NEW YORK CITY OPERA

Ed. 1655

The Pirates of Penzance

or

The Slave of Duty

Book by

W. S. GILBERT

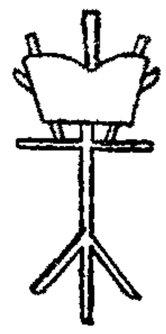
Music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Authentic Version Edited by

BRYCESON TREHARNE

This score contains all the dialogue



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NEW YORK CITY OPERA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY

THE PIRATE KING

SAMUEL.....*His Lieutenant*

FREDERIC.....*The Pirate Apprentice*

SERGEANT OF POLICE

MABEL.....
EDITH.....
KATE.....
ISABEL.....
.....*Major-General Stanley's Wards*

RUTH.....*Pirate Maid-of-all-work*

CHORUS OF PIRATES, POLICE, AND GENERAL STANLEY'S WARDS

ACT I—A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall

ACT II—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight

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ARGUMENT

When Frederic was yet a little boy, his nurse (Ruth) was told to apprentice him to become a pilot. She heard the word incorrectly and apprenticed him to a band of *pirate*s, remaining with them herself as a maid-of-all-work. Although Frederic loathed the trade to which he had thus been bound, he dutifully served; and, as the curtain rises, his indentures are almost up and he is preparing to leave the band and devote himself to the extermination of piracy.

He urges the pirates to join him in embracing a more lawful calling, but they refuse. Ruth, however, wishes to become his wife. Having seen but few women he does not know whether she is really as pretty as she says she is; but he finally consents to take her.

Just then a group of girls, all the wards of Major-General Stanley, happen upon the scene. Frederic sees their beauty—and Ruth's plainness—and renounces her. Of these girls, Mabel takes a particular interest in Frederic, and he in her. The other girls are seized by the pirates and threatened with immediate marriage. When the Major-General arrives, he can dissuade the pirates only by a ruse: he tells them that he is an orphan, and so works upon their sympathies that they let him and his wards go free.

During the ensuing days and nights, however, this lie troubles the Major-General's conscience: he sits brooding over it at night in a Gothic ruin. He is consoled by his wards' sympathy and Frederic's plan of immediately leading a band of police against the pirates.

Meanwhile the Pirate King and Ruth appear at the window and beckon Frederic: they have discovered that his indentures were to run until his twenty-first birthday, and—as he was born on February 29—he has really had as yet only five birthdays. Obeying the dictates of his strong sense of duty, he immediately rejoins the pirates. He tells them of the deception that has been practised upon them, and they seize and bind the Major-General.

But the police come to the rescue and charge the pirates to yield, "in Queen Victoria's name". This they do. Ruth explains, however, that these men who appear to be lawless pirates are really all "noblemen who have gone wrong", and they are pardoned and permitted to marry the Major-General's wards.

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The Pirates of Penzance

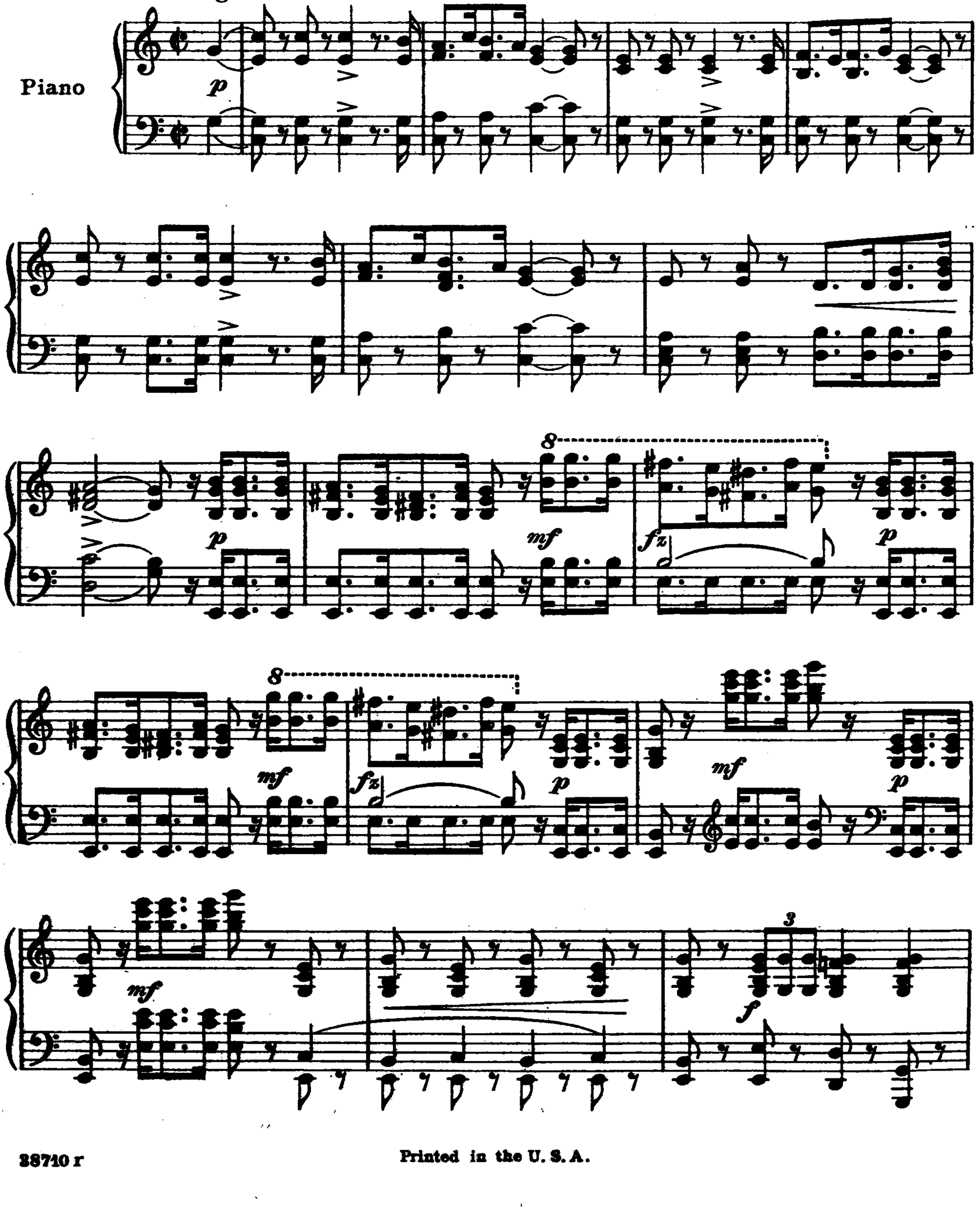
or

The Slave of Duty

W. S. Gilbert **Arthur Sullivan**

Overture

Allegro maestoso



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mf

3

f

p

p

cresc.

pp

f

p

dim.

f *ff* *fz* *fz*

fz *fz* *fz*

fz *fz*

p

cresc.

p

rall.

Cadenza

rall.

Andante

p

rit.

dim.

rit.

pp

Allegro vivace

p

ff

p

p leggero

cresc.

f *p* *cresc.*

f *ff*

pp

mf

8

8

8 8

ff

8 8

8

p

f

da qui stringendo il tempo

f

ff

Più vivace

ff

Ped.

*

sf *sempre ff*

sf

rall.

Ped. *

Act I

Scene: *A rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. Rocks L. sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. 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.*

No. 1. "Pour, O pour the pirate sherry"

Opening Chorus and Solo

Pirates and Samuel

Chorus

TENORS *f*

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher- ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate glass;

BASSES *f*

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher- ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate glass;

And, to make us more than

And, to make us more than

mer- ry, Let the pi - rate bum-per pass.

mer- ry, Let the pi - rate bum-per pass.

(B)

Samuel

For to-day our pi - rate 'pren-tice

p

Ris - es from in - den - tures freed; Strong his arm, and

keen his scent_ is– He's a pi - rate now in - deed!

Chorus

f

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

f

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

f

Sam.

Two - and-twen - ty, now he's ris - ing,

p

And a - lone he's fit to fly, Which we're bent on

sig - nal - iz - ing With un - u - sual rev - el - ry.

Chorus

f

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

f

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

f

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher - ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate

Sam. with 1st Bass

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher - ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate

glass; And, to make us more than mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per

glass; And, to make us more than mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per

pass.

pass.

(Frederic rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R.U.E.)

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 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 handspike.

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? *(Ruth rises and comes forward.)*

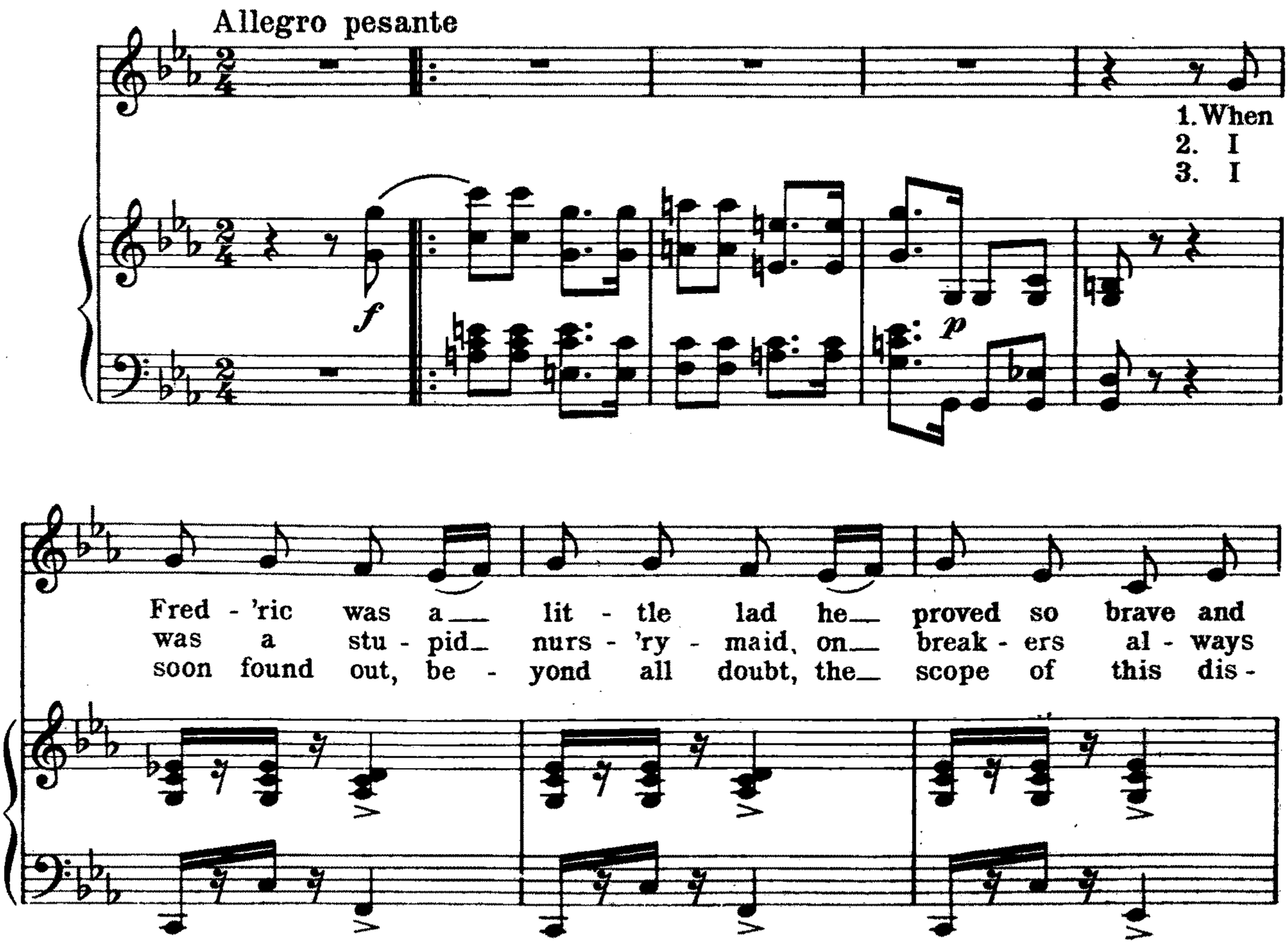
Fred.: I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

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

No. 2. "When Frederic was a little lad"

