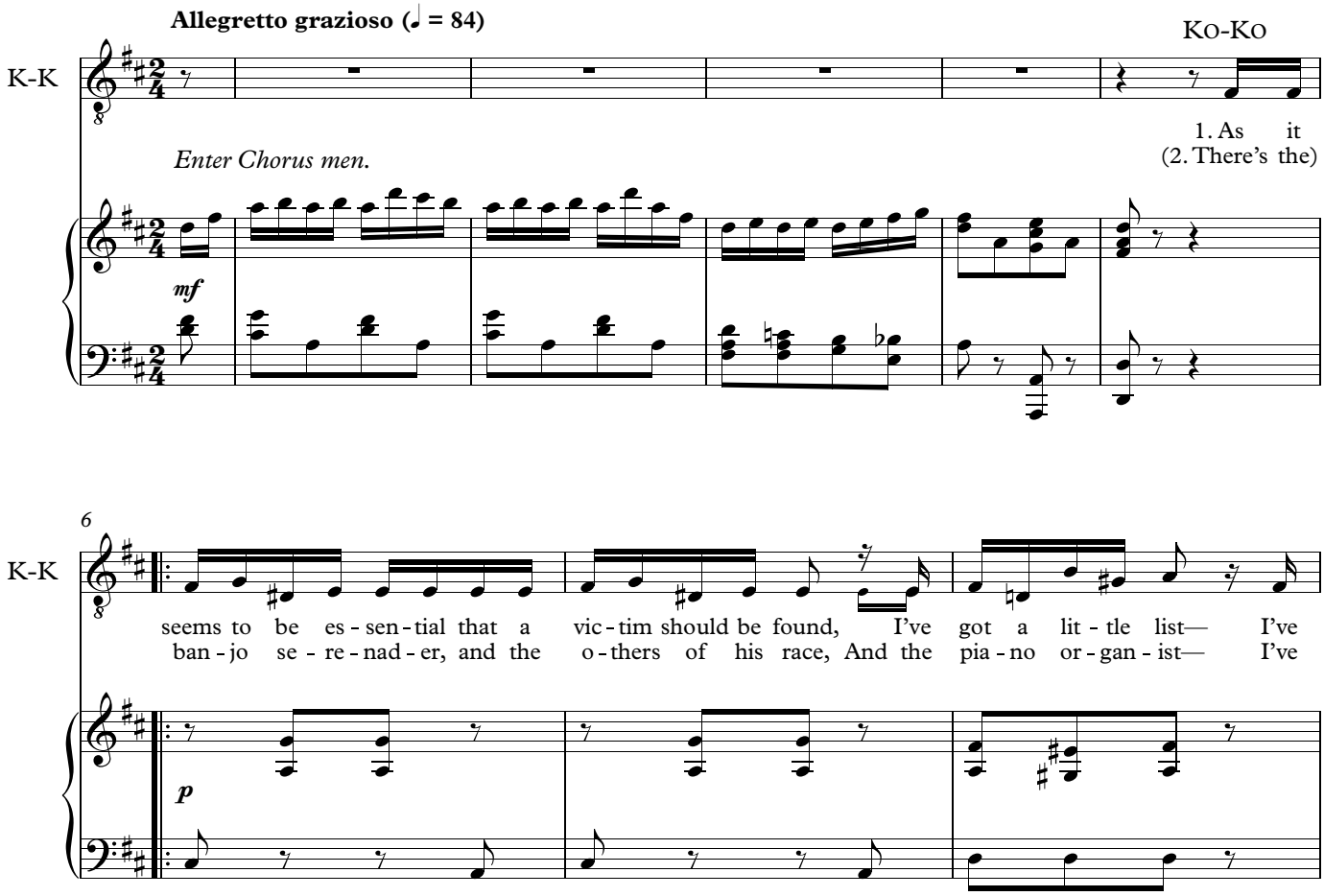
In the original conception, the 'list' song was placed between Act I No. 10 and the finale. It was in D major, and, in addition to the necessary variation in the 'title' line, the verse 1 lyrics were different all through. Excepting this title line, the lyric changes were probably unconnected to the moving of the song, but since they are presented in the autograph it seems a shame to lose them, hence their appearance here.

The original position was made possible using the monologue below, which followed immediately after the end of No. 10, and then by using the dialogue given at the end of No. 10a in place of that at the bottom of page 82.

KO-KO. This is exceedingly hard on me. It was distinctly stated, when I was asked to accept the post of Lord High Executioner, that the duties were purely nominal. And here I am, called upon to behead the very person of all others for whom I entertain the most affectionate regard, unless I can find a substitute within half an hour! If someone *must* be beheaded, why not choose somebody whose death would be a distinct gain to society? There are plenty of them about!

