THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or,
The Slave of Duty.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

VOCAL SCORE (complete) ... net 5 0 | PIANOFORTE SOLO ... ... net 3 0
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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;
Or, THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

Written by W. S. GILBERT. Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

First produced at the Bijou Theatre, Falujon, December 30th, 1879, then at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, December 31st, 1879, and in London at the Opera Comique, April 3rd, 1880. Reproduced at the Savoy Theatre, March 17th, 1888, and again revived at the Savoy, June 20th, 1900. All the above performances under the management of Mr. DOYLE CARTE.

Dramatis Personae.


MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY ... Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. J. H. Rybey. Mr. G. GrosSmith. Mr. J. G. Robertson.
THE PIRATE KING ... Mr. Frederici. Mr. Brockett. Mr. Richard Temple. Mr. Eutland Barrington.
SAMUEL (His Lieutenant) ... Mr. Lacker. Mr. Fernaux Cook. Mr. George Power. Miss Geraldine Ulmar.
JAMES (A Pirate) ... Mr. John Le Hay. Mr. R. Billington. Mr. B. H. Robertson. Miss Judy Evans.
FREDERICK (The Pirate Apprentice) Mr. Cadwadare. Mr. F. Clifford. Mr. RViland Barrington. Miss Alice Coleman.
SERGEANT OF POLICE ... Mr. P. Bellington. Mr. H. Talbot. Mr. B. H. Robertson. Miss Alice Coleman.
MABEL ... Miss Frerriell. Miss Blanchard Rosevelt. Miss Marion Hoare. Miss Rosina Brandram.
EDITH (General Stanley's Daughters) ... Miss May. Miss Jessie Bond. Miss Julia Gwinnie. Miss Rosina Brandram.
KATE ... Miss Monmouth. Miss Rosea Brandon. Miss Marian La Rue. Miss Rosina Brandram.
ISABEL ... Miss Kervin. Miss Nina Bond. Miss Emily Cross. Miss Rosina Brandram.
RUTH (A Pirate Maid of all Work) ... Miss Fanny Harrison. Miss Alice Barnett. Miss Rosina Brandram.

Savoy, June 20th, 1900.

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY ... ... ... Mr. Henry A. Lytton. Mr. Jones Hewson. Mr. W. H. Lyon.
THE PIRATE KING ... ... ... Mr. Robert Evett. Mr. Walter Passmore. Miss Isabel Jay.
SAMUEL (His Lieutenant) ... ... ... Mr. H. Pyers. Mr. H. R. Johnson. Miss Judy Evans.
FREDERICK (The Pirate Apprentice) ... ... ... Miss Alice Coleman. Miss Rosina Brandram.
SERGEANT OF POLICE ... ... ... Mr. H. Pyers. Mr. Walter Passmore. Miss Isabel Jay.
MABEL ... ... ... Miss Marian La Rue. Miss Emily Cross. Miss Rosina Brandram.
EDITH (General Stanley's Daughters) ... ... ... Miss Alice Coleman. Miss Rosina Brandram.
KATE ... ... ... Miss Marian La Rue. Miss Emily Cross. Miss Rosina Brandram.
ISABEL ... ... ... Miss Emily Cross. Miss Rosina Brandram.
RUTH (A Pirate Maid of all Work) ... ... ... Miss Rosina Brandram.

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

ACT I. ... ... ... ... ... A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall.
ACT II. ... ... ... ... ... A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight.
# The Pirates of Penzance

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No. 1  OPENING CHORUS OF PIRATES. & SOLO—Samuel.

Chorus. Tenor.

A

F
d

Moderate sukzessive.
Piano.

P

ch - cre - scen - do...

Basses.

Four, O King, the pirate glass!
And, O King, to make us merry, Let the pirate bumper pass!

B

SAMUEL

For today our Pirate Tren-like rises from indenture freed; Strong his arm, and keen his scimitar—He's a Pirate now indeed!
CHORUS.

Here's good luck to Fred 'ric's ven - tures, Fred 'ric's out of his in - den - tures.

SAM.

Two - and - twen - ty now he's ris - ing, And a - lone he's fit to fly

CHORUS.

Which we're bent on, sig - na - list, With un - us - ual re - vel - ry! Here's good luck to
Fred'ric's ventures, Fred'ric's out of his indentures. Pour, O King, the pirate

SAMUEL with 1st BASS.

Fred'ric's ventures, Fred'ric's out of his indentures. Pour, O King, the pirate

Sher, Fill, O King, the pirate glass! And, O King, to make us merry, Let the

Sher, Fill O King, the pirate glass! And, O King, to make us merry, Let the

Pirate bumper pass!
No. 2.  

SONG—Ruth.

