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.

A. W. TAMS
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THE 'PIRATES OF PENZANCE.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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SAMUEL, his Lieutenant ........................................... 2
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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by W. S. GILBERT.

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OVERTURE.
da qui stringendo il tempo
Scene.—A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. 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. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor.

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 caps from a flask. Frederic is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C. Ruth kneels at his feet.

Opening Chorus of Pirates, & Solo—Samuel.

No. 1.

Piano

Moderato maestoso.

Chorus, Tenors.

Pour, O King, the pirate

Basses.

Pour, O King, the pirate
sверх, Fill, O King, the pirate glass!

And, O King, to make us merry, let the pirate bumper pass!

For today our Pirate Tren-tice rises from in-
den-ture freed: Strong his arm, and keen his scent is—He's a Pi-rate now in-deed!

Chorus:

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

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

Here's good luck to

Which we're bent on sig-na-liz-ing With un-us-al re-vel-ry! Here's good luck to
FREDERIC rises and comes forward with PIRATE KING, who enters from R. E. F.)

KING. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.
ALL. Hurrah!
FREDERIC. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!
KING. What do you mean?
FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.
ALL. Leave us?
FRED. For ever!
KING. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at scuttling a Czaroder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handsipe.
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 honor bound by it.
SHEPHERD. An error? What error?
FRED. I may not tell you. It would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth. (RUTH comes down C.)
RUTH. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankerit tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.
SONG — Ruth.

No. 2.

Fred 'ric was a lit - tle lad He proved so brave and da - ring, His
was a stu - pid nur - sery maid, On break - ers al - ways steer - ing; And I
soon found out be - yond all doubt, The scope of this dis - as - ter; But I

fa- ther thought he'd pren - tice him To some ca - reer sea - far - ing. I
did not catch the word a - right, Thro' be - ing hard of hear - ing, Mis
hadn't the face to re - turn to my place, And break it to my mas - ter. A
was, a - las! his nur - s'ry maid, And so it fell to my lot To
tak - ing my in - struc - tions, which With - in my brain did gy - rate, I
nur - s'ry maid is not a - fraid Of what you peo - ple call work, So I

take and bind the pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a pi - lot; A
took and bound this pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a Pi-rate! A
made up my mind to go as a kind Of pi - ra-ti-cal 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 - is to mak', And doom him to a vile lot, I
that is how you - d 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. (kneeling at his feet) Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!
Fred. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you.

(Ruth rises.)

Ruth. The two words were so much alike!
Fred. 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 looked upon you with 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 noisy.)
King. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.
Samuel. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.
Fred. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you; it wouldn't be right.
King. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.
Samuel. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.
All. Hear! hear!
Fred. Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.
King. There is some truth in that.
Fred. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.
Samuel. Of course we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.
Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence. Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let 'em 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 R.)
Samuel. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?
Fred. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock 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, she will take you with him.
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, or is the whole, plain.
King. Oh, Ruth is very well—very well indeed.
Samuel. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.
Fred. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you, and in consideration for you I will leave her—d. (Hands Ruth to King.)
King. No, Frederic; that is 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 deprive thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.
All. (Lookily) Not one!
King. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic—keep thy love! (Hands her back to Frederic.)
Fred. You're very good, I'm sure.
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.
SONG—Pirate King & Chorus.

No. 3.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO:

[Music notation]

KING.

1. Oh,
2. When

better for to live and die

under the brave black flag

I fly, than play a sancti-

sally forth to seek my prey, I help myself in a royal way; I sink a few more

noxious part with a pirate head and a pirate heart;

slips, it's true, than a well-bred monarch ought to do!

[A musical notation]
Away to the cheating world go you,
But many a king on a first class throne,
Where he wants to call his crown his own.
Most manage somehow to get through,
More dirty work than ever I do.
For I am a Pirate King!

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

And it is, it is a glorious thing to

Chorus

You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

(Pause 2nd verse only)

be a Pirate King!

Hurrah for the Pirate

It is! Hurrah for our Pirate King! Hurrah for the Pirate

King!

King!

King!
(After Song, the King, Samuel, and all the Priests except Frederick and Ruth, go off R., and E. K. Frederick comes down C., followed by Ruth.)

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

Frederick. 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!

Frederick. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough now. 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.

Frederick. 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.

Frederick. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh yes; years and years ago.

Frederick. But what do you think yourself?

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

Frederick. That is your candid opinion?

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

Frederick. 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. (Shaken hands with her.)

(Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, "Climbing over rocky mountains," etc. See entrance of girls.)

Frederick. 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.

Frederick. (Climbing rocky arch R. C. and looking off L.) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens.

Ruth. (Aside) Lost! lost! lost!

Frederick. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely, is the plainest of them! What grace! what delicacy! what refinement! and Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

No. 4. RECITATIVE & DUET—Ruth & Frederick.

Allegro vivace.

Frederick.

Oh, false one! You have deceived me!

Piano.

Ruth.

I have deceived you? Yea, deceived me!

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! Up - on my in - no -

cence you play. I'm not the one to plot so. Your face is lined, your

hair is grey. It's grad - u - al - ly got so. Faith - less wo - man

to de - ceive me, I who trust - ed so. Mas - ter, mas - ter,
Fred

do not leave me. Hear me ere I go! Faithless woman! Master,

C

master, master, master, do not leave me, do not leave me. Hear me

Faithless woman, faithless woman to deceive me, I who

p cresc.

