

MIKADO

No. 17. "A more humane Mikado"

Solo and Chorus

Mikado, Girls, and Men

Allegro vivace ♩ = 112 Mikado

A more hu-mane Mi-

ka - do nev-er Did in Ja-pan ex-ist, — To no-bod-y sec-ond, I'm

cer-tain - ly reck-oned A true phil - an - thro - pist. — It

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace' with a metronome marking of 112. The lyrics are: 'A more hu-mane Mi-ka - do nev-er Did in Ja-pan ex-ist, — To no-bod-y sec-ond, I'm cer-tain - ly reck-oned A true phil - an - thro - pist. — It'.

is my ver-y hu - mane en-deav-our To make, to some ex - tent, - Each

e - vil liv-er A run-ning riv-er Of harm-less mer - ri - ment. My

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

ob - ject all sub - lime — I shall a - chieve in time — To

let the pun-ish-ment fit the crime, The pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And

make each pris-'ner pent Un - will - ing - ly rep - re - sent A

source of in - no - cent mer - ri - ment, Of in - no - cent mer - ri - ment!

All

pros - y dull so - ci - e - ty sin - ners, Who chat - ter and bleat and
ad - ver - tis - ing quack who wea - ries With tales of count - less

bore, — Are sent to hear ser-mons From mys-ti-cal Ger-mans Who
cures, — His teeth, I've en-act-ed, Shall all be ex-tract-ed By

preach from ten till four. The am-a-teur ten-or, whose vo-cal vil-lain-ies
ter-ri-fied am-a-teurs. The mu-sic-hall sing-er at-tends a se-ries Of

All de-sire_ to shirk, Shall, dur-ing off-hours, Ex-hib-it his powers To
mass-es and fugues and "ops" By Bach, in-ter-wov-en With Spohr and Beethoven, At

Madame Tus-saud's wax-work. The la-dy who dyes a chem-i-cal yel-low, Or
clas-si-cal Mon-day Pops. The bil-liard sharp whom an-y-one catch-es, His

stains her grey hair puce, Or pinches her fig-ger, Is blacked like a nig-ger With
doom's ex-treme-ly hard- He's made to dwell In a dun - geon cell On a

per-ma-nent wal-nut juice. The id - iot who, in rail - way car - ria-ges,
spot that's al-ways barred. And there he plays ex - trav-a-gant match-es In

Scrib-les on win-dow-panes, We on - ly suf - fer To ride on a buf - fer In
fit - less fin - ger-stalls, On a cloth un-true, With a twist - ed cue And el -

rall. Par - lia - men - t'ry trains. } *a tempo* My ob - ject all sub-lime I
lip - ti - cal bil - liard balls. }

shall a-chieve in time— To let the pun-ish-ment fit the crime, The

pun-ish-ment fit the crime; And make each pris-'ner pent Un-

will-ing-ly rep - re - sent A source of in - no - cent mer - ri - ment, Of

Chorus
 in - no - cent mer - ri - ment! His ob - ject all sub - lime He
 His ob - ject all sub - lime He

MIKADO

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

Ko: Indeed! Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Kat: None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him— yet he fled!

Pooh: I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

Kat: That's not true.

Pooh: No!

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

Pooh: It is.

Kat: But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist.

Pooh: Allow me!

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

Ko: And yet he fled!

Mik: And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a Second Trombone.

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: A Second Trombone!

Mik: Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of—

Kat: Nanki-Poo.

Mik: Nanki-Poo.

Ko: It's quite easy— that is, it's rather difficult. In point of fact, he's gone abroad!

Mik: Gone abroad? His address!

Ko: Knightsbridge!

Kat: (*who is reading certificate of death*) Ha!

Mik: What's the matter?

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

(*Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, and Pitti-Sing fall on their knees.*)

Mik: (*looking at paper*) Dear, dear, dear! this is very tiresome. (*To Ko-Ko*) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Ko: I beg to offer an unqualified apology.

Pooh: I desire to associate myself with that expression of regret.

Pitti: We really hadn't the least notion—

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

K-START

Ko: We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

Pitti: Much obliged, your Majesty.

Pooh: Very much obliged, your Majesty.

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

Pooh: No, of course we couldn't tell who the gentleman really was.

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

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

Mik: Ha! ha! ha! (*To Katisha*) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

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

Ko: (*in abject terror*) If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

Mik: Of course—

Pitti: I knew nothing about it.

Pooh: I wasn't there.

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

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: No!

Mik: Or not knowing—

Ko: No!

Mik: Or having no notion—

Pitti: No!

Mik: Or not being there—

Pooh: No!

Mik: There should be, of course—

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: Yes!

Mik: But there isn't.

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: Oh!

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

Ko, Pooh, and Pitti: Oh, yes— we can wait till then!

Mik: Then we'll make it after luncheon.

Pooh: I don't want any lunch.

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