Solo

Ruth

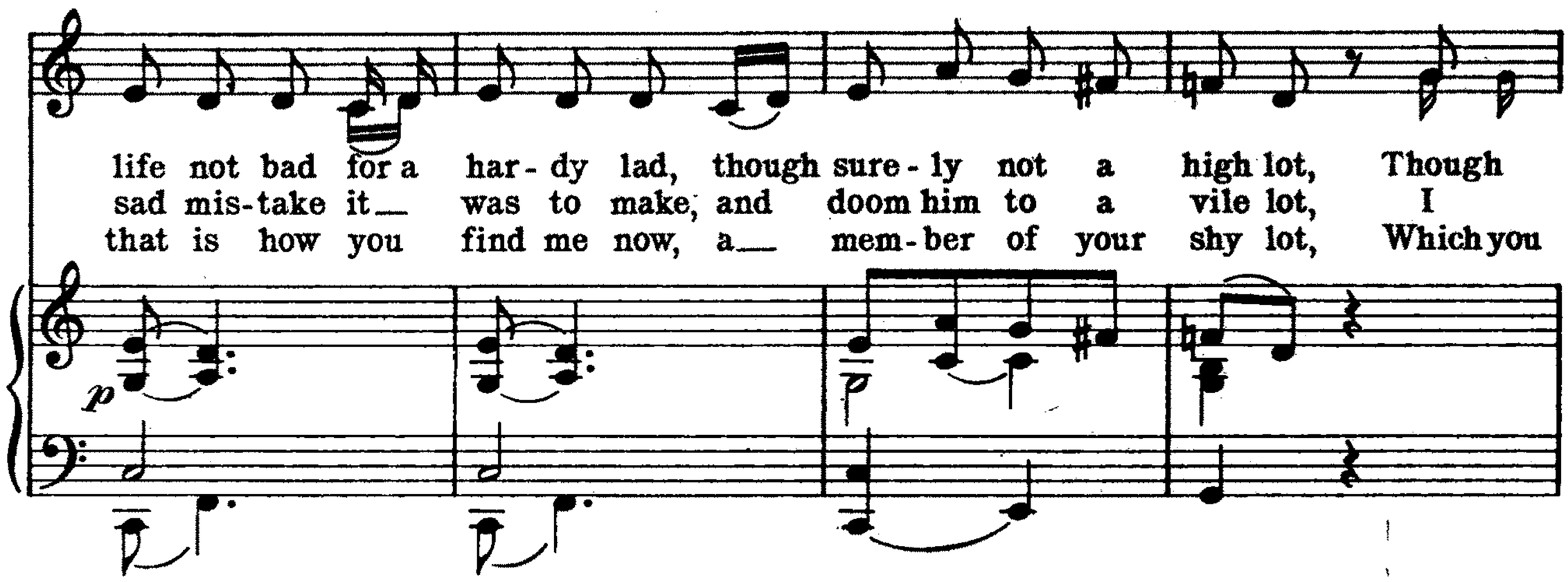


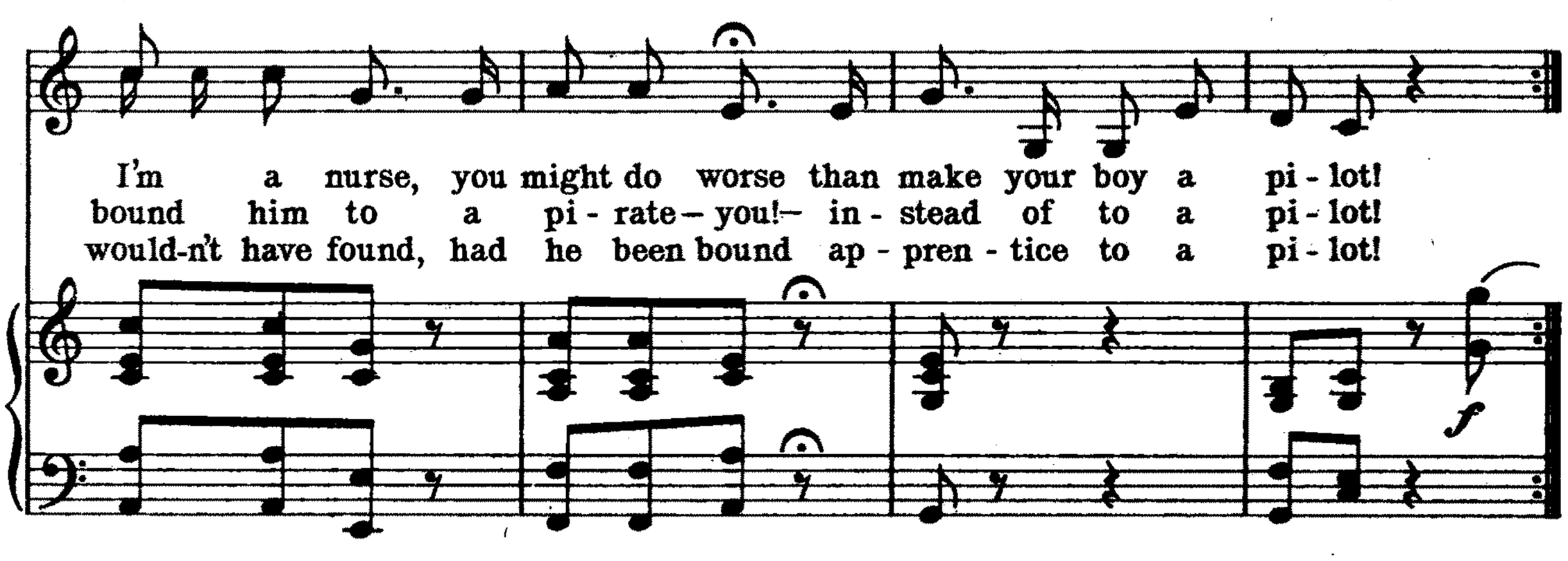
dar - ing, His fa - ther thought he'd 'pren - tice him to
steer - ing, And I did not catch the word a - right, through
as - ter, But I had-n't the face to re - turn to my place, and

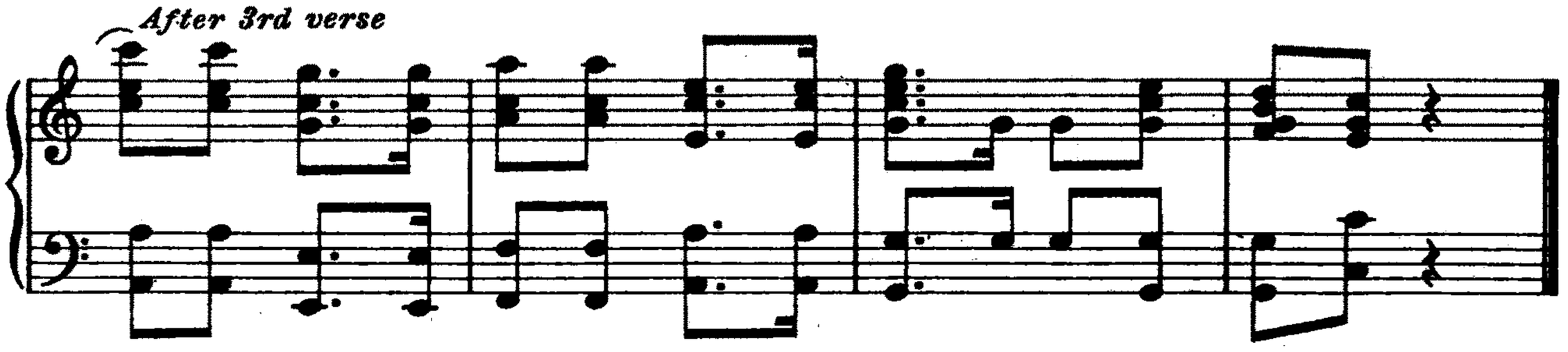
some ca - reer sea - far - ing. I was, a - las! his nurs - 'ry - maid, and
be - ing hard of hear - ing. Mis - tak - ing my in - struc-tions, which with-
break it to my mas - ter. A nurs - 'ry - maid is not a - fraid of

so it fell to *my* lot To take and bind the
in my brain did gy - rate, I took and bound this
what you peo - ple *call* work, So I made up my mind to

prom - is - ing boy ap - pren - tice to a *pi - lot.* A
prom - is - ing boy ap - pren - tice to a *pi - rate.* A
go as a kind of pi - rat - i - cal maid - of - all - work. And







Ruth: Oh, pardon! Frederic, pardon! *(Kneels.)*

Fred.: Rise, sweet one; I have long pardoned you. *(Ruth rises.)*

Ruth: 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 afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection 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 indentures, I shall feel myself bound to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination!

All: Poor lad! poor lad! *(All weep.)*

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

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.

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

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

Fred.: Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we 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 C.)*

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

King: Oh, he will take you with him. *(Hands Ruth to Frederic.)*

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?

Sam.: I do.

Fred.: 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. *(Exit Ruth.)*

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

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

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

No. 3. "Oh, better far to live and die"

Solo and Chorus

Pirate King and Pirates

Allegro moderato

f

𝄋

Pirate King

1. Oh, bet - ter far to live and die
2. When I sal - ly forth to seek my prey, I

p

Un - der the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanc - ti -
help my - self in a roy - al way. I sink a few more

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A

mo - nious part, With a pi - rate head and a pi - rate heart.
ships, it's true, Than a well - bred mon - arch ought to do;

A - way to the cheat - ing
But man - y a king on a

world go you,
first-class throne,

Where pi - rates all_ are
If he wants to call_ his

well - to - do; But I'll be true to the song I sing, And
crown his own, Must man - age some - how to get through More

cresc.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

B

a tempo

live_ and die a Pi - rate King,
dir - ty work than e'er *I* do,

For___ I am a Pi - rate

rall.

p

King! _____

And it is, it is a

glo - rious thing To be a Pi - rate King!___ For I am a Pi - rate

King! _____

And it

Chorus

f

You are! Hur - rah for our Pi - rate King!_____

f

p

is, it is a glo - rious thing To be a Pi - rate King!

f

It is! Hur-

(Pause 2nd verse only)

Hur-rah for the Pi - rate King!

rah for our Pi - rate King! Hur-rah for the Pi - rate King!

f

𝄋

(Exeunt R. and R. U. E., all except Frederic. Enter Ruth. Frederic comes down C., followed by Ruth.)

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

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

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

Fred.: No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. 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 practise on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if – I say, *if* – you are really a fine woman. your age shall be no obstacle to our union! *(Shakes hands with her. Chorus of girls heard in the distance, "climbing over rocky mountain", etc. 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!

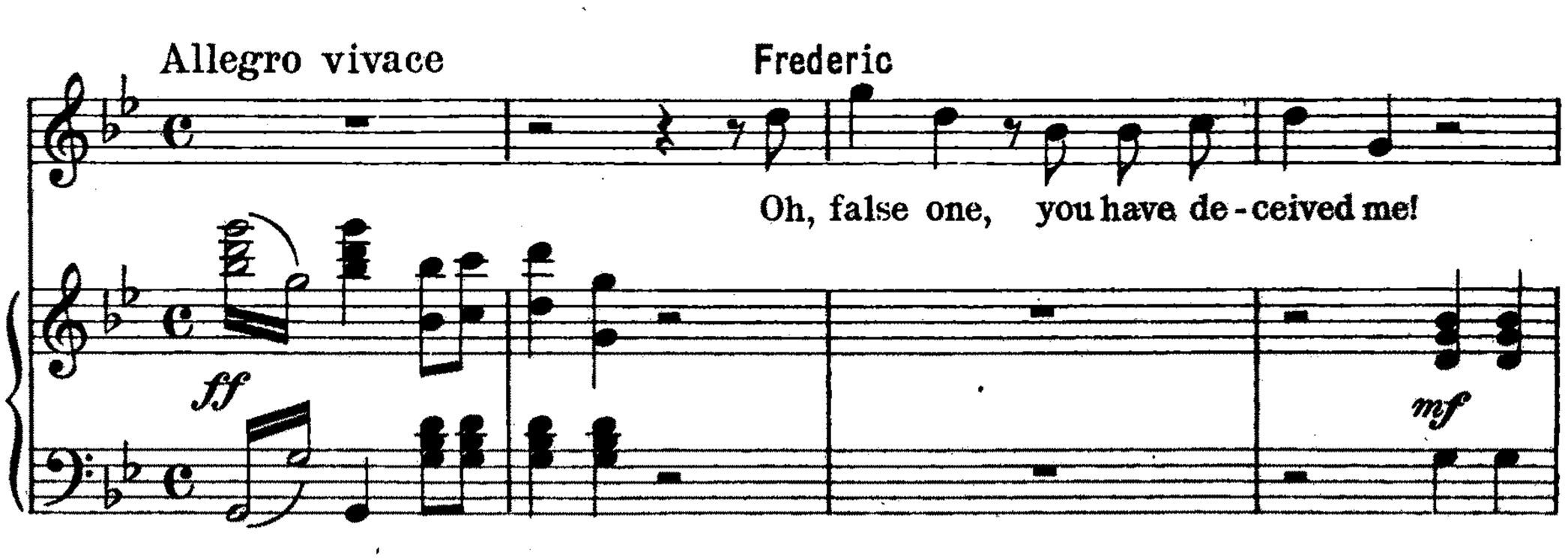
Ruth: *(aside)* Lost! lost! lost!

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!

No. 4. "Oh, false one, you have deceived me!"

Recitative and Duet

Frederic and Ruth



Ruth

I have de-ceived you?

Fred. *(denouncing her)*

Yes, de-ceived me!

A *a tempo*

You

a tempo

p

Ruth *(wildly)*

told me you were fair as gold! And, mas - ter, am I

Fred.

not so? And now I see you're plain and old.

Ruth

I'm

Fred.

sure I'm not a jot so. Up - on my in - no -

Ruth

cence you play. I'm not the one to plot so.

Fred.

Your

Ruth

face is lined, your hair is grey. It's grad - u - al - ly

(B) Fred.

got so. Faith - less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who

p

Ruth

trust - ed so! Mas - ter, mas-ter, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you

Fred. Ruth Fred. Ruth

go! Faith - less wo - man! Mas - ter, master! Faith - less wo - man! Mas - ter,

mas-ter, do not leave me, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you

Fred.

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

p cresc. f

go! Mas-ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me, ere

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

p cresc. f

you go!

- - ed so!

ff

Andante

Ruth

My love with-out re - flect - ing, Oh, do not be re -

p

ject - ing! Take a maid - en ten - der, her af - fec - tion raw and

D

green, At ver - y high - est rat - ing, Has been ac - cu - mu -

lat - ing Sum-mers sev - en - teen, sum-mers sev - en - teen.

Ⓔ Ruth

Don't, be - lov - ed mas - ter, Crush me with dis - as - ter.

Fred.

Yes, your for - mer mas - ter Saves you from dis - as - ter.

Ⓔ

p

What is such a dow - er to the dow - er I have here? ___

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

My love un - a - bat - - ing Has been ac - cu - mu-

If, as you are stat-ing, It's

lat - - ing For-ty-sev-en year, for - ty-sev - en

rall.

been ac-cu-mu-lat-ing For-ty-sev- en year!

rall.

rall.

Allegro vivace

year!

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

Allegro vivace

p *cresc.* *f*

Mas-ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me, ere you

cresc. *f*

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

p *cresc.* *f*

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

go!

so!

ff

Recit. **Fred.**

What shall I do? Be - fore these gen - tle maid - ens I

dare not show in this a - larm - ing cos - tume! No, no, I must re - main in close con -

f

ceal - ment Un - til I can ap - pear in de - cent cloth - ing.