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

trust ed so! Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trust

f

I go!

ed so!
Audante

My love without reflecting, Oh, do not reject! Take a maiden,

ten-der, Her affection raw and green, At very highest rating, Has

been accumu-lating summers sev-teen, summers sev-teen

Don't, be loved mas-ter, Crush me with disas-ter;

Yes, your for-mer mas-ter Saves you from disas-ter;
What is such a dow-er to the dow-er I have here! My love un-a-
Your love would be un-com-fort-a-ly fer-vid, it is clear,

ba-ting Has been ac-cu-mu-la-ting for-ty-se-ven year!
If, as you are sta-ting, it's been ac-cu-mu-la-ting for-ty-se-ven

Allegro vivace.

for-ty-se-ven year!

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

Allegro vivace.
Master, master, do not leave me, hear me ere so!

Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trusted

(At the end he renounces her, and she goes off R. in despair)

What shall I do? Behold these gentle maids—

I dare not show in this alarming costume!

No, I must remain in close concealment, until I can appear in decent clothing.
No. 5.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Allegro grazioso.

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

Piano.

Cresc.

mf forte.
Spotted with un-numbered daisies, Spotted, dotted with un-numbered daisies,

Spotted rough and rugged pass-es, Climb the hardy lit-tle las-sies, Till the bright sea-

shore they gain; Spotted rough and rugged pass-es, Climb the hardy lit-tle las-sies,

Till the bright sea-shore they gain.
E

Edith

Let us gaily tread the measure, Make the

most of fleeting pleasure; Hail it as a true ally,

Chorus

Though it perish bye and bye, Hail it as a true ally, Though it

Edith

perish bye and bye. Ev’ry moment brings a treasure Of its

own especial pleasure, Though the moments quickly die,
Greet them gaily as they fly, Greet them gaily as they fly!

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

Far away from toil and care, Revealing 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 honor them who please.

We'll be Queens and make decrees, They may honor them who please,
TUTTI

Let us gai-ly tread the meas-ure, Make the most of

fleet-ing leis-ure, Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it

per-ish bye-and-bye, Hail it as a true al-ly,
Though it perish, bye and bye. Let us gaily tread the measure,

Make the most of fleeting leisure, Hail it as a true ally, a true

—al—ly.
KATE. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are?
EDITH. And I wonder where papa is? We have left him ev-
er 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 mer-
maids—

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 cur.)

RECITATIVE—Edith, Kate, Frederic, & Chorus.

No 6.


Allegro.

Stop, ladies, pray! A man!
I had intended not to intrude myself upon your notice in this effec-
tive

PIANO.

a tempo

Moderato.

Edith.

but alarming costume,
But under these peculiar circumstances,
it is my bounden duty to inform you
Will not be un-wit-nessed. But

Fred. Chorus of Girls. Recit. Fred. a tempo

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

marching I renounce my vile profession; And, to that end, O pure and peerless maidens, O blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty, I, sore of heart,

Edith.

I, sore of heart, implore your kind assistance. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty! How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty!

Kate.

Chorus of Girls.
ARIA—Frederic & Chorus of Girls.

**No 7.**

Fred.

Andante.

oh, is there not one maid-en breed Which
does not feel the mor-al beau-ty Of mak-ing world-ly in-ter-est Sub-or-di-nate to sense of
du-ty? Who would not give up will-ing-ly All ma-tri-mo-nial am-bi-tion To
res-cue such an one as I From his un-for-tu-nate po-si-tions! From this po-

118-144
a tempo

rit- tion to res-cue such an one as I From his un-for-tu-nate po-si-

tion! A-las, there's not one maid-en breast Which seems to feel the mor-al beau-ty Of mak-ing world-ly in-ter-est Sub-er-di-nate to sense of du-

ty.

Oh, is there not one maid-en here Whose home-ly face and bad com-plex-ion Have caus'd all hope to dis-ap-pear Of ever win-ning man's af-fec-tion! To such an one,
such there be, I swear by heaven's arch above you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How.

rall. E a tempo

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

CERES OF GIRLS

you! A-lass! there's not one maid-en here Whose home-ly face and bad com-pexion Have
could all hope to dis-appear of e-ver-winn-ing man's af-fec-tion. Not one? No, no, no,
one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one!

Tis Mabel! Yes! Tis

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 duty? For shame! For shame! For shame!

Adieu,
No. 8.

Tempo di Valse.

**MABEL.**

Poor wan-dring one,— Tho’ thou hast sure-ly strayed,

**PIANO.**

Take heart of grace, Thy steps re-trace, Poor wan-dring one,

**A a 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.
B CHORES OF GIRLS.

Take heart, no danger lowers; Take any heart but ours.

MABEL.

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

CHORES.

Take heart, no danger lowers; Take any heart but ours.

MABEL.

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

Ah! Ah! Ah!
Poor wandering one,

Tho' thou hast surely stray'd,

Take heart of grace Thy steps retrace,

Poor wandering one

Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Poor wandering one!

Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Fair days will shine,

Take one!

Take heart,

Take
Take any heart but ours!

Take heart!
(Mabel and Fred go to mouth of cave L., and converse. Kate beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

No. 9.

Edith, Kate, & Chorus of Girls.

Allegretto.

Edith.

What ought we to do? gentle sisters, say! Propriety, we know;

Kate.

Say we ought to stay, while sympathy exclaims, "Free them from your tether; Play at other games,

Chorus.

Let her make her hay while the sun doth shine. Let us compromise, our hearts are not of leather;

Let us shut our eyes, and talk about the weather. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.

