



LIBRETTO

H.M.S. PINAFORE

AND

TRIAL BY JURY

BY

SIR W. S. GILBERT

AND

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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H. M. S. PINAFORE

OR THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur S. Sullivan.

SYNOPSIS

The story surrounds the love of an able seaman, Ralph Rackstraw for his captain's daughter, Josephine, whose hand is sought by the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., First Lord of the Admiralty. Amid scenes of activity, Sir Joseph, attended by his female relatives, visits the ship to discuss his proposed marriage. Meanwhile, Ralph, who has hitherto refrained from declaring his passion, now tells Josephine of his love for her. Although inwardly reciprocating his affection, she haughtily rejects his advances, and reminds him of their disparity in rank. Ralph, in despair, calls his mess-mates, and decides to end his life. He is about to shoot himself, when Josephine, staying his hand, confesses that she loves him. A plan is made by the crew to steal ashore that night for a hasty marriage, but, being overheard by Dick Deadeye, a deformed and unpopular member of the crew, he acquaints the Captain of their intentions. Captain Corcoran is so enraged that he cannot repress a swear word, and

Sir Joseph, a disciplinarian, hearing this, with pain and distress, sends him in disgrace to his cabin. Pressed as to the reason of the Captain's outburst, Ralph relates the story of his love for Josephine; and Sir Joseph is so astounded at this presumption that he orders Ralph's detention in a dungeon cell. Buttercup now appears, and explains how many years previously, she was guilty of exchanging the identification of the Captain and Ralph, whom she "nussed" as infants, Ralph being the boy who was nobly born.

This situation is straightened out in truly Gilbertian style by the Captain and Ralph exchanging ranks. Subsequently, Sir Joseph relinquishes his claim to Josephine, and hands her over to Ralph, with the strict injunction to take care of her. He (Sir Joseph) decides to marry cousin Hebe; and the deposed Captain Corcoran finds consolation in Little Buttercup.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.

(First Lord of the Admiralty)

CAPTAIN CORCORAN (Commanding H.M.S.
Pinafore)

RALPH RACKSTRAW (Able Seaman)

DICK DEADEYE (Able Seaman)

BILL BOBSTAY (Boatswain's Mate)

BOB BECKET (Carpenter's Mate)

TOM TUCKER (Midshipmite)

SERGEANT OF MARINES

JOSEPHINE (the Captain's Daughter)

HEBE (Sir Joseph's First Cousin)

MRS. CRIPPS (LITTLE BUTTERCUP)

(a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman)

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts,
Sailors, Marines, etc.

SCENE—QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINA-
FORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

ACT I.—NOON.

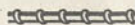
ACT II.—NIGHT.

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H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, &c.*

CHORUS.

We sail the Ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride
On the Portsmouth tide,
We've plenty of time for play.
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!

(*Enter Little Buttercup, with large basket on her arm.*)

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-wars' men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,

Come, of your Buttercup buy!

Boat. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

All. Aye! Aye!

But. Red, am I? and round—and rosy! May be, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

Boat. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(*Enter Dick Deadeye. He pushes through sailors, and comes down.*)

Dick. I've thought it often. (*All recoil from him.*)

But. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

Boat. Don't take no heed of *him*, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

Dick. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it, Dick Deadeye.

But. It's not a nice name.

Dick. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

But. You are certainly plain.

Dick. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

But. You are rather triangular.

Dick. Ha! Ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

All. We do!

Dick. There!

Boat. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

Dick. No.

Boat. It's asking too much, ain't it?

Dick. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature, I'm resigned.

RECIT.

But. (*Looking down hatchway from R.*)

But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet

With difficulty bear him on his course?

Boat. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—

Ralph Rackstraw!

But. Ralph! That name! Remorse! remorse!

(*Enter Ralph from hatchway.*)

MADRIGAL.—*Ralph.*

The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation,
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!

I love—and love, alas, above my station!

But. (Aside.) He loves—and loves a lass above his station.

All. (Aside.) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station.

BALLAD.—*Ralph.*

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.

All. To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine,
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is sighing.

All. A world of wealth is sighing!

Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught,
(For love had been his tutor);
Oh, pity, pity me—
Our captain's daughter, she,
And I that lowly suitor!

All. And he that lowly suitor!

Boat. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have

nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

All. No, no!

Dick. No, no, captain's daughters don't marry foremost hands.

All. (Recoiling from him.) Shame! shame!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur.

Ralph. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

All. Aye! aye!

Dick. Ah, it's a queer world!

Ralph. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder. (*All shudder.*)

Boat. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

(*Enter Captain Corcoran.*)

RECIT.

Capt. My gallant crew, good morning.

All. (Saluting.) Sir, good morning!

Capt. I hope you're all quite well.

All. (As before.) Quite well; and you, sir?

Capt. I am in reasonable health, and happy To meet you all once more.

All. (As before.) You do us proud, sir!

SONG.—*Capt.*

Capt. I am the Captain of the Pinafore!

All. And a right good captain, too!

Capt. You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

All. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,

He commands a right good crew.

Capt. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
Or ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,

And I'm never, never sick at sea!

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, never?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!

Capt. I do my best to satisfy you all—

All. And with you we're quite content.

Capt. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

All. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.

Capt. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though, "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, never?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer
more,
For the well-bred Captain of the Pina-
fore!

(After song exeunt all but Captain. Enter
Little Buttercup.)

But.
Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear, that trembles on your eye-
lash,
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than com-
mon;

Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!

Capt.
Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some
reason

She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

But. (with emotion.)

