Vocal Score
of
The Mikado;
or,
The Town of Titipu.

Arrangement for Pianoforte
by
George Lowell Tracy,
(OF BOSTON, U.S.A.)

OF THE ABOVE NAMED OPERA BY

W. S. Gilbert.

and

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Joint Authors of "The Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loves a Sailor"; "The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty"; "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride"; "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri"; and "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant."

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Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday, 14th March, 1885, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

THE MIKADO; or, THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

Dramatis Personae.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN .................................................................

NANKI-POO (His Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM)

KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of Titipu) ........................................

POOH-BAH (Lord High Everything Else) ...........................................

FISH-TUSH (a Noble Lord) ............................................................

YUM-YUM  ........................................................................

PITTI-SING  Three Sisters—Wards of Ko-Ko ............................

PEEP-BO  ........................................................................

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

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

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

ACT II.—Ko-Ko's Garden.
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OVERTURE.

SECONDO.
No. 1.

CHORUS OF MEN.

 Allegro vivace.

Piano.

Chorus of Tenors & Baritons in Union.
want to know who we are, ... We are gen-tle-men of Ja-pan;

On ma-ny a vase and ju-

On ma-ny a screen and fan;

We fig-ure in live-ly paint, Our

at-ti-tude's queer and quaint—You're wrong if you think it ain'... Oh, ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 

If you
think we are work'd by strings, Like a common-place mar - ro - setto, 

You don't understand these things, It is

singly Court - ti - quette.

Perhaps you sup - pose this thing Can't keep it up for long? If that's your idea, you're

wrong. Oh, on, If that's your i -
We are gentle-men of Ja-pan: We are gentle-men of Ja-pan:
Oh! yar and Oh! yar and
NANET. RECIT.

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me, Where a

gen-tle-ma-den dwel-lish, Named Yum-Yum,
the ward of Ko-ko? In pi-ty speak— oh

FISH.

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

NANET.

Come gath-er round me, and I'll tell ... you.
No. 2.  SONG & CHORUS—(Nanki-Pooh).

Allegretto con grazia.

A wa-ving mis-tress—A thing of

shreds... and patches, Of bal-lads, songs and matches, And dree-my bal-ly-bly!... My

a-talogue is long, Thou-ev-ry pas-sion rang-ing, And to your hum-o-rous chang-ing I

tune my sup-pile song!.... I tune my sup-ple song!

Are you in sen-ti-men-tal mood? I'll sigh with you, Oh,.... not now!
Oh maid-en's cold arms do you brood? I'll do so too.
Oh, sore, sore, sore, sore!

I'll charm your willing ear With songs of love-en's fount,
While sym-pa-thetic tears my cheek-kiss dew.

Allegro marciale.

But if pa-tri-o tic sen-ti-ment is

want-ed, I've pa-tri-o tic bal-lads cut and died;
For where'er our country's ban-ner may be plun-ched,

o-ther lo-cal ban-ner are de-sired!
Our wa-r i-ers in ser-ted ranks assem-bled, Ne-ver
Tick is a landsman's taste, But the happiest hour a sailor sees Is when he's down As an in land town With his

Nancy on his knees, Yoo ho! And his arm a round her waist!

Then man the cap - stan - off we go, As the

Sead - der swings as round, With a yoo - ho ah, And a rum - be - low, Hur - rah for the homeward bound!

Yoo ho, Ah and a rum - be - low, Yoo ho, Yoo ho, Yoo.

Yoo ho, Ah and a rum - be - low, Yoo ho, Yoo ho, Yoo.
NANET.

A was-dying minstrel I—A thing of shreds...and patches,

And dreamy lullaby,

And dreamy lullaby!
No. 3.

SONG—(Pish-Tush)—& CHORUS.

Allegro con brio.

PIANO.

Pish-Tush.

Our great Mi-ka-do, virtuous man, When he to rule our land beg-nan, Re-

-solv'd to try A plan where-by Young men migh best be stood-ied. So he de-

crease, in words succ-ept, That

all who flir-ed, leav'd, or wink'd (Un-less con-nu-

-bly lick'd), Should forthwith be be-

-head- ed, be-

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

And

And all is right as right can
you are right, And we are right, And all is right, is right as right can be! And all is right as right can

be, Right as right . . . . . can be!

Right . . . as right . . . . . can be!
This stern decree, you'll understand, Canc'd great dismay throughout the land; For young and old And shy and bold Were equally affected. The youth who winks a roving eye, Or breath'd a non-communal sigh, Was thereupon condemned to die. He usually objected, objected, objected, He usually objected.
And you'll allow, as I expect, That
he was right to object. And I am right, And you are right, And everything is quite correct.

