

# THE MIKADO

or

## THE SOUTH CHESHIRE HOSPITAL TRUST

Written by

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### CAST

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN (and the South Cheshire Hospital Trust)  
NANKI-POO (his Son, disguised as a wandering locum minstrel, and in love with YUM-YUM )  
KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of the Hospital)  
POOH-BAH (Lord High Everything Else of the Hospital)  
PISH-TUSH (a Senior Consultant)  
GO-TO (a Senior Consultant)  
YUM-YUM -  
PITTI-SING -Three Sisters — Wards of KO-KO.  
PEEP-BO -  
KATISHA (an elderly Lady, in love with NANKI-POO)

Chorus of Nurses, Doctors, Security Staff, and Health Care Assistants.

**ACT I – Foyer at the main entrance to The South Cheshire Hospital Trust.**

**ACT II – Hospital Garden.**

## ACT I

*Foyer at the main entrance to The South Cheshire Hospital Trust. NHS doctors discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings but wearing white coats, hospital gowns etc.*

### Song 101 - Chorus

#### 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 attitude's queer and quaint —  
You're wrong if you think it ain't  
Ooooh!

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 thron  
Can't keep it up all day long?  
If that's your idea, you're wrong  
Ooooh! Ooooh!  
If that's your idea, you're wrong.

If you want to know who we are  
We are gentlemen of Japan:  
On vase and jar  
On screen and fan  
On many, many, many, many  
Many, many, many, many, a jar  
Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh!  
On vase and jar  
On screen and fan.

*Enter NANKI-POO wearing stethoscope and a "Visitor" lanyard.*

#### Recitative

#### NANKI-POO:

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me  
Where a gentle maiden dwelleth,  
Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko?  
In pity speak – oh, speak, I pray you!

#### DOCTOR:

Why, who are you who ask this question?

**NANKI-POO:**

Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.

**Song 102 – Nanki-Poo and Chorus**

**NANKI-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!  
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?  
I'll sigh with you  
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!  
On maiden's coldness do you brood?  
I'll do so, too —  
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!  
I'll charm your willing ears  
With songs of lovers' fears  
While sympathetic tears  
My cheeks bedew —  
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

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 defied!  
Our warriors, in serried 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!

**CHORUS:**

We shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled  
Trembled with alarm  
Before the mighty troops  
The troops of Titipu!

**NANKI-POO:**

And if you call for a song of the sea  
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!

**CHORUS:**

Yeo-ho — heave ho —  
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

**NANKI-POO:**

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

**CHORUS:**

Then man the capstan — off we go  
As the fiddler swings us round  
With a yeo heave ho  
And a rum below  
Hurrah for the homeward bound!  
With a yeo heave ho  
And a rum below  
Yeo-ho, heave ho  
Yeo-ho, heave ho  
Heave ho, heave ho, yeo-ho!

**NANKI-POO:**

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

**CHORUS:**

And dreamy lulla-lullaby  
Of dreamy lullaby  
Lullaby! Lullaby!

*Enter PISH-TUSH.*

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

**NANKI-POO:** I'll tell you. A year ago I was called in for holiday cover. I worked a double shift, ate in the hospital restaurant and slept wherever I could find a bed. Late one afternoon I was performing a delicate operation on a day old restaurant Bakewell tart when I saw Yum-Yum (not the pastry). We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap

phlebotomist, and that really gave me the needle. Overwhelmed with despair, I quit the trust and sort work in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Merseyside, even (*pause with shame*) Greater Manchester. I would go anywhere except for Cheshire but judge of my delight when I heard, a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! Just imagine. A phlebotomist flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

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

**Song 103 – Pish-Tush and Chorus**

**PISH-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  
Beheaded, beheaded  
Should forthwith be beheaded  
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:**

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

**PISH-TUSH & CHORUS:**

And all is right as right can be  
Right as right can be!

**PISH-TUSH:**

This stem 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  
Objected, objected

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 are right  
And we are right  
And everything is quite, is quite correct!

**PISH-TUSH & CHORUS:**

And everything is quite correct  
All is quite correct!

**PISH-TUSH:**

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 Headsman, for we said  
"Who's next to be decapited  
Cannot cut off another's head  
Until he's cut his own off  
His own off, his own off  
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-loo-ral-lay!

**CHORUS:**

And you are right  
And we are right  
And all is right — too-loo-ral, loo-ral-lay!

**PISH-TUSH & CHORUS:**

And you are right  
And we are right  
And all is right!

*Exit CHORUS. Enter POOH -BAH.*

**NANKI-POO:** Ko-Ko, the cheap phlebotomist, Lord High Executioner of South Cheshire Hospital Trust! Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!

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

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

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

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

**POOH-BAH:** It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as Senior Financial Accountant, Head of Hospital Security, Senior Practice Manager, Head of IT, Senior Facilities Manager, Senior Administrators Administrator, Senior Hospital Chaplin and Communications Director, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I, a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it!

**NANKI-POO:** And it does you credit.

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

### **Song 104 – Pooh-Bah with Nanki-Poo and Pish-Tush**

**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 ablutioner!  
This very day  
From school Yum-Yum  
Will wend her way  
And homeward come  
With a 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 aver  
With the Lord High Executioner!

**NANKI-POO & PISH-TUSH:**

And the brass will crash  
And the trumpets bray  
And they'll cut a dash  
On their wedding day

**ALL:**

She'll toddle away, as all aver  
With the Lord High Executioner!

**POOH-BAH:**

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 pleasure a diminutioner  
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!  
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 aver  
With the Lord High Executioner!

**NANKI-POO & PISH-TUSH:**

And the brass will crash  
And the trumpets bray  
And they'll cut a dash  
On their wedding day

**ALL:**

She'll toddle away, as all aver  
With the Lord High Executioner!

*Exit PISH-TUSH.*

**Recitative**

**NANKI-POO:**

And I have 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!

**POOH-BAH:**

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.

*Exit POOH-BAH and NANKI-POO. Enter CHORUS.*

**Song 105a – Chorus and Koko**

**CHORUS:**

Behold the Lord High Executioner  
A personage of noble rank and title —  
A dignified and potent officer  
Whose functions are particularly vital!  
Defer, defer  
To the Lord High Executioner!  
Defer, defer  
To the noble Lord, to the noble Lord  
To the Lord High Executioner!

