



Dessin : Makiko Furuichi pour Angers Nantes Opéra.

**Arthur Sullivan,
compositeur (1842-1900)
William Gilbert,
librettiste (1836-1911)**

Tit Willow

Extrait de *The Mikado* (1885)

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang «Willow, tit willow, tit willow»
And I said to him, «Dicky bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, tit willow, tit willow'»
«Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?» I cried
«Or a rather tough worm in your little inside»
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied
«Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow!»

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough
Singing «Willow, tit willow, tit willow»
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow
Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow
He sobbed and he sighed and a gurgle he gave*
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave
«Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow»

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, tit willow, tit willow
That 'twas blighted affection that made him
exclaim
«Oh, willow, tit willow, tit willow»
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, tit willow, tit willow»