Piano

All'grazia

Allegro pesante

What Fred-ric was  
1. You were a boy.
2. I was a just a fool
3. I soon found out, Le-

Li-ttle lad, He proved so brave and da-ring, His fa-ther thought he'd 'prent-ice him To
some car-rier sa-far-ing. I was a last his nur-sy maid, And so it fell to
my loy-rate, To take and bind the pre-mis-ing boy Ap - pre-nice to a pi loot; A
out work, So I made up my mind to go as a kind Of pi-

you! all doubt, The scope of this dis-as-ter. But I hadn't the face to re-turn to my place, And
No. 3.

**SONG—Pirate King & Chorus.**

1. Oh, I
2. When I

Better far to live and die
Sail to seek my prey,

Under the brave black flag I fly,
Help myself in a royal way;

Song and music for the Pirate King and chorus.
play a marvelous part
With a pirate head and a pirate heart!
live more ship, it's true, This a well-led monarch ought to do!

A way to the charting world go you,
But may a king on a first-class throne.

Pirates all we will to do, But I'll be true to the song I sing, And live and die a
wants to call his crown his own, Must man age some way to get through More chivalry work than

cresc. B a tempo.

Pirate King, I ever I do. For I am a Pirate King!...

is, it is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King!... For I am a Pirate
King...

And it is, it is a glorious thing to

Chorus:

You are! Hur-rah for the Pi-rate King!

(Pause 2nd verse only)

be a Pi-rate King!

Hur-rah for the Pi-rate

It is! Hur-rah for our Pi-rate King! Hur-rah for the Pi-rate

King 1...

King 1...

King 1...
No. 4.  
RECI TATIVE & Duet—Ruth & Frederic.

Allegro vivace.

Oh false one! you have deceived me!

PIANO

I have deceived you? Yes! deceived me!
You told me you were

A tempo.

fair as gold! And, master, am I not so? And now I see you're

A tempo.

plain and old! I'm sure I'm not a Jon son! Upon my inno-
Ruth.

Once you play. I'm not the one to plot so. Your face is bold, your
to deceive me, I who trusted so! Master, master,

Fred.

Do not leave me, Hear me ere I go! Faithless woman! Master,
Ruth

Andante. My love with out reflecting, Oh, do not be rejecting! Take a maiden

D ten-der, The affection raw and green, At very high cost, I've

been ac- cus-ing, seem- ers se- ven - tect, seem - ers se- ven -

E. Ruth.

-teen. Don't, be - loved mas - ter, Crash me with dis -as- ter;

Fred.

Yet, your for - mer mas - ter Saves you from dis -as- ter;
What is such a dower to the dower I have here!... My love un...

Your love would be un-com-fort-a-bly se-rid, it is ecoln,...

na-ting Has been ac-cu-mu-lat-ing for ty-sev-en year!...

If as you are sta-ting, It's been ac-cu-mu-la-tion for ty-sev-en

Allegro vivace

Se-ty-sev-en year!

faith-est wom-an to de-ceive me, I who rust-ed

Allegro vivace.
Master, master, do not leave me, Hear me ere I
so I Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trusted

Rest, Fred.

What shall I do? be-

fore 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 clothes.
No. 5.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Allegro grazioso.

Piano.

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 masses
Dot-ted with un-numbered daisies, Dot-ted, dot-ted with un-numbered daisies,

Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hardy little lassies, Till the bright sea-

Shore they gain; Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hardy little lassies,

Till the bright sea-shore they gain.
Let us gaily tread the measure. Make the most of fleeting pleasure; Hail it as a true al-ly.

Though it perish by and by, Hail it as a true ally. Though it perish by and by, Every moment brings a treasure Of its own especial pleasure, Though the moments quickly die.
Greet them gai ly as they fly, Greet them gai ly as they

fly!

CHORUS. f

Though the moments quickly die, Greet them gai ly as they fly!

Sol o. Kate.

Far a way from toil and care, Re vei

ling in fresh sea air, Here we live and reign a - lose,
In a world that's all our own. Here, in this our rock yden Far away from mortal men. We'll be Queens and make decrees, They may honor them who please.
Let us gaily tread the measure, Make the most of fleeting leisure. Hail it as a true ally, Though it perishes and byes. Hail it as a true ally,
Though it per-

ish bye and

by, Let us gui-

ly tread the

measure.

Make the most of

fleeting leis-

ure, Hail it as a true al-

ly, a true al-

ly.
No. 6. RECITATIVE—Edith, Kate, Frederic, & Chorus


Allegro.

Stop, ladies, pray! A man! I had intended not to intrude myself upon your notice in this effective.