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

No. 5. "Climbing over rocky mountain"

Chorus and Solos

Girls, Edith, and Kate

Allegro grazioso

p *leggero*

8

2nd time

2nd time

8

cresc.

1. 2. A

mf stacc.

Chorus of Girls

Climb-ing o - ver rock-y moun-tain, Skip-ping riv - u - let and foun-tain,

Pass-ing where the wil - lows quiv - - er,

Pass-ing where the wil-lows quiv-er By the ev - er - roll-ing riv- er

Swol - len with the sum-mer rain, the sum - mer rain,

Thread-ing long and leaf-y ma-zes Dot-ted with un - num-bered dai-sies,

Dot-ted, dot-ted with un - num-bered dai - - sies,

Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har - dy_ lit - tle lass-es,

Till_ the_ bright sea - shore they gain;

C

Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har - dy_ lit - tle lass-es,

cresc.

Till_ the_ bright sea - shore they gain!

D

cresc.

f

p

(E)

f *p*

Edith

Let us gai - ly tread the_ mea - sure, Make the

most of fleet - ing_ lei - sure, Hail it as_ a_

true al - ly, Though it per - ish_ by - and-

(F)

by.

Chorus

f

Hail it as a true al - ly,_ Though it per-ish by - and-by.

(F)

f

Edith

Ev - 'ry mo - ment brings a trea - sure Of its

p

own es - pe - cial plea - sure; Though the mo - ments

quick - ly die, Greet them gai - ly as they fly,

mf

Ⓖ

Greet them gai - ly as they fly.

Chorus

f

Though the mo - ments quick-ly

Ⓖ

f

(Dance)

die, Greet them gai-ly as they fly.

(H) Kate

Far a - way from toil and care,

Rev - el - ling in fresh sea - air, Here we live and reign a -

lone In a world that's all our own. Here, in this our

rock - y den Far a - way from mor - tal men, We'll be

queens, and make de - crees— They may hon - our them who

please.

Chorus

f

We'll be queens, and make de - crees— They may hon-our them who please.

K

f

ff

f

L *f* Tutti

Let us gai - ly tread the mea - sure, Make the

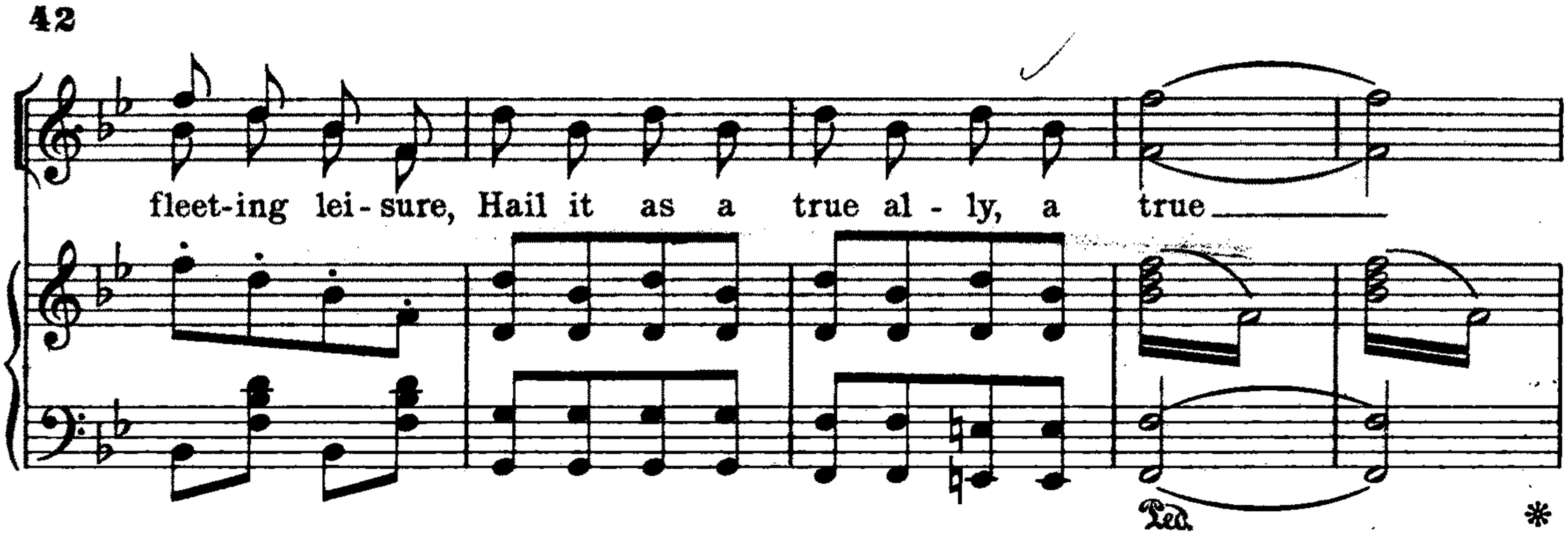
ff

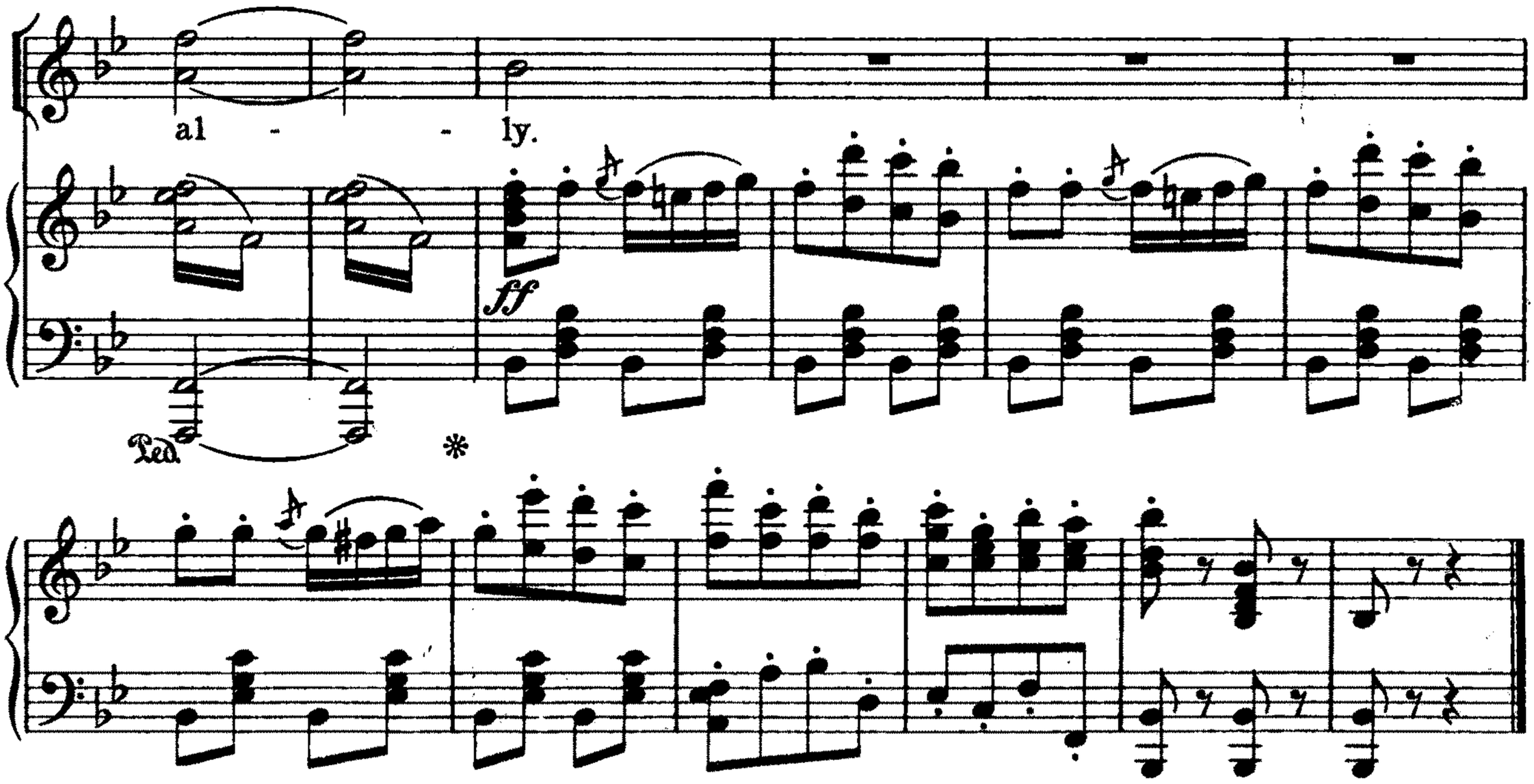
most of fleet - ing lei - sure, Hail it as a

true al - ly, Though it per - ish by - and - by,

Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it per - ish

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





Kate: What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

Edith: And I wonder where Papa is. We have left him ever so far behind.

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

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

Isabel: Except the mermaids – it's the very place for mermaids.

Kate: Who are only human beings down to the waist–

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

Kate: But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon? *(All listen and come down.)*

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

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

No. 6. "Stop, ladies, pray!"

Recitative and Chorus

Frederic, Edith, Kate, and Girls

Allegro

Recit. Fred.

Chorus of Girls

(All hopping on one foot.)

Stop, la-dies, pray! A man!

ff

f

Fred.

{I had intended Not to intrude myself upon your notice In this effective} but a-larm-ing cos-tume;

Moderato

Edith

{But, under these peculiar circumstances, It is my bounden duty to inform you That your proceedings} will not be un-wit-nessed. But

(All hopping) Fred.

(recoiling, hopping)

who are you, sir? Speak! I am a pi-rate! A pi-rate! Hor-ror!

p

f

Recit. **Fred.**

Ⓐ **Andante moderato**

La - dies, do not shun me! This eve-ning I re-nounce my vile pro -

p

fes - sion; And, to that end, O pure and peer-less maid - ens, O blush-ing

buds of ev-er-bloom-ing beau-ty, I, sore at heart, I, sore at heart, im-

Edith **Kate**

plore your kind as - sis - tance. How pit - i - ful his tale! How

Chorus of Girls *(They put on their shoes.)*

rare his beau-ty! How pit - i - ful his tale! How rare his beau-ty!

No. 7. "Oh, is there not one maiden breast"

Solos and Chorus

Frederic, Mabel, and Girls

Andante

Fred.

Oh,

p *ff* *p* *f*

is there not one maid-en breast Which does not feel the mor-al beau - ty Of

mak - ing worldly in-ter-est Sub - or-di-nate to sense of du - ty?

B

Who would not give up will-ing-ly All mat - ri - mo - nial am - bi - tion, To

res - cue such an one as I From his un-for-tu-nate po-

si - tion, From his po - si - tion, To res - cue such an

rall. rall. a tempo dolce pp

one as I From his un-for-tu-nate po-si -

cresc. dim.

Ⓒ (Crosses R.) Chorus of Girls

tion? A - las, there's not one maid - en breast Which

p p

seems to feel the mor-al beau - ty Of mak - ing world-ly

Ⓓ

in - ter - est Sub - or - di - nate to sense of du - ty!

p

f

Fred.

Oh, is there not one maid-en here Whose

ff *p*

home-ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have caused all hope to

dis - ap - pear Of ev - er win - ning man's af - fec - tion? To

such an one, If such there be, I swear, by heav-en's arch a -

bove you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How-

ev-er plain you be, I'll love you, How - ev - er plain you be, If

rall.

rall.

Ⓔ *a tempo*

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

ff

a tempo

dolce

pp

cresc.

f

love you, I'll love, I'll love you! A - las, there's not one

Chorus

fz

dim.

p

maid - en here Whose home - ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have

dim.

caused all hope to dis - ap-pear Of ev - er win-ning man's af -

Ⓕ

Fred.
(in despair)

Chorus

fec - - tion! Not one? No, no– not

p

(Mabel enters through arch R.C.) Mabel

Fred. Chorus Chorus

one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one! 'Tis

f

Mabel

rall.

Ma-bel! Yes, 'tis Ma - - - - - bell

rall.

Moderato

O sis-ters, deaf to pit-y's name, For shame! It's true that he has gone a-

p

stray, But, pray, Is that a rea-son good and true Why you Should

(G) Chorus *(aside)*

pp

all be deaf to pit - y's name? The ques-tion is, had he not been A thing of

fz

beau - ty, Would she be swayed by quite as keen A sense of

fz

Mabel

du-ty? For shame! for shame! for shame!

Attacca

No. 8. "Poor wandering one!"

Solo and Chorus

Mabel and Girls

In modo di Valzer

Mabel

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

p

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

rall.

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

Ⓐ *a tempo*

a tempo

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

(B)

f Chorus of Girls

Take heart, no dan-ger low'rs; Take an - y heart– but ours!

f

Mabel

Take heart, fair days will shine; Take an - y heart– take mine!

p

f Chorus

Take heart, no dan-ger low'rs; Take an - y

f

Mabel

heart– but ours! Take heart, fair days will shine; Take an - y

p

Ⓒ

heart– take mine! Ah! Ah! Ah!

cresc.

Ah!

f

Ⓓ *a tempo*

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

p a tempo

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

Ⓔ *a tempo*

one! Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Chorus

p

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor wan - d'ring

Ⓔ

p a tempo

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

one! Take heart, Take

heart!

heart!

8

pp

Ⓕ

Take mine! Take heart!

Chorus

Take an - y heart— but ours!

p

pp

Take heart!

Take heart!

Take heart!

G *a tempo*

mine!

f

Take heart, no dan-ger low'rs; Take an - y heart– but

G

f a tempo

Mabel

Ah! ah! _____ Ah! _____

ours! Take heart, take heart, Take an - y heart– but

cadenza ad lib.

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

___ Take heart!

ours, Take heart!

ff

Led.

