From

D'Oyly Carte Opera Companies,
SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON, W.C.

The Mikado

Per Date
po Vime
Thescrutonhansappears
atend.
An entirely New and Original Japanese Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

THE MIKADO;

OR,

THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT, COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Joint Authors of "Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old": "Trial by Jury": "The Sorcerer": "H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor": "The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty": "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride": "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri": and "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant."

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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CITY BRANCH—15, POULTRY, E.C.
Produced at The Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday, 14th March, 1885, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

Dramatis Personae.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN ................................................................. Mr. R. T. B. REEVES

NAKKI-POO (His Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM) ...................................................... Mr. D. W. LEWIS

KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of Titipu) ................................... Mr. G. E. GROSSMITH

POOH-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) ..................................... Mr. R. BARRINGTON

PERI-TUSH (a Noble Lord) ........................................................ Mr. F. W. BOWITT

YUM-YUM ................................................................. Miss LEONORA BRAHAM

PETI-SING ......................................................... Miss JESSIE BOND

PERI-DO ........................................................................ Miss SYDIE GERT

KATSHA (an elderly Lady, in love with NANKI-POO) Miss RONDA BRANDRAM

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

ACT I.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko’s official residence. ...................... Mr. H. W. CLAYTON

ACT II.—Ko-Ko’s Garden. ......................................................

The incidental dances by Mr. JOHN D’ACRUAN. The ladies’ dresses from Messrs. LIBERTY & CO. The gentlemen’s dresses designed by Mr. WILHELM from Japanese authorities, and executed by AUGUSTE & CO.

The Management desires to acknowledge the valuable assistance afforded by the directors and native inhabitants of the “Japanese Village,” Knightsbridge.
THE MIKADO;

or,

THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

ACT I.

Scene.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko’s Palace in Titipu. 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 ain’t.

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

[Enter Nanki-Poo, great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back, and a bundle of bamboo in his hand.]
REICT.-Namen-Poo.

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me,
Where a lovely maiden dwell, 
Named Yun-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko?
In pity speak—oh speak, I pray you!

Why, who are you who ask this question?
Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.

SONG.-Namen-Poo.

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

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

Are you in a 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!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lover's fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, willow, willow! I'll charm your willing ears.

But if patriotic sentiment is wrung,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried:
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are expelled!

Our warriors, in serried ranks assemled,
Never quail—or do they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titiu!

And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll hear the capstan bound,
With a yea heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-top and her helm's a-lee,
Harrah for the homeward bound!

Yea-ho—haa heave ho—
Harrah for the homeward bound!
At the last "you have he" last line on p.3.

Vocal score all do the round & action from twice R & L alternately both sides — commencing off the stage and then do the hard-up action for four bars finishing with a round & laugh - all remain standing at the 5th movement.

Chorus go up stage & shout "Hark! with Bash"

Chorus reform semicircle.

To lay aloft in a bowling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste.
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down.
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yes he!
And his arm around her waist.

Then man the capstan — off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo, yeo, ho,
And a rumblow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

A wandering minstrel I, &c.

Enter Pash Tush. by door at back.

NARR. 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.

PASH. 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:—

SONG,—Pash Tush.

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 beheaded.

Chorus come down.
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!

Chorus.

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-committal 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!

Chorus.

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 Headman, for we said
"Who’s next to be decapitated"
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-loosalay!

Chorus.

And they were right, &c.

Enter Poon-Bah. by rear at back

Nase. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu!
Why, that’s the highest rank a citizen can attain!
Poor. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

Nank. And it does you credit.

Poor. But I don’t stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hand, 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—Poor takes the hint, and gives him money.) (Aside) Another insult, and I think a light one.

SONG.—Poor-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 abider!
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,

She'll toddle away, as all cress,
With the Lord High Executioner.

It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd 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 buffoon
At seven, comurons, so you shun her!

The brass will crash, &c.

Recit.

Nunn.
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?

Poor.
The fact appears to be as you've reported:
But he comes, equipped as suits his station:
He'll give you any further information.

Enter Ko-Ko, attended, L. 3 E

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

Exeunt.

