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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;
Or, THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

Dramatis Personæ.

Major-General Stanley.
The Pirate King.
Samuel (his Lieutenant).
James (a Pirate).
Frederic (the Pirate Apprentice).
Sergeant of Police.

Mabel.
Edith (General Stanley's Daughters).
Kate.
Isabel.
Ruth (a Pirate Maid of all Work).

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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    Page 155
da qui stringendo il tempo.
No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF PIRATES, & SOLO. (Samuel.)

Moderato maestoso.

PIANO.

CHORUS. TENORS.

Pour, oh

BASSES.

Pour, oh
pour the pirate berry. Fill, oh fill the pirate glass!

And, to make us more than merry, let the

pirate bummer pass!

pirate bummer pass!

For to-day our Pirate Prentice rises from indenture freed;

23731
Strong his arm, and keen his scents—He's a Pirate now indeed!

CHORUS.

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

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

SAM.

Two and twenty now he's rising.

And alone he's fit to fly, Which we're bent on signaling.
Here's good luck to Fredric's ventures!

With unusual relish, Here's good luck to Fredric's ventures!

Fill, fill the pirate glass! And, to make us more than merry, Let the

Fill, fill the pirate glass! And, to make us more than merry, Let the

Pirate bumper pass!

Pirate bumper pass!

23781
RUTH.

Allegro pesante.

1. Wien.
2. I
3. I

PIANO.

Frederic was a little lad. He proved so brave and daring. He was a stupid nurserymaid. On breakers always steering. And I soon found out, beyond all doubt. The scope of this disaster. Dad I

... sự vater thought had... a prentice him. To some career scattering. I did not catch the... word a right. Through being hard of hearing. Mist... had the face to return to my place. And break it to my master. A...
was a last his nursery-maid, And so it fell to my lot To take and bind the
-tak-ing my instructions, which With- in my brain did gy-rate, I took and bound this
nur-sery-maid is not a-fraid Of what you peo-ple call work, So I made up my mind to

promis-ing boy Ap- pre-nice to a pi-lot; A life not bad for a har-dy lad. Though
promis-ing boy Ap- pre-nice to a Pi-rate! A sad mis-take it was to make. And
go as a kind Of pi-ra-ti-cal maid-of-all-work. And that is how you find me now.

surely not a high lot. Though I'm a surr-ve, you might do worse, Than make your boy a
doom him to a vile lot, I bound him to a Pi-rate-you! In stead of to a
mem-ber of your shy lot, Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound Ap-pren-tice to a

pi-lot! pi-lot! pi-lot! 2nd time.
SONG—(Pirate King and Chorus.)

1. Oh, better far to live and die
2. When I sail forth to seek my prey

Under the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanctimonious part, With a help my self in a royal way; I sink a few more ships, it's true, Than a
pirate head and pirate heart.
well-bred monarch ought to do!

- way to the cheating world go you,
many a king on a first-class thron.

Where pirates all are
If he wants to call his

well-to-do, But I'll be true to the song I sing, And
live and die a

creese.
crown his own. Must manage some-how to get through more

dirty work than

Pirate King.) For I am a Pirate King!

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

You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

It is! Hur-

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

(Reprise 2nd Verse only.)

23731
No. 4. RECITATIVE & DUET.—(Ruth & Frederic.)

FREDERIC.

Allegro vivace.

Oh, false one, you have deceived me!

PIANO.

RUTH.

I have deceived you? Yes! deceived me!

FRED.

You

RUTH.

told me you were fair as gold! And, master, am I not so?

FRED.

And

RUTH.

now I see you're plain and old! I'm sure I'm not a jot so.

FRED.

Up-
- on my innocence you play, I'm not the one to

plot so. Your face is lined, your hair is grey. I'll

gradually got so. Faithless woman

to deceive me, I who trusted so! Master, master.

do not leave me, Hear me, ere you go! Faithless woman! Master,
master, master, do not leave me, do not leave me, hear me

Faithless woman, faithless woman to deceive me, I who

ere you go! Master, master, do not leave me, hear me ere

trusted set Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trust

you go!

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

RUTH.

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

Yes, your former master Saves you from disaster;
What is such a dow-er to the dow-er I have here? My love un-

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

-la-ting Has been ac-cu-mu-la-ting For-ty-sev-en year,

If, as you are stating, It’s been ac-cu-mu-la-ting For-ty-se-ven

Allegro vivace.

for-ty-sev-en year!

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

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

go! RECIT. 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 clothing.
No. 5.  

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Allegro grazioso.

PIANO.

Climbing over rocky mountain.

Skipping rivulet and fountain, Passing where the willows quiver.
Passing where the willows quiver By the ever-rolling river, Swollen with the summer rain; the summer rain; threading long and leafy mazes dotted with innumerable daisies, dotted, dotted with innumerable daisies; scaling rough and rugged slopes, climbing hardy little lassies, scaling rough and rugged passes, climbing hardy little lassies,}

Till the bright seashore they gain; scaling rough and
rugged pass-es, Climb the har-dy-lit-tle las-sies, Till the bright se-

shore they gain!

EDITH. Let us gai-ly tread the mea-sure, Make the most of

fleeting leis-ure; Hail it as a true al-ly,
CHORUS.

