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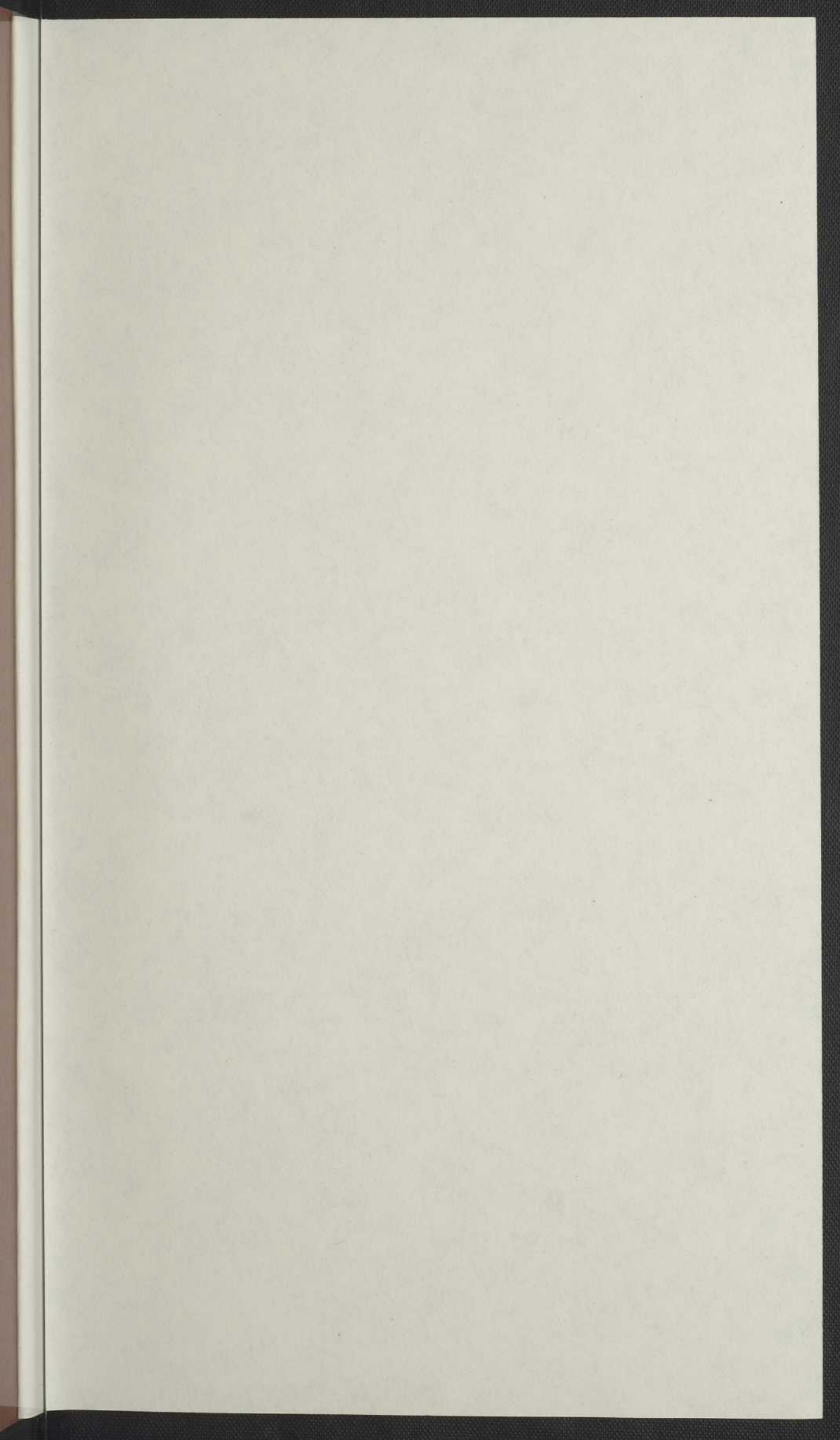
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— THE —

# 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.

PUBLISHED BY  
A. & S. NORDHEIMER,  
TORONTO AND MONTREAL,  
Branches : OTTAWA, KINGSTON, HAMILTON, LONDON.



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PETIS, Official Reporter

GEORGE CASTNER,  
F. A. GEVAERT,  
AMBROISE THOMAS,  
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J. SCHIEDMAYER,

Members of the International Jury.

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1355

THE  
PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR  
THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the Year One Thousand  
Eight Hundred and Eighty One, by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR  
SULLIVAN, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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A. & S. NORDHEIMER,  
15 KING ST. EAST.

658250

## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Produced at the OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE, LONDON, under the management  
of MR. R. D'OYLY CARTE, Saturday, 3rd April, 1880.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY...	...	...	MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
THE PIRATE KING	...	...	MR. GEORGE TEMPLE.
SAMUEL (his Lieutenant)	...	...	MR. EDWARD LESTER.
FREDERIC (the Pirate Apprentice)	...	...	MR. GEORGE POWER.
SERGEANT OF POLICE	...	...	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
MABEL (General Stanley's Daughter)	...	...	MISS MARION HOOD.
EDITH	...	...	MISS JESSIE BOND.
KATE	...	...	MISS JULIA GWYNNE.
ISABEL	...	...	MISS M. BARLOW.
RUTH (a Pirate Maid of all Work)	...	...	MISS ALICE BARNETT.

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

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1880

MUS-ETR

# THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

OR,

## THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

(AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL MELODRAMATIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.)

Written by W. S. GILBERT.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L. sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen off first entrance L. A natural arch of rocks occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered—some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the pirate lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene C. RUTH kneels at his feet.

#### OPENING CHORUS.

SAM. (comes down L.)

Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry ;  
Fill, oh fill the pirate glass ;  
And, to make us more than merry,  
Let the pirate bumper pass.

SOLO. }

SAM. }

For to-day our pirate 'prentice  
Rises from indenture freed ;  
Strong his arm and keen his scent is,  
He's a pirate now indeed !

ALL.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures !  
Frederic's out of his indentures.

SOLO. }

SAM. }

Two-and-twenty now he's rising,  
And alone he's fit to fly,  
Which we're bent on signalizing  
With unusual revelry.

ALL.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures !  
Frederic's out of his indentures,  
So pour ! oh pour the pirate sherry, &c.

(FREDERIC rises and comes forward with PIRATE KING, who enters from R. U. E., and comes down R., and FRED. I.)

KING. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

ALL. Hurrah !

FRED. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your

On the 11th A. D. Sept. 1917

kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you forever.

KING. But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a hand-spike.

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 honour bound by it.

SAM. An error? What error?

