

No. 21. "Alone, and yet alive!"

Recitative and Song

Katisha

Allegro agitato ♩ = 138 Katisha

A -

lone, and yet a - live!

Oh, sep - ul - chre! My soul is still my bod - y's

pris - on - er! Re - mote the peace that Death a - lone can give -

My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are "My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. There are some accents over the piano accompaniment notes.

Andante moderato ♩ = 84

Hearts do not break! They sting and ache For

This system begins with the tempo marking "Andante moderato" and a metronome marking of a quarter note equal to 84. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Hearts do not break! They sting and ache For". The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords in both hands, with a piano dynamic marking (*p*) in the right hand.

old - love's sake, But do not die, Tho' with each breath They

This system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "old - love's sake, But do not die, Tho' with each breath They". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar chordal texture. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the vocal line.

long for death, As witness-eth The living I, The living I. —

This system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "long for death, As witness-eth The living I, The living I. —". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a piano dynamic marking (*p*) in the right hand.

Oh, liv - ing I! Come, tell - me - why, When

p

hope is gone, Dost thou stay on? — Why lin - ger here, Where

all is drear? Oh, liv - ing I! Come, tell - me -

cresc.

tremolo

cresc.

why, When hope - is gone, Dost thou stay on? May not a cheat - ed maid - en

f

die? May not a cheat-ed maid-en die?

Ko: (*entering and approaching her timidly*) Katisha!

Kat: The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues— they are heating the cauldron!

Ko: Katisha— behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha— mercy!

Kat: Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste— only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating *his* palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. Am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey— I mean my pupil— just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another?

Ko: (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*) Here!— Here!

Kat: What!!!

Ko: (*with intense passion*) Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered— it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth, all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticised. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love— but I will not live without it! Darling!

Kat: You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

Ko: I do— accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

Kat: Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko: You know not what you say. Listen!