*Enter Ko-Ko.*

**KO-KO:**

Taken from the county jail  
By a set of curious chances;  
Liberated then 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 male  
Under such like circumstances  
So adventurous a tale  
Which may rank with most romances

**KO-KO & CHORUS:**

Taken from the county jail  
(Taken from the county jail)

By a set of curious chances;  
(Liberated then on bail)  
Surely, never had a male  
(Surely, never had a male)  
So adventurous a tale  
(So adventurous a tale.)

**CHORUS:**

Defer, defer  
To the Lord High Executioner!  
Defer, defer  
To the noble Lord  
To the noble Lord High Executioner!  
Bow down, bow down  
To the Lord High Executioner!  
Defer, defer  
To the noble, noble Lord  
To the High Executioner!

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

**Song 105b – Koko with Chorus**

**KO-KO:**

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 society offenders who might well be underground,  
And who never would be missed – who never would be missed!

There's the amateur performer who must dominate the stage,  
and delivers lines with gusto, but not those on the page -  
People who use Instagram to share what they have eaten  
and copy it to Facebook, they never can be beaten  
that scourge upon society, the ardent Twitterist -  
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.

**KO-KO:**

There's the local politician who is always in your face,  
the "your views" columnist – I've got him on the list!  
And the people who sing tenor when they really should sing bass,  
They never would be missed – they never would be missed!

Then the four-by-four possessor who's choice of vehicle shows  
they never go off road, except to park it at Waitrose  
That woman, you know who I mean, I will not say her name,  
She failed on The Apprentice and seems to have no shame,  
to stir up some controversy she never can resist -  
I don't think she'd be missed – I'm sure she'd not be missed!

**CHORUS:**

He's got her on the list – he's got her on the list;  
And I don't think she'll be missed – I'm sure she'll not be missed!

**KO-KO:**

And that social media nuisance, who just now is rather rife  
the pedant grammarist - I've got him on the list!  
All dancing politicians who seek fame from public life -  
They'd none of 'em be missed – they'd none of 'em be missed.

The author of a comic song who really should know better,  
with a catchy tune and lyrics that couldn't get any wetter  
To the left, to the right, jump up and down and to the knees,  
Come and dance every night, sing with the hula melody.  
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,  
For they'd none of 'em be missed – they'd none of 'em be missed!

**CHORUS:**

You may put 'em on the list – you may put 'em on the list;  
And they'll none of 'em be missed – they'll none of 'em be missed!

*Exit CHORUS. Enter POOH-BAH.*

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

**POOH-BAH:** Certainly. In which of my capacities? As Senior Financial Accountant, Senior Facilities Manager, Head of Legal, Senior Budget Controller, Senior Auditor, or Senior Practice Manager?

**KO-KO:** Suppose we say as Senior Practice Manager.

**POOH-BAH:** Speaking as your Senior Practice Manager, I should say that, as the Trust will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

**KO-KO:** Exactly – as the Trust will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

**POOH-BAH:** As Senior Practice Manager. Of course you will understand that, as Senior Budget Controller, I am bound to see that due economy is, observed.

**KO-KO:** Oh! But you said just now, ‘Don’t stint yourself, do it well’.

**POOH-BAH:** As Senior Practice Manager.

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

**POOH-BAH:** As Senior Budget Controller.

**KO-KO:** I see. Come over here, where the Budget Controller can’t hear us. *(They cross the stage.)* Now, as Head of Legal, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

**POOH-BAH:** Oh, as Head of Legal, I should have no hesitation in saying, ‘Chance it’

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

**POOH-BAH:** If it were not that, as Senior Auditor, I am bound to see that no rules are violated.

**KO-KO:** I see. Come over here where the Auditor can’t hear us. *(They cross the stage.)* Now, then, as Senior Financial Accountant?

**POOH-BAH:** Of course, as Senior Financial Accountant, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Area Union Rep, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Head of Human Resources, I could so cook the books that, as Head of Ethics, I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Senior Hospital Chaplin, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as Head of Hospital Security.

**KO-KO:** That’s extremely awkward.

**POOH-BAH:** I don’t say that all these distinguished people couldn’t be squared; but it is right to tell that they wouldn’t be sufficiently degraded in their own estimation unless they were insulted with a very considerable bribe.

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

**POOH-BAH:** No money – no grovel!

*Exit together. Enter procession of YUM -YUM’S colleagues, heralding YUM-YUM , PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING.*

### **Song 106 – Chorus**

#### **CHORUS:**

Comes a train of little ladies  
From scholastic trammels free  
Each a little bit afraid is  
Wondering what the world can be!

Is it but a world of trouble —  
Sadness set to song?

Is its beauty but a bubble  
Bound to break ere long?

Are its palaces and pleasures  
Fantasies that fade?  
And the glory of its treasures  
Shadow of a shade?  
And the glory of its treasures  
Shadow of a shade?  
Shadow of a shade?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under  
From scholastic trammels free  
And we wonder — how we wonder! —  
We wonder — how we wonder! —  
What on earth the world can be!  
What on earth the world can be!

### **Song 107 – Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing with Chorus**

#### **YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids from school are we  
Pert as a school-girl well can be  
Filled to the brim with girlish glee  
Three little maids from school!

#### **YUM-YUM:**

Everything is a source of fun. (*chuckle*)

#### **PEEP-BO:**

Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*chuckle*)

#### **PITTI-SING:**

Life is a joke that's just begun! (*chuckle*)

#### **YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids from school!  
Three little maids who, all unwary  
Come from a ladies' seminary  
Freed from its genius tutelary —  
Three little maids from school  
Three little maids from school!

#### **YUM-YUM:**

One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum —

**PEEP-BO:**

Two little maids in attendance come —

**PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids is the total sum

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids from school!

**YUM-YUM:**

From three little maids take one away

**PEEP-BO:**

Two little maids remain, and they —

**PITTI-SING:**

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

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids from school!

**CHORUS:**

Three little maids from school!

**ALL:**

Three little maids who, all unwary  
Come from a ladies' seminary  
Freed from its genius tutelary —

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

Three little maids from school!

**ALL:**

Three little maids from school!