To the noble Lord High Executioner!

Posthur back up and down are

Nunn sits L. C. disconsolate during 2d. verse

Posthur exits R. at end of song

Posthur exits R. 3d. E.

Nunn ex. L. 2. E.

Chorus sing enter R. L. by platform at
back first by steps march down to footlight and
arms into places R. L. page m time of signing

Chorus—at the first beat, Niilo enters L. 3 E

Exeunt Niilo.

boy & boy
Knee and slide them down to their knees
at the Lord High Executioner's; all alone are
held up with the hands open.

During solo—Chorus steps with their hands
on knees—Boy kneeling with head on the
ground—people remain papered around

Koko

At end they kneel and bound to Boy as
he gets up.

Koko hand bound to Boy

Steward of Lord H. E. & Co.

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

Enter Poor-hair.

SONG—Koko.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of these offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!

There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that—
And all third persons who on spelling tee-a-dah-tah insult—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS. He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—They'll none of
'Em be missed.

There's the nigger screechaw, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!

Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And 'who doesn't think she waitzes, but would rather like to try';
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm sure she'd not be missed!
In the course the last verse is taken
And slight alteration is made to various
Statements of the day.

At end of song—Chorus exit R.X. L as before

Under Pool-Bah R.Z.E & roper I take in joke

Pool-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.

Poon. 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.

Poon. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that 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.

Poon. 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.”

Poon. As Private Secretary.

Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

Poon. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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

Poon. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying

"chance it—"

Ko. Thank you (shaking his hand). I will. (PRIVATE)
The Three. Three little maids from school are we

Pret as a school girl well can be,

Filed to the brim with girlish glee

Trio.

Yum-Yum, Perp-Bo, and Petti-Sen.

Yum-Yum. Everybody's safe, for we care for none! (Chuckle.)

Perp-Bo. Nobody's safe, for we care for none!

Petti-Sen. Life is a joke that's just begun! (Chuckle.)

The Three. Three little maids from school!

All (dancing). Three little maids who, all unawary,

Come from a ladies' seminary,

Freed from its genius tutelary—

The Three (suddenly demure). Three little maids from school! Thus they turn.

Yum-Yum. One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum,

Perp-Bo. Two little maids in attendance come,

Petti-Sen. Three little maids is the total sum.

The Three. Three little maids from school! The three return.

Yum-Yum. From three little maids take one away—say, Sumo and Pe, and black.

Perp-Bo. Two little maids remain, and they—say, Sumo and Pe, and black.

Petti-Sen. Won't have to wait very long, they say—say, Sumo and Pe, and black.

The Three. Three little maids from school! Bury them.

All (dancing). Three little maids who, all unawary,

Come from a ladies' seminary,

Freed from its genius tutelary—

The Three (suddenly demure). Three little maids from school! Thus they turn.

Ko. At last, my bride that is to be! (About to embrace her.) all your toasting.

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

Ko. Well that's what they're there for.

Yum. (aside to Perp-Bo.) It seems odd, don't it? all wheeling in here.

Perp. It's rather peculiar.

Petti. 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 objections if it's usual.

Ko. Oh, it's quite unusual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (Appealing to Poon-Bah.)

Poon. I have known it done. (Ko-ko embraces her.)

All face up.
Yum. That's over! (See Nanki-Poo, and rushes to him.) Why, that's never you? (The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.)

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

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

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

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

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

Yum. Oh, this is the musician who used—

Pitti. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—

Ko. Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

Pitti. One at a time, if you please.

Yum. He's the gentleman who use to play so beautifully on the—


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

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


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

Ko. That is a Trepentious Swell. (Sighs, looks back in alarm.)

Pooch. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dear. (The three Poos rise.)

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

Pooch. 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.

Pooch. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.
At "how do the little girls" the three curtsy

Koko. [Aside to Ko-Ko.] Well, I don't mean it (with a great effort). How do de do, how de do, little girls! [Aside.] Oh my pro-plasmal apparatus! (The three go back.)