Though it perish, bye-and-bye, Hail it as a true al-

EDITH.

-ly, Though it perish bye-and-bye, Every moment

brings a treasure Of its own especial

pleasure, Though the moments quickly die, Greet them

gaily as they fly, Greet them gaily as they
fly.

**CHORUS.**

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

**SOLO.KATE.**

Far away from toil and care,

Reveling in fresh sea air, Here we live and reign alone In a world that's all our own.

Here, in this our rocky den Far away from
Mortal men, We'll be Queens, and make decrees. They may
honour them who please.

CHORUS.
We'll be Queens, and make decrees. They may
honour them who please.

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

Hail it as a true ally, 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 ally.
No. 6.

REQUITATIVE.—(Edith, Kate, Frederic, & Chorus.)

Voice.

\[ \text{Allegro.} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{RECIT. FRED.} & \quad \text{CHO. of GIRLS.} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Stop, ladies, pray! A man!} \\
\text{I had intended not to intrude myself} \\
\text{upon your notice in this effective}
\end{array}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{PIANO.} & \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{A tempo} \\
\text{moderato} \\
\text{Eirth}
\end{array}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{but alarming costume,} & \quad \text{But under these peculiar circumstances, it is my} \\
\text{inconvenient to inform you;} & \quad \text{will not be unwitnessed!} \\
\text{to your proceedings.} & \quad \text{But}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{FRED.} & \quad \text{CHO. of GIRLS.} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{who are you, sir? speak! I am a Pirate!} \\
\text{A Pirate! Horror!} \\
\text{Ladies, do not shun me! This}
\end{array}
\end{align*}

23731.
A Andante moderato

evening I re-nounce my vile pro-fes-sien; And, to that end, O pure and peer-less

maidens! Oh, blushing buds of ever-bloom-ing beau-ty! I, sore at heart,

EDITH.

I, sore at heart, im-plore your kind as-sist-ance. How pi-ti-ful his tale! How

KATE.

rare his beau-ty! How pi-ti-ful his tale! How rare his beau-ty!

CHO. of GIRLS.
No. 7.

SONG.—(Frederic & Chorus of Girls.)

Oh, is there not one

maid'en breast Which does not feel the moral beauty

of making worldly

interest Subordinate to sense of duty? Who would not give up willingly

matrimonial ambition, To rescue such an one as I From
his unfortunate position! From his position, To

a tempo
rescue such an one as I From his unfortunate position!

pp dolce erese. dim.

C CHORUS of GIRLS.

C - ton! A - las, there's not one maiden breast Which seems to feel the moral

beauty Of making worldly interest Subordinate to sense of

D D D D D FRED. duty! Oh,
is there not one maiden here Whose home-ly face and bad complex ion Have
caused all hope to dis-app-ea-r Of e-ver win-ning man’s af-fec-tion? To
such an one, If such there be, I swear by Heaven’s arch a-bove you, If
you will cast your eyes on me—How e-ver plain you be—I’ll love you! How-
roll.
E a tempo
- e-ver plain you be, If you will cast your eyes on me—How.
roll.
E
ever plain you he—I'll love you, I'll love you, I'll love, I'll love you!

—las! there's not one maiden here Whose home—ly face and bad complex—ion Have
could all hope to dis—ap—pear Of e—ver win—ning man's af—jec—tion! Not

one? No, no—not one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one!

Mabel! Yes, tis Mabel!
Moderato.

Oh, sinners, deaf to pity's name. For shame! It's true that he has gone astray. But pray.

Is that a reason good and true? Why you should all be deaf to pity's name? The question is, had he not seen a thing of beauty, Would she be swayed by it?

MABEL.

quite as keen a sense of duty? For shame! for shame! for shame!

Attacca.
No. 8.

Song—(Mabel & Chorus.)

Tempo di Valse.

MABEL.

Piano.

Voice.

Poor wan-d'ring one! Thou'rt now sure-ly strayed,

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

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

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

27731
B CHORUS OF GIRLS.

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

MABEL.

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

CHORUS.

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

MABEL.

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

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

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

Ah, ah!  Ah, ah, ah!

Fair days will shine, Take heart,

Ah, ah!  Ah, ah, ah!

Take
Take mine! Take heart

Take any heart—but ours!
Take mine! Take heart! Take any heart—but ours.

no danger lowers; Take any heart—but ours.

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

cadenza ad lib.

Take heart. Take heart.
Edith, Kate & Chorus of Girls.

Allegretto.

What ought we to do, Gentle sisters, say? Prone.

-pri-ety, we know, Says we ought to stay, While sym-pha-thy ex-claims,

"Free them from your te-ther. Play at o-ther games-
Leave them here together." Her case may any day, He

yours, my dear, or mine. Let her make her hay While the sun doth shine.

Let us compromise, (Our hearts are not of leather) Let us shut our eyes, And

CHORUS. pp

talk about the weather. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.
DUET. (Mabel & Frederic, & Chorus of Girls.)

Allegro vivace.

CHORUS OF GIRLS:

How beautifully

blue the sky, The glass is rising very high, Continue fine I hope it may, And

yet it rained but yesterday. 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. To -
-morrow it may pour again, (I hear the country wants some rain.) Yet

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

NARR. Did ever maiden

woko From dream of home-

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

To find her daylight break With such excess.
-ing beauty?