Ah, poor Sir Joseph. Ah, I know too well
The anquish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive
daughter.

I go—Farewell; (Exit.)

Capt. (looking after her). A plump and
pleasing person! (Exit.)

(Enter Josephine, twining some flowers
which she carries in a small basket.)

BALLAD.—Josephine.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!

Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead! !

(Enter Captain.)

Capt. My child, I grieve to see that you are
a prey to melancholy. You should look your
best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will
be here this afternoon to claim your promised
hand.

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to the
quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir
Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh,
I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

Capt. (Aside.) It is then as I feared.
(Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to
some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father—the object of my love is
no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a hum-
ble sailor on board your own ship!

Capt. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true;

Capt. A common sailor? Oh fie!

Jos. I blush for the weakness that allows me
to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when
I think of the depth to which I have stooped in
permitting myself to think tenderly of one so
ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I
love him! (Weeps.)

Capt. Come, my child, let us talk this over.
In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my
daughter—I attach but little value to rank or
wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere.
A man in that station may be brave and worthy,
but at every step he would commit solecisms
that society would never pardon.

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and
day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and
therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and
therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love
with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know
it.

Capt. You are my daughter after all. But
see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by
twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the
admiring crowd of sisters, cousins and aunts
that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my
daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photo-
graph, with you—it may help to bring you to a
more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father!

(Exit Josephine. Captain remains and as-
cends the poop-deck.)

BARCAROLLE (invisible).

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.
(During this the crew have entered on tip-
toe, listening attentively to the song.)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauty,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duty.
We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober, sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

(Enter Sir Joseph's Female Relatives. They dance round stage.)

Rel. Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.

Sailors.
Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
All the ladies love the shipping.

Rel. Sailors sprightly,
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely,

Sailors.
Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

Capt. (from poop).
Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.
Hurrah! hurrah!

All. Hurray! hurray! hurray!
(Enter Sir Joseph with Cousin Hebe.)

SONG.—Sir Joseph.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee.
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

Cousin Hebe.
And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

Rel.
And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

Sir Joseph.
When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;

Cousin Hebe.
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

All.
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

Sir Joseph.
But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

Cousin Hebe.
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

All.
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his
aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

SONG.—Sir Joseph.

Solo.
When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm,
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front
door.

CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

Solo.
I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

Solo.
As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round
hand—

CHORUS.—He copied, etc.

Solo.
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—He copied, etc.

Solo.
In serving writs I made such a name
That an articed clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.

CHORUS.—For the pass, etc.

Solo.
That pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—That pass examination, etc.

Solo.
Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership
And that junior partnership I ween
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

CHORUS.—Was the only ship, etc.

Solo.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—But that kind, etc.

Solo.
I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself
at all.

CHORUS.—He never thought, etc.

Solo.

I thought so little, they rewarded me,
By making me the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—He thought so little, etc.

Solo.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—

CHORUS.—Be careful, etc.

Solo.

Stick close to your desks and never go to
sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—Stick close, etc.

Sir Joseph. You've a remarkably fine crew.
Captain Corcoran.

Capt. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. (*Examining a very small mid-
shipman.*) A British sailor is a splendid fellow,
Captain Corcoran.

Capt. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. I hope you treat your crew kindly,
Captain Corcoran.

Capt. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. Never forget that they are the
bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. So I have always considered them, Sir
Joseph.

Sir Joseph. No bullying, I trust—no strong
language of any kind, eh?

Capt. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. What, never?

Capt. Well! hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They
are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly
without it.

Sir Joseph. Don't patronize them, sir—pray
don't patronize them.

Capt. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. That you are their Captain is an
accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble
fellows to be patronized because an accident of
birth has placed you above them and them below
you.

Capt. I am the last person to insult a British
sailor, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. You are the last person who
did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid
seaman to step forward.

(*Dick comes forward.*)

Sir Joseph. No, no, the other splendid
seaman.

Capt. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the
front—march!

Sir Joseph. (*Sternly.*) If what?

Capt. I beg your pardon—I don't think I
understand you.

Sir Joseph. If you please.

Capt. Oh, yes, of course. If you please.
(*Ralph steps forward.*)

Sir Joseph. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be
bound.

Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in the
navy, your honour, though I say it who
shouldn't.

Sir Joseph. Not at all. Proper self-respect,
nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

Ralph. No, your honour.

Sir Joseph. That's a pity; all sailors should
dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening,
after dinner. Now tell me—don't be
afraid—how does your Captain treat you, eh?

Ralph. A better Captain don't walk the deck,
your honour.

All. Aye! Aye!

Sir Joseph. Good. I like to hear you speak
well of your commanding officer; I dare say he
don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can
you sing?

Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Then hum this at your leisure.
(*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I
have composed for the use of the Royal Navy.
It is designed to encourage independence of
thought and action in the lower branches of the
service, and to teach the principle that a British
sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now,
Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your
cabin on a tender and sentimental subject.

Capt. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing.*)
Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous
occasion, see that extra grog is served out to
the ship's company at seven bells.

Boat. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

Capt. If what? I don't think I understand
you.

Boat. If you please, your honour.

Capt. What!

Sir Joseph. The gentleman is quite right.
If you please.

Capt. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If
you please! [*Exit.*]

Sir Joseph.

For I hold that on the seas

The expression, "if you please,"

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

Cousin Hebe.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his
aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his
aunts!

(*Exeunt Sir Joseph and Relatives.*)

Boat. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman;
courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

Ralph. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

All. Well spoke! well spoke!