FRED. I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth. (*RUTH comes down L. C. to FRED.*)

RUTH. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

SONG.—RUTH.

When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring,  
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.  
I was, alas, his nursery maid, and so it fell to *my* lot  
To take and bind the promising boy apprentice to a *pilot*.  
A life not bad for a hardy lad, though certainly not a high lot,  
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse, than make your boy a pilot.

I was a stupid nurserymaid, on breakers always steering,  
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;  
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,  
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a *pirate*.  
A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot,  
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot.

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster,  
But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and break it to my  
master.

A nurserymaid is never afraid of what you people *call* work,  
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid of all work,  
And that is how you find me now, a member of your shy lot,  
Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound apprentice to  
a pilot.

(*Crosses L. Kneeling at his feet.*) Oh pardon! Frederic, pardon!

FRED. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you.

RUTH. (*Rises*). The two words were so much alike.

FRED. They were. They still are, though years have rolled  
over their heads. (*RUTH goes up with SAMUEL.*) But this after-  
noon my obligation ceases. Individually I love you all with affec-  
tion unspeakable, but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust  
that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh! pity me, my beloved  
friends, for such is my sense of duty, that once out of my inden-  
tures I shall feel myself bound to devote myself, heart and soul, to  
your extermination! (*Crosses R.*)

ALL. Poor lad—poor lad. (*All weep.*)

KING. (*Crosses L.*) Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

SAM. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

FRED. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you; it wouldn't be right.

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

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.

KING. There is some truth in that. (*Crosses R.*)

FRED. (*Crosses L.C.*) 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 had to let them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums—which we know is not the case. (*Crosses R.*)

SAM. But, hang it all, you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

FRED. There's my difficulty; until twelve o'clock I would, after twelve I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation! (*RUTH comes down L. C.*)

RUTH. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart, what is to become of *her*?

KING (*C.*) 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 constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face!

RUTH. It is, oh, it is!

FRED. I say I *think* it is; that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

KING. True.

FRED. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, 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 rob 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, keep thy love. (*Hands her back to FRED.*)

FRED. You're very good, I'm sure.

KING. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

FRED. I will! By the love that I have for you, I swear it! Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization.

KING. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic, I shall live and die a Pirate King.

SONG.—PIRATE KING.

Oh, better far to live and die  
Under the brave black flag I fly  
Than play a sanctimonious part,  
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.  
Away to the cheating world go you,  
Where Pirates all are well to do.  
But I'll be true to the song I sing,  
And live and die a Pirate King.  
For I am a Pirate King.

ALL.

You are!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

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

ALL.

Hurrah! (*Cheering action by Pirates.*)

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

When I sally forth to seek my prey  
I help myself in a royal way:  
I sink a few more ships, it's true,  
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;  
But many a King on a first-class throne,  
If he wants to call his crown his own,  
Must manage somehow to get through  
More dirty work than ever I do,  
Though I am a Pirate King.

ALL.

You are!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

KING.

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

ALL.

It is!

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

(*After song, the KING, SAMUEL, and all the Pirates except FREDERIC, and RUTH, go off to R. and R.U.E., FREDERIC comes, 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. 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. What do you think of 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 practice 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 distance, "Climbing over Rocky Mountains," &c. See entrance of Girls.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be Custom House? No, it does not sound like Custom House.

RUTH (*aside*). Confusion! it is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

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

RUTH (*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!

RECIT.

FRED. Oh, false one, you have deceived me.

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FRED. Yes, deceived me. (*Denouncing her*).

DUET.—FRED and RUTH.

FRED. You told me you were fair as gold!

RUTH (*wildly*). And, master, am I not so?

FRED. And now I see you're plain and old,

RUTH. I am sure I am not a jot so.

FRED. Upon my ignorance you play.

RUTH. I'm not the one to plot so.

FRED. Your face is lined, your hair is grey,

RUTH. It's gradually got so.  
 FRED. Faithless woman to deceive me,  
 I who trusted so!  
 RUTH (*comes down L. c. and R.*) Master, master, do not leave me.  
 Hear me, ere you go.  
 My love, without reflecting,  
 Oh, do not be rejecting,  
 Take a maiden tender—her affection raw and green,  
 At very highest rating,  
 Has been accumulating  
 Summers seventeen—summers seventeen.  
 Don't, beloved master,  
 Crush me with disaster.  
 What is such a dower, to the dower I have here,  
 My love, unabating  
 Has been accumulating  
 Forty-seven year—forty-seven year!

## ENSEMBLE.

RUTH.	FRED.
Don't, beloved master, Crush me with disaster. What is such a dower to the dower I have here, &c.	Yes, your former master Saves you from disaster. Your love would be uncomfort- ably fervid, it is clear, If, as you are stating It's been accumulating Forty-seven year—forty-seven year.

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

## RECIT.—FRED.

What shall I do? Before these genle maidens,  
 I dare not show in this detested costume.  
 No, better far remain in close concealment  
 Until I can appear in decent clothing. (*Crosses R.*)  
 (*Hides in cave as they enter from R. and L., climbing over the  
 rocks at L. of the stage, and through arched rock R.*)

GIRLS. Climbing over rocky mountain,  
 Skipping rivulet and fountain,  
 Passing where the willows quiver  
 By the ever-rolling river,  
 Swollen with the summer rain.  
 Threading long and leafy mazes  
 Dotted with unnumbered daisies;  
 Scaling rough and rugged passes,  
 Climb the hardy little lasses,  
 Till the bright sea shore they gain.

EDITH. Let us gayly tread the measure,  
 Make the most of fleeting leisure;  
 Hail it as a true ally  
 Though it perish by-and-by.

ALL. Hail it as a true ally,  
 Though it perish by and bye.

EDITH. Every moment brings a treasure  
 Of its own especial pleasure ;  
 Though the moments quickly die,  
 Greet them gaily as they fly.

KATE. Far away from toil and care,  
 Revelling in fresh sea air,  
 Here we live and reign alone  
 In a world that's all our own.  
 Here in this our rocky den  
 Far away from mortal men  
 We'll be queens, and make decrees,  
 They may honour them who please.

ALL. Let us gaily tread the measure, &c.

ALL.

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 so young as we are, and we come 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—its 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 servants arrive  
 with the luncheon ? (*All rise, and come down.*)

EDITH. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass.  
 Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle.

ALL. Yes, yes. The very thing ! (*They prepare to carry out  
 the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when FREDERIC  
 comes forward from cave.*)

FRED (*recitative*). Stop, ladies, pray !

ALL (*hopping on one foot*). A man.

