The Pirates of Penzance

or

The Slave of Duty

Book by

W. S. GILBERT

Music by

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Authentic Version Edited by

BRYCESON TREHARNE

This score contains all the dialogue

G. SCHIRMER  New York/London
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY

THE PIRATE KING

SAMUEL .............................................................His Lieutenant

FREDERIC ..........................................................The Pirate Apprentice

SERGEANT OF POLICE

MABEL ............................................................

EDITH ..............................................................

KATE ............................................................Major-General Stanley’s Wards

ISABEL ............................................................

RUTH ...............................................................Pirate Maid-of-all-work

CHORUS OF PIRATES, POLICE, AND GENERAL STANLEY’S WARDS

ACT I—A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall

ACT II—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight
ARGUMENT

When Frederic was yet a little boy, his nurse (Ruth) was told to apprentice him to become a pilot. She heard the word incorrectly and apprenticed him to a band of pirates, remaining with them herself as a maid-of-all-work. Although Frederic loathed the trade to which he had thus been bound, he dutifully served; and, as the curtain rises, his indentures are almost up and he is preparing to leave the band and devote himself to the extermination of piracy.

He urges the pirates to join him in embracing a more lawful calling, but they refuse. Ruth, however, wishes to become his wife. Having seen but few women he does not know whether she is really as pretty as she says she is; but he finally consents to take her.

Just then a group of girls, all the wards of Major-General Stanley, happen upon the scene. Frederic sees their beauty—and Ruth's plainness—and renounces her. Of these girls, Mabel takes a particular interest in Frederic, and he in her. The other girls are seized by the pirates and threatened with immediate marriage. When the Major-General arrives, he can dissuade the pirates only by a ruse: he tells them that he is an orphan, and so works upon their sympathies that they let him and his wards go free.

During the ensuing days and nights, however, this lie troubles the Major-General's conscience: he sits brooding over it at night in a Gothic ruin. He is consoled by his wards' sympathy and Frederic's plan of immediately leading a band of police against the pirates.

Meanwhile the Pirate King and Ruth appear at the window and beckon Frederic: they have discovered that his indentures were to run until his twenty-first birthday, and—as he was born on February 29—he has really had as yet only five birthdays. Obeying the dictates of his strong sense of duty, he immediately rejoins the pirates. He tells them of the deception that has been practised upon them, and they seize and bind the Major-General.

But the police come to the rescue and charge the pirates to yield, "in Queen Victoria's name". This they do. Ruth explains, however, that these men who appear to be lawless pirates are really all "noblemen who have gone wrong", and they are pardoned and permitted to marry the Major-General's wards.
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from the publishers,
G. Schirmer, Inc.
609 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
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. Rocks 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, C. Ruth kneels at his feet.

No. 1. "Pour, O pour the pirate sherry"
Opening Chorus and Solo
Pirates and Samuel

Moderato maestoso

\[
\text{[Musical notation]}
\]
Chorus

TENORS

Pour, O pour the pirate sherry; Fill, O fill the pirate glass;

BASSES

Pour, O pour 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!

Chorus

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

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

Two-and-twenty, now he's rising,

And alone he's fit to fly, Which we're bent on

signaling With unusual revelry.

Chorus

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures! Frederic's out of his indentures.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures! Frederic's out of his indentures.
Pour, O pour the pirate sherry; Fill, O fill the pirate sherry.
Sam. with 1st Bass
Pour, O pour the pirate sherry; Fill, O fill the pirate sherry.

And, to make us more than merry, Let the pirate bumper pass.
And, to make us more than merry, Let the pirate bumper pass.
(Frederic rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R.U.E.)

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 forever.

King: But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star 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.

Sam.: 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. "When Frederic was a little lad"

Solo

Ruth

[Music notation]

1. When
2. I
3. I

Frederic was a_ little lad he_ proved so brave and
was a stu-pid_ nurs-ry-maid, on_ break-ers al-ways
soon found out, be- yond all doubt, the_ scope of this dis-
daring, His father thought he'd 'prentice him to

steering, And I did not catch the word a right, through

aster, But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and

some career seafaring. I was, alas! his nursery maid, and

being hard of hearing. Mistaking my instructions, which with-

break it to my master. A nursery maid is not afraid of

so it fell to my lot To take and bind the

in my brain did gyrate, I took and bound this

what you people call work, So I made up my mind to

promising boy apprentice to a pilot. A

promising boy apprentice to a pirate. A

go as a kind of piratical maid of all work. And
life not bad for a har-dy lad, though sure-ly not a high lot. Though
sad mis-take it was to make, and doom him to a vile lot,
that is how you find me now, a mem-ber of your shy lot, Which you

I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pi-lot!
bound him to a pi-rate— you in stead of to a pi-lot!
wouldn't have found, had he been bound ap-pren-tice to a pi-lot!

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. (Ruth goes up with Samuel.)
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.
Sam.: 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.
Sam.: 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.

Sam.: 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. (Crosses B.)

Sam.: 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 comes down C.)

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. (Hands Ruth to Frederic.)

Fred.: Well, Ruth, I feel some little 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, 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.

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

Fred.: Do you really think so?

Sam.: 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 Fred.)

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. "Oh, better far to live and die"

Solo and Chorus

Pirate King and Pirates

Allegro moderato

1. Oh, bet-ter far to live and die
2. When I sal-ly forth to seek my prey, I

Un-der the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanc-ti-
help my-self in a roy-al way. I sink a few more
monnious part, With a pirate head and a pirate heart.

ships, it's true, Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;

A - way to the cheating
But man - y a king on a

world go you,
first-class throne,

Where pirates all... are
If he wants to call... his

well - to - do; But I'll be true to the song I sing, And
crown his own, Must man - age some - how to get through More
live__ and die a Pi__ rate King,\}

dir ty work than e'er I do, \}
For I am a Pi rate

King! And it is, it is a

glo rious thing To be a Pi rate King! For I am a Pi rate

King! Chorus And it

You are! Hur rah for our Pi rate King!
is, it is a glorious thing To be a Pirate King!

It is! Hur-

(Pause 2nd verse only)

Hurrah for the Pirate King!

Hurrah for our Pirate King! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

(Recount R. and R.U.E., all except Frederic. Enter Ruth. Frederic comes down C., followed by 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 practise 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. See entrance of girls.) 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.: (climbing rocky arch R. C. and looking off L.) 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. "Oh, false one, you have deceived me!"
Recitative and Duet
Frederic and Ruth

Allegro vivace

Frederic

Oh, false one, you have deceived me!
Ruth

I have deceived you? Yes, deceived me!