No. 10.

Allegro vivace.

(Choruses during which Fred and Mabel fiddle.)

(Edith, Kate and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other, in a line across the stage.)

How beautiful blue the sky, the
glass is rising very high, Con-tinue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes-ter-day, To-

morrow 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 (I hear the coun-try wants some rain), Yet

people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju-ly, To-

mor-row it may
(During this the girls continue their chatter piously, but listening eagerly all the time.)

**MABEL.**

Did ever maiden wake From dream of homely

**CHORUS. dim.**

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

do-ty To find her day-light break With such exceed-ing beauty!

**B**

Did ever maiden close Her eyes on wak-ing sadness,

To dream of such exceed-ing glad-ness!

**UED. C**

Ah, yes! ah, yes— this is exceed-ing glad-ness.

**CHORUS**

How
FREDERIC and MAHELB 

FREDERIC and MAHELB turn and see that the girls are listening; (detected, they continue their chatter, forte.)

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

(During this the girls continue their chatter, pianissimo, as before, but listening intently all the time.)

FRED.

Did ever pirate

dim.

know not why. That we shall have a warm July. Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain).
dream of home - ly du - ty To find her
be - there his hor - rific mis - sion To find him
ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fire I hope it may, And yet 'tis rain'd but yester- day; To-mor - row it may
day - light break With such ex - ceed - ing beau - ty! Ah,
soul be - tre - thed to la - dy of po - si - tion! Ah,
pour a-gain (he country wants some- rain) Yet people say I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju- ly Yet

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

people say I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju- ly, a warm Ju- ly.

No. 11.

Fred.

Allegretto.

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 offenses We should not be here!

Piracy their dreadful trade is, Nice companions for young ladies, Let us dis—ap (They shriek.)
Pirates.

Girls. GIRLS. GIRLS. PIRATES.

Vivace.

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

Chorus

N. w. here's a first-rate opportuni-ty To get married with in-

pu-ri-ty, And indulge in the felici-ty Of unbounded domestic-

quickly be person-i-fied, Con-jugal-matri-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

Girls

vi-ni-ty. Who is lo-cated in this vi-

We have missed our opportuni-

A
ca-ping with im-pu-cy, So far-weel to the fe-li-ci-ty Of our maid-en do-mes-


ti-ci-ty! We shall quick-ly be par-son-i-fied, Con-jugal-ly ma-ri-ou-si-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

vini-ty Who is lo-cu-ted in this vi-ci-ni-ty, By a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi-

By a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi-

By a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty, of di-vi-ni-ty, of di-vi-ni-ty.
Recitative—Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.

No. 12. Mabel.

(The Major-General has entered unnoticed on rock L. U. E.)

Piano.

Moderato.

Just bear in mind that we are wards of Chancery and General! We'd bet-ter pass, or dangers may befall, Their father is a Major-General! Yes, yes, he is a Major-


Gener-al! Yes, yes, I am a Major-General! For he is a Major-General! He is! Hur-

Major-General.

rah for the Major-General! And it is, it is a glorious thing to be a Major-

Pirates.

Gener-al! It is! Hur-rah for the Major-General! Hur-rah for the Major-General!
GENERAL. Yes, I am Major- General! GENERAL. And it is a glorious thing to be a Major- General!
ALL. You are! Hurrah for the Major- General! ALL. It is! Hurrah for the Major- General!

**SONG—Major-General & Chorus.**

**Allegro vivace.**

**PIANO.**

1. I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General; I
2. I know our my-thic his-to-ry, King Arthur’s and Sir Ca-ro-do’s, I

in¬for¬ma¬tion ve¬ge¬ta¬ble, a¬ni¬mal, and mi¬ne¬ral: I know the kings of Eng¬land, and I
answer hard a¬cro¬stics; I’ve a pret¬ty taste for Par¬a¬dox: I quote, in Ele¬g¬a¬ics, all the
quote the fights historical, From Ma-rath-on to Wa-ter-loo, in or-der ca-te-go-ri-cal, I'm crimes of He-lo-ga-bal-us! In com-ics I can flour pe-cu-li-a-ri-ties para-bo-rous, I can

ver-y well ac-quit-ed, too, with mat-ters ma-them-a-ti-cal; I un-der-stand equa-tions, both the tell un-doubt-ed Ra-pha-els from Ge-ward Dow and Zel-san-is. I know the croaking cho-rus from the

sim-ple and quad-rat-i-cal: A-bout bi-so-nial The-o-reem I'm teem-ing with a lot of news, "Frogs of A-ri-ta-pha-sis" Then I can buzz a fugue, of which I've heard the mu-sic din a-fore,

(Dialogue)

1. With many cheer-ful facts a bout the square of the hy-po-then-ue;
2. And wish we all the airs from that in-fer-nal non-sense, Pen-a-fore!
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 Piano-forte, And whistle all the airs from that in-

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 Piano-forte, And whistle all the airs from that in-

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

fernal nonsense Piano-forte, And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Piano-piano-forte.

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

fernal nonsense Piano-forte, And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Piano-piano-forte.

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 Babylonian cuneiform. And tell you every detail of Ca-
beings a-r-i-m-al-cu-rous, but still, in mat-ters ve-gi-ta-ble, a-ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, I
rac-ta-cus's u-ni-form. In short, in mat-ters ve-gi-ta-ble, a-ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, I

Crofts

...am the ver-y mod-ell of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral.
But still, in mat-ters ve-gi-ta-ble,

A-ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, He is the ver-y mod-ell of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral.