Ko. [Aside to girls.] Aren't you laugh st. It is very painful to me to have to say "How do de do, how de do, little girls," to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How do de do, how de do, little girls," to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker. (All laugh.)

Ko. [Aside to girls.] Don't laugh at him till he's under treatment for it. (Aside to Ko-Ko.) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

Ko. 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-Ko retires up and goes off.)

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Tew-Yew, Peer-Bo, and Farri-Sen.

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 by.

But youth, of course, must have its fling,

So pardon us,

And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,

Be hard on us.

If we're disposed to dance and sing,

Chorus of Girls.

Such a man.

But youth, of course, must have its fling,

So pardon us,

To our prerogative we cling—

So pardon us,

If we decline to dance and sing—

Chorus of Girls.
Nake. Yum-Yum, at last, what do you think of me? I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nake. But you do not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nake. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

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

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 the Lord High Executioner. (Solemnly, Stage a lot better)

Nake. But—(Aside) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me!(Aside) 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 claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lactea 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 Trombones, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (Approaching her)

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

Nake. 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. Den't 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 of being obliged to sit half 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.

(Yapping and gazing at her sentimentally.)

Yum. Breathing unutterable love, like that. (Gazing 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. (Kiss her.)

Nank. Not for worlds! (Kiss her.)

Yum. Being engaged to Ko-ko, you know (Kiss her.)

Nank. Being engaged to Ko-ko (Kiss her.)

Duet. — Yum.-Yum. and Nanki-Poo.

Nank. Were you not to Ko-Ko pledged,

I would say in tender tone,

"Loved one, let us be united—" Let us be each other's own!

I would merge all rank and station, Worldly stores are nought to us.

And, to mark my admiration, I would kiss you fondly thus— (Kisses her.)

Both. I would kiss you fondly thus—(Kiss.)

He would kiss me fondly thus—(Kiss.)

Both. I would kiss you fondly thus—(Kiss.)

Yum. But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko, To embrace you thus, e'en you, Would distinctly be no piece, And for you I should get too—

Both. Toco, toco, toco, toco!
Ko. Ko. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headman, 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. (job up)

Poor. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to you, but it places us in a very awkward position. (job up)

Ko. My good air, the awkwardness of your position is gross itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

Pash. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute. (job up)

Ko. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier (to Poor-Bah). Poor-Bah, I appoint you my substitute.

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

To sit in solemn silence in a dark, dank cell,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long look,
Averting the sensation of a short, sharp shock.
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a thick block!
Koko

\(2\text{nd}\)

L. 3. E.

—(Under NANK-Poo with a rope in his hands) Go away, sir! how dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquise?

NANK. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

Ko. What 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. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest.

(Enraged, and with great violence.)

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

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

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 the Public Executioner?

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

Ko. You don't? Observe: you'll have a mouth to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. You won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.
Ko. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be vestigated at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this—

(Riser Nasey-Posey with a rope in his hand.) Go away, sir; how dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquise?

Nase. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

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

Nase. I am about to terminate an unbearable existence.

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

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

Ko. Nonsense, sir. I would permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once; or I summon my guard. (Sole up)

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

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

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

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

Ko. You don't! Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremony—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. They'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.
SING.—KATSHE.

(Addressing NAKI-FOO).—Oh fool, that fleest
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that seest
No equipose!
Oh rash, that judgest
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that pugnacit
Love's lightest dote!
Thy heart unbind,
Oh fool, oh blind!
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base!

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

KAT. (Addressing YU-MYU).—Pink cheek, that rulest
Where wisdom serves!
Bright eye, that fool'sest
Steel-tempered nerves;
Rose-lip, that scorner
Lore-laden years—
Sweet tongue, that warnest
Who rightly hear—
Thy down is nigh,
Pink cheek, bright eye—
Thy bluid is runn—
Rose-lip, sweet tongue—

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

PITTI-SING. Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Toward the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—

All. Yum-Yum!

Pitti.—KATSHE!—Your anger pray bury,
For all will be marry,
I think you had better accumb—

All. Cumb—cumb!

Pitti. And join our expressions of glee,
On this subject I pray you be cumb—
In the chorus "On the subject of" the ladies form double circle - the front row kneeling

SOLO - Katsura. (L.C.)

