

Fl. I Picc.
Ob.
Cls.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tri.
Yum.
Peep.
Pitti.
Vlns.
Vla.
Cel. D.B.

one a - way— Three lit - tle maids from school!
Two lit - tle maids re - main, and they— Three lit - tle maids from school!
Won't have to wait ver - y long, they say— Three lit - tle maids from school!

Fl. I Picc.
Ob.
Cls.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tri.
Yum.
Peep.
Pitti.
Girls
Vlns.
Vla.
Cel.
D.B.

a 2
p
a 2
p
p
p
pizz.
p
pizz.
p

(Dancing.)
unis.
unis.
Three lit - tle maids who, all un - wa - ry, Come from a la - dies' sem - i - na - ry,
Three lit - tle maids from school! Three lit - tle maids who, all un - wa - ry, Come from a la - dies' sem - i - na - ry,

77

Fl. I Picc. *a 2*

Ob. *a 2*

Cls. *a 2*

Bsn. *a 2*

Hns.

Tri.

Yum. Peep. Pitti. *(Suddenly demure.) unis.* *ff*

Girls *ff*

Vins.

Vla. *arco*

Cel. *arco*

D.B. *arco*

Freed from its ge - nius tu - te - la - ry— Three lit - tle maids from school, Three lit - tle maids— from school!

Freed from its ge - nius tu - te - la - ry— Three lit - tle maids— from school!

85

Fl. I Picc. *a 2*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Vins.

Vla.

Cel. *unis.*

D.B.

Enter **KO-KO** and **POOH-BAH**.

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

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

KO. Well, that was the idea.

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

PEEP. It's rather peculiar.

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

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

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

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

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. 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. And have you got an engagement? Yum-Yum's got one, but she doesn'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. 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!

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

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

YUM. Oh, this is the musician who used —

PEEP. Oh, this is the gentleman who used —

PITTI. Oh, it's only Nanki-Poo who used —

KO. One at a time, if you please.

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

PITTI. On the Marine Parade.

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

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

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

KO. That is a Tremendous Swell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. We know delicate it is, don't we?

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 — QUARTET (Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-Bah, with Chorus of Girls).

Allegro con brio.

Flute I Piccolo
Oboe
Clarinets
Bassoon
Horns in F
Triangle
Violins
Viola
Cello & Double Bass

10

Fl. I Picc.
Ob.
Cls.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tri.

Yum., Peep., and Pitti.

First verse only.

Yum.
Peep.
Pitti.

So please you, Sir, we much re - gret If we have failed in et - i - quette To - wards a man of rank so high— We shall know bet - ter by and

Second verse only.

Pooh.

I think you ought to re - col - lect You can - not show too much re - spect To - wards the high - ly ti - tled few; But no - bod - y does, and why should

Vlns.
Vla.
Cel. D.B.

Fl. I Picc.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Yum. Peep. Pitti. *First verse only.* **Yum-Yum solo.** *Pitti-Sing solo.*

by. But youth, of course, must have its fling, So par - don us, So par - don us, And don't, in girl - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us, Be hard on us, If

Pooh. *Second verse only.*

you? That youth at us should have its fling, Is hard on us, Is hard on us; To our pre - rog - a - tive we cling— So par - don us, So par - don us, If

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Yum. Peep. Pitti. *First verse only.* **(Pitti-Sing solo.)** *Both verses.* **All Three.**

we're in - clined to dance and sing, Tra la la la la la, But youth, of course, must have its fling, So

Pooh. *Second verse only.*

we de - cline to dance and sing— Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la

Girls. *First verse only.*

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

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

34

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Yum.
Peep.
Pitti.

par - don us, And don't, in girl - - - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us!

Pooh.

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

Girls

la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la! But youth, of course, must have its fling, So

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

42

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Pooh.

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

Yum-Yum with 1st Sopranos
Peep-Bo with 2nd Sopranos
Pitti-Sing with Contraltos

Girls

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

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

52

Fl. I Picc.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tri.

Yum. Peep. Pitti.

la la la la la la la!

Pooh.

la la la la la la la!

Girls

la la la la la la la!

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

Exeunt all but YUM-YUM.

Enter NANKI-POO.

- NANKI.** 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.** Alas, yes!
- NANKI.** But you do not love him?
- YUM.** Alas, no!
- NANKI.** Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?
- YUM.** What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!
- NANKI.** But I would wait until you were of age!
- YUM.** You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.
- NANKI.** True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.
- 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. 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. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

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

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

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

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

NANKI. It *is* capital!

