Memorandum from
R. D'Oyly Carte,
Savoy W.C.

Mikado

Z
Property Plot

Act I

214 folded fans for Chorus Ladies
20 do. do. do. Gent’s
14 do. for Wives, Brides, Ball, Grey, Brandes
5 do. for Mrs. Greville, Barrington, Temple
Bickmore and Lely

1 Guitar for Mr. Lely LVE

A Bundle of Letters for Mr. Lely

A Sword of Honour for Mr. Lely LVE

A Set of Oar’s - Garter or Blue for Mr. Lely LVE

Flowers & pins for Ladies Hair

A Cape for Mr. Lely LVE

Double coat R.C.

Single do. for Lady Luyk LVE wrapped in LCE

Act II

A Leker for Lady Luyk LVE

Lute major for Mss. Machtens LCE

5 Guitars for Chorus Ladies (Mr. Lely LVE)

1 Locking Ships in Sand LCE

12 Japanese Combs & Hair pins (Mrs. Grey)

2 Large Parasols (Mr. Lely LVE)

1 Bowl & oar

1 Umbrella LVE (The carried by a character)

6 Raincoats for men in arms LVE

6 Fan plates with Mrs. for Couples LVE

5 Wall for Mr. Bickmore LVE

Luggage for Mrs. Lely LVE
Old Friends Hall
Lauderdale 7
All Together
27.30
Every Drop from 11.30 to 12.15
Act I.

Scene.—Court-yard of Ko-ko’s Palace. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.

Chorus.

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar,
On many a screen and fan;
We figure in lively paint,
Our attitudes queer and quaint—
You’re wrong if you think it isn’t.

If you think we are worked by strings,
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don’t understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can’t keep it up all day long?
If that’s your idea, you’re wrong.

Enter NANKI-POO, in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back, and a bundle of balads in his hand.

Recit.—NANKI-POO.

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me,
Where a maiden dwelleth,
Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-ko?

Chorus. (all)

Why do you ask this question?

Come gather round me, and I’ll tell you:

Song.—NANKI-POO.

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Balls, songs and stanzas,
And dreamily lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humour changing
I tune my supple song!

How far away
All raised arms
At raised arms

Are you in sentimental mood?
I’ll sigh with you,
Oh, willow, willow!
On maiden’s coldness do you brood?
I’ll do so, too—

Oh, willow, willow! (sighs.)

All raise arms
At raised arms
Muir

# Chorus open out

# Sailor action through this

at the last, "yes heave ho!" all do the town's action, four times R. L. alternately
off the stage & then do the landing action for scene 7 finishing with the smash & hi-hat.

Matt

Kay

---

I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lover's tears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedine

Oh, white, white! Down, down, down,
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lover's tears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedine

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defiled.
Our warriors, in antic ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu.

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

Yo- ho—ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
To say "Aye!" in a bowling breeze
May tackle a landman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yea ho!
And his arm around her waist.
Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the Biller swings us round,
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rumble below,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

A wandering minstrel I, &c.

Press, and what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

NAME. 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.

Press. 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:—

NAME. 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.

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SONG.—From Tuna.
Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered, or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be banished.
And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!
And I expect, &c.
This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land;
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
He usually objected.
And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And everything is quite correct.
And you'll allow, as I expect, &c.
And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next
On some pretext
Condemned to be mown off,
And made him Haddanan, for we said
"Who's next to be esteemed?
Cannot cut off another's head
Until he's cut his own off."
And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too—hooralay.
And they were right, &c.
Door at back closed

Enter Poon-Bah. All bow to him.

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

Poon. 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.

Nank. 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 straggling minister?

Poon. 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 snobbing. 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?

Poon. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

Nank. 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, Gracious of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Poon-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it.

Nank. And it does you credit.

Poo. Perhaps it may be. But I don't care 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. (Nank. Poo takes the hint, and gives him money.) (Aside) Another insult, and I think a light one.
SONG—Pooh-Bah.
Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do;
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect abductor!
This very day
From school Yum-Yum
Will wend her way,
And homeward come
With beat of drum,
And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!
And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.

When the bride, you may infer
Lies enwrapped in a play for him and her,
She'll toddle away, as all ever,
With the Lord High Executioner!

It's a hopeless case
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me—
I'm sorry to be
Of your joy a diminution.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven, commences, so you shun her.
The brass will clash, &c.

POOH
NAME. And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly,
To learn that Yum-yum, whom I love so dearly,
This day to Ko-ko is to be united!
The fact appears to be as you've recited:
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;
He'll give you any further information.
Chorus: Enter Ko-Ko, attended by a boy x 2. Let Colsi:

Chorus: Behold the Lord High Executioner:
A personage of noble rank and title—
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital.

Solo: Ko-Ko:
Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances;
Liberated them on bail;
On my own recognizances;
Wafted by a favouring gale
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances;
Surely, never had a mane
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

Chorus:
Behold the Lord High Executioner, &c.

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 these favours which it will ever be my study to deserve.

As it seems to be essential that a victim should be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of many offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!