And everything is quite correct. All is quite correct.
And so we straight let

out on bail A convict from the county jail. Whose head was next On some pretext condemned to be

mowed off. And made him Herdsman, for we said 'Who's next to be decapitated Can not cut off an

their head. Un'til he'd cut his own off, his own off, his own off.

off, un'til he's cut his own off.
And we are right, I think you'll say. To argue in this kind of way.

I am right, And you are right, And all is right, no - loo - ral - lay.

Hark.

And you are right, And we are right, And...

And I am right, And you are right, And...

All is right, Too - loo - ral, loo - ral - lay. And you are right, And we are right, And...

All... is right!

All... is right!
No. 4. SONG—Pooh-Bah (with Nanki and Pish).

**Voice:***

_Allegro moderato. Tempo di Minuetto._

**Piano:**

Pooh-Bah.

Young man, despise, like wise go to, Yum-Yum the fair You

must not o'er. It will not do; For very for you, You very imperfect.

A

- m - tioner

This very day From school Yum-Yum
Wend ho-way. And house-ward come With best of drum. And a

rum-tum-tum, To wed the Lord High Ex-a-ca tion-er!

And the bass will crash, And the trom-pet sway, And they'll set a dash On their wed-ding day, Shew!

tod-dle a-way, as all a-way, With the Lord High Ex-a-ca tion-er!

And me.
She'll

bassiddo press, And the trumpets bray, And they'll eat a fish on their wedding day.

She'll

Indeed away, as all aver, With the Lord High Executioner!

Indeed away, as all aver, With the Lord High Executioner!

a. It's a hopeless case As you may see, And in your place A
way I'll be; But don't blame me— I'm sorry to be Of your pleasure a diminution.

They'll vow their past Extremely soon.

In point of fact This afternoon Her honeymoon With that In a moment, so you shun her.

And the brass will crash, And the trumpet braw, And they'll cut a dash On their wedding day, She'll
tod die way, as all a-ver, With the Lord High Executioner!

Nanse & Pesh.

And the

She'll

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

She'll
No. 4a.  

**RECIT.**—(Nanki—Pooh-Bah.)

And have I jour-n-y'd for a month, or nea-ly, To learn that Yum-Yum, whom I love de-ly.  

This day to Ko-ko is to be as-si-ted.

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

But here he comes, e-quipped as suits his sta-tion, He'll give you any fur-ther in-for-ma-tion.
No. 5

CHORUS—(with Solo—Ko-ko.)

Tenors.

Be-hold the Lord High Ex-e-cution-er! A

Baritones.

Be-hold the Lord High Ex-e-cution-er! A

p er s on-age of no - ble rank and ti - ble— A dig - ni - fied and po - tent of - ficer, Whose

p er s on-age of no - ble rank and ti - ble— A dig - ni - fied and po - tent of - ficer, Whose
functions are particularly vital. Defer, defer, To the
functions are particularly vital. Defer, defer, To the

Lord High Executioner! Defer, defer, To the
Lord High Executioner! Defer, defer, To the

noble Lord, to the noble Lord, to the Lord High Executioner!
noble Lord, to the noble Lord, to the Lord High Executioner!
Took from the country jail
By a set of curious clowns,

 Liberated then on bail
On my own recognizance
Walked by a Fav'ring gale
As one sometimes is in trance,
To a height that few can scale,

Saw by long and weary dance
Surely, never had a mate
Under such like circum-

stances So as ven-
•ous a tale, Which may rank with most ro-
•mances.
Taken from the country jail

By a set of serious charms,
Surely, never had a

Taken from the country jail,
Liberty then on high,
Surely, never

Taken from the country jail,
Liberty then on high,
Surely, never

male
So ad-ven-tur-ous a tale.

had a male
So ad-ven-tur-ous a tale.
Defer, defer, To the

had a male
So ad-ven-tur-ous a tale.
Defer, defer, To the

Lord High Executioner!
Defer, defer, To the

Lord High Executioner!
Defer, defer, To the
No. 5a.  

SONG—(Ko-Ko, with Chorus of Men).

Some day it may happen that a victim must be found, I've got a list I've got a list of those who might sell for a reader, and the others of his race, and the piano organist— I've got him on the list. And the people who eat peppermintsand

will be underground, And who never would be missed—who never would be missed! There's the penitent sultan once who wrote for autographs—All puff it in your face, They never would be missed—They never would be missed! Then the idiot who prides on, with an thin-sne thin nose, All

people who have flabby hands and irritable language—All children who are up in daze and floor you with their flat— All persons who in shaking hands, shake one to rise but this, and every country but his own; And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a boy—And those who don't think she waits, but would
No. 6.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Comes a train of little ladies
From scholastic trains

Each a little bit afraid is,
Wond'ring what the world can be?

In the land of new blame
Sadness set to
song? Is its beauty but a bubble Bound to break ere

Are its pleasures and pleasures

And the glory of its treasures Shadow of a

of a shade? And the glory of its treasures Shadow of a
Shade? Shade of a shade! School-girls we, eighteen and.

