

Gilbert And Sullivan, Young Man, Despair

Pooh-Bah: Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner!
This very day
From school Yum-Yum
Will wend her way,
And homeward come,
With beat of drum
And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!
And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

Nanki-Poo & Pish-Tush: And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
All: She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

Pooh-Bah: It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me
I'm sorry to be
Of your pleasure a diminutioner.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon.
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven commences, so you shun her!
And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

Nanki-Poo & Pish-Tush: And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
All: She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!