Dick. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

All. (*Recoiling.*) Horrible! horrible!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

Ralph. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

All. Aye, aye!

Ralph. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

All. Aye, aye!

Ralph. True, I lack birth—

Boat. You've a berth on board this very ship.

Ralph. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what do you say? do you approve my determination?

All. We do.

Dick. I don't.

Boat. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

GLEE.—*Ralph, Boatswain, Carpenter's Mate, and Chorus.*

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHORUS.—His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be rung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,

Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;

His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!—

(*Pose.*)

CHORUS.—His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All dance off excepting Ralph, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

(*Enter Josephine from Cabin.*)

Jos. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees Ralph.*) Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

Ralph. Aye, lady—no other than poor Rackstraw!

Jos. (*Aside.*) How my heart beats! (*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

Ralph. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady—rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences—thither by subjective emotions—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

Ralph. (*Aside.*) I will—one. (*Aloud.*) Josephine!

Jos. (*Indignantly.*) Sir!

Ralph. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart, my beating heart. (*Aloud.*) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (*Crossing, aloud.*) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

Ralph. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter.

DUET.—*Josephine and Ralph.*

Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!

(*Aside.*)

I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

Ralph. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!

(*Aside.*)

My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

(*Repeat Refrain, Ensemble, then Exit Josephine into cabin.*)

Ralph. (*Recit.*)

Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!

(*Calling off.*)

Messmates, ahoy!

Come here! Come here!

(*Enter Sailors, Hebe, Relatives and Buttercup.*)

All. Aye, aye, my boy,
-What cheer, what cheer?
Now tell us, pray,
Without delay
What does she say—
What cheer, what cheer?

Ralph (*to Cousin Hebe.*)

The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble gift, my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

All. Oh, cruel one.

Dick.

She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

Sailors and Relatives.

Shall $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{we} \\ \text{they} \end{array} \right\}$ submit? Are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{we} \\ \text{they} \end{array} \right\}$ but slaves;

Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No!

Dick.

You must submit, you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!
You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all—I told you so!

Ralph.

My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,
For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking.
When I am gone, oh, pritheer tell
The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

All. (*Turning away, weeping.*)

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking,
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well!
(*During Chorus Boatswain has loaded pistol, which he hands to Ralph.*)

Ralph.

Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

(*Enter Josephine on deck.*)

Jos. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

All. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!

Ralph. (*Incredulously.*) Loves me?

Jos. Loves you!

All. Yes, yes—ah, yes—she loves you!

Josephine, Hebe and Ralph.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
For now the sky is all serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all a-blaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,

And if $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I find} \\ \text{we find} \end{array} \right\}$ the maiden coy,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I'll} \\ \text{We'll} \end{array} \right\}$ murmur forth decorous joy

In dreamy roundelays!

Dick Deadeye.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
May end their ill-assorted love
Which now is all a-blaze.

Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ

To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways. (*Exit Dick.*)

ENSEMBLE.

Jos. This very night,
Hebe. With bated breath
Ralph. And muffled oar—
Jos. Without a light,
Hebe. As still as death,
Ralph. We'll steal ashore,
Jos. A clergyman
Ralph. Shall make us one
Boat. At half past ten,
Jos. And then we can
Ralph. Return, for none
Boat. Can part them then!
All. This very night, etc.

(*Dick appears at Hatchway.*)

Dick.

Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've
planned,
She is a lady—you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's
daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the
water!

All. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!

Back, vermin, back,
You shock us! (*Exit Dick.*)

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—

And gives up home and fortune, too,
For the honest love of a sailor true!
Tra la la la la la

Rel. For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird!
His energetic fist should be ready to
resist
A dictatorial word!
His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering
frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

Sails.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should
furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should
glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down
blow.

ENSEMBLE.

His foot should stamp and his throat should
growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should
scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.
(*Pose.*)

GENERAL DANCE.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Same Scene. Night. Moonlight.
Captain discovered singing, and accompanying
himself on a Guitar. Little Buttercup, seated
on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

SONG.—*Captain.*

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived hitherto
Free from the breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

But. How sweetly he carols forth his mel-
ody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he

thinking? Of some high born beauty? It may
be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she
should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly!
And yet if he knew—if he only knew!

Capt. (Coming down.) Ah! Little Butter-
cup, still on board? That is not quite right,
little one. It would have been more respectable
to have gone on shore at dusk.

But. True, dear captain—but the recollec-
tion of your sad pale face seemed to chain me
to the ship. I would fain see you smile before
I go.

Capt. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will
be long before I recover my accustomed cheer-
fulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and
all my old friends seem to have turned against
me!

But. Oh, no—do not say “all,” dear Cap-
tain. That were unjust to one, at least.

Capt. True, for you are staunch to me.
(*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, me-
thinks it would be to such a one as this!
(*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your
innocent regard for me, and were we differently

situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

But. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

Capt. Destinies!

But. There is a change in store for you!

Capt. A change!

But. Aye—be prepared!

DUET.—*Little Buttercup and Captain.*

But.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

Capt. (Puzzled.) Very true,
So they do.

But.

Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

Capt. (Puzzled.) So they be,
Frequentlee.

But.

Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
Yet it is a farthing still.

Capt. (Puzzled.) Yes, I know,
That is so.

Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady—it is shady;

I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady—mystic lady,

(Aside.)

Stern convictions o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

But. (Aside.)

Stern convictions o'er him stealing
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

Capt. Yes, I know—

But. That is so!

Capt.

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever;
Once a cat was killed by care;
Only brave deserve the fair.

But. Very true,
So they do.

