

# #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 Pitti-Sing with Soprano II

On this sub-ject we pray you be

On this sub-ject we pray you be

# #18 PITTU-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...

**Pittu-Sing**

2. He shivered 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

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

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.*

*rit.*

*rit.*

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.*)