

#11 PITTI-SING

nigh, Thy knell _____ is rung, Thy knell, — Thy —
 rung, If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Thy
 rung, If true her tale, thy knell is rung, Thy

knell — is — rung! _____ **Pitti-Sing** A-way, nor
 knell is rung! _____
 knell is rung! _____

pros-e-cute your quest— From our in-ten-tion, well ex-pressed, You can-not

turn us! The state of your con-nu-bial views To-wards the per-son you ac-

poco rit. *Allegretto grazioso* ♩ = 88
 cuse Does not con - cern us! For he's go-ing to mar-ry Yum-

Yum- Your an-ger pray bur-y, For all will be mer-ry, I

Chorus Yum-Yum!

Yum-Yum!

think you had bet-ter suc - cumb- And join our ex-pres-sions of glee. On this

Cumb-cumb!

Cumb-cumb!

sub-ject I pray you be dumb-- You'll find there are man-y Who'll

Dumb-dumb!

Dumb-dumb!

wed for a pen-ny-The word for your gui-dance is "Mum"- There's

Mum-mum!

Mum-mum!

lots of good fish in the sea! On this *f* Pitti-Sing with Soprano II

On this sub-ject we pray you be

On this sub-ject we pray you be

#18 PITTII-SING

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know him well, He can-not tell Un-true or ground-less tales- He

know him well, He can-not tell Un-true or ground-less tales- He

al-ways tries To ut-ter lies, And ev-'ry time he fails...

al-ways tries To ut-ter lies, And ev-'ry time he fails...

Pitti-Sing

2. He shiv-ered and shook as he gave the sign For the stroke he did-n't de-

serve; When all of a sud-den his eye met mine, And it

seemed to brace his nerve; For he nod-ded his head and kissed his hand, And he

whis-tled an air, did he, As the sa - bre true Cut clean - ly through His

cer-vi-cal ver-te - brae, ——— his ver-te - brae! — When a

man's a-fraid, A beau-ti-ful maid Is a cheer-ing sight to see; — And it's

oh, I'm glad That moment sad Was soothed by sight of me! —

Chorus
Her
Her

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'oh, I'm glad That moment sad Was soothed by sight of me!' followed by a long note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. A 'Chorus' section begins with the word 'Her' written above the vocal line and below the piano line.

ter-ri-ble tale You can't as-sail, With truth it quite a - gree;- Her

ter-ri-ble tale You can't as-sail, With truth it quite a - gree;- Her

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'ter-ri-ble tale You can't as-sail, With truth it quite a - gree;- Her'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are repeated in the second line of the system.

taste ex-act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis-ease. —

taste ex-act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis-ease. —

rit.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'taste ex-act For fault-less fact A - mounts to a dis-ease. —'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are repeated in the second line of the system. The word 'rit.' (ritardando) is written above the vocal line and below the piano line, indicating a deceleration in tempo.

PITTI-SING & PEEP-BO

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.*)