

**The Definitive libretto of**

# **The Pirates of Penzance**

**Or, Love and Duty<sup>1</sup>**

**An Entirely New and Original Comic Opera<sup>2</sup> in Two Acts**

**Written by W.S. Gilbert**

**Composed by Arthur Sullivan**

**Privately published by Ian C Bond at 2 Kentisview, Kentisbeare, CULLOMPTON, EX15 2BS. - ©1997**

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<sup>1</sup> This subtitle was used only at Paignton. Subsequent productions used “The Slave of Duty”.

<sup>2</sup> In New York this was billed as a “New Melo-dramatic Opera”, whilst in London this became “A New and Original Melo-Dramatic Opera”.

## About this libretto

My intention in creating this series of libretti is not to publish an in-depth, scholarly appraisal of each of the works included, that can, and has been done far more effectively by others. My aim is to issue the libretti of the operas and choral works of Gilbert and Sullivan, both in partnership with each other, and with others, and of the works of other librettists and composers whose operas appeared at the Savoy Theatre in the 1890's and early 1900's, in as complete a form as possible.

Hopefully, these libretti will appeal to:

1. Those who share an interest in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and their contemporaries, but who have had little if any opportunity to read and evaluate these works, many of which have been out of print for decades, for themselves.
2. Enterprising amateur and professional companies who, due to the lack of printed material, have fought shy of presenting some of these works.

In each of these publications I have endeavoured to include as much material as it has been possible to unearth, including dialogue and lyrics cut before or during the original productions and, where known, ad-libs, both sanctioned and unsanctioned.

Each libretto is printed to order, and in general follows the same standard layout:

- a) standard text and lyrics are printed in black.
- b) text and lyrics cut before or during production are printed in blue.
- c) ad-libs are printed in blue.
- d) stage directions are printed in red.
- e) other variations from the standard text are printed in green.

Advances in modern technology have also enabled me to include 'lost' musical numbers in some of the libretti - for example, the Despard/Margaret Duet "If you attempt to take the girl" in RUDDYGORE. It is hoped at a later stage to be able to produce Vocal Scores for some of the more obscure works.

The ink used in printing **will smudge or run** if brought into contact with liquid or left in a damp atmosphere for any length of time, and will also fade if subjected to prolonged direct sunlight.

Several of the libretti in this series have already been used for production purposes and it has been found that the A4 format is the most convenient. However, any comment about the layout, format, or content, will be most welcome. I hope very much that you will enjoy this libretto.

**Ian C. Bond**

## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Arriving at a definitive version of the libretto for this opera is particularly difficult, as the piece exists in three identifiable versions - the first 'copyright' performance at Paignton, Devon - the official 'world première' in New York - and the official British première in London. Of the three, the Paignton version contains the most differences.

Gilbert, Sullivan and a fully rehearsed **H. M. S. PINAFORE** company, left London by boat train for Liverpool on the 25th October 1879, where they boarded the *Bothnia*, D'Oyly Carte and six of the principals following six days later on the *Gallia*. The advance party arrived in New York on the 5th November.

The libretto for the copyright performance at Paignton was presumably left with Helen Lenoir (later Helen D'Oyly Carte), who was in charge of the London and British touring companies.

How much of the material written in New York could possibly have been sent back to London in time to be forwarded to the D'Oyly Carte "B" company, already out on the road when the American company left Liverpool, is unknown - considering the considerable differences between the two versions, not much it would appear. Bearing in mind that any work sent from New York would need at least two weeks to cross the Atlantic, reach the company out on the road and allow for even the briefest rehearsal, the latest date a despatch could have been made was the 16th December at which stage Sullivan's diary reveals he was still composing.

So where did the music for the Paignton performance come from? It is known that in the summer of 1879 Sullivan asked his secretary to obtain all the performance material for **THESPIS** from the Gaiety Theatre. It will also be seen that the chorus 'Climbing over rocky mountain' was included in the first act from the earliest drafts of the libretto. It is tempting therefore to speculate that perhaps the music used at Paignton had been adapted in part from the earlier work.

Whatever the truth, and we shall probably never know, Mr. D'Oyly Carte's "2nd 'Pinafore' Company", as it became known from the 4th August, had the honour of travelling along the coast from Torquay to the little town of Paignton on Tuesday 30th December 1879, where, at the little Royal Bijou Theatre in the Gerston Hotel, just beside the railway station, they presented the first ever performance of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. Sadly both theatre and hotel have long since gone and a modern block of shops and offices stands on the site. There is, however, a blue plaque to commemorate the event.

In this edition of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**, dialogue and lyrics performed only at the Paignton première are printed in **purple**; those performed only at New York in **dark green**; and those presented at both but not in London, in **gold**.

The original world première casts were as follows:-

**Paignton**

Major-General - Richard Mansfield  
The Pirate King - F. Federici  
Frederick - Llewellyn Cadwaladr  
Samuel - G. J. Lackner  
James - John Le Hay  
Sergeant of Police - Fred Billington  
Mabel - Emilie Petrelli  
Edith - Marian May  
Isabel - Kate Neville  
Kate - Lena Monmouth  
Ruth - Fanny Harrison

**New York**

Richard - Mr. Brocolini  
Samuel - Furneaux Cox  
Frederic - Hugh Talbot  
Major-General Stanley - J. H. Ryley  
Edward - Fred Clifton  
Mabel - Blanche Roosevelt  
Kate - Rosina Brandram  
Edith - Jessie Bond  
Isabel - Billie Barlow  
Ruth - Alice Barnett

**London**

Major-General Stanley - George Grossmith  
The Pirate King - Richard Temple  
Samuel - George Temple  
Frederic - George Power  
Serjeant of Police - Rutland Barrington  
Mabel - Marion Hood  
Edith - Julia Gwynne  
Kate - Lilian La Rue  
Isabel - Neva Bond  
Ruth - Emily Cross

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**Dramatis Personæ**

**MAJOR-GENERAL**

**THE PIRATE KING**

**FREDERICK (a Pirate) <sup>3</sup>**

**SAMUEL )**

**) Pirates**

**JAMES <sup>4</sup> )**

**SERGEANT OF POLICE**

**MABEL**

**EDITH**

**ISABEL**

**KATE**

**RUTH (Frederick's Nurse)**

**Scene**

**ACT I. - A Cavern by the Sea Shore**

**ACT II. - A ruined Chapel by Moonlight**

*First produced at the Royal Bijou Theatre, Paignton on Tuesday December 30th, 1879  
under the management of Miss Helen Lenoir*

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<sup>3</sup> Only at Paignton is this character spelt with a letter 'K'. In all other performances the character is named 'Frederic'.

<sup>4</sup> The character of James only appears in the license copy and it would seem only on stage at Paignton. However, he still persists in the Dramatis Personæ of the Chappell Vocal Score to this day.

**Dramatis Personæ**

**RICHARD, a Pirate Chief**

**SAMUEL, his Lieutenant**

**FREDERIC, a Pirate Apprentice**

**MAJOR-GEN. STANLEY, of the British Army**

**EDWARD, a Sergeant of Police.**

**MABEL, General Stanley's youngest daughter**

**KATE )**

**EDITH ) General Stanley's Daughters**

**ISABEL )**

**RUTH, a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work"**

**General Stanley's Daughters, Pirates, Policemen, etc.**

**Synopsis of Scenes**

**ACT I. - A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall, England**

**ACT II. - A Ruined Chapel on General Stanley's Estate**

*First produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York on Wednesday December 31st, 1879  
under the management of Mr Richard D'Oyly Carte*

**Dramatis Personæ**

**MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY**

**THE PIRATE KING**

**SAMUEL, his Lieutenant**

**FREDERIC, a Pirate Apprentice**

**SERJEANT OF POLICE**

**MABEL, General Stanley's daughter**

**EDITH**

**KATE**

**ISABEL**

**RUTH, a Pirate Maid of Work**

**Chorus of Pirates, Police., and General Stanley's Daughters**

**Synopsis of Scenes**

**ACT I. - A Rocky Sea Shore on the Coast of Cornwall**

**ACT II. - A Ruined Chapel on General Stanley's Estate**

*First produced at the Opera Comique, London on Saturday April 3rd, 1880  
under the management of Mr Richard D'Oyly Carte*

## ACT I

*Scene. - A rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. Rock L. sloping down to L.C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R.C. of the stage. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered - some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene. RUTH kneels at his feet.*

*Scene. - A Cavern by the Sea Shore. Thomas,<sup>5</sup> the Pirate King, is waiting on the other pirates, refilling glasses, etc.; and generally acting as a servant while the others are enjoying themselves.*

### No.1. - OPENING CHORUS - Pirates & SOLO Samuel.

- All.            Pour, O pour<sup>6</sup> the pirate sherry;  
                  Fill, O fill the pirate glass;  
                  And, to make us more than merry  
                  Let the pirate bumper pass.
- Samuel.        For today our pirate 'prentice  
                  Rises from indentures freed;  
                  Strong his arm, and keen his scent is  
                  He's a pirate now indeed!
- All.            Here's good luck to Fred'ric's ventures!  
                  Fred'ric's out of his indentures.
- Samuel.<sup>7</sup>      Two and twenty, now he's rising,  
                  And alone he's fit to fly,  
                  Which we're bent on signaling  
                  With unusual revelry.
- All.            Here's good luck to Fred'ric's ventures!  
                  Fred'ric's out of his indentures.  
                  Pour, O pour the pirate sherry;  
                  Fill, O fill the pirate glass;  
                  And, to make us more than merry  
                  Let the pirate bumper pass.

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<sup>5</sup> At the New York première the Pirate King was named Richard.

<sup>6</sup> The Paignton, New York and early London versions print this as "Pour, O King", which ties in with the Paignton stage direction.

<sup>7</sup> At Paignton, this verse was sung by James.



## SONG - King and Chorus.

King. Yes I am a Pirate King!

All. You are!  
Hurrah for our Pirate King!

King. And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King!

All. Hurrah,  
Hurrah for our Pirate King.

King. It's true I have to work all day  
Like a general <sup>8</sup> help in a humble way!

All. (*significantly.*) You should!  
You should if you'd be our king!

King. But to cook your meals I don't refuse  
And I black piratical boots and shoes!  
I clean your knives, I bake your bread -  
I light your fires - I make your beds  
I answer all the bells that ring  
Cling! cling! cling! cling! cling!  
For if I said I'd rather not  
(I know you! I know you!)  
You would depose me like a shot!

