THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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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.

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W. S. GILBER,
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

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# THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- **Richard**, a Pirate Chief
- **Samuel**, his Lieutenant
- **Frederic**, a Pirate Apprentice
- **Major-General Stanley**, of the British Army
- **Edward**, a Sergeant of Police
- **Mabel**, General Stanley's Youngest Daughter
- **Kate**, General Stanley's Daughter
- **Edith**, General Stanley's Daughters
- **Isabel**, General Stanley's Daughters, Pirates, Policemen, etc.

## CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Overture</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Act I.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Opening Chorus of Pirates and Solo</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Song (Ruth)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Song (Pirate King and Chorus)</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Recitative and Duet (Ruth and Frederic)</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Chorus of Girls</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Recitative (Edith, Kate, Frederic, and Chorus)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Aria (Frederic and Chorus of Girls)</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Air (Mabel and Chorus)</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 (Edith, Kate, and Chorus of Girls)</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Duet (Mabel and Frederic, and Chorus of Girls)</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 (Frederic and Chorus of Girls and Pirates)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Recitative (Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, and Chorus)</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Song (Major-General and Chorus)</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Finals—Act I</strong>. (Mabel, Kate, Edith, Frederic, Samuel, King, Major-General, Ruth and Chorus)</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Act II.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Introduction Solo (Mabel and Chorus)</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Recitative (Frederic and Major-General)</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Chorus with Solos (for Mabel, Edith, and Sergeant)</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Recitative and Trio</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Trio (Ruth, Frederic, and King)</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Trio (Ruth, Frederic, and King)</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Recitative and Duet (Mabel and Frederic)</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Duet (Mabel and Frederic)</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Recitative (Mabel, &amp;c. Chorus of Police)</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Song (Sergeant and Chorus)</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 Solo (Sergeant and Chorus of Pirates and Police)</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Solo (Samuel and Chorus of Pirates)</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 (Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, and Pirates)</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 Song (Major-General and Chorus of Pirates and Police)</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
OR,
THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by W. S. GILBERT.

OVERTURE.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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da più stringendo il tempo.
Scene.—A rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L., as the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some sinking, some playing cards. Samuel, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. Frederic is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C. Ruth kneels at his feet.

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF PIRATES, & SOLO—Samuel.
And, O King, to make us merry, Let the pirate bumper pass!

Samuel.

For to-day our Pirate 'Pren-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 dy;
Fred'ric's ventures, Fred'ric's out of his indentures. Pour, O King, the pirate

Chorus.

Here's good luck to

Which we're bent on sign-al-ising With unusual revelry!

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

Chorus.

She'ry, Fill, O King, the pirate glass! And, O King, to make us mer'-ry, Let the

Chorus.

She'ry, Fill O King, the pirate glass! And, O King, to make us mer'-ry, Let the
(Frederic rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped from R. U. E.)

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 serve!

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

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.

Samuel. An error? What error?

Fred. I may not tell you. It would resees upon my well-loved Ruth.

(Ruth comes down C.)

Ruth. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.
litt-le lad He proved so brave and da- ring, His fa- ther thought he'd 'prent-ice him To

nor-s'ry maid, On break-ers al- ways steer-ing; And I did not catch the word a-right. Through

yond all doubt: the scope of this dis-as- ter; But I hadn't the face to re-turn to my place, And

some ca-reer sea-far-ing. I was a-las! His nor-s'ry maid, And so I fell to

be-ing hard of hear-ing. Mis-tak-ing my in-struc-tions, which With-in my brain did

break it to my mas-ter. A nor-s'ry maid is not a-fraid Of what you peo-ple

my lot To take and bind the pro-mis-ing boy Ap- prentice to a i lot: A

gy-rate, I took and bound this pro-mis-ing boy Ap- prentice to a Pi-rate! A
told work, So I made up my mind to go as a kind Of pi-ra-ti-cal maid of all work; And

17
Ruth. (Kneeling at his feet.) Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

Fred. Rise, sweet one; I have long pardoned you.

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 ceased. Individually, I love you all with affection; but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved cantle navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case.

Sam. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless!

Fred. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock I wouldn't. I was ever a man placed in so

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.

Kneel. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

Sam. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

All. Hear! hear!

Fred. Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

Kneel. There is some truth in that.

Fred. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

Sam. Of course; we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence?

Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we are unappealable; but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved cantle navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case.

Sam. 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

conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

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?

Fred. Oh, he 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 constancy at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman 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.

Kneel. True.