*Enter KO-KO and POOH-BAH.*

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

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

**KO-KO:** Well, that was the idea.

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

**PEEP-BO:** It's rather peculiar.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The following three lines are spoken together in one breath.*

**YUM-YUM:** Oh, this is the locum who used–

**PEEP-BO:** Oh, this is the gentleman who used –

**PITTI-SING:** Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used –

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

**YUM-YUM:** Oh, if you please he's the locum minstrel who used to play so beautifully on the – on the –

**PITTI-SING:** On the Marine Parade.

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

**NANKI-POO:** Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum – oh, I know I deserve your anger!

**KO-KO:** Anger! Not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Lovely little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent

authority. Thank you very much. Good-bye. (*To PISH-TUSH.*) Take him away. (*PISH-TUSH removes him.*)

**PITTI-SING:** (*Who has been examining POOH-BAH.*) I beg your pardon, but what is this? Has one of the patients escaped?

**KO-KO:** That is a hugely important person.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KO-KO:** Come, come, make an effort, there's a good administrator.

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

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

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

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

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

**KO-KO:** I should think we did! How a key member of the hospital administration can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand.

*KO-KO exits.*

**Song 108 Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah and Chorus**

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

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

**YUM-YUM:**

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

**PITTI-SING:**

And don't, in girlhood's happy spring  
Be hard on us  
Be hard on us  
If we're inclined to dance and sing  
Tra la la la la la

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

But youth, of course, must have its fling  
So pardon us  
And don't, in girlhood's happy spring  
Be hard on us

**CHORUS:**

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

**CHORUS & MAIDS:**

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

**POOH-BAH:**

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 at us 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  
Tra la la la la la  
Tra la la la la la  
Tra la la la la la  
Tra la la la la la

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING:**

But youth, of course, must have its fling  
So pardon us  
And don't, in girlhood's happy spring  
Be hard on us

**CHORUS:**

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

**ALL:**

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

*Exit all but YUM-YUM. Enter NANKI-POO.*

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

**YUM-YUM:** Alas, yes!

**NANKI-POO:** But you do not love him?

**YUM-YUM:** Alas, no!

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

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

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

**YUM-YUM:** You forget that in our profession girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

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

**YUM-YUM:** Besides – a wandering locum minstrel is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

**NANKI-POO:** But – *(Aside.)* Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! *(Aloud.)* What if it should prove that, after all, I am not a locum minstrel?

**YUM-YUM:** There! I was certain of it, I've seen your bedside manner!

**NANKI-POO:** What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of the Mikado?

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** It is capital!

**YUM-YUM:** And we must obey the law.

**NANKI-POO:** Deuce take the law!

**YUM-YUM:** I wish it would, but it won't!

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

**YUM-YUM:** Happy indeed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** Not for worlds!

**YUM-YUM:** Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

**NANKI-POO:** Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

**Song 109 Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo**

**NANKI-POO:**

Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted  
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 sneers are nought to us  
And, to mark my admiration  
I would kiss you fondly thus —

**BOTH:**

I/He would kiss you/me fondly thus —

**YUM-YUM:**

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko  
To embrace you thus, con fuoco  
Would distinctly be no gioco  
And for yam I should get toco —

**YUM-YUM:**

Toco

Toco

Toco

Toco

**NANKI-POO:**

Toco

Toco

Toco

Toco

Toco

Toco

**NANKI-POO:**

So, In spite of all temptation  
Such a theme I'll not discuss  
And on no consideration  
Will I kiss you fondly thus —  
Will I kiss you fondly thus —  
Let me make it clear to you  
This is what I'll never do!  
This, oh, this  
Oh, this  
Oh, this, —  
This is what I'll never, never do!

**YUM-YUM:**

This, oh, this —

He'll never do!

He'll never do!

This is what he'll never,  
never do!

**NANKI-POO:**

This, oh, this —

I'll never do!

Oh, this —

This is what I'll never, never do!

*Exit in opposite directions. Enter KO-KO.*

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

**PISH-TUSH:** I am the bearer of a letter from his Majesty the Mikado.

**KO-KO:** (*Taking it from him reverentially.*) A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come sooner or later! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in South Cheshire for a year, and

decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the Trust reduced to the rank of a nursing home!

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

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

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

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

**POOH-BAH:** Why not?

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

**POOH-BAH:** That is so, no doubt.

**PISH-TUSH:** We might reserve that point.

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

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

**POOH-BAH:** A man might try.

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

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

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

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

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

**PISH-TUSH:** I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute –

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

**POOH-BAH:** I should be delighted. Such an appointment would realise my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

**Song 110 Pooh-Bah, Ko-Ko and Pish-Tush**

**POOH-BAH:**

I am so proud  
If I allowed  
My family pride  
To be my guide  
I'd volunteer  
To quit this sphere  
Instead of you  
In a minute or two  
But family pride  
Must be denied  
And set aside  
And mortified  
And mortified

**KO-KO:**

My brain it teems  
With endless schemes  
Both good and new  
For Titipu  
For Titipu;  
But if I flit  
The benefit  
That I'd diffuse  
The town would lose!  
Now every man  
To aid his clan  
Should plot and plan  
As best he can

**PISH-TUSH:**

I heard one day  
A gentleman say  
That criminals who  
Are cut in two  
Can hardly feel  
The fatal steel  
And so are slain  
Are slain without much pain  
If this is true  
It's jolly for you;  
Your courage screw  
To bid us adieu

**POOH-BAH:**

**KO-KO:**

**PISH-TUSH:**

I am so proud	My brain it teams	I heard one day
If I allowed	With endless schemes	A Gentleman say, That criminals who
My family pride	Both good and new	Are cut in two can hardly feel
To be my guide	For Titipu, For Titipu; But if I flit	The fatal steel, And so are slain
I'd volunteer	The benefit That I'd diffuse	Are slain Without much pain
To quit this sphere	The town would lose!	If this is True, It's jolly for you;
Instead of you	Now every man To aid his clan	Your courage screw To bid us adieu.
In a minute or two	Should plot and plan, As best he can.	

**KO-KO:**

And so  
Although  
I'm ready to go  
Yet recollect  
'Twere disrespect  
Did I neglect  
To thus effect  
This aim direct  
So I object —

**POOH-BAH:**

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

**PISH-TUSH:**

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  
But I don't much care

**POOH-BAH:**

I must decline

**KO-KO:**

So I object

**PISH-TUSH:**

I'd take your share

But I don't much  
care

I'd take your share

But I don't much  
care

I'd take your share

But I don't much  
Care, much care

I don't much care

I don't much care

**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!

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!