All. We would!  
Hurrah for our Pirate King!

King. Well many a king on a first class throne  
If he wants to call his crown his own  
Must manage somehow to get through  
More dirty work than ever I do  
Though I wash and boil  
And scrub and toil  
And answer all the bells that ring cling! cling!

All. Cling! cling! cling! cling! cling! cling!

King. But menial duties carry no sting  
When one reflects what a glorious thing  
It is to be a king!

All. Hurrah!  
Hurrah for our Pirate King!

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<sup>8</sup> The license copy is very indistinct at this point. The word could be general or genial - either would be appropriate.

All.           So pour, oh King, the pirate sherry;  
Fill, oh King, the pirate glass;  
And, to make us more than merry  
Let the pirate bumper pass.

Samuel.       For today our pirate 'prentice  
Rises from indentures freed;  
Strong his arm, and keen his scent is  
He's a pirate now indeed!

All.           Here's good luck to Fred'ric's ventures!  
Fred'ric's out of his indentures.

James.       Two and twenty, now he's rising,  
And alone he's fit to fly,  
Which we're bent on signalizing  
With unusual revelry.

All.           Here's good luck to Fred'ric's ventures!  
Fred'ric's out of his indentures.  
Pour, O King the pirate sherry;  
Fill, O King the pirate glass;  
And, to make us more than merry  
Let the pirate bumper pass

### **RECITATIVE.**

Fred.         My generous friends, with all my heart I thank you  
Although as brethren I no longer rank you!

All.           Oh, oh? How so?  
Although with all his heart he thanks us  
As brethren he no longer ranks us!  
Oh, oh! How so?

Fred.         Bear with me pray  
Although I bring you tidings that will grieve you  
This very day  
I'm out of my indentures and I leave you.

All.           You leave us?

Fred.         I leave you!  
Don't estimate me at too high appraisement!

All.           Wonder, surprise, confusion and amazement!

Fred.         I've always loathed your pillaging and branding  
But for a most absurd misunderstanding  
Upon the part of one who little knew you  
I never should have been apprenticed to you.  
Once more - don't estimate me at too high appraisement!

All. Once more, surprise, confusion and amazement!

**DUET - Ruth & Frederick with Chorus.**

Fred. When I was but a lad of three  
I proved so brave and daring  
My father thought he'd prentice me  
To some career sea-faring.  
A servant girl in his employ  
He sent in charge of *my* lot  
Instructing her to bind the <sup>9</sup> boy  
Apprentice to a pilot -

King, Samuel & James.

A Pilot?

Fred. A pilot.  
A very respectable line of life, though certainly not a high lot.

King, Samuel & James.

An odd mistake  
You surely make  
You mean of course a Pirate.

Fred. No, no, no, no,  
A pilot, a pilot, a pilot, a pilot.  
A highly respectable line of life, though certainly not a high lot.  
I hope I'm clear?

King. Yes, yes, we hear  
Now pray do not get irate  
You said 'a respectable line of life' we thought you meant a pirate.

All. He said 'a respectable line of life' we thought he meant a pirate.

Ruth. Ah me, I was that nurserymaid  
Forgive my interfering  
My strict commands I disobeyed  
Through being hard of hearing  
His father's words were spoken that wild  
They in my brain did gyrate  
And I understood he wished his son  
Apprenticed to a pirate.

King, Samuel & James.

A pirate?

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<sup>9</sup> Again, the license copy is indistinct. This word appears to be 'the' but should logically read 'his'.

Ruth.           A pirate.  
                  A very contemptible line of life, with a premium at a high rate.

King, Samuel & James.

                  An odd mistake  
                  You surely mistake <sup>10</sup>  
                  You mean of course a pilot.

Ruth. (*irritated.*) No, no, no, no.  
                  A pirate, a pirate, a pirate, a pirate.  
                  A very contemptible line of life, you stupid triumvirate,  
                  I hope I'm clear?

King.           Yes, yes, we hear  
                  Tho ours is not a vile lot  
                  You said 'a contemptible line of life', we thought you meant a pilot.

All.             You said 'a contemptible line of life', we thought you meant a pilot.

Fred.          Yes my friends, my being apprenticed to you was entirely due to my excellent nurse's mistake.

Ruth.          Oh pardon, pardon, pardon.

Fred.          Rise, sweet one, &c. <sup>11</sup>

***FREDERIC rises and comes forward with PIRATE KING, who enters.***

King.          Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

All.            Hurrah!

Fred.          My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

King.          What do you mean?

Fred.          To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.

King.          But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a P. & O. <sup>12</sup> never shipped a handspike.

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<sup>10</sup> Yet another indistinct word, it looks like 'mistake' but should presumably be 'make' to match with the previous verse.

<sup>11</sup> The Paignton performance then continued from this point on Page 6.

<sup>12</sup> American editions of the libretto have "White Star" at this point, alluding to the White Star line.

Fred. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error - no matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.

Samuel. An error? What error? (*RUTH rises and comes forward*)

Fred. I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

Ruth. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

### **No.2. - SONG - Ruth.**

Ruth. When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring,  
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.  
I was, alas! his nurs'rymaid, and so it fell to my lot  
To take and bind the promising boy apprentice to a pilot -  
A life not bad for a hardy lad, though surely not a high lot,  
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pilot.

I was a stupid nurs'rymaid, on breakers always steering,  
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;  
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,  
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.  
A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot.  
I bound him to a pirate - you! - instead of to a pilot.

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster,  
But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and break it to my master.  
A nurs'rymaid is not afraid of what you people call work,  
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work.  
And that is how you find me now, a member of your shy lot,  
Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound apprentice to a pilot.

Ruth. Oh, pardon! Frederic, pardon! (*Kneels*)

Fred. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you. (*Ruth rises*)

Ruth. The two words were so much alike!

Fred. They were. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads.

King. But this determination to leave us is unaccountable - a keener hand at cutting out a Cunarder or scuttling a P. & O. never shipped a handspike.

### ***RUTH goes up and off.***

Fred. Yes, I have done my best for you - and why? It was my duty under my indentures - I was formally apprenticed to your band - it was through an error - no matter - the error was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.

King. Good lad good lad.

Fred. But tomorrow my obligation ceases. Personally I love you, but professionally I abhor you - as it was my duty to serve you faithfully when I was your apprentice, so it will be my duty to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination, now that I am out of my indentures -

King. Then do I understand that you consider all dishonesty wrong?

Fred. It is always rash to generalize, but I certainly think that, as a rule, acts of dishonesty are to be deprecated.

Samuel. I can scarcely blame you for leaving us - We don't seem to make a very good thing of it - we are certainly not as prosperous as we were. I am sure I can't account for it.

Fred. If you will allow me to make a suggestion while I am still one of you. I think you are too tender hearted.

King. Too tender hearted!

Fred. For Pirates - I detest your calling but today I am bound to speak in your own interests. For example it is a point of honour with you never to attack a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party, you get thrashed - The again, an orphan is sacred in your eyes - you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

Samuel. No, we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Everyone we catch turns out to be an orphan - the last three ships we captured proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums - which we know is not the case.

King. But Ruth, your little Ruth, who loves you so dearly, and who, unless I mistake, has won her way into your boyish heart - would you take her with you?

Fred. Well, I feel some little difficulty about Ruth - I have been at sea almost without intermission since I was eight years old and Ruth's is the only woman's face I have seen during that time - I think it is a sweet face. I say, I *think* so - that is my impression. But as I have never had the opportunity of comparing her with other women it is just possible I may be mistaken.

King. Oh Ruth is well, very well indeed.

Samuel. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

Fred. Yet it seems selfish to take her from you - in justice to her, and in consideration for you - my dear, dear old friends, I think it is my duty to leave her behind.

*FREDERIC hands RUTH to KING.* <sup>13</sup>

King. No, Frederick, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

All. (*loudly*) Not one!

King. No, there is not one. Keep thy love, Frederick, keep thy love.

Fred. You're all very good. <sup>14</sup>

Fred. But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but, collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh! pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that, once out of my indentures, I shall feel myself bound to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination!

All. Poor lad - poor lad! (*All weep*)

King. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

Samuel. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

Fred. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you; it wouldn't be right.

King. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

Samuel. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

All. Hear, hear!

Fred. Well, then, it is my duty, as a pirate, to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

King. There is some truth in that.

Fred. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan!

Samuel. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

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<sup>13</sup> The Paignton libretto has RUTH leaving the stage (see Page 6) but does not indicate at which point she returned so that this stage direction could be carried out.

<sup>14</sup> The Paignton libretto then continued with the Recitative and reprise of 'For I am a Pirate King' as shown on Page 10.

Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums - which we know is not the case.

Samuel. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

Fred. There's my difficulty; until twelve o'clock I would, after twelve I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

Ruth. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart, what is to become of her?

King. Oh, he will take you with him.

Fred. Well, Ruth, I feel some difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old,<sup>15</sup> and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

Ruth. It is - oh, it is!

Fred. I say I think it is; that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

King. True.

Fred. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

King. Oh, Ruth is very well, very well indeed.

Samuel. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

Fred. Do you really think so?

Samuel. I do.

Fred. Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her, and in consideration for you, I will leave her behind. (*Hands RUTH to KING*)

King. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

All. (*loudly*) Not one!

King. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic, keep thy love. (*Hands her back to FREDERIC*)

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<sup>15</sup> Frederic would have reached his 8th birthday on the Wednesday 29th February 1860 - see the footnote on Page 46.



Fred. You're very good, I'm sure.

*(Exit RUTH)*

King. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

Fred. I will! By the love I have for you, I swear it! Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

King. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic, I shall live and die a Pirate King.

**RECITATIVE - Samuel, James, King & Chorus.**

Samuel. Your majesty, we must get underway  
To lose the tide, we should be worse than crazy.

King. Is it essential we put out to-day?  
To tell the truth I feel a little lazy.  
How would it be if I remained behind?  
On this hot day the cavern is delicious.

James. We rather think you majesty would find  
That course of action highly injudicious.

*Pirates draw knives.*

All. We rather think so.

Samuel. Who would there be to knot and reef and splice  
Or take in canvas when a storm is lowering?

King. *(sighing.)* True true - I thank you for your very good advice.