...A-ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, He is the ver-y mod-ell of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral.

Slower.

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "ma-jo-ron" and "rave-lin," when
I can tell at sight a chasse-pot rifle from a javelin; When such affairs as sorties and surren-

dries I'm more wary at; And when I know precisely what is meant by commissariat; When

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

a tempo

Vivace.

no-vice in a mun-ner; In short, when I've a smat-ter-ing of e-le-mental stra-te-gy— You'll

a tempo

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CHORUS

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

You'll say a better Major-General

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

For my military knowledge, tho' I'm plucky and adventurous, has only been brought down to the be-

pp
GENERAL. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.
KING. Oh, papa! we...
SAMBUL. Permit me; I'll explain it in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.
GENERAL. Dear me!
GIRLS. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!
GENERAL. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask—this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it—what are you?
KING. We are all single gentlemen.
GENERAL. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?
KING. No, nothing else.
EDITR. Papa, can't believe them. They are pirates—famous Pirates of Penzance.
GENERAL. The Pirates of Penzance? I have often heard of them.
MABEL. Yes, all except this gentleman (indicating FREDERIC), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day.
GENERAL. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.
KING. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point; we do not press it, we look over it.
GENERAL. (Aside) Hah! an idea! (Closed.) 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 thru the remainder of life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?
KING. Well, yes; that's the idea.
GENERAL. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?
ALL THE PIRATES. (Disgusted) Oh, dash it all!
KING. Here we are again!
GENERAL. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?
KING. (Sighing) Often.
GENERAL. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?
KING. I say, often.
ALL. (Disgusted) Often! often! often! (Turning away.)
GENERAL. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?
KING. As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.
GENERAL. I didn't repeat the word "often?"
KING. Pardon me; you did indeed.
KING. I only repeated it once.
GENERAL. True, but you repeated it.
KING. But not often.
GENERAL. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan" a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently.
KING. Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you mean frequently.
GENERAL. Ah, you said "often" frequently.
KING. No, only once.
GENERAL. Exactly, you said "often, frequently" only once.

Finale—Act I.

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

Exct. MAJOR-GENERAL

Moderato.

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,

PIANO.

Forego your cruel employ;

Have pity on my lonely state,

I am an orphan.
Samuel & King.  Major-General.

boy!  An or-phan boy?  An or-phan boy!  How sad, an or-phan boy!  These

George of Pirates

How sad, an or-phan boy!

Andante moderato.

Chorus of the Major-General.

children whom you searall that I can call my own.  Poor fellow!  Take them away from me, and I shall

Pirates.

be indeed a lone!  Poor fellow!  If pi-ry you can feel leave me my sole re-main-ing joy!  See,

Pirates.

at your feet they kneel!  Your tears you cannot steal  A-gainst the sad sad tale of the lone-ly or-phan boy!  Poor
SAMUEL, KING & CHORUS OF PIRATES.

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

SAMUEL. SAMUEL & KING.

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-against the tale of the lone-ly or phan boy.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Allegro vivace.

I'm tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto-ry, But it does-n't di-min-ishe my glo-ry; For
they would have taken my daughters Over the billowy waters, If I had got in elegant diction Is
dulged in 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

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

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

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

Choir's Soprano,

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

If he is telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is glory; Yes,
gory As telling a regular terrible story, it's easy, in elegant diction, To

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

call it an innocent fiction, but it comes in the same category As telling a

118 - 141
Moderato. Kind.

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
sor ry to be gin it: For what we ask, is life, with-out a touch of poetry in it?

Hail, po et ry, thou heav n-born maid! Thou gild est
e'en the Pi rate's trade. Hail, flow ing fount of sen ti ment, all hail! All hail! di vine e mol li ent.

118-1141
Rect. KING.

You may go, for you're at liberty; Our private rules pro-
tect you: And honorary members of our band we do elect.

Allegrò non troppo, SAM. MAJOR-GENERAL

For he is an orphan boy! And it some times is a you.

CHORUS, SOPRANOS

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

TENORS & BASSES

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Allegrò non troppo.
It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

MABEL.

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

EDITH & KATIE.

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

FRED.

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

SAM.

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

KING.

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

MAJOR-GENERAL.

They will away and married be!

Oh, happy boy!

Oh, happy boy!
Should it be fall auspicious-
day with joyous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be!
lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maid-s be.
lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maid-s be.
lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maid-s be.
lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maid-s be.
Should it be fall auspicious – lee, Her sisters
Should it be fall auspicious – lee, Her sisters
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
all will bridesmaids be.
Recit. Ruth.

Allegro agitato.
Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!

Chorus of Pirates
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!
Yes, Yes, remember
FRED.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.


FRED.

PIRATES.

I wish you'd leave me. We wish you'd leave him.

FRED, SAMUEL, KING, MAJOR-GENERAL & PIRATES.

Allegro risoluto.

Pray observe the magnificity. We display to face and dignity! Never was such opportunity to get married with impiety! But we
MABEL, EDITH, KATE, & GIRLS.

Give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-bond-ed do-mes-ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who is lo-
cal-ed in this vi-ci-ni-ty! Pray ob-serve the mag-ni-mi-ty They dis-play to lace and di-mi-ty! Neve-

was such op-port-u-ni-ty To get mar-rried with im-pu-ni-ty! But they give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-

bounded do-mes-ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who is lo-cated in this vi-ci-ni-ty, But they

Men with PI-RATES, as before.