Fred. (denouncing her) A a tempo

You told me you were fair as gold! And, master, am I not so? And now I see you're plain and old. I'm sure I'm not a jot so. Upon my innocence you play. I'm not the one to plot so.

Ruth (wildly)

Fred.

Ruth

Fred.
face is lined, your hair is grey. It's gradually
got so. Faithless woman to deceive me, I who
trusted so! Master, master, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you
go! Faithless woman! Master, master! Faithless woman! Master,
mas-ter, do not leave me, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you

Faith-less wo-man to de-ceive me, I who trust-ed

go! Mas-ter, mas-ter, do not leave me, Hear me, ere

so! Faith-less wo-man to de-ceive me, I who trust-

you go!

ed so!
Andante
Ruth

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

Don't, beloved master, Crush me with disaster.

Fred.

Yes, your former master Saves you from disaster.

What is such a dow-er to the dow-er I have here?

Your love would be un-com-fort-a-bly fer-vid, it is clear,

My love un-abat-ing Has been ac-cu-mu-

If, as you are stat-ing,

It's
lating Forty-seven year, forty-seven
been ac- cum-lat-ing Forty-seven year!

Allegro vivace

Faith-less wo-man to de-ceive me, I who trust-ed

Allegro vivace

Master, mas- ter, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you
so! Faith-less wo-man to de-ceive me, I who trust-ed
(At the end he renounces her, and she goes off R. in despair.)

Recit. Fred.

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens I
dare not show in this alarming costume! No, no, I must remain in close con-

(Hides in cave as they enter from R. and L., climbing over the rocks at L. of the stage and through arched rock R.)

ceal-ment Until I can appear in decent clothing.
No. 5. "Climbing over rocky mountain"
Chorus and Solos
Girls, Edith, and Kate

Allegro grazioso

2nd time

Chorus of Girls

Climbing over rocky mountain, Skipping rivulet and fountain.
Passing where the willows quiver,
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 seashore they gain;

Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hardy little lasses,
Till the bright seashore they gain!
Edith Wostel Dance

Let us gaily tread the measure, Make the

most of fleeting leisure, Hail it as a

true ally, Though it perish by and by.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Greet them gaily as they fly.

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

Far away from toil and care,

Reveling in fresh sea-air, Here we live and reign alone In a world that's all our own. Here, in this our rocky den Far away from mortal men, We'll be
queens, and make decrees— They may honour them who please. —

Chorus

Well 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,
Hail it as a true ally, Though it perish by and by.
Let us gaily tread the measure, Make the most of..
Kate: 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: 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: Except the mermaids—it's the very place for mermaids.

Kate: Who are only human beings down to the waist—

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

Kate: But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon? (All listen and come down.)

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. "Stop, ladies, pray!"

Recitative and Chorus

Frederic, Edith, Kate, and Girls

Allegro

Recit. Fred.

Stop, la-dies, pray! A man!

Chorus of Girls

(All hopping on one foot.)

Fred.

{I had intended Not to intrude myself upon your notice In this effectiv} but a-larm-ing cos-tume;

Moderato

Edith

But, under these peculiar circumstances, It is my bounden duty to inform you That your proceedings will not be un-wit-nessed. But

Chorus of Girls

(All hopping) Fred.

(recoiling, hopping)

(All hopping) Chorus of Girls

who are you, sir? Speak! I am a pi-rate! A pi-rate! Horror!
Recit. Fred.  Andante moderato

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

Chorus of Girls  (They put on their shoes.)
No. 7. "Oh, is there not one maiden breast"

Solos and Chorus
Frederic, Mabel, and Girls

Andante

Fred.

Oh, is there not one maiden breast Which does not feel the moral beauty

Of making worldly interest Subordinate sense of duty?

Who would not give up willingly All matrimonial ambition, To
rescue such an one as I
From his unfortunate position,

From his position, To rescue such an

one as I From his unfortunate position

6
(Crosses R.) Chorus of Girls

A - las, there's not one maiden breast Which

seems to feel the moral beauty Of mak - ing world - ly
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? To

such an one, If such there be, I swear, by heaven's arch a-
Love you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How-

ever plain you be, I'll love you, How-ev-er plain you be, If

a tempo

you will cast your eyes on me, How-ev-er plain you be, I'll love you, I'll

dolce

love you, I'll love, I'll love you! A-las, there's not one-

Chorus

maid-en here Whose home-ly face and bad com-plex-ion Have
caused all hope to disappear Of ev'er winning man's affec-

Fred. (in despair) Chorus

fection! Not one? No, no--not

(Mabel enters through arch R.C.) Mabel. Chorus Chorus

one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one! 'Tis

Mabel Mabel! Yes, 'tis Mabel!
Moderato

O 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? The question is, had he not been A thing of beauty, Would she be swayed by quite as keen A sense of

Mabel

duty? For shame! for shame! for shame!

Attacca
No. 8. "Poor wandering one!"

Solo and Chorus

Mabel and Girls

In modo di Valzer

Mabel

Poor wan-d'ring one! — Tho'thou hast sure-ly stray'd,

Take heart of grace, Thy steps re-trace, Poor wan-d'ring one!

A a tempo

Poor wan-d'ring one! — If such poor love as mine

a tempo

Can help thee find True peace of mind— Why, take it, it is thine!
Chorus of Girls

Take heart, no danger lowers; Take any heart—but ours!

Mabel

Take heart, fair days will shine; Take any heart—take mine!

Chorus

Take heart, no danger lowers; Take any

Mabel

heart—but ours! Take heart, fair days will shine; Take any
heart—take mine! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah!

da tempo

Poor wand’ring one! Thy steps re-trace, Poor wand’ring

Tho’ thou hast surely stray’d,

Take heart of grace,
Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Poor wan-d’ring one!

Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Fair days will shine,

Take one!

Take heart,

Take heart!
Chorus

Take mine! Take heart!

Take any heart— but ours!

Take heart!
mine!

Take heart, no danger lowrs; Take any heart— but

Mabel

Ah! ah! Ah!

ours! Take heart, take heart, Take any heart— but

cadenza ad lib. (Mabel and Fred. go to mouth of cave L., and converse. Edith beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

Take heart!

ours, Take heart!