FRED. I had intended

Not to intrude myself upon your notice  
 In this effective but alarming costume,  
 But under these peculiar circumstances  
 It is my bounden duty to inform you  
 That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed.

EDITH. But who are you, sir ? Speak ! (*All hopping*).

FRED. I am a pirate.

ALL (*recoiling hopping*). A pirate ! Horror !

FRED. Ladies, do not shudder !

This evening I renounce my vile profession ;  
 And to that aid, oh, pure and peerless maidens,  
 Oh, blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty !  
 I, sore of heart, implore your kind assistance.

EDITH. How pitiful his tale !

KATE. How rare his beauty!

ALL. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty! (*Put on their shoes and group in semicircle.*)

SONG—FREDERIC.

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  
From his unfortunate position?

ALL. Alas! there's not one maiden breast  
Which seems to feel the moral beauty  
Of making worldly interest  
Subordinate to sense of duty.

FRED. Oh, is there not one maiden here,  
Whose homely face and bad complexion  
Have caused all hopes 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 eye on me—  
However plain you be—I'll love you! (*Crosses L.*)

ALL. Alas! there's not one maiden here,  
Whose homely face and bad complexion,  
Have caused all hope to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection.

FRED. (*in despair*) Not one?

ALL. No, no—not one!

FRED. Not one?  
No, no!

MABEL *enters through arch R. C.*

MABEL. Yes, one!

ALL. 'Tis Mabel!

MABEL. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECIT—MABEL.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,  
For shame!  
It's true that he has gone astray,  
But pray,  
Is that a reason good and true,  
Why you  
Should all be deaf to pity's name?  
For shame!

ALL (*aside*). The question is, had he not been a thing of beauty,  
Would she be swayed by quite as keen a sense of duty?

SONG.—MABEL.

Poor wandering one,  
Though thou hast surely strayed,  
Take heart of grace,  
Thy steps retrace,  
Be not afraid,  
Poor wandering one,  
If such poor love as mine  
Can help thee find  
True peace of mind—  
Why, take it, it is thine!  
Take heart, fair days will shine,  
Take any heart—take mine.

ALL. Take heart; no danger lowers.  
Take any heart—but ours.

(MABEL and FREDERIC exit into cave L and converse. KATE  
beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her).

EDITH.

What ought we to do,  
Gentle sisters, pray?  
Propriety, we know,  
Says we ought to stay;  
While sympathy exclaims,  
“Free them from your tether—  
Play at other games—  
Leave them here together.”

KATE.

Her case may, any day,  
Be yours, my dear, or mine.  
Let her make her hay  
While the sun doth shine.  
Let us compromise,  
(Our hearts are not of leather)  
Let us shut our eyes,  
And talk about the weather.

LADIES. 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, MABEL and FRED. enter  
from cave and come down L.

## CHATTERING CHORUS.

How beautifully blue the sky,  
 The glass is rising very high,  
 Continue fine I hope it may,  
 And yet it rained but yesterday.  
 To-morrow it may pour again,  
 (I hear the country wants some rain)  
 Yet people say, I know not why,  
 That we shall have a warm July.

*(During MABEL'S solo the Girls continue chatter pianissimo, but listening eagerly all the time.)*

## SOLO—MABEL.

Did ever maiden wake  
 From dream of homely duty,  
 To find her daylight break  
 With such exceeding beauty?  
 Did ever maiden close  
 Her eyes on waking sadness,  
 To dream of goodness knows  
 How much exceeding gladness?

FRED. Oh, yes, ah, yes, this is exceeding gladness. *(FRED and MABEL turn and see that the Girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter forte.)*

GIRLS. How beautifully blue the sky, &c.

## SOLO.—FRED.

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

Did ever pirate roll  
 His soul in guilty dreaming,  
 And wake to find that soul  
 With peace and virtue beaming?  
 Did ever pirate loathed,  
 Forsake his hideous mission,  
 To find himself betrothed  
 To lady of position?

MABEL. Ah, yes—ah, yes; I am a lady of position. *(MABEL and FRED. turn as before, Girls resume their chatter forte.)*

## ENSEMBLE.

MABEL.  
 Did ever maiden wake,  
 &c.

FRED.  
 Did ever pirate loathed.  
 &c.

GIRLS.  
 How beautifully blue  
 the sky, &c.

## RECIT.—FRED.

Stay, we must not lose our senses;  
 Men who stick at no offences  
 Will anon be here.  
 Piracy their dreadful trade is,  
 Pray you, get you hence, young ladies,  
 While the coast is clear.

GIRLS. No, we must not loose our senses  
If they stick at no offences.  
Piracy their dreadful trade is—  
Nice associates for young ladies!  
Let us disappear.

(During this chorus the Pirates have entered stealthily from R. U. E. and formed in a semicircle behind the Girls. As the Girls move to go off each Pirate seizes a girl. KING seizes EDITH, SAMUEL seizes KATE.)

ALL. Too late!

PIRATES. Ha! Ha!

ALL. Too late!

PIRATES. Ha! Ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ENSEMBLE.

(Pirates pass in front of Ladies.) (Ladies pass in front of Pirates.)

PIRATES.

LADIES.

Here's a first-rate opportunity	We have missed our opportunity
To get married with impunity,	Of escaping with impunity;
And indulge in the felicity	So farewell to the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity.	Of our maiden domesticity.
You shall quickly be parsonified,	We shall quickly be parsonified,
Conjugally matrimonified,	Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity,	By a doctor of divinity,
Who is located in this vicinity.	Who is located in this vicinity.

MABEL (coming forward).

RECIT.

How, monsters! Ere your pirate caravanserai

Proceed, against our will, to wed us all,

Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery,

And father is a Major-General!

SAM. (cowed). We'd better pause, or danger may befall,

Their father is a Major-General.

LADIES. Yes, yes; he is a Major-General. (The MAJOR-GENERAL has entered unnoticed on rock).

GEN. Yes, I am a Major-General.

ALL. You are!

Hurrah for the Major-General!

GEN. And it is a glorious thing

To be a Major-General.

ALL. It is!

Hurrah for the Major-General!

SONG.—MAJOR-GENERAL.

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights his-  
torical,

From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—

(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—lot o' news—lot o' news—  
(*struck with an idea*).

With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

(*Joyously*). With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

ALL. With many cheerful facts, &c.

GEN. I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous.  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

ALL. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

GEN. I know our mystic history, King Arthur's and Sir  
Caradoc's,

I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for Paradox,  
I quote in Elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.

I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and  
Zoffanies,

I know the croaking chorus from the "frogs" of Ar-  
istophanes,

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

(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—din afore, din afore, din afore  
—(*struck with an idea*),

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense,  
"Pinafore."

