

AUDITION PIECES – “THE MIKADO”

Role	Audition Piece	Chappell Pg.#	Kalmus / Schirmer Pg.#
THE MIKADO bass or bass/baritone	Solo: “A more humane Mikado” (to chorus entrance)	149 Act 2 #6	172 Act 2 # 17
	Ens.: “See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
	Dialogue: “Obliged... -> theatrical performances”		
NANKI-POO tenor	Solo: ”A wand’ring minstrel, I” (to chorus entrance)	27 Act 1 #2	23 Act 1 #2
	Ens. “Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted”	80 Act 1 #9	88 Act 1 #9
	Ens.: “Brightly dawns our wedding day”	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14
	Dialogue: “This is simply appalling” (whole scene) Dialogue: “Yum-Yum, at last we are alone” (whole scene)		
KO-KO baritone	Solo: “On a tree by a river...”	175 Act 2 #11	208 Act 2 #22
	Ens.: “I am so proud”	84 Act 1 #10	93 Act 1 #10
	Ens.: “See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
	Ens.: “There is beauty ...” Dialogue: “This is simply appalling” (whole scene)	179 Act 2 #12	213 Act 2 #23
POOH-BAH baritone	Solo: “Young man, despair”	41 Act 1 #4	42 Act 1 #4
	Ens.: “I am so proud”	84 Act 1 #10	93 Act 1 #10
	Ens.: “See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
	Dialogue: “It is. -> sneering”		
PISH-TUSH baritone	Solo: “Our great Mikado, virtuous man”	34 Act 1 #3	32 Act 1 #3
	Ens.: “I am so proud”	84 Act 1 #10	93 Act 1 #10
	Ens.: “Brightly dawns our wedding day”	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14
	Dialogue: “Obliged... -> theatrical performances” (reads The Mikado’s lines)		
GO-TO (A NOBLE) bass	Solo: “Why, who are you who ask this question?”	26 Act 1 #1 Recit.	22 Act 1 #11 Recit.
	Ens.: “Brightly dawns our wedding day” (Pish-Tush)	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14

YUM-YUM soprano	Solo: “The sun, whose rays are all ablaze”	130 Act 2 #2	146 Act 2 #13
	Ens: “Three little maids from school are we”	64 Act 1 #7	69 Act 1 #7
	Ens. “Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted”	80 Act 1 #9	88 Act 1 #9
	Ens.: “Brightly dawns our wedding day”	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14
	Dialogue: “Yes, everything... -> are to be beheaded” Dialogue: “Yum-Yum, at last we are alone” (whole scene)		
PITTI-SING mezzo-soprano	Solo: “ The criminal cried ...” verse 2	157 Act 2 #7	182 Act 2 #18
	Ens.: “Three little maids from school are we”	64 Act 1 #7	69 Act 1 #7
	Ens.: “See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
	Ens.: “Brightly dawns our wedding day” Dialogue: “Obliged... -> theatrical performances”	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14
PEEP-BO sop / mezzo	Solo: “Braid the raven hair” soprano 2	124 Act 2 #1	140 Act 2 #12
	Ens.: “Three little maids from school are we”	64 Act 1 #7	69 Act 1 #7
	Dialogue: “Yes, everything... -> are to be beheaded”		
KATISHA contralto	Solo: “Oh fool to shun delights” (to “thy knell is rung”)	104 -109 Act 1 fin.	118-123 Act 1 fin.
	Solo: “Alone, and yet alive”	172 Act 2 #10	204 Act 2 #21
	Ens.: “See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
	Ens.: “There is beauty ...”	179 Act 2 #12	213 Act 2 #23
	Dialogue: “The miscreant... -> I find another”		

N.B. When a song consists of more than one verse, you may be asked to sing only the first verse or to sing all the verses.

Summary of Ensemble Audition Pieces

DUETS:

Yum-Yum/ Nanki-Poo	“Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted”	80 Act 1 #9	88 Act 1 #9
Katisha/Ko-Ko	“There is beauty ...”	179 Act 2 #12	213 Act 2 #23

TRIOS:

Yum-Yum/Peep-Bo/Pitti-Sing	“Three little maids from school are we”	64 Act 1 #7	69 Act 1 #7
Ko-Ko/Pooh-Bah/Pish-Tush	“I am so proud”	84 Act 1 #10	93 Act 1 #10

MADRIGAL

Yum-Yum/Pitti-Sing/Nanki-Poo/Pish-Tush	“Brightly dawns our wedding day”	133 Act 2 #3	151 Act 2 #14
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GLEE:

Pitti-Sing/Katisha/Pooh-Bah/Ko-Ko/Mikado	“See how the fates their gifts allot”	162 Act 2 #8	190 Act 2 #19
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For further information or to book an audition, contact Colleen St. James

Email: auditions@llo.org or phone: 514.804.4900

Principal Auditions will be held Friday, September 15th starting at 6pm.

