

Ko-Ko

56

No. 5a. "As some day it may happen"

Solo and Chorus

Ko-Ko and Men

Allegretto grazioso $\text{♩} = 76$

Ko-Ko

1. As

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The right hand features a melodic line with fingerings 2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto grazioso' with a quarter note equal to 76 beats per minute.

some day it may hap-pen that a vic-tim must be found, I've
nig-ger ser - e - nad-er, and the oth-ers of his race, And the

got a lit - tle list - I've got a lit - tle list Of so -
pia - no - or - gan - ist - I've got him on the list! And the

ci - e - ty of - fend-ers who might well be un - der-ground, And who
peo - ple who eat pep-per-mint and puff it in your face, They

nev - er would be missed— who nev - er would be missed! There's the
nev - er would be missed— they nev - er would be missed! Then the

pes - ti - len - tial nui - san - ces who write for au - to - graphs— All
id - i - ot who prais - es, with en - thu - si - as - tic tone, All

peo - ple who have flab - by hands and ir - ri - tat - ing laughs— All
cen - tu - ries but this, and ev - 'ry coun - try but his own; And the

chil - dren who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat— All
la - dy from the prov - in - ces, who dress - es like a guy, And "who

per-sons who in shak-ing hands, shake hands with you like *that*- And
does -n't think she danc-es, but would rath-er like to try"; And that

all third per-sons who on spoil-ing *tête - à - têtes* in - sist- They'd
sin - gu - lar a - nom - a - ly, the la - dy nov - el - ist- I

Chorus
of Men

none of 'em be missed- they'd none of 'em be missed! He's
don't think she'd be missed- I'm sure she'd not be missed! He's

He's
He's

got 'em on the list- he's got 'em on the list; And they'll
got her on the list- he's got her on the list; And I

got 'em on the list- he's got 'em on the list; And they'll
got her on the list- he's got her on the list; And I

No. 18. "The criminal cried as he dropped him down"

Trio and Chorus

Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah, Girls, and Men

Allegretto comodo $\text{♩} = 80$ Ko-Ko

1. The crim-i-nal cried, as he

dropped him down, In a state of wild a-larm- With a fright-ful, fran-tic,

fear-ful frown, I bared my big right arm.- I seized him by his

lit-tle pig-tail, And on his knees fell he, As he

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto comodo' with a metronome marking of 80 quarter notes per minute. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The first system includes a circled 'Ko-Ko' above the vocal line. The lyrics are: '1. The crim-i-nal cried, as he dropped him down, In a state of wild a-larm- With a fright-ful, fran-tic, fear-ful frown, I bared my big right arm.- I seized him by his lit-tle pig-tail, And on his knees fell he, As he'.

squirmed and strug-gled, And gur-gled and gug-gled, I drew my snick-er-

snee, my snick-er - snee! Oh, nev-er shall I For-

get the cry, Or the shriek that shriek - ed he, As I

gnashed my teeth, When from its sheath I drew my snick-er - snee! —

Tutti & Chorus

We

We

No. 22. "Willow, tit-willow"

Song

Ko-KoAndante espressivo $\text{♩} = 63$

1. On a

p

tree by a riv-er a lit-tle tom-tit Sang, "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-

p

wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick-y-bird, why do you sit Sing-ing

'Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low?' Is it weak-ness of in-tel-lect,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 63 beats per minute. The first system includes the instruction '1. On a' and a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The lyrics are: 'tree by a riv-er a lit-tle tom-tit Sang, "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" And I said to him, "Dick-y-bird, why do you sit Sing-ing "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low?" Is it weak-ness of in-tel-lect,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with some arpeggiated figures.

bird-ie?" I cried, "Or a rather tough worm in your lit-tle in-side?" With a

shake of his poor lit-tle head he re-plied, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-

wil-low!" 2. He slapped at his chest, as he

sat on that bough, Sing-ing, "Wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!" And a

Ko-Ko & KATISHA

207

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!