Atiasca
No. 9. "What ought we to do"

Solos and Chorus

Edith, Kate, and Girls

Allegretto

What ought we to do, Gentle sisters, say? Priority, we know, Says we ought to stay, While sympathy exclaims,

"Free them from your tether— Play at other games—"
Leave them here together. 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 (Edith, Kate, and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other in a line across the stage.) talk about the weather. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.
No. 10. "How beautifully blue the sky"
Chattering Chorus and Duet
Girls, Mabel, and Frederic

Allegro vivace

How beautifully blue the sky, The glass is rising very high, Continue fine I

hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday. Tomorrow 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, Tomorrow 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, Tomorrow it may

Mabel (The girls continue their chatter pianissimo, but listen eagerly all the time.)

Did ever maiden wake From

pour again (I hear the country wants some rain) Yet people say, I
dream of home - ly du - ty
know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly.

find her day - light break With such ex - ceed - ing beauty?

Did ev - er maid - en close Her eyes on wak - ing sad - ness,

To dream of such ex - ceed - ing glad - ness?

Ah, yes! ah, yes! this is ex - ceed - ing
(Fred. and Mabel turn and see that the girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter, forte.)

Chorus

glad-ness.

How beau-ti-ful-ly blue the sky, The

glass is ris-ing ver-y high, Con-tin-ue fine I hope it may, And

yet it rained but yes-ter-day. To-mor-row it may pour a-gain (I.

hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo-ple say, I know not why. That

we shall have a warm Ju-ly, To-mor-row it may pour a-gain (II.
hear the country wants some rain). Yet people say, I know not why, That

(The girls continue their chatter pianissimo, as before, but listen intently all the time.)

Did we shall have a warm July, Tomorrow it may pour again; (I

ev - er pi - rate roll His soul in guilty dreaming,

hear the country wants some rain)."

And wake to find - that soul With peace and virtue beam-ing?
(Fred. and Mabel turn, as before. Girls resume their chatter, forte.)

Chorus

How beautifully blue the sky, The glass is rising very high, Con-tinue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday, Con-tinue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

Mabel

Did ev-er maids-en wake From

Fred.

Did ev-er pi-rate loathed For-

yesterday. How beau-ti-fu-ly blue the sky, The glass is rising.
dream of home - ly duty

sake his hid - eous mis - sion

ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

To find her day - light break With

To find him self be - trothed to

yes - ter - day. To - mor - row it may pour a - gain (I hear the coun - try

such ex - ceed - ing

la - dy of

wants some rain) Yet peo - ple say, I know not why, That
beauty?
Ah, yes!
sification?
Ah, yes!
we shall have a warm July, Yet people say, I know not why, That
we shall have a warm July, a warm July.
No. 11. "Stay, we must not lose our senses"

Recitative and Chorus
Frederic, Girls, and Pirates

Allegretto

Stay, we must not lose our senses, Men who stick at no offense

Will anon be here! Piracy their dreadful trade is;

Pray you, get you hence, young ladies, While the coast is clear!

(Ted and Mabel retire.)
Chorus of Girls

No, we must not lose our senses; If they stick at no offense,
We should not be here! Piracy their dreadful trade is-

(During this chorus the pirates enter stealthily from R. U. E, and form 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.)

Nice companions for young ladies! Let us disappear. (They shriek.)

Vivace

Girls Pirates Girls Pirates

Too late! Ha, ha! Too late! Ho, ho, ho!

ho! Ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Chorus of Pirates

Here's a first-rate opportunity To get
married with impunity, And indulge in the felicity Of unbounded domesticity. You shall quickly be personified, Conjugal maternity monified, By a doctor of divinity Who is located in this vicinity. We have missed our oppor-
tu-ni-ty... Of es-cap-ing with im-pu-ni-ty; So fare-
well to the fe-li-city Of our maid-en do-
le de pra-je-
tic-i-ty! We shall quick-ly be par-
son-i-fied,

in-des around.
Con-jug-al-ly mar-
ti-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

vin-i-ty Who is lo-cat-ed in this vi-
ci-ni-ty, By a

Pirates
By a
doctor of divinity, Who resides in this vi-
cinity, By a doctor, a doctor, a doctor of divinity,
No. 12. "Hold, monsters!"
Recitative and Chorus
Mabel, Samuel, Major-General, Girls, and Pirates

Recit. 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-

Samuel (cowed)

Moderato
Gen-er-al! We'd bet-ter pause, or dan-ger may be-fall; Their

Girls (The Major-General has entered unnoticed, on
fa-ther is a Ma-jor - Gen-er-al! Yes, yes, he is a Ma-jor-

rock L. U. E.) Major-General
Gen-er-al! Yes, yes, I am a Ma-jor - Gen-er-al! For he

Sam.
is a Major-General! He is! Hurrah for the Major-

Major
Gen-eral! And it is, it is a glorious thing To

be a Major-General! It is! Hurrah for the Major-

General! Hurrah for the Major-General!
No. 13. "I am the very model of a modern Major-General"
Solo and Chorus
Major-General, Girls, and Pirates

Allegro vivace

Major-General

1. I am the very model of a modern Major-General; I've
2. I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Car-a-dock; I

information vegetable, animal, and mineral: I
answer hard acrostics; I've a pretty taste for paradox; I
know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical, From
 quote, in elegiacs, all the crimes of Heliogabalus; In

Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical; I'm
conicles I can floor peculiarities parabolic; I can

very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical, I
tell un-doubt-ed Ra-phe lls from Ger- ard Dows and Zoffanies I

understand equations, both the simple and quadratic, A-
know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Ar-is-to pha-
des! Then

bouts binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,
I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
(Bothered for next rhyme—struck with an idea—joyfully)

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme.
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore!

Chorus

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-enzyme, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal non-sense, Pin-a-fore, And
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus; I
Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonic cuneiform, and

know the scientific names of beings animalcule;
tell you every detail of Caracatus's uniform; In

short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I

am the very model of a modern Major-General.

Chorus
short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He is the very model of a modern Major General.