YUM. And we must obey the law.

NANKI. Deuce take the law!

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

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

YUM. Happy indeed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

NANKI. If it wasn't for the law.

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

NANKI. Not for worlds!

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

NANKI. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

No. 9 — DUET (Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo).

Andante, non troppo lento.

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Yum. *(Kiss.)*
He would kiss me fond - ly, thus—

Nanki. *(Kissing her.)* *(Kiss.)*
mark— my ad - mi - ra - - tion, I would kiss you fond - ly, thus— I would kiss you fond - ly, thus—

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

Allegro.

Fls.

Ob. *p*

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Yum. *p*
But as I'm en - gaged to Ko - Ko, To em - brace you thus, *con fuo - co*, Would dis - tinct - ly be no gio - co And for yam I should get to - co,

Nanki.

Vlns. *p*

Vla. *p*

Cel. D.B. *p*

Tempo I^o.

29

Musical score for measures 29-36. The score includes parts for Flute (Fls.), Oboe (Ob.), Clarinet (Cls.), Bassoon (Bsn.), Horns (Hns.), Yumoto (Yum.), Nanki (Nanki), Violins (Vlns.), Viola (Vla.), Cello (Cel.), and Double Bass (D.B.). The vocal parts (Yum. and Nanki) have lyrics: "To - co, to - co, to - co, to - co, to - co!" and "To - co, to - co, to - co, to - co, to - co! So, in spite of all temp - - - ta - - - - - tion, Such a". The music features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a first ending bracket in the flute and oboe parts.

37

Musical score for measures 37-44. The score includes parts for Flute (Fls.), Oboe (Ob.), Clarinet (Cls.), Bassoon (Bsn.), Horns (Hns.), Yumoto (Yum.), Nanki (Nanki), Violins (Vlns.), Viola (Vla.), Cello (Cel.), and Double Bass (D.B.). The vocal parts (Nanki) have lyrics: "theme I'll not dis - cuss, And on no con - sid - er - a - tion Will I kiss you fond - - - ly, thus - Will I kiss you fond - ly, (Kissing her.)". The music features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a first ending bracket in the flute and oboe parts.

Allegro.

44

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Yum.

Nanki.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

thus— Let me make it clear to you, This is what I'll nev - er do, This, oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This— is what I'll

(Kissing her.)

p

sf

53

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Yum.

Nanki.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

This, oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This— He'll nev - er do!

nev - er, nev - - - er do! This, oh, this— oh, this— oh, this— This— is what I'll nev - er do! I'll

p

cresc.

I.

62

Fls. *f* *ff*

Ob. *f* *ff*

Cls. *f* *ff*

Bsn. *f* *ff*

Hns. *f* *ff*

Yum. He'll nev - er do! This— is what he'll nev - er, nev - er do!

Nanki. nev - er do! Oh, this— This— is what I'll nev - er, nev - er do!

Vlns. *f* *ff*

Vla. *f* *ff*

Cel. D.B. *f* *ff*

Exeunt in opposite directions.

Enter 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. I am the bearer of a letter from his Majesty the Mikado.

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. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

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

Pooh. Why not?

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. That is so, no doubt.

Pish. We might reserve that point.

Pooh. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

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

Pooh. A man might try.

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

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

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 can see my way to a successful result.

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

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

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

Pooh. I should be delighted. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

No. 10 — TRIO (Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pish-Tush).

Allegro non troppo vivace.

Flutes *f*

Oboe *f*

Clarinets *in A* *f*

Bassoon *f*

Horns in F *f*

Trumpets in B \flat *f*

Trombones *f*

Timpani *in F \sharp & B \flat* *tr* *mf*

Pooh-Bah

I am so proud, If I al- lowed My fam- i- ly pride To be my guide, I'd vol- un- teer To quit this sphere In -

Violins *f* *pizz.* *p*

Viola *f* *pizz.* *p*

Cello & Double Bass *f* *pizz.* *p*

9

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Pooh.

stead of you, In a min- ute or two. But fam- 'ly pride Must be— de- nied, And set a- side, And mor- ti- fied, And

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

15

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Pooh.

Ko-Ko.

mor - - - ti - fied. My brain it teems. With end-less schemes Both good and new For Tit - i - pu, For Tit - i - pu; But if I

Vlins.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

21

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko.

fit, The ben - e - fit That I'd dif - fuse The town would lose! Now ev - 'ry man To aid his clan Should plot and plan As best he can.