But we give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-bond-ed do-mes-ti-ci-ty, But they give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-
give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-bond-ed do-mes-ti-ci-ty, But we give up the fel-i-ci-ty Of un-

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bounded domesticity, Thro' a doctor of divinity, a doctor of divinity, a

MABEL with 2nd Sup.,
EDITH & KATE with 2nd Sup.

MABEL (sup with b-flat),
EDITH with 2nd Sup.

doc - tor,

strict.

MABEL & EDITH with 2nd Sup., KATE with 2nd.

O

tor of divinity, Thro' a doctor of divinity, Thro' a doctor of divinity.
(GIRLS and GENERAL go up rocks L. Group while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R. C. The GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING on arched rock R. C.) produces a black flag with skull and crossbones. Picture.)

END OF ACT I.
ACT II.


No. 1. INTRODUCTION. SOLO — Mabel & Chorus.

Allegro con tenerezza.

PIANO

Chorus of Girls.

Oh, dry the glistening tear That does that martial cheek. — Thy loving children.
hear, In them thy com-fort seek. With sym-pa-the-tic care Their arms a-round thee

creep; For oh, they can-not bear To see their fa-ther weep! Dear

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

dark-some dan-gers lower! See, heav'n has lit her lamp, The mid-night 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 glimmering tear that dwells that martial cheek! Thy loving children bear, In them thy comfort seek! With sympathetic care their arms around thee creep; For oh, they cannot bear to see their father weep!
(Fred enters R. E. E. and does C.)

Markl. Oh, Frederic, cannot you reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

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

General. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates! clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to inspire their pardon for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

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

General. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors; you cannot deny that. 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 stained escutcheon.

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

General. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. 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 these pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth. And then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

General. Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred. They are; they only wait my orders.

(Enter Police, marching in single file from L. & E., and file in line, facing audience)

RECITATIVE—Frederic & Major-General.

No. 2.

Major-General.

Now Frederic, let your escort list heart-ed, Be summoned to receive a general's blessing

Fred.

Ere they depart up-on their dread ad-van-ture. Dear sir, they
CHORUS—With Solos for Mabel, Edith, & Sergeant.

No 3.

Allegro marziale.

PIANO

When the foe-man bares his steel

We un-comfort-a-ble feel

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

And we find the wis-est thing

Is to slap our chests and sing Ta-ran-ta-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,
ra: For when threat'ned with enemies,
    And your heart is in your boots,
ra!
    Ta-ra-ta-ra, ta-ra-ta-ra,
Ta-ra-

There is nothing brings it round Like the trumpeter's martial sound, Like the trumpeter's martial
ra,

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

Ta-ra-ta-ra, ta-ra-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
MABEL.

Go, ye heroes, go to glory, Though ye die in combat go - ry! Ye shall live in

song and story, Go to immor-ta - li - ty. Go to death, and go to slaughter;
Deo, and ev'ry Cornish daughter With her tears your grave shall wa-
ter! Go, ye heroes, go and die!

EDITH.

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

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

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

SERGEANT.

Tho' to us it's evident

KATE with ad Soprano.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

These attentions are well meant! Such expressions don't appear

ra, taran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-

Calcu-lated men to cheer Who are going to meet their fate in a

ra, taran-tar-a, Ta-ran-ta-ra,
highly nervous state; Still to us it's evident These at-

Taran-ta-ra, taran-ta-ra, taran-ta-ra,

tensions are well meant!


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

We will say farewell forever. Go to glory and the grave!
CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go to glory and the grave! For your foes are fierce and ruthless, false, un-

mer-ciful, and ruthless; Young and ten-der, old and toothless, All in vain their mercy crave!

SOLO, SERGEANT.

We ob-solve too great a stress On the risks that on us press, And of

re-serve, a-lack, To our chance of com-ing back; Still, per-haps it would be wise Not to
Carp or criticise, For it's very evident These attentions are well meant.
Yes, it's

Very evident
Evidence, evident, Ah, yes, well
These attentions are well meant, yes, well meant; Ah, yes, well

G : Mabel.

Edith.

Chorus of Girls.

Sergeant, Cho. of Folke.

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!

Ye heroes,

meant! When the foe man bares his steel, Taranta-ra, taranta-ra!
live in song and story; Go to immortality!

live in song and story; Go to immortality!

live in song and story; Go to immortality!

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

MAJOR GENERAL

Yes, yes, we

Away, away!

go! Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra! All right, we

These pirates slay! Then do not stay! Then why this do-lay!

MABEL

EDITH.

CHOIR OF GIRLS.

SERGEANT.

CHOIR OF POLICE

Yes, forward on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe,

go! Yes, forward on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe,

go! Yes, forward on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe, MAJOR GENERAL

Yes, but you don't go!
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe!
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe!
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe!
We go, we go! Yes, forward on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe!
We go, we go! Yes, forward on the foe, Yes, forward on the foe!
Yes, but you don't go!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they really go!
At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they really, really go!
At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they really, really go!
We go, we go, we go, we go! We go, we go, we go, we go!
We go, we go, we go, we go! We go, we go, we go, we go!
At last they go, at last they go! At last they really, really go!
(Mabel leaves herself from Fred, and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The General and others follow the police off L. Frederic remains alone.)

**No 4.**

**Recitative & Trio.**

**Recit. Fred.**

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

**Ruth.**

And, your little Ruth!

Fred. Who calls? Oh, mad intruders! How dare you

Fred'ric! Your late commander!
(King and Ruth hold a pistol to each ear.)