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by “mamelon” and “ravelin”, When I can tell at sight a Manser.
ri-fle from a jav-e-lin, When such af-fairs as sorties and sur-
pris-es I'm more wa-ry at, And when I know pre-cise-ly what is
meant by "com-mis-sa-ri-at", When I have learnt what prog-ress has been
made in mod-ern gun-ner-y, When I know more of tac-tics than a
nov-ice in a mun-ner-y— In short, when I've a smat-ter-ing of

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(Bothered for a rhyme-struck with an idea)

Vivace

el-emental strate-gy-
You'll say a better Major-General

Chorus

al has never sat a gee-
You'll say a better Major-General

al has never sat a gee, You'll say a better Major-General

al has never sat a gee, You'll say a better Major-General

al has never sat a gee, You'll say a better Major-General

al has never sat a gee, You'll say a better Major-General
al has never sat a, sat a gee.

4. For my

al has never sat a, sat a gee.

military knowledge, tho' I'm plucky and adventurous, 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.
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He
is the very model of a modern Major-General.

But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He
is the very model of a modern Major-General.

Nine o'clock!
Major: And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.
Kate: Oh, Papa— we—
Sam: Permit me, I'll explain in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.
Major: Dear me!
Girls: Against our wills, Papa— against our wills!
Major: 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.
Major: Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?
King: No, nothing else.
Edith: Papa, don't believe them; they are pirates— the famous Pirates of Penzance!
Major: The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.
Mabel: All except this gentleman ([indicating Frederic], who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.
Major: 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,
Major: ([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.
Major: Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?
Pirates: ([disgusted] Oh, dash it all!
King: Here we are again!
Major: I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?
King: ([sighing] Often!
Major: Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?
King: I say, often.
All: ([disgusted] Often, often, often. ([Turning away)
Major: 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.
Major: Pardon me, you did indeed.
King: I only repeated it once.
Major: True, but you repeated it.
King: But not often.
Major: Stop! I think I can 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.
Major: Ah! you said "often", frequently.
King: No, only once.
Major: ([irritated] Exactly— you said "often, frequently" only once.
No. 14. "Oh, men of dark and dismal fate"
Finale of Act I
Ensemble

Moderato

Recit. Major-General

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate, Fore-

Sam. & King

Major

Sam. & King

Major

boy! An orphan boy? An orphan boy! How sad, an orphan boy! These

Chorus of Pirates

How sad, an orphan boy!
Andante moderato

children whom you see Are all that I can call my own! Poor fellow!

Pirates

Major

Take them a-way from me, And I shall be indeed a-lone. Poor fellow!

Pirates

Major

If

pit-y you can feel, Leave me my sole re-main-ing joy— See, at your feet they kneel, Your

Pirates

(sobbing)

hearts you can-not stee1 A-against the sad, sad tale of the lone-ly—or-phan boy! Poor
Sam., King, & Pirates

fell-low! See, at our feet they kneel; Our hearts we cannot steel A-

Sam.

against the sad, sad tale of the lone-ly or-phan boy! The or-phan boy! The

or-phan boy! See, at our feet they kneel; Our hearts we cannot steel A-

Pirates

gainst the tale of the lone-ly or-phan boy. Poor fell-low!
Allegro vivace

Major (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
pp Mabel (aside)

He is telling a terrible story, Which will

pp Edith & Kate (aside)

He is telling a terrible story, Which will

pp Fred. (aside)

If he's telling a terrible story, He shall

pp Sam. (aside)

If he's telling a terrible story, He shall

pp King (aside)

If he's telling a terrible story, He shall

sto - ry.

Chorus pp SOPRANOS & ALTOS (aside)

He is telling a terrible story, Which will

pp TENORS & BASSES (aside)

If he's telling a terrible story, He shall
tend to diminish his glory; Though they would have taken his
die by a death that is gory, Yes, one of the cruellest
tend to diminish his glory; Though they would have taken his
die by a death that is gory, Yes, one of the cruellest
die by a death that is gory, Yes, one of the cruellest
die by a death that is gory, Yes, one of the cruellest
tend to diminish his glory; Though they would have taken his
daughters Over the billowy waters, It is

slaughters That ever were known in these waters; It is

slaughters That ever were known in these waters; It is

slaughters That ever were known in these waters; It is

slaughters That ever were known in these waters; It is

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 fiction, But it comes in the same category As telling a fiction, But it comes in the same category As telling a fiction, But it comes in the same category As telling a fiction, But it comes in the same category As telling a fiction, But it comes in the same category As telling a
regular terrible story, It's easy, in elegant diction, To

regular terrible story, It's easy, in elegant diction, To

regular terrible story, It's easy, in elegant diction, To

major
It's easy, in elegant diction, To

regular terrible story, It's easy, in elegant diction, To

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
Moderato

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 Mabel & Edith with Sop.
SOPRANOS Kate with Alto

Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid! Thou gild-est

TENORS & Fred. with Tenor, Sam. with 1st Bass

King & Major with 2nd Bass

Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid! Thou gild-est

E'en the pirate's trade. Hail, flowing fount of sen-ti-

E'en the pirate's trade. Hail, flowing fount of sen-ti-

ment! All hail, all hail, divine emol-li-ent!

ment! All hail, all hail, divine emol-li-ent!
Recit. King

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

Allegro non troppo

Sam.

For he is an orphan boy!

you.

SOPRANOS & ALTOS

Chorus

He is! Hurrah for the orphan

TENORS & BASSES

He is! Hurrah for the orphan

Allegro non troppo
And it sometimes is a useful thing To be an orphan boy!

It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee We will away and married

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will away and married

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee We will away and married

They will away and married

They will away and married
Should it be!

Should it be!

Should it be!

Should it be!

Should it be!

Should it be!

Should it be!

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee. They will a-way and married be!

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee. They will a-way and married be!
fall auspicious-lee, My sisters all will brides-maids be!
fall auspicious-lee, Her sisters all will brides-maids be!
fall auspicious-lee, Her sisters all will brides-maids be!
fall auspicious-lee, Her sisters all will brides-maids be!
fall auspicious-lee, Her sisters all will brides-maids be!

Should it be-
Should it be-

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Oh, happy day, with joyous

fall auspicious-lee, Hersisters all will bridesmaids be! Oh, happy day, with joyous
We will away and married be! Should it befall auspicious
lee, My sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sisters
lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sisters
lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sisters
lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sisters

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all will bridesmaids be!

all will bridesmaids be!

all will bridesmaids be!

all will bridesmaids be!

all will bridesmaids be!

all will bridesmaids be!
Allegro agitato

(Ruth enters and appeals to Frederic.) Recit. Ruth

Oh, mas-ter, hear one word, I do im-plore you!

Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels be-

Chorus of Pirates

fore you! a tempo Yes, yes remem-ber Ruth, who kneels be-

Fred. Chorus of Pirates (threatening Ruth)

fore you! A- way, you did de-ceive me! A- way, you did de-
Ruth: Ceive him! Oh, do not leave me!
Fred.: Away, you grieveme! A-
way, you grieve him!
I wish you'd leave me!
(Frederic casts Ruth from him.)

Pirates: We wish you'd leave him!

Allegro risoluto

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Pray observe the magnanimity We display to lace and

dimity! Never was such opportunity To get married with im-

puinity! But we give up the felicity Of unbounded domesticity, Tho'a doctor of divinity Is located in this vi-
Mabel, Edith, Kate, & Girls

ci-ty. Pray observe the mag-na-ni-mi-ty They dis-play to lace and

dim-i-ty! Nev-er was such op-por-tu-ni-ty To get mar-ried with im-

pu-ni-ty! But they give up the fe-li-ci-ty Of un-bond-ed do-mes-

tic-i-ty, Tha' doc-tor of di-vin-i-ty Is lo-ca-ted in this vi-
Mutlin, go M. Men with Pirates, as before
But they give up the felicity Of unbounded domesticity,
Mabel (top notes only)

Edith with Sop.

Kate with Alto

Mabel & Edith with Sop.

Th' a doctor of divinity Re-

Mabel (top notes only)

Edith with Sop.
sides in this vi-cin-i-ty, Th'o a doctor, a doctor, re-sides in this vi-
sides in this vi-cin-i-ty, Th'o a doctor, a doctor, re-sides in this vi-

Tempo primo

(Girls and Major-General go up rocks L.,

while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R.C. The Major-General pro-

duces a British flag, and the Pirate King, in arched rock R.C., produces a black flag with skull
and crossbones. Enter Ruth, who makes a final appeal to Frederic, who casts her from him.)
Act II


No. 15. "Oh, dry the glistening tear"
Opening Chorus and Solo
Girls and Mabel

Allegro con tenerezza
Chorus of Girls

Oh, dry the glis-t'ning tear That dews that mar-tial cheek.

Thy lov-ing chil-dren hear, In them thy com-fort unis.

With sym-pa-thet-ic care Their arms a-round thee.
creep_, For oh, they can-not bear To see their fa- ther-

weep! Dear fa- ther, why leave your bed At
dolce

this un-time-ly hour, When hap-py day-light is dead And

dark-some dan-gers low’r? See, heav’n has lit-her lamp, The

mid-night hour is past, And the chil-ly night-air is damp, The
dew is falling fast! Dear father, why leave your bed When happy

day-light is dead?

dry the glistening tear That dews that martial cheek Thv

loving children hear, In them thy comfort seek. With

sympathetic care Their arms around thee creep For
(Frederic enters R. U. E. and down C.)

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?

Major: 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 came 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.

Major: 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.

Major: 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!

Major: Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred.: They are; they only wait my orders.
No. 16. "Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted"
Recitative
Major-General and Frederic

Major

Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted Be summoned to receive a general's blessing

Fred.

Ere they depart upon their dread adventure. Dear sir, they

No. 17. "When the foeman bares his steel"
Selos and Chorus
Sergeant, Mabel, Edith, Major-General, Police, and Girls

Allegro marziale

(Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2nd R., and come.

form in line, facing audience.)
When the foe-man bares his steel,

We uncomfortable feel,

And we find the wisest thing

Is to
slap our chests and sing, Tarantara! For when threatened with émeutes,

Tarantara!

And your heart is in your boots,

There is

Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara, tarantara,

noth-ing brings it round Like the Trumpet's mar-tial sound, Like the

Trumpet's mar-tial sound, Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara, tarantara,

Tarantara, tarantara, ra, ra, ra,

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Mabel (from L., addressing Sergeant)

ra! Go, ye heroes,

ra!

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 wa-
ter. Go, ye he-
roes, go and die!

Chorus of Girls
Go, ye he-ros, go and die! Go, ye he-ros, go and
die!

Sergeant
Tho' to us it's ev-ident, Chorus of Police These at-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ral
tentions are well meant, Such ex-pres-sions don’t ap-pear

Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-

Cal-cu-lat-ed men to cheer Who are

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra!

going to meet their fate In a high-ly ner-vous state.

Ta-ran-ta-

Still, to us it’s ev-i-dent These at-

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra!
intentions are well meant.

Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara,

Edith (from E., addressing Sergeant)

Go, and do your best endeavour. And before all links we sever,

We will say farewell for ever.
Go to glory and the grave!

Chorus of Girls

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.

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 at-
tentions are well meant.

Police Yes, it's very evident

Evidence These attentions are well meant,
yes, well meant; ah, yes, well meant! When the

Mabel

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Edith

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Chorus of Girls

Go, ye heroes,
foe man bares his steel, Taran-tara, taran-tara! We un-

Though ye die in combat gory,

Though ye die in combat gory,

go to glory!

comfortable feel, Taran-tara!

And we
Ye shall live in song and story.
Ye shall live in song and story.
Ye shall, ye shall
find the wisest thing, Taran-tara, Taran-tara! Is to

Go to immortality! Go to
Go to immortality! Go to
live in story. Go to
slap our chests and sing, Taran-tara! For when
death, and go to slaughter;

death, and go to slaughter; Die, and

threatened with é-moules, Tar-an-ta-ra, tar-an-ta-ra! And your

Die, and ev'ry Cornish daughter With her

ev'ry Cornish daughter With her
ev'ry Cornish daughter With her

heart is in your boots, Tar-an-ta-ra! There is
tears your grave shall wa - ter. Go, ye
tears your grave shall wa - ter. Go, ye
tears your grave shall wa - ter. Go, ye

noth - ing brings it round Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to
he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to
he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to

Sergeant & TENORS
Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

trumpet's martial sound, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

BASSES
ra, ra, ra,
immortality! Go, ye heroes, go to
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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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,
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, ra, ra, ra,
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
live in song and story. Go to immortal -
live in song and story. Go to immortal -
ra, ra, ra, Taranta-ra, taranta-ra, taranta-
ty! (without moving) cresc.
ra! Yes, yes, we go! Ta - ran - ta -
A-way, a-way! These pi - rates slay!
Then do not stay!
Then why this delay?