Wanderer. From youthful rambling free, we wonder— how we

Wander! We wonder— how we wonder! What on earth the world can be!
No. 7. TRIO—(Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, & Pitti-Sing)—with Chorus of Girls.

Yum-Yum.

Three little maids from school are we, \( \text{P} \)ert as a

Peep-Bo.

Three little maids from school are we, \( \text{P} \)ert as a

Pitti-Sing.

Three little maids from school are we, \( \text{P} \)ert as a

School-girl well can be, \( \text{P} \)ill'd to the brim with girl-ish grace, . Three little maids from school! Ev'ry

School-girl well can be, \( \text{P} \)ill'd to the brim with girl-ish grace, . Three little maids from school!

School-girl well can be, \( \text{P} \)ill'd to the brim with girl-ish grace, . Three little maids from school!

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

Life is a joke that's just begun!

Three little maids from school.
Three little maids who.
Three little maids from school.
Three little maids who.
Three little maids from school.
Three little maids who.
All unawary, come from a Ladies' seminary, Freed from its genius tutelage,

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

One little maid is a bride, Von-Von,
Three little maids from school.

Two little maids in attendance come,

Three little maids is the total sum.

Three little maids from school.

From three little maids take one a way—

Two little maids remain, and they

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

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids who, all uneasy,

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids who, all uneasy,

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids who, all uneasy,

Chorus of Girls.

Three little maids from school.

Three little maids who, all uneasy,
Come from a lady's seminary, Freed from its gates to the city,
Three little maids from school,

Come from a lady's seminary, Freed from its gates to the city,
Three little maids from school,

Come from a lady's seminary, Freed from its gates to the city,
Three little maids from school,

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!
No. 8. QUINTETT—(Yum-Yum, PEEP-Bo, PITTI-SING, POOH-BAH, & PISH-TUSH,) with Chorus of Girls.

_YUM-YUM._

So please you, Sir, we much regret if we have failed in etiquette To

PEAT-BO.

So please you, Sir, we much regret if we have failed in etiquette To

PITTI-SING.

So please you, Sir, we much regret if we have failed in etiquette To

Towards a man of rank so high—We shall know better by and bye. But youth, of course, must have its ring, So

Towards a man of rank so high—We shall know better by and bye

Towards a man of rank so high—We shall know better by and bye.
par - don us, So par - don us.

FEE,FEE:

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

YUM-YUM:

But youth, of course, must

FEE,FEE:

But youth, of course, must

we're designed to dance and sing, Tra la la la la la, But youth, of course, must

CHEERS OF GIRLS:

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

have its fling, So par - don us, And don't in girl - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

FEE,FEE:

have its fling, So par - don us, And don't in girl - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

have its fling, So par - don us, And don't in girl - hood's hap - py spring, Be hard on us.

lit, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la

But
Tru la la la la la la la, Tru

Tru la la la la la la la, Tru

Tru la la la la la la la, Tru

Tru la la la la la la la, Tru

youth, of course, must have its Sing. So pa·don us, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru

la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la, Tru la la la la la la la,
think you ought to re-collect You cannot show too much respect To wards the high - ly - ti - tled few; But ev - ery

do, and why should you? That youth at us should have its say In hard on us, In hard on us; To
Yum-Yum.

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

Sing, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,

F

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

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

F

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

F

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

F

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

F

But youth, of course, must
No. 9.

DUET—(Yum-Yum & Nanki-Pooh).

Voice:

Were you not so Ko-Ko, plight-ed, I would say in tender

Piano:

tune, "Lov'd one, let us be united. Let us be... each other's own!" I would

merge all rank and station. Worldly mores are aught to us, And to mark... my admi-

Yum-Yum.

He would kiss me fondly thus—

I would fondly kiss you thus— I would kiss you fondly thus—
This—oh, this—oh, this, This... is what I'll never, never

YUM-YUM.

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

He'll never do! This is what he'll never, I'll never do! Oh this, this is what I'll never, never do!

Never do!

Never do!

Never do!
No. 10.      TRIO—(Ke-Ko, Pish-Tush, Pooh-Bah.)

I am so proud, if I allowed my family pride to

be my guide, I'd volunteer to quit this sphere, instead of you, in a minute or two, but

family pride must be denied, and set aside, and mortified, and mortified.

My brain it teems with endless schemes, both good and new for Ti-ti to; but if I sit, the breeze that I'd diffuse the town would
lose! The town would lose! Now ev-ry man To aid his clan Should plan and plan As best he can.

I heard one day, A gen-tle-man say That cri-mi-nals who Are cut in two Can hardly feel The fa-tal steel. And so are shin-ar-

Without much pain. If this is true It's joy to you; Your cour-age slight But if I am so proud, If I al- low'd My fa-mi-ly pride To be my guide, I'd

Ko-Ko.
Fa-tal, and so are theirs. Without much pain, if this is true
It's pity for you. Your courage round To bid us a die.

