If you want to know who we are

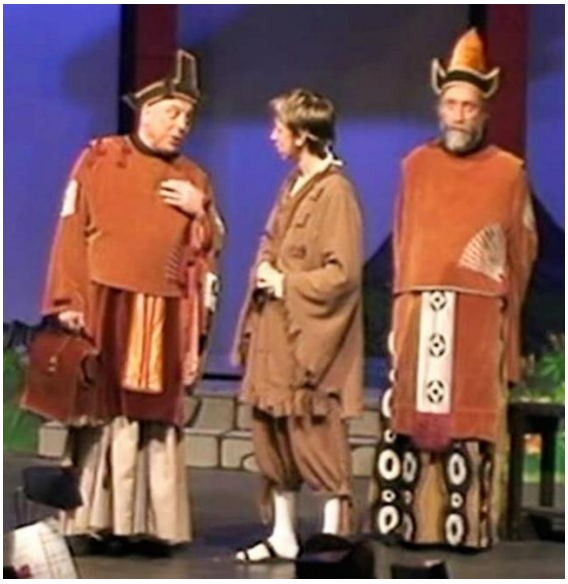
If you think we are worked by strings

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me

Are you in sentimental mood?

Oh, sorrow!

A year ago I was a member of the Titipu Town Band



… of Pre-Adamite ancestral descent

In point of fact, this afternoon

I've got a little list

In which of my capacities?

Comes a train of little ladies

From scholastic trammels free

Three little maids from school

Thank goodness that's over!

And don't, in girlhood's happy spring, be hard on us

And will Your Highness promise never to do it again?

I would merge all rank and station

To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock

Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock

Take her, she's yours

The threatened cloud has passed away

I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo

Pink cheek, that rulest where wisdom serves!

O ni! Bikkuri shakkuri to!

The hour of gladness is dead and gone

Modesty at marriage-tide well becomes a pretty bride

The sun, whose rays are all ablaze

Observe his flame, that placid dame

They've been reminding me that you're to be beheaded

Sing a merry madrigal

Darling, I don't wish to appear selfish

Bow, bow to his daughter-in-law elect

My object all sublime

A source of innocent merriment

A beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see

I beg to offer an unqualified apology

B should enjoy A's happy lot

Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet – He must come to life at once

Alone and yet alive

Why linger here, where all is drear?

Ah, shrink not from me!

If that is so, sing derry-down derry

Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

Your Majesty, it's like this

Your anger pray bury, for all will be merry

With song and dance!