*KING loads himself with kegs.*

The cares of government are overpowering.

For I am a Pirate King!

All. You are  
Hurrah for the Pirate King.

*Exeunt leaving FREDERICK and RUTH.*

### **No.3. - SONG - Pirate King and Chorus**

King. Oh, better far to live and die  
Under the brave black flag I fly,  
Than play a sanctimonious part  
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.  
Away to the cheating world go you,  
Where pirates all are well-to-do;  
But I'll be true to the song I sing,  
And live and die a Pirate King.

For I am a Pirate King!  
And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King!  
For I am a Pirate King!

All. You are!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

King. And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King.

All. It is!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

King. When I sally forth to seek my prey  
I help myself in a royal way.  
I sink a few more ships, it's true,  
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;  
But many a king on a first-class throne,  
If he wants to call his crown his own,  
Must manage somehow to get through  
More dirty work than e'er I do,

For I am a Pirate King!  
And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King!  
For I am a Pirate King!

All. You are!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

King. And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King.

All. It is!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!  
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

***(Exeunt all except FREDERIC. Enter RUTH.)***

Ruth. (*in great agitation.*) Master what is this that I hear? That you are out of your indentures, and that you propose to leave us!

Fred. Yes Ruth, I go tonight.

Ruth. (*wildly.*) And me - what is to become of me, when you are gone? Oh master this is cruel, cruel, cruel.

Fred. Hush, pretty one - don't fret - all may yet be well.

Ruth. Oh, take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

Fred. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I. A lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

Ruth. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

Fred. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Now Ruth tell me candidly and without reserve - earnestly, sincerely, solemnly, without equivocation or mental reservation - compared with other women - how are you?

Ruth. I will answer you truthfully, master - I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

Fred. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

Ruth. (*bashfully*) I have been told so, dear master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh, no; years and years ago.

Fred. What do you think of yourself?

Ruth. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

Ruth. Yes, I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

Fred. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if - I say if - you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union!

Ruth. Oh master, master, my heart wells with joy.

Fred. There, there, be composed Ruth, be composed - and if I really find that - (*chorus of girls heard.*) Hark, surely I hear &c.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>16</sup> The Paignton performance then continues from this point on Page 13 including the Recitative and Duet.

Ruth. Oh, take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

Fred. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I. A lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

Ruth. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

Fred. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Ruth, tell me candidly and without reserve: compared with other women, how are you?

Ruth. I will answer you truthfully, master: I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

Fred. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

Ruth. (*bashfully*) I have been told so, dear master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh, no; years and years ago.

Fred. What do you think of yourself?

Ruth. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

Ruth. Yes, I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

Fred. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if- I say if- you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union! (*Shakes hands with her. Chorus of girls heard in the distance, "climbing over rocky mountain," etc.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be Custom House? No, it does not sound like Custom House.

Ruth. (*aside*) Confusion! it is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

Fred. (*looking off*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

Ruth. (*aside*) Lost! lost! lost!

Fred. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely is the plainest of them! What grace- what delicacy- what refinement! And Ruth - Ruth told me she was beautiful!

**No.4. - RECITATIVE and DUET - Ruth and Frederic.**

Fred. Oh, false one, you have deceived me!

Ruth. I have deceived you?

Fred. Yes, deceived me!

*(Denouncing her.)*

Fred. You told me you were fair as gold!

Ruth. *(wildly)* And, master, am I not so?

Fred. And now I see you're plain and old.

Ruth. I'm sure I'm not a jot so.

Fred. Upon my innocence <sup>17</sup> you play.

Ruth. I'm not the one to plot so.

Fred. Your face is lined, your hair is grey.

Ruth. It's gradually got so.

Fred. Faithless woman, to deceive me,  
I who trusted so!

Ruth. Master, master, do not leave me!  
Hear me, ere you go!

My love without reflecting,  
Oh, do not be rejecting!  
Take a maiden tender, her affection raw and green,  
At very highest rating,  
Has been accumulating  
Summers seventeen, summers seventeen.

**ENSEMBLE**

Ruth. Don't, beloved master,  
Crush me with disaster.  
What is such a dow -  
er to the  
Dower I have here

My love unabating  
Has been accumulating  
Forty-seven year,  
Forty-seven year!

Fred. I who trusted so!

Fred. Yes, your former master  
Saves you from disaster.  
Your love would be uncom-  
-fortably  
Fervid, it is clear

If, as  
you are stating  
It's  
been accumulating  
Forty  
-seven year -  
Faithless  
woman to deceive me,

---

<sup>17</sup> At Paignton the word 'ignorance' was probably sung as this is present in the license copy.

Fred. Faithless woman, to deceive me,  
I who trusted so!

Ruth. Master, master, do not leave me!  
Hear me, ere you go!

### **RECITATIVE - Frederick.**

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens  
I dare not show in this detested costume!  
No, better far remain in close concealment  
Until I can appear in decent clothing!

### **RECITATIVE - Frederic.**

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens  
I dare not show in this alarming costume!  
No, no I must remain in close concealment  
Until I can appear in decent clothing!

*(Hides in cave as they enter climbing over the rocks and through arched rock)*

### **CHORUS OF GIRLS**

With timid step and watchful eye  
And pleasing palpitation  
We will continue bye and bye  
Our work of explanation.<sup>18</sup>  
This cavern will afford us rest  
Within its shade romantic  
While we inhale, with grateful zest  
The breath of the Atlantic.

### **No.5. - CHORUS OF GIRLS<sup>19</sup>**

Girls. Climbing over rocky mountain,  
Skipping rivulet and fountain,  
Passing where the willows quiver,  
Passing where the willows quiver  
By the ever-rolling river,  
Swollen with the summer rain, the summer rain

---

<sup>18</sup> Although the word 'explanation' clearly appears in the license copy, it is probably a mistake. Gilbert probably meant to write 'exploration'.

<sup>19</sup> With just a minor adjustment to the lyrics and the exclusion of the male chorus, this number was transferred from Gilbert and Sullivan's first opera, THESPIS or, The Gods Grown Old, first produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, December 26th 1871. The piece was sung at Paignton and was in draft copies of the libretto from the outset. The voice distribution for the solos however was different.

Threading long and leafy mazes  
Dotted with unnumbered daisies,  
Dotted, dotted with unnumbered daisies,  
Scaling rough and rugged passes,  
Climb the hardy little lasses,  
Till the bright sea-shore they gain;

Scaling rough and rugged passes,  
Climb the hardy little lasses,  
Till the bright sea-shore they gain!

Edith. (Mabel) Let us gaily tread the measure,  
Make the most of fleeting leisure,  
Hail it as a true ally,  
Though it perish by-and-by.

Girls. Hail it as a true ally,  
Though it perish by-and-by.

Edith. Every moment brings a treasure  
Of its own especial pleasure;  
Though the moments quickly die,  
Greet them gaily as they fly,  
Greet them gaily as they fly.

Girls. Though the moments quickly die,  
Greet them gaily as they fly.

Kate. Far away from toil and care,  
Revelling in fresh sea-air,  
Here we live and reign alone  
In a world that's all our own.

Kate. (Isabel.) Here, in this our rocky den, <sup>20</sup>  
Far away from mortal men,  
We'll be queens, and make decrees -  
They may honour them who please.

Girls. We'll be queens, and make decrees -  
They may honour them who please.

Let us gaily tread the measure,  
Make the most of fleeting leisure,  
Hail it as a true ally,  
Though it perish by-and-by.

---

<sup>20</sup> The actress playing Isabel in the New York production was only fourteen years of age and it may be that her singing voice was not strong enough to sustain solo music. This may therefore be the reason for the redistribution of voices.

<sup>21</sup>Kate. (Mabel.) What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

Edith. And I wonder where Papa is. We have left him ever so far behind.

Isabel. (Mabel.) Oh, he will be here presently! Remember poor Papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

Kate. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

Isabel. (Mabel.) Except the mermaids - it's the very place for mermaids.

Kate. (Edith.) Who are only human beings down to the waist -

Edith. (Kate.) And who can't be said strictly to set foot anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they cannot.

Kate. (Mabel.) But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon?

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

All. Yes, yes! The very thing!

*(They prepare to carry, out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when FREDERIC comes forward from cave.)*

**No.6. - RECITATIVE - Edith, Kate, Frederic & Chorus.**

Fred. (*recitative*). Stop, ladies, pray!

Girls. (*Hopping on one foot*) A man!

Fred. I had intended  
Not to intrude myself upon your notice  
In this effective but alarming costume;  
But under these peculiar circumstances,  
It is my bounden duty to inform you  
That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed!

Edith. (Mabel.) But who are you, sir? Speak!

*(All hopping)*

Fred. I am a pirate!

Girls. (*recoiling, hopping*) A pirate! Horror!

---

<sup>21</sup> Again, although the Paignton performance included this same dialogue scene, the distribution of parts was different.



Fred. Ladies, do not shun me!  
This evening I renounce my vile profession;  
And, to that end, O pure and peerless maidens!  
Oh, blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty!  
I, sore at heart, implore your kind assistance.

Edith. (Mabel.) How pitiful his tale!

Kate. How rare his beauty

Girls. How pitiful his tale!  
How rare his beauty!

### **No.7. - ARIA - Frederic & Chorus of Girls.**

Oh, is there not one maiden breast  
Which does not feel the moral beauty  
Of making worldly interest  
Subordinate to sense of duty?  
Who would not give up willingly  
All matrimonial ambition,  
To rescue such a one as I  
From his unfortunate position?  
From his position,  
To rescue such an one as I  
From his unfortunate position?

Girls. Alas! there's not one maiden breast  
Which seems to feel the moral beauty  
Of making worldly interest  
Subordinate to sense of duty!

Fred. Oh, is there not one maiden here  
Whose homely face and bad complexion  
Have caused all hope to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection?  
Of such a one, if such there be,  
I swear <sup>22</sup> by Heaven's arch above you,  
If you will cast your eyes on me,  
However plain you be, I'll love you,  
However plain you be,  
If you will cast your eyes on me,  
However plain you be I'll love you,  
I'll love you, I'll love, I'll love you!

Girls. Alas! there's not one maiden here  
Whose homely face and bad complexion  
Have caused all hope to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection!

---

<sup>22</sup> This was sung as 'say' at Paignton.

Fred. (*in despair*) Not one?

Girls. No, no - not one!

Fred. Not one?

Girls. No, no!

Mabel. (*enters through arch*) Yes, one!

Girls. 'Tis Mabel!

Mabel. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

### **ENSEMBLE.**

Fred. Oh joy, of all the maidens  
here  
The fairest with the best  
complexion  
So sweet a face and eyes  
so clear  
Might chain an anchorites  
affection.!

Mabel. Although indifferent I fear  
My face and form and my  
complexion  
These blemishes will  
disappear  
Before the ardour of  
affection!

Edith. Yes, yes it is extremely  
clear  
Her homely face and bad  
complexion  
Have caused all hope to  
disappear  
Of ever winning man's  
affection!

All. Yes, yes it is extremely clear  
Her homely face and bad complexion  
Have caused all hope to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection!

*FREDERICK and MABEL embrace.* <sup>23</sup>

### **RECIT - Mabel.**

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,  
For shame!  
It's true that he has gone astray,  
But pray  
Is that a reason good and true  
Why you  
Should all be deaf to pity's name?

Girls. (*aside*) The question is, had he not been  
A thing of beauty,  
Would she be swayed by quite as keen  
A sense of duty?

Mabel. For shame, for shame, for shame!

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<sup>23</sup> The Paignton version then continued from Page 20.

**No.8. - AIR - Mabel & Chorus.**

Mabel. Poor wand'ring one!  
Though thou hast surely strayed,  
Take heart of grace,  
Thy steps retrace,  
Poor wand'ring one!  
Poor wand'ring one!  
If such poor love as mine  
Can help thee find  
True peace of mind-  
Why, take it, it is thine!

Girls. Take heart, no danger low'rs;  
Take any heart but ours!

Mabel. Take heart, fair days will shine;  
Take any heart - take mine!

Girls. Take heart; no danger low'rs;  
Take any heart-but ours!

Mabel. Take heart, fair days will shine;  
Take any heart - take mine!

Poor wand'ring one!, etc.

*(MABEL and FREDERIC go to mouth of cave and converse. EDITH beckons her sisters,  
who form a semicircle around her.)*

Edith. Now stern propriety we know  
Bids us remain in solemn tether.

All. Yes yes - yes yes -

Edith. While delicacy bids us go  
And leave the plighted pair together.

All. Yes yes - yes yes -

Edith. Suppose we make a compromise  
For oh our hearts are not of leather.

All. Yes yes - yes yes -

Edith. Suppose we stop and shut our eyes  
And talk discreetly of the weather.

All. Yes yes - yes yes -  
We'll talk discreetly of the weather. <sup>24</sup>

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<sup>24</sup> The Paignton performance continued from this point with 'How beautifully blue the sky'

### **No.9. - Edith, Kate & Chorus of Girls**

Edith.           What ought we to do,  
Gentle sisters, say?  
Propriety, we know,  
Says we ought to stay;  
While sympathy exclaims,  
"Free them from your tether -  
Play at other games -  
Leave them here together."

Kate.            Her case may, any day,  
Be yours, my dear, or mine.  
Let her make her hay  
While the sun doth shine.  
Let us compromise  
(Our hearts are not of leather):  
Let us shut our eyes  
And talk about the weather.

Girls.            Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.

### **No.10. - DUET - Mabel & Frederic, & Chorus of Girls.**

How beautifully blue the sky,  
The glass is rising very high,  
Continue fine I hope it may,  
And yet it rained but yesterday.  
To-morrow it may pour again  
(I hear the country wants some rain),  
Yet people say, I know not why,  
That we shall have a warm July.  
To-morrow it may pour again  
(I hear the country wants some rain),  
Yet people say, I know not why,  
That we shall have a warm July.

***Enter MABEL and FREDERIC***

***During MABEL's solo the GIRLS continue chatter pianissimo, but listening eagerly all the time.***

#### **SOLO - Mabel.**

Did ever maiden wake  
From dream of homely duty,  
To find her daylight break  
With such exceeding beauty?  
Did ever maiden close  
Her eyes on waking sadness,  
To dream of such exceeding gladness?

Fred. Ah, yes! ah, yes! this is exceeding gladness

Girls. How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

### **SOLO - Frederic.**

*During this, GIRLS continue their chatter pianissimo as before, but listening intently all the time.*

Did ever pirate roll  
His soul in guilty dreaming,  
And wake to find that soul  
With peace and virtue beaming?

Did ever pirate loathed  
Forsake his hideous mission,  
To find himself betrothed  
To a lady of position?

Mabel. Ah yes, ah yes, I am a lady of position.

### **ENSEMBLE**

Fred.

Did ever pirate  
loathed  
Forsake his hideous  
mission  
To find himself  
betrothed  
To lady of  
position?

Mabel.

Did ever maiden  
wake  
From dream of  
homely mission  
To find her daylight  
break  
With such exceeding  
beauty?

Girls.

How beautifully blue  
the sky, etc.

### **No.11. - Frederic & Chorus of Girls.**

Stay, we must not lose our senses;  
Men who stick at no offences  
Will anon be here!  
Piracy their dreadful trade is;  
Pray you, get you hence, young ladies,  
While the coast is clear.

All. Piracy their dreadful trade is  
Nice associates for young ladies.

Edith. Stay, before we terminate this most romantic of adventures  
Tell me, are there any others nearly out of their indentures  
And prentice who desirous to give up his dreadful trade is  
If so we will gladly help him.

Fred. No, there isn't one , young ladies  
All confirmed desperadoes they would certainly be termed.

Edith. (*disappointed.*) I'm sorry they are desperadoes  
But I'm glad they've been confirmed.

All. We're sorry they are desperadoes  
But we're glad they've been confirmed.  
Come, we must not lose &c.

***FREDERIC and MABEL retire.***

Girls. No, we must not lose our senses,  
If they stick at no offences  
We should not be here!  
Piracy their dreadful trade is -  
Nice companions for young ladies!  
Let us disap - .

***During this chorus the PIRATES have entered stealthily, and formed in a semicircle behind the GIRLS. As the GIRLS move to go off, each PIRATE seizes a GIRL. KING seizes EDITH and ISABEL, SAMUEL seizes KATE.***

Girls. Too late!

Pirates. Ha, ha!

Girls. Too late!

Pirates. Ho, ho!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

**ENSEMBLE**

***(Pirates pass in front of Girls.)***

Pirates. Here's a first-rate opportunity  
To get married with impunity,  
And indulge in the felicity  
Of unbounded domesticity.  
You shall quickly be parsonified,  
Conjugally matrimonified,  
By a doctor of divinity  
Who is located in this vicinity.

***(Girls pass in front of Pirates.)***

Girls. We have missed our opportunity  
Of escaping with impunity;  
So farewell to the felicity  
Of our maiden domesticity!  
We shall quickly be parsonified,  
Conjugally matrimonified,

By a doctor of divinity,  
Who is located in this vicinity.

All. By a doctor of divinity,  
Who resides in this vicinity,  
By a doctor, a doctor, a doctor  
of divinity, of divinity.

### **No.12. - RECITATIVE - Mabel, Major-General, Samuel & Chorus.**

Mabel. (*coming forward*) Hold, monsters! Ere your pirate caravanserai  
Proceed, against our will, to wed us all,  
Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery,  
And father is a Major-General!

Samuel. (*cowed*) We'd better pause, or danger may befall,  
Their father is a Major-General.

Girls. Yes, yes; he is a Major-General!

*(The MAJOR-GENERAL has entered unnoticed, on the rock)*

General. Yes, yes, I am a Major-General!

Samuel. For he is a Major-General!

All. He is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

General. And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Major-General!

All. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!  
Hurrah for the Major-General!

### **No.13. - SONG - Major-General & Chorus.**

I am the very model <sup>25</sup> of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

All. With many cheerful facts, about the square of the hypotenuse.  
With many cheerful facts, about the square of the hypotenuse.  
With many cheerful facts, about the square of the hypotenuse.

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<sup>25</sup> At Paignton, New York and in early London performances the word used here was 'pattern'. Throughout 'General' is shown as 'G<sup>i</sup>neral'

- General. I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
- All. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.
- General. I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;  
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,  
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;  
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,  
I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes!  
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.
- All. And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.
- General. Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,  
And tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
- All. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.
- General. In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",  
When I can tell at sight a Mauser <sup>26</sup> rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat",  
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,  
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery -  
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.
- All. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.
- General. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;  
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
- All. But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

---

<sup>26</sup> The original word used here was 'Chassepôt'.



General. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

King. Going on! I don't understand you -

General. Why you see here we have two distinct elements - on the one hand, my daughters - all admirable girls and particularly well brought up - on the other hand, a party of young gentlemen, delightful creatures, I've no doubt, but, at present total strangers to me -

Kate. (Mabel.) Oh, Papa - we - -

Samuel. Permit me, I'll explain in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.

General. Dear me!

Girls. Against our wills, Papa - against our wills!

General. Oh, but you mustn't do that! May I ask - this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you?

King. We are all single gentlemen.

General. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

King. No, nothing else.

Edith. Papa, don't believe them; they are pirates - the famous Pirates of Penzance!

General. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.

Mabel. All except this gentleman. (*indicating FREDERICK.*)

Fred. Who was a pirate half an hour ago but who is just out of his indentures.

Mabel. And who means to lead a blameless life.

Fred. And marry your daughter.

Mabel. *With her consent.*<sup>27</sup>

Mabel. All except this gentleman (*indicating FREDERIC*), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures today, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

General. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

King. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point. We do not press it. We look over it.

---

<sup>27</sup> The Paignton version then picks up from the Major-General's 'But wait a bit' &c.

General. (*aside*) Hah! an idea! (*aloud*) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these, the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

King. Well, yes, that's the idea.

General. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

Pirates. (*disgusted*) Oh, dash it all!

King. Here we are again!

General. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

King. Often!

General. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

King. I say, often.

All. (*disgusted*) Often, often, often. (*Turning away*)

General. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan". As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

King. I didn't repeat the word often.

General. Pardon me, you did indeed.

King. I only repeated it once.

General. True, but you repeated it.

King. But not often.

General. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan", did you mean "orphan", a person who has lost his parents, or "often", frequently?

King. Ah! I beg pardon - I see what you mean - frequently.

General. Ah! you said "often", frequently.

King. No, only once.

General. (*irritated*) Exactly - you said "often", frequently, only once.

**No.14. - FINALE - ACT I - Mabel, Kate, Edith, Ruth, Frederic, Samuel,  
King, Major-General & Chorus.**

General. Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,  
Forgo your cruel employ,  
Have pity on my lonely state,  
I am an orphan boy!

*Major-General winks at the audience.*

King. An orphan boy?

Pirates. How sad, and orphan boy.

General. Oh what a story I am telling My parents close to us are dwelling These simple pirates I am selling Oh what a story I am telling.	Girls. Oh what a fib papa is telling His parents close to us are dwelling These simple pirates he is selling Oh what a fib papa is telling	Pirates ( <i>in tears.</i> ) Ah sad indeed the tale he's telling And pity from our bosoms welling All ferocity is quelling  Sad indeed the tale he's telling
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General. These children &c.

King & Sam. An orphan boy?

General. An orphan boy!

Pirates. How sad, an orphan boy.

General. These children whom you see  
Are all that I can call my own!

Pirates. Poor fellow!

General. Take them away from me,  
And I shall be indeed alone.

Pirates. Poor fellow!

General. If pity you can feel,  
Leave me my sole remaining joy -  
See, at your feet they kneel;  
Your hearts you cannot steel  
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

Pirates. (*sobbing*) Poor fellow!  
See at our feet they kneel;  
Our hearts we cannot steel  
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

Samuel. The orphan boy!

Sam & King. The orphan boy!  
See at our feet they kneel;  
Our hearts we cannot steel  
Against the tale of the lonely orphan boy!

Pirates. Poor fellow!

General.	Girls.	Pirates ( <i>in tears.</i> )
Oh what a story I am telling My parents close to us are dwelling These simple pirates I am selling Oh what a story I am telling.	Oh what a fib papa is telling His parents close to us are dwelling These simple pirates he is selling Oh what a fib papa is telling	Ah sad indeed the tale he's telling And pity from our bosoms welling All ferocity is quelling  Sad indeed the tale he's telling

King. Nay blush not at the brine  
That dims your eyes, nor deem it weak. Poor fellows!  
Turn not in shame away  
Such tears redeem our dark employ  
Be proud that you can say  
On such and such a day  
We wept at the sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

Girls. The orphan boy

Men The orphan boy

All. The lonely orphan boy. Poor fellow!

Pirates. Although our dark career  
Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,  
We rather think that we're  
Not altogether void of feeling.  
Although we live by strife,  
We're always sorry to begin it,  
For what, we ask, is life  
Without a touch of Poetry in it?

Chorus. Hail poetry &c.

General. (*Aside*) I'm telling a terrible story,  
But it doesn't diminish my glory;  
For they would have taken my daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,  
Indulged in an innocent fiction,  
Which is not in the same category  
As telling a regular terrible story.

Girls. *(Aside)*  
He is telling a terrible story,  
Which will tend to diminish my  
glory;  
Though they would have taken his  
daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
  
It is easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes in the same *category*  
As telling a regular terrible story.  
  
It's easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes in the same *category*  
  
As telling a regular terrible story

Pirates & Fred. *(Aside)*  
If he's telling a terrible story,  
He shall die by a death that is gory;  
Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters  
  
That ever were known in these  
waters,  
It is easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes in the same *category*  
As telling a regular terrible story.

Pirates, Fred & General.  
It's easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes/it's not in the same  
*category*  
As telling a regular terrible story.

King.           Although our dark career  
Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,  
We rather think that we're  
Not altogether void of feeling.  
Although we live by strife,  
We're always sorry to begin it,  
For what, we ask, is life  
Without a touch of Poetry in it?

*(all kneel)*

All.           Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid!  
Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.  
Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!  
All hail, all hail, divine emollient!

*(all rise)*

King.           You may go, for you're at liberty, our pirate rules protect you,  
And honorary members of our band we do elect you!

General. *(Aside)* I'm telling a terrible story,  
But it doesn't diminish my glory;  
For they would have taken my daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,  
Indulged in an innocent fiction,  
Which is not in the same *category*  
As telling a regular terrible story.

Girls. *(Aside)*  
He is telling a terrible story,  
Which will tend to diminish my  
glory;  
Though they would have taken his  
daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
  
It is easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes in the same category  
As telling a regular terrible story.  
  
It's easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction,  
But it comes in the same category  
As telling a regular terrible story

Pirates & Fred. *(Aside)*  
If he's telling a terrible story,  
He shall die by a death that is gory;  
Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters  
  
That ever were known in these  
waters,  
And we'll finish his moral affliction  
By a very complete malediction,  
As a compliment valedictory,  
If he's telling a terrible story.  
  
Pirates, Fred & General.  
And we'll finish his moral affliction  
By a very complete malediction,  
As a compliment valedictory,  
If he's telling a terrible story.

Samuel. For he is an orphan boy!  
Chorus. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!  
General. And it sometimes is a useful thing  
To be an orphan boy.  
Chorus. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!  
Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Mabel & Fred. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee  
We will away and married be!  
Should it befall auspiciously,  
My/her sisters all will bridesmaids be!

Ensemble. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee  
They will away and married be!  
Should it befall auspiciously,  
Her/Our sisters all will bridesmaids be!

***(RUTH enters and comes down to FREDERIC)***

Ruth. Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!  
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!  
Fred. Away! You did deceive me!  
Ruth. Oh do not leave me!

Fred. The word is spoken  
Ruth. My heart is broken!  
Fred. Away you grieve me  
I wish you'd leave me  
Away!

*Pirates lead her away heartbroken.*

**BRINDISI - King.**

King. Comrades, let us join in plighting  
These, our honorary members  
May the fire of friendship's lighting  
Never sink to dust and embers.  
Oh remember - Major-General  
And remember - wards in chancery  
you are welcome - nine or ten or all  
To our Pirate Caravanserai!  
For we all are orphan boys!

All. We/they are  
Hurrah for the orphan boys!

King. And it is, it is a useful thing  
To be an orphan boy.

All. It is  
Hurrah for the orphan boy.

**End of Act I**

Pirates. Yes, yes, remember Ruth, who kneels before you!

Fred. Away, you did deceive me!

Pirates. *(Threatening RUTH)* Away, you did deceive him!

Ruth. Oh, do not leave me!

Pirates. Oh, do not leave her!

Fred. Away, you grieve me!

Pirates. Away, you grieve him!

Fred. I wish you'd leave me!

*(FREDERIC casts RUTH from him)*

Pirates. We wish you'd leave him!

Men. Pray observe the magnanimity  
We display to lace and dimity!  
Never was such opportunity  
To get married with impunity,  
But we give up the felicity  
Of unbounded domesticity,  
Though a doctor of divinity  
Is located in this vicinity.

Girls. Pray observe the magnanimity  
They display to lace and dimity!  
Never was such opportunity  
To get married with impunity,  
But they give up the felicity  
Of unbounded domesticity,  
Though a doctor of divinity  
Is located in this vicinity.

All. But they/we give up the felicity  
Of unbounded domesticity,  
But they/we give up the felicity  
Of unbounded domesticity,

Mabel & Sops  
Tho' a doc -  
- - - tor, a  
doctor, a doctor of divinity

Rest.  
Tho' a doctor of divinity,  
A doctor of divinity,  
A doctor, a doctor of divinity

All. Tho' a doctor of divinity,  
Resides in this vicinity,  
Tho' a doctor, a doctor, resides in this vicinity,  
This vicinity.

King. For we all are orphan boys!

All. We are! Hurrah for the orphan boys!

General. And it sometimes is a useful thing to be an orphan boy!

All. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

*(GIRLS and MAJOR-GENERAL go up rocks, while PIRATES indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage. The MAJOR-GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING, in arched rock, produces a black flag with skull and crossbones. Enter RUTH, who makes a final appeal to FREDERIC, who casts her from him.)*

**END OF ACT**



## ACT II

*(Scene. - A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C., R. and L., divided by pillars and arches, ruined Gothic windows at back. MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated R.C. pensively, surrounded by his daughters.)*

### **No.1. - INTRODUCTION & SOLO - Mabel & Chorus.**

Oh, dry the glist'ning tear  
That dews that martial cheek,  
Thy loving children hear,  
In them thy comfort seek.  
With sympathetic care  
Their arms around thee creep,  
For oh, they cannot bear  
To see their father weep!

*(Enter MABEL)*

### **SOLO - Mabel.**

Dear father, why leave your bed  
At this untimely hour,  
When happy daylight is dead,  
And darksome dangers low'r?  
See, heav'n has lit her lamp,  
The midnight hour is past,  
And the chilly night-air is damp,  
And the dews are falling fast!  
Dear father, why leave your bed  
When happy daylight is dead?

Girls. Oh, dry the glist'ning tear,  
That dews that martial cheek,  
Thy loving children hear,  
In them thy comfort seek.  
With sympathetic care  
Their arms around thee creep,  
For oh, they cannot bear  
To see their father weep!

General. With harrowing remorse my soul is rent  
No man may tell a falsehood with impunity  
Upon a plea both false and fraudulent  
I gained for me and mine a false immunity.

Mabel. Father be comforted the urgency  
Of our great peril is your best reply  
There rests no stain upon the name of Stanley.

General        I scorn the solaces of sophistry  
                  No argument can justify a lie -  
                  My conduct has been most ungentlemanly.

Mabel.        I'll not allow the conduct of a Stanley  
                  Could possibly be called ungentlemanly.

General.        Alas alas, I am the only Stanley  
                  Whose conduct can be called ungentlemanly

All.            We'll not allow the conduct of a Stanley  
                  Could possibly be called ungentlemanly.

***FREDERIC enters.***

Mabel.        Oh, Frederic, cannot you, in the calm excellence of your wisdom, reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

Fred.         I will try, dear Mabel. But why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

General.        Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan; and, heaven help me, I am no orphan! I come here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for having brought dishonour on the family escutcheon.

Fred.         But you forget, sir, you only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle is scarcely dry.

General.        Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors: you cannot deny that. With the estate, I bought the chapel and its contents. I don't know whose ancestors they were, but I know whose ancestors they are, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what, I have no doubt, was an unstained escutcheon.

Fred.         Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nearest clergyman, and have married your large family on the spot.

General.        I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. I assure you, Frederic, that such is the anguish and remorse I feel at the abominable falsehood by which I escaped these easily deluded pirates, that I would go to their simple-minded chief this very night and confess all, did I not fear that the consequences would be most disastrous to myself. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

Fred.         At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with the pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth - and then, dear Mabel, you will be mine!