And so, although I'm ready to go, Yet reflect 'twere despicable Dis}

I neglect This aim direct. So I object. And so, although I

Wist to go, and greatly pine To brightly shine, And take the line Of a hero fine, With grief consign I
And go And show Both feel and see How much you care. I'm quite a-ware It's your af-fair. Yet I de-cide I'd
must de-cide.

I must de-cide I must de-cide I must de-cide.

So I ob-ject So I ob-ject So I ob-ject

To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a
silence, I must de-cide, I must de-cide, I must de-cide To sit in sol-emn si-lence in a

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

So I ob-ject So I ob-ject So I ob-ject

I must de-cide I must de-cide I must de-cide.
All dark, in a pestilencial prison, with a life-long lock. A waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, from a
dull, dark dock, in a pestilencial prison, with a life-long lock. A waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, from a
dull, dark dock, in a pestilencial prison, with a life-long lock. A waiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, from a
cheap and chippy-chopper on a big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock, in a
cheap and chippy-chopper on a big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock, in a
cheap and chippy-chopper on a big black block! To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock, in a
No. 11.  

FINALE, ACT I.

**Chorus. Girls.**

With aspect stern And gloomy stride,

**Men.**

With aspect stern And gloomy stride,

We come to learn How you decide.

We come to learn How you decide.
Hear, Hear, Hear! To Nani-kki-Poo!  
Hail, Nani-kki-Poo! I think he'll do?

Hear, Hear, Hear!

Hail, Nani-kki-Poo!

Chorus:  
Yes, yes, he'll do! He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender; Now I a-doe that

Yes, yes, he'll do!

glad with passionate 

If I did not A-doe myself with passion ten d'ye still? With
passion tender still! Ah, yes! he loves himself with passion tender still!

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

Ko-Ko.
Take her—she's yours!

Yum-Yum
Aid fairly shines the dawn—

Nanki-Pooh
The threat'nd cloud has pass'd a way,

Nanki-Pooh
There's yet a month of afternoon!

Then
What tho' the night may come too soon,

Pooh-Bah & Fish-Tus
Then
Then
joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate, In - sa - gu - rate.

joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate, In - sa - gu - rate.

joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate, In - sa - gu - rate.

joy - ous shout, With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate, In - sa - gu - rate.

rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer.
rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer.
rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer.
rate their brief ca - reer! With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer.

With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate their brief ca - reer. A day, a
With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate their brief ca - reer. A day, a
With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate their brief ca - reer. A day, a
With joy - ous shout and ring - ing cheer, In - sa - gu - rate their brief ca - reer. A day, a
true. T'were empty compliments to cry Long life to Nan-ki-Poo! But as you've got three
weeks to live As fellow citizens, This toast with three times three we'll give—"Long life, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . long life . . . to you—till

Chorus.

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

then! May all good fortune, all good fortune prosper you, May you have
health, may you have health and rich - es too. May you suc - ceed in all you
health, may you have health and rich - es too. May all good for - tune pros - per you, May you have health and rich - es
health, may you have health and rich - es too. May all good for - tune pros - per you, May you have health and rich - es
health, may you have health and rich - es too. May all good for - tune pros - per you, May you have health and rich - es

do, in all . . . . all . . . . you do.

do. . . . . Long life to you—till then!

too, May you suc - ceed in all you do. Long life, long life to you—till then!

too, May you suc - ceed in all you do. Long life, long life to you—till then!

too, May you suc - ceed in all you do. Long life, long life to you—till then!
RECV. KATIHE.

Allegro vivace.

Your revels cease—Assist me!

Why who is this whose evil eyesRain blight on our festi-vides?

Why who is this whose evil eyesRain blight on our festi-vides?

RECV.

claim my per-jur'd lover—Nun ki—Fools! Oh, fool! to shun de-

lights— that ne-ver shay! Come back, oh, shall-low fool, come back to joy!

Go, leave thy dead—ly work un-done! Away! a-

Go, leave thy dead—ly work un-done! Away! a-

RECV.
NANEI-FOOH.

Away! ill-favoured one!
Ah! Titushka, The

maid of whom I told you.
No! You shall not go. These arms shall enfold you!

Allegro agitato.