Capt.

Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;

Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.

But. Frequentlee,
I agree.

Capt.

Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn out garments show new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

But. Yes, I know,
That is so.

(Aside.)

Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE.

Though a mystic tone { I } borrow,

{ I shall } learn the truth with sorrow,
{ He will } Here to-day and gone to-morrow;

Both. Yes, I know—
That is so!

(At the end, exit Little Buttercup, melodramatically.)

Capt. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring! Time alone can tell!

(Enter Sir Joseph.)

Sir Joseph. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

Capt. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

Sir Joseph. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this!

Capt. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

Sir Joseph. She naturally would be.

Capt. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir Joseph. You think it does?

Capt. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

Sir Joseph. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

Capt. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect

for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

Sir Joseph. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(*Enter Josephine from Cabin. Sir Joseph and Captain retire.*)

SCENA.—*Josephine.*

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking.

Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old
brasses,

Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white", Venetian finger
glasses,

Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,

In some back street with stuffy children
crying,

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives
fume,

And clothes are hanging out all day
a-drying.

With one cracked looking-glass to see your
face in,

And dinner served up in a pudding basin!
A simple sailor, lowly born,

Unlettered and unknown,

Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown!

No golden rank can he impart—

No wealth of house or land—

No fortune save his trusty heart,

And honest brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair,

That love for one so passing rare,

So peerless in his manly beauty,

Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart
obey!

(*Sir Joseph and Captain enter.*)

Sir Joseph. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Jos. Oh, then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

Sir Joseph. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

Sir Joseph. Madam, I desire to convey to

you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

TRIO.—*Sir Joseph, Captain, and Josephine.*

Capt.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though her tastes are mean and flighty
And her fortune poor and plain,

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { his } lordship
 { my }

With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (Aside.)

And a *tar* who ploughs the water!

All.

Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Sir Joseph.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though your nautical relation (*alluding to*
Capt.)

In my set could scarcely pass—

Though you occupy a station

In the lower middle class—

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }

With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (Aside.) And a *tar* who ploughs the water!

All.

Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Jos.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit the jurisdiction:

Aby have you played your part,

You have carried firm conviction

To my hesitating heart.

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{his} \end{array} \right\}$ lordship
With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the water!

(Aloud.) Let the air with joy be laden.

Capt. and Sir Joseph. Ring the merry bells
on board-ship—

Jos. For the union of a maiden—

Capt. and Sir Joseph. For her union with his
lordship.

All.

Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!

(Exit Jos.)

Capt. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you
my delight at the happy result of your elo-
quence. Your argument was unanswerable.

Sir Joseph. Captain Corcoran, it is one of
the happiest characteristics of this glorious
country that official utterances are invariably
regarded as unanswerable. *(Exit Sir Joseph.)*

Capt. At last my fond hopes are to be
crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride
of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian.
*(During this speech Dick Deadeye has en-
tered.)*

Dick. Captain.

Capt. Deadeye! You here? Don't! *(Re-
coiling from him.)*

Dick. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain.
I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin
me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

Capt. What would you with me?

Dick. (Mysteriously.) I'm come to give
you warning.

Capt. Indeed! do you propose to leave the
Navy then?

Dick. No, no, you misunderstand me; lis-
ten!

DUET.—*Captain and Dick Deadeye.*

Dick.

Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you
are,

About a certain intimate relation,

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Capt.

Good fellow, in conundrums you are speak-
ing,

Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are,

The answer to them vainly I am seeking;

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Dick.

Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing,

Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,

This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Capt.

Good fellow, you have given timely warning,

Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you
are,

I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:

Sing hey, the cat-o-nine-tails and the tar!

(Producing a "cat.")

Both. The merry cat-o-nine tails and the tar!

Capt. Dick Deadeye—I thank you for your
warning—I will at once take means to arrest
their flight. This boat cloak will afford me
ample disguise—So! *(Envelopes himself in a
mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.)*

Dick. Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—
foiled!

*(Enter Crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boat-
swain meeting Josephine, who enters from Cab-
in on tiptoe, with bundle of necessaries, and ac-
companied by Little Buttercup.)*

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

(Captains stamps.)—Chord.

All. (Much alarmed.)

Goodness me—

Why, what was that?

Dick.

Silent be,

It was the cat!

All. (Reassured.)

It was—it was the cat!

Capt. (Producing cat-o-nine tails.) They're
right, it was the cat!

Pull ashore in fashion steady,

Hymen will defray the fare,

For a clergyman is ready

To unite the happy pair!

(Stamp as before, and Chord.)

All. Goodness me,

Why, what was that?

Dick.

Silent be,

Again the cat!

All. It was again the cat!

Capt. (Aside.)

They're right, it was the cat!

Capt. (Throwing off cloak.) Hold! *(All start.)*

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine,

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,
Are scarcely fit company,
My daughter, for you.

Crew. Now, hark at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We're scarcely fit company
For a lady like you!

Ralph.
Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
A fact well known to all my messmates
here!

Capt. Oh, horror!

Ralph and Jos.

{ I, } humble, poor, and lowly born,
He, }
The meanest in the port division—
The butt of epauletted scorn—
The mark of quarter-deck derision—
Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes,
Has } { his }
Above the dust to which you'd mould {me
him
In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
I am }
He is } an Englishman—behold {me!
him!

All. He is an Englishman!

Boat. He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!

All. That he is an Englishman!

Boat. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!

All. Or perhaps Itali-an!

Boat. But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

All. For in spite of all temptations, etc.
(*Capt. trying to repress his anger.*)

In uttering a reprobation
To any British Tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in mar-
riage

Why, damme, it's too bad!