* *Attacca*

No. 9. "What ought we to do"

Solos and Chorus

Edith, Kate, and Girls

Allegretto

Edith

What ought we to do, Gen-tle sis-ters, say? Pro-

p *staccato*

pri-e - ty, we know, Says we ought to stay, While sym-pa-thy ex-claims,

"Free them from your teth - er— Play at oth - er games—

Kate

Leave them here to - geth-er." Her case may, an - y day, Be

sempre staccato

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

Let us com-pro-mise (Our hearts are not of leath-er): Let us shut our eyes And

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

pp Chorus

talk a - bout the weath-er. Yes, yes, let's talk a - bout the weath-er.

pp

Attacca

No. 10. "How beautifully blue the sky"

Chattering Chorus and Duet

Girls, Mabel, and Frederic

Allegro vivace

Chorus

How beau-ti - ful - ly

f

p

blue the sky, The glass is ris - ing ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fine I

hope it may, And yet it rained but yes - ter - day. To - mor - row it may

pour a - gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo-ple say, I

know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, To - mor-row it may

pour a - gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo-ple say, I

know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, To - mor-row it may

Mabel *(The girls continue their chatter* pianissimo, *but listen eagerly all the time.)*

Did ev - er maid - en wake From

dim. *ppp*

pour a - gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo-ple say, I

p

dream_ of home - - - ly du - ty To

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

find her day - light break With such ex - ceed - ing beau-ty?

Ⓑ

Did ev - er maid - en close Her eyes on wak - ing sad-ness,

To dream of such ___ ex - ceed - ing glad-ness?

Fred. Ⓒ

Ah, yes! ah, yes! ___ this is ___ ex - ceed - ing

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

Chorus

glad - ness. How beau-ti - ful - ly blue the sky, The

f *p*

glass is ris - ing ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fine I hope it may, And

yet it rained but yes - ter - day. To - mor - row it may pour a - gain (I

hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo - ple say, I know not why, That

we shall have a warm Ju - ly, To - mor-row it may pour a - gain (I

D

hear the coun-try wants some rain) Yet peo-ple say, I know not why, That

(The girls continue their chatter pianissimo,
as before, but listen intently all the time.)

Fred.

Did

dim.

we shall have a warm Ju - ly, To - mor-row it may pour a - gain (I

p

ev - er pi - rate roll His soul in guilt - y dreaming,

pp

hear the coun-try wants some rain).

E

And wake to find _ that soul With peace and vir - tue beam-ing?

(Fred. and Mabel turn, as before.
Girls resume their chatter, forte.)

Chorus

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

f *p*

ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

yes-ter-day, Con - tin - ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

Mabel

Did ev - er maid - en wake From

Fred.

Did ev - er pi - rate loathed For -

yes-ter-day. How beau-ti - ful - ly blue the sky, The glass is ris-ing

p

dream of home - - ly du - ty
sake_ his hid - - - eous mis - sion
ver-y high, Con - tin-ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

To find her day - light break With
To find him - self___ be - trothed to
yes-ter-day. To - mor-row it may pour a - gain (I hear the coun-try

such___ ex - ceed - - - ing
la - dy of___ po -
wants some rain) Yet peo - ple say, I know not why, That

G

beau - ty? Ah, yes!

si - tion? Ah, yes!

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

G

p *cre - scen - do* *molto*

Ah, yes! Ah yes!

Ah, yes! Ah yes!

we shall have a warm Ju - ly, a warm Ju - ly.

f *ff*

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

No. 11. "Stay, we must not lose our senses"

Recitative and Chorus

Frederic, Girls, and Pirates

Allegretto

Frederic

Stay, we must not lose our sens-es, Men who stick at no of-fenc-es

p

Will a - non be here! Pi - ra - cy their dread-ful trade is;

Pray you, get you hence, young la - dies, While the coast is clear!

jump

(Fred. and Mabel retire.)

run

Chorus of Girls

jump

stop

run

No, we must not lose our sens - es; If they stick at no of - fenc - es,

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

We should not be here! Pi - ra - cy their dread-ful trade is–

(During this chorus the pirates enter stealthily from R. U. E., and form in a semicircle behind the girls. As the girls move to go off, each pirate seizes a girl. King seizes Edith and Isabel, Samuel seizes Kate.)

Nice com-pan-ions for young la - dies! Let us dis - ap- *(They shriek.)*

Vivace

Girls Pirates Girls Pirates

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

ff

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

Chorus of Pirates

Here's a first-rate op-por - tu-ni-ty To get

mf

mar - ried with im - pu - ni - ty, And in - dulge in the fe -

lic - i - ty Of un - bound - ed do - mes - tic - i - ty. You shall

quick - ly be par - son - i - fied, Con - ju - gal - ly mat - ri -

mo - ni - fied, By a doc - tor of di - vin - i - ty Who is lo -

cat - ed in this vi - cin - i - ty. We have missed our op - por -

Girls (A)

p

tu - ni - ty Of es - cap - ing with im - pu - ni - ty; So fare-

well to the fe - lic - i - ty Of our maid - en do - mes -

tic - i - ty! We shall quick - ly be par - son-i - fied,

Con-ju - gal-ly mat - ri - mo - ni - fied, By a doc - tor of di-

vin-i - ty Who is lo - cat-ed in this vi - cin-i - ty, By a

Pirates

By a

doc - tor of di - vin-i - ty, Who re - sides in this vi -

doc - tor of di - vin-i - ty, Who re - sides in this vi -

cin-i - ty, By a doc-tor, a doc - tor, a doc-tor of di - vin-i - ty,

cin-i - ty, By a doc-tor, a doc - tor, a doc-tor of di - vin-i - ty,

of di - vin-i - ty,

of di - vin-i - ty.

a tempo *f*

Attacca

No. 12. "Hold, monsters!"

Recitative and Chorus

Mabel, Samuel, Major-General, Girls, and Pirates

Recit. **Mabel** *(coming forward)*

Hold, 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-}

fp

Samuel *(cowed)*

p Moderato

Gen-er-al! We'd bet-ter pause, or dan-ger may be-fall; Their

p

(The Major-General has entered unnoticed, on

Girls

fa-ther is a Ma-jor-Gen-er-al! Yes, yes, he is a Ma-jor-

rock L. U. E.)

Major-General

Sam.

Gen-er-al! Yes, yes, I am a Ma-jor-Gen-er-al! For he

Tutti

is a Ma - jor - Gen-er-al! He is! Hur - rah for the Ma - jor -

p *f*

Major

Gen-er-al! And it is, it is a glo - rious thing To

p

Tutti

be a Ma - jor - Gen-er- al! It is! Hur - rah for the Ma - jor -

f

Gen-er - al! Hur - rah for the Ma - jor - Gen - er - al!

No. 13. "I am the very model of a modern Major-General"

Solo and Chorus

Major-General, Girls, and Pirates

Allegro vivace

ff

pp

Major-General

1. I am the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Gen-er-al; I've in-for-ma-tion veg-e-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-er-al: I
2. I know our myth-ic his-to-ry, King Ar-thur's and Sir Car-a-doc's; I an-swer hard a-cros-tics; I've a pret-ty taste for par-a-dox; I

know the kings of Eng-land, and I quote the fights his-tor - i - cal, From
quote, in el - e - gi - acs, all the crimes of He - lio - gab - a - lus; In

Mar - a - thon to Wa - ter - loo, in or - der cat - e - gor - i - cal; I'm
con - ics I can floor pe - cu - li - ar - i - ties pa - rab - o - lous; I can

ver - y well ac-quaint-ed, too, with mat - ters math - e - mat - i - cal, I
tell un - doubt-ed Ra - pha - els from Ger - ard Dows and Zof - fa - nies I

un - der - stand e - qua - tions, both the sim - ple and quad-rat - i - cal, A -
know the croak-ing cho - rus from the *Frogs* of Ar - is - toph - a - nes! Then

bout bi - no - mial the - o - rem I'm teem - ing with a lot o' news,
I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the mu - sic's din a - fore,

(Bothered for next rhyme– struck with an idea– joyfully)

With man-y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot - e - nuse.
And whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin-a-fore!*

Chorus

f

With man - y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot - e - nuse, With
And whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And

f

With man - y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot - e - nuse, With
And whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And

f

man - y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot - e - nuse, With
whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And

man - y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot - e - nuse, With
whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And

man-y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot-e-pot-e - nuse.
whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin-a-pin-a - fore.*

man-y cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - pot-e-pot-e - nuse.
whis-tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin-a-pin-a - fore.*

fz

Major

I'm ver-y good at in - te - gral and dif-fer- en-tial cal - cu - lus; I
Then I can write a wash-ing bill in Bab-y - lon-ic cu - nei-form, And

know the sci - en - tif - ic names of be - ings an - i - mal - cu - lous:
tell you ev - 'ry de - tail of Ca - rac - ta - cus - 's u - ni - form:
In

short, in mat-ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, I

Chorus

am the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al.
In

In

short, in mat-ters veg-e-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-er-al, He

short, in mat-ters veg-e-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-er-al, He

f

is the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Gen-er-al.

is the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Gen-er-al.

Slower

pp

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by

"mam-e-lon" and "rav-e-lin", When I can tell at sight a Mau-ser

ri - fle from a jav - e - lin, When such af - fairs as sor - ties and sur -

pris - es I'm more wa - ry at, And when I know pre - cise - ly what is

meant by "com-mis - sa - ri - at", When I have learnt what prog-ress has been

made in mod-ern gun-ner - y, When I know more of tac - tics than a

nov - ice in a nun-ner - y— In short,when I've a smat - ter - ing of

(Bothered for a rhyme— struck with an idea)

Vivace

el - e - men-tal strat-e_- gy— You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

Chorus

al has nev-er *sat* a gee— You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

al has nev-er *sat* a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

al has nev-er *sat* a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

al has nev-er *sat* a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

al has nev-er *sat* a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-

Major

al has nev-er *sat* a, *sat* a gee. 4. For my

al has nev-er *sat* a, *sat* a gee.

fz

mil - i - ta - ry know-ledge, tho' I'm pluck - y and ad - ven - tur - y, Has

pp

on - ly been brought down to the be - gin-ning of the cen - tu - ry; But

still, in mat-ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, I

Chorus

f

am the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al. But

f

But

still, in mat-ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, He

still, in mat-ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, He

is the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al.

is the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al.

ff

Major: 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.

Major: Dear me!

Girls: Against our wills, Papa– against our wills!

Major: Oh, but you mustn't do that! May I ask– this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you?

King: We are all single gentlemen.

Major: Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

King: No, nothing else.

Edith: Papa, don't believe them; they are pirates– the famous Pirates of Penzance!

Major: 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.

Major: 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,

Major: *(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 my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

King: Well, yes, that's the idea.

Major: Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

Pirates: *(disgusted)* Oh, dash it all!

King: Here we are again!

Major: I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

King: *(sighing)* Often!

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

King: I say, often.

All: *(disgusted)* Often, often, often. *(Turning away)*

Major: I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan, and you say "orphan". As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

King: I didn't repeat the word often.

Major: Pardon me, you did indeed.

King: I only repeated it once.

Major: True, but you repeated it.

King: But not often.

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

King: Ah! I beg pardon– I see what you mean – frequently.

Major: Ah! you said "often", frequently.

King: No, only once.

Major: *(irritated)* Exactly– you said "often, frequently" only once.

No. 14. "Oh, men of dark and dismal fate"

Finale of Act I

Ensemble

Moderato

Recit. Major-General

Oh, men of dark and dis-mal fate, Fore-

f

go your cru-el em-ploy, Have pit-y on my lone-ly state, I am an or-phan

p

Sam. & King

Major

Sam. & King

Major

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

p

Chorus of Pirates

p

How sad, an or-phan boy!

Andante moderato

Pirates

Major

chil-dren whom you see Are all that I can call my own! Poor fel-low! Take

p

Pirates

Major

them a-way from me, And I shall be in-deed a-lone. Poor fel-low! If

pit-y you can feel, Leave me my sole re-main-ing joy— See, at your feet they kneel; Your

Pirates

(sobbing)

hearts you can-not steel A-gainst the sad, sad tale of the lone-ly—— or-phan boy! Poor

mf

dim.

p

Sam., King, & Pirates

(A)

fel-low! See, at our feet they kneel; Our hearts we can-not steel A-

Sam.

Sam. & King

gainst the sad, sad tale of the lone-ly or-phan boy! The or - phan boy! The

p

or - phan boy! See, at our feet they kneel; Our hearts we can-not steel A-

tr

Pirates

gainst the tale of the lone - ly or - phan boy. Poor fel-low!

Allegro vivace

Major *(aside)*

I'm tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, But it

p

does-n't di-min-ish my glo - ry; For they would have tak-en my

daugh-ters O-ver the bil-low-y wa - ters, If I had-n't, in el-e-gant

dic - tion, In - dulged in an in-no-cent fic - tion, Which is

not in the same cat-e - go-ry As tell-ing a reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble

B

pp **Mabel** *(aside)*

He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, Which will

pp **Edith & Kate** *(aside)*

He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, Which will

pp **Fred.** *(aside)*

If he's tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, He shall

pp **Sam.** *(aside)*

If he's tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, He shall

pp **King** *(aside)*

If he's tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, He shall

sto - ry.

Chorus

pp **SOPRANOS & ALTOS** *(aside)*

He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, Which will

pp **TENORS & BASSES** *(aside)*

If he's tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, He shall

B

p

tend to di - min - ish his glo - ry; Though they would have tak - en his

tend to di - min - ish his glo - ry; Though they would have tak - en his

die by a death that is go - ry, Yes, one of the cru - el - lest

die by a death that is go - ry, Yes, one of the cru - el - lest

die by a death that is go - ry, Yes, one of the cru - el - lest

tend to di - min - ish his glo - ry; Though they would have tak - en his

die by a death that is go - ry, Yes, one of the cru - el - lest

daugh - ters O - ver the bil - low - y wa - ters, It is

daugh - ters O - ver the bil - low - y wa - ters, It is

slaugh-ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters; It is

slaugh-ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters; It is

slaugh-ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters; It is

daugh - ters O - ver the bil - low - y wa - ters, It is

slaugh-ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters; It is

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

eas - y, in el - e - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat - e - go - ry As tell-ing a

Ⓒ

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

Major

ff

It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

ff

reg-u-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry, It's eas-y, in el-e-gant dic - tion, To

Ⓒ

ff

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same cat- e - go-ry As tell-ing a

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

reg- u-lar sto - ry.

fz *ff*

Moderato

King

Al- though our dark ca - reer Some-times in - volves the crime of

p

steal-ing, We rath - er think that we're Not al - to - geth-er void of

feel-ing. Al - though we live by strife, We're al - ways sor - ry to be-

gin it; For what, we ask, is life Without a touch of Poetry in it?