The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone;
The hope I cherished
All is gone,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies!
Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall rue!

In vain on your knees you'll sue,
I'll tear the mask from you disguising!

Nank. (Aside.)
Now comes the blow!
Kat. Prepare yourself for news surprising!
Nank. (Aside.)
How fall my foes?
Kat.
No minstrel he, despite bravado!
Yum. (Aside, struck by an idea.) Ha! ha! I know it.
Kat.
He is the son of your-
(Nank Poo and Yum Yum, interrupting, sing Japanese words, to drown her voice.)

All.

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to! 
O sa! bikkuri shakkuri to!

In vain you interrupt with this tornado:
He is the only son of your-

All.
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat.
I'll spoil —
All.
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat.
Your gay gambols!
He is the son —

All.
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Of your -
All.
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

The son of yours.
To the Commencement of Castanets go back to stage at left, then to right.

Kaisha goes up stage & dies on steps at back. Charms kept open & look toward her. Kaisha comes down for key arry & goes straight towards her. The organ plays & the curtain forms double role and as Kaisha rises up for the last note clear for her & places for picture — all look toward Kaisha.

(Kaisha rises furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on stage at the back of stage.)

2nd Curtain all turn to curtain.
ACT II.

Scene.—Ko-Ko’s 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 sapphire tree—
Deck the maiden fair—
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty hue—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace—
Of her ladyship—
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride!

SOLO.—Prrr-Sneez

Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you’re summoned, start—
Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!

Modesty at marriage tide—
Well becomes a pretty bride!

Chorus.

Braid the raven hair, &c.

[Note: The music to the words of the Chorus Ladies—]
PEEP. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

YAW. In "all but" perfection?

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

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

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

PETT. Not necessarily, bless you, it all depends!

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

PEEP. Cut short.

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

(Weeping.)

Enter NANKI-POO followed by PONG-TUNG, by MULLAN & Co.,

NANK. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morrow!

YAW. (Sobbing.) They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (Beats into tears) (Beats on Yum.)

PETT. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (Beats into tears) (Beats on Yum.)

PEEP. It's quite true, you know; you are to be beheaded! (Beats into tears) (Beats on Yum.)

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

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

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

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

YAW. (Still sobbing.) Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying one's self!

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

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

PEEP. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.
PETTI. It's absurd to cry! (Trying to force a laugh.)

YUM. Quite ridiculous! (Trying to laugh.)

(All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.)

QUARTETTE

YUM-YUM, PETTI-SING, NANKI-POO, and PEBB-TUNK.

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?

Pleasures 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. (Ending in tears.)

YUM. Let us dry the ready tear,

—Though the hours are surely creeping,

Little need for woeful weeping.

Till the sad sun does go down,

All must sip the cup of sorrow—

To-day and to-morrow:

This the close of every song—

Ding dong! Ding dong!

What, though solemn shadows fall,

Sooner, later, over all?

Sing a merry madrigal—

A madrigal!

Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (Ending in tears.)

[Reedem Pett-Sing and Piff-Tunk.]

NANKI-POO embraces YUM-YUM.—Enter KOKO—NANKI-POO releases YUM-YUM.

KOKO. Go on—don't mind me.

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

KOKO. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist (NANKI-POO does so), &c. &c., and 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?
As Nank. Rises her Noko yells with agony & jumps with back & audience.

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

Yew. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a mouth.

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

Nank. What do you mean?

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

Yew. (Delighted) Was to have been!

Ko. Yes, you never can be mine!

Yew. (In exasperation). What??!!

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

Nank. Buried alive!

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

Nank. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Pook-Bah. It's my solicitor.

Yew. 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!

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

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirtation is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

Nank. 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?

Yew. 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—and that I should have to be buried alive in a mouth!

Nank. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

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

Nank. It does make a difference, of course!
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. (Point.)

Nanki. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Ko. Why so?

Nanki. To-day I die.

Ko. What do you mean?

Nanki. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch. (Pulls out sword from belt)

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

Nanki. Why not?

