

per-ish as he did, and you will know why, Though I prob-a-bly shall not ex-

claim as I die, "Oh, wil-low, tit-wil-low, tit-wil-low!"

pp  
Red.

*(During this song Katisha has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.)*

**Kat:** *(whimpering)* Did he really die of love?

**Ko:** He really did.

**Kat:** All on account of a cruel little hen?

**Ko:** Yes.

**Kat:** Poor little chap!

**Ko:** It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately.

**Kat:** Did you? He must have been very fond of her!

**Ko:** His devotion was something extraordinary.

**Kat:** *(still whimpering)* Poor little chap! And— and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?

**Ko:** At once.

**Kat:** No, no— you mustn't! Anything but that! *(Falls on his breast.)* Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

**Ko:** *(making a wry face)* You are!

**Kat:** And you won't hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit bloodthirsty, will you?

**Ko:** Hate you? Oh, *Katisha!* is there not beauty even in bloodthirstiness?

**Kat:** My idea exactly.