

**The Best of Gilbert & Sullivan**  
**Libretto Naxos 8.111311-12**

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**H.M.S. Pinafore****We sail the ocean blue****Basses.**

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty;  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.

**All.**

When the balls whistle free  
O'er the bright blue sea,  
We stand to our guns all day;  
When at anchor we ride  
On the Portsmouth tide,  
We have plenty of time for play.

**Tenors.**

Ahoy! Ahoy!

Ahoy! Ahoy!

We stand to our guns, to our guns all day.

**Basses.**

The balls whistle free

Over the bright blue sea,

We stand to our guns, to our guns all day.

**All.**

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty;  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.  
Our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're attentive to our duty,  
We're sober men and true,  
We sail the ocean blue.

**Hail, Men-O Wars men / I'm called Little Buttercup****Buttercup.**

Hail, men-o'-war's men — safeguards of your nation  
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;  
You've got your pay — spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

I'm called Little Buttercup — dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why,  
But still I'm called Buttercup — poor little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup !!

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,  
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;  
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces

Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops;  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup — dear Little Buttercup;  
Sailors should never be shy;  
So, buy of your Buttercup — poor Little Buttercup;  
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

**My gallant crew good morning / I am the captain of the pinafore**

**Captain.**

My gallant crew, good morning!

**Chorus.**

Sir, good morning!

**Captain.**

I hope you're all quite well.

**Chorus.**

Quite well; and you, sir?

**Captain.**

I am in reasonable health, and happy  
To meet you all once more.

**Chorus.**

You do us proud, sir!

**Captain.**

I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*!

**Chorus.**

And a right good captain, too!

**Captain.**

You're very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
I command a right good crew.

**Chorus.**

We're very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
He commands a right good crew.

**Captain.**

Though related to a peer,  
I can hand, reef, and steer,  
And ship a selvagee;  
I am never known to quail  
At the fury of a gale,  
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

**Chorus.**

What, never?

**Captain.**

No, never!

**Chorus.**

What, never?

**Captain.**

Hardly ever!

**Chorus.**

He's hardly ever sick at sea!  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the Captain of the Pinafore!

**Captain.**

I do my best to satisfy you all —

**Chorus.**

And with you we're quite content.

**Captain.**

You're exceedingly polite,  
And I think it only right  
To return the compliment.

**Chorus.**

We're exceedingly polite,  
And he thinks it's only right  
To return the compliment.

**Captain.**

Bad language or abuse,  
I never, never use,  
Whatever the emergency;  
Though "bother it" I may  
Occasionally say,  
I never use a big, big D —

**Chorus.**

What, never?

**Captain.**

No, never!

**Chorus.**

What, never?

**Captain.**

Hardly ever!

**Chorus.**

Hardly ever swears a big, big D —  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore!  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,  
For the Captain of the Pinafore!

### **When I was a lad**

**Sir Joseph.**

When I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.

**Chorus.**

He polished up the handle of the big front door.

**Sir Joseph.**

I polished up that handle so carefuller  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Naveel!

**Chorus.**

He polished up that handle so carefuller,  
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Sir Joseph.**

As office boy I made such a mark  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand.

**Chorus.**

He copied all the letters in a big round hand.

**Sir Joseph.**

I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Chorus.**

He copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Sir Joseph.**

In serving writs I made such a name  
That an articled clerk I soon became;  
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit  
For the pass examination at the Institute.

**Chorus.**

For the pass examination at the Institute.

**Sir Joseph.**

That pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Chorus.**

That pass examination did so well for he,  
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Sir Joseph.**

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip  
That they took me into the partnership.  
And that junior partnership, I ween,  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

**Chorus.**

Was the only ship that he ever had seen.

**Sir Joseph.**

But that kind of ship so suited me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Chorus.**

But that kind of ship so suited he,  
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Sir Joseph.**

I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

**Chorus.**

He never thought of thinking for himself at all.

**Sir Joseph.**

I thought so little, they rewarded me  
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Chorus.**

He thought so little, they rewarded he  
By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**Sir Joseph.**

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.

**Chorus.**

Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.

**Sir Joseph.**

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

**Chorus.**

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

**Never mind the why and wherefore**

**Captain.**

Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though his lordship's station's mighty,  
Though stupendous be his brain,  
Though her tastes are mean and flighty  
And her fortune poor and plain,

**Captain & Sir Joseph.**

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild,  
For the union of his/my lordship  
With a humble captain's child!

**Captain.**

For a humble captain's daughter —

**Josephine.**

For a gallant captain's daughter —

**Sir Joseph.**

And a lord who rules the water —

**Josephine. (aside)**

And a tar who ploughs the water!

**All.**

Let the air with joy be laden,  
Rend with songs the air above,  
For the union of a maiden  
With the man who owns her love!

**Sir. Joseph.**

Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though your nautical relation  
In my set could scarcely pass,  
Though you occupy a station  
In the lower middle class —

**Captain & Sir Joseph.**

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild,  
For the union of his/my lordship  
With a humble captain's child!

**Captain.**  
 For a humble captain's daughter —

**Josephine.**  
 For a gallant captain's daughter —

**Sir Joseph.**  
 And a lord who rules the water —

**Josephine. (aside)**  
 And a tar who ploughs the water!

**All.**  
 Let the air with joy be laden,  
 Rend with songs the air above,  
 For the union of a maiden  
 With the man who owns her love!

**Josephine.**  
 Never mind the why and wherefore,  
 Love can level ranks, and therefore  
 I admit the jurisdiction;  
 Ably have you played your part;  
 You have carried firm conviction  
 To my hesitating heart.

**Captain & Sir Joseph.**  
 Ring the merry bells on board-ship,  
 Rend the air with warbling wild,  
 For the union of his/my lordship  
 With a humble captain's child!

**Captain.**  
 For a humble captain's daughter —

**Josephine.**  
 For a gallant captain's daughter —

**Sir Joseph.**  
 And a lord who rules the water —

**Josephine. (aside)**  
 And a tar who ploughs the water!

**Josephine. (aloud)**  
 Let the air with joy be laden.

**Captain & Sir Joseph.**  
 Ring the merry bells on board-ship,

**Josephine.**  
 For the union of a maiden —

**Captain & Sir Joseph.**  
 For her union with his/my lordship.

**All.**  
 Rend with songs the air above,  
 For the man who owns her love!  
 Rend with songs the air above,  
 For the man who owns her love!

**Pretty daughter of mine / He is an Englishman****Captain. (throwing off cloak)**

Hold!  
 Pretty daughter of mine,  
 I insist upon knowing  
 Where you may be going  
 With these sons of the brine.  
 For my excellent crew,  
 Though foes they could thump any,  
 Are scarcely fit company,  
 My daughter, for you.

**Crew.**

Now, hark at that, do!  
 Though foes we could thump any,  
 We are scarcely fit company  
 For a lady like you!

**Ralph.**

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!  
 Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,  
 For I have dared to love your matchless girl,  
 A fact well known to all my messmates here!

**Captain.**

Oh, horror!

**Josephine.**

He, humble, poor, and lowly born,  
 The meanest in the port division  
 The butt of epauletted scorn  
 The mark of quarter-deck derision  
 Has dared to raise his wormy eyes  
 Above the dust to which you'd mould him,  
 In manhood's glorious pride to rise,  
 He is an Englishman, behold him!

**Ralph.**

I, humble, poor, and lowly born,  
 The meanest in the port division  
 The butt of epauletted scorn  
 The mark of quarter-deck derision  
 Have dared to raise my wormy eyes  
 Above the dust to which you'd mould me,  
 In manhood's glorious pride to rise,  
 I am an Englishman, behold me!

**All.**

He is an Englishman!

**Boatswain.**

He is an Englishman!  
 For he himself has said it,  
 And it's greatly to his credit,  
 That he is an Englishman!

**All.**

That he is an Englishman!

**Boatswain.**

For he might have been a Roosian,  
 A French, or Turk, or Proosian,  
 Or perhaps Itali-an!

**All.**

Or perhaps Itali-an!

**Boatswain.**

But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!  
He remains an Englishman!

**All.**

For in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!  
He remains an Englishman!

**Captain.**

In uttering a reprobation  
To any British tar,  
I try to speak with moderation,  
But you have gone too far.  
I'm very sorry to disparage  
A humble foremast lad,  
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,  
Why, damme, it's too bad!

**All.** Oh!

**Captain.** Yes, damme, it's too bad!

**All.** Oh!

**Captain & Dick.** Yes, damme, it's too bad!

**Hebe.**

Did you hear him —  
Did you hear him?  
Oh, the monster overbearing,  
Don't go near him —  
Don't go near him —  
He is swearing —  
He is swearing!

**Ladies.**

He said  
damme, He said  
damme, Yes, He said  
damme, He said  
damme, He said  
damme,  
Yes, damme.