Callbacks will be the following Tuesday evening, September 19th.

DIALOGUE SELECTIONS – “THE MIKADO”

Mikado / Pish-Tush (reading Mikado's lines) & Pitti-Sing:

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., PITTI., *and* POOH. 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., PITTI., *and* POOH. Yes!

MIK. But there isn't.

KO. PITTI., *and* POOH. 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., PITTI., *and* POOH. 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.

Ko-Ko & Nanki-Poo:

KO. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this – (*Enter NANKI-POO, with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir!

How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

NANK.. Oh, go on – don't mind me. –

KO. What are you going to do with that rope?

NANK. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

KO. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

NANK. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

KO. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

NANK. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

KO. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you coldblooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing, a crime which – which – which – is – Oh! (*Struck by an idea.*) Substitute!

NANK. What's the matter?

KO. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

NANK. Absolutely!

KO. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

NANK. Nothing.

KO. Threats, entreaties, prayers – all useless?

NANK. All! My mind is made up.

KO. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination – don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner!

NANK. I don't see how that would benefit me.

KO. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting-cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial – you'll be the central figure – no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession – bands – dead march – bells tolling – all the girls in tears – Yum-Yum distracted – then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

NANK. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

KO. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

NANK. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

KO. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily; and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

NANK. True.

KO. Life without Yum-Yum – why, it seems absurd!

NANK. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

KO. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

NANK. (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!

KO. Noble fellow!

NANK. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum tomorrow, and in a month you may behead me.

KO. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

NANK. Very good. If you can draw the line so can I. (*Preparing rope.*)

KO. Stop, stop – listen one moment – be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

NANK. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

Ko . That's true, of course. I quite see that. But, dear me! my position during the next month will be most unpleasant – most unpleasant.

NANK. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

KO. But – dear me! – well – I agree – after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see, I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

NANK. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

Pooh-Bah:

POOH. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

NANK. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

POOH. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering.

Yum-Yum & Peep-Bo:

Yum-Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Peep-Bo. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum-Yum. In "all but" perfection?

Peep-Bo. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a

drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.

Pitti-Sing. I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep-Bo. At all events, he will find it a drawback.

Pitti-Sing. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum-Yum. (*in tears*) I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness

is to be — to be —

Peep-Bo. Cut short.

Yum-Yum. Well, cut short — in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*weeping*)

Enter Nanki-Poo, followed by Pish-Tush.

Nanki-Poo. Yum-Yum in tears — and on her wedding morn!

Yum-Yum. (*sobbing*) They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Pitti-Sing. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Peep-Bo. It's quite true, you know, you are to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Nanki-Poo & Yum-Yum:

NANK. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

YUM. Alas, yes!

NANK. But you do not love him?

YUM. Alas, no!

NANK. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

YUM. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

NANK. But I would wait until you were of age!

YUM. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

NANK. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

YUM. Besides – a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

NANK. But – (*Aside.*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (*Aloud.*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician?

YUM. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

NANK. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

YUM. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

NANK. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's Court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her.*)

YUM. (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

NANK. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

YUM. Still, that doesn't make it right. To flirt is capital.

NANK. It is capital!

YUM. And we must obey the law.

NANK. Deuce take the law!

YUM. I wish it would, but it won't!

NANK. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

YUM. Happy indeed!

NANK. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)

YUM. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)

NANK. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Gazing at her sentimentally.*)

YUM. Breathing sighs of unutterable love – like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)

NANK. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)

YUM. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

NANK. If it wasn't for the law.

YUM. As it is, of course we couldn't do anything of the kind.

NANK. Not for worlds!

YUM. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

NANK. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

Katisha:

KAT. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues – they are heating the cauldron!

KO. Katisha – behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha – mercy!

KAT. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste – only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating his palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. Am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey – I mean my pupil – just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another?