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

Nanki. It would certainly seem so!

Enter Pooh-Bah. L 3 E

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 Nanki-Poo.) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nanki. Very well, then—behold me. (Offers his head)

Ko. What, now? (Take up sword)

Nanki. 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! (Pulls sword)

Pooh. Still, as Lord High Executioner,

Ko. (Struggling, as Lord High Executioner.) I've got to behind him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely animal? I can't kill you—I can't kill anything! (Wipes.) A fall on other leg.
CHORUS

("March of the Mikado's troops."

Miyasama, miyasama,
On ma no maye ni
Fira-Fira suru no wa
Nan gara wa
Toko toyaro toyaro wa!

DUET.—Mikado and Katisha.
Bull at end of 2nd act.

Mikado.

From every kind of man
all raise heads

Kat.

And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!
He'll marry his son
(He has only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.

Mix.

My morals have been declared
Particularly correct;

Kat.

But they're nothing at all, compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect!
Bow—Bow—
(all put head down)
To his daughter-in-law elect
(songs up)

All.

Bow—Bow—
To his daughter-in-law elect
(Head down)

Mix.

In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and seat,
All cheerfully own my way—

Kat.

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

Mix.

My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect—

Kat.

Is insignificant quite,
Compared to his daughter-in-law elect!
Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect
(Head down)

All.

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

Kaksha (by chop)

[Note: The Chorus are then frozen with the music whenever practicable.]

All set up: The Chorus

Mikado goes up a down stage through each chorus.

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

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time,
To let the punishment fit the crime.
The punishment fit the crime.
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment.
Of innocent merriment!

All proxy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and boast and bemoan,
Are sent to hear sermons.
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four,
The amateur sinner, whose vocal villains
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers.
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dies a chemical yellow,
Or stains her grey hair pace,
Or pinches her finger,
Is blackened 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 Parliamentary trains.

My object all sublime, &c.
The advertising quack who worries
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "opera"
By Bach, interwoven
With Speer and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.
The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fifteen finger-stalls
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime, sir.

(Enter Poor-Baz, who hands a paper to Ko-Ko.)

Ko. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty.
I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place. (Everybody shift up)

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

Ko. Yes. The Corner has just handed me his certificate.

Poor. I am the Corner. (Ko-Ko hands certificate to Mix)

Mix. (reads) "At Wilt, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor and Groom of the Second Floor Front."

Poor. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

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

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

TRIO—Ko-Ko, Poom-Sens, and Poor-Baz.

Ko. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown
I bared my big right arm.
I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled
And gurgled and goggled,
I drew my snicker-snee:
Oh never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shrieked he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snicker-snee:

Chorus:
We know him well,
He cannot tell
Uttrues or groundless tales—
He always tries
To utter lies,
And every time he fails.

Rec. Six. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,
And it seemed to brace his nerve,
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he,
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebrae! —
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see
And its oh, I'm glad,
That moment sod
Was soothed by sight of me!

Croz. Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees;
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

Rec. Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred,
And bowed the three times to me!
It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be,
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deadly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trumpery, yet,
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me!

Orestes,
This saucy youth
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays.
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says.

Mix. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it.
But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the
heiress to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.
Ko. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his
position?
Kay. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry
him—yet he fled!
Poor. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!
Kay. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because
my face is plain. But you know nothing: you are still unenlightened.
Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought.
But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People
come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can
resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting
card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

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

Mix. And yet he fled!
Mix. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a
second trombone.
Ko. | Poor. | A second trombone!

Pritn.

'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. Knightsbridge!

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

Mix. What's the matter?

Ko. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning Oh, where shall I find another! Where shall I find another!

(Ko-Ko, Poom-Bah, and Pritn-Sing, fall on their knees.)

Mix. (looking at paper.) Dear, dear, dear! this is very tiresome.

(To Ko-Ko.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Ko-Ko. Alas! I cannot help it. I offer my unqualified apology.

Poor. But, indeed, the act was an involuntary.

Pritn. We really hadn't the least notion—

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

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

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

Poor. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent, who the gentleman really was.