Piano.

but a harrowing costume. But under these peculiar circumstances, it is my bounden duty to inform you that your proceedings will not be un witnessed. But


who are you, Sir? speak! I am a pirate. A pirate! horror! Ladies, do not shun me! This

Aeolian moderate.

evening I renounce my vile profession. And, to that end, O pure and peer less

maiden, O blushing buds of ever blooming beauty, I, sore of heart,
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 image of duty? Who would not give up willingly All matrimonial ambition, To
Chorus of Girls.

A Sin, 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 heart to love and beauty Have
can't all hope to disappear Of ever winning man's affection! To such an one, If

such there be, I swear by heaven's arch above you. If you will cast your eyes on me, How

rail.

ever plain you be, I'll love you! How ever plain you be, If you will cast your eyes on me,

eyes on me. How ever plain you be, I'll love you, I'll love you, I'll love...

Chorus of Girls.

A-land! there's not one maid above Woe to honest face and不断完善

dim.
Fred.

of Girls, Mabel.

Chorus.

Mabel.

Chorus.

Fred.

Chorus.

Moderate.


Moderate.


Chorus.

Mabel.


stray, stray, Is that a reason good and true why you show all to pity’s name? The question is, had not been a thing of beauty, Would she be swayed by spite as keen a sense of duty? For shame! for shame! for shame!
No. 8.  
Alk—Mabel & Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.
MABEL.

Poor wan-dring one, . . .  Thou hast surely strayed,

PIANO.

Take heart of grace, Thy steps reverse. Poor wan-dring one, stay.

At tempo.

Poor wan-dring one, . . .  If such poor love as mine

A

can help thee find True peace of mind, why, take it, it is thine.
Poor wandering one. . . . Through thou hast surely stray'd

Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace, Poor wandering

Ah! ah! . . . Ah, ah, ah!

Ah! wandering one! Poor wandering

Ah! ah! . . . Ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine, Take . . .

one!

Ah! ah! . . . Ah, ah, ah! Take heart, Take
Chorus.

Take mine! Take heart.

Take any heart, ours!
No. 9.  
Edith, Kate, & Chorus of Girls.

What ought we to do? gen-teel sis-tern, say! Pro-pri-e-ty, we know,

sage we ought to stay. While sym-pa-thy ex-claims, "Free them from your te-ther; Play an o-ther game,

Kate.

leave them here to con-ge-ther." Her case may a-ny day be yours, my de-n, or mine;

Let her make her hay While the sun-dog shines. Let us con-pro-mise, Our hearts are not of lea-ther;

Chorus.

Let us shut our eyes, And talk a-bout the wea-the-ter. Yes, yes, let's talk a-bout the wea-the-ter.
No. 10. **DUET—Mabel & FREDERIC, & Chorus of Girls.**

**ALLEGRO Vivace.**

How beautifully blue the sky, The
glass is rising very high, Continuo fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday: To

morning 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 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
Marpul.

Did ever maiden wake From dream of home.

Chorus, dim.

pour a gift (I hear the country wants some rain). Yet papa say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July.

Did ever maiden wake From dream of home.

To find her day light break With such exceeding beauty.

B

Did ever maiden close Her eyes on wakening morn.

To dream of such exceeding gladness.

Fred.

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

Chorus
beautiful blue sky, The glass is rising very high, Con-ti-nue since I hope it may, And yet it might but

yea-ter-day; To-mo-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 Jo-ly. 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 Jo-ly. To-mor-row it may pour a-gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain).
soul is guilty dreaming. And wake to find that soul With

CHORUS.

peace and virtue beaming! How beautifully blue the sky. The glass is rising.

very high, continue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained yesterday; continue fine I

MABEL.

F

EVE ver maiden wake From

FRED.

Did ever pirate followed For

hope it may, And yet it rained yesterday. How beautifully blue the sky. The glass is rising.
dream of homely duty To find her

take his hazardous mission To feed him

very high, Continue foe I bow it may, And yet it rain'd but yesterday; Tomorrow it may

daylight break With such exceeding beauty! Ah,

self betrothed to lady of sensation! Ah,

poor again (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July, Yet

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July, a warm July,

FRED.

Allegretto.

Stay, we must not lose our senses. Men who stick at no offences Will anon be here!

PIANO.

Piracy their dreadful trade is. Pray you get you hence, young ladies. While the coast is clear!

CHORUS OF 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 dis-
PIRATES.

Girls.

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

Chorus.

Now here's a fine rate opportunity To get married with impunity,

And indulge in the felicity Of unbounded domesticity! You shall

quickly be parsonized, Conjugal marriage ordained, By a doctor of divinity.

Girls.

Who located in this vicinity, We have missed our opportunity Of es
No. 12 RECITATIVE—Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.

MABEL.

Hold, Monsters! I see no cause for alarm! (Just hear how that we are wretched!)

PIANO.

Well, General! I am a Major-General! For he is a Major-General! He is Hurrah for the Major-General! 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.  SONG—Major-General & Chorus.