Vlins.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Pish.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

I heard one day A gen - tle - man say That crim - i - nals who Are cut in two Can hard - ly feel The fa - tal steel, And so are slain, are

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Pish.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

slain With - out much pain. If this is true, It's jol - ly for you; Your cour - age screw To bid us a - dieu. Pooh. I

pizz. p

pizz. p

pizz. p

pizz. p

35

Fls. *I.*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko. My brain it teems With end-less schemes Both good and new For Tit-i-pu, For Tit-i-pu; But if I

Pooh. am so proud, If I al-lowed My fam-i-ly pride To be my guide, I'd

Pish. I heard one day A gen-tle-man say That crim-i-nals who Are cut in two Can hard-ly feel The

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

39

Fls. *I.*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko. flit, The ben-e-fit That I'd dif-fuse The town would lose! Now ev-'ry man To aid his clan Should plot and plan As best he can.

Pooh. vol-un-ter To quit this sphere In-stead of you, In a min-ute or two.

Pish. fa-tal steel, And so are slain, are slain With-out much pain. If this is true, It's jol-ly for you; Your cour-age screw To bid us a-dieu.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

43

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko.

And so, Al-though I'm read-y to go, Yet re-col-lect 'Twere dis-re-spect Did I neg-lect To thus ef-fect This

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

48

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko.

Pooh-Bah.

aim-di-rect, So I ob-ject— And so, Al-though I wish to go, And great-ly pine To bright-ly shine, And

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

53

Fls. —

Ob. —

Cls. *p*

Bsn. *p*

Hns. —

Tpts. *p*

Tbns. *p*

Pooh. take the line Of a he - ro fine, With grief con - dign I must de - cline.

Pish. And go And show Both friend and foe How much you dare. I'm quite a-ware It's

Vins.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

58

Fls. —

Ob. —

Cls. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Hns. *p* *mf*

Tpts. *mf*

Tbns. *mf*

Ko. So I ob - ject— So I ob -

Pooh. I must dec - line— I must dec -

Pish. your af - fair, Yet I de - clare I'd take your share, But I don't much care— I'd take your share, But I don't much care— I'd

Vins. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Cel. Cello *mf*

Fls.

Ob.

Cls. *a 2*

Bsn. *f*

Hns. *f*

Tpts.

Tbns. *II*

Ko. *f*

Pooh. *p*

Pish. *p*

Vlns. *f*

Vla. *f*

Cel. *f*

D.B. *f*

ject— So I ob - ject— So I ob - - ject— So I ob - ject— So I ob - ject— To

line— I must dec - line— I must dec - - line— I must dec - line— I must dec - line— To

take your share, But I don't much care— I'd take your share, But I don't much care— much care— I don't much care— I don't much care— To

D.B.

Un poco più vivo.

Fls.

Ob.

Cls. *a 2*

Bsn.

Hns. *p*

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko. *p*

Pooh. *p*

Pish. *p*

Vlns. *p*

Vla. *p*

Cel. *p*

D.B. *p*

Pish-Tush.
Ko-Ko.
Pooh-Bah.

sit in sol - emn si - lence in a dull, dark dock, In a pes - ti - len - tial pris - on, with a life - long lock, A - wait - ing the sen - sa - tion of a

71

Fls. *a2* *f*

Ob. *f*

Cls. *a2* *f*

Bsn. *f*

Hns. *f*

Tpts. *f*

Tbns. *f*

Timp. *mf*

Ko. Pooh. *unis.* *f*

Pish. short, sharp shock, From a 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

Vins. *f*

Vla. *f*

Cel. D.B. *f* *unis.*

76

Fls. *a2*

Ob.

Cls. *a2*

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Timp.

Pooh. *Pish-Tush. Ko-Ko. Pooh-Bah.*

pes - ti - len - tial pris - on, with a life - long lock, A - wait - ing the sen - sa - tion of a short, sharp shock, From a

Vins.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

80

Fls. *a2*

Ob.

Cls. *a2*

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Timp.

Ko.
Pooh.
Pish.

*Pish-Tush.
Pooh-Bah.
Ko-Ko.*

cheap and chip - py chop - per on a big black block! A dull, dark dock, A life - - long lock, A

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

84

Fls. *a2*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko.
Pooh.
Pish.