Pritn. 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. | Poor. | Punishment! (They drop down on their knees again.)

Pritn. blazo on the poine.
Mix. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it. I fancy something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in R, but I'm not sure. It sounds something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry.

Ko. (in oblique tones). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea.

Mix. Of course you didn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says—"compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are 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. Pitty 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 triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE.

Mikado, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pitti-Sing.

Mix. and Kat. See how the Fates their gifts alloted, For A is happy—B is not. Yet B is worthy, I dare say, Of more prosperity than A?

Ko. Pooh, and Pitti. Is B more worthy? (adverting to themselves)

Mix. and Kat. I should say He's worth a great deal more than A. Yet A is happy! Oh so happy!—Laughing, Ha! ha!

Chaffing, Ha! ha!

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All still Ever joyous, ever gay, Happy, insouciant A!

Ko. Pooh, and Pitti. If I were Fortune—which I'm not—B should enjoy A's happy lot, And A should die in misery, That is, assuming I am B.
On the last note of hymn, the crowd put their paws to their noses—looking in the direction of the Mikado. Katehka thus:

Ko. Pong, and Pritt.

Poor! Poor! And Pritt.

Mr. and Kate.

But should I perish?

Ko. That should be.

(If course assuming I am B).

Poor! Poor! And Pritt.

Oh, so happy!

Laughing, Ha! ha!

Chuffing, Ha! ha!

Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!

But condemned to die is he, Wretched, meritorious B!

[Enter Mikado and Katisha.] L IE

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

Poor. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

Pritt. Corroboration detail indeed! Corroboration fiddletick!

Ko. Well, and you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories about catching his eye, and his whistling an air. But that's no like you! You must put in your ear!

Poor. That's about your big right arm?

Pritt. Yes, and your quicknesses!

Ko. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nank-Poo haang's started yet—he must come to life again at once—(Enter Nank-Poo and Yum-Yum prepared for journey), here he comes. Here, Nank-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprimed.

Nank. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon. (Stout)

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

Nank. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

Ko. Is this a time for airy persiflage? You're father is here, and with Katisha?

Nank. 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.

Nank. 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.
Y.H. You see our difficulty.
Ko. Yes. I don't know what's to be done.
Nak. 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!
Y.H. I really think it's the only course.
Ko. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling.
Prrie. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see! (gets round by back of chair.)
Pooh. 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. (pounces on back of chair.)
Nak. You know I have been able to pin it on 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.

Nak: Poo and Ko: K. (Ko in Poo).

Nak. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Ko. Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As we merrily dance and we sing,
Pooh.

Ko. We welcome the hope that they bring.

Ko. Of a summer of roses and wine;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

Pooh.

Ko. And that's what we mean, etc.

Pooh.

Ko. The flowers that bloom in the spring,

Ko. Have nothing to do with the case.
I've got to take under my wing,
Ko. A most unattractive old thing.
Ko. With a caricature of a face:
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring."

Pooh. Breathe.
ACT.  AND this is what he means when he ventures to sing, &c.

(Dance and ac aster y

Enter Katisha. L. 3 E.

RECITATIVE.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, say it! Free!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can give—
My doom, to wait my punishment, to live!

SONG.

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

The living I—
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone,
Best then stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
May not a chanted maiden die?

Ko. (Approaching her timidly). Katisha!

Kat. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! but vengeance pursues— they are bearing the childless!

Ko. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy! (Kneels)

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

Ko. (Suddenly, and with great vehemence). Here!—Hang! (Sets up)

Kat. What!!!

Ko. (With intense passion). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very
At "Shrink not from me," Kobe takes her around the waist.

Ko. Kobe.

Kat. How now, Kobe, what's the matter? 

Ko. [throws him off] He has distempered me.

Kat. You, whose hands still gesticulate with the blood of my bereaved heart, dare to address words of passion to the woman you so falsely wronged!

Ko. I do—accept my love, or perish on the spot! [kneels]

Kat. Go 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.