Major-General.

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

in formation vegetable, animal, and mineral; I know the kings of England, and I
an even harder acrostic, I've a pretty taste for Fan Dens: I quote, in Elegia, all the
quote the fights bu-tor-i-cal, From Ma-ra-thon to Wa-ter-loo, in or-der ca-te-go-ri-cal. Pm
crimes of He-li-o-ga-ba-lus? In co-nics I can flow pe-ca-li-a-cities pa-ra-bo-los. I can

ve-ry well ac-quaint-ed too, with mat-ter ma-the-ma-ti-cal; I un-der-stand e-qua-tions, both the
tell un-doubt-ed Ka-ba-els from Ge-ward Dow and Zoll-an-len. I know the croak-ing cho-rus from the

sim-ple and quad-ra-ti-cal: A - bout bi-no-mial The-o-rem I'm term-ing with a lot o' news,
na Frag's of A - ris-in-phas enes! Then I can hum a fuge, of which I've heard the mu-si-cis din a-fore,

(Dialogue)

1. With ma-ny cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy-po - ter - use;
2. And whis-the all the airs from that in-fer-nal non-sense, Pas-a-fare!
Chorus

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

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Fin-a-fore. And whistle all the airs from that

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

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Fin-a-fore. And whistle all the airs from that

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

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Fin-a-fore. And whistle all the airs from that

Major-General

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus; I know the scientific names of Then I can write a washing bill in Ax, by log-ic cu-nosischron, And tell you ev-’ry de-tail of Ca.

pp
beings inorganic. But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I recall our uniform. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I

CHORUS.

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!

animal, and mineral, He is the very model of a modern Major General!

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "macerated" and "resilient." When
I can tell at sight a chace-pot rifle from a javelin; When such affairs as sorties and surpr

ises I'm more wary at; And when I know precisely what is meant by commissions, When

I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery; When I know more of tactics than a

novice in a nursery; In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—

a tempo. Vivace
say a better Major-General has never sat a go. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go.

Major-General:

say a better Major-General has never sat a go. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go. For my...
beginning of the century, but still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I

CHORUS:

am the very model of a modern Major General, but still, in matters vegetable,

But still, in matters vegetable,

animal, and mineral, He is the very model of a modern Major General.

animal, and mineral, He is the very model of a modern Major General.
Finale—Act I.

Mabel, Kate, Edith, Frederic, Samuel, King, Major-General, Ruth, & Chorus.

Oh, men of dark and dismal state, For...
Andante moderate.

Chorus of Pirates. Major-General.

Children whom you see are all that I can call my own. Poor fellow! Take them away from me, and I shall

Pirates. Major-General.

be indeed alone! Poor fellow! If pity you can feel, leave me my sole remaining joy! See,

at your feet they kneel! Your hearts you cannot steel A-gainst the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy! Poor

Samuel, King, & Chorus of Pirates.

fellow! See, at our feet they kneel! Our hearts we cannot steel A-gainst the sad, sad tale of the

Samuel.

Samuel & King.

lonely orphan boy! The orphan boy! The orphan boy! See, at our feet they kneel! Our
Allegro vivace.

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
He is telling a terrible story Which will tend to diminish his glory; Though

He is telling a terrible story Which will tend to diminish his glory; Though

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is ghastly; Yes,

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is ghastly; Yes,

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is ghastly; Yes,

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is ghastly; Yes,

they would have taken his daughters Over the bilby waters. It is

they would have taken his daughters Over the bilby waters. It is

one of the cruellest slaughters That ever were known in these waters. It is

one of the cruellest slaughters That ever were known in these waters. It is

one of the cruellest slaughters That ever were known in these waters. It is

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 way.

easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same way.

easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same way.

easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same way.

It's easy, in elegant diction, To easy, in elegant diction, To easy, in elegant diction, To easy, in elegant diction, To easy, in elegant diction, To
call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go - ry As tell - ing a

re - gular sto - ry.
Moderato.  

**King.**

Although our darksome times in-wolves 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 Er, without a touch of poetry in it?

---

**Chorus. Mabel & Edith with 1st Sop.**

Sopranos. Kate with 2nd Sop.

Hail, poetry, thou heaven-born maid! Thou greatest

Tenors & Fred. with Tenor. Sam. with 1st Bass.

King & Major-Gen. with 2nd Bass.

Hail, poetry, thou heaven-born maid! Thou greatest

ff (Voices only.)
SAM.

For he is an orphan boy!

MAJOR-GENERAL.

And it sometimes is you.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

TENORS & BASSES.

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Allegro non troppo.

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

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

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

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

They will away and married be!

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

F

Major-General.

boy!