D (All kneel)

fz

Chorus SOPRANOS — **Mabel & Edith** with Sop. **Kate** with Alto

ff

Hail, Po - et - ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est

TENORS & BASSES — **Fred.** with Tenor, **Sam.** with 1st Bass

ff

King & Major with 2nd Bass

Hail, Po - et - ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est

ff Voices only

e'en the pi - rate's trade. Hail, flow-ing fount of sen - ti -

e'en the pi - rate's trade. Hail, flow-ing fount of sen - ti -

ment! All hail, all hail, di - vine e - mol - li - ent!

ment! All hail, all hail, di - vine e - mol - li - ent!

(All rise)

Ⓔ *Recit.* King

You may go, for you're at lib - er-ty— our pi - rate rules pro-

p

tect you— And hon-or-a - ry mem-bers of our band we do e - lect

Allegro non troppo

Sam.

For he is an or - phan boy!

you.

SOPRANOS & ALTOS

Chorus

f

He is! Hur-rah for the or - phan

TENORS & BASSES

f

He is! Hur-rah for the or - phan

Allegro non troppo

p

f

Major

And it some-times is a use - ful thing To be an or - phan

boy!

boy!

boy!

p

boy.

f It is! Hur-rah for the or - phan boy! Hu-rah for the or - phan

f It is! Hur-rah for the or - phan boy! Hu-rah for the or - phan

Ⓕ Mabel

Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried

Edith & Kate

Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried

Fred.

Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried

Sam.

Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried

King

They will a - way and mar - ried

Major

boy!

boy!

Ⓕ

p

be! Should it be-

be! Should it be-

be! Should it be-

be! Should it be-

be! Should it be-

f

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar-ried be!

f

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar-ried be!

f *p*

fall aus-pi - cious-lee, My sis - ters all will brides-maids be!

fall aus-pi - cious-lee, Her sis - ters all will brides-maids be!

fall aus-pi - cious-lee, Her sis - ters all will brides-maids be!

fall aus-pi - cious-lee, Her sis - ters all will brides-maids be!

fall aus-pi - cious-lee, Her sis - ters all will brides-maids be!

Should it be-

Should it be-

f

G

Oh, hap-py day, with joy- ous

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Oh, hap-py day, with joy - ous

G

f

glee We will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee We will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

glee They will a - way and mar - ried be! Should it be - fall aus - pi - cious-

lee, My sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! My sis-ters

lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

lee, Should it be-fall aus-pi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

all will brides-maids be!

f

Allegro agitato

(Ruth enters and appeals to Frederic.)

Recit. Ruth

Oh, mas-ter, hear one

ff

word, I do im-plore you!

Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels be

ff

Chorus of Pirates

H

fore you!

Yes, yes, re-mem-ber Ruth, who kneels be -

a tempo

ff

Fred.

Chorus of Pirates *(threatening Ruth)*

fore you! A - way, you did de- ceive me! A - way, you did de -

p

f

Ruth

ceive him! Oh, do not leave me!

Pirates

Oh, do not leave her!

Fred.

A-way, you grieve me!

Pirates

A-

p *fz* *f* *fz* *p* *fz*

Fred.

(Frederic casts Ruth from him.)

way, you grieve him! I wish you'd leave me!

f *fz* *p*

Pirates

We wish you'd leave him!

ff

(J) Allegro risoluto

f

Fred., Sam., King, Major, & Pirates

f

Pray ob-serve the mag-na - nim-i - ty We dis-play to lace and

dim-i - ty! Nev-er was such op - por - tu - ni - ty To get mar-ried with im-

pu-ni-ty! But we give up the fe - lic-i - ty Of un-bound-ed do - mes-

tic-i - ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di - vin-i - ty Is lo - cat-ed in this vi -

(K)

Mabel, Edith, Kate, & Girls

cin-i - ty. Pray ob-serve the mag-na - nim-i - ty They dis-play to lace and

mf

dim-i - ty! Nev-er was such op - por - tu - ni - ty To get mar-ried with im-

pu - ni-ty! But they give up the fe - lic-i - ty Of un-bound-ed do - mes-

tic - i - ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di - vin-i - ty Is_ lo - cat-ed in this vi-

mut Ten + go Rt.

cin-i-ty, But they give up the fe - lic-i-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-

Men with Pirates, as before *p*

But we give up the fe - lic-i-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-

tic-i-ty, But they give up the fe - lic-i-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-

tic-i-ty, But we give up the fe - lic-i-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-

Mabel with Sop. Edith & Kate with Altos

tic-i-ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di-vin-i-ty, a doc-tor of di-

tic-i-ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di-vin-i-ty, a doc-tor of di-

tor, a

vin - i - ty, a doc - - - - tor, a

Mabel (top notes only)
Edith with Sop.

vin - i - ty, a doc - - - - tor, a

doc - - - tor of di - vin - -

Mabel & Edith with Sop.
Kate with Alto

doc - - - tor of di - vin - -

- - i - - ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di-vin-i-ty Re-

- - i - - ty, Tho' a doc-tor of di-vin-i-ty Re-

sides in this vi - cin-i - ty, Tho' a doc-tor, a doc - tor, re - sides in this vi -

sides in this vi - cin-i - ty, Tho' a doc-tor, a doc - tor, re - sides in this vi -

arms up

Tempo primo

cin - i - ty, this vi - cin-i - ty.

cin - i - ty, this vi - cin-i - ty.

(Girls and Major-General go up rocks L.,

Tempo primo

ff

while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R.C. The Major-General pro-

duces a British flag, and the Pirate King, in arched rock R.C., produces a black flag with skull and crossbones. Enter Ruth, who makes a final appeal to Frederic, who casts her from him.)

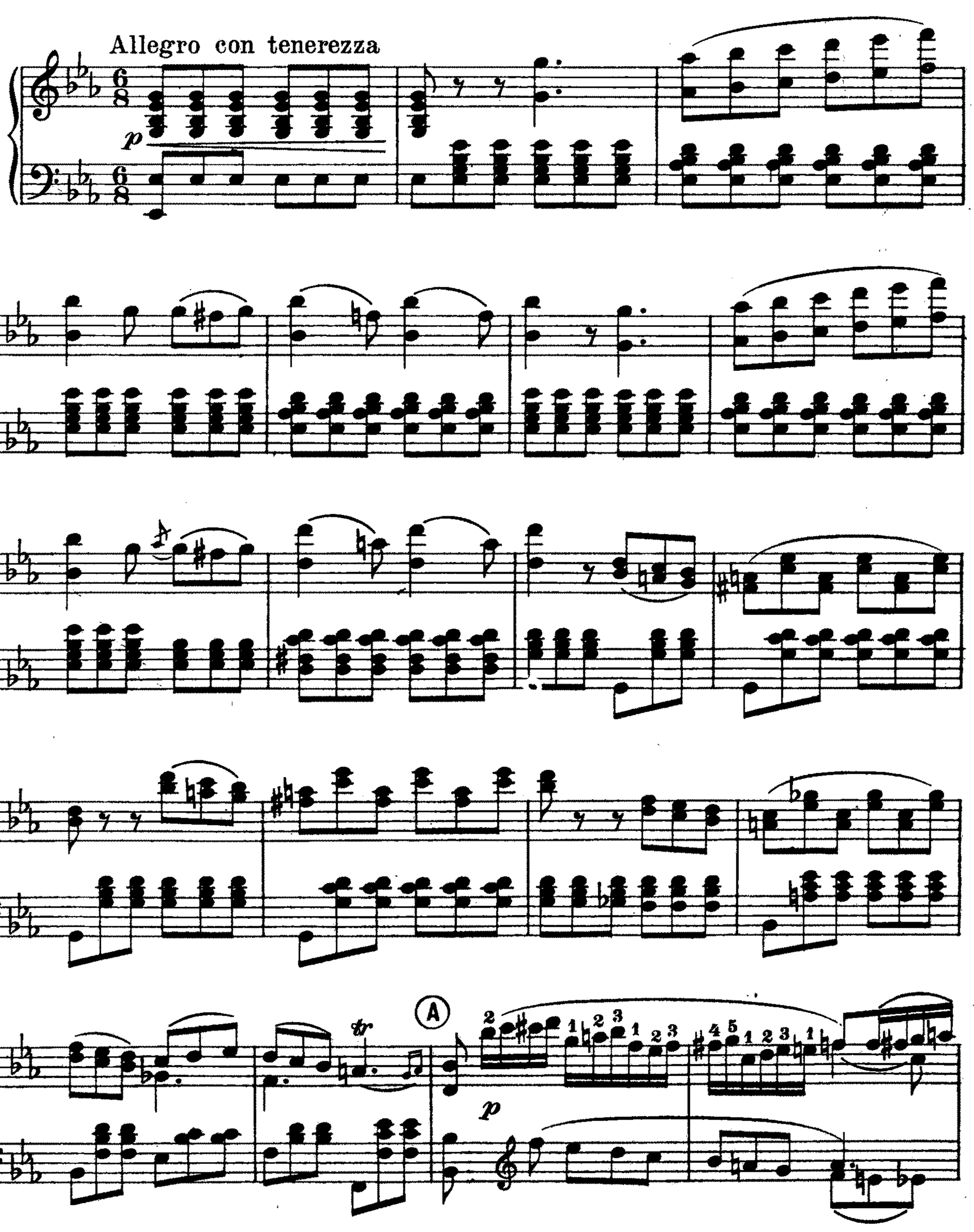
Act II

Scene: *A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C., R., and L., divided by pillars and arches; ruined Gothic windows at back. Major-General Stanley discovered seated R. C. pensively, surrounded by his daughters.*

No. 15. "Oh, dry the glistening tear"

Opening Chorus and Solo

Girls and Mabel



mf

dim.

Chorus of Girls *f*

p

Oh, dry the glis - t'ning tear That dews that mar - tial

cheek, Thy lov - ing chil - dren hear, In them thy com - fort

unis.

seek. With sym - pa-thet - ic care Their arms a - round thee

unis.

creep, For oh, they can - not bear To see their fa - - ther

Ⓒ *(Enter Mabel)* **Mabel**

weep! Dear fa-ther, why leave your bed At

dolce

this un-time - ly hour, When hap - py day-light is dead And

dark - some dan - gers low'r? See, heav'n has lit her lamp, The

mid-night hour is past, And the chil - ly night-air is damp, The

dew is fall - ing fast! Dear fa-ther, why leave your bed When hap - py

Chorus of Girls

day - light is dead? Oh,

dim.

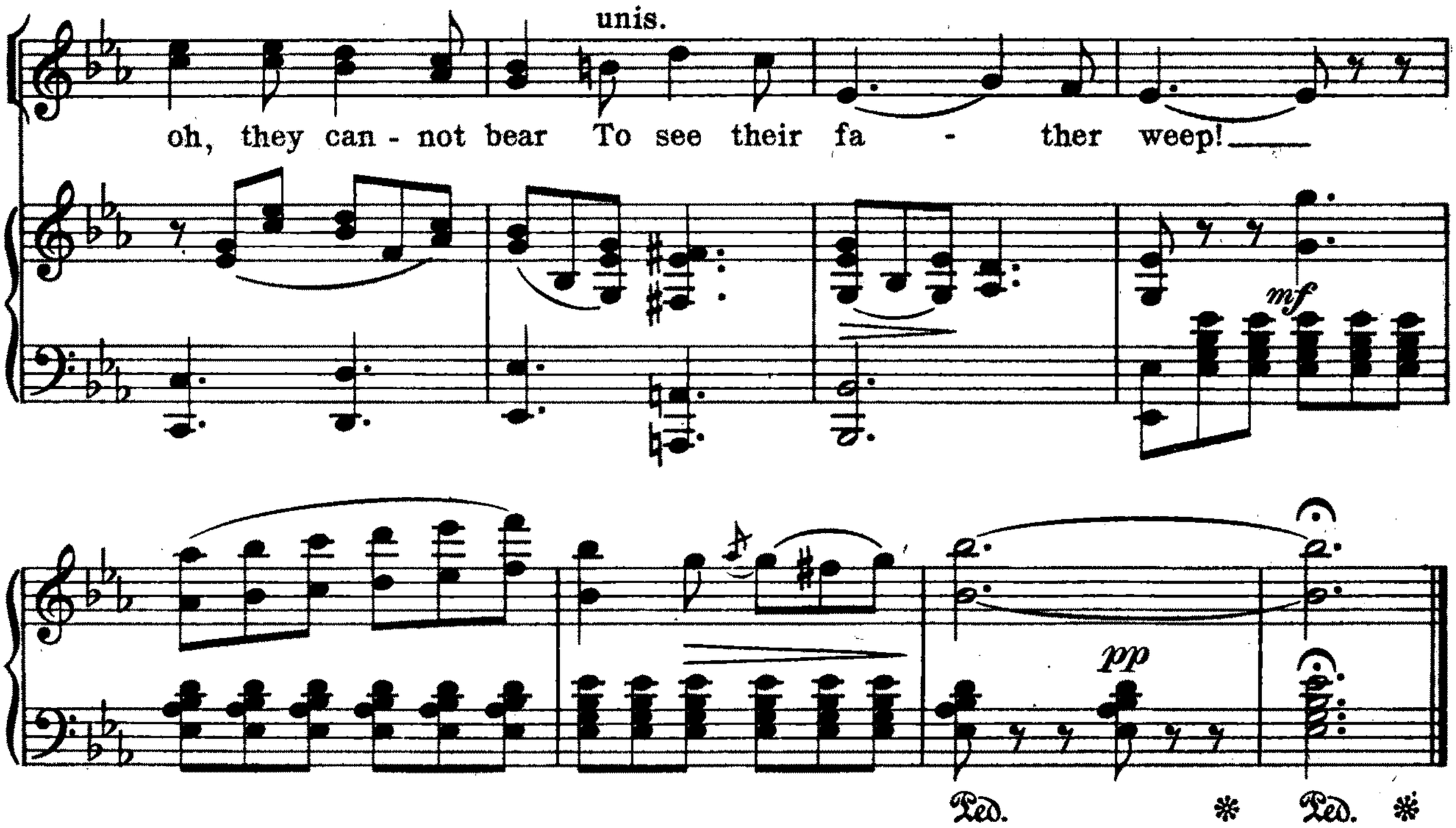
Ped. *

dry the glis-t'ning tear That dews that mar - tial cheek, Thy

unis.

lov - ing chil - dren hear, In them thy com - fort seek. With

sym - pa-thet - ic care Their arms a - round thee creep, For



(Frederic enters R. U. E. and down C.)