A dull, dark dock, a life-long lock  
A short, sharp shock, a big black block!  
To sit in solemn silence in a pestilential prison

And awaiting the sensation  
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

*Exit POOH-BAH and PISH-TUSH.*

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

**NANKI-POO:** Oh, go on – don't mind me. –

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** What's the matter?

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

**NANKI-POO:** Absolutely!

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

**NANKI-POO:** Nothing.

**KO-KO:** Threats, entreaties, prayers – all useless?

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Cheshire all together, and travel in the Midlands for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

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

**NANKI-POO:** True.

**KO-KO:** Life without Yum-Yum – why, it seems absurd!

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

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

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

**KO-KO:** Noble fellow!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Song 111 Act One Finale**

**CHORUS:**

With aspect stern and gloomy stride  
We come to learn how you decide  
Dont hesitate, your choice to name  
A dreadful fate, you'll suffer all the same  
A dreadful fate, you'll suffer all the same

**POO-BAH:**

To ask you what you mean to do  
We punctually appear

**KO-KO:**

Congratulate me, gentlemen  
I've found a volunteer!

**CHORUS:**

The Japanese equivalent for "Hear, hear hear!"

**KO-KO:**

'Tis Nanki-Poo

**CHORUS:**

Hail, Nanki-Poo!

**KO-KO:**

I think he'll do

**CHORUS:**

Yes, yes he'll do

**KO-KO:**

He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender  
Now I adore that girl with passion tender  
And could not yield her with a ready will  
Or her allot, if I did not  
Adore myself with passion tenderer still  
With passion tenderer still

*Enter YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, and PITTI-SING.*

**CHORUS:**

Ah, yes, he loves himself with passion tenderer still

**KO-KO:**

Take her. (Not you silly!) She's yours

*Exit KO-KO.*

**NANKI-POO:**

The threatened cloud has passed away

**YUM-YUM:**

And brightly shines the dawning day

**NANKI-POO:**

What though the night may come too soon

**YUM-YUM:**

There's yet a month of afternoon

**POOH-BAH, PISH-TUSH, NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING & PEEP-BO:**

Then let the throng, our joy advance  
With laughing song, and merry dance, then let the throng of joy and dance  
With laughing song and merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance! With laughing song

**CHORUS:**

With joyous shout, with joyous shout and ringing cheer!  
Inaugurate, inaugurate and brief career!  
With joyous shout and ringing, inaugurate and new career  
With joyous shout with ringing cheer, inaugurate and new career!

**PITTI-SING:**

A day, a week, a month, or year

**YUM-YUM:**

Or far or near, or far or near!

**POO-BAH:**

Life's evening-times comes much too soon

**PITTI-SING:**

You'll have a least a honeymoon!

**POOH-BAH, PISH-TUSH, NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING & PEEP-BO:**

Then let the throng, our joy advance  
With laughing song, and merry dance, then let the throng of joy and dance  
With laughing song and merry dance, with laughing song and merry dance! With laughing song

**CHORUS:**

With joyous shout, with joyous shout and ringing cheer!  
Inaugurate, inaugurate and brief career!  
With joyous shout and ringing, inaugurate and new career  
With joyous shout with ringing cheer, inaugurate and new career!

**POO-BAH:**

As in a month, you've got to die  
If Ko-Ko tells us true, 'twere empty compliment to cry  
"Long Life to Nanki-Poo!"  
But as one month you have to live as fellow citizen  
This toast with three times three we'll give --  
Long life, long life to you  
Long life to you, till then

*Exit POOH-BAH.*

**CHORUS:**

May all good fortune prosper you  
May you have health, may you have health and riches too  
May you succeed in all you do, may all good fortune prosper you  
May you succeed in all you do, long life, long life until you then!

*Enter KATISHA melodramatically.*

**KATISHA:**

Your revels cease!  
Assist me, all of you!

**CHORUS:**

Why, who is this whose evil eyes  
Rain blight on our festivities?

**KATISHA:**

I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!  
Oh fool to shun delight that never cloy!

**CHORUS:**

Go leave thy deadly work undone

**KATISHA:**

Come back, oh, shallow fool  
Come back to joy

**CHORUS:**

Away, away, ill-favored one!

**NANKI-POO:**

Ah! 'Tis Katisha! The maid of whom I told you!

**KATISHA:**

No, you shall not go  
These arms shall thus enfold you

**KATISHA:**

Oh fool, that fleest, My hallowed joys!  
Oh blind, that seest, no equipoise!  
Oh rash, that judgest from half the whole!  
Oh base, that grudgest love's lightest dole!  
Thy heart unbind, oh fool, oh blind!  
Give me my place, oh rash, oh base!  
Thy heart unbind, give me my place!  
Oh fool, oh blind, Oh rash, oh base, Thy heart unbind!  
Give me, give me my place!

**CHORUS:**

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

**KATISHA:**

Pink cheek, that rulest  
Where wisdom serves!  
Bright eye, that foolest  
Heroic nerves!  
Rose lip, that scornest  
Lore-laden years!  
Smooth tongue, that warnest  
Who rightly hears!  
Thy doom is nigh  
Pink cheek, bright eye!

Thy knell is rung  
Pose lip, smooth tongue!  
Thy doom is nigh  
Thy knell is rung  
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose lip, smooth tongue!  
Thy doom is nigh!  
Thy knell, thy knell is rung!

**CHORUS:**

If true her tale, thy knell is rung  
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose lip, smooth tongue!

**KATISHA:**

Thy doom is nigh  
Thy knell is rung  
Thy knell, thy knell is rung!

**CHORUS:**

If true her tale, thy knell is rung  
If true her tale, thy knell is rung  
Thy knell is rung!

**PITTI-SING:**

Away, nor prosecute your quest —  
From our intention, well expressed  
You cannot turn us!  
The state of your connubial views  
Towards the person you accuse  
Does not concern us!

**PITTI-SING:**

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum —

**ALL:**

Yum-Yum!

**PITTI-SING:**

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

**ALL:**

Cumb-cumb!