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

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-

They will away and married be!
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee We will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee We will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
all will bridesmaids be. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
all will be bridesmaids be. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will a-way and married be. Should it be-
Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!

Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

H a tempo.

Yes, yes, remember.


I wish you'd leave me.

We wish you'd leave him.
FRED, SAMUEL KING, MAJOR-GENERAL, & PIRATES

Pray observe the magnificence! We da-

- play to lace and dignity! Never was such opportunity To get married with impunity! But we
give up the felicity Of unbounded domesticity. Thou dost adore domesticity! Who is lo-

MAWEL, EDITH, KATE, & GIRLS.

- cated in this vicinity! Pray observe the magnificence! They display to lace and dignity! Never

was such impunity To get married with impunity! But they give up the felicity Of un-
MABEL with 1st Sop.

EDITH & KATE with 2nd Sop.

MABEL (top notes only).

EDITH with 1st S.
MABEL & ADITH with 12 SOP, KATE with 2nd.

The doctor of divinity, Who resides in the vicinity.

The doctor of divinity, Who resides in the vicinity.

Tempo primo.

[End of First Act.]
No. 1.  INTRODUCTION. SOLO—Mabel & Chorus

B  CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Oh, dry the glistening tear That dews that martial cheek!... Thy loving children
hearth, in them thy comfort seek. With sympathetic care Their arms around thee

weep; for o’er they cannot bear To see their sister weep! Dear

father, why leave your bed At this un-time ly hour? When happy day-light is dead, And

dark some dangers lower! ... See, heav’n has lit her lamp. The midnight hour is past,
And the chilly night air is damp. The dew is falling fast. Dear father, why leave your
bed When happy daylight is dead? Oh, dry the glistening tear That dews that
moist cheek! Thy loving children hear. Be them thy comfort sent! With
sympathetic care Their arms around thee creep. For oh, they cannot bear To see their
father weep...
No. 2. RECITATIVE—Frederic & Major-General.

**MAJOR-GENERAL.**

Now Frederic let your escort be summoned to receive a general's blessing.

**PIANO.**

For they depart upon their great adventure. Dear sir, they

No. 3. CHORUS—With Solos for Mabel, Edith, & Sergeant.

-- Allegro marziale. --

...
SERGEANT.

When the foe man bares his steel
We uncomfortable feel.

CHORUS OF POLICE

Tar-ran-ta-ra, tar-ran-ta-ra,
Tar-ran-ta-ra.

And we find the wisest thing
Is to slap our chins and sing Tar-ran-ta-ra,
Tar-ran-ta-ra, Tar-ran-ta-ra.

For when threatened with.....
And your heart is in your boots,
Tar-ran-ta-ra, Tar-ran-ta-ra.

There is no thing brings it sound
Like the trumpeter's martial sound, Like the trumpeter's martial...
Go, ye heroes, go to glory. Though ye die in combat go on! Ye shall live in song and story. Go to immortality. Go to death and go to slaughter.

Dios! and every Cornish daughter. With her tears your grave shall water! No, ye heroes, go and die!

EDITH.

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

SEARGEANT.

KATE with 2nd SOPRANO.

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

Tho' to us it's victorious.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

Taran-та.
These attentions are well meant!

Such expressions don't appear

Calculated men to cheer

Who are going to meet their fate

In a high, by nervous state

Still to us it's evident These att-

entions are well meant!
Go... and do your best... endeavor. And, before all links we sever,

We... will say fare... well... forever. Go to glory and the grave!

**CONCERT OF GIRLS.**

Go to glory and the grave! For your feet are fierce and ruthless, False, unw-
We observe too great a stern 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 criticize, For it's very evident These attentions are well meant. Yes, it's evident, evident, Ah, yes, well these attentions are well meant. Yes, well meant; Ah, yes, well
Go, ye heroes, go to glory! Though ye die in combat!

Go, ye heroes, go to glory! Though ye die in combat!

God meant it when he made the teeter, tara-tara! We in-com-fort able feel, Tara-tara!

Go, ye heroes, go to glory, Ye shall live in song and story, Go to immor-ta-ly! And we find the wisest thing, Tara-tara, tara-tara! It is to slap our cheeks and sing, Tara-tara!

Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev-ry Cor-nish

Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev-ry Cor-nish

For when threatened with enemies, Tara-tara, tara-tara! And your heart is in your boots, Tara-tara!
MABEL.

Yes, for-ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes,

ENTH.

Yes, for-ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes,

MAJOR-GENERAL.

No! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Yes, but you don't go!
for ward on the foe!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they

for ward on the foe!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they

for ward on the foe!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they

for ward on the foe!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they

Yes, you don't go!

At last they go, at last they

go! At last they real ly go!

go! At last they real ly, real ly go!

go! At last they real ly, real ly go!

go! At last they real ly, real ly go!

go! We go, we go, we go, we go!

go! We go, we go, we go, we go!

go! At last they real ly, real ly go!
No. 4.