Mabel: Oh, Frederic, cannot you, in the calm excellence of your wisdom, 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?

Major: Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan; and, heaven help me, I am no orphan! I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for having brought dishonour on the family escutcheon.

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

Major: 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.

Major: I thank you for your profferred solace, but it is unavailing. I assure you, Frederic, that such is the anguish and remorse I feel at the abominable falsehood by which I escaped these easily deluded pirates, that I would go to their simple-minded chief this very night and confess all, did I not fear that the consequences would be most disastrous to myself. 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, dear Mabel, you will be mine!

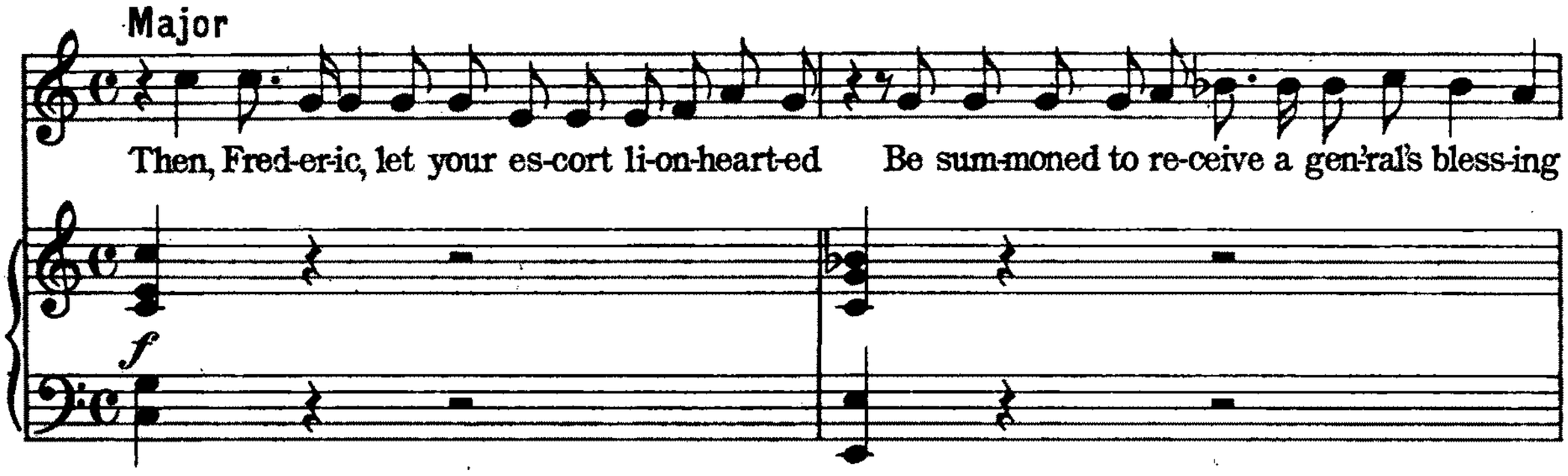
Major: Are your devoted followers at hand?

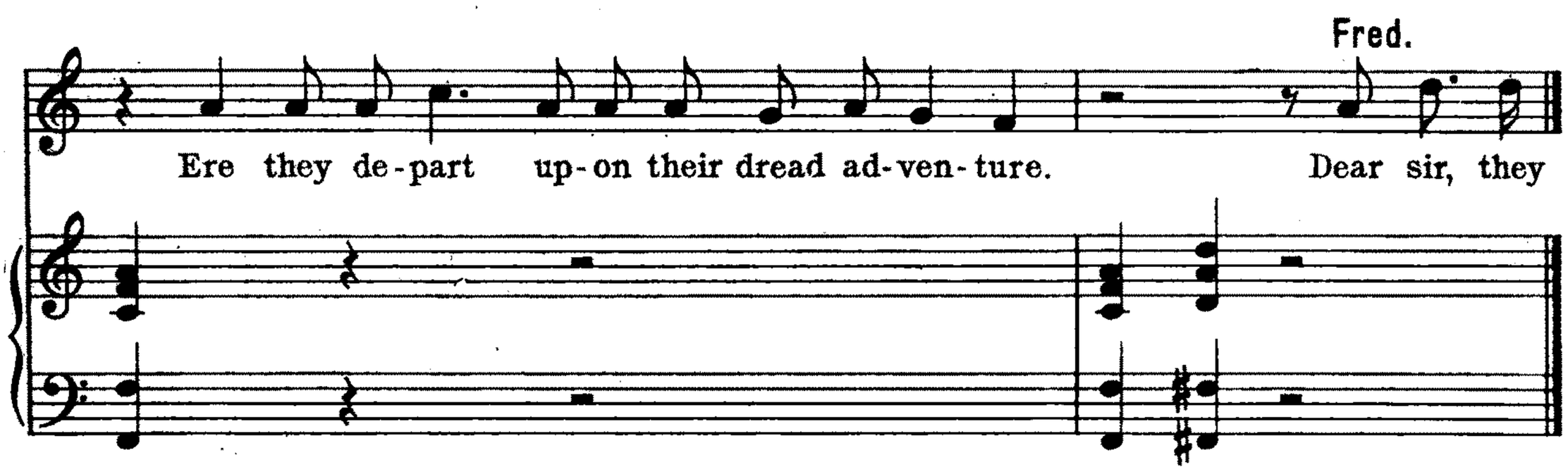
Fred.: They are; they only wait my orders.

No. 16. "Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted"

Recitative

Major-General and Frederic

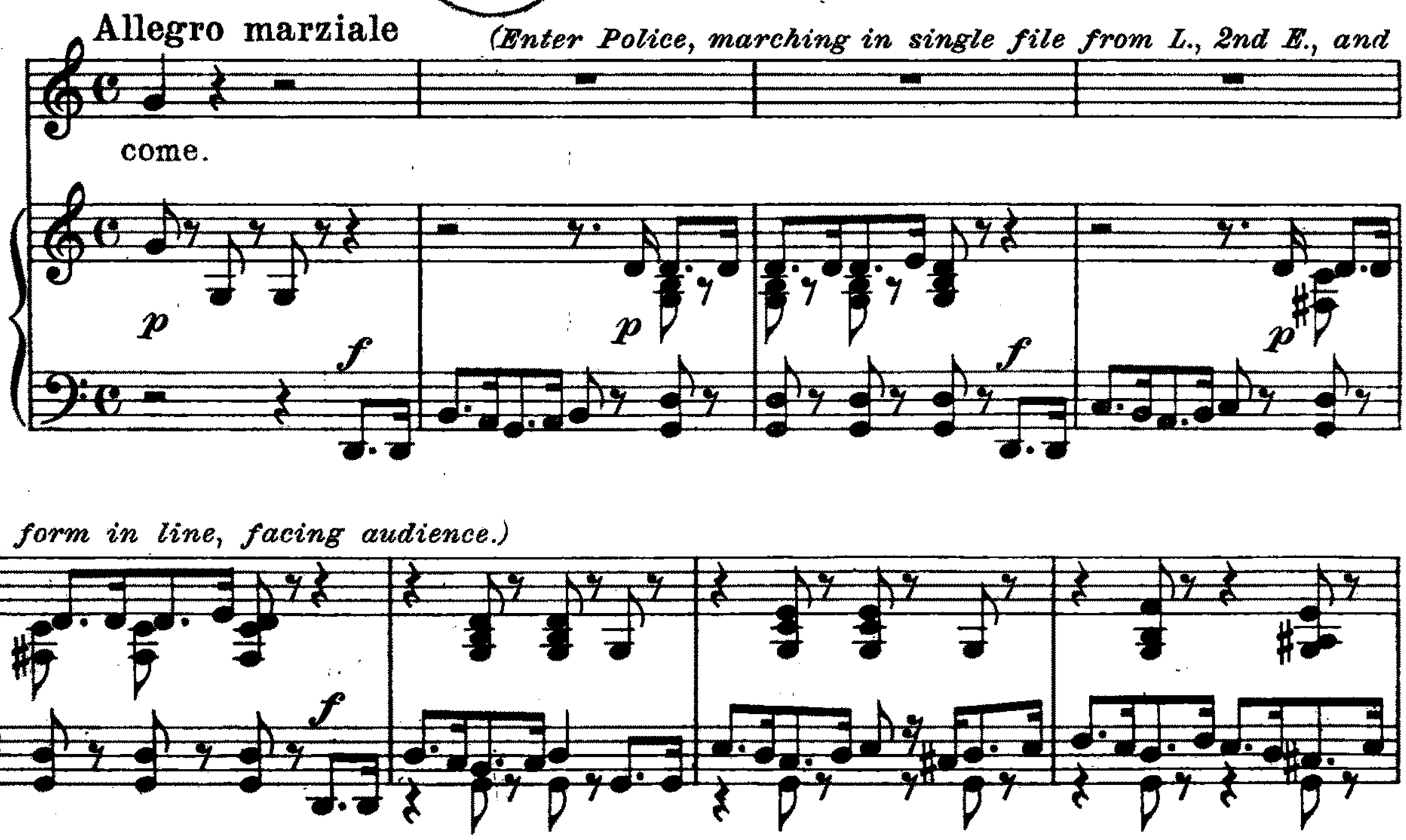




No. 17. "When the foeman bares his steel"

Solos and Chorus

Sergeant, Mabel, Edith, Major-General, Police, and Girls



Sergeant

When the foe-man bares his steel,

Chorus of Police *(using their clubs as trumpets)*

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

f *dim.* *p*

We un-com-fort-a-ble feel,

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

And we find the wis-est thing

Is to

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

slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran-ta - ra! For when threat-ened with *é-meutes*,

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

And your heart is in your boots, There is

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

noth - ing brings it round Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

B

pp

trum-pet's mar - tial sound, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta-

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

B

p

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mabel *(from L., addressing Sergeant)*

ra! Go, ye he - roes,

ra!

go to glo - ry! Though ye die in com-bat gor - y,

Ye shall live in song and sto - ry. Go to im - mor-tal - i -

ty! Go to death, and go to slaugh - ter;

Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, ye

p *cresc.*

D

he - roes, go and die!

f Edith.

Go, ye he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he-roes, go and

Chorus of Girls

f

Go, ye he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he-roes, go and

D

f

die!

p Sergeant

die! Tho' to us it's ev - i - dent, These at-

p Chorus of Police

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

mf *dim.* *p*

ten-tions are well meant, Such ex-pres-sions don't ap-pear

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

Cal- cu - lat - ed men to cheer Who are

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

going to meet their fate In a high - ly ner - vous state.

Ta-ran - ta-

Still, to us it's ev - i-dent These at-

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

ten - tions are well meant.

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

(E)

ra!

Edith *(from R., addressing Sergeant)*

Go, and do your

best en-deav - our. And be - fore all links we

sev - - er, We will say fare - well for ev - er.

cresc.

Go to glo - ry and the grave!

Chorus of Girls

Go to glo - ry and the grave! For your

foes are fierce and ruth-less, False, un - mer - ci-ful, and truth-less; Young and

ten - der, old and tooth-less, All in vain their mer - cy crave.

Sergeant

We ob-serve too great a stress On the

risks that on us press, And of ref - er-ence a lack To our

chance of com - ing back. Still, per - haps it would be wise Not to

pp

carp or crit - i - cise, For it's ver - y ev - i - dent These at-

ten-tions are well meant.

Police

Yes, it's ver - y ev - i - dent

Ev - i -

These at - ten-tions are well meant,

dent, ev - i - dent, Sergeant (G) unis. & Chorus of Police

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

p Mabel

Go, ye he - roes, go to glo - ry!

Edith

Go, ye he - roes, go to glo - ry!

p Chorus of Girls

Go, ye he - - - roes,

foe - man bares his steel, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! We un-

Though ye die in com - bat gor - - - y,

Though ye die in com - bat gor - - - y,

go to glo - - - ry!

com - fort - a - ble feel, Ta-ran - ta - ra! And we

Ye shall live in song and sto - ry.

Ye shall live in song and sto - ry.

Ye shall, ye shall

find the wis - est thing, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra! Is to

Go to im - mor - tal - i - ty! Go to

Go to im - mor-tal - i - ty! Go to

live in sto - ry. Go to

slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran - ta - ra! For when

death,___ and go to slaugh - ter;

death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and

death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and

threat-ened with *é-meutes,* Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! And your

Die,___ and ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

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

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, ye

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, ye

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, ye

noth - ing brings it round Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to

he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to

he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to

Sergeant & TENORS
Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta-

trum-pet's mar-tial sound, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, BASSES ra, ra, ra,

dim. pp

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

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

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

cresc.

f

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Tho' ye die in com - bat gor - y, Ye shall

f

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Tho' ye die in com - bat gor - y, Ye shall

f

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Tho' ye die in com - bat gor - y, Ye shall

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

f

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

f

live in song and sto - ry. Go to im - mor - tal - i -

live in song and sto - ry. Go to im - mor - tal - i -

live in song and sto - ry. Go to im - mor - tal - i -

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

ty!

ty!

ty!