(*Joyously*) And whistle all the airs, &c.

ALL. And whistle all the airs, &c.

GEN. Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform.  
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.

In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General.

ALL. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, or mineral,  
He is the very pattern of a modern Major-General.

GEN. In fact when I know what is meant by mamelon and  
ravelin,

When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises, I'm more  
wary at,

And when I know precisely what is meant by commis-  
sariat,

When I have learnt what progress has been made in  
modern gunnery,

When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,  
In short when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,

(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—Strategy, strategy—(*struck  
with an idea*),

You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee—  
(*Joyously*) You'll say a better Major-General has never  
sat a gee!

ALL. You'll say a better, &c.

GEN. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventurous,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century,

But still in learning, vegetable, animal and mineral, &c.

ALL. But still in learning, vegetable, animal and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

GEN. And now that I've introduced myself I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, papa—we—

SAM. Permit me, I'll explain in two words; we propose to marry your daughters.

GEN. Dear me!

GIRLS. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!

GEN. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask—this is a picturesque costume, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GEN. Yes, I gathered that—anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

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

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

MABEL. All except this gentleman—(*indicating* FREDERIC)—who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

GEN. 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.

GEN. (*aside*). Hah! 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.

GEN. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

PIRATES (*disgusted*). Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

GEN. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. Often!

GEN. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL. (*disgusted*) Often, often, often (*turning away*).

GEN. I don't think we quite understand one another; you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan." As I understand you, you use the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word often.

GEN. Pardon me, you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GEN. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GEN. Stop, I think I see where we are

When you said "orphan," did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or often—frequently?

KING. Ah, I beg pardon, I see what you mean—frequently.

GEN. Ah, you said often—frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (*irritated*) Exactly, you said often, frequently, only once.  
(*Crosses to L. and return c.*)

## FINALE.

## RECIT—GENERAL.

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,  
Forego your cruel employ,  
Have pity on my lonely state,  
I am an orphan boy.

KING. An orphan boy?

GEN. An orphan boy!

PIRATES. How sad—an orphan boy!

## SOLO.—GENERAL.

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

PIRATES.

Poor fellow!

GEN. Take them away from me  
And I shall be indeed alone.

PIRATES.

Poor fellow!

GEN. If pity you can feel  
Leave me my sole remaining joy,  
See, at your feet they kneel;  
Your hearts you cannot steel

Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

PIRATES. (*sobbing*)

Poor fellow!

See at our feet they kneel;  
Our hearts we cannot steel

Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.

KING. The orphan boy!

SAM. The orphan boy!

ALL. The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow! (*GENERAL comes down c. Principals come down. Ladies rise*).

## ENSEMBLE.

## GENERAL.

I'm telling a terrible story,  
But it doesn't diminish my  
glory;  
For they would have taken my  
daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,  
Indulged in an innocent fiction;  
Which is not in the same cate-  
gory  
As a regular terrible story.

GIRLS (*aside*).

He's telling a terrible story,  
Which will tend to diminish  
his glory;  
Though they would have taken  
his daughters  
Over the billowy waters.  
It's easy in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction;  
But it comes in the same cate-  
gory  
As a regular terrible story.

PIRATES (*aside*).

If he's telling a terrible story  
He shall die by a death that is  
gory,  
One of the cruellest slaughters  
That ever were known in these  
waters;  
And we'll finish his moral  
affliction  
By a very complete malediction  
As a compliment valedictory,  
If he's telling a terrible story.

(*Principals go up stage and come down again, led by KING*).

KING.

Although our dark career  
 Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,  
 We rather think that we're  
 Not altogether void of feeling.  
 Although we live by strife,  
 We're always sorry to begin it,  
 And what, we ask, is life  
 Without a touch of Poetry in it?

ALL (*kneeling*).

Hail Poetry, thou heaven-born maid,  
 Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade;  
 Hail flowing fount of sentiment,  
 All hail Divine Emollient. (*All rise*).

KING.

You may go, for you're at liberty, our pirate rules protect  
 you,

And honorary members of our band we do elect you.

SAM. For he is an orphan boy.

(*Chorus*). He is an orphan boy.

GEN. And it sometimes is a useful thing

To be an orphan boy.

(*Chorus*). It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy.

(*Quartette*). Oh, happy day, with joyous glee,

We will away, and merry be!

(*Chorus*). Oh happy day, with joyous glee,

They will away, and merry be.

(*Quartette*). Should it befall auspiciouslee

My sisters all will bridesmaids be;

(*Chorus*). Should it befall auspiciouslee,

Her sisters all will bridesmaids be;

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee,

They will away and merry be;

Should it befall auspiciously,

Our sisters all will bridesmaids be.

Should it befall auspiciouslee,

(*Quartette*.) Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.

(*RUTH enters R. U. E., and comes down C. to FRED. and kneels.*)

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

Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

(*Pirates come in front of ladies.*)

(*Chorus*.) Yes, yes, remember Ruth, who kneels before  
 you.

FRED. (*Pirates threaten RUTH.*) Away, you did deceive me!

(*Chorus*). Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH. Oh, do not leave me!

(*Chorus*). Oh, do not leave her!

FRED. Away, you grieve me!  
 (Chorus.) Away, you grieve her!  
 FRED. I wish you'd leave me.  
 (FRED. casts RUTH from him. RUTH exit 2ND E. L.)

## ENSEMBLE.

Pray observe the magnanimity  
 We } display to lace and dimity;  
 They }  
 Never was such opportunity  
 To get married with impunity,  
 But { we } give up the felicity  
 { they }  
 Of unbounded domesticity,  
 Though a doctor of divinity  
 Is located in this vicinity,  
 KING. For we are all orphan boys,  
 ALL. We are,  
 Hurrah for the orphan boys!  
 GEN. And it sometimes is a useful thing  
 To be an orphan boy.  
 ALL. It is,

Hurrah for the orphan boy!

(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.

SCENE:—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight. Aisles C. R. and L. divided by pillars and arches. Ruined gothic windows at back. GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated pensively R. C., surrounded by his daughters.

## CHORUS.

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

Enter MABEL R. U. E.

## SOLO.—MABEL.

Dear father, why leave your bed  
 At this untimely hour,  
 When happy daylight is dead,  
 And darksome dangers lower?  
 See, heaven has lit her lamp,  
 The midnight hour is past,  
 The chilly night air is damp,  
 And the dews are falling fast!  
 Dear father why leave your bed  
 When happy daylight is dead?

FREDERIC *enters down aisle L.*

MABEL. 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?

GEN. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan! I come here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for having brought dishonor on the family escutcheon.

FRED. But you forget, sir, you only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco in your baronial hall is scarcely dry.

GEN. (*rises*). Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors, you cannot deny that. With the estate, I bought the chapel and its contents. 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.

GEN. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

FRED. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with the pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth, and then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

GEN. Are your devoted followers at hand?

FRED. They are, they only wait my orders.

## RECIT.—GENERAL.

Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted  
 Be summoned to receive a general's blessing,  
 Ere they depart upon their dread adventure.

FRED. Dear sir, they come.

*Enter Police, marching in double file, 3 E. L. Form in line facing audience.*

## SONG.—SERGEANT.

When the foeman bares his steel  
 Tarantara! tarantara!



SERG. We observe too great a stress  
 On the risks that on us press  
 And of reference a lack,  
 To our chance of coming back.  
 Still perhaps it would be wise  
 Not to carp or criticise,  
 For it's very evident  
 The attentions are well meant.

ALL. Yes, to them it's evident  
 Our attentions are well meant.  
 Tarantara ra-ra-ra-ra,

GEN. Away, away.

POLICE (*without moving*). Yes, yes, we go.

GEN. These pirates slay.

POLICE. Yes, yes, we go.

GEN. Then do not stay.

POLICE. We go, we go.

GEN. Then why all this delay?

POLICE. All right—we go, we go.  
 Yes, forward on the foe,  
 Ho, ho! Ho, ho!  
 We go, we go, we go!  
 Tarantara-ra-ra!  
 Then forward on the foe!

ALL. Yes, forward!

POLICE. Yes, forward!

GEN. Yes, but you don't go!

POLICE. We go, we go, we go!

ALL. At last they really go—Tarantara-ra-ra!

## ENSEMBLE.

*Chorus of all but Police.**Chorus of Police.*

Go and do your best endeavour, And before all links we sever We will say farewell for ever ; Go to glory and the grave, For your foes are fierce and ruthless, False, unmerciful and truth- less, Young and tender, old and toothless, All in vain their mercy crave.	Such expressions don't appear Tarantara, tarantara ! Calculated men to cheer, Tarantara ! Who are going to their fate Tarantara, tarantara ! In a highly nervous state-- Tarantara ! We observe too great a stress Tarantara, tarantara ! On the risks that on us press, Tarantara ! And of reference a lack, Tarantara, tarantara ! To our chance of coming back— Tarantara !
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(MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exit R. U. E.,  
 followed by her sisters, consoling her. The GENERAL  
 and others follow the Police off L. FREDERIC remains.)

## RECIT.—FREDERIC.

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

(The PIRATE KING and RUTH appear at the window c. armed.)

KING. Young Frederic! (Covering him with pistol.)

FRED. Who calls? (c.)

KING. (R.) Your late commander!

RUTH. And I, your little Ruth! (Covering him with pistol.) (Coming down.)

FRED. Oh, mad intruders,  
 How dare ye face me? Know ye not, oh rash ones  
 That I have doomed you to extermination?

(KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear.)

KING. Have mercy on us, hear us, ere you slaughter.

FRED. I do not think I ought to listen to you.

Yet, mercy should allow our stern resentment,  
 And so I will be merciful; say on.

## TRIO.—RUTH, KING, and FRED.

When first you left our pirate fold  
 We tried to cheer our spirits faint,  
 According to our customs old,  
 With quips and quibbles quaint.  
 But all in vain the quips we heard,  
 We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,  
 Until to somebody occurred  
 A curious paradox.

FRED. A paradox!

KING (laughing). A paradox.

RUTH. A most ingenious paradox.

We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
 But none to beat this paradox!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

KING. We knew your taste for curious quips,  
 For cranks and contradictions queer,  
 And with the laughter on our lips,  
 We wished you had been there to hear.  
 We said, "If we could tell it him,  
 How Frederic would the joke enjoy,"  
 And so we've risked both life and limb  
 To tell it to our boy.

FRED. (interested). That paradox? That paradox

KING }  
and } (laughing). That most ingenious paradox.  
RUTH. }

We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
But none to beat that paradox!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho; ho, ho!

CHANT.—KING.

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to  
be disloyal,  
Some person in authority, I don't know who, very likely the  
Astronomer Royal,  
Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February,  
twenty-eight days as a general rule is plenty,  
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-  
twenty.

Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be surprised if it  
were owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy—  
You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born  
in leap-year, on the twenty-ninth of February,  
And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover,  
That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birth-  
days, you're only five and a little bit over!

RUTH. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

KING. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

FRED. Dear me!

Let's see! (*counting on fingers.*)

Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! (*FREDERIC more  
amused than any.*)

FRED. How quaint the ways of Paradox!  
At common sense she gaily mocks!  
Though counting in the usual way,  
Years twenty-one I've been alive,  
Yet reckoning by my natal day,  
I am a little boy of five!

ALL. He is a little boy of five. Ha, ha!  
At common sense she gaily mocks;  
So quaint a way is Paradox.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

KING. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

RUTH. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FRED. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ALL. Ho, ho, ho, ho! (*RUTH and KING throw themselves back  
on seats, exhausted with laughter.*)

FRED. Upon my word this is most curious—most absurdly  
whimsical. Five and a quarter! No one would think it to look  
at me. (*Crosses R. and back to C.*)

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 (*rises*). 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 birth-day (*producing document*), and, going by birth-days, you are as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

FRED. You don't mean to say that 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 *crosses R.*)

FRED. (*after a pause*). 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 price I will do my duty! (*crosses R.*)

KING. Bravely spoken. Come, you are one of us once more.

FRED. Lead on, I follow. (*Suddenly*) Oh, horror!

KING. }  
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 conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING. }  
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 honoured 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* } What!

RUTH. }  
FRED. More than that, he never was one!

KING. Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life he dared to practice on our credulous simplicity? (FRED. *nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge will be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremord en Castle this very night.

FRED. But—

KING. Not a word. He is doomed. (*Goes up and down stage.*)

## TRIO.

KING and RUTH.

Away, away, my heart's on fire,  
I burn this base deception to repay,  
This very day my vengeance dire  
Shall glut itself in gore. Away,  
away!

FRED.

Away, away, 'ere I expire—  
I find my duty hard to do to-day!  
My heart is filled with anguish dire,  
It strikes me to the core. Away,  
away!

KING.

With falsehood foul  
He tricked us of our brides.

Let vengeance howl;  
The Pirate so decides.

Our nature stern  
He softened with his lies,  
And, in return,  
To-night the traitor dies.

ALL. Yes, yes; to-night the traitor dies.

RUTH (*crosses to FRED.*) To-night he dies.

KING. Yes, or early to-morrow.

FRED. His girls likewise?

RUTH. They will welter in sorrow.

KING. The one soft spot—

FRED. In their natures they cherish—

RUTH. And all who plot—

KING. To abuse it shall perish!

ALL. Yes, all who plot

To abuse it, shall perish!

Away, away, &c.

(*Exeunt KING, RUTH c. window. FRED. throws  
himself on a stone l. c. in blank despair.*)

*Enter MABEL R. U. E., comes down to FRED.*

RECIT—MABEL.

All is prepared, your gallant crew await you.

My Frederic in tears? It cannot be

That lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?

FRED. No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure

Has just been made! Mabel, my dearly beloved one,

I bound myself to serve the pirate captain

Until I reached my one and twentieth birthday—

MABEL. But you are twenty-one?

FRED. I've just discovered

That I was born in leap year, and that birthday

Will not be reached by me til' 1940.

MABEL. Oh, horrible, catastrophe appalling!

FRED. And so, farewell!

MABEL. No, no! Oh, Frederic, hear me.

DUET.—MABEL and FREDERIC.

MABEL. Stay, Frederic, stay,

They have no legal claim,

No shadow of a shame

Will fall upon thy name.

Stay, Frederic, stay!

FRED. Nay, Mabel, nay,

To-night I quit these walls.

The thought my soul appals,

But when stern duty calls,

I must obey.

MABEL. Stay, Frederic, stay—  
 FRED. Nay, Mabel, nay—  
 MABEL. They have no claim—  
 FRED. But duty's name!  
 The thought my soul appals,  
 But when stern duty calls,  
 I must obey.

BALLAD.—MABEL (*kneels c.*)

Oh, leave me not to pine  
 Alone and desolate;  
 No fate seemed fair as mine,  
 No happiness so great.  
 And nature, day by day,  
 Has sung in accents clear,  
 This joyous roundelay,  
 "He loves thee—he is here.  
 Fal-la, fa-la, fa-la."

FRED. Ah, must I leave thee here  
 In endless night to dream,  
 Where joy is dark and drear,  
 And sorrow all supreme!  
 Where nature day by day,  
 Will sing in altered tone  
 This weary roundelay,  
 "He loves thee—he is gone,  
 Fa-la, fa-la, fa-la,  
 He loves thee, he is gone."

(*Rises*).

FRED. In 1940 I of age shall be.  
 I'll then return, and claim you—I declare it.

MABEL. It seems so long!

FRED. Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.

MABEL. Yes, I'll be strong!

By all the Stanleys dead and gone,  
 I swear it!

ENSEMBLE.

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

He } will be faithful to { his } sooth.  
 She } { her }

Till we are wed, and even after,

What joy to know that though { he }  
 I } must.

Embrace piratical adventures,

He } will be faithful to { his } trust.  
 She } { her }

Till } he is out of { his } indentures.  
 I am } { my }

FRED. Farewell! Adieu!

BOTH. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED. *rushes to window and leaps out*).

(*Feeling pulse*). Yes, I am brave! Oh, family descent,  
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!  
Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue,  
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to.

(*Enter POLICE, marching in single file*).

SERG. Though in body and in mind, Tarantara, tarantara.  
We are timidly inclined, Tarantara.  
And anything but blind, Tarantara, tarantara.  
To the danger that's behind, Tarantara.  
Yet, when the danger's near, Tarantara, Tarantara.  
We manage to appear Tarantara.  
As insensible to fear  
As anybody here. Tarantara.  
Tarantara, tarantara, ra—ra—ra—ra.

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. He has done his duty. I will do mine. Go, ye, and do yours. [*Exit MABEL.*]

ALL. Very well.

SERG. This is perplexing. (*Crosses L.*)

ALL. We cannot understand it all.

SERG. Still he is actuated by a sense of duty—

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

SERG. No matter; our course is clear. We (*crosses R.*) must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all—but we should have thought of that before we joined the force. (*Crosses L.*)

ALL. We should.

SERG. It is too late now!

ALL. It is.

SONG.—SERGEANT.

ALL. When a felon's not engaged in his employment—  
His employment.  
Or maturing his felonious little plans—  
ALL. Little plans.

- SERG. His capacity for innocent enjoyment—  
 ALL. 'Cent enjoyment.
- SERG. Is just as great as any honest man's—  
 ALL. Honest man's.
- SERG. Our feelings we with difficulty smother—  
 ALL. 'Culty smother,
- SERG. When constabulary duty's to be done—  
 ALL. To be done.
- SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—  
 ALL. With another,
- SERG. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.  
 ALL. When constabulary duty's to be done,  
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one,
- SERG. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—  
 ALL. Not a-burgling,
- SERG. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime—  
 ALL. 'Pied in crime,
- SERG. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—  
 ALL. Brook a-gurgling,
- SERG. And listen to the merry village chime—  
 ALL. Village chime.
- SERG. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—  
 ALL. On his mother,
- SERG. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—  
 ALL. In the sun,
- SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—  
 ALL. With another—
- SERG. The policeman's lot is not a happy one—  
 When constabulary duty's to be done—  
 To be done,  
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one—  
 Happy one.

*(Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance.)*

A rollicking band of pirates we,  
 Who, tired of tossing on the sea,  
 Are trying their hand at a burglaree,  
 With weapons grim and gory.

- SERG. Hush, hush! I hear them on the manor poaching,  
 With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.

*(Chorus of Pirates, resumed nearer.)*

We are not coming for plate or gold—  
 A story General Stanley's told—  
 We seek a penalty fifty-fold,  
 For General Stanley's story.

POLICE. They seek a penalty—  
 PIRATES (*without*). Fifty-fold,  
 We seek a penalty—

POLICE. Fifty-fold

ALL { We } seek a penalty fifty-fold ;  
 { They }

For General Stanley's story.

POLICE. They come in force, with stealthy stride,  
 Our obvious course is now—to hide.

(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. SAMUEL is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, &c.)

CHORUS.—PIRATES (*very loud*).

With cat-like tread,  
 Upon our prey we steal,  
 In silence dread  
 Our cautious way we feel.

POLICE (*pianissimo*). Tarantara, tarantara !

PIRATES. No sound at all,  
 We never speak a word,  
 A fly's foot-fall  
 Could be distinctly heard—

POLICE. Tarantara, tarantara !

PIRATES. Ha! ha!  
 Ho! ho!  
 So stealthily the pirate creeps  
 While all the household soundly sleeps,  
 Ha! ha! ho! ho!

POLICE (*pianissimo*). Tarantara, tarantara,  
 (*forte*) Tarantara!

SAM. (*distributing implements to various members of the gang*).  
 Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,  
 Your life preserver—you may want to hit:  
 Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,  
 Take your file and your skeletonic keys.

ALL (*fortissimo*). With cat-like tread, &c.

RECIT.

FRED. (*comes down c*). Hush, not a word. I see a light inside.  
 The Major-General comes, so quickly hide,

GEN. (*without*). Yes, yes, the Major-General comes.

PIRATES. He comes.

GEN. (*entering L. U. E. in dressing-gown, carrying a light*). Yes,  
 yes, I come.

POLICE. He comes.

GEN. Yes, yes, I come.

ALL. The Major-General comes.

[FRED. *exits R. E. E.*

## SOLO.—GENERAL.

Tormented with the anguish dread  
Of falsehood unatoned,  
I lay upon my sleepless bed,  
And tossed and turned and groaned.  
The man who finds his conscience ache  
No peace at all enjoys,  
And as I lay in bed awake  
I thought I heard a noise.

PIRATES. He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha!

POLICE. He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha! (*Very loud.*)

GEN. No, all is still  
In dale, on hill;  
My mind is set at ease.  
So still the scene—  
It must have been  
The sighing of the breeze.

## BALLAD.—GENERAL.

Sighing softly to the river  
Comes the loving breeze,  
Setting nature all a-quiver,  
Rustling through the trees—  
ALL. Through the trees.

And the brook in rippling measure,  
Laughs for very love,  
While the poplars, in their pleasure,  
Wave their arms above.

(*Goes up stage and returns c.*)

POLICE } Yes, the trees, for very love,  
and } Wave their leafy arms above.  
PIRATES. } River, river, little river,  
May thy loving prosper ever.  
Heaven speed thee poplar tree,  
May thy wooing happy be.

GEN. Yet, the breeze is but a rover,  
When he wings away,  
Brook and poplar mourn a lover!  
Sighing well-a-day!

ALL. Well-a-day!  
GEN. Ah, the doing and undoing,  
That the rogue could tell,

When the breeze is out a-wooing,  
Who can woo so well?

POLICE } Shocking tales the rogue could tell,  
and } Nobody can woo so well.  
PIRATES. } Pretty brook, thy dream is over,  
For thy love is but a rover,  
Sad the lot of poplar trees,  
Courtied by the fickle breeze.

(*Enter the General's daughters, R.U.E. and L.U.E., all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying lighted candles. They come down c.*)

GIRLS. Now what is this, and what is that, and why does  
 father leave his rest  
 At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely  
 dressed?  
 Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of  
 men;  
 It's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.  
 What strange occurrence can it be that calls dear  
 father from his rest  
 At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely  
 dressed?

KING (*springing up*). Forward, my men, and seize that General  
 there! (*They seize the GENERAL*).

PIRATES. Yes, yes, we are the pirates, so despair.

KING. With base deceit  
 You worked upon our feelings;  
 Revenge is sweet,  
 And flavours all our dealings.  
 With courage rare  
 And resolution manly,  
 For death prepare  
 Unhappy General Stanley.

FRED. (*coming forward*). Alas, alas, unhappy General Stanley.

GEN. Frederic here! Oh joy! Oh, rapture!  
 Summon your men, and effect their capture.

MABEL. Frederic, save us!

FRED. Beautiful Mabel,  
 I would if I could, but I am not able.

PIRATES. He's telling the truth, he is not able.

POLICE (*pianissimo*). Tarantara, tarantara.

MABEL (*wildly*). Is he to die, unshriven—unannealed?

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

MABEL. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

POLICE (*springing up*). Yes, we are here, though hitherto con-  
 cealed!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

POLICE. So to our prowess, pirates, quickly yield!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

(*A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police. Eventually the Police  
 are overcome, and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with  
 drawn swords. Ladies run down and group L. and R.*)

CHORUS OF POLICE AND PIRATES.

You } triumph now, for well we trow.  
 We }

Our mortal career's cut short,  
 No pirate band will take its stand  
 At the Central Criminal Court.

SERG. To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,  
 But your proud triumph will not be long-lived.

KING. Don't say you are orphans, for we know that game.

- SERG. On your allegiance, we've a nobler claim.  
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!
- KING (*baffled*). You do!
- POLICE. We do;  
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!  
(PIRATES *kneel*, POLICE *stand over them triumphantly*.)
- KING. We yield at once, with humbled mien,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.
- POLICE. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen.
- LADIES. Yes, yes, with all, &c.  
(POLICE *holding PIRATES by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep*.)  
(RUTH *enters R. U. E. ; comes down c.*)
- GEN. Away with them, and place them at the bar.
- RUTH. One moment; let me tell you who they are.  
They are no members of the common throng;  
They are all noblemen, who have gone wrong!
- GEN., POLICE *and* GIRLS. What, all noblemen?
- KING *and* PIRATES. Yes, all noblemen!
- GEN., POLICE *and* GIRES. What, *all*?
- KING. Well, nearly all!
- GEN. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.  
(*All kneel to PIRATES.*)

## RECIT.—GENERAL.

I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King,  
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.  
Resume your ranks, and legislative duties,  
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

## FINALE.

- MABEL. Poor wandering ones,  
Though ye have surely strayed,  
Take heart of grace,  
Your steps retrace,  
Poor wandering ones!  
Poor wandering ones,  
If such poor love as ours  
Can help you find  
True peace of mind,  
Why, take it, it is yours!
- ALL. Poor wandering ones, &c.

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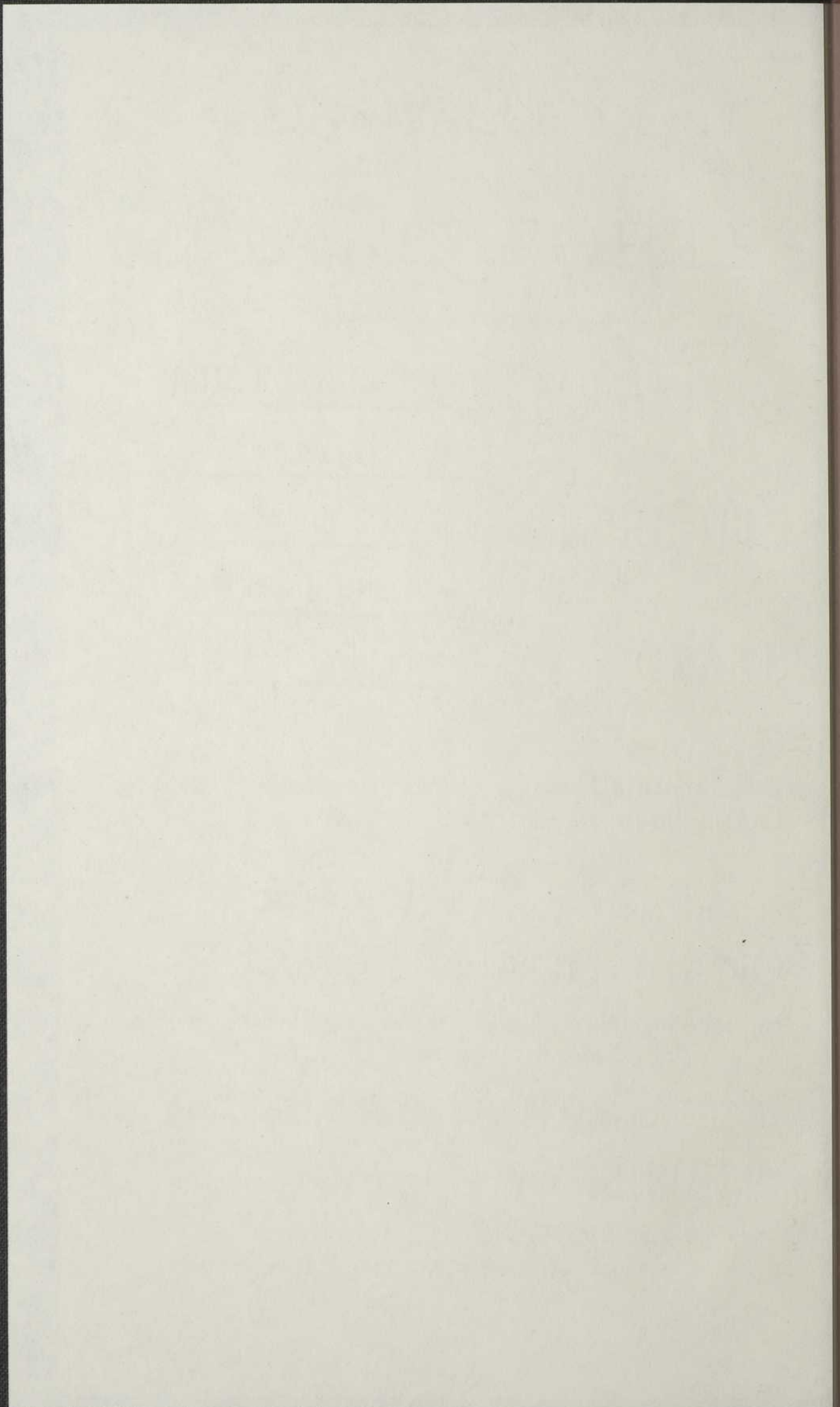
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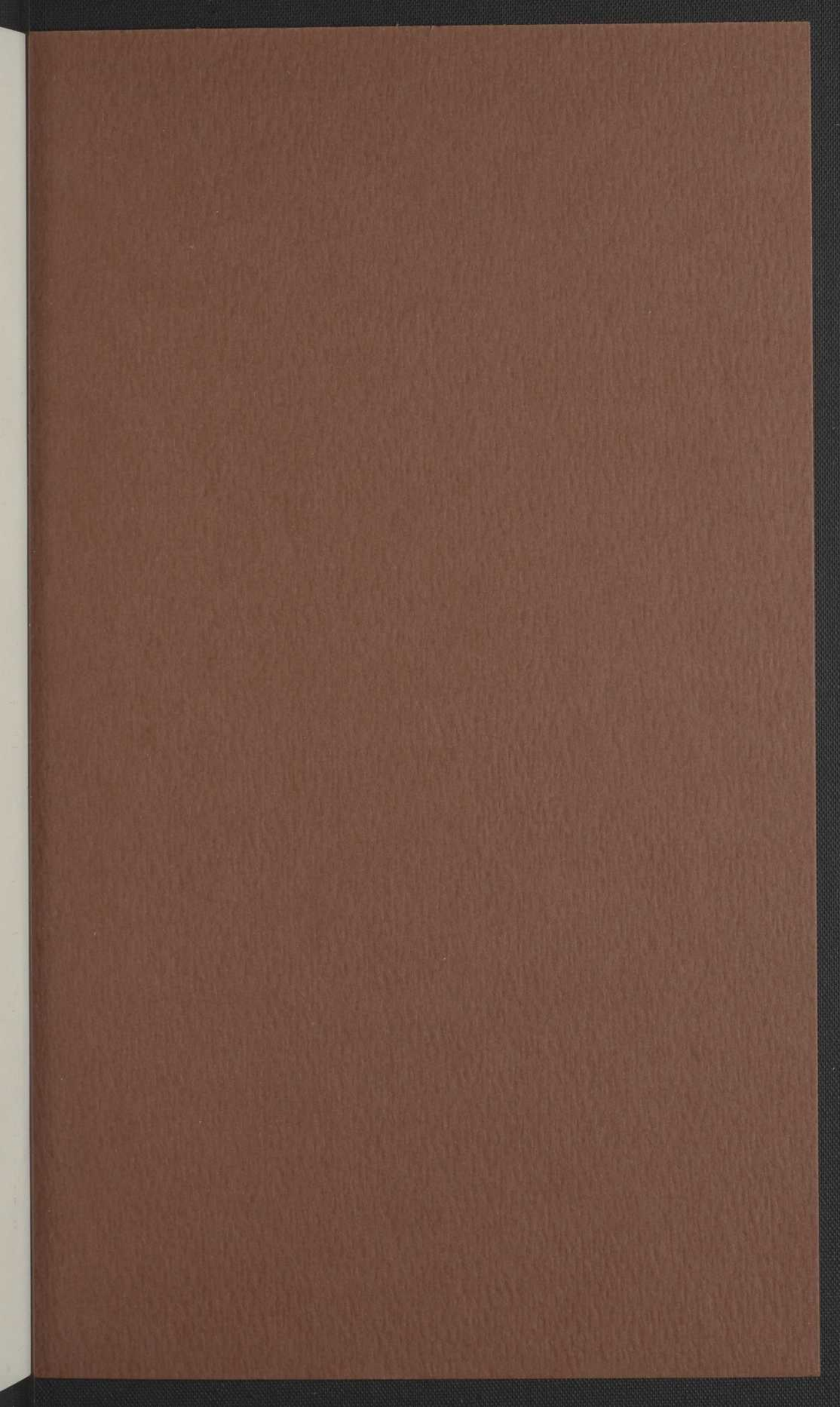
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