On a tree by a river a little tomtit Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?"
"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, titwillow, titwillow!"
He slumped at his chest, as he sat on that bough, Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow, Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave, Then he threw himself into the bellowy wave, And an echo arose from the suicide's grave— "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim, "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I Shall perish as he did, and you will know why, Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die, "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

(During this song Katiza 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—if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?
KO. Alas, no.
KAT. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (falls on his knees). Oh, I'm a silly little goose!
KO. (taking a very firm tone). You are!
KAT. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit besotted, will you?
KO. Hate you? Oh Katisha! Is there not beauty even in blood-thinness?
KAT. My idea exactly!

DUET.—KO-KO and KATISHA.

KAT. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
KO. There is grandeur in the growing of the gale,
KAT. There is eloquent out-pouring
KO. When the lion is a-roaring,
KAT. And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!
KO. Yes, I like to see a tiger
KAT. From the Congo or the Niger,
KO. And especially when lashing of his tail!
KAT. Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
KO. And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
KAT. But to him who's scientific
KO. There's nothing that's terrific
KAT. In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!
KO. Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
KAT. If I have a little weakness,
KO. 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,
Till day is done!

KATISHA X. R. MEY
OP. H. 2nd Verses
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?
Wen't you wait 'til you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantic
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 fates are one!
Away we'll go,
And marry marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

Flourish. Enter the Mikado, attended by Pooch-Baa and others. L. S. E.
Mix. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready.
Have all the painful preparations been made?
Fish. Your Majesty, all is prepared.
Mix. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

Enter Ko-Ko, Katisha, Pooch-Baa, and Pitti-Sing, A they throw themselves at the Mikado's feet.
Kat. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy—
even for Pooch-Baa!
Mix. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.
Kat. Mercy! My husband that was so brave 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.
Pooch. I am the Registrar.

Mix. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir-

Apparent—

-Enter Yum-Yum and Yum-Yum. They kneel.

Name. The Heir-Apparent is not slain.
MIX. Bless my heart, my son!
YUM. And your daughter-in-law elected!
KAI. (raising Ko-Ko). Traitor, you have deceived me!
MIX. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.
Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I stated that I had killed Nun-Koo-
MIX. Yes, with most affecting particulars.
POOR. Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to a bald and-
Ko. Will you refrain from putting in your our? (To MIX.) I'm 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! (Ko-Ko.

FINALE.

PETT. For he's gone and he's married Yum-Yum-
ALL. / Yum-Yum!
PETT. Your anger pray bury,
POOR. For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
ALL. Cumb-cumb!
PETT. And join our expressions of glee!
POOR. On this subject I pray you be dumdum-
ALL. Dumdum-dumdum!
Ko. Your notions, though many,
POOR. Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum—"
ALL. M-mum-mum
Ko. You're a very good bargain in me.
YUM. and NAX. 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!
ALL. 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.

THE END.

Henderson, Ball, & Spalding. Printers, 32 & S. Marylebone Lane, London, W.
THE MIKADO

Further PROMPT BOOK
Similar to 5.
Very Poor Condition
Covered in brown paper and
labelled by Mr Holmes (?)
Strange note of Rupert D'Oyly
Carte's 'Ist Issue. The printers
name appears at end.'

NB This too appears to be
in the hand of W.H. Spong
practically identical to
the other prompt book bound
similarly. It seems
likely that the other is the
original, this the copy.

F. Wilson
4/82

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Property Plot

Acre 1

3 Fans for Chinese ladies, 2 fans for Chinese gentlemen
9 Fans for Principals
1 Flute for Rangi Pohe
1 Bundle of ballads
6 Stamps of coin appear here, Rangi Pohe.

Flowers of purple ladies' hair, rope for Rangi Pohe
Double ratti R. C. Single ratti R. C
Letter for Rangi Pohe wrapped inilk

Acre 2

3 Sutars per boxes Cadet's walking sticks, etc.
1 Pap. Comb Hair pin Peepo
2 Rams Brushes, 1ural \& Colours R. C. Petticoat
1 Umbrella L. O. E. for Ameter
1 Score for Pork midd R. C. E
Suppy for Rangi Pohe

6 Iron Poles with Neeps for Corbis
6 Ramrodes for men in armour