Mabel
Yes, forward on the

Edith
Yes, forward on the

Chorus of Girls
Yes, forward on the
go! Yes, forward on the foe,

Sergeant
Yes, forward on the

Chorus of Police
go! Yes, forward on the foe,
foe! They go, they go! Yes,
foe! They go, they go! Yes,
foe! They go, they go! Yes,
foe! We go, we go! Yes, forward on the
foe! Major We go, we go! Yes, forward on the

Yes, but you don't go!

forward on the foe! At last they
forward on the foe! At last they
forward on the foe! At last they
foe, Yes, forward on the foe! We go, we
foe, Yes, forward on the foe! We go, we

Yes, but you don't go!
(Exeunt Police. Mabel tears herself from Fred., and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The Major-General and others follow the police off L. Fred. remains alone.)
No. 18. “Now for the pirates’ lair!”
Recitative
Frederic, Pirate King, and Ruth

Recit. Fred.

Now for the pirates’ lair! Oh, joy unbound-ed! Oh, sweet re-

lief! Oh, rap-ture un-ex-am-pled! At last I may a-
tone, in some slight mea-sure, For the re-peat-ed acts of theft and

pil-lage, Of which, at a sense of du-ty’s stern dic-ta-tion,
I, circumstance's victim, have been guilty!

(Pirate King and Ruth appear at the window, armed)

Moderato

Ruth

Who calls?

King (covering him with pistol) (coming down)

Young Fred-ric! Your late command-er!

Moderato

(covers him with pistol)

I, your little Ruth!

Fred.

Oh, mad intruders, How dare ye face me?
Know ye not, O rash ones, That I have doomed you to exter-

(King and Ruth hold a pistol to each ear.)

King

na - tion? Have mer - cy on us!

Fred.

Hear us, ere you slaugh - ter! I do not think I ought to lis-

to you. Yet, mer - cy should al - low our stern re - sent - ment, And

so I will be mer - ci - ful - say on!
No. 19. “When you had left our pirate fold”
Solos, Trio, and Chant
Ruth, Frederic, and Pirate King

Allegro grazioso

(1st Verse) When you had left our pirate fold, We tried to raise our

Pirate King

(2nd Verse) knew your taste for curious quips, For cranks and contra-

spirits faint, According to our custom old, With quips and quibbles quaint. But

dic-tions queer; And with the laugh-ter on our lips, We wished you there to hear. We
all in vain the quips we heard; We lay and sobbed up - on the rocks, Un-
said, "If we could tell it him, How Fred'ric would the joke en - joy!" And

Fred.
til to some - bod - y oc - curred A start - ling par-a - dox. A par-a -
Fred. (interested)
so we've risked both life and limb To tell it to our boy. That par-a-

Ruth (laughing)
dox? A par-a - dox, A most in - ge - nious par-a - dox! We've quips and
King (laughing)
dox? That par-a - dox, That most in - ge - nious par-a - dox! We've quips and

quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this par-a - dox!
quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this par-a - dox!
Ruth (1st & 2nd Verse)

Fred. (1st & 2nd Verse) A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious

King (1st & 2nd Verse) A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious

A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious

1. 2.

dox!
dox!
dox!

1. 2.

We
(For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be dis-
loyal, 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 Feb-

-ruary; And so, by a simple arith-
-metical process, you'll easily dis-
-cover That, tho' you've lived twenty-
one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit
Fred. (counting on his fingers)

Dear me! Let's see! Yes, yes, with

Ruth

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fred. (more amused than any)
yours my figures do agree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

King

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fred.

How quaint the ways of Paradox! At
common sense she gaily mocks! Tho' counting in the usual way, Years
twenty-one I've been alive, Yet, reckoning by my natal day, Yet,
reckoning by my natal day, I am a little boy of

Ruth
He is a little boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Fred.
five! King
He is a little boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha! A par-a-dox, a par-a-dox, A most inge-nious

ha! A par-a-dox, a par-a-dox, A most inge-nious

dim. | p

par-a-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par-a-

par-a-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par-a-

par-a-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par-a-
dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu-ri-ous para-
dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu-ri-ous para-
dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu-ri-ous para-

(Ruth and King throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughter)

par-a-dox!
par-a-dox!
par-a-dox!

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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: (rises) 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 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:) What is the matter?

Ruth:) 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:) Yes, yes!

Ruth:) 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:) What!

Ruth:) More than that, he never was one!

King: Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practise 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. 20. “Away, away! my heart’s on fire”

Trio
Ruth, Pirate King, and Frederic

Allegro molto

Ruth
Away, away! my heart’s on fire;
I burn, this base deception to repay.

Pirate King
Away, away! my heart’s on fire;
I burn, this base deception to repay.

Allegro molto

Ruth
This very night, my vengeance dire.
Shall glut itself in gore. Away, away!

Pirate King
This very night, my vengeance dire.
Shall glut itself in gore. Away, away!
Away! — Fred.

Away, away! ere I expire — I find my way!

Duty hard to do today! My heart is filled with anguish.

Dire; It strikes me to the core. Away, away!

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 re-

Yes, yes! to-night the traitor

Yes, yes! to-night the traitor

turn, To-night the traitor dies!
dies! Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies!

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

Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies!

To-night he dies!

His girls like-

Yes, or early to-morrow.

They will wet-ter in sor-row.

In their na-tures they wise?

The one soft spot
cher-ish-

And all who plot.

To abuse it shall perish!

night he dies! Yes, or early to-mor-row. His girls like-wise, they will wel-ter in

sor-row. The one soft spot In their na-tures they cher-ish- And

sor-row. The one soft spot In their na-tures they cher-ish- And
all who plot To abuse it shall perish! Away, away, away, away!

Tonight the traitor dies! Away, away! tonight,

Tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight!
(Rexent King and Ruth. Fred. throws himself on a stone. L.G in blank despair. Enter Mabel.)

dies! to-night! a-

dies! to-night! a-

dies! to-night! a-

way!

way!

way!
No. 21. "All is prepared"

Recitative
Mabel and Frederic

Recit. Mabel

All is prepared; your gallant crew await you.

My Frederic in tears? It cannot be That lion-hearted quails at the coming conflict?

Fred.

No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure has just been made. Mabel, my dearest

Moderato

loved one, I bound myself to serve the pirate captain Un-

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Mabel

til I reached my one and twenty-tieth birth-day—

But you

Fred.

are twenty-one? I've just discovered that I was born in

leap-year, and that birth-day will not be reached by me till nineteen

Mabel

for-ty! Oh, hor-rible! ca-tas-tro-phe ap-palling! And

Fred.