**PITTI-SING:**

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

**ALL:**

Dumb-dumb!

**PITTI-SING:**

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

**ALL:**

Mum-mum!

**PITTI-SING:**

There's lots of good fish in the sea!

**ALL:**

On this subject I pray you be dumb — dumb — dumb  
We think you had better succumb — cumb — cumb!  
You'll find there are many  
Who'll wed for a penny  
Who'll wed for a penny —  
There are lots of good fish in the sea!  
There are lots of good fish in the sea!  
There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea!  
There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea  
In the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea!

**KATISHA:**

The hour of gladness  
Is dead and gone;  
In silent sadness  
I live alone!  
The hope I cherished  
All lifeless lies  
And all has perished  
All has perished  
Save 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 your disguising!

**NANKI-POO:**

Now comes the blow!

**KATISHA:**

Prepare yourselves for news surprising!

**NANKI-POO:**

How foil my foe?

**KATISHA:**

No minstrel he, despite bravado!

**YUM-YUM:**

Ha! ha! I know!

**KATISHA:**

He is the son of your —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

**KATISHA:**

In vain you interrupt with this tornado!  
He is the only son of your —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

**KATISHA:**

I'll spoil —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

**KATISHA:**

Your gay gambado!  
He is the son —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

**KATISHA:**

Of your —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

**KATISHA:**

The son of your —

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to! oya! oya!

**KATISHA:**

Ye torrents roar  
Ye tempests howl!  
Your wrath outpour  
With angry growl!  
Do ye your worst, my vengeance call  
Shall rise triumphant over all!

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

We'll hear no more  
Ill-omened owl  
To joy we soar  
Despite your scowl!  
The echoes of our festival  
Shall rise triumphant over all!

**KATISHA:**

Prepare for woe  
Ye haughty lords  
At once I go  
Mikado-wards

**NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM & CHORUS:**

Away you go  
Collect your hordes;  
Proclaim your woe  
In dismal chords;

**YUM-YUM:**

We do not heed their dismal sound

**NANKI-POO:**

For joy reigns everywhere around

**YUM-YUM:**

We do not heed their dismal sound

**YUM-YUM & NANKI-POO:**

For joy reigns everywhere around

The echoes of our festival  
Shall rise triumphant over all!  
Shall rise triumphant over all!  
Triumphant over all!  
Shall rise triumphant over all!

**CHORUS:**

We'll hear no more, ill-omened owl  
To joy we soar, despite your scowl!  
To joy we soar  
To joy we soar, despite your scowl!

**KATISHA:**

My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned!

My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned!

My wrongs with vengeance shall be crowned!

**CHORUS:**

We do not heed their dismal sound

For joy reigns everywhere around!

We do not heed their dismal sound

For joy reigns everywhere around!

We do not heed their dismal sound

For joy reigns everywhere around!

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

**END OF ACT I**

## ACT II

*SCENE – Hospital Garden. YUM-YUM is 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.*

### Song 201 – Pitti-Sing and Chorus.

#### CHORUS:

Braid the raven hair  
Weave the supple tress  
Deck the maiden fair  
In her loveliness  
Paint the pretty face  
Dye the coral lip  
Emphasise the grace  
Of her ladyship!  
Art and nature, thus allied  
Go to make a pretty bride  
Art and nature, thus allied  
Go to make a pretty bride

#### PITTI-SING:

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  
Color, come and go!  
Modesty at marriage-tide  
Well becomes a pretty bride  
Modesty at marriage-tide  
Well becomes a pretty bride

#### CHORUS:

Braid the raven hair  
Weave the supple tress  
Deck the maiden fair  
In her loveliness  
Paint the pretty face  
Dye the coral lip  
Emphasise the grace  
Of her ladyship!  
Art and nature, thus allied  
Go to make a pretty bride  
Art and nature, thus allied  
Go to make a pretty bride

*Exit PITTI-SING, PEEP-BO, and CHORUS.*

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

**Song 202 - Yum-Yum**

**YUM-YUM:**

The sun, whose rays  
Are all ablaze  
With ever-living glory,  
Does not deny  
His majesty  
He scorns to tell a story!  
He don't exclaim,  
"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 he the sky  
We really know our worth,  
The sun and I!  
I mean to rule the earth,  
As he the sky  
We really know our worth,  
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,  
That placid dame,  
The moon's Celestial Highness;  
There's not a trace  
Upon her face  
Of diffidence 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!  
Ah, pray make no mistake,  
We are not shy;  
We're very wide awake,  
The moon and I!

*Enter PITTI-SING and PEEP-BO.*

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

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

**YUM-YUM:** In 'all but' perfection?

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

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

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

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

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

**PEEP-BO:** Cut short.

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

*Enter NANKI-POO, followed by GO-TO.*

**NANKI-POO:** Yum-Yum in tears – and on her wedding morn!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit PEEP-BO.*

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

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

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

**GOTO:** By all means. Let's – let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

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

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

*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*

**Song 203 – Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki-Poo and Go-To**

**YUM-YUM:**

Brightly dawns our wedding day;

**ALL:**

Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!  
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?  
Fickle moment, prithee stay!  
Fickle moment, prithee stay!

**GO-TO:**

What though mortal joys be hollow?

**PITTI-SING:**

Pleasures come, if sorrows follow!

<b>YUM-YUM:</b>	<b>NANKI-POO:</b>	<b>PITTI-SING &amp; GO-TO:</b>
Though the tocsin	Though the tocsin	Though the tocsin
sound	sound	sound
Ere long	Ere long	Ere long
	Ere long	Ding
Though the tocsin	Though the tocsin	Dong! Ding dong!
sound	Sound, ere long	Ding
Ere long	Sound, ere long	Dong! Ding dong!
Though the tocsin		
sound	Ding dong!	Ding dong!
Ere long	Ding dong!	Ding dong!

Ding dong!		
Ding dong!		

