THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

WRITTEN BY

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COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Gas Plot.  Act 1.
Everything pull up as every available point throughout.

Act 2.
White lights down for cue of curtain.  
White medium as everything possible.

Curtain.

Calcium Plot.  Act 1.
White open from 12 + 2 arc through.

Act 2.
Blue medium from 12 + 2 chiseled.
change to white as "Victoria's name"  
remains so till face of

Curtain.
Property Plot. Act 1.

Shrines discovered on wall near 6 pieces of rock discovered about stage, used as seats.
Rock bank discovered in Cave 2.
Black flag behind Queen Rock 2.
Flag for General Postman L.W.E.
Drinking cups for all pirates.
Brown bottle for Sam.
Buckets of cans - one for pirate.
Dishes + bowls for all pirates.
Handcuffs for all pirates.

Act 2.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered — some drinking, some playing cards. Samuel, the pirate lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. Frederic is seated in a dependent attitude at the back of the scene. (Samuel at a distance.)

OPENING CHORUS.

Pirates are grouped, sitting, standing, drinking and playing cards — Vice 4th.

All.

Sam filling cups as he goes around.

Frederic's out of his indentures.

Two-and-twenty now he's rising.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!

So pour! oh pour the pirate sherry, &c.

(Frederic rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters.)
King. Yes, Frederie, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.
All. Hurray! 
Fred. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly welcome. 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 for ever.
King. But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a clipper or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handsipke.
Fred. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error—no matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.
Sam. An error? What error?
Fred. I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well loved Ruth.
Ruth. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankered tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

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

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

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster, But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and break it to my master. A nurserymaid is never afraid of what you people call work, So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work. And that is how you find me now, a member of your ship's lot, Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound apprentice to a pilot.

Ruth. Oh pardon! Frederie, pardon!
Fred. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you.
Ruth. (Shush.) The two words were so much alike!
Fred. They were. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads. 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!
Fred. King. Sam.

Poor lad—poor lad. (abruptly)

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.

Fred. 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.

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

Fred. 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.

King. 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.

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?

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

Fred. Oh, he will take you with him.

King. 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 years is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

Ruth. It is, oh, it is!

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

King. True.

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

King. Oh, Ruth is very well, very well indeed.

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

Fred. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her and in consideration for you, I will leave her behind. (Handed River to King.)
King. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

All (loudly). Not one!

King. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic, keep thy love. (Hands her back to Fred.)

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

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

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

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

Song.—Pirate King.

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

For I am a Pirate King.
You are!

All. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

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

All. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

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

All. You are!

All. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

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

All. It is!

All. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

[Except all except Frederic and Ruth]
Ruth. Oh take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

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

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

Fred. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Ruth, tell me candidly, and without reserve, compared with other women,—how are you?

Ruth. I will answer you truthfully, Master. I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

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

Ruth. (bashfully). I have been told so, dear Master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh, no, years and years ago.

Fred. What do you think of yourself?

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

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

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

Fred. Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my ignorance: 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! (Chorus of girls heard in the distance.) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be the 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. (looking off). By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

Ruth. (aside). Lost! lost! lost! (Rushing off to the Custom House.)

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!—too bad! too bad!

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

Fred. I have deceived you?

Ruth. Yes, deceived me.

(Declaring her.)

Fred. Ruth and Fred.

Fred. You told me you were fair as gold.

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

Fred. And now I see you're plain and old.

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

Fred. Upon my ignorance you play.

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

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

Ruth. It's gradually got so.
Faithless woman to deceive me,
I who trusted so!
Master, master, do not leave me
Hear me, ere you go!

Verse 2 — My love without reflecting,
Oh, do not be rejecting —
Take a maiden tender — her affection raw and green,
At very highest rating,
Has been accumulating
Summers seventeen - summers seventeen.
Don't, beloved master,
Crush me with disaster.
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?
My love unabating
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven year — forty-seven year!