Mabel

so, fare-well!

No, no! Ah, Fred-ric, hear me!
No. 22. “Stay, Frederic, stay!”

Duet

Mabel and Frederic

Allegro agitato

Stay, Frederic, stay! They have no legal claim; No shadow of a shame Will fall upon thy name. Stay, Frederic, stay!

Nay, Mabel, nay! Tonight I quit these walls. The thought my soul ap
palls; But when stern Duty calls, I must obey.

Stay, Frederic, stay! They have no claim—
Nay, Mabel, nay! But Duty's

No shadow of a shame Will fall upon thy name.
name. The thought my soul appalls; But when stern Duty calls,

Mabel

Fred.

Stay, Frederic, stay! I must obey.
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. Falalalala!
He loves thee— he is here. Falalalala!”
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-
Mabel

Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! He loves thee—he is gone. Fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Recit. Fred.

In 1940 I of age shall be; I'll then return, and claim you—I declare it! It

Fred.

seems so long! Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.

Mabel (aside) (aloud)

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

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

Oh, here is love, and
Oh, here is love, and here is truth,
here is truth,

He will be faithful to his sooth,
will be faithful to her sooth,
Till we are wed, and even

Till we are wed, yes, even after,
and even after!
Our is lovers, and here is truth, And here is

food for joyous laughter. He will be faithful to his sooth, Till we are

food for joyous laughter. She will be faithful to her sooth,

wed, and even after! He will be faithful to his

She will be faithful to her
sooth, and after, even after, sooth, Till we are wed, and even after, even after, is

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is love, is

(Frederic rushes to window and leaps out.)

love!

love!
No. 23. "No, I am brave!"

Recitative, Solo, and Chorus
Mabel, Sergeant, and Police

Recit.
Mabel (almost fainting, feeling her pulse)
No, I am brave! Oh, family descent, How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent! Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue,

Moderato
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

(Enter Police from R. I. E., marching in single file.)

Sergeant

Tho' in
bod-y and in mind

We are tim-id-ly in-clined,

Chorus of Police

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra!

Ta-ran-ta-

And an-y-thing but blind

To the

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra!

Ta-ran-

danger that's be-hind,

Yet, when the dan-ger's near,

Ta-ran-ta-ra!

Ta-ran-ta-
We manage to appear
As in-
ra, ta-ran-ta-ra!
Ta-ran-ta-ra!

sensible to fear As any-bod-y here, as any-bod-y

here.
Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra,
Mabel:
Sergeant, approach!
Young Frederic was
to have led you to
death and glory.

No matter. He will
not so lead you, for
he has allied himself
once more with his
old associates.

You speak falsely;
you know nothing
about it. He has
acted nobly.

(Dialogue goes on.)

Chorus of Police

That is not a pleas-
ant way of putting it.

He has acted
shamefully!

Dearly as I loved him before, his he-
roic 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 R. I. F.)

Sergeant:
This is
perplexing.

Still, as he
is actuated
by a sense
of duty-

He has
acted
nobly!

Right oh!

We cannot
understand
it at all.

No matter. Our course is clear: we
must do our best to capture these pi-
rates alone. It is most distressing to
us to be the agents whereby our err-
ing 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.

It is too
late now!

That makes a difference,
of course. At the same
time, we repeat, we can-
ot understand it at all.

We should!

It is!
No. 24. "When a felon's not engaged in his employment"

Solo and Chorus
Sergeant and Police

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

2. When the enterprising burglar's not a - bur-gling,

Chorus of Police

his em-ploy-ment
not a - bur-gling,

tur - ing his fe - lo - nious lit - tle plans,

His cut - throat is - n't oc - cu - pied in crime,

lit - tle plans,
pied in crime,
pac-i-ty for in-no-cent en-joy-ment
loves to hear the lit-tle brook a-gur-gling,

Is
cent en-joy-ment
brook a-gur-gling,

just as great as an-y hon-est man's.
Our
lis-ten to the mer-ry vil-lage chime.
When the
hon-est man's.
vil-lage chime.

feel-ings we with dif-fi-cul-ty smoth-er
When con-
cos-ter's fin-ished jump-ing on his moth-er,

-cul-ty smo-th-er
on his moth-er,
stabilary duty's to be done.
loves to lie a-basking in the sun.

Ah, take

to be done.
in the sun.

one consideration with another,
A po-

with another,

liceman's lot is not a happy one.
When con-

Ah, when con-
stability duty's to be done, to be done, A po-

lice-man's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

lice-man's lot is not a happy one, happy one.
No. 25. "A rollicking band of pirates we"
Chorus and Solo
Pirates, Sergeant, and Police

Allegretto

Chorus of Pirates (*behind the scenes*)

A rollicking band of pirates we, Who,

tired of tossing on the sea, Are trying their hand at a

Sergeant

burglarie, With weapons grim and gory. Hush, hush! I hear them on the

Pirates (*nearer*)

man-or poaching; With stealthy steps the pirates are approaching! 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! Chorus of Police

They seek a penalty

Pirates (without)

Fifty-fold! We seek a penalty

We

Fifty-fold! They
seek a penalty fifty-fold, For General Stanley's story! Sergeant

They come in force, With stealthy stride;

Our obvious course is now— to hide. Tara-tara, ta-ra-tara!

(Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so, the Pirates, with Ruth and Fred, are seen appearing at ruined window. They enter cautiously and come downstage on tip toe. Sam, is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc.)
No. 26. "With cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal"

Chorus and Solo

Pirates, Police, and Samuel

Allegro marziale

Chorus of 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—

Chorus of Police

Tarenta-
So stealthily the pirate creeps, while all the household soundly sleeps.

Come, friends, who plough the sea,

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Truce to navigation; Take another station; Let's vary
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

piracee With a little burglee!
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!

Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to navigation;
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Take another station; Let's vary piracy.
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

(6) Samuel (distributing implements to various members of the gang)
With a little burglary! Here's your_
ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra!

(6) Samuel

crowbar and your centre-bit, Your

life-preserver you may want to hit!
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,
Take your file and your skeletal keys.
Pirates With cat-like tread, in silence
ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra-

dread, With cat-like tread, Up-r-
ra!
on 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!