(*During this Cousin Hebe and Female Relatives have entered.*)

All. (*Shocked.*) Oh!

Capt. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

All. Oh!

Capt. and Dick Deadeye. Yes, damme, it's too
bad.

(*During this Sir Joseph has appeared on
poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.*)

Hebe.

Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him—don't go near him—
He is swearing—he is swearing—

Sir Joseph.

My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise—
You may learn from the expression of my
eyes!

Capt.

My lord—one word—the facts are not before
you,
The word was injudicious, I allow—
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, too, I vow!

Sir Joseph.

I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible.
Go ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!
(*Exit Captain, disgraced, followed by
Josephine.*)

All.

This is the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!

Sir Joseph.

For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong.
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred
taunts!

Hebe. No more have his sisters, nor his
cousins, nor his aunts.

All. For he is an Englishman, etc. (*Re-en-
ter Josephine.*)

Sir Joseph. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—
for you are a fine fellow—

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. How came your captain so far
to forget himself? I am quite sure you had
given him no cause for annoyance.

Ralph. Please, your honour, it was thus
wise. You see I'm only a top-man—a mere
foremast hand—

Sir Joseph. Don't be ashamed of that. Your
position as a top-man is a very exalted one.

Ralph. Well, your honour, love burns as
brightly in the fo'c's'le as it does on the quar-
ter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that
ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's
wildest hopes.

(*Josephine rushes to Ralph's arms.*)

Jos. Darling! (*Sir Joseph horrified.*)

Ralph. She is the figurehead of my ship of
life—the bright beacon that guides me into my
port of happiness—the rarest, the purest gem

that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

All. Very pretty, very pretty!

Sir Joseph. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

Sir Joseph. Pray don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

All. We have!

Dick. They have!

Sir Joseph. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

Ralph.

Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!

For crime unknown

I go to a dungeon cell.

Jos.

I will atone,
In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

Sir Joseph.

A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.

Boatswain, Dick Deadeye and Cousin Hebe.

He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well!
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

But. (*mysteriously.*)

But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

All.

For crime unknown
He goes to a dungeon cell!
(*Ralph is led off in custody.*)

Sir Joseph.

My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express,
My amazement, my surprise
Again you may discover from my eyes!

All.

How terrible the aspect of his eyes!

But.

Hold! Ere upon your loss
You lay much stress,
A long-concealed crime
I would confess.

SONG.—*Buttercup.*

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,

As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.

All.

Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.

But.

Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

All. (*Explaining to each other.*)

Now, this is the position.
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

But.

Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!

All.

However could you do it,
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

But.

In time each little waif
Forsook his foster mother,
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your captain was the other!!!

All.

They left their foster mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir Joseph. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hours—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

But. That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

Sir Joseph. And very well you have conveyed it, Miss Buttercup!

But. Aye! Aye! yer 'onour.

Sir Joseph. Dear me! Let them appear before me at once!

(*Ralph enters as Captain; Captain as a common sailor. Josephine rushes to his arms.*)

Jos. My father—a common sailor!

Capt. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir Joseph. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (*To Ralph.*) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

Ralph. Concoran. Three paces to the front—march!

Capt. If what?

Ralph. I don't understand.

Capt. If you please!

Ralph. What!

Sir Joseph. Perfectly right. If you please.

Ralph. Oh. If you please. (*Captain steps forward.*)

Sir Joseph. (*To Captain.*) You are an extremely fine fellow.

Capt. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

Capt. So it seems, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

Capt. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

Sir Joseph. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.

Sir Joseph. (*Handing Josephine to Ralph.*) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

Ralph and Jos. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

Capt. and But. Oh rapture. oh bliss!

Sir Joseph. Sad my lot and sorry, what shall I do? I cannot live alone!

Hebe. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you. I'll sooth and comfort your declining days.

Sir Joseph. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—

Sir Joseph. (*Resigned.*) Oh! very well, then!

To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,

Three loving pairs on the same day united!

QUARTETTE.—*Josephine, Hebe, Ralph and Deadeye.*

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,

The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,

And if $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he finds} \\ \text{I find} \end{array} \right\}$ the maiden coy,

We'll murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays.

Capt.

For he's the Captain of the "Pinafore."

All. And a right good captain, too!

Capt.

And though before my fall

I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew.

All.

And though before his fall, etc.

Capt.

I shall marry with a wife,

In my humble rank of life! (*turning to But.*)

And you, my own, are she—

I must wander to and fro,

But wherever I may go,

I shall never be untrue to thee!

All. What never?

Capt. No never!

All. What never?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the former Captain of the "Pinafore."

But.

For he loves little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup,

Though I could never tell why;

But still he loves Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,

Sweet little Buttercup, aye!

All. For he loves, etc.

Sir Joseph.

I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (*to Hebe*),

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

Hebe.

Then good-bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts,

Especially your cousins,

Whom you reckon up by dozens.

All. Then good-bye, etc.

For he is an Englishman,

And he himself hath said it,

And it's greatly to his credit

That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.



I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

SONG. MRS. CRIPPS.

I'm called lit - le But - ter - cup, Dear lit - le But - ter - cup, Tho' I could nev - er tell why,

But still I'm call'd But - ter - cup, Poor lit - le But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - le But - ter - cup, I,

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel - lent jack - y; I've scia - sors and watch - es and knives.

I've rib - bons and la - ces to set off the fa - ces of pret - ty young sweethearts and wives.