**ALL:**

Yet until the shadows fall  
Over one and over all

**YUM-YUM:**

Sing a merry madrigal

**ALL:**

Sing a merry madrigal  
Sing a merry madrigal  
Fa la la la la, etc  
*(Ending in tears)*

**YUM-YUM:**

Let us dry the ready tear

**ALL:**

Though the hours are surely creeping  
Little need for woeful weeping  
Till the sad sundown is near  
Till the sad sundown is near

**GO-TO:**

All must sip the cup of sorrow —

**PITTI-SING:**

I to-day and thou to-morrow

<b>YUM-YUM:</b>	<b>NANKI-POO:</b>	<b>PITTI-SING &amp; GO-TO:</b>
This the close of	This the close of	This the close of
Every song	Every	Every song
	Every song	Ding
This the close of	This the close of	Dong! Ding dong!
Every song	Every song	Ding
This the close of	This the close	Dong! Ding dong!

Every song		
Ding dong!	Ding dong!	Ding dong!
Ding dong!	Ding dong!	Ding dong!

**ALL:**

What, though solemn shadows fall  
Sooner, later, over all?

**YUM-YUM:**

Sing a merry madrigal

**ALL:**

Sing a merry madrigal  
Sing a merry madrigal  
Fa la la la la

*Exit PITTI-SING and GO-TO. NANKI-POO embraces YUM-YUM. Enter KO-KO. NANKI-POO releases YUM-YUM.*

**KO-KO:** Go on – don't mind me.

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

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

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

**KO-KO:** No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder.

**NANKI-POO:** Like that? (*He does so. KO-KO much affected.*)

**KO-KO:** I am much obliged to you. Now – kiss her! (*He does so. KO-KO writhes with anguish.*) Thank you – it's simple torture!

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

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

**NANKI-POO and YUM-YUM:** What do you mean?

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

**YUM-YUM:** (*Delighted.*) Was to have been?

**KO-KO:** Yes, you never can be mine!

**NANKI-POO:** (*In ecstasy.*) What!

**YUM-YUM:** (*In ecstasy.*) I'm so glad!

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

**NANKI-POO and YUM-YUM:** Buried alive!

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

**NANKI-POO:** But whom did you get that from?

**KO-KO:** Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my Solicitor.

**YUM-YUM:** But he may be mistaken!

**KO-KO:** So I thought; so I consulted the Head of Practice Management, the Chief Finance Office, the Head of Security, the Senior Administrator, and the Hospital Chaplin. They're all the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

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

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

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

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

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

**YUM-YUM:** It – makes a difference, doesn't it?

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

**YUM-YUM:** You see – burial alive – it's such a stuffy death!

**NANKI-POO:** I call it a beast of a death.

**YUM-YUM:** You see my difficulty, don't you?

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

**Song 204 – 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!  
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  
Witness my distress  
Here's a pretty mess!  
Here's a pretty mess!

**KO-KO:**

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

**YUM-YUM & 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 he says is true  
'Tis death to marry you!  
Here's a pretty state of things!  
Here's a pretty how-de-do!  
Here's a pretty state of things!  
A pretty state of things!

**KO-KO:**

With a passion that's intense  
You worship and adore  
But the laws of common sense  
You oughtn't to ignore  
If what I say is true  
'Tis death to marry you!  
Here's a pretty state of things!  
Here's a pretty how-de-do!  
Here's a pretty state of things!

A pretty state of things!

**YUM-YUM:**

Here's a how-de-do!

**NANKI-POO:**

Here's a how-de-do!

**KO-KO:**

Here's a how-de-do!

**YUM-YUM & NANKI-POO:**

For if what he says is true  
I cannot, cannot marry you  
Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!  
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

**KO-KO:**

For if what he says is true  
He cannot, cannot marry you  
Here's a pretty, pretty state of things!  
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

*Exit YUM-YUM.*

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** I quite see that.

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

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

**KO-KO:** Why so?

**NANKI-POO:** Today I die.

**KO-KO:** What do you mean?

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

**KO-KO:** No, no – pardon me – I can't allow that.

**NANKI-POO:** Why not?

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

**NANKI-POO:** It would certainly seem so!

*Enter POOH-BAH.*

**KO-KO:** Now then, Director, what is it?

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** Very well, then – behead me.

**KO-KO:** What, now?

**NANKI-POO:** Certainly; at once.

**POOH-BAH:** Chop it off! Chop it off!

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

**POOH-BAH:** Still, as Lord High Executioner –

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** What do you mean?

**KO-KO:** Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses – the Senior Budget Controller, Head of Operations, Head of Human Resources, Chief Financial Officer, Hospital Chaplin, Head of Security, Head of IT Security, Head of IT Purchasing, Head of Other Purchasing, Head of Other Heads and Head Chef.

**NANKI-POO:** But where are they?

**KO-KO:** There they are. They'll all swear to it – won't you? *(To POOH-BAH.)*

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum –

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

**YUM-YUM:** Not particularly.

**KO-KO:** You've five minutes to spare?

**YUM-YUM:** Yes.

**KO-KO:** Then go along with the Chaplin here; he'll marry you at once.

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** But one moment –

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

*Exit KO-KO. Enter procession, heralding MIKADO with KATISHA.*

**Song 205 – Chorus, Mikado and Katisha**

**CHORUS:**

Miya sama, miya sama  
On n'm-ma no mayé ni  
Pira-Pira suru no wa  
Nan gia na  
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

Miya sama, miya sama

On n'm-ma no mayé ni  
Pira-Pira suru no wa  
Nan gia na  
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

**MIKADO:**

From every kind of man  
Obedience I expect;  
I'm the Emperor of Japan —

**KATISHA:**

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

**MIKADO:**

My morals have been declared  
Particularly correct;

**KATISHA:**

But they're nothing at all, compared  
With those of his daughter-in-law elect!  
Bow — Bow —  
To his daughter-in-law elect!

**CHORUS:**

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

**MIKADO:**

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

**KATISHA:**

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

**MIKADO:**

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

**KATISHA:**

Is insignificant quite  
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect!  
Bow — Bow —  
To his daughter-in-law elect!

**CHORUS:**

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

**Song 206 – Mikado and Chorus**

**MIKADO:**

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 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 prosy dull society sinners  
Who chatter and bleat and bore  
Are sent to hear sermons  
From mystical Germans  
Who preach from ten till four  
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies  
All desire to shirk  
Shall, during off-hours  
Exhibit his powers  
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork

The lady who dyes a chemical yellow  
Or stains her grey hair puce  
Or pinches her figure  
Is backed like a nigga  
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  
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!

**CHORUS:**

His object all sublime  
He will 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!