King:
face me! Know ye not, oh, rash ones, That I have doomed you to extermination? Have

Frel:
mercy on us; Hear us ere you slay us! I do not

think I ought to listen to you; Yet mercy should allay our sure resentment. And

so, I will be merciful, Say on!
TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.

Allegro grazioso.

1. When you had left our parole fold, We tried to raise our spirits faint According to our custom old, With...

2. Knew your taste for curious quips, For cranks and contradictions queer, And with the laughter on our lips, We...

quip and quibble quaint; But all in vain the quips we heard, We lay and sobb’d up on the rocks, Unwished you there to hear. We said, "If we could tell it him, How Fred’ric would the joke enjoy." And...

til to some body occurr’d A startling paradox! A paradox? A paradox, a most in-

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

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genious para-dox! We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this para-dox!

1-2 Verse

A para-dox, a para-dox, a most in-ge-nious para-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

1-2 Verse

A para-dox, a para-dox, a most in-ge-nious para-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

A para-dox, a para-dox, a most in-ge-nious para-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

pa-ra-dox.

para-dox.

para-dox.

para-dox.

We
C King.

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-sixty-ninth of Feb-

ruary. And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily dis-cover that thou'ye lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit.

D Ruth.

a tempo Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Dear me, let's see!

Ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Over! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

D Ruth.

Yes! Yes! with yours my figures do agree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

KING.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
How quaint the ways of Paradox! At common sense she gaily mocks. Tho'

reck'ning by my natal day, I am a little boy of five! He is a

lit-tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

That

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

That

lit-tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

That

He is a

He is a

F

Ruth

a tempo

Kini

F

a tempo

Fred

p

dim.

p
para-dox, that para-dox, that most ingenious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-
para-dox, that para-dox, that most ingenious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-
para-dox, that para-dox, that most ingenious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-

G f

para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That curious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-
dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That curious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-
dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That curious para-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That para-

most ingenious para-dox.

most ingenious para-dox.

most ingenious para-dox.
(All throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughing.)

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.

KING. My comrades?

RUTH. 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.

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.

FRED. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty; and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling, I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it, but duty is before all. At any cost, 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 and RUTH. What is the matter?

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

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

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING and RUTH. Yes! yes!

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

KING. He did.

FRED. It breaks my heart to betray the honored 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 and RUTH. What?

FRED. 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? (FRED makes as he speaks:) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

FRED. But—

KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

No. 6. **TRIO—Ruth, Frederie, & King.**

**Allegro molto.**

RUTH.

A-way, a-way, my heart's on fire!—I burn this base deception to re-

KING.

A-way, a-way, my heart's on fire!—I burn this base deception to re-

PIANO.

A-way, a-way, my heart's on fire! Shall glut it-self in gore. A-way, a-way!—

FRED.

A-way, a-

pay. This ver-y day my vengeance dire Shall glut it-self in gore. A-way, a-way!—

FRED.

A-way, a-

pay. This ver-y day my vengeance dire Shall glut it-self in gore. A-way, a-way!
way, ere I expire!—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 fool he trick'd us of our bride; Let vengeance

howl, the Pirate so decides! Our nature's stern be softened with his lies! And in return to-night the traitor
Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies! Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!
Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies! Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!

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

To-night he dies! They will wail in sorrow, In their fatures to cherish;
The one soft spot To abuse it shall
Yes, or ear-ly to-mor-row.

His girls like-wise,
Tonight he dies! yes, or early tomorrow. His

Girls like wise, they will we lter in sorrow; The one soft spot in their na tures they

C
cher ish, And all who plot to abuse it shall per ish! A way, a way, a

Girls like wise, they will we lter in sorrow; The one soft spot in their na tures they

Girls like wise, they will we lter in sorrow; The one soft spot in their na tures they
way! To-night the traitor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

way! To-night the traitor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

way! To-night the traitor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

— to-night the traitor dies! to-night!

— to-night the traitor dies! to-night!

— to-night the traitor dies! to-night!

a-way!
(Exeunt King and Ruth. Fred throws himself on a stone L.C. in blank despair. Enter Mabel.)

RECITATIVE & DUET—Mabel & Frederic.

No. 7.

Recit. Mabel.

All is prepar'd! Your gallant crew await you! My Frederic in tears! It cannot be that lion heart.

Fred.

a tempo
Moderato.

quails at the coming conflict? No, Mabel, no! A ter-ri-ble dis-clo-sure has just been made, Mabel, my dea-ly

lov'd one! I bound myself to serve the Pirate Cap-tain Un-till I reach'd my one and twentieth

Mabel.

Fred.

birth-day! But you are twen-ty-one! I've just dis-cov'ed that I was born in leap year, And that
MABEL.

Birthday will not be reach'd by me till nineteen forty! Oh, horrible! Catastrophe appalling!

MABEL.

And so, farewell! No, no! Ah, Friederic, hear me!

DUET—Mabel & Frederic.

No 8.

MABEL.

Allegro agitato. Stay, Frederic, stay! They have no legal claim! No

PIANO.

shadow of a shame Will fall on thy name; Stay, Friederic, stay!

FRED.

Nay, Mabel, nay; To—
night I quit these walls! The thought my soul appals; But when stern duty calls, I must obey!

Stay, Fred'ric, stay! They have no claim No shadow of a shame Will fall

Nay, Mabel, nay! But duty's name, the thought my soul appals; But when

— upon thy name; Stay, Fred'ric, stay!

— stern duty calls, I must obey!
Andante.

