

MIX. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

POOH. Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to a bald and—

KO. *Will you refrain from putting in your oar? (To MIX.)*
It's like this: when your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he is dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

MIX. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

FINALE

PITTI. For he's gone and he's married Yum-Yum—

ALL. Yum-Yum.

PITTI. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—

ALL. Cumb-cumb!

PITTI. And join our expressions of glee!

KO. On this subject I pray you be dumb—

ALL. Dumb-dumb!

KO. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—

ALL. Mum-mum!

KO. You've a very good bargain in me.

YUM and NANK. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!

ALL. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!

Then let the throng, etc.

THE END.