**MIKADO:**

The advertising quack who wearies  
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 "ops"  
By Bach, interwoven  
With Spohr and Beethoven  
At classical Monday Pops

The billiard sharp who 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 fitless finger-stalls  
On a cloth untrue  
With a twisted cue  
And elliptical billiard balls!

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!

**CHORUS:**

His object all sublime  
He will 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!

*Enter POOH-BAH, KO-KO, and PITTI-SING. All kneel. POOH-BAH hands a paper to KO-KO.*

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

**MIKADO:** Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

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

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

**MIKADO:** And this is the certificate of his death. *(Reads.)* 'At South Cheshire Hospital Trust in the presence of the Chief Executive Office, Chairman of the Board, Chief Financial Officer, President, Chief Information Officer, and Senior Practice Manager –

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

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

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

**MIKADO:** Describe it.

**Song 207 – Ko-ko, Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah and Chorus**

**KO-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 guggled  
I drew my snickersnee  
My snickersnee!

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 snickersnee!

**CHORUS:**

We know him well  
He cannot tell  
Untrue or groundless tales —  
He always tries  
To utter lies  
And every time he fails

**PITTI-SING:**

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  
His vertebrae!

When a man's afraid  
A beautiful maid  
Is a cheering sight to see;  
And it's oh, I'm glad  
That moment sad  
Was soothed by sight of me!

**CHORUS:**

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

**POOH-BAH:**

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 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  
Of pedigree!

And it's oh, I vow  
This deathly bow  
Was a touching sight to see;  
Though trunkless, yet  
It couldn't forget  
The deference due to me!

**CHORUS:**

This haughty youth  
He speaks the truth  
Whenever he finds it pays:  
And in this case  
It all took place  
Exactly as he says!  
Exactly, exactly, exactly  
Exactly as he says!

*Exit CHORUS.*

**MIKADO:** All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the title of Mikado, bolted from our Imperial Court.

**KO-KO:** Indeed! Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

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

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

**KATISHA:** That's not true.

**POOH-BAH:** No!

**KATISHA:** You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. My face is unattractive!

**POOH-BAH:** It is.

**KATISHA:** 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.

**POOH-BAH:** Allow me!

**KATISHA:** It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

**KO-KO:** And yet he fled!

**MIKADO:** And is now masquerading in this hospital, disguised as a Locum Minstrel.

**KO-KO, POOH-BAH and PITTI-SING:** A Locum Minstrel!

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

**KATISHA:** Nanki-Poo.

**MIKADO:** Nanki-Poo.

**KO-KO:** It's quite easy. That is, it's rather difficult. In point of fact, he's gone abroad!

**MIKADO:** Gone abroad! His address.

**KO-KO:** Er, Japan?

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

**MIKADO:** What's the matter?

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

**MIKADO:** (*Looking at paper.*) Dear, dear, dear! This is very tiresome. (*To KO-KO.*) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes you have beheaded the heir to the title of Mikado!

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

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

**PITTI-SING:** We really hadn't the least notion –

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

**KO-KO:** We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty –

**PITTI-SING:** Much obliged, your Majesty.

**POOH-BAH:** Very much obliged your Majesty.

**MIKADO:** Obligated? Not a bit. Don't mention it. How could you tell?

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

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

**KO-KO:** It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but locums don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! Ha! Ha!

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

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

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

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

**MIKADO:** Of course –

**PITTI-SING:** I knew nothing about it.

**POOH-BAH:** I wasn't there.

**MIKADO:** That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of an Act says 'compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.' There's not a word about a mistake –

**KO-KO, PITTI-SING, and POOH-BAH:** No!

**MIKADO:** Or not knowing –

**KO-KO:** No!

**MIKADO:** Or having no notion –

**PITTI-SING:** No!

**MIKADO:** Or not being there –

**POOH-BAH:** No!

**MIKADO:** There should be, of course –

**KO-KO, PITTI-SING and POOH-BAH:** Yes!

**MIKADO:** But there isn't.

**KO-KO, PITTI-SING and POOH-BAH:** Oh!

**MIKADO:** That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session. Now, let's see about your execution – will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

**KO-KO, PITTI-SING and POOH-BAH:** Oh, yes – we can wait till then!

**MIKADO:** Then we'll make it after luncheon.

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

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

**Song 208 – Pitti-Sing, Katisha, Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah and Mikado**

**MIKADO:**

See how the Fates their gifts allot  
For A is happy, B is not  
Yet B is worthy, I dare say  
Of more prosperity than A

**KO-KO, POOH-BAH, & PITTI-SING:**

Is B more worthy?

**KATISHA:**

I should say  
He's worth a great deal more than A

**QUINTET:**

Yet A is happy!  
Oh, so happy!  
Laughing, Ha! ha!  
Chaffing, Ha! ha!  
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!  
Ever joyous, ever gay  
Happy, undeserving A!

**KO-KO, POOH-BAH, & PITTI-SING:**

If I were Fortune which I'm not  
B should enjoy A's happy lot  
And A should die in miserie  
That is, assuming I am B

**MIKADO & KATISHA:**

But should A perish?

**KO-KO, POOH-BAH, & PITTI-SING:**

That should he

Of course, assuming I am B

**QUINTET:**

B should be happy!  
Oh, so happy!  
Laughing, Ha! ha!  
Chaffing, Ha! ha!  
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha!  
But condemned to die is he  
Wretched meritorious B!

*Exit MIKADO and KATISHA.*

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

**POOH-BAH:** Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

**PITTI-SING:** Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

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

**POOH-BAH:** But how about your big right arm?

**PITTI-SING:** Yes, and your snickersnee!

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

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

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

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

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

**NANKI-POO:** My father! And with Katisha!

**KO-KO:** Yes, he wants you particularly.

**POOH-BAH:** So does she.

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

**KO-KO:** But, bless my heart! What has that to do with it?

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

**YUM-YUM:** You see our difficulty.

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

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

**KO-KO:** I marry Katisha!

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Song 209 – Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko with Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Pooh-Bah**

**NANKI-POO:**

The flowers that bloom in the spring  
Tra la  
Breathe promise of merry sunshine —  
As we merrily dance and we sing  
Tra la  
We welcome the hope that they bring  
Tra la  
Of a summer of roses and wine  
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  
Tra la la la la  
Tra la la la la  
The flowers that bloom in the spring

**YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANKI-POO & POOH-BAH:**

Tra la la la la  
Tra la la la la  
Tra la la la la la!