Oh fool, that see-est My holiest joys! Oh blind, that see-est No a-

- poss! Oh rash, that judg-est From half, the whole! Oh base, that
grood est Love's light est done! The heart un-blind, Oh fool, oh blind! Give me my place. Oh rash, oh base! Thy heart un-blind, Give me my place. Oh fool, oh blind, Oh rash, oh base! Thy heart un-blind, Give me, give me my place. If she's thy bride, re-store her place. Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

Katishia

Pick cheek, that red-est Where wis does serve! Bright eye, that soul-est He-wo-le serve:
Rose - lip, that scorn - est Love-la - den years — Sweet tongue, that warn - est Who rightly
hears— Thy doom is nigh, Pink cheek, bright eye! Thy knell is rung, Rose-lip, sweet tongue! Thy

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

signs, Thy knell, thy knell is rung.
TUTTE CHORDS.

If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright
If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright

If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Pink cheek, bright
find there are many Who'll wed for a penny, Who'll wed for a penny—There are lots of good fish in the sea! There are lots of good fish, good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea! There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea!
KATIMA.

Arioso.

The hour of gladness is dead and gone,
To si- lent sad- ness I live.

The hope I cher- ish'd is all life-less gone,
And all has pe- rish'd, all has

pe- rish'd
Save love, which ne- ver dies,
Which ne- ver, ne- ver dies!

Oh, faith- less one, thus in- sult you shall rue!
In vain you nee- dy on your knees you'll

Alla- go non troppe.

I'll tear the mask from your dis- guis- ing?
Now comes the blow! Pre-pare your-self for news surpris-ing!

How foil my foe? No min-strel he, despite bra-v-a-do! Oh!

Katishe.

he! I know! He is the son of you-

Oh! Oh!

Meno mosso.

Bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to! In vain you in-terrupt with this tor-na-do! He is the only son of you-

Bik-ku-ri shak-ku-ri to!
Your gay gambade! He is the son
Of you—

The son of your

Allegro con brio.

Ye torrents roar! Ye tempest howl! Your wrath out—
pour With an angry grow! Do ye your worst, my vengeance call Shall rise triumphant over all! We'll hear no more, ill-omen'd owl To joy we soar, Despite your scowl! The echoes

of our festival Shall rise triumphant over all! Prepare for woo, Ye haughty lords. At once I go Mi-

hark downwards. A way you go, Collect your
Yum-yum.

hades; for claim your woe in dismal choirs; we

NANKE-FOOL.
do not heed their dismal sound, for joy reigns ev'-ry

Yum-yum.

where a'round, we do not heed their dismal sound, for

NANKE-FOOL.

joy reigns ev'ry where a'round, the echoes of our

joy reigns ev'ry where a'round, the echoes of our

We'll hear no more, III.
All! Shall rise triumphant over all! My wrongs with vengeance shall.

To joy we soar, Despite your scowl.

To joy we soar, Despite your scowl.

Tutti.

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

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

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

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

My wrongs with vengeance will be shown.
We do not know their dismal sound. For joy reigns everywhere.

KATISHA.

My wrongs with vengeance shall be shown.
We do not know their dismal sound. For joy reigns everywhere.

End of Act I.
ACT II.

No. 1. SOLO—(Pitti-Sing, & Chorus of Girls.)

Chorus: Sing, Weave the supple tren—
Deck the maiden fair In her

Love-li-ness—Paint the pretty face—Dye the co-ral lip—Empha-size the

Chorus: Sing, Weave the supple tren—
Deck the maiden fair In her

Love-li-ness—Paint the pretty face—Dye the co-ral lip—Empha-size the
Go to make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to make a pretty

Try if you can cry—We will do so, too. When you're summoned, start.

Penny-Song.

Sit with downcast eye—Let it brim with dew—
Like a frightened soul—Flutter, listless heart, Colour, come and go!

Moderately at marriage's tide—Well becomes a pretty bride! Moderately at marriage's tide—Well becomes a pretty bride!

Braid the maiden's hair—Weave the simple tresses—Deck the maiden fair In her love—
Paint the pretty face, Dye the coral lip, Emphasize the grace of her ladyship! Art and nature, thus allied.

Go to make a pretty bride! Art and nature, thus allied, Go to make a pretty bride!
No. 2.  

SONG—(Yum-Yum).

A deah sunlight
Then, whose rays are all a-blaze With o-ver liv-ing glo-ry.

Does not de-ny His ma-jes-ty—He seems to tell a sto-ry! He don't ex-claim "I blush for shame. So kindly be in dul-gent."

But fierce and bold, In fer-cy gold, He glo-ries all of ful-gent! I mean to rule the earth.

As he the sky— We real-ly know our worth. The sun and I I mean to rule the earth. As he the sky—We
really know our worth. The sun and I

Oh, save his fame, That pla-ced dawn, The moon's 

re-sil-tial high-ness: There's not a trace Up - on her face Of diff - ference or shy-ness: She burns bright, That, thro' the night, mankind may

all ac - claim her. And, with to tell, She lights up well, So I, for one, don't blame her.

Ah, pray make no mis-take, . . . We are not shy: We're very wide a-wake! . . . The moon and I

Ah, pray make no mis-take, We're not shy! We're very wide a-wake! The moon and I.
No. 3. MADRIGAL—(Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki-Pooh, Pish-Tush.)

1. Brightly
2. Let us

1. Brightly
2. Let us

awas our wed-ding day; Joy-ous hour, we give thee greet-ing! Whi-ther, whi-ther art thou
dry the ren-dy tear, Though the hours are sure-ly creep-ing, Lit-tle need for wo-ful

1. Brightly
2. Let us

1. Brightly
2. Let us

fleeting? Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay! Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay!
weeping, Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.

1. Brightly
2. Let us

1. Brightly
2. Let us

fleeting? Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay! Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay!
weeping, Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.

1. Brightly
2. Let us

1. Brightly
2. Let us

fleeting? Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay! Fic-kle mo-ment, pri-thee stay!
weeping, Till the sad sun-down is near, Till the sad sun-down is near.
Pleasures come, if sorrow I today, and sorrow to.

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

Though the tocsin sound ere long, Though the tocsin sound ere long, Though the tocsin sound ere long, Though the tocsin sound ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.

Though the tocsin sound ere long, ere long, ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.

Though the tocsin sound ere long, ere long, ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.

Though the tocsin sound ere long, ere long, ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.

Though the tocsin sound ere long, ere long, ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.

Though the tocsin sound ere long, ere long, ere long. Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! What, though.
No. 4.  

TRIO—(Yum-Yum, Nanki-Pooh, & Ko-Ko).

_Yum-Yum._

_Allegro vivace._

_Here's a bow-de - do! If I may-say you._

_WHEN your time has come to pass, Then the maiden whom you cherish Must be slumber'd too._

_Here's a bow-de - do! Here's a bow-de - do!_
tears I'm shedding Witness my distress, Here's a pretty mess! Here's a pretty mess!

Ko-Ko.
Here's a state of things! To her life she clings! Matrimonial devotion

Doesn't seem to suit her notion—Busi-al it brings! Here's a state of things! Here's a state of

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

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

With a passion that's intense You worship and adore, But the
For if what he says is true, I cannot, cannot marry you!

Here's a bow-de-do!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!

Here's a pretty bow-de-do!

Here's a pretty bow-de-do!

Here's a pretty bow-de-do!

Here's a pretty bow-de-do!
No. 5. Entrance of Mikado & Kalisha.

 Allegro moderato

 Piano.

 Girls.
 My ya ma, mi ya ma, On n'ima no ma ye si Pi - ra Pi - ra su - re no wa

 Mens.
 My ya ma, mi ya ma, On n'ima no ma ye si Pi - ra Pi - ra su - re no wa

 Nan gia no ... To - ba ton - ya rei to - ba no na!

 Nan gia no ... To - ko ton - ya rei ton - ya rei na!
And I'm his
man O. be-dience I, sus-pect; I'm the Em-p' rer of Ja-pan.

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

But they're nothing at all, com-
movals have been de-clared Par-ti-cu-lar-ly con-rect!

par'd With those of his daughter-in-law e- lect! Bow— Bow— To his
daughter-in-law best!
Bow—Bow—To his daughter-in-law best!

In a

fashionable kind of way I govern each tribe and seat, All cheerfully own my

Except his daughter-in-law best! As tough as a boss, With a will of her own, I

sway—
daughters in law e lect

My on e true is love and light My free don from all... Go look...

In sig al cast quite Compar'd with his daughters in law e lect Bow! Bow! To his

Cresc.

daughters in law e lect Bow! Bow! To his daughters in law e lect Bow! Bow! To his daughters in law e lect!

dan. dan.
No. 6. SONG & CHORUS.

A more humane Mikado

-it is my very humane endeavor To make, to some extent, Each

An evil river A running river Of harmless mischief My object all sublime, I

shall achieve in time To let the punishment fit the crime, The punishment fit the crime; And
make each pris - tor pest Un - will - ly re - pre - sent A source of in - no - cent mer - ri - ment,

in - no - cent mer - ri - ment! Sun.

pro - syl dull so - ci - e ty sin - ners, Who chat - ter and blast and boor, . Are sent to hear sermons from
ed - ver - ti - ng quack who wo - ries With tales of cost - less cures. . His teeth, I've en - act - ed, Shall

my - ti - cal Gerians Who preach from ten till four The a - ma - teur te - nor, whose vo - cal vil - la - ries
all be ex - tra - cted By ter - ri - fi ed a - ma - teurs The mu - sic hall sing - er at - tends a se - ries Of

All de - sire to shrill, Shall, du - ring off - hours. Ex - hi - bit his pow - er - es To Madame Tu - sand's mas - ses and a -eges and "opas" By Bach, in - ter - wo - ren With Spohr and Boc - ho - ven, at clas - sic al Mon - day
work. The lady who dyes a chemical yellow, Or stains her gray hair pure.

Pep. The bursard sharp whom a sly one catches, His thumb's extremely hard—He's

pinch—se her figure, Is black'd like a nig—ger With perma—sent walnut juice, The idiot who's made to dwell In a dungeon cell On a specs that's always hard, And there he plays ex—

rail—way car—ri—ges, Scribbles on win—dow panels, We only suf—fer To ride on a buf—fer In trans—vent—ant catch-es In fit—less fin—ger halls, On a clock un—true With a twis—ted cue, And el—

rail. a tempe.

lip'd—val billiard halls! My ob—ject all sub—lime I shall a—chieve in time—To

let the pun—ish—ment fit the crime—The punish—ment fit the crime; And make each pris—ton pent Un—
No. 7. **TRIO & CHORUS**—(Pitti-Sing, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, & Chorus).

Ko-Ko.

Allegretto con moto.

1. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down. In a state of wild alarm—With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown I bent my big right arm. I seized him by his little pig-tail. And on his knees fell he, as he squirmed and struggled. And gurgled and gurgled, I drew my stick—soon, my stick—soon! Oh, never shall I forget the cry, or the shriek that shrieked he—As I
guard'd my teeth, When from its death I draw my snick-er-sneel... We know him well, He

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

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

Pitti-Sing: ev-ry time he falls... z. He shiver'd and shook as he gave the sign For the stroke he did not de-

serve; When all of a sud-den his eye met mine, And it seem'd to brace his nerve, For he
POOH-BAR.

Now she'd have said that head was dead (For it's own or dead was he),

stood on its neck with a smile well bred, And bow'd three times to me! It was some of your impudent

off-hand note. But as humble as could be, For it clearly knew The deference due To a

man of pedigree, . . . . of pedigree! . . . And it's oh, I vow, This

dead by bow, The touch-ing sight to see: Though crook-ness, yet It couldn't forget The
de - fer - ence due to me!...

This laugh - ty youth He speaks the truth When - ever he finds it

This laugh - ty youth He speaks the truth When - ever he finds it

Ko-Ko.

Ex - act - ly, ex -...
No. 8.  
**Glee**—(Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, & Mikado).

**Mikado.**

See how the fates their gifts dilute, For A is happy—

**Piano.**

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

**Pitti-Sing.**

Is B more worthy? Katisha. Yet A is happy!

**Pish-Tush.**

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

**Ko-Ko.**

Is B more worthy? Yet A is happy!

**Mikado.**

Is B more worthy? Yet A is happy!
Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy - ous,

ever gay, Happy, undeserving A! E - ver joy - ous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy - ous,

ever gay, Happy, undeserving A! E - ver joy - ous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy - ous,

ever gay, Happy, undeserving A! E - ver joy - ous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy - ous,

ever gay, Happy, undeserving A! E - ver joy - ous,

Oh so happy! Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, Ha! ha! Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! E - ver joy - ous,

ever gay, Happy, undeserving A! E - ver joy - ous,
come so sung'ing I am B. B should be happy! Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha! Chaffing, ha! ha! Ha! ha! Chaffing, ha! ha!

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! But condemn'd to die in ha...
Wretched, me ri...

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! But condemn'd to die in a ha...
Wretched, me ri...

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! But condemn'd to die in he...
Wretched, me ri...

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! But condemn'd to die in he...
Wretched, me ri...
No. 9. DUET—Nanki-Poo & Ko-Ko, (with Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, & Pooh-Bah).

Allegro piu mosso.

flow-ers that bloom in the spring, Ten-ka, Breathe perf-u-mes of mer-r-y sun-shine—  

As we mer-r-ily dance and we

sing, Ten-ka, We wel-come the hope that they bring, Ten-ka, Of a sum-mer of ro-ses and wine; Of a

sun-der of ro-ses and wine; And that's what we mean when we say that a thing is wel-come as flow-ers that

roll.
Ko-Ko.

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

no-thing to do with the case. I've got to take un-der my wing, Tra la, A

most un-rea-lize-ve old thing, Tra la, With a car-i-ca-ture of a face, With a

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

So-ther the flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la la la la... Tra la la la la... Oh
Tra la la la la... Tra la la la la...

bother the flowers of spring!

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

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

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

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

Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra, Tra
No. 10.  

RECIT. & SONG—(Katisha.)

**Katisha.**

*Allegro agitato.*  

**Plant:**

*Allegro agitato.*  

Oh, so pulchre! My soul is still my body's prisoner! Remove the price that

Death alone can give—My doom to wait! My punishment to live!

Hearts do not break! They sing and ache For o'er love's sake, but do not die!
Though with each breath They long for death, As wit-ness-eth the liv-ing I—he the liv-ing II

Oh, liv-ing II Come, tell me why, When hope is gone Dost thou stay on? Why linger here, Where all is dear? Oh, tremble, liv-ing II

Come, tell me why, When hope is gone Dost thou stay on? May not cheat-ed maid-en die?
No. 11.

SONG—(Ko-Ko).

On a tree by a river a little tomtit sang

And I said to him, "Dick-y-bird, why do you sit singing

 Willow, willow, willow?" I cried, "Or a

mother tough worm in your lit-tle in side?" With a shake of his poor lit-tle head he re-pied, "Oh
willow, willow, willow!" 2. He slapp'd at his chest as he

set on that bough, Singing "Willow, willow, willow!" And a cold perspiration be-

span-gled his brow. Oh willow, willow, willow! He sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a

gro-ge he gave. Then he threw himself in-to the billowy wave. And an e-cho arose from the
m - ried in grave—Oh wil-low, til - wil-low, til - wil-low!" Now I

feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - sn't Wil-low, til - wil-low, til - wil-low, That was

bli - ged af - fec - tion that made him ex - claim, "Oh wil-low, til - wil-low, til - wil-low!" And if

you re - main call - lous and ob - du - rate, I Shall per - ish as he did, And you will know why. Though I

pro - bably shall not ex - claim as I die, "Oh wil-low, til - wil-low, til - wil-low!"
No. 12.

**Duet—(Katisha & Ko-Ko).**

*Minuetto con brio.*

**Katisha.**

There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is request outpouring when the lion is roaring,
And the tiger is lash-ing of his tail!

**Ko-Ko.**

Yes, I like to see a tiger from the Congo or the Niger,
And particularly when lash-ing of his tail!

**Katisha.**

Volcanoes have a splendor that is grim,
Earthquakes fly terrorize the delta,
But to him who's scientific there is nothing that's terrific in the...
Ko-Ko.

falling of a sight of thunder-bolts! Yes, in spite of all my weakness, if I have a lit-tle weakness, it's a

passion for a flight of thunder-bolts. If that is so, Singh serey down serey, It's e-vi-dent, very, Our

we are one. A-way we'll go, And mer-ci-ly mar-cy, Nor tar-di-ly tar-cy, Till day is done!

There is beau-ty in ex-treme old age. Do you
KATY.- I see you are elderly enough. In formation I'm requesting you a sub-log interesting.

KATY.- Madder all the better when she's tough? Through our thin wide dominion it's the general opinion that she'll

KoKo.- Just a good deal longer when she's tough. Are you old enough to marry, do you think? Won't you

KoKo.- Wait until you're eighty in the shade? There's a fascination frantic in a youth that's contented. Do you

KoKo.- Think you are sufficiently decayed? To the matter that you mention I have given some attention, And I
I am sufficiently exposed.

If that is so, sing der-ry down der-ry! We'll
day is done! If that is so, sing der-ry down der-ry! It's evi-dent, ve-ry, Our tates are one!

way we'll go, and mar-ry, Nor tar-di-ly tar-ry Till day is done! Sing der-ry down der-ry! We'll
mar-ry, Nor tar-di-ly tar-ry Till day is done!
No. 13.  

FINALE, ACT II.

PITTI-SING

Allegretto grazioso.

For he's gone and married Yum-

PIANO.

Your anger may be by, for all will be merry. I think you had better succumb—and

And

Yum-Yum!

Cumb-cumb!

Yum-Yum!

Cumb-cumb!

Ko-Ko.

join our expressions of glee! On this subject I pray you be dumb—Your notions, though many, are

Dumb-dumb!

Dumb-dumb!
not worth a penny, The word for your guidance is "Mum." You've got a good bargain in life.  

**CHORUS.**

Man—mum!  
On this  

man—mum!  
On this  

subject we pray you be dumb—shush, shush! We think you had better scrunch—shush, shush! You'll find there are  

man—mum!  
On this  

many Who'll wed for a penny, Who'll wed for a penny, There are lots of good fish in the sea. There are  

man—mum!  
On this  

lots of good fish in the sea, There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea. There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea. There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea.
Yum-Yum.

And far - ly shines the dawn - ing ray; Thar's yet a

cloud has passed a - way;

What tho' the night may come too soon,

Yum-Yum.

months of af - ter - noon!

Then let the bright Our joy ad - vance,

Pitti-Sing.

Then let the bright Our joy ad - vance.

PERP.-BO.

Then let the bright Our joy ad - vance, with

CHORUS.

Then let the bright Our joy ad - vance, with

POOH-BUN & FUSI-TSUH.

Then let the bright Our joy ad - vance, with
With laughing song, And merry dance, Then let the throng Our joy advance, With laughing

song, And merry dance, With laughing song, And merry dance, With laughing song.

song, And merry dance, With laughing song, And merry dance, With laughing song.

song, And merry dance, With laughing song, And merry dance, With laughing song.

song, And merry dance, With laughing song, And merry dance, With laughing song.