Ruth.
Don't beloved master
Crush me with disaster.
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?
My love unabating
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven year — forty-seven year.
(At the end he renounces her, and she goes off in despair.)

Freud.
Yes, your former master
Saves you from disaster.
Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear.
If, as you are stating,
It's been accumulating
Forty-seven year — forty-seven year.

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

Edith.
Let us gaily tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting leisure;
Hail it as a true ally
Though it perish by-and-bye.
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 come over a rather difficult country.

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

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 their shoes, when Frederic comes forward from one side.

Fred (recitative). Stop, ladies, pray!

Att (dappled on one foot). A man!

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

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

Fred. I am a pirate!

Att (reciting hopping). A pirate! Horror!

Fred. Ladies, do not shoulder—
This evening I renounce my wild profession;
And to that aid, oh, pure and peerless maidens!
Oh, blush ing buds of ever-blooming beauty!
I, mere of heart, implore your kind assistance.
Edith. How pitiful his tale!
Kate. How rare his beauty!
All. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty!

Song.—Frederic.

Oh! is there not one maiden breast
Which does not feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty?
Who would not give up willingly
All matrimonial ambition,
To rescue such a one as I
From his unfortunate position?

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

Fred. Oh, is there not one maiden here,
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hopes to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection?
To such a one, if such there be,
I swear by Heaven's arch above you,
If you will cast your eyes on me—
However plain you be—I'll love you!

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

Fred (in despair). Not one!
All. No, no—not one!
Fred. Not one?
No, no!

Mabel enters.

Mabel. Yes, one!
All. 'Tis Mabel!
Mabel. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

Recit.—Mabel.

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,
For shame!
It's true that he has gone astray,
But pray,
Is that a reason good and true
Why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?
For shame!
The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?

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

ALL.
Take heart; no danger lowers;
Take any heart—but ours!
(Einha beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

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

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

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

(During Mabel's solo the Girls continue chatter pianissimo, but listening eagerly all the time.)

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

Fred. Oh yes, ah, yes, this is exceeding gladness.

Girls. How beautifully blue the sky. &c.

Solo—Fred.

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

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

Mabel. Ah, yes—ah, yes; I am a lady of position!

Mabel. Fred.
Did ever maiden wake, &c.

Fred. Did ever pirate loathed, &c.

Ensemble. Fred.


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

For this Chorus, Ladies act up stage & turn facing each other in 2's at back.

Isabel Edith. Kate

At one point Mabel & Fred enter from center stage. Together over to K. (K turns Mabel solo.) & then to L. After chorus resume their chattering. Fred + Mabel reenter & k. (two Fred solo) whose scene begins is repeated. After assuming theme The ladies are chattering, Fred turns reenter & k. with them to k. for end. After returning ladies

min for "Stay" - position thru.


King, followed by Pirates enter chorus in step Lt-Sam + Pirates drum & c. drum Fred. solo + repeat

in Ladies.
No, we must not lose our senses
If they stick at no offences.
Firacy their dreadful trade is —
Nice associates for young ladies!
Let us disappear
(During this chorus the Pirates have entered stealthily, and
formed in a semicircle behind the Girls. As the Girls
move to go off each Pirate seizes a girl. King enters
EDITH, SAMUEL seizes KATE.

All. Too late!

Pirates. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

All. Too late!

Pirates. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ENSEMBLE.

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

PIRATES.

Here's a first-rate opportunity
To get married with impunity,
And indulge in the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity.
You shall quickly be parsonised,
Conjugal matrimonyed,
By a doctor of divinity,
Who resides in this vicinity.

MABEL (coming forward, etc. —

PIRATES.

We have missed our opportunity
Of escaping with impunity;
So farewell to the felicity
Of our maiden domesticity?
We shall quickly be parsonised,
Conjugal matrimonyed,
By a doctor of divinity,
Who resides in this vicinity.

MABEL (coming forward, etc. —

PIRATES.