RECITATIVE & TRIO.

RECI.  FRED

Now for the Pirate's lair! Oh, joy bound-ed! Oh, sweet re-ric!
Oh, rapture an-

PIANO.

ampled! At last I may a-tune in some slight measure For the re-pent-ed acts of theft and pil-lage, Which, as a

sense of duty's dictation, I, circumstan-c's vic-tim, have been guil-y!

Young

RUTH.

And I, your lit-tle Ruth!

FRED.

Who calls? Oh, mad in-tru-ders! How dare you

Frederic! Your late coman-der!
face me!  Know ye not, oh, rash one.  That I have doomed you to extermination?  Have

mercy on us;  Hear us ere you slay us!  I do not think I ought to listen to you:  Yet mercy should al...
TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.

No. 5.

** Allegro grazioso. **

RUTH.

1st verse. When ye had left our pirate hold, We tried to raise our spirits bright Accompanying to our custom old. With quip and quibble quaint; But all in vain the quips we heard, We lay and sobb'd up in the rocks, Unwilling you there to hear. We said, "If we could tell it bin, How Frederic would the joke enjoy." And

FRED.

so we've risk'd both life and limb To tell it to our boy. A paradox, a most in-

RUTH.

... till somebody occur'd! A warbling paradox. A paradox, a most in...

KING.

and verse. knew your taste for cautious quips, For cracks and con-tractions queer! And with the laughter on our lips, We
KING.

For some ridiculous reason, to which I have no desire to be disposed, I don't know who—very likely the Astronomer—Royal, Has decided that, although for such a lengthy 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.

RUTH.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Dear me, let's see!

KING.

Yes! Yes! with yours my figures do agree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
How quaint the ways of Paradise! At common sense she gaily mocks. The,

counting in the usual way, Years two-thirteen I've been alive, Yet, reckoning by my natal day, Yet,

reckoning by my natal day, I am a little boy of five! He is a little boy of five; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That

He is a little boy of five; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That

That
paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That paradox, that paradox, That most ingenious paradox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! 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No. 6.
TRIO—Kuth, Frederic, & King.

Allegro molto.

RUTH.
Away, a-way, my heart’s on fire! I burn this base deception to repay. This very
day... my vengeance... Shall glut itself in gore. A-way, a-way!...

KING.

A-way, a-way, my heart’s on fire! I burn this base deception to repay. This very
day... my vengeance... Shall glut itself in gore. A-way, a-way!...

Allegro molto

PIANO.

Frédéric...
I find my duty hard to do today... My heart is fill’d... with anguish dire;... It strikes me
to the core! Away, away!

With falsehood foul in trickles of our bitter... Let vengeance howl, the Pirate so dear.

Yes,

our stern... he softened with his lies!... And in to-night the traitor dies!

Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!... To-night he

Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!

Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!
They will weep in sorrow. In their nature they
His girls like wine.
Yes, or early tomorrow.
The one soft spot
Cheer;
Tonight he dies, yes, or early tomorrow. His
And all who plot
Tonight he dies, yes, or early tomorrow. His
To a base it shall perish. To a base it shall perish.
girls likewise, they will weep in sorrow; the one soft spot in their natures they cherish, And all who plot to abuse it shall

girls likewise, they will weep in sorrow; the one soft spot in their natures they cherish, And all who plot to abuse it shall

girls likewise, they will weep in sorrow; the one soft spot in their natures they cherish, And all who plot to abuse it shall
No 7.

RECITATIVE & DUET—Mabel & Frederic.

**Recit. Mabel.**

All is prepar'd! Your gallant crew a-wait you! My Yeoke-ric in tears! It can-not be that li-on near

**Piano.**

**Fred.**

quails at the coming con-dict? No, Ma-bel, no! A ter-i-ble dis-cov-er-y has just been made; Ma-bel, my dear-

**a tempo moderate.**

lovd one! I bound my-self to serve the Pi-rate Cap-tain Un-till I reach'd my one and twen-ty

**Mabel.**

birth-day! But you are twen-ty-one! I've just dis-cov-er'd that I was born in leap-year, And that
No. 8.
DUET—Mabel & Frederic.

MABEL.

Stay, Fred-ric, stay! They have no legal claim!

Piano.

FRED.

Nay, Mabel, nay; To -
night I quit these walls! The thought my soul appalls; But when stern duty calls, I must c - bey!

Stay, Fred - ric, stay! They have no claim No sha - dow of a shame Will fall.

Nay, Mah - el, nay; But duty's name, The thought my soul appalls; But when...

up - on thy name; Stay, Fred - ric, stay!

