

Gentlemen, I pray you tell me



And you are right and we are right



And the brass will crash and the trumpets bray



I've got a little list



Comes a train of little ladies



Three little maids from school are we



A letter from the Mikado?





Be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the public executioner



Take her – she's yours



Go, leave thy deadly work undone



For he's going to marry Yum-Yum



O ni! Bikkuri shakkuri to!



For joy reigns everywhere around



Braid the raven hair



Sing a merry madrigal



Here's a how-de-do!



From every kind of man obedience I expect



My object all sublime



I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your majesty



Yet A is happy – oh so happy



Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you — You're reprieved



Katisha!



Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!



The heir apparent is not slain!



With joyous shout



With song and dance!