Fred. What a terrible thing it would be if were to marry
this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

KING. Oh, Ruth is very well—very well indeed.

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

FRED. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her and in consideration for you I will leave her behind. (Hands Ruth to King.)

KING. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL. (Loudly.) Not one!

KING. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic.

No. 3.

SONG—Pirate King & Chorus

Allegro moderate.

Piano.

KING.

1. Oh, better far to live and die Under the brave black flag I fly Than

2. When I sail forth to seek my prey, I help myself in a royal way; I

play a sanctimonious part With a pirate head and a pirate heart I
sink a few more ships, it's true, Than a well-bred monarch ought to do!
A long the cheat ing world go you,
But ma ny a king on a first class throne.

Pirates all are well to do, But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a... wants to call his crown his own. Must manage some how to get through More dirty work than

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 1...

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 1...

King 1...
After Song, the King, Samuel, and all the Pirates, except Frederic and Ruth, go off R. and R. U. E. Frederic comes down C, followed by Ruth.

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

Fred. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I: a lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

Ruth. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

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

Fred. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

Ruth. (Bashfully.) I have been told so, dear master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh no; years and years ago.

Fred. But what do you think yourself?

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

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

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

Fred. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if—I say, if—you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union. (Shakes hands with her.)

Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, “Climbing over rocky mountains,” etc. See entrance of girls.

Fred. 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!

Fred. (Climbing over rocky arch R. and looking off L.) By all that’s marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens! (Aside.) Lost! lost! lost!

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

No. 4.  

RECITATIVE & DUET—Ruth & Frederic.

Fred. Oh, false one! you have deceived me!

Ruth. I have deceived you? Yes! I deceived me! 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 so! Upon my...

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

hair is grey. It's gradually got so. Faithless woman

Ruth,

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

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

Faithless woman, faithless woman to deceive me, I who

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

I go!
RUTH.

Andante.

My love without reflecting, Oh, do not be rejecting! Take a mason tender, Her affection raw and green, .. At very highest rating. Has been accumulating summers seventeen, .. summers seventeen,..

E. RUTH.

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

FRED.

Yes, your former master Serves 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-ble fer-vid, it is clear,...

If, as you are sta-ting, It's been ac-cu-mu-la-ting for ty-se-ven

Allegro vivace.

Faith-less wo-man to de-cide me, I who trust
Master, master, do not leave me. Hear me ere... I.

so! Faithless woman to deceive me, I who trusted

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

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

No. 5.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Allegro grazioso.

Piano

Leggiero.

Chorus.

Climbing over rocky mountain, skipping violet and fountain. Passing where the willows quiver.

Swollen with the summer rain, the summer rain. Threatening long and heavy showers.
Spotted with un-numbered daisies, Spotted, dot-ted with un-numbered daisies,

Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hardy little lassies, Till the bright sea-shore they gain; Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hardy little lassies, Till the bright sea-shore they gain.
Let us gaily tread the measure; make the most of fleeting pleasure; hail it as a true ally.

Though it perish, and be, hail it as a true ally; though its

Every moment brings a treasure of its own especial pleasure, though the moments quickly die.
Greet them gai-ly as they fly, Greet them gai-ly as they fly!

Though the mo-ments quick-ly die, Greet them gai-ly as they fly!

Far a-way from toil and care, Revel-

- ling in fresh sea air, Here we live and reign a-lone.
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.

f CHORUS.

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

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

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

*Ped.*
Kate. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are?

Edith. And I wonder where papa is? We have left him ever so far behind.

Isabel. Oh, he will be here presently. Remember, poor papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

Kate. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

Isabel. Except the mermaids; it’s the very place for mermaids—

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

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

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

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.

Kate. But what shall we do until papa and the servant arrive with the luncheon?

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.

Kate. Who are you, Sir? speak! I am a Pi-rate. A Pi-rate! horror! La-dies, do not shun me! This

Isabel. (Try prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when Frederic comes forward from cave.)

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

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

Edith. And who can’t be said, strictly, to set foot anywhere.

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 servant arrive with the luncheon? (All listen and come down.)

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.

Kate. But what shall we do until papa and the servant arrive with the luncheon?

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.

Kate. But what shall we do until papa and the servant arrive with the luncheon?

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.
Andante moderate

In the evening I renounce my vile profession; And, to that end, O pure and peerless maiden, O blushing bards of ever-blooming beauty, I, sore of heart,

Edith.

Kate

I, sore of heart, I implore your kind assistance. How pitiful his tale! How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty! How rare his beauty!
No. 7. ARIA—Frederic & Chorus of Girls.

Oh, is there not one maiden breast which does not feel the moral beauty of making worldly interest subordinate to sense of duty? Who would not give up willingly all matrimonial ambition, To
rescue such an one as I

A - las, there's not one

makin' worldly interest

Oh, is there not one maiden here

From his unfortunate position!

Which seems to feel the moral beauty

Subordinate to sense of duty

Whose homely face and bad complexion

From this position, to rescue such an one as I
can't all hope to disappear Of ever winning man's affection! To such an one, If

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

rall. E a tempe.

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

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

you! A-las! there's not one maiden here Whose homely face and bad complexion have
caused all hope to disappear of ever winning man's affection. Not one? No, no, not

Of Girls, Mabel.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name, for shame! It's true that he has gone a-

stray, 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 sway'd by quite as keen a sense of duty? For shame! for shame! for shame!
No. 8. AIR—Mabel & Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.

MABEL.

Poor wan-d'ring one, .
Tho' thou hast surely strayed,

PIANO.

Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace, Poor wan-d'ring one. rall.

A a tempo.

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

A

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

Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace, Poor . . . wand'ring

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

Chorus.

Ah, ah! . . . Ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine, Take . . .
Edith, Kate, & Chorus of Girls.

Edith.

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

Piano.

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

Kate.

Leave them here together." Her case may any day Be yours, my dearest, or mine;

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

Chorus.

Let us shut our eyes, And talk about the weather. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.
(EDITH, KATE, and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other, in a line across the stage.)

(CHATTERING CHORUS (during which FRED and MABEL fondu)

No. 10. DUET—Mabel & Frederic, & Chorus of Girls

How beautifully blue the sky, The glass is rising very high, Continue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday; Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July. Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July. Tomorrow it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July.
pour again (I hear the country wants some rain). Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm July.
(Frederic and Mabel turn to 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 rain'd 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.)
soul in guilty dreaming. And wake to find that soul with

peace and virtue beam- ing! How beau- ti- fuly blue the sky, The glass is ris- ing

very high. Con- ti- nue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes- ter- day; Con- ti- nie fine I

Did ever maiden wake From

Did ever pi- rate loathed For -
dream of home duty

sake his heroic mission

very high, Continue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday; Tomorrow it may

daylight break With such exceeding beauty! Ah,

self betrothed to lady of position! Ah,

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

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

yes! Ah yes, ah yes!

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

**Fred.**

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

**Allegretto.**

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

(During this Chorus the Pirates enter stealthily from R. U. E., and form in a semicircle behind the girls. As the girls move to go off each Pirate seizes a girl.)

**Chorus of Girls.**

No, we must not lose our senses, If they stick at no offences We should not be here!

Piracy their dreadful trade is, Nice companions for young ladies; Let us dissp (They shriek)
Too late! Ha! Too late! Ho, ho, ha! ha! ha! ha! ho, ho, ho!

Chorus.

Now here's a first-rate opportunity To get married with impunity, And indulge in the felicity Of unbounded domesticity! You shall quickly be personified, Conjugal-ly matron-ised, By a doctor of divinity, Who is located in this vicinity. We have missed our opportunity Of ex-
-cap- ing with im-pu-ni-ty, So fare-well to the fel-i-ci-ty Of our mai-den de-

-ci-ty! We shall quick-ly be par-so-ni-fied, Con-jug-al-ly ma-tri-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

-vi-ni-ty Who is lo-cated in this vi-ci-ni-ty, by a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi-
PIRATES.

-ci-ty, By a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty, of di-vi-ni-ty.

-ci-ty, By a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty, of di-vi-ni-ty.
No. 12. RECITATIVE—Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.

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

MABEL.

Samuel.

Chorus.

Major-General.

Girls.

Pirates.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

(Encore piroulette.

Proceeds against our will.

Just bear in mind that we are wards.

& Chancery, and father is a Major-General!

We're

We're

bey-er-pass, or dangers may befall; Their father is a Major-General! Yes, yes, he is a Major-General.

Yes, yes, I am a Major-General! For he is a Major-General! He is! Hurrah for the Major-General! And it is, it is a glorious thing To be a Major-General! It is! Hurrah for the Major-General! Hurrah for the Major-General!
General. Yes, I am Major-General!
All. You are! Hurrah for the Major-General!

General. And it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General!
All. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

No. 13

SONG—Major-General & Chorus.

Piano.

Major-General.

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

in-ter-ma-tion ve-gel-a-ble, a-ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral; I know the kings of Eng-l-land, and I
an-swer hard a-crostics; I've a pretty taste for Pa-ra-do. I quote, in E-le-gi-a-ces, all the


ve: ry well ac: quaint ed too with mat: ters ma: the: ma: ti: cal I un: der: stand e: qua: tions both the
tell un: doubt ed Ra: phi: els from Ge: rard Dows and Zoff: an: ias I know the croak: ing cho: rus from the

sin: ple and quad: ra: ti: cal A bout bi: no: misal The: o: rem I’m teem: ing with a lot o’ news,

"Frogs of Ar: is: to: pha: nes!" Then I can hum a fugue of which I’ve heard the mu: sic’s din a: fore

(Dialogue)

1. With ma: ny cheer: ful facts a: bout the square of the hy: po: the: sise
2. And whis: the all the airs from that in: fer: nal non: sense Fire a: fore!
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-theneuse, With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-theneuse, With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-theneuse, With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-theneuse. And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fors, And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fors, And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, Pin-a-fors.
beings animalous. But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I racetaceous animalous. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I

Chorus.

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

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

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

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "raeelin"; When
I can tell at sight a chasse-pot rise from a javelin; When such affairs as sorties and such

prizes 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

vice in a sanitarium; In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—You'll

a tempo. Vivace
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.

Major-General

say a better Major General has never sat a gee.

For my

say a better Major General has never sat a gee.

military knowledge, tho' I'm plucky and adventurous, Has only been brought down to the be-
At the beginning of the century, but still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I ...
GENERAL. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, papa! We—

SAMBUEL. 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.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them. They are pirates—the famous Pirates of Penzance!

GENERAL. The Pirates of Penzance? I have often heard of them.

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.) Hab! an idea! (Aloud.) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of 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? and you say "Orphan." As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word "often."

GENERAL. Pardon me; you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GENERAL. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GENERAL. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently?

KING. 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.
It is not clear to identify the content of the page due to the musical notation and text. However, it appears to be a page from a musical score or sheet music. The text and musical notation suggest a storyline or a dialogue from a musical piece, possibly from a play or a film. The lyrics and music are intertwined, typical of a theatrical composition.
Sami, King, & Chorus of Pirates.

fellow! See, at our feet they kneel! Our hearts we cannot steal. Against the sad, sad tale of the

Samuel.

Samuel & King.

lonely orphan boy! The orphan boy! The orphan boy! See, at our feet they kneel! Our hearts we cannot steel. Against the tale of the lonely orphan boy.

Major-General.

I'm telling a terrible story, but it doesn't diminish my glory: For

Allegro vivace.
they would have taken my daughters over the billowy waters. If I had'n't, in elegant die for lo

...driven in an innocent fiction, which is not in the same category as telling a regular terrible.

He is telling a terrible story which will tend to diminish his glory; though

He is telling a terrible story which will tend to diminish his glory; though

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

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

If he's telling a terrible story he shall die by a death that is glorious; Yes,
they would have taken his daughters

O-ver the bil-low-y wa-ters.

It is

one of the cru-el-less slaugh-ters

That e-ver were known in these wa-ters.

It is

easy, in ele-gant dic-tion,

To call it an in-no-cent fic-tion,

But it comes in the same ca-te-

one of the cru-el-less slaugh-ters

That e-ver were known in these wa-
ters.

It is

easy, in ele-gant dic-tion,

To call it an in-no-cent fic-tion,

But it comes in the same ca-te-

one of the cru-el-less slaugh-ters

That e-ver were known in these wa-
ters.

It is

easy, in ele-gant dic-tion,

To call it an in-no-cent fic-tion,

But it comes in the same ca-te-

one of the cru-el-less slaugh-ters

That e-ver were known in these wa-
ters.

It is

easy, in ele-gant dic-tion,

To call it an in-no-cent fic-tion,

But it comes in the same ca-te-

one of the cru-el-less slaugh-ters

That e-ver were known in these wa-
ters.

It is

easy, in ele-gant dic-tion,

To call it an in-no-cent fic-tion,

But it comes in the same ca-te-
Moderato.  

KING.

Although our dark career sometimes involves the crime of stealing. We

Moderato.

rather think that we're not altogether void of feeling; Although we live by such we're alway
Hail, poetry, thou heaven-born maid! Thou gilded est.

En the Pirate's trade. Hail, flowing fount of sentiment, all hail! All hail! Divine emotion.
E

Recit. King.

You may go, for you're at liberty; Our private rules pro

(Orchestra)

—tect you: And honorary members of our band we do e—ect

Sam.

For he is an orphan boy!

Major-General.

And it some-times is a

you.

Chorus. Sopranos, f

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Tenors & Basses.

He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Allegro non troppo.
useful thing to be an orphan boy.

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

F Marsel.

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

Edith & Kate.

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.

Major-General.

They will away and married be!

Oh, happy boy!

Oh, happy boy!

F Oh, happy boy!
Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious

They will a-way and mar-ried be!

They will a-way and mar-ried be!

My sis-ter all will brides-maids be.

Her sis-ter all will brides-maids be.

Her sis-ter all will brides-maids be.

Her sis-ter all will brides-maids be.

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters
to
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
We will away and married be. Should it be -

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

all will bridesmaids be. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

all will bridesmaids be. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and married be. Should it be -

fal auspicious lee, My sisters all will bridesmaids be!
My sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters

fal auspicious lee, Her sisters all will bridesmaids be!
Her sisters
BRIDES-MAIDS

all will brides-maids be...

Recit. Ruth.

Allegro agitato.

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

CHORUS OF PILOTES.

H

Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

H a tempo.

Yes, yes, remember
Chorus of Pirates.

Fred., Samuel, King, Major-General, & Pirates

Fred., Pirates.

Ruth, who kneels before you. Away, you did deceive me. Away, you did deceive him.

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

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

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

--

was such opportuniy! To get married with impunity! But they give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, Thro' a doctor of divinity, Who is located in this vicinity. But we

But they give up the felicity of unbounded domesticity, Thro' a doctor of divinity, Who is located in this vicinity. But they

MEN with PHEAS, as before.
MABEL with 1st SOP.
EDITH & KATE with 2nd SOP.

bou-
ded dom-
es-
ity, Thro' a doc-
tor of di-
vin-
ity, a
doc-
tor of di-
vin-
ity, a

MABEL (top notes only),
EDITH with 1st SOP.

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

Thro' a doc-
tor of di-
vin-
ity, Thro' a doc-
tor of di-
vin-
ity, Thro' a doc-
tor of di-
vin-
ity.
(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 cross-bones. Picture.)

END OF ACT I.
ACT II.


No. 1. INTRODUCTION. SOLO—Mabel & Chorus

[Music notation]

Oh, dry the glowing tear That dews that martial cheek!... Thy loving children
bear, In them thy com-fort seek. With sym-pa-thetic care Their arms a-round thee

weep:.. 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... Sen, 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 day-light is dead: Oh, dry the glistening tear That dews that

martian 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 thee

father weep!
(Fred enters R. U. E. and down C.)

MARVEL. 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 implore 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 unstained escutcheon.

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

GENERAL. I thank you for your professed 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., 2d E., and file in line, facing audience.)

No. 2. RECITATIVE—Frederic & Major-General.
No. 3. CHORUS—With Solos for Mabel, Edith, & Sergeant.

When the foe—man tells his tale
We un—com—fort—o—ble feel!

And we find the won—est thing
Is to die bar—less and sing Ta—ma—na—na—na.
Go, ye heroes, go to glory, Though ye die in combat glory! Ye shall live in song and story, Go to immortality. Go to death...and go to slaughter;
Die ... and ev'ry Cornish daugh-ter
With her tears your grave shall wa-ter!
Go, ye ne-ros, go na-

die!

Edith.

Go, ye ne-ros, go and die! Go, ye ne-ros, go and die!

Chorus of Girls.

Go, ye ne-ros, go and die! Go, ye ne-ros, go and die!

Sergeant.

Kate with 2nd Soprano.

Go, ye ne-ros, go and die! Go, ye ne-ros, go and die!

Tho’ to us it’s e-vi-dent

Chorus of Police.

Ta-ra- 

These at-tentions are well meant!

Such ex-pres-sions don’t ap-pear

Ta-ra, ta-ra, 

Ta-ra, ta-ra, 

Ta-ra, ta-ra, 

Cal-cu-la-ted men to cheer

Who are going to meet their fate In a

Ta-ra, ta-ra, 

Ta-ra, ta-ra, 

Ta-ra, ta-ra,
highly nervous state; Still to us it's evident These at:

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

Tentations are well meant!

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

Go... and do your best... en-deavour, And, before all links we se-

ver,

We... will say fare... well... for e... ver. Go to glo-ry and the grave!

cre... scen... do.
CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go to glory and the grave!

For your foes are fierce and ruthless, False, un

mer - ci - ful, and truth - less; Young and ten - der, old and tooth - less, All in vain their mer - cy crave!

SOLO, SERGEANT.

We ob - serve too great a stress On the risks that on us press, And of reference, a - lack, To our chance of com - ing back; Still, per - haps it would be wise Not to
very evident

E - v i - d - e n t,  e - v i - d - e n t,  A h,  y e s,  w e l l

These attentions are well meant,  y e s,  w e l l  m e a n t ;  A h,  y e s,  w e l l

Go,  y e  h e r o e s,  g o  t o  g l o r y !  T h o u g h . . . .  y e  d i e  i n  c o m b a t

G BASS.

EINTH.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

SERGEANT CHORUS OF POLICE.

When the foe man bares his steel, Taran - ta - ra, Taran - ta - ra! We un - com - for - ta - ble feel, Taran - ta - ra.
Go...ry, Ye shall live in song and story, Go to immor-ta-
Go...ry, Ye shall live in song and story, Go to immor-ta-
glo...ry! Ye shall, ye shall live in
- ra! And we find the wise thing, Taran-ta-ra, taran-ta-ra! Is to slap our chests and sing, Taran-ta-

Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev'ry Cornish
go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev'ry Cornish
Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev'ry Cornish
Go to death, and go to slaughter; Die, and ev'ry Cornish

For when threat'ned with enemies, Taran-ta-ra, taran-ta-ra! And your heart is in your boots, Taran-ta-

daughter With her tears your grave shall water! Go, ye heroes, go and
daughter With her tears your grave shall water! Go, ye heroes, go and
daughter With her tears your grave shall water! Go, ye heroes, go and
daughter With her tears your grave shall water! Go, ye heroes, go and

There is no thing brings it round Like the trumpeter's martial sound, Like the trumpeter's martial
Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes,

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes,

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes,

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe.

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe.

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe.

Yes, forward on the foe.
They go, they go! Yes, forward on the foe.

Yes, forward on the foe! At last they go, at last they go, at last they go.

Yes, forward on the foe! At last they go, at last they go, at last they go.

Yes, forward on the foe! At last they go, at last they go, at last they go.

Yes, forward on the foe! We go, we go, we go, we go.

Yes, forward on the foe! We go, we go, we go, we go.

Yes, but you don’t go!

At last they go, at last they go.
Go! At last they really go!

Go! At last they really, really go!

Go! At last they really, really go!

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

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

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

RECIT. FRED.

Now for the Pirate's hair! Oh, joy un-bound-ed! Oh, sweet re-lief! Oh, rapture un-ex-sampled! At last I may a-tone in some slight measure For the re-peat-ed acts of theft and pil-lage, Which, at a

sense of duty's stern dic-ta-tion, I, circum-stance's vic-tim, have been guilt-y!

Moderato. King.

RUTH.

Fred.

And I, your lit-tle Ruth!

Who calls?

Fred'ric! Your late com-man-der!

Oh, mad in-tru-ders! How dare you

95
(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

Fred.

Mercy on us; Hear us ere you slay! 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!
No. 5.  

TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.

Allegro grazioso.

Piano.

RUTH.

1st verse. When you had left our pirate fold, We tried to raise our spirits faint According to our custom old, With quip and quibble quaint; But all in vain the quips we heard, We lay and sobb’d up on the rocks, Unwish’d you there to hear. We said, “If we could tell it him, How Frederic would the joke en-joy.” And

FRED.  

RUTH.

—till to some-body occur’d A startling paradox. A 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
9th & 2nd verse.

A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

FRED. 9th & 2nd verse.

A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this
Some person in Koyal, Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as Feb-
very likely the Astronomer twenty-eight days as a rule are plenty: One year in every

fairy, You are the victim of this twenty. Through some singular twenty-nine of Feb-
clumsy arrangement, having been twenty-ninth of Feb-
born in leap year on the
ruary. And so, by a simple arithmetical 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

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

Dear me, let's see!

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

Yes! yes! with yours my fig-ures do a-gree.

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

counting in the usual way, Years twenty-one I've been alive, Yet, reck’ning by my natal day, Yet,

reck’ning by my natal day, I am a little boy of five!

He is

He is a

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

That

That

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

That

That
(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.

Fred. My comrades?

King. 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 nods as he weeps.) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

Fred. But—

King. Not a word! he is doomed!

No. 6. TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.
I find my duty hard to do today. My heart is fill'd with anguish dire. It strikes me to the core! Away, away! With falsehood foul be trick'd of our brides; let vengeance howl, the Pirate so de-
Our natures stern he softened with his lies! And in return to-night the traitor dies!

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

They will w reminders in sorrow, In their natures to

His girls like wise,

Yes, or early to-morrow.

The one soft spot
girls likewise, they will wail in sorrow; The one soft spot in their natures they cherish; And all who plot to abuse it shall perish. Away, away, away!

Tonight the traitor dies, Away, Away!
No. 7.  

**RECITATIVE & DUET—Mabel & Frederic.**

**Recit. Mabel.**

All is prepar'd! Your gallant crew a-wait you! 
My Frederic in tears! It cannot be that li- on heart

**Piano.**

Fred.  

a tempo moderate. 

quails at the coming conflict? 'No, Ma-bel, no! A ter- ri-ble dis- clo- sure has just been made; Ma-bel, my dea- r-

**Piano.**

love'd one! I bound my-self to serve the Pi-rate Cap-tain Un-ti I reach'd my one and twen-tieth

**Piano.**

Mabel.  

Fred.  

birth-day! But you are twen-ty-one! I've just dis- co-ver'd that I was born in leap-year. And that

107
No 8.

**DUET—Mabel & Frederic**

*MABEL.*

stay, Fred'ric, stay! They have no legal claim! no

*piano*

*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...

...up on thy name; Stay, Fred'ric, stay!

...stern duty calls, I must obey!
Ah, leave me not to pine alone and desolate! No fate seemed fairer mine, No happiness so great; And

Andante.
MABEL.

B Bells

Ah, leave me not to pine alone and desolate! No fate seemed fairer mine, No happiness so great; And

p p dolce.

Nature, day by day, Has sung in accents clear This joyous roundelay: He loves thee—he is

rall.

Ah, leave me not to pine alone and desolate! No fate seemed fairer mine, No happiness so great; And

FRED.

Ah, must leave thee here In endless night to dream, Where joy is dark and drear, And sorrow all supreme; When

p dolce.

Ah, leave me not to pine alone and desolate! No fate seemed fairer mine, No happiness so great; And

Nature, day by day, will sing in altered tone This weary roundelay: He loves thee—he is
Fal-la-la-la, Fal-la-la!

He loves thee, he is here. 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 1940 I of age shall be; I'll then return and claim you, I declare it.

Swear that till then you will be

(aside)

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

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

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

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

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

[Music notation]

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

Piano

[Music notation]

a tempo. Moderato.

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

[Music notation]

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

SOLO SERGEANT.

[Music notation]

Tho' in body and in mind

CHORUS OF POLICE.

We are

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

dim. . p

cresc. , f

[Music notation]

timidly inclin'd,

And anything but blind

To the.

Ta-ra-ta-ra,

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

man-age to appear As in-ven-sible to fear as any body here, as
Ta-ran-ta-ra!

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

Ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
"Death and glory."

MABEL. "Death and glory."

(Dialogue per en.)

"old associates."

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!
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. F. E.)

Sergeant. Very well.
All. This is perplexing.
Sergeant. We cannot understand it at all.
All. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty—
Sergeant. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time
we repeat we cannot understand it.
All. Our course is clear; we must to
our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to
us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are de-
prived 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.

No. 10—SONG—Sergeant & Chorus.

Chorus of Police. In just as great a—very honest man.
Our feel-ings we with dif-fic-u-ty

Sergeant. When a felon's not engaged in his em-

Piano. When the enter-prising burglar's not a

}

1. When a felon's not engaged in his em-

2. When the enter-prising burglar's not a


Smother, When constabulary duty's to be done,
Oh, take one consideration with another;
A policeman's lot is not a happy one;
Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done, The policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one!

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

Constable smother, on his mother, to be done.
in the sun.

Constable smother, on his mother, to be done.
in the sun.

Constable smother, on his mother, to be done.
No. 11. SOLO—Sergeant, & Chorus of Pirates & Police.

CHORUS OF PIRATES (behind the scenes).

Allegretto.

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

SERGEANT.

trying their hand at a burglary, With weapons grim and gory, Hush, hush, I hear them on the

PIRATES.

manor poaching; With stealthy steps the Pirates are approaching! We are not coming for plate or gold; A

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

CHORUS OF POLICE.

They
Pirates.

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

 Fifty-fold! For General Stanley's story!

 Sergeant.

 Fifty-fold! For General Stanley's story! They come in force with stealthy stride;

 Chorus. Repeat this, and dim till next Chorus.

 Our obvious course is now to hide! Ta-ra-ta-rum, ta-ra-ta-rum!
(Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so the Pirates, with Ruth and Frederic, are seen appearing at ruined window C. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. The King is laden with burglars' tools and pistols, etc. etc.)

No 12. SOLO—Samuel, & Chorus of Pirates.

---

Chorus of Police.

So stealthily the Pirate creeps, While all the household soundly sleeps.

---

Chorus of Pirates.

With cat-like tread up
Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to navigation, Take another station!

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!

Let's vary piratee With a little burglee! Come, friends, who plough the sea, "Truce to navigation, Take another station; Let's vary piratee..."

With a little burglee! Here's your crosser, And... your.
A bit, Your life... preserve... You may want to hit!

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

skeletal keys!

f PIRATES.

With cat-like tread, in silence dread,

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

f PIRATES.

With cat-like tread upon our prey we steal, In silence dread our cautious way we feel!
sound at all, we never speak a word; A spy's foot-fall would be distinctly heard!

Come, friends, who

plough the sea, Truce to navigation, Take another station; Let's vary piracy.

With a little burgle, With catlike tread, up on our prey we steal;

In silence dread our cautious way we feel!

Ta-ra-ta- ra, taran-ta-ra, ra, ra!
No. 13. Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, & Pirates.

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

Piano.

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

A tempo moderato.

A tempo moderato.

A tempo moderato.

A tempo moderato.

1. Softly sighing to the river, Comes the lonely breeze;

2. Yet the breeze is but a rover; When he wings away,
Setting nature all a-quiver, Rustling through 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!"

POLICE.

Rippling measure, Laughs for very love,
and undoing That the rogue could tell;
While the poplar, in their pleasure, Wave their arms a-

2. Shocking tales the rogues could tell, No-body can woo so well.
Major-General with 1st Tenors.

1. River, river, little river, May thy loving prosper e'er; Heaven
2. Pretty brook, thy dream is over, For thy love is but a rover; Sad the

speed the popular tree, May thy wooing happy be, Heaven speed the popular
lot of popular trees, Courted by a fickle breeze, Sad the lot of popular

first time.

tree, May thy wooing happy be...

by

tree, Courted

and time.

fickle breeze.

Ped.

Ped.
(Enter the General's daughters, led by Mabli, all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying candles.)

CHORUS OF GIRLS

SOPRANOS

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 incomplete dressed?

his invariable rule To go to bed at half past ten. What strange occurrence can it be Thru calls dear father from his rest At such a time of night as this. So very incomplete dressed!

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

(Maj. Gen.)

Pirates.

Mabel.

Fred.

Pirates.

King.

With base descent you work up on our feelings; Revenge is sweet, and
fla-vours all our deal-ings; With cou-rage rare, and re-solu-tion man-ly, For death pre-pare, un-

G MABEL.

hap-py Gen-eral Stan-ley! Is he to die, un-shriven, un-an-neal’d? Oh, spare him! Will

Girls.

go one in his cause a wea-pon wield? Oh, spare him! Yes, we are here, though ni-ther-to con-ceal’d! Oh, rap-ture!

POLICE.

(A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police. Ruth tackling Sergeant. Eventually the Police are overcome and fall pro-

Girls.

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

Girls.

cre - scen. do. ff
H Allegro moderato.

PIRATES.

POLICE. We triumph now, for well we trow Your mortal career's cut short: No pirate.

You triumph now, for well we trow Our mortal career's cut short: No pirate.

H Allegro moderato.

band will take its stand At the Central Criminal Court!

band will take its stand At the Central Criminal Court!

J

SERGEANT.

To gain a brief advantage you've contrived; But

J Moderato.

KING.

your proud triumph will not be long-lived. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game!
On your allegiance we've a stronger claim;
We bid you yield,

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

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

(Pirates kneel; Police stand over them triumphantly.)

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
134

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

1st SOPRANO.

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

2nd 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!

BARITONE.

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

Maj. Gen. RECIT.

Let me tell you who they are: They are not members of the common throng. They are all noblemen who have gone wrong. Oh, spare them! They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.
KING.

135

Major-General.

KING.

all noble-men? Yes, all noble-men! What, all?...

Well, nearly all!

17

Major-General. Moderato.

 fault, we love our House of Peers; I pray you pardon me, ex Pirate King! Peers will be Peers, and

youth will have its fling! Resume your rank and legislative duties, And take my daughters, all of whom are

(All kneel.)

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

Poor wan' d'ang ones...

Take heart of grace.

Poor wan' d'ang ones...

If such poor love... as ours

Can only find true peace of mind. Why, take it in...
Itf

Kate & Ruth.

Take mine! Take heart!

Take any heart, take ours!

Take any heart, take ours!

Take any heart, take ours!

Take any heart, take ours!

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

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart, take heart,
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