

PEEP-BO

No. 7. "Three little maids from school are we"

69

Trio and Chorus

Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing, and Girls

Allegretto grazioso $\text{♩} = 112$

p staccato

The first system of the score consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a light, staccato texture. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a staccato articulation. The melody in the upper staff is a simple, rhythmic line, while the lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Yum-Yum

Peep-Bo Three lit - tle maids from school are we, Pert as a
Pitti-Sing Three lit - tle maids from school are we, Pert as a
Three lit - tle maids from school are we, Pert as a

The second system of the score introduces the vocal parts. It begins with a piano accompaniment of four measures, marked *p*. The vocal parts enter in the fifth measure. The Peep-Bo part is circled in red. The lyrics are: "Three lit - tle maids from school are we, Pert as a". The Pitti-Sing part follows with the same lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a simple, rhythmic pattern.

school-girl well can be, Filled to the brim with girl - ish glee, —
school-girl well can be, Filled to the brim with girl - ish glee, —
school-girl well can be, Filled to the brim with girl - ish glee, —

The third system of the score continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "school-girl well can be, Filled to the brim with girl - ish glee, —". The piano accompaniment consists of four measures of a simple, rhythmic pattern.

Three lit-tle maids from school! Ev-'ry-thing is a source of_ fun. (*Chuckle*)

Three lit-tle maids from school!

Three lit-tle maids from school!

Peep-Bo

No-bod-y's safe, for we care for_ none! (*Chuckle*)

Pitti-Sing

Life is a joke that's just be - gun! (*Chuckle*)

Yum-Yum

Peep-Bo Three lit-tle maids from school!

Pitti-Sing Three lit-tle maids from school!

Three lit-tle maids from school!

(Dancing)

Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry,
 Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry,
 Three lit-tle maids who, all un-wa-ry,

Come from a la - dies' sem - i - na - ry, Freed from its ge - nius
 Come from a la - dies' sem - i - na - ry, Freed from its ge - nius
 Come from a la - dies' sem - i - na - ry, Freed from its ge - nius

(Suddenly demure)

tu - te - la - ry - Three lit-tle maids from school!
 tu - te - la - ry - Three lit-tle maids from school!
 tu - te - la - ry - Three lit-tle maids from school!

fz
Three lit-tle maids — from school!

fz
Three lit-tle maids — from school!

fz
Three lit-tle maids — from school!

Yum-Yum

One lit-tle maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—

Peep-Bo

Two lit-tle maids in at-ten-dance come— **Pitti-Sing**

Three lit-tle maids is the to-tal sum.

Yum: Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Peep: The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum: In "all but" perfection?

Peep: Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.

Pitti: I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep: At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

Pitti: Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum: (*in tears*) I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness is to be— to be—

Peep: Cut short.

Yum: Well, cut short— in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping*)

(*Enter Nanki-Poo, followed by Pish-Tush.*)

Nanki: Yum-Yum in tears— and on her wedding-morn!

Yum: (*sobbing*) They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*)

Pitti: Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears*)

Peep: It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*)

Nanki: (*aside*) Humph! Now some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud*) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

Pitti: There's a popular impression to that effect.

Nanki: Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute— each minute an hour— each hour a day— and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

Peep: And, at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three-quarters! (*Exit Peep-Bo.*)

Yum: (*still sobbing*) Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

Nanki: That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

Yum: Certainly. Let's— let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears*)

Pish: By all means. Let's— let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti: It's— it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh*)

Yum: Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh*)

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*)