Hold, monsters! Here your pirate submission!
Proceed, against our will, to wed us all.
Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery.
And father is a Major-General! (Pirates advance ladies' hands.

SAM (counsel). We'd better pause, or danger may befall;
Their father is a Major-General.

LADIES. Yes, yes; he is a Major-General! (The Major-General has
entered unobserved in rear, etc. —

GEN. Yes, I am a Major-General.

All. You are!

Huzzah for the Major-General!

GEN. And it is — it is a glorious thing
To be a Major-General?

All. It is!

Huzzah for the Major-General!

SONG.—MAJOR-GENERAL.

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I’m very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I’ve teemed with a lot o’ newness—
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

With many cheerful facts, &c.

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

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

I know our mythic history, King Arthur’s and Sir Carados’s,
I answer hard aerostics, I’ve a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegias all the crimes of Heligabalus,
In comics I can floor peculiarities parabolous.
I can tell undoubted Raphael’s from Gerard Deu and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking choruses from the “Frogs” of Aristophanes,
Then I can hum a fugue, of which I’ve heard the music’s din afore.

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense “Pinafore.”
And whistle all the airs, &c.

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform.
And tell you every detail of Caractacus’s uniform.
In short in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

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

In fact when I know what is meant by “mamelon” and
“ravelin.”
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin,
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I’m more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by commissariat,
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,
In short when I’ve a smattering of elemental strategy,
You’ll say a better Major-General has never set a goe—

You’ll say a better, &c.
At end of song General takes stage &
back to C in dialogue as Fred Turner
re enters from Came L - positions fins

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"wait a bit."

General comes over to L. returns C & at
"stop."

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For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventurous,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.
But still in farming vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General!
But still in farming vegetable, animal and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern Major-General!

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

Oh, papa - we,

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

Dear me!

Against our wills, papa — against our wills!

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?

We are all simple gentlemen. (pirate, pirate arms)

Yes, I gathered that — anything else?

No, nothing else.

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

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

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

But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

We object to Major-Generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive
that point. We do not press it. We look over it.

(aside). Hah! an idea! (Aloud). And 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, un-
friendied, unprotected, and alone?

Well, yes, that's the idea.

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

(Indignant). Oh, dash it all!

Here we are again?

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

Often!

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

I say, often.

(Indignant) Often, often, often (turning away).

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.

I didn't repeat the word often.

Pardon me, you did indeed.

I only repeated it once.

True, but you repeated it.

But not often.

Stop, I think I see where we are getting confused. When you
said 'orphan,' did you mean 'orphan' a person who has lost his parents,
or often — frequently?
KING. Ah, I beg pardon, I see what you mean—frequently.

GEN. Ah, you said often—frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (irritated). Exactly, you said often, frequently, only once. Guest.

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

KING. An orphan boy?

GEN. An orphan boy!

PIRATES. How sad—an orphan boy!

SOLO.—GENERAL.

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

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

PIRATES. If pity you can feel
Leave me my sole remaining joy,
See, at your feet they kneel;
Your hearts you cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

PIRATES. (aside). Poor fellow!

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

KING. The orphan boy!

SAM. The orphan boy!

ALL. The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow!

ENSEMBLE.

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

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

PIRATES (aside). If he's telling a terrible story
He shall die by a death that is gay,
One of the cruelest slaughters
That ever were known in those waters;
And we'll finish his moral affliction
By a very complete malediction.
As a compliment valedictory,
If he's telling a terrible story
Kris.

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

All (Kneeling).

Hail Poetry, thou heaven-born maid,
Thou glister o'er the pirate's trade:
Hail flowing fount of sentiment,
All hail Divine Emollient! (All rise.)

Kris.

You may go, for you're at liberty, our pirate rules protect you,
And honorary members of our band we do elect you?

Skm.

For he is an orphan boy.
(Chorus.) He is an orphan boy.

Gen.

And it sometimes is a useful thing
To be an orphan boy.
(Chorus.) It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee
They will away and marry be;
Should it befall auspiciously,
Our sisters all will bridesmaids be:

Ruth enters and comes down to Fred.

