

"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside!"
 With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
 Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
 And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
 Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
 Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
 And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
 Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
 That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
 And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
 Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
 Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

(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 blood-thirsty, will you?

Ko. H
thirstiness

KAT.

KAT.

Ko.

KAT.

Ko.

BOTH

Ko.

KAT.

Ko.