

KATISHA

Nanki-Poo (*aside to Yum-Yum*)

(*About to go*)

Ah! 'Tis Ka-ti-sha, The maid of whom I told you.

The musical score for Nanki-Poo's first line consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Ah! 'Tis Ka-ti-sha, The maid of whom I told you." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Katisha (*detaining him*)

No! You shall not go, These arms shall thus en-fold you!

The musical score for Katisha's first line consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "No! You shall not go, These arms shall thus en-fold you!" The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Allegro agitato

Katisha (*addressing Nanki-Poo*)

Oh fool, that flee-st My hal-lowed

The musical score for Katisha's second line consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Allegro agitato". The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Oh fool, that flee-st My hal-lowed". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

joys! Oh blind, that see-st No e-qui-prise!

The musical score for Katisha's third line consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "joys! Oh blind, that see-st No e-qui-prise!". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

Oh rash, that judg-est From half, the whole!

Oh base, that grudg-est Love's light - est dole! Thy

heart un-bind, Oh fool, oh blind! Give me my place, Oh rash, oh base! Thy

heart un-bind, Give me my place, Oh fool, oh blind, Oh

rash, oh base! Thy heart un - bind, Give me, give me my

Tutti. Chorus

place. If she's thy bride, re-store her place, Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh

Katisha (addressing Yum-Yum)

base! Pink cheek, that rul-est Where wis - dom

serves! Bright eye, that fool-est He-ro - ic nerves!

#21.

KATISHA

205

My doom, to wait! my pun-ish-ment, to live!

Andante moderato ♩ = 84

Hearts do not break! They sting and ache For

old - love's sake, But do not die, Tho' with each breath They

long for death, As wit-ness-eth The liv-ing I, The liv-ing I. —

Oh, liv - ing I! Come, tell - me - why, When

p

hope is gone, Dost thou stay on? — Why lin - ger here, Where

all is drear? Oh, liv - ing I! Come, tell - me -

cresc.

tremolo

cresc.

why, When hope - is gone, Dost thou stay on? May not a cheat - ed maid - en

f

die? May not— a cheat-ed maid-en die?

Ko: (*entering and approaching her timidly*) 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?

Ko: (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*) Here!— Here!

Kat: What!!!

Ko: (*with intense passion*) Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered— it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth, all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticised. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love— but I will not live without it! Darling!

Kat: You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

Ko: I do— accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

Kat: Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko: You know not what you say. Listen!