Ruth. Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!
(Chorus.) Yes, yes, remember Ruth who kneels before you.

Fred. (Pirates threaten Ruth.) Away, you did deceive me!
(Chorus.) Away, you did deceive him!

Ruth. Oh, do not leave me!
(Chorus.) Oh, do not leave her!

Fred. Away, you grieve me!
(Chorus.) Away, you grieve her!

Fred. I wish you'd leave me,

(Feed casts Ruth from him.)
Pray observe the magnanimity
We display to lace and dignity;
Never was such opportunity
To get married with impunity.
But we give up the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity,
Though a doctor of divinity
Resides in this vicinity:
For we are all orphan boys;
We are;
Hurrah for the orphan boys!
And it sometimes is a useful thing
To be an orphan boy.
It is;
Hurrah for the orphan boy!
[Girls and General go up rocks, while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage. The General produces a British flag, and the Pirate King produces a black flag with skull and cross-bones.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight. Ruined Gothic windows at back.

General Stanley discovered seated pensive, surrounded by his daughters.

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

Enter MARIEL.
MABEL answers, taking a chair and a cap. She goes down towards the opening in the wall and 
then, "dear father," she returns and asks: "Fred, where is Mabel gone?"

FRED. Mabel smiles from 12 W. towards the opening in the wall and goes down towards.

LADY. Mabel, dear Mabel, where are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

LADY. Mabel, dear Mabel, are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

LADY. Mabel, dear Mabel, are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

MABEL. Oh, Frederic, you cannot reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve your father's sorrow?

FRED. I will try, dear Mabel. But why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

GEN. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan, and, heaven forgive me, I am no orphan! I come 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 is all new.

GEN. Frederic, in this baronial hall is scarcely dry.

FRED. Mabel, dear Mabel, where are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

LADY. Mabel, dear Mabel, are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

LADY. Mabel, dear Mabel, are you going? Mabel, dear Mabel.

FRED. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unsuitable. 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 scoundrels by sweeping them from the face of the earth, and then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

GEN. Are your devoted followers at hand?

FRED. They are, they only wait my orders.

RECTOR. Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted
Be summoned to receive a general's blessing,
Nor they depart upon their dread adventure.

FRED. Dear sir, they come.

Enter Police, marching in double file. They form in line facing audience.

SONG. When the foeman bares his steel
Tarantara! tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara!
And we find the wisest thing.
Tarantara! tarantara!

Is to slap our chests and sing
Tarantara!

For when threatened with emeutes,
Tarantara! tarantara?

And your heart is in your boots,
Tarantara!

There is nothing brings it round,
Tarantara! tarantara?

Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Tarantara! tarantara!

Tarantara, ra-ra-ra-ra!
Tarantara, ra-ra-ra-ra!

Goe, ye heroes, go to glory,
Though you die in combat gory
Ye shall live in song and story.
Go to immortality.
Go to death, and go to slaughter;
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your grave shall water.
Go, ye heroes: go and die.
Go, ye heroes: go and die.

POLICE.

Though to us it's evident,
Tarantara, tarantara?
These attentions are well meant,
Tarantara!
Such expressions don't appear,
Tarantara, tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer,
Tarantara!
Who are going to meet their fate
In a highly nervous state,
Tarantara!
Still to us its evident
These attentions are well meant.
Tarantara.

(EDIT CROSSES TO SENG. C.)

Go and do your best endeavour
And before all links we sever,
We will say farewell for ever,
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless,
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.

Yes, your foes are fierce and ruthless &c.
Edith returns to Gen R after her solo.

Policeman faces to from ed other this.

Gen goes out to Serg.

At end Police march off L R E in single file — Serg last — General & ladies back 2 1/2 of stage & exit by exits there — Mabel & Fred go up & part there — General taking hand of RUE — Fred remains.

Serg.

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

All.

Yes, to them it's evident
Our attentions are well meant.