**Sailors.**

He said damme,  
He said damme, Yes,  
He said damme,  
damme, damme,  
damme, damme,  
Yes, damme.

**Sir Joseph.**

My pain and my distress,  
I find it is not easy to express;  
My amazement, my surprise,  
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

**Captain.**

My lord — one word — the facts are not before you,  
The word was injudicious, I allow.  
But hear my explanation, I implore you,  
And you will be indignant too, I vow!

**Sir Joseph.**

I will hear of no defense,  
Attempt none if you're sensible.  
That word of evil sense,  
Is wholly indefensible.  
Go, ribald, get you hence  
To your cabin with celerity.  
This is the consequence  
Of ill-advised asperity!

**All.**

This is the consequence,  
Of ill-advised asperity!

**Sir Joseph.**

For I'll teach you all, ere long,  
To refrain from language strong,  
For I haven't any sympathy with ill-bred taunts!

**Hebe.**

No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

**All.**

No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts,  
No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts,  
His cousins, nor his sisters,  
Whom he reckons up by dozens, or his aunts!  
For he is an Englishman!  
For he himself has said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
That he is an Englishman!  
That he is an Englishman!

**Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen / Finale**

**Josephine, Hebe, Ralph & Dick.**

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,  
The clouded sky is now serene,  
The god of day — the orb of love,  
Has hung his ensign high above,  
The sky is all ablaze.  
With wooing words and loving song  
We'll/They'll chase the lagging hours along,  
And if I/he find(s) the maiden coy,  
We'll murmur forth decorous joy  
In dreamy roundelays

**Captain.**

For he's the Captain of the Pinafore.

**Men.**

And a right good captain too!

**Captain.**

And though before my fall  
I was captain of you all,  
I'm a member of the crew.

**Men.**

And though before his fall  
He was captain of us all,  
He's a member of the crew.

**Captain.**

I shall marry with a wife,  
In my humble rank of life!  
And you, my own, are she.  
I must wander to and fro;  
But wherever I may go,  
I shall never be untrue to thee!

**Men.**

What, never?

**Captain.**

No, never!

**Men.**

What, never!

**Captain.**

Hardly ever!

**Men.**

Hardly ever be untrue to thee.  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
For the former Captain of the Pinafore.  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
For the Captain of the Pinafore.

**Buttercup.**

For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,  
Though he could never tell why;  
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

**Chorus.**

For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,  
Though he could never tell why;  
But still he loves Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

**Sir Joseph.**

I'm the monarch of the sea,  
And when I've married thee  
I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

**Hebe.**

Then good-bye to your sisters,  
and your cousins, and your aunts,  
Especially your cousins,  
Whom you reckon up by dozens,

**All.**

Then good-bye to your sisters,  
And your cousins, and your aunts.  
Especially your cousins,  
Whom you reckon up by dozens, and your aunts!

For he is an Englishman,  
And he himself hath said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
That he is an Englishman!  
That he is an Englishman!

**Patience****I cannot tell what this love may be**

I cannot tell what this love may be  
 That cometh to all but not to me.  
 It cannot be kind as they'd imply,  
 Or why do these ladies sigh?  
 It cannot be joy and rapture deep,  
 Or why do these gentle ladies weep?  
 It cannot be blissful as 'tis said,  
 Or why are their eyes so wondrous red?

Though ev'rywhere true love I see  
 A-coming to all, but not to me,  
 I cannot tell what this love may be!

For I am blithe and I am gay,  
 While they sit sighing night and day.

**Patience.**

For I am blithe and I am gay,  
 Think of the gulf `twixt them and me,  
 Think of the gulf `twixt them and me,  
 Fal la  
 La la la la la la la la la la la la,  
 and miserie!

**Maidens.**

Yes, she is blithe and she is gay,  
 for she is blithe  
 and gay, for she is blithe  
 and gay.

Ah, miserie!

**Patience.**

If love is a thorn, they show no wit  
 Who foolishly hug and foster it.  
 If love is a weed, how simple they  
 Who gather it, day by day!  
 If love is a nettle that makes you smart,  
 Then why do you wear it next your heart?  
 And if it be none of these, say I,  
 Ah, why do you sit and sob and sigh?

Though ev'rywhere true love I see  
 A-coming to all, but not to me,  
 I cannot tell what this love may be!

For I am blithe and I am gay,  
 While they sit sighing night and day.

**Patience.**

For I am blithe and I am gay,  
 Think of the gulf `twixt them and me,  
 Think of the gulf `twixt them and me,  
 Fal la  
 La la la la la la la la la la la la,  
 and miserie!

**Maidens.**

Yes, she is blithe and she is gay,  
 for she is blithe  
 and gay, for she is blithe  
 and gay.

Ah, miserie!

**When I first put this uniform on****Colonel.**

When I first put this uniform on,  
 I said, as I looked in the glass,  
     "It's one to a million  
     That any civilian  
 My figure and form will surpass.  
 Gold lace has a charm for the fair,  
 And I've plenty of that, and to spare,  
     While a lover's professions,  
     When uttered in Hessians,  
     Are eloquent ev'rywhere!"  
 A fact that I counted upon,  
 When I first put this uniform on!

**Dragoons.**

By a simple coincidence, few  
 Could ever have counted upon,  
 The same thing occurred to me,  
 When I first put this uniform on!

**Colonel.**

I said, when I first put it on,  
 "It is plain to the veriest dunce,  
     That every beauty  
     Will feel it her duty  
 To yield to its glamour at once.  
 They will see that I'm freely gold-laced  
 In a uniform handsome and chaste" —  
     But the peripatetics  
     Of long-haired aesthetics  
 Are very much more to their taste —  
     Which I never counted upon,  
 When I first put this uniform on!

**Dragoons.**

By a simple coincidence, few  
 Could ever have counted upon,  
 I didn't anticipate that,  
 When I first put this uniform on!

**Am I alone? If you're anxious for to shine****Bunthorne.**

Am I alone,  
 And unobserved? I am!

Then let me own  
 I'm an aesthetic sham!

This air severe  
Is but a mere  
Veneer!

This cynic smile  
Is but a wile  
Of guile!

This costume chaste  
Is but good taste  
Misplaced!

Let me confess!

A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!  
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!  
I do *not* care for dirty greens  
By any means.

I do *not* long for all one sees  
That's Japanese.  
I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes  
In stained-glass attitudes.  
In short, my mediaevalism's affectation,  
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line  
as a man of culture rare,  
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms,  
and plant them ev'rywhere.  
You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases  
of your complicated state of mind,  
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter  
of a transcendental kind.

And ev'ry one will say,  
As you walk your mystic way,  
"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,  
Why, what a very singularly deep young man  
this deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days  
which have long since passed away,  
And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne  
was Culture's palmiest day.  
Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new,  
and declare it's crude and mean,  
For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.

And ev'ryone will say,  
As you walk your mystic way,  
"If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,  
Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth  
this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion  
 must excite your languid spleen,  
 An attachment a la Plato for a bashful young potato,  
 or a not- too-French French bean!  
 Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle  
 in the high aesthetic band,  
 If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily  
 in your medieval hand.

And ev'ryone will say,  
 As you walk your flow'ry way,  
 "If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me,  
 Why, what a most particularly pure young man  
 this pure young man must be!"

**A magnet hung in hardware shop**

**Grosvenor.**

A magnet hung in a hardware shop,  
 And all around was a loving crop  
 Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,  
 Offering love for all their lives;  
 But for iron the magnet felt no whim,  
 Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him;  
 From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,  
 For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!

**Maidens.**

A Silver Churn!

**Grosvenor.**

A Silver Churn!

His most aesthetic,  
 Very magnetic  
 Fancy took this turn —  
 "If I can wheedle  
 A knife or a needle,  
 Why not a Silver Churn?"

**Maidens.**

His most aesthetic,  
 Very magnetic  
 Fancy took this turn —  
 "If I can wheedle  
 A knife or a needle,  
 Why not a Silver Churn?"

**Grosvenor.**

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,  
 The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,  
 The penknives felt "shut up", no doubt,  
 The scissors declared themselves "cut out",

The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,  
 While ev'ry nail went off its head,  
 And hither and thither began to roam,  
 Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

**Maidens.**

It drove them home?

**Grosvenor.**

It drove them home!

While this magnetic,  
 Peripatetic  
 Lover he lived to learn,  
 By no endeavour  
 Can magnet ever  
 Attract a Silver Churn!

**Maidens.**

While this magnetic,  
 Peripatetic  
 Lover he lived to learn,

**Grosvenor & Maidens**

By no endeavour  
 Can magnet ever  
 Attract a Silver Churn!

**So go to him a say to him**

**Jane.**

So go to him and say to him, with compliment ironical —

**Bunthorne.**

Sing "Hey to you —  
 Good-day to you" —  
 And that's what I shall say!