General.        Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred. They are, they only wait my orders.

**No.2. - RECITATIVE - Frederic & Major-General.**

Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted  
Be summoned to receive a gen'ral's blessing,  
Ere they depart upon their dread adventure.

Fred. Dear, sir, they come.

*(Enter POLICE, marching in single file. They form in line, facing audience.)*

**No.3. - CHORUS with SOLOS - Mabel, Edith & Sergeant.**

When the foeman bares his steel,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
We uncomfortable feel,  
Tarantara!  
And we find the wisest thing,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Is to slap our chests and sing,  
Tarantara!  
For when threatened with emeutes,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
And your heart is in your boots,  
Tarantara!  
There is nothing brings it round  
Like the trumpet's martial sound,  
Like the trumpet's martial sound  
Tarantara! tarantara!, etc.

Mabel. Go, ye heroes, go to glory,  
Though you die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in song and story.  
Go to immortality!  
Go to death, and go to slaughter;  
Die, and every Cornish daughter  
With her tears your grave shall water.  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!

Girls. Go, ye heroes, go and die!  
Go, ye heroes, go and die!

Police. Though to us it's evident,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
These attentions are well meant,  
Tarantara!  
Such expressions don't appear,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Calculated men to cheer  
Tarantara!

Who are going to meet their fate  
In a highly nervous state.  
Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!  
Still to us it's evident  
These attentions are well meant.  
Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!

Edith. Go and do your best endeavour,  
And before all links we sever,  
We will say farewell for-ever.  
Go to glory and the grave!

Girls. For your foes are fierce and ruthless,  
False, unmerciful, and truthless;  
Young and tender, old and toothless,  
All in vain their mercy crave.

Sergeant. We observe too great a stress,  
On the risks that on us press,  
And of reference a lack  
To our chance of coming back.  
Still, perhaps it would be wise  
Not to carp or criticise,  
For it's very evident  
These attentions are well meant.

Police. Yes, it's very evident  
These attentions are well meant,  
Evident, yes, well meant, evident  
Ah, yes, well meant!

### **ENSEMBLE**

Girls. Go ye heroes,  
Go to glory!  
Though ye die  
In combat gory,  
Ye shall live  
In song and story,  
Go to  
Immortality!  
Go to death,  
And go to slaughter;  
Die and ev'ry  
Cornish daughter  
With her tears  
Your grave shall water,  
Go ye heroes,  
Go and die!

Police. When the foeman bears his steel,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
We uncomfortable feel,  
Tarantara!  
And we find the wisest thing,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
Is to slap our chests and sing,  
Tarantara!  
For when threaten'd with emeutes,  
Tarantara, tarantara!  
And your heart is in your boots,  
Tarantara!  
There is nothing  
Brings it round,  
Like the trumpet's  
Martial sound!

Go ye heroes,  
Go to immortality!  
Go ye heroes,  
Go to immortality!  
Tho' ye die in combat gory,  
Ye shall live in  
song and story;  
Go to immortality!

Tarantara, tarantara,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
Tarantara, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra,  
Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara!

General. Away, away!

Police. (*without moving*) Yes, yes, we go.

General. These pirates slay.

Police. Tarantara!

General. Then do not stay.

Police. Tarantara!

General. Then why this delay?

Police. All right, we go.

All. Yes, forward on the foe!  
Yes, forward on the foe!

General. Yes, but you don't go!

Police. We go, we go

All. Yes, forward on the foe!  
Yes, forward on the foe!

General. Yes, but you don't go!

Police. We go, we go

All. At last they go!  
At last they really go!

Girls. Go and do your best endeavour,  
And before all links we sever,  
We will say farewell for-ever.  
Go to glory and the grave!  
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,  
False, unmerciful, and truthless;  
Young and tender, old and toothless,  
All in vain their mercy crave.

Police. Such expressions don't appear,  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
Calculated men to cheer  
Tarantara!  
Who are going to meet their fate  
Tarantara, tarantara,  
In a highly nervous state.  
Tarantara!

Mabel & Fred. Adieu my own farewell  
A funeral knell  
A marriage bell  
Oh who can tell  
Farewell, once more farewell.

*Exeunt POLICE. MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exits, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The MAJOR-GENERAL and others follow the POLICE off. FREDERIC remains alone.*

#### **No.4. - RECITATIVE & TRIO.**

Fred. Now for the pirates' lair!  
Oh, joy unbounded!  
Oh, sweet relief!  
Oh, rapture unexampled!  
At last I may atone, in some slight measure,  
For the repeated acts of theft and pillage  
Which, at a sense of duty's stern dictation,  
I, circumstance's victim, have been guilty!

*(PIRATE KING and RUTH appear at the window, armed.)*

King. Young Frederic! *(Covering him with pistol)*

Fred. Who calls?

King. Your late commander!

Ruth. And I, your little Ruth! *(Covering him with pistol)*

Fred. Oh, mad intruders,  
How dare ye face me?  
Know ye not, oh rash ones,  
That I have doomed you to extermination?

*(KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear)*

King. Have mercy on us!  
Hear us, ere you slaughter!

Fred. I do not think I ought to listen to you.  
Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,  
And so I will be merciful -  
Say on!

King. Ha ha ha ha.

Ruth. Ha ha ha ha.

Fred. Why do you laugh?

King & Ruth. Ha ha ha ha.

### TRIO - Ruth, Frederick and King.

Ruth. When you had left our pirate fold,  
We tried to cheer our spirits faint,  
Accustomed<sup>28</sup> to our custom old,  
With riddles and conundrums quaint.  
But all in vain the quips we heard,  
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,  
Until to somebody occurred  
A most ingenious paradox.....<sup>29</sup>

### No.5. - TRIO - Ruth, Frederic and King.

Ruth. When you had left our pirate fold,  
We tried to raise our spirits faint,  
According to our custom old,  
With quips and quibbles quaint.  
But all in vain the quips we heard,  
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,  
Until to somebody occurred  
A startling paradox.

Fred. A paradox?

King. (*laughing*) A paradox!

Ruth. A most ingenious paradox!  
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
But none to beat this paradox!

All. A paradox, a paradox,  
A most ingenious paradox!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
A paradox!

King. We knew your taste for curious quips,  
For cranks and contradictions queer;  
And with the laughter on our lips,  
We wished you there to hear.  
We said, "If we could tell it him,  
How Frederic would the joke enjoy!"  
And so we've risked both life and limb  
To tell it to our boy.  
Twill be our death that paradox  
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks  
But none to beat that paradox  
Ha, ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

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<sup>28</sup> This should probably read 'According' as in later versions of the libretto.

<sup>29</sup> The Paignton version then continues with the King's verse. The last line however read 'To tell it to our prentice boy.'

Ruth. This is the jest and when unfurled  
The truth of what we say 'twill show  
You came into this wicked world  
Just one and twenty years ago  
But though since you by me were nursed  
Years twenty one have passed away  
You have not seen the twenty first  
Recurrence of your natal day.

Fred. 'Twill be our death that paradox.

*(puzzled.)* Now let me see how that can be  
I'm twenty one that's very clear  
Moreover it is plain to me  
Man has birthday once a year  
To solve this quip I see no way  
All common sense the statement mocks  
I beg of you without delay  
Explain this startling paradox.<sup>30</sup>

Fred. *(interested).* That paradox?

King. That paradox!

King & Ruth. *(laughing)* That most ingenious paradox!  
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
But none to beat this paradox!  
A paradox, a paradox,  
A most ingenious paradox!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

### **CHANT - King.**

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal,  
Some person in authority, I don't know who, very likely the Astronomer Royal,  
Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight  
days as a rule are plenty,  
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine and twenty.  
Through some singular coincidence - I shouldn't be surprised if it were owing  
to the agency of an ill-natured fairy -  
You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap-year,  
on the twenty-ninth of February;  
And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover,  
That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're  
only five and a little bit over!

Ruth. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

King. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

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<sup>30</sup> The Paignton version then continued straight into the Pirate King's Chant.



Fred. Dear me!  
Let's see! (*counting on fingers*)  
Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Fred. (*more amused than any*) How quaint the ways of Paradox!  
At common sense she gaily mocks!  
Though counting in the usual way,  
Years twenty-one I've been alive,  
Yet, reck'ning by my natal day,  
Yet, reck'ning by my natal day,  
I am a little boy of five!

Ruth & King. He is a little boy of five!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
A paradox, a paradox,  
A most ingenious paradox!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
A paradox,  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
A curious paradox,  
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
A most ingenious paradox.

***RUTH and KING throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughter.***

Fred. Upon my word, this is most curious, most absurdly whimsical.

King. Yes, we thought you would like it.

Fred. And, as in all genuine humour - there's a certain element of truth in it - Five and a quarter - no one would think it to look at me.

Ruth. You are glad now &c.

Fred. Upon my word, this is most curious - most absurdly whimsical.  
Five-and-a-quarter! No one would think it to look at me!

Ruth. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had killed two of your comrades.

Fred. My comrades? Come come Ruth. I thank you both from the bottom of my heart for the friendly feeling that prompted you to risk your lives to tell me the joke. I wouldn't have missed it for the world, but you are not on that account my comrades.

King. I am afraid &c.

Fred. My comrades?

King. (*rises*) I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position: You were apprenticed to us -

Fred. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

King. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday (*producing document*), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

Fred. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

King. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty.

Ruth. Your sense of duty!

Fred. (*wildly*) Don't put it on that footing! As I was merciful to you just now, be merciful to me! Listen - I am bound by the holiest ties to this amiable family - I love Mabel madly - and we are on the point of being united - I have served you long and faithfully and I implore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips!

Ruth. We insist on nothing; we content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty.

Fred. But my heart, my life's happiness.

King. Your duty!

Fred. Mabel whom I love so dearly.

Ruth. Your duty.

Fred. General Stanley who loves me as a son and whom I already regard as a father.

King. Your duty.

Fred. Oh Ruth, Ruth, why did you disclose the fatal circumstances of my birth? Oh it was not kind, it was not kind. (*sobbing.*)

Ruth. Dear Master forgive me but when you left us - I was broken-hearted - I could not live apart from you - Oh you cannot know what it is to love.

Fred. (*after a pause*) Poor child, poor child. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling; I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it; but duty is before all - at any price I will do my duty.

King. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

Fred. Lead on, I follow. (*Suddenly*) Oh, horror!

King & Ruth. What is the matter?

Fred. Ought I to tell you? No, no, I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band -

King. Speak out, I charge you by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

Fred. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel -

King & Ruth. Yes, yes!

Fred. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan?

King. He did.

Fred. It breaks my heart to betray the honoured father of the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alternative. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan!

King & Ruth. What!

Fred. More than that, he never was one!

King. Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practice on our credulous simplicity? (*FREDERIC nods as he weeps*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

Fred. But stay -

King. Not a word! He is doomed!

### **No.6. - TRIO - Ruth, Frederic & King.**

King & Ruth. Away, away! my heart's on fire;  
I burn, this base deception to repay.  
This very night my vengeance dire  
Shall glut itself in gore.  
Away, away!

Fred. Away, away! ere I expire -  
I find my duty hard to do to-day!  
My heart is filled with anguish dire,  
It strikes me to the core.  
Away, away!

King. With falsehood foul  
He tricked us of our brides.  
Let vengeance howl;  
The Pirate so decides.  
Our nature stern  
He softened with his lies,  
And, in return,  
To-night the traitor dies.

Fred & Ruth. Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies!

All. Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies!

Ruth. To-night he dies!

King. Yes, or early to-morrow.

Fred. His girls likewise?

Ruth. They will welter in sorrow.

King. The one soft spot

Ruth. In their natures they cherish -

Fred. And all who plot

King. To abuse it shall perish!

All. To-night he dies,  
Yes, or early to-morrow.  
His girls likewise,  
They will welter in sorrow;  
The one soft spot  
In their natures they cherish,  
And all who plot  
To abuse it shall perish!

Away, away, away!  
To-night the traitor dies!  
Away, away! to-night, to-night, to-night,  
The traitor dies! to-night  
Away!

*Exeunt KING and RUTH. FREDERIC throws himself on a stone in blank despair. Enter MABEL.*

### **No.7. - RECITATIVE & DUET - Mabel & Frederic.**

All is prepared, your gallant crew await you.  
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be  
That lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?

Fred. No, Mabel, no.  
A terrible disclosure  
Has just been made.  
Mabel, my dearly-loved one,  
I bound myself to serve the pirate captain  
Until I reached my one-and-twentieth birthday -

Mabel. But you are twenty-one?

Fred. I've just discovered  
That I was born in leap-year, and that birthday  
Will not be reached by me till nineteen forty! <sup>31</sup>

Mabel. Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!

Fred. And so, farewell!

Mabel. No, no!  
Ah, Frederic, hear me.

**No.8. - DUET - Mabel & Frederic.**

Mabel. Stay, Fred'ric, stay!  
They have no legal claim,  
No shadow of a shame  
Shall fall upon thy name;  
Stay, Frederic, stay!

Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!  
To-night I quit these walls,  
The thought my soul appalls,  
But when stern Duty calls,  
I must obey.

Mabel. Stay, Fred'ric, stay!

Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!

Mabel. They have no claim -

Fred. But Duty's name.

Mabel. No shadow of a shame  
Shall fall upon thy name;

Fred. The thought my soul appalls,  
But when stern Duty calls,

Mabel. Stay, Fred'ric, stay!

Fred. I must obey.

---

<sup>31</sup> As the year 1900 was not a leap year this means that Frederic must have been born on Sunday the 29th February 1852 and the action of the opera must take place in 1873, the first act being either on Friday 28th February or Saturday 1st March depending on whether Frederic celebrated his birthday on the 28th or the 1st. The second act takes place a week later, that is either Friday 7th or Saturday 8th March.

Mabel. Ah, leave me not to pine  
Alone and desolate;  
No fate seemed fair as mine,  
No happiness so great!  
And Nature, day by day,  
Has sung in accents clear  
This joyous roundelay,  
"He loves thee - he is here.  
Fa-la, la-la,  
Fa-la, la-la.  
He loves thee - he is here.  
Fa-la, la-la, Fa-la."

Fred. Ah, must I leave thee here  
In endless night to dream,  
Where joy is dark and drear,  
And sorrow all supreme -  
Where nature, day by day,  
Will sing, in altered tone,  
This weary roundelay,  
"He loves thee - he is gone.  
Fa-la, la-la,  
Fa-la, la-la.  
He loves thee - he is gone."

Both. "Fa-la, la-la, Fa-la."

Fred. In 1940 I of age shall be,  
I'll then return, and claim you - I declare it!

Mabel. It seems so long!

Fred. Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.

Mabel. Yes, I'll be strong!  
By all the Stanleys dead and gone, I swear it!

Both. Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
And here is food for joyous laughter:  
He/she will be faithful to his/her sooth  
Till we are wed, and even after.

What joy to know that though he/I must  
Embrace piratical adventures,  
He/she will be faithful to his/her trust  
Till he is/I am out of his/my indentures.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>32</sup> This extra verse was performed at Paignton, New York, and also in early London performances.

Fred. Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
Mabel. Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
Fred. She will be faithful to her sooth,  
Mabel. He will be faithful to his sooth,  
Fred. Till we are wed, and even after,  
Mabel. Till we are wed,  
Fred. And even after!  
Mabel. Yes, even after!  
Both. Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
And here is food for joyous laughter:  
He/she will be faithful to his/her sooth  
Mabel. Till we are wed, and even after!  
Both. He/she will be faithful to his/her sooth  
Fred. Till we are wed  
Both. And even after, even after!  
Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
Oh, here is love, is love!  
Fred. Farewell, adieu.  
Mabel. The same to you.  
Both. Farewell, adieu.

***FREDERIC rushes to window and leaps out.***

**RECITATIVE - Mabel.**

Distraction! Frederic! loved one! oh return!  
With love I burn!  
*(recollecting.)* Stay! I'm a Stanley! Even to the grave I will be brave.  
His conscience bids him give up love and all  
At duty's call;  
Mine teaches me that though I love him so,  
He is my foe.

## SONG - Mabel.

When conquering Williams legions came  
To spoil our island dear  
More likely someone of our name  
Accompanied him here  
But if with that great conqueror  
That somebody arrived  
Of our illustrious ancestor  
No record has survived.  
Great shade - if thou hadst being then  
Such was thy modesty  
Thy name the dread of Saxon men  
Historians have passed by.

But though to Norman blood my claim  
Rests on hypothesis  
Yet if with him a Stanley came  
I'm very sure of this  
Although he loved his mistress much  
He loved his duty more  
And I will not discredit such  
A glorious ancestor.  
Ancestral hero, deathless shade  
(If such a shade there be)  
With strength inspire a simple maid  
Great possibility.

### **No.9. - RECITATIVE - Mabel and Chorus of Police.**

Mabel. (*almost fainting*) No, I am brave!<sup>33</sup> Oh, family descent,  
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!  
Come one and all, undaunted men in blue,  
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

*Enter POLICE, marching in single file.*

Sergeant. Though in body and in mind<sup>34</sup>

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!

Sergeant. We are timidly inclined,

Police. Tarantara!

Sergeant. And anything but blind

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!

---

<sup>33</sup> In early performances, libretti and vocal scores this recitative begins, "Yes, I am brave".

<sup>34</sup> At Paignton this was sung by all the police.



Sergeant. To the danger that's behind,  
Police. Tarantara!  
Sergeant. Yet, when the danger's near,  
Police. Tarantara! tarantara!  
Sergeant. We manage to appear  
Police. Tarantara!  
Sergeant. As insensible to fear  
As anybody here,  
As anybody here.  
Police. Tarantara! tarantara!, &c.  
Mabel. Sergeant, approach! Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.  
Police. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.  
Mabel. No matter; he will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.  
Police. He has acted shamefully!  
Mabel. You speak falsely. You know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.  
Police. He has acted nobly!  
Mabel. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was his duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise my duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty. I will do mine. Go ye and do yours.

*Exit MABEL.*

Police. Right oh! <sup>35</sup>  
Sergeant. This is perplexing.  
Police. We cannot understand it at all.  
Sergeant. Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty -  
Police. That makes a difference, of course.  
At the same time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all.  
Sergeant. No matter. Our course is clear: we must do our best to capture these pirates alone.

---

<sup>35</sup> This was originally performed as “Very well” and is printed as such in early editions of the vocal score. Gilbert changed it for the revival in 1900.

Sergeant. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to us all - but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

Police. We should!

Sergeant. It is too late now!

Police. It is!

**No.10. - SONG - Sergeant & Chorus.** <sup>36</sup>

Sergeant. When a felon's not engaged in his employment

Police. His employment

Sergeant. Or maturing his felonious little plans,

Police. Little plans,

Sergeant. His capacity for innocent enjoyment

Police. 'Cent enjoyment

Sergeant. Is just as great as any honest man's.

Police. Honest man's.

Sergeant. Our feelings we with difficulty smother

Police. 'Culty smother

Sergeant. When constabulary duty's to be done.

Police. To be done.

Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another,

Police. With another,

Sergeant. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

All. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

Sergeant. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling

Police. Not a-burgling

Sergeant. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,

Police. 'Pied in crime,

---

<sup>36</sup> Only the first verse of this song appears in the license copy.

Sergeant. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling  
Police. Brook a-gurgling  
Sergeant. And listen to the merry village chime.  
Police. Village chime.  
Sergeant. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,  
Police. On his mother,  
Sergeant. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun.  
Police. In the sun.  
Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another,  
Police. With another,  
Sergeant. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.  
All. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,  
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

*Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance.*

**No.11. - SOLO - Sergeant and Chorus of Pirates and Police.**

Pirates. A rollicking band of pirates we,  
Who, tired of tossing on the sea,  
Are trying their hand at a burglaree,  
With weapons grim and gory.  
Sergeant. Hush, hush! I hear them on the manor poaching,  
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.

*Chorus of Pirates, resumed nearer.*

Pirates. We are not coming for plate or gold;  
A story General Stanley's told;  
We seek a penalty fifty-fold,  
For General Stanley's story.  
Police. They seek a penalty  
Pirates. Fifty-fold!  
We seek a penalty  
Police. Fifty-fold!  
All. They/We seek a penalty fifty-fold,  
For General Stanley's story.

Sergeant. <sup>37</sup> They come in force, with stealthy stride,  
Our obvious course is now - to hide.

Police. Tarantara! Tarantara! &c.