Tarantara ra ra ra ra.

Go ye heroes, go to glory etc.

Gen. Away, away!

Police (without moving). Yes, yes, we go.

Gen. These pirates slay.

Police. Yes, yes, we go.

Gen. Then do not stay.

Police. We go, we go.

Gen. Then why all this delay?

Police. All right — we go, we go.

Yes, forward on the foe,

Ho, ho! Ho, ho!

We go, we go, we go!

Tarantara ra ra ra!

Then forward on the foe!

Yes, forward!

Police. Yes, forward!

Gen. Yes, but you don't go!

Police. We go, we go, we go!

All. At last they really go — Tarantara ra ra ra!

Chorus of all but Police.

Go and do your best eaeavour
And before all links we sever
We will say farewell for ever
Go to glory and the grave.
For your foes are fierce and ruthless
False, merciless and truthless
Young and tender, old and toothless
All in vain their mercy crave.

Chorus of Police.

Such expressions don't appear
Tarantara, tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer,
Tarantara!
Who are going to their fate
Tarantara, tarantara!
In a highly nervous state
Tarantara!
We observe too great a stress
Tarantara, tarantara!
On the risks that on us press,
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack,
Tarantara, tarantara!
To our chance of coming back —
Tarantara!

(Mabel tears herself from Frederic and exits, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The General and there follow the Police. Frederic remains.)
KING.—FREDERIC.

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

(The Pirate King and Ruth appear at the window armed.

KING. Young Frederic! (Covering him with pistol.) Who calls?
FRED. Your late commander!
KING. And I, your little Ruth! (Covering him with pistol.)
RUTH. Oh, mad intruders,
FRED. How dare ye face me? Know ye not, oh rash ones,
That I have doomed you to extermination?

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

KING. Have mercy on us, hear us, ere you slaughter.
FRED. I do not think I ought to listen to you.
Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful—say on!—

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

FRED. A paradox!
KING (laughing). A paradox.
RUTH. A most ingenious paradox.
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,
But none to beat this paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

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

FRED. (interested). That paradox? That paradox?
KING. (Laughing.) That most ingenious paradox.

(Retreats.)

RUTHERFORD. We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,

But none to beat that paradox!

Ha, ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha! (KING rises)

CHANT.-KING.

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be
disloyal,

Some person in authority, I don't know who, very likely the Astronomer
Royal,

Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-

eight days as a general rule are plenty,

One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-twenty.

Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be surprised if it were
owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy—

You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap-
year, on the twenty-ninth of February.

And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover,

That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays,
you're only five and a little bit over!

RUTHERFORD. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

KING. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

RUTHERFORD. Dear me!

CHANT.-RUTHERFORD. (Counting on fingers.)

Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! (Parson more amused

than any)

RUTHERFORD. How quaint the ways of Paradox!

At common sense she gaily mocks!

Though counting in the usual way,

Years twenty-one I've been alive,

Yet, reckoning by my natal day,

I am a little boy of five!

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

At common sense she gaily mocks;

So quaint a wag is Paradox.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

KING. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

RUTHERFORD. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

RUTHERFORD. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

All. Ho, ho, ho, ho! (RutheRfOrd and King throw themselves back on seats,

exhausted with laughter.)

RUTHERFORD. Upon my word this is most curious—most absurdly whimsical.

Fire and a quarter! No one would think it to look at me.

RUTHERFORD. 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.

RUTHERFORD. My comrades?
KING. I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position. You were apprenticed to us—

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birth-day (producing document), and, going by birth-days, you are as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

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

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

FRED. (wildly). Don't put it on that footing! As I was merciful to you just now, be merciful to me! I implore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips!

RUTH. We insist on nothing, we content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty—

FRED. (after a pause). Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only 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!

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. Yes, yes!

RUTH. 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. What!

FRED. More than that, he never was one!

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

FRED. But—

KING. Not a word. He is doomed.

Trio. Away, away, my heart's on fire, I burn this base deception to repay,
This very day my vengeance dire Shall glut itself in gore. Away, away!
King. With falsehood foul
He tricked us of our bride's.
Let vengeance bowl;
The Pirate so decides.
Our nature stern
He softened with his lies,
And, in return, To-night the traitor dies.
Yes, yes; to-night the traitor dies.

All.
Tonight he dies.
Yes, or early to-morrow.
His girl's Liswise?
They will weep in sorrow.
The one soft eye—
In their nature they cherish—
And all who plot—
To abuse it shall perish!
Yes, all who plot To abuse it shall perish!
Away, away, &c.

[Exeunt King and Ruth #

Enter Mabel.

Recit.—Mabel

All is prepared, your gallant crew await you. My Frederic in tears? It cannot be That lion-hearted one at the coming conflict? No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure.

Has just been made! Mabel, my dearly-loved one. I bound myself to serve the pirate captain; Until I reached my one and twentieth birthday— But you are twenty-one? I've just discovered That I was born in leap year, and that birthday Will not be reached by me till 1940.

Oh, horrible! Catastrophe appalling!

No, no! Oh Frederic, hear me.

Duet—Mabel and Frederic.

Mabel. Stay, Frederic, stay, They have no legal claim, No shadow of a shame Will fall upon thy name. Stay, Frederic, stay!

Frederick. Nay, Mabel, stay, To-night I quit these walls, The thought my soul appeals. But when stern duty calls, I must obey.
Stay, Frederic, stay—
Nay, Mabel, nay—
They have no claim—
But Duty's name!
The thought's my soul appals,
But when stern Duty calls,
I must obey.

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

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

He loves thee, he is gone.

FRED:
In 1940 I of age shall be,
I'll then return, and claim you—I declare it.
It seems so long!

MABEL.
Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.
Yes, I'll be strong!
By all the Stanleys dead and gone, I swear it!

ENSEMBLE.
Oh, here is love, and here is truth,
And here is food for joyous laughter.
He will be faithful to his sooth;
Till we are wed, and even after.
What joy to know that though I must
Embrace piratical adventures,
He will be faithful to his trust;
Till he is out of his indentures.

FRED.
Parewell! Adieu!

Both.
Parewell! Adieu!

Fred rushes to window and leaps on.

Fred stops Fred from going off.
He sits on hearth. She kneels R of him.

Mabel. Fred.

Both turn up E at end. Emapia & Fred goes off L. thru E window. Mabel is left E.
(Feeling-pulse) Yes, I am brave! Oh, family descent,
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!
Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue,
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

(Enter Polcie, marching in single file.)

Sergeant.

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

Mar. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to have led you to
death and glory.

All. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

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

All. He has acted shamefully.

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

All. He has acted nobly.

Mar. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense
of duty has endeared him to me tenfold. He has done his duty. I will
do mine. Go, ye, and do yours.

[Exit Mar. R. S. E.]

All. Very well.

Sergeant. This is perplexing. (Frowns)

All. We cannot understand it at all.

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

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

Sergeant. 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 all—but we should have thought of that before we joined the
force.

All. We should.

Sergeant. It is too late now!

All. It is.

Sergeant. When a felon's not engaged in his employment—

All. His employment.

Sergeant. Or maturing his felonious little plans—

All. Little plans.
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
'Cent enjoyment.
Is just as great as any honest man's—
Honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
'Culty another.
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done.
Ah, take one consideration with another—
With another.
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.
When constabulary duty's to be done,
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one.
When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—
Not a-burgling.
When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime—
'Pied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—
Brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime—
Village chime.
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
On his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
In the sun,
Ah, take one consideration with another—
With another.
The policeman's lot is not a happy one,
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one!
(Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance)
A rollicking band of pirates we,
Who, tired of tossing on the sea,
Are trying their hand at a burglarize,
With weapons grim and gory.
Hush, hush! I hear them on the manor poaching,
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.
(Chorus of Pirates, resumed nearer)
We are not coming for plate or gold—
A story General Stanley's told—
We seek a penalty fifty-fold,
For General Stanley's story.
POLICE. They seek a penalty—

PIRATES (without) Fifty-fold; We seek a penalty—

POLICE. Fifty-fold;

ALL. We seek a penalty fifty-fold;

POLICE. For General Stanley's story.

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

POLICE conceal themselves. As they do so, the Pirates, with Ruth and Frederick, are seen appearing at raised window. They enter cautiously, and come down stroke on tiptoe. Samuel is laden with burglary tools and pistols, &c.

CHORUS.—PIRATES (very low).

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

POLICE (pianissimo). Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES.

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

POLICE.

Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES.

Ha! ha!
Ho! ho!
So stealthily the pirate creeps
While all the household soundsly sleeps,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

POLICE (pianissimo). Tarantara, tarantara,

PIRATES (forte). Tarantara!

SAM. (distributing implements to various members of the gang).

Here's your crowbar and your crowbar,
Your life preserver—you may want to hit it;
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,
Take your file and your skeleton keys.

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

RIFFT.

PIER. Hush, not a word. I see a light inside.

The Major-General comes, so quietly hide!

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

PIRATES. He comes.

GEN. (entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light).—Yes, yes, I come.

BONNET. He comes.

GEN. Yes, yes, I come.

ALL. The Major-General comes.
Solo—General

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

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

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

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

Ballad—General.

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

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

All.

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

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

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

Ah, the doing and undoing,
That the rogue could tell,
When the breeze is out a-wooing,
Who can woo so well?
Shocking tales the rogue could tell,
Nobody can woo so well.
Pretty brook, thy dream is over,
For thy love is but a rover,
Sad the lot of poplar trees,
COURTED BY THE FICKLE BREEZE.

At end of song, ladies run on thrice round R & B & E with lighted candles, & surround General.
At end. King enters R E, Police enter L. Some
forward & capture Gen. The bruin is audible.
Ladies rise up & kneel around the General.
Fred enters R E & goes L. Sam enters R E
& Fashion R E with Knives & Priests. Mabel
runs on L S E & gets L of Gen.

Fred. (coming forwards.) Alas, alas, unhappy General Stanley.
Gen. Frederic here! Oh joy! Oh, rapture!
Summons your men, and effect their capture.

Fred. Frederic, save us!
Gen. Beautiful Mabel, I would if I could, but I am not able.

Fred. He's telling the truth, he is no able.

Fred. (prostrase.) Turluets, turluets.

Fred. (wildly.) Is he to die, unshriven—unannealed?
Gen. Oh, spare him!
Fred. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?
Gen. Oh, spare him!

Fred. (springing up.) Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!
Fred. Oh, rapture!
Gen. So to our prowess, pirates, quickly yield!
Fred. Oh, rapture!

A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police. Eventually the Police are overcome, and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn
swords.

Chorus of Police and Pirates.

Gen. You triumph now, for we too now
Win to our mortal career's end, the
 unsupported, for we know that gains.

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

Gen. Don't say you are orphans, for we know that gains.

Fred. On your allegiance, we've a nobler claim
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!
KING (baffled). You do! (Police charging back.)

POLICE. We do;
We change you yield, in Queen Victoria's name! &c.
(Pirates kneel, Police stand over them triumphantly.)

KING. We yield at once, with humbled men;
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.

POLICE. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love our Queen.

LADIES. Yes, yes, with all, &c.

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

Pirates up.

GEN. Away with them, and place them at the bar.

RUTH. One moment; let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen, who have gone wrong!

GEN. Police and Girls. What, all noblemen?

GEN. Police and Girls. What, all?

GEN. No Englishman unmoved that statement bears.
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.

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

FINALE.

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

Curtain.
General... unwarranted. I assume your Frederich, that men is the amn and desire
I feel or the abominable falsehood
with which I have evaded these
easily deluded patriots, that I would
go to the simple-minded Clive. This
very night and confess all—did
I not feel convinced that the
consequences would be most perilous
to myself. At what hour?
TABLES OF IMPERIAL COINS, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Coins</th>
<th>Avoirdupois Weight</th>
<th>Measures of Capacity</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| 2 Farthings = 1 Halfpenny | 16 Drums = 1 Ounce = oz. | In using an imperial measure of capacity, the same shall not be
| 2 Halfpence = 1 Penny | 16 Ounces = 1 Pound = lb. | be hooped, but either shall be stricken with a
| 3 Pence = 1 Threepence | 14 Pounds = 1 Stone = st. | round stick or roller, straight, and of the
| 4 Penny = 1 Groat or | 2 Stones or | same diameter from end to end; or if the
| 6 Penny = 1 Sixpence | 28 Pounds = 1 Quarter = qr. | article sold cannot from its size or
| 12 Pence = 1 Shilling | 4 Quarters, or | shape be conveniently stricken, shall
| 2 Shillings = 1 Florin | 112 Pounds = 1 Hundredweight = cwt. | be filled in all parts as nearly to the level
| 2 Shillings and | 100 Pounds = 1 Ton = tn. | of the brim as the size and shape
| 6 Pence = 1 Half Crown | Used for buying and selling corn. | of the article will admit.
| 2 Half Crowns = 1 Crown | 24 Grains (gr.) = 1 Pennyweight = dwt. | A bushel for the sale of any of the
| 2 Crown, or | 20 Pennyweights = 1 Ounce = oz. | following articles, namely, lime, fish,
| 10 Shillings = 1 Half So. | 12 Ounces = 1 Pound = lb. | potatoes, fruit, or any other goods and
| 2 Half So. = 1 Sovereign, | | things which, before the passing of
| or Pound Sterling. | | the Weights and Measures Act, were

Weights.

"All articles sold by weight shall be sold by Avoirdupois weight, except that—
(1) Gold and Silver, and articles made thereof, including gold and
silver thread, lace, or fringes; also, platinum, diamonds, and other
precious metals and stones, may be sold by the ounce Troy or by
any decimal parts of such ounce; and all contracts, bargains, sales,
and dealings in relation thereto shall be deemed to be made and
had by such weight, and when so
made or had shall be valid; and
(2) Drugs, when sold by retail, may
be sold by Apothecaries’ Weight.

"Every person who sells in contravention of this section shall be liable
to fine not exceeding five pounds."

Article 20 of Weights and Measures Act, 1878.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measures of Length.</th>
<th>Measures of Surface.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 Inches = 1 Foot = ft.</td>
<td>144 Square Inches = 1 Square Foot = sq. ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Feet, or 36 Inches = 1 Yard = yd.</td>
<td>9 Square Feet = 1 Square Yard = sq. yd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Yards, or 6 Feet = 1 Fathom = f.</td>
<td>301 Square Yards = 1 Square Pole or Pech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Yards = 1 Pole = pl.</td>
<td>40 Perches = 1 Rood = rd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Poles, or 22 Yards = 1 Chain = ch.</td>
<td>40 Rods = 1 Acre = ac.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 Poles, or 220 Yards = 1 Furlong = f.</td>
<td>640 Acres = 1 Square Mile = sq. m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Furlongs, or</td>
<td>Cubic Measure.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7920 Yards = 1 Mile = mi.</td>
<td>1728 Cubic Inches = 1 Cubic Foot = cft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 Cubic Feet = 1 Cubic Yard = yd.</td>
<td>36 Cubic Yards = 1 Cubic Foot = cft.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cubic Measure.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Length of the Calendar Months.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thirty days hath September,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April, June, and November.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All the rest have thirty-one,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excepting February alone,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which hath but twenty-eight days clear,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And twenty-nine in each leap year.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

Prompt Book made up in copybook cover.
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note
Fairly Early Issue.
Mr. Allen's Note
'II very few III changes'

The text is closer to "Pamela 1876"
From No. 2 "Richard Borrow".

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