But - ter - cup, Poor lit - le But - ter - cup, Come, of your But - ter - cup buy. . . .

colla voce.

I AM THE MONARCH OF THE SEA.

SIR JOSEPH, COUSIN HEBE, BOATSWAIN AND CHORUS.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE.)

SIR J. PORTER. (Advancing to front of stage.)

Vivace.

I am the mon - arch of the sea, The ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee, Whose

COUSIN HEBE.

praise great Bri - tain loud - ly chants; And we are his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.

I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've tea and I've col - fee, Soft tom - my and

suc - cu - lent chops. I've chick - ens and co - nies, And pret - ty po - lo - nies, An

rall. ex - cel - lent pep - per - mint drops. . . . Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear lit - le

a tempo.

But - ter - cup, Sail - ors should nev - er be shy - No buy of yo

His sis - ters and his cousins and his aunts.

CHORUS SOPRANOS.

And we are his sis - ters and his cousins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cousins and his aunts.

TENORS AND BASSES.

And they are his sis - ters and his cousins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cousins and his aunts.

SIR J. PORTER.

When at an - chor here I ride, My bo - som swells with pride, And

COUSIN HEBE.

snap my fin - gers at a foe - man's taunts. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - sins and his aunts.

TRIAL BY JURY

by Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

SYNOPSIS

TRIAL BY JURY

The scene is laid in a British Court of Justice. Barristers, Attorneys, Jurymen and Public enter as the clock strikes ten. A case of Breach of Promise is to be tried; and the Usher exhorts the Jury to remain unbiased although he himself fails to disguise the fact that his sympathies are with the Plaintiff.

Upon the arrival of the Defendant, the Jury, forgetful of the Usher's advice begin to reprove him in no uncertain manner. The Judge enters, and pending the arrival of Counsel, entertains the company with a few details of his own career.

Counsel enters, and the Jurymen are sworn in. Angelina, the Plaintiff is called and comes tripping in with Bridesmaids in attendance.

The Judge, having taken a great fancy to the first

bridesmaid, sends her a note, which she reads with evident pleasure. But the Judge at that moment catches sight of the Plaintiff, and orders the note to be given to her instead. The case proceeds, and it is evident that the Defendant will be the loser, but he succeeds in bamboozling the Court by declaring that he will marry Angelina today, and his new fancy tomorrow. This places the Court in a dilemma. Counsel refers to a law book and discovers that to marry two wives at a time counts as Burglary. Plaintiff becomes hysterical, and struggles with the Defendant, who declares to all that she is sure he would thrash and kick her, since he is nearly always in liquor.

The Judge orders him to be put to the test, but everyone objects; whereupon the Judge loses his temper, dismisses the Court, and declares that he will marry Angelina himself.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
THE LEARNED JUDGE
THE PLAINTIFF
THE DEFENDANT
COUNSEL FOR THE
PLAINTIFF
USHER
FOREMAN OF THE
JURY
ASSOCIATE
FIRST BRIDESMIAD

SCENE.—A Court of Justice.

Barristers, Attorneys, Jurymen and Public
discovered.

TRIAL BY JURY



SCENE.—*A Court of Justice.
Barristers, Attorneys, Jurymen and Public
discovered.*

CHORUS.

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding;
Hearts with anxious fears are bounding,
Hall of Justice crowds surrounding,
Breathing hope and fear—
For to-day in this arena,
Summoned by a stern subpœna,
Edwin, sued by Angelina,
Shortly will appear.

Enter Usher.

SOLO.—*Usher.*

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice—
All kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you set aside:
With stern judicial frame of mind,
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

CHORUS.

From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.
(*During Chorus, Usher sings fortissimo,
"Silence in Court!"*)

Usher.

Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case:
Observe the features of her face—
The broken-hearted bride.
Condole with her distress of mind:
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried!

CHORUS.

From bias free, &c.

Usher.

And when amid the plaintiff's shrieks,
The ruffianly defendant speaks—
Upon the other side;
What *he* may say you needn't mind—
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried!

CHORUS.

From bias free, &c.

Enter Defendant.

RECIT.—*Defendant.*

Is this the Court of the Exchequer?

All.

It is!

Defendant (aside).

Be firm, be firm my pecker,
Your evil star's in the ascendant!

All.

Who are you?

Defendant.

I'm the Defendant!

Chorus of Jurymen (shaking their fists).

Monster, dread our damages.

We're the jury,

Dread our fury.

Defendant.

Hear me, hear me, if you please,

These are very strange proceedings—

For permit me to remark

On the merits of my pleadings

You're at present in the dark.

(*Defendant beckons to Jurymen—they leave
the box and gather round him as they sing
the following*):—

That's a very true remark—

On the merits of his pleadings

We're entirely in the dark!

Ha! ha!—ho! ho!

SONG.—*Defendant.*

When first my old, old love I knew,

My bosom welled with joy;

My riches at her feet I threw—

I was a love-sick boy!

No terms seemed too extravagant

Upon her to employ—

I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,

Just like a love-sick boy!

Tink-a-Tank—Tink-a-Tank.

But joy incessant palls the sense;

And love, unchanged will cloy,

And she became a bore intense

Unto her love-sick boy!

With fitful glimmer burnt my flame,

And I grew cold an coy,

At last, one morning, I became

Another's love-sick boy.

Tink-a-Tank—Tink-a-Tank.

Chorus of Jurymen (advancing stealthily).

Oh, I was like that when a lad!

A shocking young scamp of a rover,

I behaved like a regular cad;

But that sort of thing is all over.