Come, friends, who plough the sea,

Truce to navigation; Take another station; Let's vary

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
pia-race With a little burglary! With cat-like tread,
ra, ra, ra, ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,
Up on our prey we steal;
ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra,
In silence dread Our cautious way we
ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra,
feel.
No. 27. “Hush, hush! not a word”
Recitative, Chorus, and Solo
Frederic, Pirates, Police, and Major-General

Recit. Fred. (looks through keyhole E.)
Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light in-side! The

Pirates (Pirates conceal themselves.)
Major-General comes, so quick-ly hide! Yes, yes,
the Major-General

(President King, Fred., Sam., and Ruth.)
Moderato
comes! Yes, yes, the Major-General comes! Yes, yes,
the Major-General

comes! Tor-ment-ed with the an-guish dread Of false-hood un-a-toned, 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. He

thought he heard a noise—Ha, ha! 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
No. 28. “Sighing softly to the river”

Ballad and Finale of Act II

Major-General and Ensemble

Allegro grazioso

1. Sighing softly to the river
2. Yet, the breeze is but a rover,
Comes the loving breeze, setting nature all a-quiver, rustling through the trees.
When he wings away, Brook and popular mourn a lover, Sighing, "Well-a-day!"

Through the "Well-a-day!" Through the "Well-a-day!"

And the brook, in rippling measure,
Ah, the doing and undoing trees.
day!"
Laughs for very love, While the poplars,
That the rogue could tell! When the breeze is
in their pleasure, Wave their arms above.
out a-wooing, Who can woo so well?

Yes, the Shocking

Yes, the Shocking

trees, for very love, Wave their leafy arms a-
tales the rogue could tell, Nobody can woo so
trees, for very love, Wave their leafy arms a-
tales the rogue could tell, Nobody can woo so

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Major with 1st Tenor

bove. well. Riv - er, riv - er, lit - tle

bove. well. Riv - er, riv - er, lit - tle

Pret - ty brook, thy dream is

Pret - ty brook, thy dream is

riv - er, May thy lov - ing pros - per ev - er! Heaven

riv - er, May thy lov - ing pros - per ev - er! Heaven

o - ver, For thy love is but a rov - er; Sad the

o - ver, For thy love is but a rov - er; Sad the

speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py

speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py

lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fick - le

lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fick - le
be, Heaven speed thee, poplar tree, May thy breeze, Sad the lot of poplar trees, Courted
be, Heaven speed thee, poplar tree, May thy breeze, Sad the lot of poplar trees, Courted

wooing happy be!

by a fickle breeze!

by a fickle breeze!
(Enter the Major-General's daughters, led by Mabel, all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying lighted candles.)

 Allegro vivace Chorus of 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?

So

very incompletely dressed, at such a time of
(Enter King, Sam., and Fred.)

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

(THEY SEIZE THE MAJOR-GENERAL.)

Girls

The

pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!

Pirates (springing up)

Yes, we're the pirates; so despair!
Major

Fred - er - ic here! Oh,

joy! Oh, rap - ture! Sum - mon your men and ef - fect their cap - ture!

Mabel

Fred.

Fred - er - ic, save us! Beau - ti - ful Ma - bel, I would if I could, but I

Pirates

am not a - ble. He's tell - ing the truth, he is not a - ble.
With base deceit You worked upon our feelings; Revenge is sweet, And flavors all our dealings!

With courage rare And resolution manly, For death prepare, Un-

(They bind the Major to broken pillar C.) Mabel (wildly) Chorus of Girls

happy General Stanley! Is he to die, unshriven, unannealed? Oh!
Mabel

Will no one in his cause a weapon wield? Oh,

Police (springing up)

speak! Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed! Oh,

Police

rap-ture! So to Constabulary, pirates yield! Oh,

(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.)

Girls
Allegro moderato

Pirates

We triumph now, for well we trow Your_

You triumph now, for well we trow Our_

mortal career's cut short; No pirate band will take its stand At the

mortal career's cut short; No pirate band will take its stand At the

Central Criminal Court!

Central Criminal Court!
Moderato

Sergeant

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

King
Sergeant

Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game.
On your allegiance we've a stronger claim.

We charge you yield,
we charge you
yield, in Queen Victoria's name!

(Pirates kneel; Police stand over them triumphantly.)

We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!

L'istesso tempo

We yield at once, with humbled mien, because, with all our

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

Yes, yes, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

Yes, yes, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

way with them, and place them at the bar! One moment! let me

tell you who they are: They are no members of the common throng; They are
Un poco più animato

Chorus of Girls

all no-ble-men, who have gone wrong. They are all no-ble-men,

who have gone wrong.

Moderato

Eng-lish-man un-moved that state-ment hears, Be-cause, with all our

faults, we love our House of Peers. I pray you par-don me,
ex-Pirate King! Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling! Re-
sume your ranks and legislative duties, And take my daughters,

Finale
Tempo di Valse (All rise. Each Pirate takes a Girl.)

Mabel

all of whom are beauties!

Poor

wan-d'ring ones! Though ye have surely stray'd,
Take heart of grace, Your steps re-trace, Poor wand'ring ones! Poor wand'ring ones!

If such poor love as ours Can help you find True peace of mind— Why, take it, it is
Mabel

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

Ah, ah,

Edith

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor

Kate & Ruth

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor

Fred.

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor

King

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor

Sam.

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor

Chorus SOPRANOS

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor wan-d'ring one!

TENORS & BASSES

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor wan-d'ring one!

Poor wan-d'ring one!
ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine; Take heart---
wan-d'ring one! Fair days will shine; Take heart---
wan-d'ring one! Take heart, take heart,
wan-d'ring one! Take heart, take heart,
wan-d'ring one! Take heart, take heart,
wan-d'ring one! Take heart, take heart,
Take heart—
Take mine!

Take mine!

Take ours!

Take ours!

Take ours!

Take ours!

Take ours!

Take ours!

Take
(Mabel and Edith tacet)

Edith with Sop.

heart, fair days will shine, Take heart, fair days will

heart, fair days will shine, Take heart, fair days will

Mabel & Edith with Sop.
Kate with Alto

shine, Take heart,

Fred. with Tenor

shine, King & Sam. with Bass
Take heart,

Take heart,

Take heart,
Mabel
Take heart—
Take ours!

Edith
Take heart—
Take ours!

Kate & Ruth
Take heart—
Take ours!

Take heart—
Take ours!

Take heart—
Take ours!

Take heart—
Take ours!

Take heart—
Take ours!

Take heart—
Take ours!

Sam, with Bass
Take heart—
Take ours!

a tempo

End of Opera