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

Fred.

Ah, I must leave thee here In endless night to dream, Where joy is dark and drear, And sorrow all supreme; When nature, day by day, will sing in altered tone This weary roundelay: He loves thee, he is here!
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!

C Recit.

It seems so long.

In 4940 I of age shall be: I'll then return and claim you, I declare it.

C

Swear that till then you will be

(aside.)

Yes, I'll be strong; By all the Stanleys, 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

Allegro vivace. Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joyous laughter, She will be

faithful to his sooth, Till we are wed, and ever after!

Oh, here is love, and here is truth,

faithful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and ever after! Oh, here is love, and here is truth,

here is love, and here is truth, He will be faithful to his sooth,

She will be faithful to her sooth, Till we are wed and ever

Till we are wed, Yes, even after! Oh, here is love, and here is

after, And even after! Oh, here is love, and here is
truth, and here is food for joyous laughter; He will be faith-ful to his sooth, Till we are
wed, and e-ven aft-er! He will be faith-ful to his sooth, and
She will be faith-ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven
aft-er, e-ven aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is
love, is love!

FRED. Farewell! Adieu!
MABEL. The same to you!
BOTH. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED rushes to window and leaps out.)
No. 9. RECITATIVE—Mabel, &c. Chorus of Police.

MABEL

Yes, I am brave! Oh, fam-i-ly de-scent, How great thy charm, thy sway how ex-cel-lent!

PIANO

a tempo Moderato.

Come, one and all, un-daunt-ed men in blue! A cri-sis now af-fairs are com-ing to!

(Enter Police from R. L. E., marching in single file.) SOLO SERGEANT

Tho' in bod- y and in mind We are

Chorus of Police.

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

tim-id-ly in-clin'd,

And a-ny-thing but blind

To the

Ta-ra-na-ra,

Ta-ra-na-ra, ta-ra-na-ra,
danger that's behind; Yes, when the danger's near We

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

manage to appear As insensible to fear as any-body here, as

Ta-ran-ta-ra!

a-ny-body here! Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,

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

ra, ta-ra-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, \(\text{\&}\) ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-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!

"go ye and do yours." 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!

Attacca.
MABEL. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.
ALL. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.
MABEL. No matter. He will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.
ALL. He has acted shamefully!
MABEL. You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.
ALL. He has acted nobly!
MABEL. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was his duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise my duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty; I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. (Exit MABEL R. I. E.)

NO 10. SONG Sergeant & Chorus.

Allegro moderato.

1. When a fell-ow's not en-gaged in his em-
2. When the en-ter-prising burglar's not a-
ploy-ment, or ma-tur-ing his felon-ous lit-tle plans,
When the cut-throat is not oc-cu-pied in crime,
joy-ment, is just as great as any hon-est man's.
And lis-ten to the mer-ry vil-lage chime.

Piano.

his em-ployment, not a-burgling,
his em-ployment, not a-burgling,
cent en-joy-ment, brook a-gurgling,
cent en-joy-ment, brook a-gurgling,

hon-est man's vil-lage chime.
hon-est man's vil-lage chime.

ALL. Very well.
SERGEANT. This is perplexing.
ALL. We cannot understand it at all.
SERGEANT. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty—
ALL. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time we repeat we cannot understand it.
SERGEANT. No matter. Our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.
ALL. We should,
SERGEANT. It is too late now.
ALL. It is.
smother, When consta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be done,

mother, He loves to lie a-basking in the sun.

Oh, take one con-sid-er-a-tion with an-

cul-ty smother, to be done.
on his mother, in the sun.

other, A po-luce-man's lot is not a hap-py one;

When consta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be

with an-others, Ah, when consta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be

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

done, to be done, The po-luce-man's lot is not a hap-py one, hap-py one!
SOLO—Sergeant, & Chorus of Pirates & Police.

N° 11.

**CHORUS OF PIRATES** (behind the scenes)

A rollicking band of Pirates we, Who, ti-red of toss-ing on the sea, Are

**SERGEANT**

trying their hand at a bur-gia-ree, With wea-pens grim and go-ry. Hush, hush, I hear them on the

**PIRATES**

ma-nor posh-ing; With stealthy steps the Pirates are ap-proach-ing! We are not coming for plai or glod, A

**CHORUS OF POLICE**

sto-ry Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley told; We seek a pen-al-ty fif-ty-fold For Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley's sto-ry!

They
PIRATES

fif - ty-fold! We seek a pe-nal-ty
We seek a pe-nal-ty
seek a pe-nal-ty
fif - ty-fold! They seek a pe-nal-ty
fif - ty-fold For Gen-er-al Stan-ley's sto - ry!

SERGEANT

fif - ty-fold For Gen-er-al Stan-ley's sto - ry!
They come in force with steal- thy stride;

CHOIRS repeat this, and dim. till next chorus.

Our ob - vious course is now to hide! Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
SOLO—Samuel, & Chorus of Pirates.

Chorus of Pirates.

Allegro marziale.

With cat-like tread up.

PIANO.

on our pre we steal; In si-lence dead our cau-tious way we feel; No sound at all, we

nev-er speak a word; A fly's foot-fall would be dis-tinct - ly heard!

Chorus of Police.

Tara-ta-ra, tara-ta-

So steal-thi-ly the Pi-rate creeps, While all the house-hold sound-ly sleeps.
Come, friends, who plough the sea, Take navigation, Take another station;

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

Let's vary pirate With a little burglar's C SoLo. Samuel

plough the sea, Take navigation, Take another station; Let's vary pirate

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

With a little burglar's Here's your crow-bar, And your

Tarantella, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

C
centre bit, Your life preserver, You may want to hit!