(without moving) *cresc.*

ra! Yes, yes, we go! Ta - ran - ta -

Major

A - way, a - way! These pi - rates slay!

p *cresc.*

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

cresc.

Then do not stay! Then why this de-lay?

cresc.

Mabel *ff*

Yes, for - ward on the

Edith *ff*

Yes, for - ward on the

Chorus of Girls *ff*

Yes, for - ward on the

Sergeant *ff*

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

Chorus of Police *ff*

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

ff

foe! They go, they go! Yes,

foe! They go, they go! Yes,

foe! They go, they go! Yes,

foe! We go, we go! Yes, for - ward on the

foe! Major We go, we go! Yes, for - ward on the

Yes, but you *don't* go!

p *ff*

for - ward on the foe! At last they

for - ward on the foe! At last they

for - ward on the foe! At last they

foe, Yes, for - ward on the foe! We go, we

foe, Yes, for - ward on the foe! We go, we

Yes, but you *don't* go!

p *ff*

go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real - ly

go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real - ly, real - ly

go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real - ly, real - ly

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

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

At last they go, at last they go! At last they real - ly, real - ly

(Exeunt Police. Mabel tears herself from Fred., and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The Major-General and others follow the police off L. Fred. remains alone.)

go!

go!

go!

go!

go!

go!

ff

No. 18. "Now for the pirates' lair!"

Recitative

Frederic, Pirate King, and Ruth

Recit. Fred.

Now for the pi-rates' lair! Oh, joy un-bound-ed! Oh, sweet re-

ff

lief! Oh, rap-ture un-ex-am-pled! At last I may a-

tone, in some slight mea-sure, For the re-peat-ed acts of theft and

fz *p*

pil-lage, Of which, at a sense of du-ty's stern dic-ta-tion,

I, cir- cum-stan-ce's vic - tim, have been guilt - y!

(Pirate King and Ruth appear at the window C., armed)

Moderato

Ruth

And

Who calls?

King *(covering him with pistol)* *(coming down)*

Young Fred-'ric! Your late com-mand- er!

Moderato

p

(covering him with pistol)

I, your lit-tle Ruth!

Fred.

Oh, mad in- trud-ers, How dare ye face me?

Know ye not, O rash ones, That I have doomed you to ex-ter - mi-

(King and Ruth hold a pistol to each ear.)

King

na - tion? Have mer - cy on us!

Fred.

Hear us, ere you slaugh-ter! I do not think I ought to lis-ten

to you. Yet, mer - cy should al-loy our stern re - sent - ment, And

so I will be mer - ci-ful— say on!

No. 19. "When you had left our pirate fold"

Solos, Trio, and Chant

Ruth, Frederic, and Pirate King

Allegro grazioso

f

Ruth (A)

(1st Verse) When you had left our pi-rate fold, We tried to raise our

Pirate King

(2nd Verse) knew your taste for cu-rious quips, For cranks and con-tra -

(A)

p

spir-its faint, Ac-cord-ing to our cus-tom old, With quips and quib-bles quaint. But

dic-tions queer; And with the laugh-ter on our lips, We wished you there to hear. We

all in vain the quips we heard; We lay and sobbed up - on the rocks, Un-

said, "If we could tell it him, How Fred -'ric would the joke en - joy!" And

til to some - bod - y oc - curred A start - ling par - a - dox. A par - a -

Fred.

Fred. *(interested)*

so we've risked both life and limb To tell it to our boy. That par - a -

p

Ruth *(laughing)*

dox? A par - a - dox, A most in - ge - nious par - a - dox! We've quips and

King *(laughing)*

dox? That par - a - dox, That most in - ge - nious par - a - dox! We've quips and

B

quib-bles heard in flocks, But none to beat this par - a - dox!

quib-bles heard in flocks, But none to beat this par - a - dox!

B

Ruth *(1st & 2nd Verse)*

A par - a - dox, a par - a - dox, A most in - ge - nious

Fred. *(1st & 2nd Verse)*

A par - a - dox, a par - a - dox, A most in - ge - nious

King *(1st & 2nd Verse)*

A par - a - dox, a par - a - dox, A most in - ge - nious

p

f

par - a - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this par - a -

2. that

f

par - a - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this par - a -

2. that

f

par - a - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this par - a -

2. that

dox!

dox!

dox!

1. 2.

2. We

1. 2.

f

© King

{For some ridiculous reason, to which, / however, I've no desire to be dis-} {-loyal, Some person in authority– I don't / know who– very likely the Astronomer}

p

{Royal, Has decided that, although for such / a beastly month as February, twenty-eight / days as a rule are} {plenty, One year in every four his / days shall be reckoned as nine-and-}

{-twenty. Through some singular coinci- / dence– I shouldn't be surprised if it were / owing to the agency of an ill-natured} {fairy–You are the victim of this clumsy / arrangement, having been born in leap- / year, on the twenty-ninth of Feb-}

{-ruary; And so, by a simple arith- / -metical process, you'll easily dis-} {-cover That, tho' you've lived twenty- / one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, / you're only five and a little bit}

Ruth

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

a tempo

o - ver! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

dim.

Fred. (counting on his fingers)

Dear me! Let's see! Yes, yes, with

Ruth

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

Fred. (more amused than any)

yours my fig-ures do a - gree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

King

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

Fred.

How quaint the ways of Par- a- dox! At

dim.

com-mon sense she gai - ly mocks! Tho' count-ing in the u - sual way, Years

twen-ty-one I've been a - live, Yet, reck-'ning by my na - tal day, Yet,

rall.

rall.

reck-'ning by my na - tal day,

Ⓕ

f a tempo

I am a lit - tle boy of

fz a tempo

Ruth

f

He is a lit - tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Fred.

five!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

King

f

He is a lit - tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

f

ha! A par- a- dox, a par- a- dox, A most in- ge-nious

ha! A par- a- dox, a par- a- dox, A most in- ge-nious

ha! A par- a- dox, a par- a- dox, A most in- ge-nious

dim.

par- a- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par- a-

par- a- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par- a-

par- a- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A par- a-

G

f

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu - rious par - a -

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu - rious par - a -

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A cu - rious par - a -

G

f

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A most in - ge - nious

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A most in - ge - nious

dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A most in - ge - nious

(Ruth and King throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughter.)

par - - a - dox!

par - - a - dox!

par - - a - dox!

ff

ffz

Fred.: Upon my word, this is most curious— most absurdly whimsical. Five and a quarter! No one would think it to look at me!

Ruth: You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had killed *two of your comrades.*

Fred.: My comrades?

King: *(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 birthday *(producing document)*, and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five and a quarter.

Fred.: You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

King: No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty.

Ruth: *(rises)* 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.*

King: Your duty!

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.

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:
Ruth: } What!

Fred.: More than that, he never was one!

King: Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? *(Frederic nods as he weeps.)* Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

Fred.: But— stay—

King: Not a word! He is doomed!

No. 20. "Away, away! my heart's on fire"

Trio

Ruth, Pirate King, and Frederic

Allegro molto

Ruth

A-way, a - way! my heart's on

King

A-way, a - way! my heart's on

Allegro molto

p

fire; I burn, this base de-cep-tion to re - pay. This ver - y

fire; I burn, this base de-cep-tion to re - pay. This ver - y

night my ven-geance dire Shall glut it - self in gore. A-way, a -

night my ven-geance dire Shall glut it - self in gore. A-way, a -

way!___

Fred.

A - way, a - way!___ ere I ex - pire—___ I find my

way!___

du - ty hard to do to - day!___ My heart is filled___ with an-guish

dire;___ It strikes me to the core. A- way, a - way!___

King

With false-hood

foul He tricked us of our brides.— Let ven-geance howl;The pi-rate so de-

cides!— Our næ- ture stern He sof-tened with his lies;— And, in re-

fz

Yes, yes! to-night the trai-tor

Yes, yes! to-night the trai-tor

turn, To-night the trai - tor dies!—

dies!___ Yes, yes! to-night the trai-tor dies!___

dies!___ Yes, yes! to-night the trai-tor dies!___

Yes, yes! to-night the trai-tor dies!

fz *dim.*

B

To-night he dies!___

His girls like-

Yes, or ear-ly to-mor - row.

B

mf *p*

They will wel-ter in sor - row. In their na-tures they

wise?_

The one soft spot ___

cher - ish— To -

And all_ who plot___ To -

To a-buse it shall per - ish! To -

pp

night he dies! Yes, or ear-ly to-mor - row. His girls like-wise, they will wel-ter in

night he dies! Yes, or ear-ly to-mor' row. His girls like-wise, they will wel-ter in

night he dies! Yes, or ear-ly to-mor - row. His girls like-wise, they will wel-ter in

sor - row. The one soft spot In their na-tures they cher - ish— And

sor - row. The one soft spot In their na-tures they cher - ish— And

sor - row. The one soft spot In their na-tures they cher - ish— And

all who plot To a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a -

all who plot To a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a -

all who plot To a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a -

way, a - way! To-night the trai - tor

way, a - way! To-night the trai - tor

way, a - way! To-night the trai - tor

dies! A - way, a - way! to - night, to - night,

dies! A - way, a - way! to - night, to - night,

dies! A - way, a - way! to - night, to - night,

to-night the trai - tor

to-night the trai - tor

to-night the trai - tor

dies! to - night! a - - -

dies! to - night! a - - -

dies! to - night! a - - -

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

way!

way!

way!

ff

No. 21. "All is prepared"

Recitative

Mabel and Frederic

Recit. Mabel

All is pre-pared; your gal-lant crew a - wait you.

p *f*

My Fred-er-ic in tears? It can-not be That li-on-heart quails at the coming conflict?

Fred.

Moderato

No, Ma-bel, no. A ter - ri-ble dis-clo-sure Has just been made. Ma-bel, my dear-ly

p

loved one, I bound my-self to serve the pi-rate cap - tain Un-

Mabel

til I reached my one and twen-tieth birth - day— But you

Fred.

are twen-ty-one? I've just dis - cov-ered That I was born in

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

Mabel Fred.

for-ty! Oh, hor- ri-ble! ca - tas-tro-phe ap-pall-ing! And

p

Mabel

so, fare - well! No, no! Ah, Fred-'ric, hear me!

ff *con forza*

No. 22. "Stay, Frederic, stay!"

Duet

Mabel and Frederic

Allegro agitato

f Mabel

Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay! They

ff *f*

have no le - gal claim; No shad - ow of a shame Will fall up -

p

on thy name. Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay! *f* Fred. Nay, Ma - bel,

f *fz*

nay! To - night I quit these walls. The thought my soul ap -

p

palls; But when stern Du - ty calls, I must o - bey.

Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay! They have no claim—

Nay, Ma-bel, nay! But Du-ty's

No shad - ow of a shame Will fall up - on thy name.

name. The thought my soul ap - palls; But when stern Du - ty calls,

Mabel

Stay, Fred-'ric, stay!

Fred.

I must o - bey.

Ⓑ Andante

Mabel

Ah, leave me not to pine A-lone and des - o-late; No fate seemed fair as

pp dolce

mine, No hap - pi-ness so great! And Na - ture day by

day Has sung in ac - cents clear This joy-ous roun - de -

lay, "He loves thee— he is here. Fa - la, la-la, Fa -

la, la - la! He loves thee— he is here. Fa - la, la - la, Fa - la!"

rall.

cresc.

rall. e

dim. *p*

Fred.

Ah, must I leave thee here In end - less night to dream,

p dolce

Where joy is dark and drear, And sor - row all su - preme— Where

na - ture, day by day, Will sing___ in al - tered tone This

wea - ry roun - de - lay, "He loves thee— he is gone. Fa - la, la - la, Fa -

Mabel

Fa - la, la - la, Fa - la!

la, la - la! He loves thee— he is gone. Fa - la, la - la, Fa - la!"

rall.

cresc.

rall. e dim. *p*

C

Recit. Fred.

Mabel

In 1940 I of age shall be; I'll then return, and claim you— I de-clare it! It

p

Fred.

seems so long! Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.

Mabel *(aside)*

(aloud)

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

fz

Allegro vivace

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is

Allegro vivace

ff *mf*

food for joy - ous laugh - ter: He will be faith - ful to his

food for joy - ous laugh - ter: She will be faith - ful to her

sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven af - ter!

sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven af - ter! Oh, here is love, and

D

D

Oh, here is love, and here is truth,

here is truth, She

He will be faith-ful to his sooth,

will be faith-ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e - ven

Till we are wed, yes, e - ven af - - -

af - ter, and e - ven af-ter!

E

cresc.

ter! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is

food for joy - ous_ laugh-ter: He will be faith-ful to his sooth, Till we are

food for joy - ous_ laugh-ter: She will be faith-ful to her sooth,

wed, and e - ven af - ter! He will be faith-ful to his

She will be faith-ful to her

sooth, and af - - - ter, e-ven af - -

sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven af - - ter, e-ven af - -

ter! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is love, is

ter! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is love, is

fp *cresc.* *f*

(Frederic rushes to window and leaps out.)

love!

love!

ff

No. 23. "No, I am brave!"

Recitative, Solo, and Chorus

Mabel, Sergeant, and Police

Recit.

Mabel *(almost fainting, feeling her pulse)*

No, I am brave! Oh, fam-i-ly de-scent, How great thy

f *p*

charm, thy sway how ex-cel-lent! Come, one and all, un-daunt-ed men in blue,

Moderato

A cri-sis, now, af-fairs are com-ing to!

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

Sergeant

Tho' in

cresc. *f* *dim.*

bod- y and in mind

We are tim - id-ly in-clined,

Chorus of Police

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

Ta-ran- ta-

And an - y-thing but blind

To the

ra!

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

dan-ger that's be-hind,

Yet, when the dan-ger's near,

Ta-ran- ta - ra!

Ta-ran- ta-

We man-age to ap-pear As in-

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

sen-si-ble to fear As an-y-bod-y here, as an-y-bod-y

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

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

p

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mabel:
Sergeant, approach! Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

No matter. He will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.

(Dialogue goes on.)