Did e-ver ma-id-den close Her eyes on wak-ing

sad-ness,

To dream of such exceed-ing

FRED. G

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

G

CHORUS.

glad-ness. How beau-ti-ful-ly blue the sky, The glass is ris-ing

ve-ry high, Con-ti-nue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained last yest-er-day. To
-morrow it may pour again, I hear the country wants some rain, Yet people say, I

-know not why, That we shall have a warm July. Tomorrow it may pour again, I

hear the country wants some rain, Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a

FRED.

Did ever pirate warm July. Tomorrow it may pour again, I hear the country wants some rain!
roll His soul in guilty dreaming.

wake to find that soul With peace and virtue beaming!

CHORUS.

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

Did ever maiden hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday. How beautifully blue the sky, The

wake From dream of homely duty, loathed, For sake his hideous mission, glass is rising very high. Continue fine? hope it may. And yet it rained but

To find her daylight break with such ex - To find himself betrothed to lady yesterday. Tomorrow it may pour again, (I hear the country wants some rain.) Yet

23731.
cred - ing beau - ty!  

Ah, yes!

of  posi - tion!  

Ah, yes!

peo - ple say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, Yet peo - ple say I

knew not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, a warm Ju - ly.
Allegretto.

FREDERICK

Stay, we must not lose our senses, for they stick at no offenses. Willa-non 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 offenses, We should not be here!

Piracy their dreadful trade is, Nice companions for young ladies! Let us dis-sink.(They shrk)}
'Twas too late! Ha, ha! Too late! Ho, ho, ho.

CHORUS
Here's a first-rate opportunity To get

married with impunity, And indulge in the fel-

li-city Of un-bounded domes-
ti-cy! You shall quickly be per-
sonified, Conjugal ly mat ron i fied, By a
doc tor of di vini ty, Who is lo cated in this vi ci ni ty. We have

missed our op por tu ni ty Of es cap ing with im pu ni ty, So fare-

well to the fel i ci ty Of our mai den do mes ti ci ty! We shall

quick ly be par son i fied, Conjugal ly mat ron i fied, By a

27731.
No. 12. RECITATIVE.—(Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.)

MABEL.

Recit.

Hold, Monstros! (Ere your pirate caravan-rai) we are Wed us all, (Just bear in mind that we are Wards) in Chancery, And father is a Major.

PIANO.

SAMPL.-

p a tempo moderato.

General! We'd bet- ter pause, or danger may be fall; Their

a tempo moderato.

GIRLS.

fa- ther is a Ma- jor Ge- ne- ral! Yes, yes, he is a Ma- jor-

23751.
-General! Yes, yes, I am a Major-General! For he

CHORUS.

is a Major-General! He is! Hurrah for the Major-General! And it

CHORUS.

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

-rah for the Major-General! Hurrah for the Major-General!

23731.
NO 13.

SONG.— (Major-General & Chorus.)

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

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

in-formation vegetable, animal, and mineral; I
answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for Paradox, I
know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical. From quote, in Elegy, all the crimes of Heracles! In

Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical; I'm very well acquainted, too, with conics. I can floor peculiarities parabolae. I can tell un doubted Raphael's from

matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple and quadratic, A.

Gerard Dows and Zoffanies. I know the croaking choruses from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes! Then

-boat binomial Theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news,

I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,

(Dialogue)

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse. And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pia a foro!
CHORUS.

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fore, And

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, With
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fore, And

many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, With
whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fore, And

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

many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse, With
whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fore, And

2:731.
MAJOR-GENERAL.

In very good at integral and differential calculus; I
Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian script, and
know the scientific names of beings animalous. In
tell you every detail of Caracaus's uniform. In

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

CHORUS:

am the very model of a modern Major-General

In
short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He

is the very model of a modern Major-General!

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "ma-me-long" and "ra-vel-y," When

I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin, When such affairs as sorties and sur-
I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery, when I know more of tactics than a

a tempo Vivace.

CHORUS.

You'll say a better Major-General has never set a gre-

You'll

a tempo Vivace.
say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-ral can ne-ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-
say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-ral can ne-ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-
ral has ne-ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-ral has ne-ver sat a, sat a
ral has ne-ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Major-Ge-ne-ral has ne-ver sat a, sat a

MAJOR-GENERAL

gee.

gee.

4. For my mi-li-ta-ry knowl-edge, tho' I'm pluck-y and ad-ver-tu-ry, Has on-ly been brought down to the be-gin-ning of the cen-tu-ry, But

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still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a

CHORUS.

modern Major-General. But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He

But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, He

is the very model of a modern Major-General.

is the very model of a modern Major-General.
FINALE - ACT I.

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

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate, For
go your cruel employ, Have pity on my lonely state, I am an orphan boy! An orphan boy! An orphan boy! How sad, an orphan boy! These
Andante moderato.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

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

MAJOR-GENERAL.

PIRATES.

follow! Take them away from me, And I shall be indeed alone. Poor

MAJOR-GENERAL.

tell! 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
PIRATES.