**KO-KO:**

The flowers that bloom in the spring  
Tra la  
Have nothing to do with the case  
I've got to take under my wing  
Tra la  
A most unattractive old thing  
Tra la  
With a caricature of a face  
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."  
Tra la la la la  
Tra la la la la  
"Oh, bother the flowers of spring."

**YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANKI-POO & POOH-BAH:**

Tra la la la la  
Tra la la la la  
*Tra la la la la la!*

*Dance and exit NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, POOH-BAH, PITTI-SING and KO-KO. Enter KATISHA.*

**Recitative**

**KATISHA:**

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!  
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 210 – Katisha**

**KATISHA:**

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 witnesseth  
The living I!  
The living I!

Oh, living I!  
Come, tell me why  
When hope is gone  
Dost thou stay on?

Why linger here  
Where all is drear?  
Oh, living I!  
Come, tell me why  
When hope is gone  
Dost thou stay on?  
May not a cheated maiden die?  
May not a cheated maiden die?

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

**KATISHA:** The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues – they are heating the cauldron!

**KO-KO:** Katisha – behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha – mercy!

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

**KO-KO:** (*Suddenly, and with great vehemence.*) Here! – Here!

**KATISHA:** What!!!

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

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

**KO-KO:** I do – accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

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

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

**Song 211 – Ko-Ko**

**KO-KO:**

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit  
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 slapped 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 plunged himself into the billowy 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 KATISHA has been greatly affected and, at the end, is almost in tears.*

**KATISHA:** *(Whimpering.)* Did he really die of love?

**KO-KO:** He really did.

**KATISHA:** All on account of a cruel little hen?

**KO-KO:** Yes.

**KATISHA:** Poor little chap!

**KO-KO:** It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

**KATISHA:** Did you? He must have been very fond of her.

**KO-KO:** His devotion was something extraordinary.

**KATISHA:** *(Still whimpering.)* Poor little chap! And – and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?

**KO-KO:** At once.

**KATISHA:** No, no – you mustn't! Anything but that! *(Falls on his breast.)* Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

**KO-KO:** *(Making a wry face.)* You are!

**KATISHA:** And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit bloodthirsty, will you?

**KO-KO:** Hate you? Oh, Katisha! Is there not beauty even in bloodthirstiness?

**KATISHA:** My idea exactly.

**Song 212 – Katisha and Ko-Ko**

**KATISHA:**

There is beauty in the bellow of the blast  
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale  
There is eloquent outpouring  
When the lion is a-roaring  
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!

**KO-KO:**

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

**KATISHA:**

Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim  
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts  
But to him who's scientific  
There's nothing that's terrific  
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!

**KO-KO:**

Yes, in spite of all my meekness  
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  
'Til day is done!

**KO-KO:**

There is beauty in extreme old age  
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?  
Information I'm requesting

On a subject interesting:  
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?

**KATISHA:**

Throughout this wide dominion  
It's the general opinion  
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough

**KO-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 frantic  
In a ruin that's romantic;  
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

**KATISHA:**

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  
'Til day is done!

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  
'Til day is done!

Sing derry down derry!  
We'll merrily marry  
Nor tardily tarry  
'Til day is done!

*Exit together. Enter the MIKADO, attended by PISH-TUSH and Court.*

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

**PISH-TUSH:** Your Majesty, all is prepared.

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

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

**KATISHA:** Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

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

**POOH-BAH:** Mercy even for Pooh-Bah.

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

**MIKADO:** Oh! You've not been long about it!

**KO-KO:** We were married before the Registrar.

**POOH-BAH:** I am the Registrar.

**MIKADO:** I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir Apparent –

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

**NANKI-POO:** The Heir Apparent is not slain.

**MIKADO:** Bless my heart, my son!

**YUM-YUM:** And your daughter-in-law elected!

**KATISHA:** *(Seizing KO-KO.)* Traitor, you have deceived me!

**MIKADO:** Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

**KO-KO:** Your Majesty, it's like this: It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo –

**MIKADO:** Yes, with most affecting particulars.

**POOH-BAH:** Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and –

**KO-KO:** Will you refrain from putting in your oar? *(To MIKADO.)* It's like this: When your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done', it's as good as done – practically, it is done – because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, 'Kill a gentleman', and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead – practically, he is dead – and if he is dead, why not say so?

**MIKADO:** I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

**Song 213 – Act Two Finale**

**PITTI-SING:**

For he's gone and married Yum-Yum —

**ALL:**

Yum-Yum!

**PITTI-SING:**

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

**ALL:**

Cumb — cumb

**PITTI-SING:**

And join our expressions of glee!

**KO-KO:**

On this subject I pray you be dumb —

**ALL:**

Dumb — dumb!

**KO-KO:**

Your notions, though many  
Are not worth a penny  
The word for your guidance is "Mum" —

**ALL:**

Mum — Mum!

**KO-KO:**

You've a very good bargain in me

**ALL:**

On this subject we pray you be dumb —  
Dumb — dumb!  
We think you had better succumb —  
Cumb — cumb!

You'll find there are many  
Who'll wed for a penny  
Who'll wed for a penny  
There are lots of good fish in the sea  
There are lots of good fish in the sea  
There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea  
There's lots of good fish, good fish in the sea  
In the sea, in the sea, in the sea, in the sea

**NANKI-POO:**

The threatened cloud has passed away

**YUM-YUM:**

And brightly shines the dawning day;

**NANKI-POO:**

What though the night may come too soon

**YUM-YUM:**

We've years and years of afternoon!

**YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, PITTI-SING, NANKI-POO, POOH-BAH & PISH-TUSH:**

Then let the throng  
Our joy advance  
With laughing song  
And merry dance  
Then let the throng  
Our joy advance  
With laughing song  
And merry dance  
With laughing song  
And merry dance  
With laughing song

**ALL:**

With joyous shout  
With joyous shout and ringing cheer  
Inaugurate, inaugurate their brief career!  
With joyous shout and ringing cheer  
Inaugurate their brief career!  
With joyous shout and ringing cheer  
Inaugurate their brief career!  
With song  
And dance  
With song and dance!

**CURTAIN**