... when...
Ah, love me not to pine A - lone and de - so - late! No love - song fair as mine, No hap - py - ness so bright; And nature, day by day, Has sung across the sea This joy - ous round - e - lay: He loves thee - he is here! Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee - he is here! Fal la la la, Fal la la!

Ah, must I leave thee? Love in - less night to dream, Where joy is dark and deep, And sorrow all presage; When nature, day by day, wilt sing altered love This weary round - e - lay: He loves thee - he is
MABEL.

Fal la la la, Fal la!

gone. Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee, he is here. Fal la la la, Fal la!

O RECIT.

It seems so long.

In 1940, I of age shall be; I’ll then return and claim you, I de-clare it.

Swear that still then you will be

(aside.)

Yes, I’ll be strong; by all the braz-leys, dead and gone, I swear it!

true to me!
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 here is truth. And here is food for joyous laughter! She will be faithful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and even after!

Oh, here is love, and here is truth. He will be faithful to his sooth, Till we are wed, and even after!

Oh, here is love, and here is truth. Yes, even after! Oh, here is love, and here is truth. And even after! Oh, here is love, and here is truth.
truth, And here is food for joy - ous laugh - ter; He will be faith - ful to his sooth, Till we are

wed, and e - ven af - ter! He will be faith - ful to his sooth, and She will be faith - ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e - ven

af - ter, e - ven af - ter! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is

love, in love!
No 9. RECIPIVATE—Mabel, &c. Chorus of Police

MABEL.

Yes, I am brave! Oh, family descent! How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!

PIANO.

a tempo. Moderate.

Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue! A crisis now affairs are coming to!

SOLO. SERGEANT.

Tho' in body and in mind

CHORUS OF POLICE.

We are

Taren-ta-ra, taren-ta-ra,

timidly inclin'd, And anything but blind

To the

Taren-ta-ra, Taren-ta-ra, taren-ta-ra,
danger that's behind;

Yes, when the danger's near

We|

Ta-ra-ra,
Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra,

manage to appear
As insensible to fear as anybody here, as

Ta-ra-ra!

Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra,

Ta-ra-ra, ta-ra-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
MABEL. "Death and glory!"
(Dialogue goes on.)
"old associates."
"acted nobly."

CHORUS OF POLICE.

That is not a pleasant way of putting it!
He has acted shamefully!
He has acted nobly!

SERGEANT. "This is perplexing."
"Sense of duty."

Very well!
We cannot understand it at all!

"We joined the force."
"Too late now!

That makes a difference, of course, but at the same time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all!"
We should!
It is!

Attaccio.
No 10. SONG—Sergeant & Chorus.

SEURGANT.

1. When a felon's not engaged in his em-
2. When the enterprising butcher's not a-

Adagio moderato.

Piano.

...ployment.
...burgling.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

...ployment.
...burgling.

his employment,
not burgling.

...ployment.
...burgling.

...playce.
...plied in crime.

JOYMENT.

...joy-ment.
...gurgling.

...joy-ment.
...gurgling.

...uest.
...quest.

...quest.
...quest.

Our feelings we with difficulty
listen to the merry village chime.
When the constable's finished jumping on his

...quest.
...quest.

...quest.
...quest.
snoo-th'er

mo-th'ner,

When con- sta-bu-la-ry du-t'y's to be done,

He loves to lie a-back-ing in the sun.

Oh, take one con- si-d'er-a tion with an
ckle

snoo-th'er,

on his mo- ther

to be done.

in the sun.

o- ther,

A po- lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one;

When con- sta-bu-la-ry du-t'y's to be

with an-o- ther!

Ah, when con- sta-bu-la-ry du-t'y's to be

done, to be done, The po- lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one, hap-py one!

done, to be done, The po- lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one, hap-py one!
NO. 171

S01.O—Sergeant, & Chorus of Pirates & Police.

CHORUS OF PIRATES (behind the scenes).

A rollicking band of Pirates we. Who, tired of toasting on the sea. Are

SEURGEANT.

trying their hand at a burlesque. With weapons grim and gay. Hush, hush, I hear them in the

PIRATES.

aw, nor rushing! With stealthy steps the Pirates are rushing! We are not coming for plate or gold! A

very General Stanley told; We seek a penalty fifty-fold For General Stanley's story!

CHORUS OF POLICE.

They
PIRATES.

Fifty fold! We seek a penalty.
Fifty fold! They seek a penalty.

Fifty fold! For General Stanley's soldiers!
Fifty fold! For General Stanley's army!

They come in force with stealthy stride.

CHORUS. Repeat this, and dim. till next Chorus.

Our obvious course is now to hide! Tza-tza-rum, tza-rum-tza-rum!
No 12

SOLO—Samuel, & Chorus of Pirates.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

With cut-like tread upon our prey we steal;
In silence, dread our caution way we feel;
No sound at all, we never speak a word;
A fly's foot-fall would be distinctly heard!