$lone-ly\ or\ -phan\ boy!\ Poor\ fellow!\ See,\ at\ our\ feet\ they\ kneel!\ Our$

hearts we can-not steel\ $A-gainst\ the\ sad,\ sad\ tale\ of\ the\ lone-ly\ or-phan\ boy!\ The$

or-phan\ boy!\ The\ or-phan\ boy!\ See,\ at\ our\ feet\ they\ kneel!\ Our$

hearts we can-not steel\ $A-gainst\ the\ tale\ of\ the\ lone-ly\ or-phan$

PIRATES

boy. Poor fellow!\ $Allegro\ vivace.$

MAJOR-GENERAL.

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
MABEL.

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

EDITH & KATE.

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

FRED.

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is

SAM.

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is

KING.

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is

story.

CHORUS SOPRANOS.

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

Tenors & Basses.

If he's telling a terrible story He shall die by a death that is
glory; Though they would have taken his daughters over the billowy wa-

glory; Though they would have taken his daughters over the billowy wa-

glory; Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters that ever were known in these wa-

glory; Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters that ever were known in these wa-

glory; Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters that ever were known in these wa-

glory; Though they would have taken his daughters over the billowy wa-

glory; Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters that ever were known in these wa-

glory; Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters that ever were known in these wa-
It is easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent
It's easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent fiction, But it
comes in the same ca-te-go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar sto-ry.
Moderato.  

KING.

Although our dark career sometimes involves the crime of stealing, we rather think that we're not altogether void of feeling. Although we live by strife, we're always sorry to begin it: For what we ask is life without a touch of poetry in it?

CHORUS. MABEL & EDITH with 1st Sop.

SOPRANOS. KATE with 2nd Sop.

Hail poetry, thou heav'n-born maid! Thou gild'st...
Even the Pirate's trade: Hail flowing fount of sentiment.

-ment, All hail! All hail! Divine E-mol-li-ent.

-ment, All hail! All hail! Divine E-mol-li-ent.

RECIT. RING.

You may go, for you're at liberty; our pirate rules pro-
Allegro non troppo.

SAM

For he is an orphan boy!

And it sometimes is a

you!

MAJOR-GENERAL.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

TENOR & BASSES.

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

useful thing to be an orphan boy.

It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy! Hurrah for the orphan

It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy! Hurrah for the orphan
Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

Should it be fall auspicious-

day, with joy ous glee They will a way and mar ried be!

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

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

all will bridesmaids be! Oh, happy day, with joyous glee They will away and married
be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, My sis - ters all will brides - maids be!

be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be!

be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be!

be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be!

be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be!

be. Should it be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Should it be - be - fall au - spi - cious - lee, Should it be -
My sisters all will bridesmaids be.

Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

-fall auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

-fall auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

-fall auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.
Allegro agitato.

Recit. Ruth

Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!

Recit. Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

Chorus of Pirates.

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

Away, you did deceive me! Away, you did deceive him!

Ruth. Pirates. FRED. PIRATES.

Oh, do not leave me! Oh, do not leave her! Away, you grieve me! Away, you grieve him!
FRED.

I wish you'd leave me!

PIRATES

We wish you'd leave him!

Allegro risoluto.

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

Pray observe the magnanimity! We dis-

play to laces and magnanimity! Never was such opportunity To get married with im-

privity! But we give up the felicity Of unbounded domesticity. This a
Doctor of Divinity is located in this vicinity. Pray observe the magnificity. They display to lace and dignity! Never was such opportunity to get married with impunity! But they give up the felicity of unbounded docility. Tho' a doctor of divinity is located in this vicinity. But they men with pirates, as before. But we
give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, But they
give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, But we

give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, Tho' a
give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, Tho' a
doc - tor, doc - tor, a doc - tor, doc - tor.
doc - tor of divinity, a doc - tor of divinity, a
doc - tor of divinity, a doc - tor of divinity, a
-vi-ni-ty Re-sides in this vi-cin-i-ty, Tho' a doc-tor, a doc-tor, re-
-sides in this vi-cin-i-ty This vi-cin-i-ty

Tempo primo

END OF ACT 1
Act II.

INTRODUCTION. SOLO -(Mabel & Chorus.)

Allegro con tenerezza.

PIANO.
CHORUS OF GIRLS.

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

DEAR FATHER, why leave your bed At

SOLO, MABEL.
this un-time-ly hour, When hap-py day-light is dead, And
dark-some dan-ger's lower? See, heav'n has lit-her lamp, The
mid-night hour is past, And the chil-ly night air is damp, The
dew is fall-ing fast! Dear fa-ther, why leave your bed When hap-py

CHORUS OF GIRLS

day-light is dead?

Oh,
No. 2.

RECITATIVE—(Frederic & Major-General)

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Then, Frederic, let your escort be strong-hearted
Be summoned to receive a great man's blessing.

PIANO.

FRED.

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

No. 3.

CHORUS—(With Solos for Mabel, Edith, & Sergeant)

Allegro marziale.

COME.

PIANO.
SERGEANT

When the foe man bares his steel,

CHORUS OF FOLLY

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

And we find the wisest thing:

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

Is to slap our chests and sing Ta-ra-ta-ra!

For when Ta-ra-ta-ra, Ta-ra-ta-ra!
threat-end with e-motes, And your heart is in your boots,

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

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

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

C

MABEL.

ra!

ra!

Though ye die in combat go - ry, Ye shall live in song and story. Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty! Go to
death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev'ry Cornish daughter With her tears your grave shall water! Go, ye heroes, go and die!

EDITH.

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

CHORUS OF GIRLS. KATE with 2nd Sopr.

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

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die! Tho’ to us it’s evi-dent,

CHORUS OF POLICE.

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

ten-tions are well meant,

Such ex-pres-sions don’t apprear,

Ta-ran-ta-ra,

Cal-cu-ted men to cheer,

Who are

Ta-ran-ta-ra,

Ta-ran-ta-ra!
going to meet their fate in a highly nervous state,

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

Still to us it's evident these attentions are well meant.

Ta-ra!

E

EDITH.

Go and do your best endea-vour, And before all links we se-ver,
We will say farewell for ever. Go to glory and thence to the grave!

For your foes are fierce and ruthless, base, unmerciful, and truthless, young and tender, old and toothless. All in vain their mercy crave!

SOLO SERGEANT.

We observe too great a stress on the
risks that on us press, And of reference a-lack To our chance of coming back; Still, per-

haps it would be wise Not to carp or criticise, For it's very evident These at-

ten-tions are well meant.

Yes, it's very evident

POLICE: E-vi-

These at-ten-tions are well meant,
SERGEANT. CHORUS OF POLICE.

yes, well meant; Ah, yes, well meant! When the

MABEL.

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

EDITH.

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

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go, ye heroes, go to foe-man bares his steel, Tarana-ra, tarana-ra! We uncomfor-tab le feel, Tarana-
Glory, Ye shall live in song and story,
Glory, Ye shall live in song and story,
Glory! Ye shall, Ye shall —

And we find the wisest thing, Taran-tara, ta-ran-tara! Is to

Go to immortality! Go to death, and go to
Go to immortality! Go to death, and go to

live in story Go to death, and go to

slap our chests and sing, Taran-tara! For when threat end with enemies, Taran-tara
slaughter; Die, and every Cornish daughter With her

ra, ta-ra-ra! And your heart is in your boots, Ta-ra-ra! There is

tears your grave shall water. Go, ye heroes, go and

no-thing brings it round Like the trumpet's martial sound, Like the trumpet's martial
see!

Go, ye heroes, go to immortality! Go ye
die!

Go, ye heroes, go to immortality! Go ye
die!

Go, ye heroes, go to immortality! Go ye
die!

Go, ye heroes, go to immortality! Go ye

SERGEANT & TENORS.

Tar-a-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

sound! Tar-a-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

H

do

he- roes, go to immor-ta- li- ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go-

f

he- roes, go to immor-ta-

f

he- roes, go to immor-ta-

f

he- roes, go to immor-

f

he- roes, go to immor-

f

he- roes, go to immor-

f

he- roes, go to immor-

f

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, tar-a-ra, tar-a-ra, tar-a-ra,

do sostenuto

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

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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-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra! Yes, yes, we

Away, away!

Crescendo
goe! Ta-ra, ta-ra! Ta-ra, ta-ra! All right, we

These pirates stay! Then do not stay! Then why this delay!
MABEL.

EDITH.  Yes, for ward on the foe,

CHORUS OF GIRLS.  Yes, for ward on the foe,

SERGEANT.  Yes, for ward on the foe,

go! Yes, for ward on the foe, Yes, for ward on the foe,

CHORUS OF POLICE.  Yes, for ward on the foe, Yes, for ward on the foe,

MAJOR-GENERAL.  Yes, but you don't go!

They go, they go! Yes, for ward on the foe!
They go, they go! Yes, for ward on the foe!
They go, they go! Yes, for ward on the foe!
We go, we go! Yes, for ward on the foe, Yes, for ward on the foe!
We go, we go! Yes, for ward on the foe, Yes, for ward 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, really 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!
RECITATIVE and TRIO.

RECIT. FRED.

Now for the Lord's hair! Oh, joy unbounded! Oh, sweet relief! Ch. rap. un-ex-

PIANO.

M. At last I may a-tune, in some slight measure, For the re-peat-ed acts of theft and

pi-lage, Which, at a sense of duty's stern dic-ta-tion, I, cir-cum-stan-cé's vic-tim, have been

Moderato.

RUTH.

And
guilt-y!

KING. Who calls?

Young Fred-ric! Your late com-man-dor!
FRED. your lit-tle, Ruth!

Oh, mad in-tru-der, How dare ye face me?

KING.

Know ye not, oh rash ones, That I have com-mitted to ex-ter mi-na-tion? Have

mer-cy on us; hear us, ere you slaugh-ter. I do not

think I ought to lis-ten to you; Yet, mer-cy should al-loy our stern re-sent-ment, And

so, I will be mer-ci-ful—say en!
TRIO—(Ruth, Frederic, and King)

Allegro grazioso.

RUTH.

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

2nd. Verse. knew your taste for curious quips. For cranks and con-trac-

spirits faint, According to our custom old, With quip and quib-ble quaint; But

dic-tions queer: And with the laughter on our lips, We wish'd you there to hear. We
all in vain, the quips we heard, We lay and solid op - en the rocks, Un - til - to some - bo-
said, "If we could tell it him, How Fred - ric' would the joke en - joy" And so - we've raked both

FRED.


life and limb To tell it to our boy. That pa-ra-dox. That most in

-ge-nious pa-ra-dox! We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks, But none to
-ge-nious pa-ra-dox! We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks, But note to
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 Feb-

uary twenty-eight days as a rule are?

G

C

RUTH.

Plenty; one year in every four

his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-
twenty. Through some singular co-

cidence, 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-

urary. And so, by a simple arith-

tematical process, you'll easily dis-

cover, that tho' you've lived twenty-

one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit

C

D

Ha!

Ha!

Ha!
FRED.

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

Dear me. Let's

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

RUTH.

see! Yes! yes! with yours my fig-ures do a-gree! Ha, ha, ha,

KING.

Ha, ha, ha,

RUTH.

ha, ha, ha, ha!

FRED.

KING.

How quaint the ways of

ha, ha, ha, ha!

dim.

Para-dox! At com-mon-sense she gai-ly mocks. The count-ing in the u-sual way, tears
twenty-one I've been alive, Yet, reckoning by my natal day, Yet, reckoning by my natal day,

RUTH.  
He is a little boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

I am a little boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

KING.  
He is a little boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

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

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

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

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TRIO—(Ruth, Frederic, and King.)

No 6.

Allegro molto.

RUTH.

Away, away!—my heart on fire!—I burn this.

PIANO.

Away, away!—my heart on fire!—I burn this.

base deception to repay. This very night my vengeance dire. Shall glut it.

base deception to repay. This very night my vengeance dire. Shall glut it.

—self in gore. Away, away! FRED.

Away, away!—ere I expire— I find my

—self in gore. Away, away!
du - ty hard to do to - day! My heart is filled with an-guish dire! It strikes me
to the core! A-way, a - way! With false - hood fool He trick'd us of our bride. Let vengeance
hawl; The Pi-rate so de - cides. Our na - ture stern He soft - ened with his lies! And, in re-
Yes, yes! to-night the traitor dies!  Yes, yes!

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

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

B

yes! to-night the traitor dies!  To-night he dies!

yes! to-night the traitor dies!

yes! to-night the traitor dies!

yes! to-night the traitor dies!

Yes, or early to-

They will weep in sorrow.  In their natures they

His girl's like wise?

-morrow.  The one soft spot
Way! To-night the traitor dies! Away, away! to-night, to-night.

Way! To-night the traitor dies! Away, away! to-night, to-night.

Way! To-night the traitor dies! Away, away! 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!

Away! Away!

Away!

Away!
NO. 7.  

RECITATIVE & DUET. (Mabel & Frederic.)

MABEL.

RECIT.  
All is pre-pard, your gallant crew a-wait you.  

PIANO.

FRED.

Tears! It cannot be That lion heart quails at the coming conflict?  

a tempo moderato

terrible disclosure Has just been made! Mabel, my dearest loved one,

a tempo moderato

bound myself to serve the Pirate Captain Until I reached my one and twentieth
MABEL

Birth-day! But you are twenty-one? I've just discovered That I was born in

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

FRED.

Forty! Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling! And

MABEL.

So, farewell! No, no! Ah, Fredric, hear me!
No. 8.

DUET.—(Mabel & Frederic.)

Allegro agitato.

MABEL.

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

PIANO.

Nay, Mabel, say! To-night I quit these walls, The thought my soul appals; But when stern Duty calls,

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Stay, Fred'ric, stay! They have no
I must obey!
Nay, Ma-bel, nay!

They have no
I must obey!
Nay, Ma-bel, nay!

No shade of a shame Will fall upon thy

But duty's name: The thought my soul appals; But when stern duty

name:

Stay, Fred'ric, stay!
calls,

I must obey!
Ah, leave me not to pine alone and desolate; No fate seemed fair as mine, No hap-
piness so great! And nature, day by day, Has sung in accents clear, This
joyous roundelay: "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!"
Ah, must I leave thee here in endless night to dream, Where joy is dark and drear, And sorrow all supreme! Where nature, day by day, Will sing in altered tone, This weary roundelay: "He loves thee—he is gone. Fal_

Fal-la, la, la, Fal-la!

Fal-la, la, la, Fal-la, la, la! He loves thee—he is gone Fal-la, la, la, Fal-la!"
It

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

seems so long!

Swear that, till then, you will be true to me!

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

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joyous.

Allegro vivace.

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joyous.

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

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

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

wed,

Yes, even after! Oh, here is love, and here is

And even after!

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

truth, And here is food for joyous laughter; She will be faithful to her sooth.
wed, and even after! He will be faithful to his sooth, and

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

after, even after! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is

after, even after! Oh, here is love, and here is truth. Oh, here is

love, is love!

love, is love!

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RE bâtive—(Mabel, &c. Chorus of Police.)

MABEL.

No, I am brave!
Oh, fam- i- ly de- sent, How great thy charm, thy sway how

PIANO.

ex-cel-lent!
Come, one and all, un-daunted men in blue,
A cri-sis,

now, affairs are com-ing to!

SOLIO. SERGEANT.

The' in bo-dy and is mind,

CHORUS OF POLICE.

We are

Ta- ran-ta-ra, ta- ran-ta-ra!
ti - mid-ly in - clined,
And a - ny-thing but blind,

Ta - ran - ta - ra!
Ta - ran - ta - ra!
To the dan - ger that's be - ind,
Yet,

-ras, ta - ran - ta - ra!
Ta - ran - ta - ra!
when the dan - ger's near,
We man - age to ap - pear,

Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
Ta - ran - ta - ra!
As 
asensible to fear As 
anybody here, as

ra!

anybody here. Taran-tara, tara-tara, tara-

Taran-tara, tara-tara, ra, ra, ra,

MABEL. "Death and glory!"

"Cid associates,"

"acted nobly,

Dialogue goes on.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

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

"Go ye and do yours" SERGEANT. "This is perplexing."

"sense of duty!"

He has acted nobly! Right oh! We cannot understand it at all!

"we joined the force."

"Too late now.

(That makes a difference, of course. at the same time we repeat, we cannot understand it at all)

We should! It is!
No 10.

SONG.—(Sergeant & Chorus.)

Allegro moderato.

SENGEANT.

1. When a

2. When the

fol-eur's not en-gaged in his em-ploy-ment— Or ma-tur-ing his fe-lo-nious lit-tle en-ter-pris-ing burg-lar's not a - burg-ling — When the cut-throat is of-ten oc-cu-pied in

chorus of police.

his em-ploy-ment,
not a-burg-ling,

plan— His ca-pa-ci-ty for in-no-cent en-joy-ment — Is

crime— He loves to hear the lit-tle brook a - gurg-ling — And

lit-tle plans, -cized in crime, -cent en-joy-ment, brook a - gurg-ling,
just as great as a- ry hon- est man's -
 lis- ten to the mer- ry vil- lage chime -

Our
When the
hon- est man's.
vil- lage chime.

feel- ings we with dif- fi- cul- ty smo- ther-
When con- sta- bu- la- ry du- ty's to be

es- ter's fin- ished jump- ing on his mo- ther-
 He
de- lies to lie a- back- ing in the

-cal- ty smo- ther,
on his mo- ther,


done, -
Ah, take one con- sid- er- a- tion with an- o- ther-

to be done, in the sun.

A po-
with an- o- ther,
liceman's lot is not a happy one.
When constabulary duty's to be

Ah, when constabulary duty's to be

done, to be done, The police-man's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

done, to be done, The police-man's lot is not a happy one, happy one.
No. 11.  
SOLO.—(Sergeant & Chorus of Pirates & Police.)

*Allegretto.*

CHORUS OF PIRATES *(behind the scenes)*

A rollicking band of Pirates we, Who, ti-red of toss-ing

PIANO.

on the sea, Are try-ing their hand at a bur-gla-ree, With wea-pens grim and go-ry. Hush,

SERGEANT

hush, I hear them on the ma-nor pou-ching; With steal-thy steps the Pi-rates are ap-proaching! We

PIRATES.

are not com-ing for plate or gold; A sto-ry Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley told; We
seek a penalty fifty-fold, For General Stanley's story!

They

PIRATES.

Fifty-fold! We seek a penalty

They seek a penalty fifty-fold!

Sergeant.

They come in force, with stealthy

CHORUS. repeat this, and dim till next Chorus.

stride; Our obvious course is now to hide! Ta-ra-ta-ra, ta-ra-ta-ra!
No. 12.

Solo.—(Samuel & Chorus of Pirates.)

Allegro marziale.

Chorus of Pirates.

With

Cat-like tread, Upon our prey we steal; In silence dread Our caution away we feel!

No sound at all, We never speak a word; A fly's foot-fall Would be distinctly heard—Chorus of Police.

So steal this—

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra—
-ly the Pi-rate creeps
While all the household sound-ly sleeps.

Come, friends, who plough the sea,
True to na-vi-ga-tion,

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

Let's va-ry pi-ra-cee
With a lit-tle bur-gla-rec!

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Come friends, who plough the sea, Truce to navigation, Take another station;

Let's vary pira-cce, With a little bur-gla-reel

eve-seen-do Two

SOLO, SAMUEL.

Here's your crow-bar, and your cen-tre-bit. Your

life pre-sen-ver— 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,

Taran-tara!

POLICE.

Taran-tara!
- on our prey we steal, In si-lence dread Our cau-tious way we feel!

No sound at all, We ne-ver speak a word; A fly's foot-fall Would be dis-

tinct-ly heard! Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to na-vi-ga-tion,

POLICE.


Take an-o-ther sta-tion, Let's va-ry pi-ra-

cre-sec-
do
With a little burglary! With cat-like tread
Upon our
ra. Tara-tara, ra, ra, tarata ra,
Tarata-

prey we steal;
In silence dread
Our cautious
ra, ra, ra, Tara-tara, tarata-

way we feel.
ra, ra, ra!

28731
No 13.

Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, & Pirates.

Recit.

FREDERIC.

VOICE.

Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light inside! The

PIANO.

PIRATES.

Ma-jor-Gen-eral comes, so quick-ly hide! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen-eral

POLICE.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

comes! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen-eral comes! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen-eral comes! Tor-

A tempo moderato.

—men-ted with the an-guish dread Of false-hood un-a-ton’d, I lay up-on my sleep-less bed, And
toss'd, and turn'd, 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 thought I heard a noise. He

thought he heard a noise; Ha, ha! No, all is still, In dale, on hill, My mind is set at

ease; So still the scene, It must have been The sigh-ing of the
SONG—Major-General & Chorus (Pirates & Police)
and FINALE.

**VOICE.**

*Allegro grazioso.*

**PIANO.**

1. Sighing softly to the river, Comes the loving breeze;
2. Yet, the breeze is but a rover, When he wings away!

Sighing nature all a-quiver, Rustling thro' the brook
and popular mourn a lover! Sighing, 'Well a —
trees—one day!"

"Well—a day!"

Thro' the trees.

POLICE.

"Well—a day!"

Thro' the trees.

PIRATES, pp

Ah, the brook, in

And the doing

rippling measure. Laughs for very love,

While the poplars, and undoing That the rogue could tell;

When the breeze is

in their pleasure, Wave their arms above—

out a-wooing, Who can woo so well?

Yes, the Shocking

Yes, the Shocking

23731.
trees for very love, Wave their leafy arms a-
tales the rogues could tell, Nobody can woo so

MAROIS GENERAL with 1st Racer.

bove.
well.

River, river, little river, May thy
Pretty brook, thy dream is over, For thy

loving prosper e'er; Heaven speed thee, popular tree, May thy
love is but a rover; Sad the lot of popular trees, Courted

dim.
Wooing happy bee, Heaven speed thee, popular
by a fickle breeze, Sad the lot of popular

trees, May thy wooing happy bee!
trees, Courted

dim. p

by a fickle breeze!
CHORES 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 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!
Dialogue.

So very incompletely dressed, at such a time of night.

GIRLS.

The pirates! the pirates! ch, despair!

PIRATES.

Yes, we're the pirates; so despair!
MAJOR GENERAL.

Fred-er-ic here! Oh joy! Oh rapture! Summon your men, and effect their capture!

MABEL, FRED, PHILANTHRO.

Fred-er-ic, save us! Beautiful Mabel, I would if I could, but I am not able. He's telling the truth, he is not able.
With base deceit You worked upon our feelings; Revenge is sweet, And
favours all our dealings! With courage rare. And resolution manly,

For death prepare, Unhappy General Stanley! Is he to die, un-

-shriven, un-annealed? Oh, spare him! Will no one in his cause a weapon wield? Oh,

Spare him! Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed! Oh, rapture!
So to Constab-u-lar-y pirates yield! Oh, rapture!

We triumph now, for well we trow Your...

You triumph now, for well we trow Our...

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

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

Central Criminal Court!
Moderato.

SERGEANT.

To gain a brief advantage you've con-

trived;

But your proud triumph will not be long-lived.

KING.

SERGEANT.

Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game!

On your allegiance we've a stronger claim;

We charge you yield, we charge you yield in

Slower.

KING.

POLICE.

Queen Victoria's name! You do?

We do! We charge you yield, is
KING.

Queen Victoria's name!—We yield at once, with humbled mien, Be-

POLICE.

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

SOPRANO.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen! A-way with them, and

SOPRANO.

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

TENOR.

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

POLICE.

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

QUEEN. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!
place them at the bar! One mo-ment, let me tell you who they are: They

are no mem-bers of the com-mon throng. They are all no-ble-men, who have gone

Un poco più animato

CHORUS OF GIRLS

wring They are all no-ble-men who have gone wring

MAJOR-GENERAL

Moderato

No Eng-lis-hman un-moved that state-ment hears! Be -
-cause, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers; I pray you pardon me,

ex - Pirate King! Peers will be Peers, and youth will have its fling! Re - sume your ranks, and

FINALE.
Tempo di Valse.

le - gis - la - tive du - ties, And take my daughters, all of whom are beau - ties!

MABEL.

Poor wan - dring ones, Though ye have sure - ly

Strayed, Take heart of grace, Your steps re - trace, Poor
wan-dring ones!  Poor wan-dring ones,  If such poor
love-as ours  Can help you find true peace of mind, Why, take it

MABEL.

it-is yours.

Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah

EDITH & KATE.

BETH

Poor wan-dring one,
Poor

FRED.

Poor wan-dring one,
Poor

MAJOR GENERAL.

Poor wan-dring one,
Poor

KING & SAM.

Poor wan-dring one,
Poor

CHORUS SOPRANOS.

Poor wan-dring one,
Poor wan-dring one

TENORS & BASSES.

Poor wan-dring one  Poor wan-dring one

Poor wan-dring one  Poor wan-dring one
ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine. Take heart,
 EDITH. Fair days will shine. Take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,

wan - d'ring one Take heart, take heart,
KATE & RUTH

Take mine! Take heart!

FRED

Take any heart, take ours!

MAJOR GENERAL

Take any heart, take ours!

KING & SAMUEL

Take any heart, take ours!

CHORDS

Take any heart, take ours!
Take heart,
Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

Take heart, Take ours!

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OR
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