**Jane.**

"Your style is much too sanctified —  
 your cut is too canonical" —

**Bunthorne.**

Sing "Bah to you —  
 Ha! ha! to you" —  
 And that's what I shall say!

**Jane.**

"I was the beau ideal of the morbid young aesthetical —  
 To doubt my inspiration was regarded as heretical —  
 Until you cut me out with your placidity emetical."

**Bunthorne.**

Sing "Hey to you —  
 Good-day to you" —  
 And that's what I shall say!  
 Sing "Booh to you —  
 Pooh, pooh to you" —  
 And that's what I shall say!

**Jane.**

Sing "Hey to you — good-day to you" —  
 Sing "Bah to you — ha! ha! to you" —  
 Sing "Booh to you — pooh, pooh to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!  
 Sing "Hey to you — good-day to you" —  
 Sing "Bah to you — ha! ha! to you" —  
 Sing "Booh to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!

"Bah,

bah."

And that's what you should say!

"Booh,

booh,"

And that's what you should say!

**Bunthorne.**

"Hey,  
 Good-day  
 Bah,  
 ha! ha!  
 Booh,  
 pooh-pooh,  
 Bah.  
 And that's what I shall say!

"Booh,

booh."

And that's what I shall say!

"Bah,

bah,"

And that's what I shall say!

**Bunthorne.**

I'll tell him that unless he will consent to be more jocular —

**Jane.**

Sing "Booh to you —  
 Pooh, pooh to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!

**Bunthorne.**

To cut his curly hair, and stick an eyeglass in his ocular —

**Jane.**

Sing "Bah to you —  
 Ha! ha! to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!

**Bunthorne.**

To stuff his conversation full of quibble and of quiddity,  
 To dine on chops and roly-poly pudding with avidity —  
 He'd better clear the way with all convenient rapidity.

**Jane.**

Sing "Hey to you —  
 Good-day to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!

**Bunthorne.**

Sing "Booh to you —  
 Pooh, pooh to you" —  
 And that's what I shall say!

**Jane.**

Sing "Hey to you — good-day to you" —  
 Sing "Bah to you — ha! ha! to you" —  
 Sing "Booh to you — pooh, pooh to you" —  
 And that's what you should say!  
 Sing "Hey to you — good-day to you" —

**Bunthorne.**

"Hey,  
 Good-day  
 Bah,  
 ha! ha!  
 Booh,

Sing "Bah to you — ha! ha! to you" —

Sing "Booh to you" —

And that's what you should say!

"Bah,

bah."

And that's what you should say!

"Booh,

booh,"

And that's what you should say!

pooh-pooh,

Bah.

And that's what I shall say!

"Booh,

booh."

And that's what I shall say!

"Bah,

bah,"

And that's what I shall say!

**If Saphir I choose to marry**

**Duke.**

If Saphir I choose to marry,  
I shall be fixed up for life;  
Then the Colonel need not tarry,  
Angela can be his wife.

**Major.**

In that case unprecedented,  
Single I shall live and die —  
I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

**All.**

He/I will have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die —  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

**Duke.**

If on Angy I determine,  
At my wedding she'll appear,  
Decked in diamond and ermine.  
Major then can take Saphir!

**Colonel.**

In that case unprecedented,  
Single I shall live and die —  
I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

**All.**

He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die —  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

**Duke.**

After some debate internal,  
If on neither I decide,  
Saphir then can take the Colonel,  
Angy be the Major's bride!

**Duke.**

In that case unprecedented,  
Single I must live and die —  
I shall have to be contented  
With their heartfelt sympathy!

**All.**

He will have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

In that case unprecedented,  
Single he/I will/shall live and die —  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!  
He/I will/shall have to be contented  
With our/their heartfelt sympathy!

**The Sorcerer****My name is John Wellington Wells****Mr. Wells.**

My name is John Wellington Wells,  
 I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
 In blessings and curses  
 And ever-filled purses,  
 In prophecies, witches, and knells.

If you want a proud foe to "make tracks" –  
 If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax –  
 You've but to look in  
 On the resident Djinn,  
 Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

We've a first-class assortment of magic;  
 And for raising a posthumous shade  
 With effects that are comic or tragic,  
 There's no cheaper house in the trade.  
 Love-philtre – we've quantities of it;  
 And for knowledge if any one burns,  
 We're keeping a very small prophet, a prophet  
 Who brings us unbounded returns:  
 For he can prophesy  
 With a wink of his eye,  
 Peep with security  
 Into futurity,  
 Sum up your history,  
 Clear up a mystery,  
 Humour proclivity  
 For a nativity – for a nativity;

He has answers oracular,  
 Bogies spectacular,  
 Tetrapods tragical,  
 Mirrors so magical,  
 Facts astronomical,  
 Solemn or comical,  
 And, if you want it, he  
 Makes a reduction on taking a quantity!

Oh!  
 If any one anything lacks,  
 He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
 If he'll only look in  
 On the resident Djinn,  
 Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

He can raise you hosts  
 Of ghosts,

And that without reflectors;  
And creepy things  
With wings,  
And gaunt and grisly spectres.  
He can fill you crowds  
Of shrouds,  
And horrify you vastly;  
He can rack your brains with chains,  
And gibberings grim and ghastly!

Then, if you plan it, he  
Changes organity,  
With an urbanity,  
Full of Satanity,  
Vexes humanity  
With an inanity  
Fatal to vanity –  
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity!

Barring tautology,  
In demonology,  
'Lectro-biology,  
Mystic nosology,  
Spirit philology,  
High-class astrology,  
Such is his knowledge, he  
Isn't the man to require an apology!

Oh!  
My name is John Wellington Wells,  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
In blessings and curses  
And ever-filled purses,  
In prophecies, witches, and knells.  
And if any one anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
On the resident Djinn,  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

**Ruddigore****I know a youth who loves a little maid****Robin.**

I know a youth who loves a little maid –  
 (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)  
 Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid –  
 (Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)

**Rose.**

I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,  
 (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)  
 She cannot tell him all the sad, sad truth –  
 (Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

**Robin.**

Poor little man!

**Rose.**

Poor little maid!

**Robin.**

Poor little man!

**Rose.**

Poor little maid!

**Rose.**

Now tell me pray, and tell me true,  
 What in the world should the maiden do?

**Robin.**

Now tell me pray, and tell me true, What in the  
 world should the young man do?

**Robin.**

He cannot eat and he cannot sleep –  
 (Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)  
 Daily he goes for to wail – for to weep –  
 (Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)

**Rose.**

She's very thin and she's very pale –  
 (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)  
 Daily she goes for to weep – for to wail –  
 (Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

**Robin.**

Poor little maid!

**Rose.**

Poor little man!

**Robin.**

Poor little maid!

**Rose.**

Poor little man!

**Rose.**

Now tell me pray, and tell me true,  
 What in the world should the maiden do?

**Robin.**

Now tell me pray, and tell me true, What in the world  
 should the young man do?

**Rose.**

If I were the youth I should offer her my name –  
 (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

**Robin.**

If were the maid I should fan his honest flame –  
(Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)

**Rose.**

If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day –  
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

**Robin.**

If I were the maid I would meet the lad half way –  
(For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)

**Rose.**

Poor little man!

**Robin.**

Poor little maid!

**Rose.**

Poor little man!

**Robin.**

Poor little maid!

**Rose.**

I thank you, sir, for your counsel true;  
I'll tell that maid what she ought to do!

**Robin.**

I thank you, miss, for your counsel true;  
I'll tell that youth what he ought to do!

**When the buds are blossoming**

**Rose.**

When the buds are blossoming,  
Smiling welcome to the spring,  
Lovers choose a wedding day –  
Life is love in merry May!  
Life is love, life is love in merry May!

**Sopranos.**

Spring is green –

Summer's rose –

**Tenors.**

Autumn's gold,

Winter's grey,

**Principals.**

Fa la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la!  
It is sad when summer goes,  
Fa la la la la la!  
Fa la!

Fa la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la!  
Winter still is far away,  
Far away —  
Fa la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la!

**Sopranos.**

Leaves in autumn fade and fall,  
Winter is the end of all.  
Fa la la la  
la la la la  
la la la la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la la!

**Altos, Tenors & Basses.**

Leaves in autumn fade and fall,  
Winter is the end of all.  
Spring and summer teem with glee:  
Spring and summer, then, for me!  
Fa la la la la la la la!  
Fa la! Fa la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la la!

**Hannah.**

In the spring-time seed is sown:  
In the summer grass is mown:  
In the autumn you may reap:  
Winter is the time for sleep,  
Winter is the time for sleep.

**Sopranos.**

Spring is hope –

Summer's joy –

**Tenors.**

Autumn, toil –

Winter, rest –

**Principals.**

Fa la la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la!  
Spring and summer never cloy.  
Fa la la la la la!  
Fa la!