CHORUS OF POLICE.

So stealily the Pirate creeps, while all the household sound-ly sleeps.
Come, friends, who plough the sea, Trace to navigation, Take another station;

Let’s vary pace With a little burglary! Come, friends, who

plough the sea, Trace to navigation, Take another station Let’s vary pace.

C SOLO. SAMUEL.

With a little burglary! Here’s your crow-bar, And your...
centre-bit, Your life — preserver, You may want to hit!

Your slient match—go, You dark ben—tem voice! Take your... fle... And your

skri—tonic keys!

f PIRATES.

With cat—like tread, in silenc dread,

f POLICE.

ta—ta—ra, ta—ta—ra —— ra!

f PIRATES.

With cat—like tread! un—on our prey we steal, In silenc dread our cau—sus way we feel!
No. 13. Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, & Pirates.

FREDERIC.

Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light insi-de! The Major-Gen-eral comes, so quick-ly hide! Yes,

PIANOForte.

POLICE.

Yes, the Major-Gen-eral comes! He comes, the Major-Gen-eral comes! Yes, yes, the Major-Gen-eral comes! Tor

MAJOR-GENERAL.

A tempo moderato.

- men-ted with the anguish-dread Of falsehood un-toned, I lay up-on my sleep-less bed, And toil'd, and turn'd, and growl'd; The

A tempo moderato.

man who finds his con-science ache No peace at all en-joy's: And as I lay in bed a-wake, I
No. 14 SONG—Major-General & Chorus (Pirates & Police).
Setting nature all a-quiver, Rustling thro' the trees.

Brook and poplar mourn a lover, Sighs: "Well a-day!"

PIRATES, pp

And the brook, in Ah, the dawning

Thro' the trees...

FOLIOCK.

"Well a-day!"

Thro' the trees...

A

Rippling measure, Laughs for every love, When the breeze is out

and undoing That the rogue could tell; When the poplar, in

their pleasure, Wave their arms a-

* B

haste!

1. Yes, the trees for every love, Wave their leafy arms above.

SERGEANT with 2nd BASS.

2. Shock-ing takes the rogues rapid tell, No body can woo so well.

3. Shock-ing tells the rogues could tell, No body can woo so well.

4. Shock-ing! Wave their leafy arms above.

B
Chorus of Girls:

SOPRANOS.

Allegro vivace.

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 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.
fla-voured all our deal-ings;
With courage sure, and re-so-lu-tion man-ly,
For death pre-pare, un-

hap-py Gen.-’l Stan-ley! Is he to die, un-sha-ven, un-an-neal’d? Oh, spare him! Will

no one in his cause a wea-pon wield? Oh, spare him! Yes, we are here, though hi-ther-to con-ceal’d! Oh, rap-ture!

Lo! to our pow’rs pi-rates quick-ly yield! Oh, rap-ture!
PIRATES

We triumph now, for well we know Your mortal career's cut short; No pirate

Triumph now, for well we know Our mortal career's cut short; No pirate

band will take its stand At the Central Criminal Court!

band will take its stand At the Central Criminal Court!

To gain a brief advantage you've contrived;

KING

your proud triumph will not be long-lived.

Don't say you're orphaned, for we know that game!
SHERIFF.

On your allegiance we've a wronger claim:
We bid you yield,
We bid you yield in Queen Victoria's name;
You do? We do!

KING.

We yield at once with humbled alien.
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen!
Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their

POLICE.
Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen! Away with them, and place them at the bar! One

a tempo.

moment, let me tell you who they are: They are no members of the common throng. They are all no-bles-

who have gone wrong. Oh, spare them! They are all no-bles who have gone wrong. What,
KING.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

KING.

il no-bles-men? Yes, all no-bles-men! What, all?... Well, nearly all!

MAJOR-GENERAL, Moderate.

No Eng'-lishman un-der that state-ment bears! Be-cause, with all our

faults, we love our Hoose... of Peers; I pray you par-lose me, ex-ri-rate King! Peers will be Peers, and

youth will have its fling! Be-cause your rank and le-gis-la-tive du-ties, And take my daugh-ter, all of whom are
beneath
Tempo di volto.

Poor wan - d'ring one,

Though ye have sure - ly strayed,
Take heart of grace,

You new re - trace
Poor wan - d'ring one!
	a tempe.

Poor wan - d'ring one,
If such poor love... as ours

Can help you find true peace of mind, Why, take it, k...
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

Fair days will shine. Take heart, take heart,
Take heart.
Take heart.
Take heart.
Take heart.
Take heart.

Take mine!
Take ours!
Take ours!
Take ours!
Take ours!
Take ours!

Take
G
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