Act I. No. 10a. As it seems to be essential that a victim should be found

Song (Ko-Ko) with Chorus of Men




9
K-K
got a lit - tle list Of so - ci - al of-fend-ers who might well be un - der-ground, And who
got him on the list! And the peo-ple who eat pep-per-mint and puff it in your face, They
12
K-K
ne-ver would be miss'd— who ne-ver would be miss'd! There's the In-come Tax Com-mis-sion-ers with
ne-ver would be miss'd— they ne-ver would be miss'd! Then the i - di - ot who prais-es, with en -
15
K-K
all their pry-ing clerks, And vul-gar lit - tle street-boys who are rude in their re-marks, All
-thu - si - as - tic tone, All cen - tu - ries but this, and ev - 'ry coun-try but his own; And the
18
K-K
per-sons with pre-sen - ti-ments, a ve - ry whole-some rule, And next-door neigh-bours ev - 'ry-where, and
la - dy from the pro-vin - ces, who dress-es like a guy—And who 'does-n't think she walt-zes, but would


21
K-K
boys at home from school, All men who bite their nails, all per-sons who re-voke at whist, They'd
ra-ther like to try'; And that sin-gu-lar an-o-ma-ly, the la-dy no-vel-ist— I
24
A
K-K
none of 'em be miss'd— they'd none of 'em be miss'd!
don't think she'd be miss'd— I'm *sure* she'd not be miss'd!
T.
B.
f
He's got 'em on the list— he's
He's got her on the list— he's
f
27
K-K
2. There's the
3. And that
T.
B.
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!
p
31
K-K
Ni-si Pri-us nui-sance, who just now is ra-ther rife, The Ju-di-cial hu-mour-ist— I've got *him* on the list! All


35
K-K
fun - ny fel-lows, com - ic men, and clowns of pri-vate life— They'd none of 'em be miss'd— they'd
38
K-K
none of 'em be miss'd! And a - po - lo - ge - tic states-men of a com-pro-mis-ing kind, Such as—
colla voce
41
K-K
What d'ye call him—Thing-'em-bob, and like-wise—Ne-ver Mind, And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and
44
a tempo
K-K
al - so You-know-who— The task of fill-ing up the blanks I'd ra-ther leave to *you*. But it



(*Enter* NANKI-POO *with halter in his hand.*)

NANKI-POO. It's of no use: I can't exist without her. With the knowledge that Yum-Yum is the bride of another, existence would be a torment.

KO-KO. Hallo, you sir—what are you doing with that rope?

NANKI-POO. I am about to commit suicide.

KO-KO. Commit suicide? Oh, nonsense! What for?

NANKI-POO. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

[*Then continue with the dialogue on page 83.*]

Appendix B: The 'list' song in its interim position

The original libretto presents this song neither in its final position (see page 41) nor in its original position (see page 190), but in an interim one. At this time, 'The sun, whose rays' was in Act I between 'So please you, Sir, we much regret' and 'Were I not to Ko-Ko plighted', the latter still having two verses. The 'list' song was not only moved, but altered to dispense with the chorus and add a solo refrain. This would have required Sullivan to compose some new music, but if he did, we no longer have it. Nevertheless, from the libretto we know exactly how it would have been managed, and that is what is presented below:

No. 9. Were I not to Ko-Ko plighted

(*Enter* KO-KO.)

KO-KO (*looking after* YUM-YUM). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony!— (*Enter* PISH-TUSH.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

PISH-TUSH. I am the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

KO-KO (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

PISH-TUSH. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

KO-KO. Yes—somebody will have to suffer. Send the Recorder to me. (*Exit* PISH-TUSH.) I expected something of this sort! I knew it couldn't go on! Well, they've brought it on themselves, and the only question is, who shall it be? Fortunately, there will be no difficulty in pitching upon somebody whose death will be a distinct gain to society.

No. 9a. As it seems to be essential that a victim should be found

Although this is the first line of lyrics, the remainder of the verse and also verses 2 and 3 are the same as in No. 5a (page 41). The aforementioned solo refrain, repeated after each verse, goes as follows:

As a victim must be found,
If you'll only look around,
There are criminals at large,
(And enough to fill a barge),
    Whose swift decapitation
    Would be hailed with acclamation,
    If accomplished by the nation
At a reasonable charge.

(*Enter* POOH-BAH *and* PISH-TUSH.)

POOH-BAH. This is very uncomfortable news.

KO-KO. Yes. There is no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody. The only question is, who shall it be?

POOH-BAH. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you*.

KO-KO. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself, Recorder!

POOH-BAH. Why not?

KO-KO. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

Etc. (the continuation is halfway down page 72).

Appendix C: Overture

Piano-duet version




22
29
f
f
36


41
A
8va
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
45
f
f
50
Attacca


Andante comodo
(♩. = 69)
54
p
p
p
p sost.
59
64
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
dim.


70
rall.
B
a tempo
p
p
75
80
cresc.
cresc.


85
a tempo
rall.
dim.
p
mf
dim.
p
mf
90
Allegro con brio ♩ = 112
C
8va
f
f
96
(8)
dim.
p
p
dim.
p


D
102
tr
109
f
E
116
p


121
f
p
f
126
f
p
f
130
F
p
p


134
f
p
f
138
p
p
p
143
tr~
tr~
tr~
tr~
f
f


149
G
tr
tr
155
tr
tr
dim.
p
dim.
p
160
cresc.
f
cresc.
f


H
164
p
p
p
p
170
p
J
177
mf
cresc.
f
mf dolce
mf
cresc.
f
mf


184
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
p
K
192
dim.
p
tr
dim.
p
L
198
tr
p
tr
tr
f
p


204
f
211
M
3
3
3
3
ff p
tr
f
ff p
216
N
8va
tr
f


222
tr
ff
f
mf
tr
228
O
8va
p
234
(8)


240
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
246
8va
P
mf
mf
ff
ff
252
8va
p
p


258
Q
p
p
264
8va
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
R
271
(8)
ff
3
3
3
3
ff


277
8va
283
8va
289
(8)

S

295

(8)

fff

fff

301

307