*Pish-Tush.
Ko-Ko.
Pooh-Bah.*

short, sharp shock, A big black block! To sit in sol - emn si - lence In a pes - ti - len - tial pris - on, And a -

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

88

Fl. I Picc. *I.*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Timp.

Ko. Pooh. Pish.

wait - ing the sen - sa - tion From a cheap and chip - py chop - per on a big black block!

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

94

Fl. I Picc. *a 2*

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Timp.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. D.B.

Exeunt POOH-BAH and PISH-TUSH.

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. Oh, go on — don't mind me.

Ko. What are you going to do with that rope?

NANKI. I am about to terminate an unbearable existence.

Ko. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

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

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

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.*) Substitute!

NANKI. What's the matter?

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

NANKI. Absolutely!

Ko. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

NANKI. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers — all useless?

NANKI. All! My mind is made up.

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. I don't see how that would benefit me.

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

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

NANKI. 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. 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. True.

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

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

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

NANKI. (*Suddenly.*) I *won't* be of their number!

Ko. Noble fellow!

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

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

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

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

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

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. I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

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

Enter CHORUS, POOH-BAH, and PISH-TUSH.

No. 11 — FINALE OF ACT I (Ensemble).

Allegro moderato.

Flutes

Oboe

Clarinets *in A*

Bassoon

Horns in F

Trumpets in B

Trombones

Cymbal
Bass Drum

Violins

Viola

Cello &
Double Bass

9

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Cym.
B.D.

CHORUS

Girls (in unison)

With as - pect stern And gloom - y stride,

Men (in unison)

Vlins.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

17

Fls. —

Ob. —

Cls. —

Bsn. —

Hns. —

Tpts. —

Tbns. —

C
H
O
R
U
S
 — We come to learn How you de - cide. Don't hes - i -

Vlns. — pizz. arco

Vla. — pizz. arco

Cel.
D.B. — pizz. arco

23

Fls. —

Ob. —

Cls. —

Bsn. —

Hns. —

Tpts. —

Tbns. —

C
H
O
R
U
S
 — tate Your choice to name, A dread - ful fate You'll suf - fer all the same! A dread - ful

Vlns. — p

Vla. — p

Cel.
D.B. — p

Fls.
Ob.
Cls.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tpts.
Tbns.

C
H
O
R
U
S

fate You'll suf - fer all the same!

Pooh-Bah.

To ask you what you mean to do we

Vlns.
Vla.
Cel.
D.B.

pizz. arco
pizz. arco
pizz. arco
pizz. Cello arco

Fls.
Ob.
Cls.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tpts.
Tbns.

Ko.
Pooh.

Con - grat - u - late me, gen - tle - men, I've found a Vol - un - teer! The Jap - a - nese c - quiv - a - lent for Hear! Hear! Hear! 'Tis

punc - tual - ly ap - pear.

Ko-Ko.

Vlns.
Vla.
Cel.
D.B.

Cel. unis.
(D.B. arco)

42

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko. *(Presenting him.)* Ko-Ko. Ko-Ko.

Nan - ki - Pool Hail, Nan - ki - Pool I think he'll do! Yes, yes, he'll do! He yields his life if I'll Yum - Yum sur - ren - der. Now

H O R U S H O R U S

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. Cello

D.B.

48

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko.

I a - dore that girl with pas - sion ten - der, And could not yield her with a read - y will, Or her al - lot,

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel. Cello

D.B. unis.

Enter YUM., PEEP., and PITTI.

53 I.

Fls. *f* *p*

Ob. *f* *p*

Cls. *f* *p*

Bsn. *f* *p*

Hns. *f*

Tpts.

Tbns.

Ko. *f* *p*

If I did not A - dore my self with pas - - - sion - ten - d'rer still! With pas - sion ten **H O R R O R U** d'rer still! Ah, yes! He loves him - self with

Vlins. *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *p*

Cel. D.B. *f* *p*

60 I.

Fls. *ff*

Ob. *ff*

Cls. *ff*

Bsn. *ff*

Hns. *ff*

Tpts. *ff*

Tbns. *ff*

Cym. B.D. *f*

C H O R U S

pas - sion ten - d'rer still! Take her - she's yours! Nanki. [Oh, rap - ture!] Yum. [Oh, rap - ture!]

Vlins. *ff*

Vla. *ff*

Cel. D.B. Cello *ff*

Exit
Ko-Ko.