There's the pestilent nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have fleshy hands and irritating laugh—
All children who are up in dates andloor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that—
And all third persons who in spitting off the list—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
And that public curse the rocky peaks shall
Eternally
And that source of divine Providence
The smiling fountain
But that cruel but comic England
Her despairs on... to
be taught him all the signs that a single young man
But the lack of filling up the blanks
But if Europe were agreed the stage scene
I don't think he'd be missed.

Chamberlain & Gladstone


Roko Book

(Handwritten note: "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. 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. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.)
The niggar serenade, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermints and puff it in your face.
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!

For the idiot, who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but his, and every country but his own:
And the lady from the province, who dresses like a guy,
And the who doesn't think she wants it, but would rather like to try
And that singular anomaly, the maid.
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm sure she'd not be missed!

For that Miss Prior nuisance, who just now is rather fine,
The Judicial humorist—I've got him on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

And apologetic statements of a compromising kind,
Such as—who's he?—-thing'em bob, and likewise Never Mind,
And St. Vit's and St.—and What's his name, and also You know who
The taste of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you,
But it really doesn't matter when you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

The event of the evening, the gay
The following lines I put the theme:

Poor! Poor! I seem to think so much in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want you to consult me as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Poor! Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Paymaster, or Private Secretary?

K.K. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.
Poo. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as to the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.
Ko. Exactly, as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.
Poo. 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. Oh. But you said just now “don't stint yourself, do it well.”
Poo. As Private Secretary.
Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.
Poo. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Ko. I see. Come over here where the Chancellor can hear us. (They cross stage.) Now, as my personal advice, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?
Poo. Oh, as your Private Secretary, I should have no hesitation in saying “chance it.”
Ko. Thank you (crossing); I will. (Poes)
Poo. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.
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?
Poo. 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, as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Tithes, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.
Ko. That's extremely awkward. (Crossing R. L. tolook)
Poo. I don't say that all these people couldn't be squared but it is right to tell you that shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in their estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe.
Ko. The matter shall have my careful consideration. (Crossing R. L. tolook)

But my bride and her sisters approved, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic instance, would be esteemed a favor.

Ko. I will not, however, be offended; I am not accustomed to such

Ko. You'll be annoyed as usual.
Baker processions of Yum-Yum’s schoolfellows, heralding Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo, and Pete-Sing.

CHORUS.

(Half-opened eyes.)

Curtain falls close

After three lines across the stage - odd numbers

Chorus ladies form a line on both sides of the path. They sing:

\[
\begin{align*}
2 & 4 6 8 10 12 & 10 12 14 16 & 18 20 22 & 24 26 28 \\
1 & 3 5 7 9 11 & 9 7 5 3 1
\end{align*}
\]

at end of chorus the ladies form semicircle to
front row joins R & the back row joins L but
leave centre open for entrance of Yum-Yum.
Pete-Bo, Pete-Sing, Pete-Bo, Pete-Sing, Pete-Bo, Pete-Sing, Pete-Bo, Pete-Sing.

Three little maids from school are wo.
Pete-Bo, the school girl, well can fill.
Filling the him with girlish grace.
Three little maids from school:

Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo.
Pete-Sing.

The Teacher.

In de duet.

Three little maids who all unvary.
Come from a ladies’ seminary.

Open the door all the way.

Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo.
Pete-Sing.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum.
Two little maids in attendance come, Yum-Yum.
Three little maids is the total sum.
Three little maids from school:

From three little maids take one away -
Two little maids remain, and they
Won’t have to wait very long, they say.

Three little maids from school:

Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo.
Pete-Sing.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

Three little maids who all unvary.
Come from a ladies’ seminary.

Three little maids from school!

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

Freed from its genius tutelage.

Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo.
Pete-Sing.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

Freed from its genius tutelage.

Yum-Yum.

Pete-Bo.
Pete-Sing.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

The Teacher.

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!

Three little maids from school!
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 Purr-Boo.) It seems odd, don't it?
Purr. It's rather peculiar.
Purr. 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? (Addressing to Purr-Boo and Purr-Too.)
Purr. I have known it done. (Ko-ko embraces her.)
Yum. That's over! (Sees Nanki-Poo, and rushes to him.) Why, that's never you? (The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hand, all speaking at once.)
Ko. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and—
Yum. I haven't been to all the places you've been to. (Ko is soに手を差し伸べて、Nanki-Pooが彼を抱きしめる。) Ko is 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!
Purr. And have you been— and have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she don't like it, she don't like it. 
Purr. I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!
Purr. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, you know, and we've been up and down the place, and we've had a jolly good time, but there's one thing that's over 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 one?
Yum. Oh, this is the musician who used—
Purr. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—
Purr. Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—
Ko. One at a time, if you please.
Oh! if you please

You. How the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—


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

Name. Sir, I have the misfortune to lose 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 have my opinion backed by your superintending authority. Thank you very much. Good bye (waving his hand)

Perf (who has been examining Pooh-Bah). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try one.

Ko. That is a tremendous swell (all laugh as Pooh-Bah is in charge)

Pooh. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's Lorna (here there be) on front. Fanci up

Ko. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. Those are my Three Wards. The one that is 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 sha'n'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. (docs there laugh)

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

Pooh (aside to Ko-kos). Well, I sha'n't mean it (he is not willing)

How do, How do, little girls (aside). Oh my professorial powers?

Ko. That's a very good (girls indulge in suppressed laughter).

Pooh. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to

say "How do, How do, How do, little girls," to young persons. I'm not in

the habit of saying "How do, How do, How do," to Stockbrokers: I

rank of a Stockbroker (all laugh). Read it, Ko.

Ko (aside to girls). Don't laugh at him, he's under (sentiment

for it (aside to Pooh-Bah). Never mind them. They don't understand

the delicacy of your position.

Pooh. We know how 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-kos rises up and goes off)
Three together &

So please you Sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high—
We shall know better by and bye.

But youth, of course must have its fling,
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
And don't in girlish's happy spring
Be hard on us, &
Be hard on us,
If we're disposed to dance and sing.

Concert of Girls. But youth of course, &
Poor and Penn. I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly-titled few;
But nobody does, and why should you?
That youth as we should have its fling,
Is hard on us,
Is hard on us;
To our prerogative we cling—
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
If we decline to dance and sing—

Concert of Girls. But youth of course must have its fling &c.

Dance, and content all but Yen-Yen.

Yen-Yen.

How pitiable is the condition of a young and innocent child
brought from the gloom of a large academy into the full light of
her own marriage ceremony and with a man for whom I can
nothing! True, he loves me, but ever so much that.
Sometimes I wonder, in my anxiety, to what end, why it is that I am so
much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world? (Of
the female's choice of man of all the world, it is not her fault)

The sun, whose rays
At all alaze
With ever living story
Does not deny
His majesty—
He seems to tell a story!
He don'tshem
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent."
But, strong and hard.
In silver cold,
He glorys all the night!
To rule the earth,
As he the day—
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!
Note. Yum-Yum, at last! 
Yum--Yum, at last! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was behelded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nake. But do you not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nake. Modified capture! 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!

Nake. 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.

Nake. 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.

Nake. 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!

Nake. 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?

Nake. 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 exclaimed 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!
Yum. (retracting). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

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

Yum. Still that don't make it right. To flirt is wrong, and we must obey the law.

Nank. Dance take the law!

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

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

Yum. Happy indeed!

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

Yum. Instead reflect a mile off, like that (crosses and sits at other side of stage).

Nank. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that (approaching and gazing at her sentimentally).

Yum. Breathing vows of unutterable love—like that (sighing and gazing lovingly at her).

Nank. With our arms round each other's waists like that (embracing her).

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

Nank. If it wasn't for the law.

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

Nank. Not for worlds!

Yum. Being engaged to Ko-ko, you know!

Nank. Being engaged to Ko-ko!

Duet. Yum-Yum and Nank-Poo.

Nank. What to Ko-ko plighted,

I would say in tender tones.

"Loved one, let us be united—

Let us be each other's own!"

Press me closely to thy heart,

Sharing every joy and change,

We will never part!

Yum. We will never part!

Nank. We will never part!

But, oh, Ko-ko, to express my love "con fouc!"

Would distinguish me no goon,

And for yams, I could get too—

Too, too, too, too, too!

Nank.

So I will not say, stranger,

Press me closely to thy heart,

Sharing every joy and anger.

We will never, never part!

Clearly understood, I pray.

That is what I never say.

Yum.

Nank. This, this, this, this, this, this...
NAME.

Jojo, they would that it were his own,
Jojo of joy it is not permitted,
I would merge all rank and station.
Worldly snares are sought to us,
And, to mark my admiration,
I would kiss you fondly thus
...

Kiss her.

Both

I would kiss you fondly thus.
I would kiss you.
As

Later. Engaged to Ko-ko.
To embrace you thus, as friend,
Would distinctly be no gign.
And for you I should get too.

Both

So in spite of all temptation,
Such a theme I'll not discuss,
And go consideration

Will I kiss you fondly thus.

(Getting away.

Nellie. Rip.

This is what I'll never do!

(Reads in opposite directions.)

Ko, (looking after Yen-Yen). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel.

Boo-Bull.

Reality, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony -- (Echo, Echo, Toot.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm still flitting? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir.

Pas. Read the bear skin letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

Ko. (Taking it). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (Mikado letter.) And here it is at last! I thought it would come. The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Tittup 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!

Pas. But that will involve us all in irrevocable ruin!

Ko. There's no help for it, I shall have to execute some one. The only question is, who shall it be?

Pas. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for slitting, everything seems to point to you.

Ko. To me, what are you talking about? I can't execute myself.

Pas. Why not?

Ko. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-execution is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt, and, in the second, it's a disgraceful and ignominious act of nature.

Pas. 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.

Pooh. 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 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.

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


Pooh. 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 inextinguishable ambition.

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 so, although
I wish to go,
And greatly pine
To brightly shine,
And take the line
Of a hero fine,
With grief condign
I must decline,
I must decline—
I must decline—

Pooh-Bah.

3. Pooh-Teem.
I heard one day,
A gentleman say
That criminals who
Are cut in two
Can hardly feel
The fatal steel,
And so are slain
Without much pain.
If this is true,
It's jolly for you;
Your courageous screw
To bid us adieu,
And go
And show
Both friend and foe
How much you dare.
I'm quite aware
It's your affair,
Yet I declare
I'd take your share,
Bulldon'tmuchmore.
I don't much care,
I don't much care—
I am now ready with the music. Thus this and that time "big black block" occurs they are used in stopping all these turn up songs and pull block off R.S.E x look back of L.S.E

Koko

Koko Koko

All.
To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

Ko. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be
subjected 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 looked up to! Is this public gratitude? Is this—

Nank. Naiki-Poo with a rope in his hand! Go away, sir! How dare you?

Ko. Are you going to do with that rope?

Nank. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

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

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

Ko. Why should I marry that girl?

Nank. Because she loves you unalterably, and you deliberately take your life?

Ko. Please yourself; you can withdraw if you prefer it.

Nank. What! If I prefer it! Are you aware, sir, that I am
High Exonerator of the city, and that in that capacity, it is my duty to prevent unnecessary bloodshed?

Ko. I am doing nothing against your capacity; I only know what

Nank. Nonsense, sir. I want to prevent it. I am a humane man, and
if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest.

Ko. Now, 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 upon which—what was it?—which—what is it?—Oh! (Struck by an idea).

Nank. What's the matter?

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

Nank. Absolutely!

Ko. Will nothing shake your resolution?

Nank. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

Nank. 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 a Public Chopper.

Nank. I don't see how that would benefit me.
Ko. You don't? Observe, you'll have a month to live, and ye'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremony—ye'll be the central figure—in 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.

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

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

Nane. 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?

Nane. True.

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

Nane. 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.

Nane (suddenly). I must be of their number? (goes)

Ko. Noble fellow!

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

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

Nane. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I (preparing rope). Edged with stiletto.

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?

Nane. 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—willyou—

Nane. You know all I want is to marry Yum-Yum.

Ko. Dear me! My position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant!

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

Nane. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.
FINALE.

Enter Chorus, POOR-BAR, FISH-TUN, YUM-YUM, and all the characters.

CHORUS.

Chorus in place.

Koko sits.

Koko gets up.

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

Ko. Congratulations, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!

ALL. The Japanese equivocation for Hoor, Hoor, Hoor!

Ko (presenting him). 'Tis Nanki-Poo!

ALL. Nanki-Poo, Nanki-Poo!

Ko. I think he'll do!

ALL. Yes, yes, he'll do!

Ko. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender.

Now I adore that girl with passion tender,

And could not yield her to a rival, will,

Or her affians,

If I did not adore myself with passion tender still!

ALL. Ah, yes!

Ko (himself). I long himself with passion tender still!

Ko (to Nanki-Poo). Take her—she's yours!

Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum. Oh, rapture!

ENSEMBLE.

Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo. The threatened cloud has passed away,

And brightly shines the dawning day;

What though the night may come too soon,

There's yet a month of afternoons!

Then let the throng:

Their joy advance,

Our with laughing song,

And merry dance

With joyous shout and ringing cheer,

Inaugurate our brief career!

CHORUS.

Then let the thong, ax

PETIT-SISE. A day, a week, a month, a year—

Or be it far, or be it near.

Life's eventime comes much too soon,

You'll have at least a honeymoon!
Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
Their joy advance,
With laughing song,
And merry dance!
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate their brief career!

SOLO—Bar-Bar.
As in all cases, you've got to die,
If Ko-ko tells us true,
There is empty compliment to cry
Long life to Nanki-Poo!
But as you've got
As fellow citizens,
This toast with three times three we'll give—
"Long life to you—till then!"
May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do,
Long life to you—till then?

Chorus.
Your revels cease—assist me all of you.
Why is this whose evil eyes
Rains blight on our festivities?
KAT. Your perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!
Oh, fool! to shun delights that never dilly!
Come back, oh, shallower fool! come back to joy!

Chorus.
Go, leave thy deadly work undone;
Away, away! ill-favoured one!

NAXT. (Aside to Yum-Yum.)
Ah!

Kat. (Detaining him.)
The maid of whom I told you (Montage).

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

SONG.—KATISHA.

(Addressing NAXT-Poo.)
Oh fool that dally!
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that sees not
No suspicion!
Oh rash, that judges
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that grudges
Love's lightest dole!
Thy heart unkind,
Oh fool, oh blind!
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base!
For this chorus the ladies form double circle in the front rank kneel & the three principal ladies kneel also so that Katoche is surrounded and as she attempts to make her escape so all put their arms up and form a barrier at the end of chorus all get up & form groups up the stage & keeping their head turned towards Katoche.

Chorus:
If she's thy bride, restore her place,
Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

(Adressing Yum-Yum) Pink cheek, that rules!
Where wisdom serves:

Bright eye, that lookest

Sweet-smelling nerves:

Rose-lipp, that scorner

Lore-lover yearns:

Sweet tongue, that warmest

Who rightly hears—

Thy doom is near:

Pink cheek, bright eye:

Thy knell is rang:

Rose-lipp, sweet tongue:

If true her tale, thy knell is rang,
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lipp, sweet tongue!

Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention well expressed,
You cannot turn us!

The state of your confessional views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—

Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succeed—

Dumb—dumb—

And join our expressions of glee,
On this subject I pray you be dumb—

Dumb—dumb—

You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is, "Mum"—

Mum—mum!

There's lots of good fish in the sea!
There are lots of good fish in the sea!
And you'll find there are many, &c.
at end of Solo all except senorita.

At "No minstrel he" take get on either side of Katinka & take hold of her. She throws Mant

KAT.- No! bikkuri shakkuri to! (as on previous line)

Kay. In vain you interrupt with this tornado:

He is the only son of your —

All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

Kay. I'll spoil —

All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

Kay. He is the son —

All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

Kay. Of your —

All. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

He is the son of your —

The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lies in vain;
And all has perished!
Sure love, which never dies!

Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall rue!

In vain for mercy on your knees you'll sue:

I'll tear the mask from you disguising

NAN. (Aside).

Now comes the blow! Prepare yourself for news surprising!

Kay. How fail my love?

NAN. (Aside).

No minstrel be, despite bravado!

YUM. (Aside, struck by an idea). Ha! Ha! I know!

Kay. He is the son of your —

(NANKE-POO and YUM YUM, interrupting, sing Japanese words, to drown her voice.)

Oh! I'm all alone...
For the commencement of ensemble
Your shroud, hat, stick, lost
In the dull dance, too. Your yawning Katisha goes up stage; a set of steps at back and
The chorus ladies and girls keep space open, Katisha comes down towards the end of back
and the chorus ladies imperceptibly from double row across the back till Katisha
reaches up stage for finished "lookout!" Katisha, at end of that.

Katisha.
Ye tempests roar!
Ye tempests howl!
Your wrath is outpour
With angry growl!

Do ye your worst, my vengeance call
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,
Ye hungry lords,
Ye haughty kings,
At once I go
Mikado-words,
And when he hears his son is found,
My wrongs with vengeance will be
For joy reigns everywhere around!

End of Act I.
ACT II.

SCENE.—A Japanese Garden.

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.

Chorus.
Braid the raven hair—
Weave the supple tresses—
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship!

Act and nature, thus allied,
To make a pretty bride!

S.O.L.O.—Prrrr-Siss.
Sit with downcast eye—
Let it bathe with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start,
Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go.

Come along! Modesty at marriage tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

Chorus.

Braid the raven hair, &c.

Yum—Yum.

We are indeed beautiful.
Sometimes, I am a wanton,
in my artless Japanese way, why is it 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.

S.O.L.O.—Yum-Yum.

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He seems to tell a story!
He don't explain,
"I blush for shame.
So kindly be indulgent!"
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!
I mean to rule the earth,
As be the sky.
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness.
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of disfavour or shyness:
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her:
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well.
So I, for one, don't blame her!
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake.
The moon and I.

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

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

YEX. In "all but" perfection?

PERR. Well, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband
is to be humbled is a month is, in its way, a drawback.

PERR. I don't know about that. It all depends!

PERR. At all events, he will find it a drawback.

PERR. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

YEX. (In tones). I think it very unfortunate of you to refer to such a
subject on such a day. If my married happiness is to be—to be—

PERR. Cut short.

YEX. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it?

(Weeping.)
NAN. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morn?

Yum. (sobbing.) They’ve been reminding me that in a month you’re to be—be—be—(burst into tears).

PETT. Yes, we’ve been reminding her that you’re to be—be—be—(burst into tears).

PEOPLE. It’s quite true, you know, you are to be—be—be—be—(burst into tears).

NAN. (aside.) Humph! How some bridesgrooms 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?

PETT. There’s a popular impression to that effect.

NAN. Then we’ll believe 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.

PETT. And at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three quarters.

YUM. (sobbing.) How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself.

NAN. That’s the way to look at it! Don’t let’s be down-hearted! There’s a silver lining to every cloud.

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

PETT. By all means. Let’s—let’s thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

YUM. It’s—it’s absurd to cry! (Trying to force a laugh.)

PETT. Quite ridiculous! (Trying to laugh.)

(All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.)

QUARTETTE.

YUM-YUM, PETT-SIR, MUM-FOO, and PETT-TAH.

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting;
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!

What though mortal joys be hollow?
Flowers come, if sorrows follow;
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!

Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (Crying in tears)

Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woeful weeping.

Till the sad swain is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow—
I to-day and thou to morrow!
This the close of every song—
Ding dong! Ding dong!

What though solemn shadows fall,
Sooner, later, ever all?
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!

Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (Crying in tears)

(Recast PETT-SIR’s and PETT-TAH’s)

(Enter Ko-Ko.唆Reform L’tE.)
Ko. Go on—don't mind me.

Namk. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

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

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

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. (He does so—Ko-Ko writes with emphasis.) Thank you—it's simple torture!

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

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

Namk. What do you mean?

Yum. (To Yum-Yum) My child—my poor child. (Aside) How shall I break it to her? (Aside) My little bride that was to have been—

Yum. (Delighted) War to have been!

Ko. Yes, you never can be mish!

Yum. (In ecstasy). What a joy to me glad!

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

Namk. Buried alive!

Yum. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

Namk. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Poo-Bah. He's my solicitor.

Yum. But he may be mistaken!

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!

Namk. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force?

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with desecration, and married men never flirt. (Ko writes.)

Namk. Of course they don't. I quite forget that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end?

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—what I should have to be buried alive in a month!

Namk. No! It's the very first I've heard of it!

Yum. It—it makes a difference, doesn't it?

Namk. It does make a difference, of course!

Yum. You see—buried alive—it's such a sordid death! You see, my difficulty, don't you?

Namk. 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!
TRIO—Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo, and Ko-Ko.

Yum-Yum.

Here's a how-de-do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

Nanki-Poo.

Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Wit'ness my distress,
Here's a pretty mess!

Ko-Ko.

Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion—
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE.

Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo.

With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what she says is true,
It's death to marry you—
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Ko-Ko.

(giving 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.

I quite see that.

Nanki-Poo.

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.

Ko-Ko.

It's a wofully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Nanki-Poo.

Why so?

Ko-Ko.

To-day I die.

Nanki-Poo.

What do you mean?

Ko-Ko.

I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Dispatch.

Nanki-Poo.

Of course, you know, that wouldn't do.

Ko-Ko.

Why not?

Nanki-Poo.

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 should I have to be executed in your place?

Ko-Ko.

It would certainly seem so!
Ko. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

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

Ko. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (to Naoko-Poon). 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 honor you are bound to obey the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. Very well, then—behead me.

Ko. What, now?

Nank. Certainly; at once.

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!

(Nank, as Lord High Executioner, walks up.)

Ko. As Lord High Executioner I've got to behead you 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 I'll have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? And hell you?

Nank. Come, my poor fellow, don't kill yourself. We all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times.

I won't be hurried. Come, now—after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done. (Sees R.)

Ko. (spraying up suddenly). Must it? I'm not so sure about that.

Nank. What do you mean?

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 and Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (to Pooh-Ban.)

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

Ko. Why not? You'll be greatly insulted, as usual.

Pooh. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

Ko. It will be a ready-money transaction.

Pooh. (sneers). Well, it will be a useful discipline. (About.) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (Aside.) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like that, my boy? (Sees L.)

Nank. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

Ko. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commissioner! (to Pooh-Ban.) Go and fetch Yum-Yum. (To Pooh-Ban.) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (To Naoko-Poon with Yum-Yum.) And Yum-Yum, are you particularly hungry?

Yum. Not particularly.

Ko. You've five minutes to spare?

Yum. Yes.
No. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titi: he'll marry you at once.

YEA. But if I'm to be buried alive?

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

NANK. But one moment...

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. (Record Nanki-Poo and Yen-Yen, followed by Douk-Bac.) Close thing that, for here he comes!

MARCH. — Enter procession, heralding Mikado, with KASHEMA.

CHORUS. ("March of the Mikado's troops.")

Miyas sama, miyas sama,
On ma no maye ni
Kas-Fina suri ko wa
Nam gia na
Toke tomyare tomyare na

All head down,

Duet. — Mikado and KASHEMA

Mikado.

From every kind of man
Obedience I expect.
I'm the Emperor of Japan—
And I'm his daughter-in-law elect.
He'll marry his son
(He's only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mr.

My morals have been declared
Particularly correct; (speak up)
But there's nothing at all compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect.

KAT.

Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mr. smiling

In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and seer,
All cheerfully own my way—
Except his daughter-in-law elect.

KAT. smiling

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

Mr.

My nature is joy and light—
My freedom from all defect—
Is insignificant quite—
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect.

KAT.

Praise be rendered to
All bow at once,

Mr. down

To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect.

KAT. down

Kasheka gets up as Mikado comes down. (Record Kasheka.)

Kasheka sits on steps.
SONG—TAMASHA

A more humane Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist.

It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriement.

I object all sublimes
I shall achieve in time.
To let the punishment fit the crime.
The punishment fit the crime.
And make each prisoner peat
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriement.

All petty dell society amuse,
Who chatter and sheet and bore,
Are sent to hear serenades
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies
Afford no shrill
Shall, during afternoons,
Exhibit his powers
Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

On duty, wears a classical yellow
Or stains her grey hair pace.
Or punches her finger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliament.

My object all sublime, &c.
The advertising quack who wears
With tales of countless cure
His teeth, then exentered,
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amaturea.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "opera"
By Bach, interwoven
With Speker and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.
The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doings moreover hard
He's made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In dirty finger-stalls
On a cloth umbrella
With a twisted cue
And slippered billiard balls!

My object all sublime, &c.

(Enter Poor-Bah, who bandes a paper to Koko.)
MIX: Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

KO. Oh, no; not at all—only—

MIX: Yes?

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

MIX. Gone abroad? His address?

KO. Knightbridge?

KAT. (who is reading certificate of death.) Ha!

MIX. What's the matter?

KAT. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning!

KO. Poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the boy to the throne of Japan.

MIX. (looking at paper). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome.

(MIX. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

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

KO. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent until the problem really was.

POOR. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

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

MIX. Ha! ha! ha! (To KAT.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO. Punishment! (They drop down on their knees again.)

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

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

MIX. Of course you had! 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 slow way in which these Acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

KO. What's the good of that?

MIX. Now let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO., PIRRE, and POOR. Oh yes—we can wait till then!

MIX. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumph only in theatrical performances.
NANE. My father! And with Katisha!
Ko. Yes, he wants you particularly.
POOR. So does she.
YUM. Oh, but he's married now.
Ko. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it.
NANE. 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. You see our difficulty.
Ko. Yes, I don't know what's to be done. (Sings."
NANE. 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. I marry Katisha!
YUM. I really think it's the only course.
Ko. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!
PERR. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left ankle which people come miles to see!
POOR. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.
Ko. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel. (Sings:"
NANE. 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.

DUET.
Nanki Poo: Kokko! San yo!

Kokko enter R 3 E
Roko sits during the third scene—Koko puts hand to mouth twice.

KATISHA

RECITATIVE.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepia! My soul is still my body's prisoner! Remorse, remorse, Death alone can give—

SONG.

Hearts do not break!
They sting and ache
For old love's sake,
But do not die!
Though with each breath
They long for death,
As witness:

The living I!
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone
Trust thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
May not a cheated maiden die?
Ko. (approaching her timidly). Katiska!

Kat. The miserable who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues—they are hunting the coals and flames!

Ko. Katiska—hark! a supplicant at your feet! Katiska—mercy!

Kat. Merci? 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.

Ko. (cursing, and with great vehemence). Here—Here! I must have mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—but as his education was on the point of completion! Oh, where shall I find another?

Kat. What!!!

Ko. (with intense passion). Katiska, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very being! Ah, shun not from me! If there is aught of woman’s mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick supplicant whose every fibre thrills at your tender touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of dignified reserve, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are bellowing and breaking within me. But the fire will not be smothered!—it defies all efforts 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. Katiska, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it!

Kat. You, whose hands still rock with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged?

Ko. I do—accept my love, or perish on the spot! (rushes)

Kat. Hie to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart?

Ko. You know not what you say. Listen!
SONG.—Ko-ko, Ko-ko.

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, tit-tit-willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing "Willow, tit-tit-willow?"
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, tit-tit-willow!"

He walked by my side;
Saying "Ko-ko, Ko-ko!"

And he said to me, "Ko-ko, Ko-ko."

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Is "Willow, tit-tit-willow, tit-tit-willow."
That twas the blighted affection that made him explain,
"Oh willow, tit-tit-willow, tit-tit-willow."

And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not explain as I die,
"Oh willow, tit-tit-willow, tit-tit-willow!"

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

Kat. (whimpering). Did he really die of love?

Ko. He really did.

Kat. All on account of a cruel little hen.

Ko. Yes.

Kat. Poor little chap!

Ko. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

Kat. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!

Ko. His devotion was something extraordinary.

Kat. (still whimpering). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?

Ko. At once.

Kat. Oh, no—no! Anything but that! (falls on his breast). Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

Ko. (making a wry face). You are!

Kat. And you will hate me because I'm just a little, teeny weeny
nice little dear? Will you?

Ko. Hate you? Oh Katisha! is there not beauty even in blood-thirstiness?

Kat. My idea exactly! (slaps hand.)
Duet. — Ko-Ko and Katisha.

Kat. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growing of the gale,
There is eloquent out-pouring
When the lion is a-rumbling,
And the tiger is e-hashing of his tail!

Ko. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger.
And especially when bashing of his tail!

Kat. Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolls,
But to him who's sensitive
There's nothing that's terrible
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!

Ko. Yes, in spite of all my weakness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts.

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one.
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry,
Till day is done!

Ko. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:

Kat. Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?
Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.

Ko. Are you old enough to marry do you think?
Won't you wait 'till you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantick
In a ruin that's romantic:
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

Kat. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.

Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!
Everybody enters R x L. Take up places as in middle of act I. Soldiers x Coolies enter L 3 E and take positions at back.

Soldiers  in  front  of  stage
Coolies  in  back  of  stage

Pooh Pooh Ko Ko, ka ka, yum hank pook nikk  

Poor Pooh Ko Ko, ka ka, yum hank pook nikk

Flourish. Enter the Mikado, attended by Pei-Tuck and Court.
MIX. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?
PEI. Your Majesty, all is prepared.
MIX. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.
Enter Ko-Ko, Katasea, Pooh-Bah, and Petti-Sing. They throw themselves at the Mikado's feet.
Ko. BAW! Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Petti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!
MIX. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.
Kat. BAW! Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.
MIX. Oh! You've not been long about it?
Ko. We were married before the Registrar.
Pooh. I am the Registrar.
MIX. I see. But my difficulty is that as you have slain the Heir-Apparent.

Enter Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum. They enter.
NAN. The Heir-Apparent is not slain.
MIX. Bless my heart, my son!
YUM. And your daughter-in-law elected!
Kat. (moving Ko-Ko). Traitor, you have deceived me!
MIX. Yum-Yum, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give his life for you whole than in pieces.
Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo—
MIX. Yum, with most affecting particulars.
Pooh. Merely corroborative, detail intended to give circumstantial to a bold and—

Pooh. Will you refrain from putting in your own? (to MIX.) 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?
MIX. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!
Finale.

(All) Piki. For he's done what master yam-yum. yam-yum.
Piki. Your anger pass away.
For all will be merry
Thank you, but better succumb
all.

Piki. And join our expositions of steel
Roko.
In this subject I pray you be dumb
Dumb—dumb!

Piki. Your notions though many
Are not worth a penny
The word for your guidance is dumb
Dumb dumb dumb!

All. You're a very good bargain with me!

Yum. and sweet. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!
Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career.
Then let the throng, &c.

All including the Mikado. Dance at

THE END.
Danse A Rense

1st Vue

FirstOrDefault four movements of the feet to the right & left alternately - the movement to the right is with the palm of the hand upward, and the foot is moved longwise and the hand is reversed, for the movement to the left, the change right & left are to be made on the word "Pique" "All Gone" & "You" - at this word, "Pique" an attitude is struck by bringing the foot under the left elbow and the forefinger of the left hand to the left cheek, at the end of the line "Vertebrer" - your measures the other two with the elbows and they suddenly become "Vertebral" an attitude - the three then reach up from the lynx, about one foot - Pique & Repp - whipping in Lynx, cara, the spirits and they each come forward in turn as they sing and answer - the the three lines the change position.

2nd Vue

The three bring their feet straight in front of the body, in the "Pique" position.
of the right arm on the same word, as in the previous dance and the right foot is raised a trifle and drawn down as the fan falls out. At the word "Fence," the attitude described above is again taken but is changed in the word "take" by both hands being brought out from either side of the body with the palms level with the waist - all three looking right with profiles to the audience. Gami: nudges them in before and the tattah twice as before - and turn squarely to the right, up stage with their arms to their chinis and work a little to the left. X turn into place for Rokos's entrance.

Quartet (p. 13)

Through the tym: the three together go up a low stage with their fans open under their chinis always turning by the right side position at "And Youth of course" as p. 62."
score, three take four steps from the
stage with their feet open up to the
right side of the place beginning with
the right foot. Their left hands close
to their chest.

at "Don't ni girlhood x" face their feet
facing front R x L four times and as
the chorus repeat. The three long their
fists to the left side x pop their left
hand palms outward four times. R
x L in similar manner.

at "Pacca" top of P. 63 vocal.
Score the three points to left corners
x back to LC x remain with hands
in kneel's half post. Repeat to stop.
Chorus change sides at the same rate.
The business is the same for both lines.

Prelud of Act I
On "Men let the things" P 81 vocal
score - the chorus ladies Garner up X
x three toward - as the men is laced
the body is thrown back - and brought
forward as the Jan is brought down.
and for the 1, 2, 1, 3 in the main the polka step is done — then occupy 8 bars — then they join hands and dance right a left for 6 bars a then go round in two back to back arms up on the word “song” on the attack all arms up x stretch twice with the feet — the same line for the repeat — Now sync before Kalisha’s entrance (p.22) the ladies turn with four lines of six and at the 2.5 half of the 2 further at about p.85 bed & twice throwing the arms up & the back 6 places for Kalisha’s entrance

The chorus first first arms up x down twice for 8 bars — then turn once — they then open far to right shoulder and swing R & L bringing to the left & then round once again through the long note “song” — for the last turn away A arms up — palms outward — same bars for repeat
Suff. Bairt 10-4-15. on 29th. 5-80

Miss Joan 25. 5-34.

One thing that comes out.

On the 250.

On the 251.
1. Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note...
   'Pre-Production Copy of text used.
   The handwriting in this copy appears to be that of W.H. Seymour.
   Stage Manager at the time of the original production. Probably used
   at original rehearsals.'

   Further note of R.D.C's Koko's opening song begins differently and
   'encore' topical verse is given. There are many other alterations.
   Yum Yum's song 'The Sun whose rays' and dialogue leading up to it
   appears in Act 1 Act 11 scene described as a Japanese Garden
   instead of Koko's Garden. (It is probable that all these cuts and
   alterations were made at rehearsals before production and that a
   revised libretto was issued for the opening night. R.D.C.) B.D.C.
   See Reginald Allen's First Night Gilbert and Sullivan for first night
   text. Last sentence here would seem misleading and incorrect.

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Notes.
Pre-Production Copy of Libretti.
The handwriting in this copy appears
to be that of W.H. Seymour, Stage Manager
at the time of the original production.

Probably Used At Original Rehearsals
PROMPT BOOK. Z

Black leathercloth.

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note.

'The handwriting in this appears to be that of W.H. Seymour, Stage Manager at time of the original production of Mikado.'

It is probably the Prompt Book used at original rehearsals.

Further other notes on cuts and alterations made in libretti before production.

See also Miss Stedmans notes.

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Seems to be the source of the prompt book in the Gilbert papers (P.27/3) - David Linden Tokyo 1997
The handwriting on this appears to be that of W.H. Seymour, Stage Manager at time of the original production of Mehado.

It is a pre-production copy of the libretto.

Wabi's opening song begins differently and there are new corrections, cuts, and additions.

And 'encore' typical verse is given.

There are many other alterations, cuts, and additions.

Yum Yum's song: The new 'Nine rays' and some dialogue leading to it appear in Act I.

2nd act scene described as a Japanese garden; probably Wabi's garden.

It is probable that all these cuts and alterations were made at rehearsal before production and that a revised libretto was issued for the opening night.