Fa la la la la la la la!

Fa la la la la la la la!  
Winter, after all, is best,  
After all –  
Fa la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la la!

**Sopranos.**

Spring and summer pleasure you,  
Autumn, aye, and winter too –  
Fa la la la  
la la la la  
la la la la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la la la la!

**Altos, Tenors & Basses.**

Spring and summer pleasure you,  
Autumn, aye, and winter too –  
Every season has its cheer,  
Life is lovely all the year!  
Fa la la la la la la la!  
Fa la! Fa la la la la!  
Fa la la la la la la la la!

**When the night wind howls**

**Sir Roderic.**

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowls, and the bat in the moonlight flies,  
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight skies –  
When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail, and black dogs bay at the moon,  
Then is the spectres' holiday – then is the ghosts' high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic.**

For then is the ghosts' high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic & Ghosts.**

High noon,  
then is the ghosts' high noon!

**Sir Roderic.**

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees, and the mists lie low on the fen,

From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were women and men,  
And away they go, with a mop and a mow, to the revel that ends too soon,  
For cockcrow limits our holiday – the dead of the night's high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic.**

The dead of the night's high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic & Ghosts.**

High noon, the dead of the night's high-noon!

**Sir Roderic.**

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds takes flight,  
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly grim "good-night";  
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth its jolliest tune,  
And ushers in our next high holiday – the dead of the night's high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic.**

The dead of the night's high-noon!

**Ghosts.**

Ha! ha!

**Sir Roderic.**

High noon,  
the dead of the night's high-noon! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

### **My eyes are fully open**

**Sir Ruthven.**

My eyes are fully open to my awful situation –  
I shall go at once to Roderic and make him an oration.  
I shall tell him I've recovered my forgotten moral senses,  
And I don't care twopence-halfpenny for any consequences.  
Now I do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger,  
But a martyr may indulge a little pardonable swagger,  
And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter,  
But I've got to die tomorrow, so it really doesn't matter!

**Margaret.**

**Despard.**

So it really doesn't matter –  
matter, matter, matter, matter,  
So it really doesn't matter,

So it really doesn't matter,  
matter, matter, matter, matter,  
So it really doesn't matter,  
matter, matter, matter, matter,

**Sir Ruthven.**

So it really doesn't matter,

**Despard.**

So it really doesn't matter,

**All.**

So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

**Sir Ruthven & Despard.**

matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,  
matter, matter, matter, matter,...

**Margaret.**

If were not a little mad and generally silly

I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy-nilly;  
 I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,  
 And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion.  
 On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter,  
 Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better,  
 But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter,  
 So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my opinion doesn't matter!

**Sir Ruthven.**

**Despard.**

Her opinion  
 doesn't  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 Her opinion  
 doesn't  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,

Her opinion doesn't matter,

matter, matter, matter, matter,

Her opinion doesn't matter,

**Margaret.**

My opinion doesn't matter –

**Despard.**

Her opinion doesn't matter–

**All.**

Her opinion doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

**Margaret & Sir Ruthven.**

matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,  
 matter, matter, matter, matter,...

**Despard.**

If I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother  
 Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another –  
 Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring  
 (Which is just the very favour which on you I am conferring),  
 My existence would have made a rather interesting idyll,  
 And I might have lived and died a very decent indiwiddle.  
 This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter  
 Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter!

**Margaret.**

**Sir Ruthven.**

If it is it doesn't matter,  
 matter, matter, matter, matter,  
 If it is it doesn't matter,

If it is it  
 doesn't  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 If it is it  
 doesn't  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,  
 matter,

**AII.**

This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter  
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter,  
This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter  
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter,  
matter, matter, matter, matter, matter,  
matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

**Princess Ida****If you give me your attention****King Gama.**

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:  
 I'm a genuine philanthropist — all other kinds are sham.  
 Each little fault of temper and each social defect  
 In my erring fellow-creatures, I endeavour to correct.  
 To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes;  
 And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;  
 I love my fellow creatures — I do all the good I can —  
 Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!  
 And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply;  
 And vanity I always do my best to mortify;  
 A charitable action I can skillfully dissect;  
 And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;  
 I know ev'rybody's income and what ev'rybody earns;  
 And I carefully compare it with the income-tax returns;  
 But to benefit humanity however much I plan,  
 Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!  
 And I can't think why!

I'm sure I'm no ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be;  
 You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee,  
 I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,  
 I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.  
 To ev'rybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;  
 I can tell a woman's age in half a minute — and I do.  
 But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,  
 Yet ev'rybody says I'm am a disagreeable man!  
 And I can't think why!

**Chorus.**

He can't think why!

**Gama & Chorus.**

I/He can't think why!

**The Gondoliers****We're called Goldolieri****Marco & Giuseppe.**

We're called gondolieri,  
 But that's a vagary,  
 It's quite honorary  
 The trade that we ply.  
 For gallantry noted  
 Since we were short-coated,  
 To beauty devoted,  
 Giuseppe\Are Marco and I;

**Marco.**

When morning is breaking,  
 Our couches forsaking,  
 To greet their awaking  
 With carols we come.  
 At summer day's nooning,  
 When weary lagooning,  
 Our mandolins  
 tuning,  
 We la-  
 zily thrum.  
 Tra la, la, la, etc.  
 Tra la, la, la, etc.  
 Tra la, la, la, etc.

**Marco.**

When vespers are ringing,  
 To hope ever clinging,  
 With songs of our singing  
 A vigil we keep,  
 When daylight is fading,  
 Enwrapped in night's shading,  
 With soft serenading  
 We sing them to sleep.  
 With soft serena-  
 ding  
 We sing them to sleep.  
 With soft serenading  
 We sing them to sleep.

**Marco.**

We're called gondolieri,  
 But that's a vagary.  
 Gondolieri, gondolieri,  
 Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,  
 Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Gondolieri, gondolieri,  
 Tra la, la, la, la,  
 Tra la!  
 Tra la!

**Giuseppe.**

When morning is breaking,  
 Our couches forsaking,  
 To greet their awaking  
 With carols we come.  
 At summer day's nooning,  
 When weary lagooning,  
 Our mandolins tuning,  
 We lazily thrum.  
 Our mandolins tuning,  
 We lazily, lazily thrum.  
 Our mandolins tuning,  
 We lazily thrum.  
 Tra la, la, la, etc.

**Giuseppe.**

When vespers are ringing,  
 To hope ever clinging,  
 With songs of our singing  
 A vigil we keep,  
 When daylight is fading,  
 Enwrapped in night's shading,  
 With soft serenading  
 We sing them to sleep.  
 We sing them  
 We sing them to sleep.  
 With soft serenading  
 We sing them to sleep.

**Giuseppe.**

Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,  
 Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la!  
 Gondolieri, gondolieri,  
 Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,  
 Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Gondolieri, gondolieri,  
 Tra la, la, la, la,  
 Tra la!  
 Tra la!

**When a merry maiden marries****Tessa.**

When a merry maiden marries,  
 Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;  
 Every sound becomes a song,  
 All is right, and nothing's wrong!  
 From to-day and ever after  
 Let our tears be tears of laughter.  
 Every sigh that finds a vent  
 Be a sigh of sweet content!  
 When you marry, merry maiden,  
 Then the air with love is laden;  
 Every flower is a rose,  
 Every goose becomes a swan,  
 Every kind of trouble goes  
 Where the last year's snows have gone!

**Tessa.**

Sunlight takes the place of shade  
 When you marry, merry maid!

Every sound becomes a song,  
 All is right, and nothing's wrong!

**Tessa.**

When a merry maiden marries,  
 Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;  
 Every sound becomes a song,  
 All is right, and nothing's wrong.  
 Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow,  
 Get ye gone until to-morrow;  
 Jealousies in grim array,  
 Ye are things of yesterday!  
 When you marry, merry maiden,  
 Then the air with joy is laden;  
 All the corners of the earth  
 Ring with music sweetly played,  
 Worry is melodious mirth,  
 Grief is joy in masquerade;

**Tessa.**

Sullen night is laughing day —  
 Ah!  
 All the year is merry May!  
 All the year is merry May!  
 Merry, merry May, merry, merry May,  
 All the year is merry,  
 merry May!

**Chorus.**

Sullen night is laughing day —  
 All the year is merry May!  
 All is merry May!  
 Merry, merry May,  
 is May!

**Now Marco dear my wishes hear****Gianetta.**

Now, Marco dear,  
 My wishes hear:  
 While you're away  
 It's understood  
 You will be good  
 And not too gay.  
 To every trace  
 Of maiden grace  
 You will be blind,  
 And will not glance  
 By any chance  
 On womankind!

If you are wise,  
 You'll shut your eyes  
 Till we arrive,  
 And not address  
 A lady less  
 Than forty-five.  
 You'll please to frown  
 On every gown  
 That you may see;  
 And, O my pet,  
 You won't forget  
 You've married me!