Chorus of Police

That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

He has acted shamefully!

Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was *his* duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise *my* duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty; I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. *(Exit Mabel R. I. E.)*

Sergeant:
This is perplexing.

Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty—

He has acted nobly!

Right oh!

We cannot understand it at all.

No matter. Our course is clear: we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to us all— but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

It is too late now!

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

We should!

It is!

Attacca

No. 24. "When a felon's not engaged in his employment"

Solo and Chorus

Sergeant and Police

Allegro moderato

p

Sergeant

1. When a fel-on's not en-gaged in his em-ploy-ment Or ma-
2. When the en-ter-pris-ing bur-glar's not a - bur-gling, When the

Chorus of Police

p

his em-ploy-ment
not a - bur - gling,

tur - ing his fe - lo - nious lit - tle plans, His ca -
cut - throat is - n't oc - cu - pied in crime, He___

lit - tle plans,
- pied in crime,

pac - i - ty for in - no - cent en - joy - ment Is
loves to hear the lit - tle brook a - gur - gling, And

-cent en - joy - ment
brook a - gur - gling,

just as great as an - y hon - est man's.
lis - ten to the mer - ry vil - lage chime.

Our
When the

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

feel - ings we with dif - fi - cul - ty smoth - er
cos - ter's fin - ished jump - ing on his moth - er,

When con -
He

-cul - ty smoth - er
on his moth - er,

stab - u - la - ry du - ty's to be done.
loves to lie a - bask - ing in the sun.

Ah, take

to be done.
in the sun.

one con - sid - er - a - tion with an - oth - er,

A po -

with an - oth - er,

lice - man's lot is not a hap - py one.

When con -

Ah, when con -

stab - u - la - ry du - ty's to be done, to be done, A po -

stab - u - la - ry du - ty's to be done, to be done, A po -

lice - man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one.

lice - man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one.

p

No. 25. "A rollicking band of pirates we"

Chorus and Solo

Pirates, Sergeant, and Police

Allegretto

Chorus of Pirates *(behind the scenes)*

A rol - lick - ing band of pi - rates we, Who,

ti - red of toss - ing on the sea, Are try - ing their hand at a

Sergeant

bur-gla-ree, With weap-ons grim and gor - y. Hush, hush! I hear them on the

p

Pirates

(nearer)

man - or poach-ing; With stealth-y steps the pi-rates are ap-proach-ing! We

are not com-ing for plate or gold; A sto - ry Gen-er- al

Stan - ley's told; We seek a pen - al - ty fif - ty- fold, For

Gen - er - al Stan - ley's sto - ry!

Chorus of Police

They seek a pen - al - ty

p

Pirates *(without)*

Fif - ty - fold! We seek a pen - al - ty We

Fif - ty- fold! They

seek a pen - al - ty fif - ty - fold, For Gen - er - al Stan - ley's

seek a pen - al - ty fif - ty - fold, For Gen - er - al Stan - ley's

sto - ry!

sto - ry!

Sergeant

They come in force, With stealth-y stride;

pp

Chorus of Police *repeat this, and pp dim. till next Chorus.*

Our ob-vious course is now— to hide. Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

(Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so, the Pirates, with Ruth and Fred, are seen appearing at ruined window. They enter cautiously and come downstage on tiptoe. Sam, is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc.)

No. 26. "With cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal"

Chorus and Solo

Pirates, Police, and Samuel

Allegro marziale

f *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

f Chorus of Pirates

With cat - like tread, Up - on our prey we steal; In

fz *fz* *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

si - lence dread, Our cau-tious way we feel. No sound at all! We

p *ff* *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

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

Chorus of Police

pp

Ta-ran-ta-

p *ff* *p* *p*

So stealth- i -

ra, ta-ra - ta - ra!

8

ly the pi - rate creeps, While all the house-hold sound-ly sleeps.

Come, friends, who plough the sea,

pp

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

pp

Truce to nav - i - ga - tion; Take an-oth - er sta - tion; Let's va - ry

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

pi - ra - cee With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree!

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!

3

Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion;

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

cresc.

Take an-oth - er sta - tion; Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee

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

cresc.

f

With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! Here's your

f

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

Ⓒ Samuel *(distributing im-*

Ⓒ

f

p

plements to various members of the gang)

crow - bar and your cen - tre-bit, Your

life - - pre - ser - ver— you may want to hit!

Your si - lent match - es, your dark lan - tern

p

seize, Take your file and your

(D) *(Enter King, Fred., and Ruth.)*

skel - e - ton - ic keys.

Pirates

f

With cat-like tread, in si - lence

Police

f

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

(D)

tr

f

dread, With cat - like tread, Up-

ra!

ff

p

ff

on our prey we steal; In si - lence dread, Our cau - tious way we feel.

No sound at all! We nev - er speak a word; A fly's foot-fall Would be dis-

tinct - ly heard! Come, friends, who plough the sea,

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

Truce to nav - i - ga - tion; Take an-oth - er sta - tion; Let's va - ry

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

pi - ra - cee — With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! With cat-like tread,

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

Up - on our prey we steal;

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

In si - lence dread Our cau - tious way we

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

feel.

ra!

No. 27. "Hush, hush! not a word"

Recitative, Chorus, and Solo

Frederic, Pirates, Police, and Major-General

Recit.

Fred. *(looks through keyhole L.)*

Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light in-side! The

Pirates *(Pirates conceal themselves.)*

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

(Exeunt King, Fred., Sam., and Ruth.)

Police

comes! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen-'ral comes! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen-'ral

Major *(entering in dressing gown, carrying a light)*

Moderato

comes! Tor-ment-ed with the an-guish dread Of false-hood un-a-toned, I

lay up - on my sleep-less bed, And tossed and turned and groaned. The

man who finds his con - science ache No peace at all en - joys; And

Chorus of Pirates & Police *p*

as I lay in bed a - wake, I thought I heard a noise. He

ff *Recit.* Major

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

p

ease– So still the scene, It must have been The sigh - ing of the

No. 28. "Sighing softly to the river"

Ballad and Finale of Act II

Major-General and Ensemble

Allegro grazioso

breeze.

p

mf

3 2 3 2

Major

1. Sigh - ing soft - ly to the riv - er
2. Yet, the breeze is but a rov - er,

dim.

pp

Comes the lov - ing breeze, Set - ting na - ture
When he wings a - way. Brook and pop - lar

all a - quiv - er, Rus - tling through the trees.
mourn a lov - er, Sigh - ing, "Well - a - day!"

pp Pirates

Through the
"Well - a -

Police

Through the
"Well - a -

A

And the brook, in rip - pling mea - sure,
Ah, the do - ing and un - do - ing

trees.
day!"

trees.
day!"

A

Laughs for ver - y love, While the pop - lars,
That the rogue could tell! When the breeze is

in their plea - sure, Wave their arms a - bove.
out a - woo - ing, Who can woo so well?

Yes, the
Shock - ing

Yes, the
Shock - ing

trees, for ver - y love, Wave their leaf - y arms a -
tales the rogue could tell, No - bod - y can woo so

trees, for ver - y love, Wave their leaf - y arms a -
tales the rogue could tell, No - bod - y can woo so

Major with 1st Tenor

bove. Riv - er, riv - er, lit - tle
well. Pret - ty brook, thy dream is

bove. Riv - er, riv - er, lit - tle
well. Pret - ty brook, thy dream is

riv - er, May thy lov - ing pros - per ev - er! Heav - en
o - ver, For thy love is but a rov - er; Sad the

riv - er, May thy lov - ing pros - per ev - er! Heav - en
o - ver, For thy love is but a rov - er; Sad the

speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py
lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fick - le

speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py
lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fick - le

be, Heav - en speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy
breeze, Sad the lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed

be, Heav - en speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy
breeze, Sad the lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed

1.

woo - ing hap - py be!

woo - ing hap - py be!

1.

2.

by a fick - le breeze!

by a fick - le breeze!

2.

Ped. * Ped. *

(Enter the Major-General's daughters, led by Mabel, all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying lighted candles.)

Ⓒ Allegro vivace

Chorus of Girls

f SOPRANOS

Now what is this, and what is that, and

f

why does fa - ther leave his rest At such a time of night as this, so

ver - y in - com-plete - ly dressed? Dear fa - ther is, and al - ways was, the

most me - thod - i - cal of men; It's his in - va - ri - a - ble rule to

go to bed at half-past ten. What strange oc - cur - rence can it be that

calls dear fa - ther from his rest At such a time of night as this, so

D

ver - y in - com-plete-ly dressed? So

ver - y in - com-plete-ly dressed, at such a time of

(Enter King, Sam., and Fred.)

King: Forward, my men, and seize that general there! His life is over.

night!

ff

fz

fz

(They seize the Major-General.)

Girls

The

pi - rates! the pi - rates! Oh, de - spair!

fz

fz

Pirates *(springing up)*

Yes, we're the pi - rates; so de - spair!

Major

Fred - er-ic here! Oh,

joy! Oh, rap - ture! Sum-mon your men and ef - fect their cap - ture!

Mabel Fred.

Fred - er - ic, save us! Beau - ti - ful Ma - bel, I would if I could, but I

Pirates

am not a - ble. He's tell - ing the truth, he_ is not a - ble.

King

With base de-ceit You

p

worked up-on our feel-ings; Re-venge is sweet, And fla-vours all our deal-ings!

With cour-age rare And res-o-lu-tion man-ly, For death pre-pare, Un-

(They bind the Major to broken pillar C.)

hap-py Gen-'ral Stan-ley!

G Mabel *(wildly)*

Is he to die, un-shriv-en, un-an-nealed? Oh,

Chorus of Girls

p

Mabel

spare him! Will no one in his cause a weap - on wield? Oh,

Girls

Police *(springing up)*

spare him! Yes, we are here, though hith - er - to con - cealed! Oh,

Girls

Police

rap - ture! So to Con-stab-u - la - ry, pi - rates yield! Oh,

Girls

cresc.

(A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police, Ruth tackling the Sergeant. Eventually the Police are overcome and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.)

rap - ture!

ff

Ⓗ Allegro moderato

Pirates *ff*

We tri - umph now, for well we trow Your

Police *ff*

You tri - umph now, for well we trow Our

Ⓗ Allegro moderato

f *mf*

mor-tal ca-reer's cut short; No pi-rate band will take its stand At the

mor-tal ca-reer's cut short; No pi-rate band will take its stand At the

Cen - - - - - tral Crim - i - nal Court!

Cen - - - - - tral Crim - i - nal Court!

(J) Moderato

Sergeant

To gain a brief ad-van-tage you've con-

p

trived, But your proud tri-umph will not be long-lived.

King

Sergeant

Don't say you're or-phans, for we know that game. On your al-le-giance we've a

(K)

strong - er claim. We charge you yield, we charge you

Slower

King *(baffled)*

Police

yield, in Queen Vic-to-ria's name! You do? We

p

(Pirates kneel; Police stand over them triumphantly.)

do! We charge you yield, in Queen Vic - to - ria's name!

Ⓛ L'istesso tempo

King

We yield at once, with hum - bled mien, Be - cause, with all our

p

Police

faults, we love our Queen. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their

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

SOPRANO

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

ALTO

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

TENOR

Yes, yes, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

Police

Queen!

BASS

Yes, yes, with all our faults, we love our Queen!

Recit.
Major

f

(Enter Ruth.)

Ruth

way with them, and place them at the bar! One mo - ment! let me

p

a tempo

tell you who they are: They are no mem-bers of the com-mon throng; They are

Un poco più animato

Chorus of Girls

all no-ble-men, who have gone_ wrong. They are all no-ble-men,

(P)

who have gone_ wrong.

Major

No

ff

Moderato

Eng - lish-man un-moved that state-ment hears, Be - cause, with all our

p

(All kneel.)

Recit.

faults, we ___ love our House ___ of Peers. I pray you par-don me,

ex - Pi-rate King! Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling! Re -

sume your ranks and leg - is - la - tive du - ties, And take my daugh-ters,

Finale
Tempo di Valse

(All rise. Each Pirate takes a Girl.)

Mabel

all of whom are beau-ties! Poor

p

p

wan - d'ring ones! Though ye have sure - ly stray'd,

Take heart of grace, Your steps re - trace, Poor

rall. *a tempo*

wan - d'ring ones! Poor wan - d'ring ones!

If such poor love as ours Can help you

find True peace of mind— Why, take it, it is

Mabel

yours! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah,

Edith

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor

Kate & Ruth

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor

p Fred.

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor

King

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor

Sam.

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor

Chorus SOPRANOS

p

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor wan - d'ring one!

TENORS & BASSES

p

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor wan - d'ring one!

p

— ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine; Take — heart- —

wan - d'ring one! Fair days will shine; Take — heart- —

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

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

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

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

Take heart, take heart,

Take heart, take heart,

8

take mine! Take heart-

take mine! Take heart-

Take an - y heart- take ours!

Take an - y heart- take ours!

Take an - y heart- take ours!

Take an - y heart- take ours!

Take an - y heart- take ours!

Take an - y heart- take ours!

8

p

Take heart—

p

Take heart—

p

Take heart—

p

Take heart—

p

Take heart—

p

Take heart—

8

Q

Take mine!

Take mine!

f

take ours! Take

f

take ours! Take

f

take ours! Take

f

take ours! Take

f

take ours! Take

f

take ours! Take

G

8

f

(Mabel and Edith tacet)

Edith with Sop.

heart, fair days will shine, Take heart, fair days will

heart, fair days will shine, Take heart, fair days will

Mabel & Edith with Sop.
Kate with Alto

shine, Take heart,

Fred. with Tenor

King & Sam. with Bass

shine, Take heart,

f

Take heart,

Take heart,

cresc.

Mabel
Take heart— Take ours!
Edith
Take heart— Take ours!
Kate & Ruth
Take heart— Take ours!
King
Take heart— Take ours!
Fred. with Tenor
Take heart— Take ours!
Sam. with Bass
Take heart— Take ours!

fff

a tempo

ff

sempre ff

Ped. *

End of Opera