

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 a 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!