67 **Allegro con brio.**

Fls. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cls. *in B \flat* *mf*

Bsn. *f* *mf*

Hns. *f* *mf*

Tpts.

Tbns.

Tri. *mf*

Yum. *mf* And bright - ly shines the dawn - ing day;

Nanki. *mf* The threat - ened cloud has passed a - way, What though the night may come too—

Vlins. *f* *mf* *mf*

Vla. *f* *mf*

Cel. *f* *mf*

D.B. *f* *mf*

75

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Tri.

Yum.

Peep.

Pitti.

Nanki.

Pooh.
Pish.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.

D.B.

There's yet a month of af - - ter - noon! Then let the throng Our joy ad - - -

Then let the throng Our joy ad - - -

Then let the throng Our joy ad - - -

soon, Then let the throng Our joy ad - - -

Then let the throng Our joy ad - - -

div.

81

Fls.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Tri.

Yum.

Peep.

Pitti.

Nanki.

Pooh.
Pish.

Vlns.

Vla.

Cel.

D.B.

vance, With laugh - ing - song And mer - ry - dance, Then let the throng Our joy ad - vance, With laugh - ing

vance, With laugh - ing song And mer - - - ry dance, Then let the throng Our joy ad - - vance, With laugh - ing

vance, With laugh - ing - song And mer - ry - dance, Then let the throng Our joy ad - - vance, With laugh - ing

vance, With laugh - ing song And mer - - - ry dance, Then let the throng Our joy ad - - vance, With laugh - ing

unis.

88

Fls. *I.* *a 2.* *cresc.*

Ob. *cresc.*

Cls. *cresc.*

Bsn. *cresc.*

Hns. *I.* *cresc.*

Tpts.

Tbns.

Tri.

Yum. *cresc.*

Peep. *cresc.*

Pitti. *cresc.*

Nanki. *cresc.*

Pooh. *cresc.*

Pish. *cresc.*

Vlins. *cresc.*

Vla. *cresc.*

Cel. *cresc.*

D.B. *cresc.*

song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song, _____

song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song, _____

song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song, _____

song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song And mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song, _____

95

a 2 *I.*

ff

Fls.

ff

Ob.

ff

a 2

Cls.

ff

Bsn.

ff

Hns.

ff

Tpts.

ff

a 2

Tbns.

ff

Cym. B.D.

ff

Yum-Yum with 1st Sopranos
Peep-Bo with 2nd Sopranos

ff

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

C

Pitti-Sing with Contraltos

ff

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

O

R

Nanki-Poo with Tenors

ff

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

U

S

Pooh-Bah & Pish-Tush with Basses

ff

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

ff

Vlins.

ff

Vla.

ff

Cel.

ff

D.B.

ff

104

Fl. I Picc. *Picc.*

Ob.

Cls. *a 2*

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts. *a 2*

Tbns.

Cym. B.D.

1st Sopranos.
 joy - - - ous shout and ring - - - ing cheer, joy - - - - - ous, joy - - - - - ous

2nd Sopranos.
 joy - - - ous shout and ring - - - ing cheer, With joy - - - ous, joy - - - ous

Contraltos.
 shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca -

Tenors.
 shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca -

Basses.
 shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - au - gu - rate their brief ca -

Vlins.

Vla.

Cel.

D.B.

111

Fl. I Picc. *mf*

Ob. *mf*

Cls. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Hns. *mf*

Tpts. *a 2*

Tbns.

Cym. B.D. *Tri.*

unis. shout! *Yum-Yum.* Or far or near, or far or near, *Peep-Bo.* Then

C

H reer! *Pitti-Sing.* A day, a week, a month, a year— You'll live at least a hon-cy-moon!

O

R reer! *Nanki-Poo.* Then

U

S reer! *Pooh-Bah.* Life's e-ven-tide comes much too soon, *Pooh. & Pish.* Then

Vlns. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Cel. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

122

2.
a 2

Fl. I
Picc.

Ob.

Cls.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

Tbns.

Cym.
B.D.

Pooh.

As in a month you've got to die, If Ko - Ko tells us

shout, Laugh - ing song, mer - ry— dance, With laugh - ing song and mer - ry— dance.

C

H

O

R

U

S

recr, Laugh - ing song, mer - ry dance, With laugh - ing song and mer - ry dance.

Vins.

Vla.

Cel.
D.B.

unis.

p

p

p

p