*Police conceal themselves in aisle. As they do so, the Pirates, with RUTH and FREDERIC, are seen appearing at ruined window. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. SAMUEL is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, &c.*

### No.12. - SOLO - Samuel & Chorus.

Pirates. With cat-like tread,  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread,  
Our cautious way we feel.  
No sound at all!  
We never speak a word;  
A fly's foot-fall  
Would be distinctly heard -

Police. *(softly)* Tarantara, tarantara!

Pirates. So stealthily the pirate creeps,  
While all the household  
soundly sleeps.  
Come, friends, who plough  
the sea,  
Truce to navigation;  
Take another station;  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little burglaree!

Police. *(softly)* Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!

Samuel. *(distributing implements to various members of the gang)*

Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,  
Your life-preserver - you may want to hit!  
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,  
Take your file and your skeletal keys.  
*It is my kingly privilege <sup>38</sup>*  
*According to our pirate rules*  
*To carry these burglarious tools*

Police. Tarantara!

---

<sup>37</sup> This was originally performed as, "They come in force,/The bold, burglarious elves;/Our obvious course/Is to conceal ourselves."

<sup>38</sup> Samuel's lines were sung by the Pirate King at Paignton and ended with these extra lines.

Pirates. With cat-like tread

Police. Tarantara!

Pirates. In silence dread,

*Enter KING, FREDERIC and RUTH.*

Pirates. *(fortissimo)*. With cat-like tread,  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread,  
Our cautious way we feel.  
No sound at all!  
We never speak a word;  
A fly's foot-fall  
Would be distinctly heard -

Pirates. Come, friends, who plough  
the sea,  
Truce to navigation;  
Take another station;  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little burglaree!  
With cat-like tread,  
Upon our prey we steal;  
In silence dread,  
Our cautious way we feel.

Police. *(softly)* Taranta -  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,  
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!  
Tarantara,  
Tarantara, ra, ra,  
Tarantara,  
Tarantara, ra, ra!

### **No.13.- Frederic, King, Major-General, Police & Pirates.**

Fred. Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light inside!  
The Major-Gen'ral comes, so quickly hide!

Pirates. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

*Exeunt KING, FREDERIC, SAMUEL, and RUTH.*

Police. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes! <sup>39</sup>

General. *(entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light)*  
Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

---

<sup>39</sup> In early performances the Police sang, "He comes, the Major-General comes!"

## **RECIT - Major-General**

Tormented with the anguish dread  
Of falsehood unatoned,  
I lay upon my sleepless bed,  
And tossed and turned and groaned.  
The man who finds his conscience ache  
No peace at all enjoys;  
And as I lay in bed awake,  
I thought I heard a noise.

Men. He thought he heard a noise - ha! ha!

General. No, all is still  
In dale, on hill;  
My mind is set at ease -  
So still the scene,  
It must have been  
The sighing of the breeze.

## **No.14. - SONG - Major-General & Chorus (Pirates and Police) and FINALE.**

General. Sighing softly to the river  
Comes the loving breeze,  
Setting nature all a-quiver,  
Rustling through the trees.

Men. Through the trees.

General. And the brook, in rippling measure,  
Laughs for very love,  
While the poplars, in their pleasure,  
Wave their arms above.

Men. Yes, the trees, for very love,  
Wave their leafy arms above.

All. River, river, little river,  
May thy loving prosper ever!  
Heaven speed thee, poplar tree,  
May thy wooing happy be.

General. Yet, the breeze is but a rover,  
When he wings away,  
Brook and poplar mourn a lover  
Sighing, "Well-a-day!"

Men. Well-a-day!

General. Ah! the doing and undoing,  
That the rogue could tell!

When the breeze is out a-wooing,  
Who can woo so well?

Men. Shocking tales the rogue could tell,  
Nobody can woo so well.

All. Pretty brook, thy dream is over,  
For thy love is but a rover;  
Sad the lot of poplar trees,  
Courtied by a fickle breeze!

*Enter the MAJOR-GENERAL's daughters, led by MABEL, all in white peignoirs and night-caps, and carrying lighted candles.*

Girls. Now what is this, and what is that, and why does father leave his rest  
At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?  
Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men!  
It's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.  
What strange occurrence can it be that calls dear father from his rest  
At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?

*Enter KING, SAMUEL, and FREDERIC.*

King. Forward, my men, and seize that General there! His life is over.

*They seize the GENERAL.*

Girls. The pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!

Pirates. *(springing up)* Yes, we're the pirates, so despair!

General. Frederic here! Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!  
Summon your men and effect their capture!

Mabel. Frederic, save us!

Fred. Beautiful Mabel,  
I would if I could, but I am not able.

Pirates. He's telling the truth, he is not able.

King. With base deceit  
You worked upon our feelings!  
Revenge is sweet,  
And flavours all our dealings!  
With courage rare  
And resolution manly,  
For death prepare,  
Unhappy Gen'ral Stanley.

Fred. *Alas! alas! unhappy General Stanley.*

Mabel. *(wildly)* Is he to die, unshriven, unannealed?

Girls. Oh, spare him!

Mabel. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?

Girls. Oh, spare him!

Police. *(springing up)* Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!

Girls. Oh, rapture!

Police. So to Constabulary, pirates yield!

Girls. Oh, rapture!

*A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police., RUTH tackling the SERGEANT. Eventually the Police. are overcome and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.*

### **CHORUS of Pirates & Police.**

We/you triumph now, for well we trow  
Your/our mortal career's cut short;  
No pirate band will take its stand  
At the Central Criminal Court.

Sergeant. To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,  
But your proud triumph will not be long-lived

King. Don't say you are orphans, for we know that game.

Sergeant. On your allegiance we've a stronger claim.  
We charge you yield,  
We charge you yield,  
In Queen Victoria's name!

King. *(baffled)* You do?

Police. We do!  
We charge you yield,  
In Queen Victoria's name!

Ruth. Alas, alas, we don't resist the claim  
All Britons bow to Queen Victoria's name.

King. It is enough, you've deftly played your cards  
That is a spell no Briton disregards.

*PIRATES kneel, POLICE stand over them triumphantly.*



## QUARTET - Mabel, King, Frederick and Ruth (*kneeling.*)

To Queen Victoria's name we bow  
As true born Britons should  
We can resist no longer now  
And would not if we could  
The man who dares to disregard  
A summons in that name  
We look on as a wretch ill-starred  
And lost to sense of shame.

All. We look on as a wretch ill-starred  
And lost to sense of shame.

King. We yield at once, with humbled mien,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.

Police. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen.

All. Yes, yes, with all their/our faults, we/they love their/our Queen.

***POLICE, holding PIRATES by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.***

General. Away with them, and place them at the bar!

***Enter RUTH.***

Pirates. One moment! let us tell you who we are.  
We are no members of the common throng;  
We are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

Ruth. One moment! let me tell you who they are.  
They are no members of the common throng;  
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

Girls. <sup>40</sup> Oh spare them! they are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

General. What, all noblemen?

King. Yes, *all* noblemen!

General. What, all?

King. Well, nearly all!

All. They are nearly all noblemen who have gone wrong.  
Then give three cheers both loud and long  
For the twenty noblemen who have gone wrong,  
Then give three cheers, both loud and long,  
For the noblemen who have gone wrong.

---

<sup>40</sup> The passage in blue was sung at Paignton, New York and in early London performances and was also revived by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1989. The passage in gold was performed at Paignton and early New York performances.

All. They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.  
General. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.

### **FINALE - Hymn to the Nobility.**

General. Let foreigners look down with scorn  
On legislators heaven-born;  
We know what limpid wisdom runs  
From Peers and all their eldest sons.  
Enwrapped the true-born Briton hears  
The wisdom of his House of Peers.

Sergeant. And if a noble lord should die  
And leave no near progeny,  
His twentieth cousin takes his place  
And legislates with equal grace.

Ruth. But should a son and heir survive,  
Or other nearer relative,  
Then twentieth cousins get you hence -  
You're persons of no consequence.  
When issue male their chances bar,  
How paltry twentieth cousins are!

Mabel. How doubly blest that glorious land  
Where rank and brains go hand in hand,  
Where wisdom pure and virtue hale  
Obey the law of strict entail,  
No harm can touch a country when  
It's ruled by British noblemen.

### **Curtain.**

*All kneel.*

### **Hymn to the Nobility.**

All. Hail; ever hail, O House of Peers!  
To wisdom that mankind reveres  
We listen with respectful ears,  
For oh! we love our House of Peers!

General. I pray you, pardon me, ex-Pirate King!  
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.  
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,  
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

## **FINALE - Ruth, King, Mabel, Sergeant, Major-General & Ensemble.**

- Ruth. At length we are provided, with unusual facility,  
To change piratic crime for dignified respectability.
- King. Combined, I needn't say, with the unparalleled felicity  
Of what we have been longing for - unbounded domesticity.
- Mabel. Tomorrow morning early we will quickly be parsonified -  
Hymeneally coupled, conjugally matrimonified.
- Sergeant. And this shall be accomplished by that doctor of divinity  
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
- All. Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.  
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.  
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
- General. My military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.  
But still, in getting off my daughters - eight or nine or ten in all,  
I've shown myself the model of a modern Major-General.
- All. His military knowledge, though he's plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.  
But still, in getting off his daughters - eight or nine or ten in all,  
He's shown himself the model of a modern Major-General.

*Dance.*

## **Curtain.**

### **FINALE - Mabel, Edith and Ensemble**

- Mabel. Poor wandering ones!  
Though ye have surely strayed,  
Take heart of grace,  
Your steps retrace,  
Poor wandering ones!
- Poor wandering ones!  
If such poor love as ours  
Can help you find  
True peace of mind,  
Why, take it, it is yours!

Mabel.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

Mabel & Edith.

Fair days will shine.

Take heart,

----- take mine!

Take heart

-----

-----

-----

-----

-----

----- Take mine!

Principals.

Poor wand'ring one,

Poor wand'ring one,

Take heart,

Take heart

Take any heart,

Take ours!

Take heart,

Take ours!

Take -

Chorus.

Poor wand'ring one

Poor wand'ring one,

Take heart,

Take heart,

Take any heart,

Take ours!

Take heart,

Take ours!

Take -

All.

heart,

Fair days will shine,

Take heart,

Fair days will shine,

Take heart,

Take heart,

Take heart,

Take ours!

**END OF OPERA**