And O my darling, O my pet,  
 Whatever else you may forget,  
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
 Do not forget,  
 Do not forget you've married me!

**Tessa.**

You'll lay your head  
 Upon your bed  
 At set of sun.  
 You will not sing  
 Of anything  
 To any one.  
 You'll sit and mope  
 All day, I hope,  
 And shed a tear  
 Upon the life  
 Your little wife  
 Is passing here.

And if so be  
 You think of me,  
 Please tell the moon!  
 I'll read it all  
 In rays that fall

On the lagoon:  
 You'll be so kind  
 As tell the wind  
 How you may be,  
 And send me words  
 By little birds  
 To comfort me!

And O my darling, O my pet,  
 Whatever else you may forget,  
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
 Do not forget you've married me!

**Gianetta, Tessa, Marco & Giuseppe.**

O my darling, O my pet,  
 Whatever else you may forget,  
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
 Do/We'll not forget,  
 Do/We'll not forget you've married me!  
 O my darling, O my pet,  
 In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
 Do/We'll not forget you've married me/ye!

**Take a pair of sparkling eyes**

**Marco.**

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,  
 Hidden, ever and anon,  
 In a merciful eclipse —  
 Do not heed their mild surprise —  
 Having passed the Rubicon,  
 Take a pair of rosy lips;  
 Take a figure trimly planned —  
 Such as admiration whets —  
 (Be particular in this);  
 Take a tender little hand,  
 Fringed with dainty fingerettes,  
 Press it, press it — in parenthesis; —  
 Ah! Take all these, you lucky man —  
 Take and keep them, if you can,  
 If you can!  
 Take all these, you lucky man--  
 Take and keep them, if you can,  
 If you can!  
 Take a pretty little cot —  
 Quite a miniature affair —  
 Hung about with trellised vine,  
 Furnish it upon the spot  
 With the treasures rich and rare  
 I've endeavour'd to define.  
 Live to love and love to live —  
 You will ripen at your ease,  
 Growing on the sunny side —  
 Fate has nothing more to give.  
 You're a dainty man to please

If you're not satisfied, not satisfied.  
 Ah! Take my counsel, happy man;  
     Act upon it, if you can  
     If you can!  
 Take my counsel, happy man;  
     Act upon it, if you can,  
     If you can!  
 Take my counsel, happy man;  
     Act upon it, if you can,  
     If you can, if you can,  
     Act upon it, if you can,  
     Happy man, if you can!

### **Dance a Cachucha**

#### **Chorus.**

Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,  
 Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —  
 For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances  
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!  
     To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter,  
     And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter,  
         Clitter, clitter, clatter,  
         Pitter, pitter, patter,  
         Clitter, clitter, clatter,  
         Clitter, clitter, clatter —  
     To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter,  
     And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter,  
         Pitter, pitter, pitter,  
         Patter, patter, patter,  
         Patter, we'll dance.  
 Old Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —  
 Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances  
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances,  
     That wildest of dances,  
     The reckless delight!  
 Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,  
 Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —  
 For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances  
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!  
 Old Xeres we'll drink — Manzanilla, Montero —  
 Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances  
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances,  
 The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!

### **In a contemplative fashion**

#### **All.**

In a contemplative fashion,  
 And a tranquil frame of mind,  
 Free from every kind of passion,  
 Some solution let us find.  
 Let us grasp the situation,

Solve the complicated plot —  
 Quiet, calm deliberation  
 Disentangles every knot.

**Tessa.**

I, don't doubt, Giuseppe wedded —  
 That's, of course, a slice of luck  
 He is rather dunder-headed.  
 Still distinctly, he's a duck.

**Gianetta.**

I, a victim, too, of Cupid,  
 Marco married — that is clear.  
 He's particularly stupid,  
 Still distinctly, he's a dear.

**Marco.**

To Gianetta I was mated;  
 I can prove it in a trice:  
 Though her charms are overrated,  
 Still I own she's rather nice.

**Giuseppe.**

I to Tessa, willy-nilly,  
 All at once a victim fell.  
 She is what is called a silly,  
 Still she answers pretty well.  
 She's a silly, still she answers pretty  
 well.

**Marco.**

Now when we were pretty babies  
 Some one married us, that's clear —

**Gianetta.**

And if I can catch her  
 I'll pinch her and scratch her  
 And send her away with a flea in her  
 ear.

**Giuseppe.**

He whom that young lady married,  
 To receive her can't refuse.

**Tessa.**

If I overtake her  
 I'll warrant I'll make her  
 To shake in her aristocratical shoes!

**Gianetta.** (to Tessa)

If she married your Giuseppe  
 You and he will have to part —

**Tessa.** (to Gianetta)

If I have to do it  
 I'll warrant she'll rue it —  
 I'll teach her to marry the man of my  
 heart!

If she married Messer Marco  
 You're a spinster,

The others.

In a contempla-  
 tive fashion, And  
 a tranquil frame  
 of mind,

Free from every  
 kind  
 of passion, Some  
 solution let  
 us find.

Let us grasp the  
 sit-  
 uation, Solve  
 the complica-  
 ted plot —

Quiet, calm deli-  
 beration Dis-  
 entangles ev-  
 'ry knot!

The others.

In a contempla-  
 fashion, And

a tran-  
 quil frame  
 mind, Free

from every kind  
 of passion, Some

solution  
 let us  
 find. Let

us grasp the sit-  
 situation, Solve

the compli-  
 cated  
 plot — Quiet,

delibe-  
 ration Dis-

**Gianetta.** (to Tessa)

No matter — no matter.

If I can get at her

I doubt if her mother will know her  
again!

ev'ry

entangles

knot!

**Gianetta.**

No matter, no matter,  
If I can get

at her, I doubt if her  
mother will know her  
again!

No matter, no matter,  
If I can get

at her, I doubt if her  
mother will know her  
again!

No matter,  
no matter, no  
matter, no matter, no  
matter,  
no matter, no matter!

**Tessa.**

If I have to do it  
I warrant she'll rue it —  
I'll

teach her to marry  
the man of my heart! If I can prove it in a

If I have to do it  
I warrant she'll rue it —  
I'll

teach her to marry  
the man of my heart!  
I'll

teach her, I'll teach her  
I'll teach her  
teach her, I'll teach her  
I'll teach her, I'll teach  
her!

**Marco.**

To Gianetta  
I was

mated;  
If I can prove it in a

trice,  
Tho' her charms are  
over-

rated  
Still I own she's rather

nice, She's rather,  
rather, rather,  
rather, rather,  
rather, rather, nice.

**Giuseppe.**

I to

Tessa, willy nilly,  
All at

once a victim fell.  
She is

what is called a silly,  
called a

silly, silly,  
silly, silly,

silly, still she answers  
pretty well.

**All.**

Quiet, calm deliberation  
Disentangles every knot!

**Here is a case unprecedented**

**Casilda, Gianetta, Tessa, Marco & Giuseppe.**

Here is a case unprecedented!  
Here are a King and Queen ill-starred!  
Ever since marriage was first invented  
Never was known a case so hard!

**Marco & Giuseppe.**

I may be said to have been bisected,  
By a profound catastrophe!

**Casilda, Gianetta & Tessa.**

Through a calamity unexpected  
I am divisible into three!

**Marco & Giuseppe.**

I may be said to have been bisected,

**Casilda, Gianetta & Tessa.**

I am divisible into three!  
Thro' a calamity I am divisible into three!

**Casilda, Gianetta, Tessa, Marco & Giuseppe.**

O moralists all,

How can you call  
Marriage a state of unitee,  
When excellent husbands are bisected,  
Wives divisible into three?  
O moralists all,  
How can you call  
Marriage a state of unitee,  
Ah! of unitee!  
Moralists all,  
How can you call  
Marriage a state of unitee!  
Moralists all,  
How can you call  
Marriage a state of unitee!

**Casilda, Gianetta & Tessa.**

Call marriage a state of union true,  
One-third of myself is married to half of ye  
or you!

**Marco & Giuseppe.**

Call marriage a state of union true,  
When half of myself has married two-thirds  
of ye or you!

**Iolanthe****Loudly let the trumpet bray!****Tenors.**

Loudly let the trumpet bray,  
Tantantara, tantantara!  
Proudly bang the sounding brasses,

As upon its lordly way  
This unique procession passes.  
Tantantara, tantantara!  
Tantantara, tantara!  
Tantara, tantara, tantara,  
Tantara, tantara, tantara,  
Tantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom!

**Basses.**

Loudly let the trumpet bray,

Proudly bang the sounding brasses,  
Tzing, boom!  
As upon its lordly way  
This unique procession passes.  
Tzing, boom, tzing,  
Boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom,  
Tantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom!