I am now a respectable chap

And shine with a virtue resplendent,

And, therefore, I haven't a rap

Of sympathy with the defendant!

He shall treat us with awe,

If there isn't a flaw,

Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!

Trial-la-law—Trial-la-law!

Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!
(*They enter the jury-box.*)

RECIT.—*Usher (on Bench).*
Silence in Court, and all attention lend.
Behold your Judge! In due submission bend!
Enter Judge on Bench.

CHORUS.
All hail great Judge!
To your bright rays,
We never grudge
Ecstatic praise.
All hail!
May each decree
As statute rank,
And never be
Reversed in Banc
All hail!

RECIT.—*Judge.*
For these kind words accept my thanks, I pray,
A Breach of Promise we've to try to-day.
But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge,
I'll tell you how I came to be a Judge.

All.
He'll tell us how he came to be a Judge!

Judge.
Let me speak!
All.
Let him speak, &c.

SONG—*Judge.*
When I, good friends, was called to the bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barrister are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

CHORUS.
A couple of shirts, &c.
Judge.

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury:
For I thought I never should hit on a chance
Of addressing a British Jury—
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

CHORUS.
So he fell in love, &c.

Judge.
The rich attorney, he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions:
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck,
my boy,
At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her!
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk, with a light behind her!"

CHORUS.

She may very well, &c.

Judge.

The rich attorney was good as his word;
The briefs came trooping gaily,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.

CHORUS.

And many a burglar, &c.

Judge.

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—
An incubus then I thought her,
So I threw over that rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
The rich attorney my character high
Tried vainly to disparage—
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This Breach of Promise of Marriage!

CHORUS.

And now, if you please, &c.

Judge.

For now I'm a Judge!

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge.

Yes, now I'm a Judge!

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge.

Though all my law be fudge,
Yet I'll never, never budge,
But I'll live and die a Judge!

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge (pianissimo).

It was managed by a job—

All.

And a good job too!

Judge.

It was managed by a job!

All.

And a good job too!

Judge.

It is patent to the mob,
That my being made a nob,
Was effected by a job.

All.

And a good job too!

*Enter Counsel for Plaintiff. He takes his
place in front row of Counsels' seats.*

RECIT.—*Counsel.*

Swear thou the Jury!

Usher.

Kneel, Jurymen, oh, kneel!

(*All the Jury kneel in the Jury-box, and so
are hidden from audience.*)

Usher.

Oh, will you swear by yonder skies,

Whatever question may arise,
'Twixt rich and poor—'twixt low and high,
That you will well and truly try.
Jury (raising their hands, which alone are visible).

To all of this we make reply,
By the dull slate of yonder sky:
That we will well and truly try.
(*All rise with the last note.*)

RECIT.—*Counsel.*
Where is the Plaintiff?
Let her now be brought.

RECIT.—*Usher.*
Oh Angelina! Come thou into Court!
Angelina! Angelina!
Enter the Bridesmaids.
Chorus of Bridesmaids.
Comes the broken flower—
Comes the cheated maid—
Though the tempest lower,
Rain and cloud will fade!
Take, oh maid, these posies:
Though thy beauty rare
Shame the blushing roses—
They are passing fair!

Wear the flowers till they fade;
Happy by thy life, oh maid!
(*The Judge, having taken a great fancy to 1st Bridesmaid, sends her a note by Usher, which she reads, kisses rapturously, and places in her bosom.*)

Enter Plaintiff.

SOLO—*Plaintiff.*
O'er the season vernal,
Time may cast a shade;
Sunshine, if eternal,
Makes the roses fade;
Time may do his duty—
Let the thief alone—
Winter hath a beauty,
That is all his own.

Fairest days are sun and shade.
I am no unhappy maid!
(*The Judge, having by this time transferred his admiration to Plaintiff, directs the Usher to take the note from 1st Bridesmaid and hand it to Plaintiff, who reads it, kisses it rapturously, and places it in her bosom.*)

Chorus of Bridesmaids.

Wear the flowers, &c.

Judge.

Oh never, never, since I joined the
human race,
Saw I so exquisitely fair a face.
The Jury (shaking their forefingers at him).
Ah, sly dog! Ah, sly dog!

Judge (to Jury).

How say you is she not designed for capture?
Foreman (after consulting with the Jury).
We've but one word, my lord, and that is—
Rapture!

Plaintiff (curtseying).

Your kindness, gentlemen, quite overpowers!

The Jury.

We love you fondly, and would make you ours!
The Bridesmaids (shaking their forefingers at Jury).

Ah, sly dogs! Ah, sly dogs!

The Jury (shaking their fists at Defendant).

Monster! Monster! Dread our fury!

There's the Judge and we're the Jury!

Come, substantial damages!

Substantial damages!

Damages! dam—

Usher.

Silence in Court!

RECIT.—*Counsel for Plaintiff.*

May it please you, my lud!

Gentlemen of the jury!

Aria.

With a sense of deep emotion,
I approach this painful case;
For I never had a notion
That a man could be so base,
Or deceive a girl confiding,
Vows, etcetera, deriding.

All.

He deceived a girl confiding,
Vows, etcetera, deriding.

Counsel.

See my interesting client,
Victim of a heartless wile!
See the traitor all defiant
Wear a supercilious smile!
Sweetly smiled my client on him,
Coyly woo'd and gently won him.

All.

Sweetly smiled, &c.

Counsel.

Swiftly fled each honeyed hour
Spent with this unmanly male!
Camberwell became a bower,
Peckham an Arcadian Vale,
Breathing concentrated otto!—
An existence à la Watteau.

All.