Your silent matches, Your dark lantern seize! Take your file And your

skeleton keys!

Pirates.

With cat-like tread, in silence dread,

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

Pirates.

With cat-like tread up 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 footfall would be distinctly heard! Come, friends, who

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

plough the sea, Truce to ravaging, Take another station; Let's vary piratical.

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

With a little burglary! With cat-like tread Upon our prey we steal;

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

In silence dread our cautious way we steer!

Ta-ran-ta-ra, taranta-ra, ra, ra, ra!
Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, & Pirates.

No 13.

Frederic.

Pirates.

Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light inside! The Major-General comes, so quickly hide! Yes,

Police.

Major-General.

yes, the Major-General comes! He comes, the Major-General comes! Yes, yes, the Major-General comes! Torn-

Moderato.

men-ted with the anguish bred Of falsehood un-a-ton'd, I lay upon my sleepless bed, And toss'd and turnd and groan'd! The man who finds his con-science ache No peace at all en-joys; And as I lay in bed a-wake, I
CHORUS OF PIRATES. Recit. MAJOR-GENERAL.

Thought I heard a noise. He thought he heard a noise; Ha, ha! Now all is still, In dales or hill, My mind is set at ease; So still the scene, It might have been the sighing of the breeze.

SONG—Major-General & Chorus (Pirates & Police).


1. Softly sighing to the river, Comes the lonely breeze;
2. Yet the breeze is but a rover, When he wings a way;

PIANO.
As the nature all a-quiver, Resting thro' the trees.
Brook and poplar mourn a lover, Sighing: 'Well-a-day!'
And the brook, in Ah, the doing

'Thro' the trees,
"Well-a-day!"

'Thro' the trees,
"Well-a-day!"

rippling measure: Laughs for very love,
While the poplars, in their pleasure, Wave their arms a-
and undoing That the rogue could tell;
When the breeze is out a-wooing Who can woo so

1 Yes, the trees for very love Wave their leafy arms above.
2 Shocking tales the rogues could tell, No body can woo so well.

SERGEANT with ad BASS.

1 Yes, the trees for very love Wave their leafy arms above.
2 Shocking tales the rogues could tell, No body can woo so well.
(Enter the General's daughters, led by Markl, all in white,
priznoirs and nightcaps, and carrying candles.)

CHORUS OF GIRLS.
SOPRANOS.

C

Allegro vivace. Now what is this, and what is that? And why does father leave his bed 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!

D

So very incompletely dressed, at such a time of night.
KING. (Springing up.) Forward, my men, and seize that general there!
His life is over.

GIRLS

The pirates! the pirates! oh, despair!

PIRATES.

Yes, we’re the pirates; no despair!

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Fred-er-ic here! oh joy! oh rapture! summon your men and effect their capture, Fred-er-ic, save us!

MABEL.

FRED.

Beautiful Mabel I would if I could, but I am not able. He’s telling the truth, he is not able.

PIRATES.

KING.

With base deceit you work upon our feelings; Revenge is sweet, and
flaours all our deal-ings; With cou-rage rare, and re-so-lu-tion man-ly. For death pre-prepare, un-

G MABEL 

CHORUS OF GIRLS, MABEL

hap-py Gen’ral Stanley! Is he to die, un-shri-ven, un-xan-tal? Oh, spare him! Will no one in his cause a

G GIRLS 

POLICE 

wea-pon wield? Oh, spare him! Yes, we are here, though bi-ther-to con-ceal’d! Oh, rap-ture!

(P A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police. RUTH tackling SERGEANT. Eventually the Police are overcome and fall pro-
strate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.)

POLICE. 

GIRLS.

Lo! to our pow’ers pi-rates quick-ly yield! Oh, rap-ture!
Allegro moderato.

Pirates.

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

You 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!

Sergeant.

Moderato.

To gain a brief advantage you've contrived; But

KING,

your proud triumph will not be long lived. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game!
SERGEANT.

On your allegiance we've a stronger claim; We bid you yield,

SLOWER.

we bid you yield in Queen Victoria's name! You do?

POLICE.

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
(Police, holding Pirenes by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.)

1st SOPRANO.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen! A-way with them, and place them at the bar! One

2nd SOPRANO.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

TENOR.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

POLICE, BASS.

Queen! Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

a tempo

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

Un poco più animato.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

who have gone wrong. Oh, spare them! they are all no-blesse-men who have gone wrong. What,
all no-bles-men? Yes, all no-bles-men! What, all? Well, nearly all!

No English-man un-mov’d that state-ment bears! Be-cause, with all our

faults, we love our House of Peers; I pray you pardon me ex-Pic-rate King! Peers will be Peers, and

youth will save its fling! Res-ume your rank and legislative du-ties, And take my daughters, all of whom are
MAEIL.

beauties!
Tempo di Valse.

Poor wand'reng ones,

Though ye have surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,

Your steps retrace,
Poor wand'reng ones!

rall.

a tempo

Poor wand'reng ones,
If such poor love as ours

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

Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wanderer, Poor

Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wandering one, Poor
Poor wandering one, Poor

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

Poor wandering one, Take heart, take heart,
Poor wandering one, Take heart, take heart,
Poor wandering one, Take heart, take heart,
Poor wandering one, Take heart, take heart,

Fair days will shine. Take heart,

Take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart,