

UNIQUELY GILBERT & SULLIVAN

21 September 2025

THE MIKADO

No 1: OVERTURE

No 2: CHORUS OF NOBLES

If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar – on many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint: our attitude's queer and quaint –
You're wrong if you think it ain't, oh!

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

RECIT – NANKI-POO. Gentlemen, I pray you tell me, where a gentle maiden dwelleth,
named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko? In pity speak – oh, speak, I pray you!

CHORUS. Why, who are you who ask this question?

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

No 3: SONG AND CHORUS – NANKI-POO.

A wandering minstrel I – A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches, and dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long, through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing I tune my supple song!

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 of Titipu!

CHORUS. We shouldn't be surprised, etc.

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!

NANKI-POO. A wandering minstrel I, etc.

No 4: SONG–PISH-TUSH and CHORUS.

Our. great Mikado, virtuous man, when he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try, a plan whereby young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct, that all who flirted, leered or winked
(Unless connubially linked), should forthwith be beheaded.
And I expect you'll all agree that he was right to so decree.

And I am right, and you are right, and all is right as right can be!

CHORUS. And you are right, and we are right, etc.

This stern decree, you'll understand, caused great dismay throughout the land!

For young and old, and shy and bold, were equally affected.

The youth who winked a roving eye, or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die – He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect, that he was right to so object.

And I am right, and you are right, and everything is quite correct!

CHORUS. And you are right, and we are right, etc.

And so we straight let out on bail, a convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next, on some pretext, condemn'd to be mown off,
And made him Headsman, for we said, 'who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head until he's cut his own off.'

And we are right, I think you'll say, to argue in this kind of way

And I am right, and you are right, and all is right – too-loor al-lay!

CHORUS. And you are. right, and we are right, etc

No 5: CHORUS OF NOBLES.

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!

SOLO—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.

CHORUS. Taken from the county jail, etc.

Defer, defer, to the Lord High Executioner, etc.

No 6: SONG — KO-KO & CHORUS.

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 persons 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.

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 lady novelist –
I don't think she'd be missed – I'm sure she'd not be missed!

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

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The judicial humourist – 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'emy-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!

No 7: MIKADO (Act 2)

CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair –Weave the supple tress
Deck the maiden fair in her loveliness –
Paint the pretty face –dye the coral lip –

Emphasize the grace of her ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied, go to make a pretty bride.

PITTI -SING.

Sit with downcast eye –let it brim with dew –
Try if you can cry we will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start like a frightened roe –
Flutter, little heart, colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage-tide well becomes a pretty bride!
CHORUS .Braid the raven hair, etc.

No 8: SONG–YUM-YUM.

The sun, whose rays are all ablaze with ever-living glory,
Does not deny his majesty—he scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim, 'I blush for shame, so kindly be indulgent.'
But, fierce and bold, in fiery gold he glories all effulgent!
I mean to rule the earth, as he the sky—we really know our worth, the sun and I!

Observe his flame, that placid dame, the moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace upon her face of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light that, through the night, mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell, she lights up well, so I, for one, don't blame her!
Ah, pray make no mistake, we are not shy; we're very wide awake, the moon and I!

RUDDIGORE

No 9: CHORUS.

Painted emblems of a race, all accurst in days of yore,
Each from his accustomed place steps into the world once more.
Baronet of Ruddigore, last of our accursèd line,
Down upon the oaken floor –down upon those knees of thine.
Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer, blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,
Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper, sniffer, snuffler, wailer, weeper,
Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, weevil! set upon thy course of evil,
Lest the King of Spectre-land set on thee his grisly hand!

No 10: SONG – SIR RODERIC.

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl, 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!
CHORUS. Ha! ha! Then is the ghosts' high noon!

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!

CHORUS. Ha! ha! The dead of the night's high noon!

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds take 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!

CHORUS. Ha! ha! The dead of the night's high noon! Ha! ha! ha! Ha

IOLANTHE

No 11: CHORUS.

Loudly let the trumpet bray! Tantantara! Proudly bang the sounding brasses! Tzing! Boom!

As upon its lordly way this unique procession passes, Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!

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

We are peers of highest station, paragons of legislation, pillars of the British nation!

Tantantara! Tzing! Boom!

No 12: CHORUS OF FAIRIES. Strephon's a Member of Parliament! Carries every Bill he chooses. To his measures all assent – showing that fairies have their uses.

Whigs and Tories dim their glories, giving an ear to all his stories –

Lords and Commons are both in the blues! Strephon makes them shake in their shoes!

Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Strephon makes them shake in their shoes!

CHORUS OF PEERS. Strephon's a Member of Parliament! running a-muck of all abuses. His unqualified assent somehow nobody now refuses.

Whigs and Tories dim their glories, giving an ear to all his stories

Carrying every Bill he may wish: here's a pretty kettle of fish!

Kettle of fish! Kettle of fish! Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

ENSEMBLE

Strephon's a Member of Parliament Carries every Bill he chooses. To his measures all assent

Carrying every Bill he may wish, carrying every Bill he may wish. Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

No 13: RECITATIVE – 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!

SONG – LORD CHANCELLOR.

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'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!

No 14: ENSEMBLE.

MEN

Young Strephon is the kind of lout

We do not care a fig about!

We cannot say

What evils may result in consequence

But lordly vengeance will pursue

LADIES

With Strephon for your foe, no doubt,

A fearful prospect opens out,

And who shall say

What evils may. Result in consequence?

A hideous vengeance will pursue

All kinds of common people who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.

All noblemen who venture to
Opppose his views,
Or boldly choose
To offer him offence.

FAIRIES. 'Twill plunge them into grief and shame; his kind forbearance they must claim,
If they'd escape in any shape a very painful wrench!

PEERS. Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh: A dire revenge will fall on you. If you
besiege our high prestige –

FAIRIES. (The word “prestige” is French).

ENSEMBLE.

MEN

Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh:
A dire revenge will fall on you.
Young Strephon is the kind of lout
We do not care a fig about!
We cannot say
What evils may
Result in consequence.

LADIES

Although our threats you now pooh-pooh,
A dire revenge will fall on you.
With Strephon for your foe, no doubt
A fearful prospect opens out,
And who shall say
What evils may
Result in consequence?

PEERS. Our lordly style you shall not quench with base canaille!

FAIRIES. (That word is French.)

PEERS. Distinction ebbs before a herd of vulgar plebs!

FAIRIES. (A Latin word.)

PEERS. 'Twould fill with joy, and madness stark the hoi polloi!

FAIRIES. (A Greek remark.)

PEERS. One Latin word, one Greek remark, and one that's French.

FAIRIES. Your lordly style we'll quickly quench with base canaille!

PEERS. (That word is French.)

FAIRIES. Distinction ebbs before a herd of vulgar plebs!

PEERS. (A Latin word.)

FAIRIES. 'Twill fill with joy and madness stark the hoi polloi!

PEERS. (A Greek remark.)

FAIRIES. One Latin word, one Greek remark, and one that's French.

ENSEMBLE.

Young Strephon is the kind of lout
We do not care a fig about!
We cannot say
What evils may result in consequence
But lordly vengeance will pursue
All kinds of common people who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.

With Strephon for your foe, no doubt,
A fearful prospect opens out,
And who shall say
What evils may. Result in consequence?
A hideous vengeance will pursue
All noblemen who venture to
Oppose his views,
Or boldly choose
To offer him offence.

PEERS. FAIRIES. You needn't wait: We will not wait: Away you fly! We go sky-high! Your
threatened hate Our threatened hate We won't defy! You won't defy!

END OF PART I

PART 2

THE GONDOLIERS

No 15: OVERTURE

No 16: CHORUS

List and learn, list and learn

List and learn, ye dainty roses, Roses white and roses red,

Why we bind you into posies ere your morning bloom has fled.

By a law of maiden's making, accents of a heart that's aching,

Even though that heart be breaking, should by maiden be unsaid:

Though they love with love exceeding, they must seem to be unheeding

Go ye then and do their pleading, Roses white and roses red!

List and learn,

List and learn, ye dainty roses, Roses white and roses red,

Why we bind you into posies ere your morning bloom has fled.

List and learn, list and learn, roses white and roses red

Roses, Oh list, list and learn, list and learn. Oh roses white and red

No 17: DUET – MARCO and 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/Marco and I.

When morning is breaking, our couches forsaking, to greet their awaking with carols we come.

At summer day's noon'ing, when weary lagooning, our mandolins tuning, we lazily thrum.

When vespers are ringing, to hope ever clinging, with songs of our singing a vigil we keep,

When daylight is fading, enwrapt in night's shading, with soft serenading we sing them to sleep.

We're called gondolieri but that's a vagary. Gondolieri Tra la la etc.

No 18: SONG – 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 – in parenthesis; –Ah!

Take all these, you lucky man –take and keep them, 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 endeavoured 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 are not satisfied. -Ah!

Take my counsel, happy man; act upon it, if you can!

No 19: SONG – DUCHESS.

On the day when I was wedded to your admirable sire,
I acknowledge that I dreaded an explosion of his ire.
I was overcome with panic –for his temper was volcanic,
And I didn't dare revolt, for I feared a thunderbolt!
I was always very wary, for his fury was ecstatic –
His refined vocabulary most unpleasantly emphatic.
To the thunder of this Tartar I knocked under like a martyr;
When intently he was fuming, I was gently unassuming –
When reviling me completely, I was smiling very sweetly:
Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst –
That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor – at first!

But I found that a reliance on my threatening appearance,
And a resolute defiance of marital interference,
And a gentle intimation of my firm determination to see what I could do
To be wife and husband too
Was the only thing required for to make his temper supple,
And you couldn't have desired a more reciprocating couple.
Ever willing to be wooing, we were billing –we were cooing;
When I merely from him parted, we were nearly broken-hearted –
When in sequel reunited, we were equally delighted.
So with double-shotted guns and colours nailed unto the mast,
I tamed your insignificant progenitor – at last!

PATIENCE

No 20: CHORUS.

Twenty love-sick maidens we, love-sick all against our will.
Twenty years hence we shall be twenty love-sick maidens still!
Twenty love-sick maidens we, and we die for love of thee!

ANGELA.

Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die;

ALL. Ah, miserie!

ANGELA. Yet my love lives, although no hope have I!

ALL. Ah, miserie!

ANGELA. Alas, poor heart, go hide thyself away, to weeping concords tune thy roundelay!

ALL. Ah, miserie!

CHORUS. All our love is all for one, yet that love he heedeth not, he is coy and cares for none, sad and sorry is our lot! Ah, miserie!

ELLA. Go, breaking heart, go, dream of love requited!

Go, foolish heart, go, dream of lovers plighted;

Go, madcap heart, go, dream of never waking; and in thy dream forget that thou art breaking!

CHORUS. Ah, miserie!

ELLA. Forget that thou art breaking!

CHORUS. Twenty love-sick maidens we, etc

No 21: CHORUS OF DRAGOONS.

The soldiers of our Queen are linked in friendly tether;
Upon the battle scene they fight the foe together.
There ev'ry mother's son prepared to fight and fall is;
The enemy of one the enemy of all is!

SONG – COLONEL.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,

CHORUS. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

COLONEL. Take all the remarkable people in history, rattle them off to a popular tune.

The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory –genius of Bismarck devising a plan –
The humour of Fielding (which sounds contradictory) –coolness of Paget about to trepan –
The science of Jullien, the eminent musico –wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne –
The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault –style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man –
The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery –narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray –
Victor Emmanuel – peak-haunting Peveril –Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell –
Tupper and Tennyson – Daniel Defoe –Anthony Trollope and Mister Guizot!

Ah! Take of these elements all that is fusible, melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer, and take off the scum, and a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

CHORUS. Yes! yes! yes! yes! A Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

COLONEL.

If you want a receipt for this soldier-like paragon, get at the wealth of the Czar (if you can) –
The family pride of a Spaniard from Aragon –Force of Mephisto pronouncing a ban –
A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky –Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan –
The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky –Grace of an Odalisque on a divan –
The genius strategic of Caesar or Hannibal –Skill of Sir Garnet in thrashing a cannibal –
Flavour of Hamlet – the Stranger, a touch of him –Little of Manfred (but not very much of him) –
Beadle of Burlington – Richardson's show –Mister Micawber and Madame Tussaud!
Ah! Take of these elements all that is fusible, melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer, and take off the scum, and a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

CHORUS. Yes! yes! yes! yes! A Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

PIRATES OF PENZANCE

No 22: SONG – PIRATE KING.

Oh, better far to live and die under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part, with a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you, where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing, and live and die a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King! and it is, it is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

CHORUS. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

KING. And it is, it is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King.

CHORUS. It is! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

KING. When I sally forth to seek my prey, I help myself in a royal way.
I sink a few more ships, it's true, than a well-bred monarch ought to do;

But many a king on a first-class throne, if he wants to call his crown his own,
must manage somehow to get through more dirty work than ever I do,
For I am a Pirate King! and it is, it is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

CHORUS. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

KING. And it is, it is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King.

CHORUS. It is! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

No 23: CHORUS

Climbing over rocky mountain, skipping rivulet and fountain,
Passing where the willows quiver by the ever-rolling river, swollen with the summer rain;
Threading long and leafy mazes dotted with unnumbered daisies,
Scaling rough and rugged passes, climb the hardy little lasses, till the bright sea-shore they gain!

EDITH. Let us gaily tread the measure, Make the most of fleeting leisure, Hail it as a true ally, though it perish by-and-by.

CHORUS. Hail it as a true ally, though it perish by-and-by.

EDITH. Every moment brings a treasure of its own especial pleasure;
Though the moments quickly die, greet them gaily as they fly.

KATE. Far away from toil and care, revelling in fresh sea-air,
Here we live and reign alone in a world that's all our own.

Here, in this our rocky den, far away from mortal men,
We'll be queens, and make decrees – They may honour them who please.

ALL. Let us gaily tread the measure, etc

No 24: SONG – SERGEANT.

When a felon's not engaged in his employment – or maturing his felonious little plans –

His capacity for innocent enjoyment – is just as great as any honest man's –

Our feelings we with difficulty smother – when constabulary duty's to be done –

Ah, take one consideration with another – a policeman's lot is not a happy one.

CHORUS. Ah, 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 – when the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime

He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling – and listen to the merry village chime.

When the coster's finished jumping on his mother – he loves to lie a-basking in the sun

Ah, take one consideration with another – a policeman's lot is not a happy one.

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

No 25: SOLO - MABEL.

Poor wandering one!

Though thou hast surely strayed, take heart of grace, thy steps retrace, poor wandering one!

Poor wandering one! If such poor love as mine can help thee find true peace of mind –

Why, take it, it is thine! Take heart, fair days will shine; Take any heart – take mine!

CHORUS. Take heart; no danger lowers; take any heart-but ours!

No 26: CHATTERING CHORUS.

How beautifully blue the sky, the glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday.
Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain),
Yet people say, I know not why, that we shall have a warm July.

SOLO – MABEL.

Did ever maiden wake from dream of homely duty,
To find her daylight break with such exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden close her eyes on waking sadness,
To dream of such exceeding gladness?

FRED. Ah, yes! ah, yes! this is exceeding gladness!

CHORUS. How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

SOLO – FREDERIC.

Did ever pirate roll his soul in guilty dreaming,
And wake to find that soul with peace and virtue beaming?

CHORUS: How beautifully blue the sky, the glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday.
Continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday.

ENSEMBLE

How beautifully blue the sky, the glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday.
Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain),
Yet people say, I know not why, that we shall have a warm July, a warm July.

MABEL

Did ever maiden wake from dream of homely duty,
To find her daylight break with such exceeding beauty? Ah yes. Ah yes, Ah yes.

FREDERIC

Did ever pirate loathed forsake his hideous mission
To find himself betrothed to lady of position? Ah yes. Ah yes, Ah yes.

FINALE GONDOLIERS**No 27: CHORUS**

Once more gondolieri, both skilful and wary, free from this quandary, contented are we. Ah!
From Royalty flying, our gondolas plying, and merrily crying our ‘premé,’ ‘stallì’ Ah!
So good-bye, cachucha, fandango, bolero -we’ll dance a farewell to that measure –
Old Xeres, adieu – Manzanilla – Montero –we leave you with feelings of pleasure!

CURTAIN