Breathing concentrated otto! &c.

Counsel.

Picture, then, my client naming,
And insisting on the day;
Picture him excuses framing—
Going from her far away;
Doubly criminal to do so,
For the maid had bought her *trousseau!*

All.

Doubly criminal, &c.

(*Plaintiff falls sobbing on Counsel's breast.*)

Counsel (to Plaintiff).

Cheer up, my pretty—oh cheer up!

Jury.

Cheer up, cheer up, we love you!
(*Counsel leads Plaintiff fondly into Witness-box, he takes a tender leave of her, and resumes his place in Court.*)

(*Plaintiff reels as if about to faint.*)

Judge.

That she is reeling
Is plain to me!

Foreman.

If faint you're feeling
Recline on me!

(*She falls sobbing on to the Foreman's breast.*)

Plaintiff (feebly).

I shall recover
If left alone.

All (shaking their fists at Defendant.)

Oh, perjured lover,
Atone! atone!

Foreman.

Just like a father
I wish to be.

(*Kissing her.*)

Judge (approaching her.)

Or, if you'd rather
Recline on me!

(*She jumps on to Bench, sits down by the Judge, and falls sobbing on his breast.*)

Counsel.

Oh! fetch some water
From far Cologne!

All.

For this sad slaughter
Atone! atone!

Jury (shaking fists at Defendant).

Monster, monster, dread our fury,
There's the Judge, and we're the Jury!

SONG.—Defendant.

Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray
Though I own that my heart has been
ranging,

Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.

The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,

The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.

Ah! Consider the moral, I pray,

Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,

Who loves this young lady to-day,

And loves that young lady to-morrow.

Bridesmaids (rushing forward, and kneeling to Jury).

Consider the moral, &c.

You cannot eat breakfast all day,

Nor is it the act of a sinner,

When breakfast is taken away,

To turn his attention to dinner;

And it's not in the range of belief,

To look upon him as a glutton.

Who, when he is tired of beef,

Determines to tackle the mutton.

Ah But this I am willing to say,

If it will appease her sorrow,

I'll marry this lady to-day,

And I'll marry the other to-morrow!

Bridesmaids.

But this he is willing to say, &c.

RECIT.—Judge.

That seems a reasonable proposition,
To which, I think, your client may agree.

Counsel.

But, I submit, m'lud, with all submission,
To marry two at once is Burglaree!

(*Referring to law-book.*)

In the reign of James the Second,
It was generally reckoned

As a rather serious crime

To marry two wives at a time.

(*Hands book up to Judge, who reads it.*)

All.

Oh, man of learning!

Quartette.

Judge.

A nice dilemma we have here,
That calls for all our wit:

Counsel.

And at this stage, it don't appear
That we can settle it.

Defendant.

If I to wed the girl am loth
A breach 'twill surely be—

Plaintiff.

And if he goes and marries both,
It counts as Burglaree!

All.

A nice dilemma, &c.

DUET.—Plaintiff and Defendant.

Plaintiff (embracing him rapturously).

I love him—I love him—with fervour un-
ceasing.

I worship and madly adore;

My blind adoration is ever increasing,

My loss I shall ever deplore.

Oh, see what a blessing, what love and ca-
ressing

I've lost, and remember it, pray,

When you I'm addressing, are busy assessing

The damages Edwin must pay!

Defendant (repelling her furiously).

I smoke like a furnace—I'm always in liquor—
A ruffian—a bully—a sot;

I'm sure I should thrash her, perhaps I should
kick her,

I am such a very bad lot!

I'm not prepossessing, as you may be guessing.

She couldn't endure me a day;

Recall my professing, when you are assessing

The damages Edwin must pay!

(*She clings to him passionately; after a struggle, he throws her off into arms of*

Counsel.)

Jury.

We would be fairly acting,

But this is most distracting!

If, when in liquor, he would kick her,

That is an abatement.

Public.

She loves him, and madly adores, &c.

RECIT.—Judge.

The question, gentlemen—is one of liquor;
You ask for guidance—this is my reply:
He says, when tipsy, he would thrash and kick
her,

Let's make him tipsy, gentlemen, and try!

Counsel.

With all respect
I do object!

Plaintiff.

I do object!

Defendant.

I don't object!

All.

With all respect
We do object!

Judge (tossing his books and papers about).

All the legal furies seize you!
No proposal seems to please you,
I can't sit up here all day,
I must shortly get away.
Barristers, and you, attorneys,
Set out on your homeward journeys;
Gentle, simple-minded usher,
Get you, if you like, to *Russher!*
Put your briefs upon the shelf,
I will marry her myself!

*(He comes down from Bench to floor of
Court. He embraces Angelina.)*

FINALE

Plaintiff.

Oh, joy unbounded,
With wealth surrounded,
The knell is sounded
Of grief and woe.

Counsel.

With love devoted

On you he's doated,
To castle moated
Away they go.

Defendant.

I wonder whether
They'll live together
In marriage tether
In manner true!

Usher.

It seems to me, sir,
Of such as she, sir,
A judge is he, sir,
And a good judge too!

CHORUS.

Oh, joy unbounded, &c.

Judge.

Yes, I am a Judge.

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge.

Yes, I am a Judge.

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge.

Though homeward as you trudge,
You declare my law is fudge,
Yet of beauty I'm a judge.

All.

And a good Judge too!

Judge.

Though defendant is a snob.

All.

And a great snob too!

Judge.

Though defendant is a snob,
I'll reward him from my fob.

All.

So we've settled with the job.
And a good job too!

CURTAIN.

BAnQ



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