

The Standard libretto of

The Pirates of Penzance

Or, The Slave of Duty¹

An New and Original Melo-Dramatic Opera² in Two Acts

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by Arthur Sullivan

Privately published by Ian C Bond at 2 Priory Park, TAUNTON, TA1 1PX. - ©2005

¹ This subtitle was used from the London Production of 1881 onwards. Previous productions used “Love and Duty”.

² In Paignton this was billed as “An Entirely New and Original Comic Opera” in New York as a “New 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.

All variants of the libretto can be found in the "Definitive" libretto.

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

Dramatis Personæ

MAJOR-GENERAL

THE PIRATE KING

FREDERICK (a Pirate) ³

SAMUEL)

) Pirates

JAMES ⁴)

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*

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

⁴ 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.

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

- All. Pour, O pour⁵ 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. ⁶ 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.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.

⁵ The Paignton, New York and early London versions print this as "Pour, O King.

⁶ At Paignton, this verse was sung by James.

King. But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a P. & O.⁷ never shipped a handspike.

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. 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

⁷ American editions of the libretto have "White Star" at this point, alluding to the White Star line.

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.

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,⁸ and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

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

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*)

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.

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. 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 innocence⁹ 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,

⁹ 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 - 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)

No.5. - CHORUS OF GIRLS¹⁰

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
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,

¹⁰ 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.

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, ¹¹
 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.

¹²Kate. (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!

¹¹ 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.

¹² Again, although the Paignton performance included this same dialogue scene, the distribution of parts was different.

*(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!

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 ¹³ 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! 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!

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!

¹³ This was sung as 'say' at Paignton.

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.)*

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?

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.

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 ¹⁴ 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.

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:

¹⁴ At Paignton, New York and in early London performances the word used here was 'pattern'. Throughout 'General' is shown as 'Gⁱneral'

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 Mauser¹⁵ 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.

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

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.

¹⁵ The original word used here was 'Chassepôt'.

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.

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 & 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. *(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!

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!

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!

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!

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!
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!

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!
Tarantara, tarantara,
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!

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!

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.
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!

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.
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?

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! 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.

King. Your duty!

Fred. (*after a pause*) 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! ¹⁶

Mabel. Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!

Fred. And so, farewell!

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

¹⁶ 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.

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.

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.

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!

FREDERIC rushes to window and leaps out.

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

Mabel. (*almost fainting*) No, I am brave! ¹⁷ 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 mind¹⁸

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!

Sergeant. We are timidly inclined,

Police. Tarantara!

Sergeant. And anything but blind

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!

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.

¹⁷ In early performances, libretti and vocal scores this recitative begins, "Yes, I am brave".

¹⁸ At Paignton this was sung by all the police.

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. He has done his duty. I will do mine. Go ye and do yours.

Exit MABEL.

Police. Right oh! ¹⁹

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.

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. ²⁰

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

¹⁹ 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.

²⁰ Only the first verse of this song appears in the license copy.

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,

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. ²¹ 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!

²¹ This was originally performed as, "They come in force,/The bold, burglarious elves;/Our obvious course/Is to conceal ourselves."

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, 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 skeletonic keys.

Police. Tarantara!

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, 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!²²

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

²² In early performances the Police sang, "He comes, the Major-General comes!"

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.

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!

PIRATES kneel, POLICE stand over them triumphantly.

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.

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. ²³ 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 all noblemen who have gone wrong.

General. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, 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 - Mabel, Edith and Ensemble

Mabel. Poor wandering ones!
Though ye have surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Your steps retrace,
Poor wandering ones!

²³ 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 and is now often reinstated by amateur companies worldwide. The orchestrations are freely available in the Dover Full Score.

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