**Tenors.**

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,  
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses,  
Tantantara! Tzing, boom!

**Basses.**

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,  
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses,

**Tenors.**

Tantantara, tantara, tantara!  
Tantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

**Basses.**

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

**Tenors.**

We are peers of highest station,  
Paragons of legislation,  
Pillars of the British nation.

**Basses.**

Tantantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom,  
Tantara, Tzing, boom!

**Tenors.**

We are peers of  
highest station  
Paragons of  
legislation,  
Pillars of the  
British nation.  
Tantantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

**Basses.**

We are peers of highest station,  
Paragons of legislation,  
Pillars of the British nation,  
Pillars of the British nation,  
We are peers of highest station,  
Paragons of legislation,  
Tantantara, tantara,  
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tantara, tantara, tzing boom!

Tantara, tantara, tzing boom!

**All.**

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,  
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses,  
Tantantara, Tzing boom!  
Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,  
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses,

**Tenors.**

Tantantara!

Tantantara!

Tantantara!

**Basses.**

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

**All.**

Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!  
Blow, blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!  
Blow, blow the trumpets,  
Blow, blow the trumpets,

**Tenors.**

Tantara, ta ta ta ta ta ta,  
Tantara, ta ta, tantara, ta ta,  
Tantara, ta ta, tantara, ta ta,  
Tantara, ta ta ta ta ta ta,

**Basses.**

Bang, bang the  
brasses, boom!  
Bang, bang the  
brasses, boom!  
Tzing, boom!  
Tzing, boom!  
Tzing, boom! Tzing, boom!

**All.**

Bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses,  
Bow, ye lower middle classes!  
Bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses.  
Tantantara, tantantara,  
Tantantara, tantara, tantara,  
Tantara, tantara, ra, ra, ra, ra!  
Tantara! Tantara!

### **When all night long**

**Private Willis.**

When all night long a chap remains  
On sentry-go, to chase monotony  
He exercises of his brains,  
That is, assuming that he's got any.  
Though never nurtured in the lap  
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,  
I am an intellectual chap,

And think of things that would astonish you.  
 I often think it's comical – Fal, la, la!  
 How Nature always does contrive – Fal, la, la la!  
 That every boy and every gal  
 That's born into the world alive  
 Is either a little Liberal  
 Or else a little Conservative!  
 Fal, la, la!

When in that House M.P.'s divide,  
 If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,  
 They've got to leave that brain outside,  
 And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.  
 But then the prospect of a lot  
 Of dull M. P.'s in close proximity,  
 All thinking for themselves, is what  
 No man can face with equanimity.  
 Then let's rejoice with loud Fal la! – Fal la la!  
 That Nature always does contrive – Fal la la la!  
 That every boy and every gal  
 That's born into the world alive  
 Is either a little Liberal  
 Or else a little Conservative!  
 Fal la la!

### **When Britain really ruled the waves**

#### **Earl of Mountarat.**

When Britain really ruled the waves –  
 (In good Queen Bess's time)  
 The House of Peers made no pretence  
 To intellectual eminence,  
 Or scholarship sublime;  
 Yet Britain won her proudest bays  
 In good Queen Bess's glorious days!  
 Yet Britain won her proudest bays  
 In good Queen Bess's glorious days!

#### **Chorus.**

Yes Britain won her proudest bays  
 In good Queen Bess's glorious days!

#### **Earl of Mountarat.**

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,  
 As every child can tell,  
 The House of Peers, throughout the war,  
 Did nothing in particular,  
 And did it very well:  
 Yet Britain set the world ablaze  
 In good King George's glorious days!  
 Yet Britain set the world ablaze  
 In good King George's glorious days!

**Chorus.**

Yet Britain set the world ablaze  
In good King George's glorious days!

**Earl of Mountarat.**

And while the House of Peers withholds  
Its legislative hand,  
And noble statesmen do not itch  
To interfere with matters which  
They do not understand,  
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays  
As in King George's glorious days!  
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays  
As in King George's glorious days!

**Chorus.**

As bright will shine Great Britain's rays  
As in King George's glorious days!

**Love unrequited robs me of my rest / When you're lying awake**

**Lord Chancellor.**

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest:  
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers:  
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavy on my chest,  
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers!

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,  
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety;  
For your brain is on fire – the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:  
First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under  
you;

Then the blanketing tickles – you feel like mixed pickles – so terribly sharp is the pricking,  
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the  
ticking.  
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;  
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle!

Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ever aching.  
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;  
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich –  
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage –

And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations –  
They're a ravenous horde – and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington  
Stations.  
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);  
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the by, the ship's now a four-wheeler),  
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the  
dealer";  
But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,  
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:

And he and the crew are on bicycles too – which they've somehow or other invested in –  
 And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in –  
 It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices all goods from cough mixtures to cables  
 (Which tickled the sailors), by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables –

You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),  
 And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree –  
 From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and  
 cranberries,  
 While the pastrycook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and Banburys  
 –

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,  
 And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing –

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the  
 floor,  
 and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left  
 leg's asleep,  
 and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish  
 tongue,  
 and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long – ditto, ditto  
 my song – and thank goodness they're both of them over!

**If you go in**

**Earl of Mountararat.**

If you go in  
 You're sure to win –  
 Yours will be the charming maidie:  
 Be your law  
 The ancient saw,  
 "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

**All.**

Never, never, never,  
 "Faint heart never won fair lady!"  
 Every journey has an end –  
 When at the worst affairs will mend –  
 Dark the dawn when day is nigh –  
 Hustle your horse and don't say die!

**Earl Tolloller.**

He who shies  
 At such a prize  
 Is not worth a maravedi,  
 Be so kind  
 To bear in mind –  
 "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

**All.**

Never, never, never,  
 "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

While the sun shines make your hay –  
Where a will is, there's a way –  
Beard the lion in his lair –  
None but the brave deserve the fair!

**Lord Chancellor.**

I'll take heart  
And make a start –  
Though I fear the prospect's shady –  
Much I'd spend  
To gain my end –  
"Faint heart never won fair lady!"

**All.**

Never, never, never,  
"Faint heart never won fair lady!"  
Nothing venture, nothing win –  
Blood is thick, but water's thin –  
In for a penny, in for a pound –  
It's Love that makes the world go round!  
Nothing venture, nothing win –  
Blood is thick, but water's thin –  
In for a penny, in for a pound –  
It's Love that makes the world go round!

**Trial by Jury****When I, good friends****Judge.**

When I, good friends, was call'd to the bar,  
 I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,  
 But I was, as many young barristers are,  
 An impecunious party.  
 I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue -  
 A brief which I bought of a booby -  
 A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
 And a ring that looked like a ruby!

**Chorus.**

A couple of shirts and a collar or two,  
 And a ring that looked like a ruby!

**Judge.**

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,  
 Like a semi-despondent fury,  
 For I thought I never should hit on a chance  
 Of addressing a British Jury -  
 But I soon got tired of third class journeys,  
 And dinners of bread and water;  
 So I fell in love with a rich attorney's  
 Elderly, ugly daughter.

**Chorus.**

So he fell in love with a rich attorney's  
 Elderly, ugly daughter.

**Judge.**

The rich attorney, he jumped with joy,  
 And replied to my fond professions:  
 "You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,  
 At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions."  
 "You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,  
 "And a very nice girl you'll find her!  
 She may very well pass for forty-three  
 In the dusk with a light behind her."

**Chorus.**

She may very well pass for forty-three  
 In the dusk with a light behind her."

**Judge.**

The rich attorney was good as his word:  
 The briefs came trooping gaily,

And ev'ry day my voice was heard  
 At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.  
 All thieves who could my fees afford  
 Relied on my orations,  
 And many a burglar I've restored  
 To his friends and his relations.

**Chorus.**

And many a burglar he's restored  
 To his friends and his relations.

**Judge.**

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys -  
 An incubus then I thought her,  
 So I threw over that rich attorney's  
 Elderly, ugly daughter.  
 The rich attorney my character high  
 Tried vainly to disparage;  
 And now, if you please, I'm ready to try  
 This Breach of Promise of Marriage!

**Chorus.**

And now, if you please, he's ready to try  
 This Breach of Promise of Marriage!

**Judge.**

For now I'm a Judge!

Yes, now I'm a Judge!

Though all my law be fudge,  
 Yet I'll never, never budge,  
 But I'll live and die a Judge!

It was managed by a job -

It was managed by a job -

It is patent to the mob,  
 That my being made a nob  
 Was effected by a job.

**Chorus.**

And a good Judge, too!

And a good Judge, too!

And a good Judge, too!

And a good job too!

And a good job too!

And a good job too!

**The Pirates of Penzance****Oh is there not one maiden breast****Frederic.**

Oh, is there not one maiden breast  
 Which does not feel the moral beauty  
 Of making worldly interest  
 Subordinate to sense of duty?  
 Who would not give up willingly  
 All matrimonial ambition,  
 To rescue such a one as I  
 From his unfortunate position?  
 From his position,  
 To rescue such a one as I  
 From his unfortunate position?

**Chorus.**

Alas! there's not one maiden breast  
 Which seems to feel the moral beauty  
 Of making worldly interest  
 Subordinate to sense of duty!

**Frederic.**

Oh, is there not one maiden here  
 Whose homely face and bad complexion  
 Have caused all hope to disappear  
 Of ever winning man's affection?  
 To such an one, if such there be,  
 I swear by Heaven's arch above you,  
 If you will cast your eyes on me,  
 However plain you be – I'll love you!  
 However plain you be,  
 If you will cast your eyes on me,  
 However plain you be – I'll love you,  
 I'll love you, I'll love, I'll love you!

**Chorus.**

Alas! there's not one maiden here  
 Whose homely face and bad complexion  
 Have caused all hope to disappear  
 Of ever winning man's affection!

**Frederic**

Not one?

**Chorus.**

No, no – not one!

**Frederic.**

Not one?

**Chorus.**

No, no!

**Mabel**

Yes, one!

**Chorus.**

'Tis Mabel!

**Mabel.**

Yes, 'tis Mabel!  
 Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,  
 For shame!  
 It's true that he has gone astray,  
 But pray  
 Is that a reason good and true  
 Why you  
 Should all be deaf to pity's name?

**Chorus**

The question is, had he not been  
 A thing of beauty,  
 Would she be swayed by quite as keen  
 A sense of duty?

**Mabel.**

For shame, for shame, for shame!

**I am the very model of a modern major general**

**General.**

I am the very model of a modern Major-General,  
 I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
 I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical  
 From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
 I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,  
 I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
 About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news –  
 With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

**All.**

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse,  
 With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse,  
 With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypoten-  
 -potenuse.

**General.**

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;  
 I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:  
 In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

**All.**

In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
 He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

**General.**

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;  
 I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,  
 I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
 In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;  
 I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,  
 I know the croaking chorus from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes!  
 Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,  
 And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*.

**All.**

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*,  
 And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*,  
 And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pina- Pinafore*,

**General.**

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,  
And give you every detail of Caractacus's uniform:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

**All.**

In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

**General.**

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",  
When I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat",  
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,  
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery;  
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.

**All.**

You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a, sat a gee.

**General.**

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;  
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

**All.**

But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

**When the foreman bares his steel**

**Sergeant.**

When the foeman bares his steel,

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

We uncomfortable feel,

**Police.**

Tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

And we find the wisest thing,

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

Is to slap our chests and sing,

**Sergeant & Police.**

Tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

For when threatened with emeutes,

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

And your heart is in your boots,

**Police.**

Tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

There is nothing brings it round  
Like the trumpet's martial sound,  
Like the trumpet's martial sound

**Sergeant & Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant & First Bass.**

**Second Bass.**

Tarantara! tarantara!  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Tarantara, ra, ra,  
Tarantara!

Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Tarantara, ra, ra,  
Tarantara!

**Mabel.**

Go, ye heroes, go to glory,  
Though you die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in song and story.  
Go to immortality!  
Go to death, and go to slaughter;  
Die, and every Cornish daughter  
With her tears your grave shall water.  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!

**Girls.**

Go, ye heroes, go and die!  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!

**Sergeant.**

Though to us it's evident,

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

These attentions are well meant,

**Police.**

Tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

Such expressions don't appear,

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

Calculated men to cheer,

**Police.**

Tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

Who are going to meet their fate  
In a highly nervous state.

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!

**Sergeant.**

Still to us it's evident  
These attentions are well meant.

**Police.**

Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!

**Edith.**

Go and do your best endeavour,  
And before all links we sever,  
We will say farewell for ever.  
Go to glory and the grave!

**Girls.**

Go to glory and the grave!  
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,  
False, unmerciful, and truthless;  
Young and tender, old and toothless,  
All in vain their mercy crave.

**Sergeant.**

We observe too great a stress,  
On the risks that on us press,  
And of reference a lack  
To our chance of coming back.  
Still, perhaps it would be wise  
Not to carp or criticise,  
For it's very evident  
These attentions are well meant.

**Police.**

Yes, it's very evident  
These attentions are well meant,  
Evident,  
Yes, well meant;  
Evident,

**Sergeant & Police.**

Ah, yes, well meant!

**Mabel & Edith.**

Go, ye heroes,  
go to glory!  
Though ye die in combat  
gory,  
Ye shall live in  
song and story,  
Go to immortality!  
Go to death and go to  
slaughter;  
Die, and every Cornish  
daughter With her  
tears your grave shall  
water, Go, ye  
heroes, go and  
die! Go ye  
heroes, go to  
immortality, Go ye  
heroes, go to  
immortality! Tho' ye  
die in combat gory, Ye shall

**Girls.**

Go, ye  
heroes,  
Go to  
glory!  
Ye shall,  
Ye shall  
live in  
story. Go to  
death and go to  
slaughter; Die, and  
every Cornish  
daughter With her  
tears your grave shall  
water, Go, ye  
heroes, go and  
die! Go ye  
heroes, go to  
immortality, Go ye  
heroes, go to  
immortality! Tho' ye  
die in combat gory, Ye shall

**Police.**

When the  
foeman bears his steel, Taranta-  
ra! tarantara! We un-  
comfortable feel. Taranta-  
ra! And we  
find the wisest thing, Taranta-  
ra! tarantara! Is to  
slap our chests and sing Taranta-  
ra! For when  
threatened with emutes, Taranta-  
ra! tarantara! And your  
heart is in your boots, Taranta-  
ra! There is  
nothing brings it round, Like the  
trumpet's martial sound, Like the  
trumpet's martial  
sound, Tarantara, taranta-  
ra, ra, ra, ra,

live in song and story; Go to  
immortality!

live in song and story; Go to  
immortality!

ra, ra, ra, taranta-  
ra, tarantara, tarantara!

**General.**

Away, away!

These pirates slay!

Then do not stay!

Then why this delay!

Yes, but you don't go!

Yes, but you don't go!

**Girls.**

Yes, forward on the foe,

They go, they go!

Yes, forward on the foe,

At last they go,  
At last they go, at last they go!  
At last they really, really go!

**Police.**

Yes, yes, we go!

Tarantara!

Tarantara!

All right, we go!

Yes forward

on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe,

We go, we go!

Yes forward

on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe,

We go, we go,

We go, we go,

We go, we go, we go, we go!

**Ah leave me not to pine**

**Mabel.**

Ah, leave me not to pine  
Alone and desolate;  
No fate seemed fair as mine,  
No happiness so great!  
And Nature, day by day,  
Has sung in accents clear  
This joyous roundelay,  
"He loves thee – he is here.  
Fal, la, la, la, Fal, la, la, la.  
He loves thee – he is here.  
Fal, la, la, Fal, la! Fa la."

**Frederic.**

Ah, must I leave thee here  
In endless night to dream,  
Where joy is dark and drear,  
And sorrow all supreme –  
Where nature, day by day,  
Will sing, in altered tone,  
This weary roundelay,  
"He loves thee – he is gone.  
Fal, la, la, la, Fal, la, la, la.  
He loves thee – he is here."

**Both.**

Fal, la, la, Fal la, Fal, la!

**When a felon's not engaged**

**Sergeant.** When a felon's not engaged in his employment –

**Police.** His employment,

**Sergeant.** Or maturing his felonious little plans –

**Police.** Little plans,

**Sergeant.** His capacity for innocent enjoyment –

**Police.** 'Cent enjoyment

**Sergeant.** Is just as great as any honest man's –

**Police.** Honest man's.

**Sergeant.** Our feelings we with difficulty smother –

**Police.** 'Culty smother,

**Sergeant.** When constabulary duty's to be done –

**Police.** To be done.

**Sergeant.** Ah, take one consideration with another –

**Police.** With another,

**Sergeant.** A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

**Police.** Woh!

**Sergeant & Police.** When constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

**Sergeant.** When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling –

**Police.** Not a-burgling.

**Sergeant.** When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime –

**Police.** 'Pied in crime,

**Sergeant.** He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling –

**Police.** Brook a-gurgling,

**Sergeant.** And listen to the merry village chime –

**Police.**

Village chime.

**Sergeant.**

When the coster's finished jumping on his mother –

**Police.**

On his mother,

**Sergeant.**

He loves to lie a-basking in the sun –

**Police.**

In the sun.

**Sergeant.**

Ah, take one consideration with another –

**Police.**

With another,

**Sergeant.**

A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

**Police.**

Woh!

**Sergeant & Police.**

When constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

**With cat-like tread**

**Pirates**

With cat-like tread,  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread,  
Our cautious way we feel.  
No sound at all,  
We never speak a word,  
A fly's foot-fall  
Would be distinctly heard –

**Police**

Tarantara, tarantara!

**Pirates.**

So stealthily the pirate creeps,  
While all the household soundly sleeps.

**Pirates.**

Come, friends, who plough the sea,  
Truce to navigation;  
Take another station;  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little burglaree!  
Come, friends, who plough the sea,  
Truce to navigation;  
Take another station;  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little burglaree!

**Police.**

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, Tarantara, ra, ra!

**Samuel**

Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,  
Your life-preserver – you may want to hit!  
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,  
Take your file and your skeletal keys.

**Police.**

Tarantara.

**Pirates.**

With cat-like tread

**Police.**

Tarantara.

**Pirates.**

In silence dread,

**Pirates.**

With cat-like tread,  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread,  
Our cautious way we feel.  
No sound at all,  
We never speak a word,  
A fly's foot-fall  
Would be distinctly heard –

**Pirates.**

Come, friends, who plough the sea,  
Truce to navigation;  
Take another station;  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little burglaree!  
With cat-like tread  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread  
Our cautious way we feel.

**Police.**

Taranta-  
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, Tarantara, ra, ra!  
Tarantara,  
Tarantara,  
Tarantara,  
Tarantara, ra, ra!

**The Yeomen of the Guard****I have a song to sing, O!****Point.**

I have a song to sing, O!

**Elsie.**

Sing me your song, O!

**Point.**

It is sung to the moon  
 By a love-lorn loon,  
 Who fled from the mocking throng, O!  
 It's a song of a merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye.  
 Heighdy! heighdy!  
 Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
 He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Elsie.**

I have a song to sing, O!

**Point.**

What is your song, O!

**Elsie.**

It is sung with the ring  
 Of the songs maids sing  
 Who love with a love life-long, O!  
 It's the song of a mermaid, peerly proud,  
 Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud  
 At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!  
 Heighdy! heighdy!  
 Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
 He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Point.**

I have a song to sing, O!

**Elsie.**

Sing me your song, O!

**Point.**

It is sung to the knell  
 Of a churchyard bell,  
 And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O!  
 It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,  
 Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
 At the humble mermaid, peerly proud,  
 Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud  
 At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye!  
 Heighdy! heighdy!  
 Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
 He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Elsie.**

I have a song to sing, O!

**Point.**

Sing me your song, O!

**Elsie**

It is sung with a sigh  
 And a tear in the eye,  
 For it tells of a righted wrong, O!  
 It's a song of the merrymaid, once so gay,  
 Who turned on her heel and tripped away  
 From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,  
 Who turned up his noble nose with scorn  
 At the humble heart that he did not prize:  
 So she begged on her knees, with downcast eyes,  
 For the love of the merryman, moping mum,  
 Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,  
 Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,  
 As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

**Both.**

Heighdy! heighdy!  
 Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
 His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,  
 For he lived in the love of a ladye!  
 Heighdy! heighdy!  
 Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
 His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,  
 For he lived in the love of a ladye!

**Oh! A private buffoon is a lighthearted loon**

**Point.**

Oh a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon,  
 If you listen to popular rumour;  
 From the morn to the night he's so joyous and bright,  
 And he bubbles with wit and good humour!  
 He's so quaint and so terse,  
 Both in prose and in verse;  
 Yet though people forgive his transgression,  
 There are one or two rules that all family fools  
 Must observe, if they love their profession.  
 There are one or two rules,  
 Half-a-dozen, maybe,  
 That all family fools,  
 Of whatever degree,  
 Must observe if they love their profession.  
 If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need  
 To consider each person's auricular:  
 What is all right for B would quite scandalize C

(For C is so very particular);  
 And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull  
 Is as empty of brains as a ladle;  
 While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp,  
 That he's known your best joke from his cradle!  
 When your humour they flout,  
 You can't let yourself go;  
 And it does put you out  
 When a person says, "Oh!  
 I have known that old joke from my cradle!"

If your master is surly, from getting up early  
 (And tempers are short in the morning),  
 An inopportune joke is enough to provoke  
 Him to give you, at once, a month's warning.  
 Then if you refrain, he is at you again,  
 For he likes to get value for money:  
 He'll ask then and there, with an insolent stare,  
 "If you know that you're paid to be funny?"  
 It adds to the tasks  
 Of a merry-man's place,  
 When your principal asks,  
 With a scowl on his face,  
 If you know that you're paid to be funny?

Comes a Bishop, maybe, or a solemn D. D. —  
 Oh, beware of his anger provoking!  
 Better not pull his hair —  
 Don't stick pins in his chair;  
 He don't understand practical joking.  
 If the jests that you crack have an orthodox smack,  
 You may get a bland smile from these sages;  
 But should they, by chance, be imported from France,  
 Half-a-crown is stopped out of your wages!  
 It's a general rule,  
 Though your zeal it may quench,  
 If the Family Fool  
 Tells a joke that's too French,  
 Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wages!

Though your head it may rack with a bilious attack,  
 And your senses with toothache you're losing,  
 Don't be mopy and flat — they don't fine you for that  
 If you're properly quaint and amusing!  
 Though your wife ran away with a soldier that day,  
 And took with her your trifle of money;  
 Bless your heart, they don't mind —  
 They're exceedingly kind —  
 They don't blame you — as long as you're funny!  
 It's a comfort to feel  
 If your partner should flit,  
 Though you suffer a deal,  
 They don't mind it a bit —  
 They don't blame you — so long as you're funny!

**When a wooer goes a-wooing****Elsie.**

When a wooer  
Goes a-wooing,  
Naught is truer  
Than his joy.

**Fairfax.**

Maiden hushing  
All his suing—  
Boldly blushing,  
Bravely coy!  
Bravely coy!

**Elsie.**

Boldly blushing,

**Fairfax.**

Boldly blushing —

**Elsie.**

Bravely coy!

**All.**

Oh, the happy days of doing!  
Oh, the sighing and the suing!  
When a wooer goes a-wooing,  
Oh the sweets that never cloy!

**Phœbe.**

When a brother leaves his sister  
For another, sister weeps,  
Tears that trickle,  
Tears that blister —  
'Tis but mickle Sister reaps!  
Tears that trickle,  
Tears that blister —

**All.**

Oh, the doing and undoing,  
Oh, the sighing and the suing,  
When a brother goes a-wooing,  
And a sobbing sister weeps!

**Point.**

When a jester is outwitted,  
Feelings fester, Heart is lead!  
Food for fishes Only fitted,  
Jester wishes He was dead!  
Food for fishes Only fitted,  
Jester wishes He was dead!

**All.**

Oh, the doing and undoing,  
Oh, the sighing and the suing,  
When a jester goes a-wooing,

And he wishes he was dead!  
Oh, the doing and undoing,  
Oh, the sighing and the suing,  
When a jester goes a-wooing,  
And he wishes he was dead,  
He wishes he was dead!

**The Mikado****A wand'ring minstrel I****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!  
 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, the 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!  
 And dreamy lulla-lullaby,  
 Lullaby!

**Chorus.**

Of dreamy lullaby,  
 Lullaby!

**Behold the Lord high executioner****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!

**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.**

Taken from the county jail  
 By a set of curious chances;  
 Surely, never had a male  
 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!

**Chorus.**

Taken from the county jail  
 Liberated then on bail,  
 Surely, never had a male  
 So adventurous a tale.

**As some day it may happen****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 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 people who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that —  
 And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist —  
 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 banjo serenader, 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 dances, but would rather like to try";  
 And that singular anomaly, the prohibitionist—  
 I don't think he'd be missed — I'm sure he'd not be missed!

**Chorus.**

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

**Ko-Ko.**

And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,  
 The Judicial humorist — I've got him on the list!  
 All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life —

They'd none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed.  
 And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,  
 Such as — What d'ye call him — Thing'em-bob, and likewise — Never-mind,  
 And 'St— 'st— 'st— and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who —  
 The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.  
 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!

**Three little maids from school****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.

**Peep-Bo.**

Nobody's safe, for we care for none!

**Pitti-Sing.**

Life is a joke that's just begun!

**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!

**A more humane Mikado / My object all sublime**

**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 painted with vigour  
 And 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!

**The Flowers that bloom in the spring****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!

**On a tree by a river****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!"

### 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.

**Yum-Yum & Ist Sopranos**

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

With joyous, joyous shout  
 With laughing song and merry dance,  
 With laughing song and merry dance,  
 With song and dance.

**Others.**

With joyous shout, with joyous shout and  
 ringing cheer,  
 Inaugurate, inaugurate their new career!  
 With joyous shout and ringing cheer,  
 Inaugurate their new career!  
 With joyous shout and ringing cheer,  
 Inaugurate their new career!  
 With song  
 And dance,  
 With song and dance.