To

Pirates of Vengeance

K.H.
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

(AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL MELODRAMATIC OPERA, IN TWO ACTS)

Written by W. S. GILBERT.
Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A rocky crag, on the coast of Cornwall. A rock, sloping down to a cove and beach. Under the rock is a cave, the entrance to which is seen off the stage. A natural arch of rocks opens up the W. c. of the stage.

In the distance is a schooner, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises, some groups of pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the pirate lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the glass from the ditty. SAMUEL is noted in a disconsolate attitude at the back of the stage.

Opening Chorus.

SAM. (Dying)

Poor, oh poor the pirate sherry; Fills, oh fills the pirate glass; And, to make us more than merry, Let the pirate temper pass.

Solo.

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

ACT.

Here's good luck to Frederic's venture, Frederic's out of his indentures.

Solo.

Two-and-twenty now he's rising, And alone he's fit to fly. With unusual celerity, Up comes down, and then dums, and then down.

Act.

Here's good luck to Frederic's venture, Frederic's out of his indentures.

"Poor, oh poor the pirate sherry, &c."

(Stage door opens and enters with DOROTHY, who enters from L. & consults with FREDRICK, who enters from R. & comes down E. and Fred. L.)

all men as King enters from 2nd stage.

King takes Fred to the head of stairs and down.

Fred. R. & Sam. L. of King.
Yes, Frederick, from today you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

You may go to bed, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cancering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

When Frederick was a little lad he proved so brave and daring, His father thought he'd promote him to some career sea-faring,
I was, alas, his nursery maid, and so it fell to my lot,
To take andbind the promising boy appetitive to a peer. Point at & slide by.

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.

And I did not watch the weed right, through being hard of hearing;
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,
I look and bound this promising boy appetitive to a peer.
A and mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot.
I bound him to a peer—pity, instead of to a pilot. Point at & slide by.

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster,
But I had to the face, to return to my place, and break it to my master.

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

(Chorus 1. Knocking at his feet) Oh pardon! Frederick pardon!

Rip, sweet one, I have long gardened you.

(Chorus 2. The two words so much alike."

They were. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads. (Chorus 2."

But this afternoon my obligation came. Indigently, I look upon you with a hunger that amounts to obsession—detestation. Oh! pity me, my beloved friend, for such is my sense of fate that once out of my influence I shall feel myself bound to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination. (Chorus 2.)"
Poor lad—poor lad. (All cry.)

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

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

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

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

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

Ruth. Hear, hear.

Flem. 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 through.

Ruth. There is some truth in that. (Chorus.) Ye crew.

Flem. (Composing himself.) Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

Ruth. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.
Chorus: Ladies ready.

Fred

Ruth

Chorus heard outside L

Fred & R corner low up C

Ruth

Fred take one step towards Ruth who is sitting on a wall L

**Act**

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

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

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

Ruth: 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?

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

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

Fred: (laughing) I have been told so, dear Master.

Ruth: Ah, but lately?

Fred: Oh, no, years and years ago.

Ruth: What do you think of yourself?

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

Ruth: That is your candid opinion?

Fred: Indeed! I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

Ruth: Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not entertain on my insinuation. 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: "Clapping our Rocky Mountains, Go! See elevens of Orch. Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all that inaccessible fair? 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: (clapping affectionately on C, and looking off L) By all that's marvelous, a beauty of beautiful maidens!

Ruth (aside): Lost! Lost! Lost!

Fred: How lovely! how surprisingly lovely is the pliant of them! What grace—what deliberation—what refinement! And lovely, Ruth told me she was beautiful!

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

Fred: I have deceived you.

Ruth: Yes, deceived me.

(Describing her)

**Act**

Fred: You told me you were fair as gold!

Ruth (coldly): 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 plit so.

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

Ruth: It's gradually got so.
Fred. Faithless woman to deceive me. I who trusted you! A little

Rev. (comes close to Fred.) Master, master, do not leave me.

Fred. I love, without reflecting.

Rev. (in tears.) O, do not be rejecting.

Fred. My love, without reflecting.

Rev. (in tears.) Oh, do not be rejecting.

Fred. At very highest rating.

Rev. (in tears.) Take a maiden tender—her affection raw and green.

Fred. Has been accumulating.

Rev. (in tears.) Summers seventeen—summers seventeen.

Fred. Don't, beloved master.

Rev. (in tears.) Crush me with disaster.

Fred. What is such a dower, to the dower I have here.

Rev. (in tears.) My love, unalloying.

Fred. Has been accumulating.

Rev. (in tears.) Forty-seven year—forty-seven year.

Fred. Don't, beloved master.

Rev. (in tears.) Yes, your former master.

Fred. Save you from disaster.

Rev. (in tears.) Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear.

Fred. If, as you are stating.

Rev. (in tears.) It's been accumulating.

Fred. Forty-seven year—forty-seven year.

(Chorus)

Fred. What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens,

Chorus. I dare not show in this detested costume,

Fred. No, better far remain in close concealment.

Chorus. Until I can appear to decent clothes.

Fred. (Chorus.)

Chorus. (Hides it, once as they retire from n. and l., climbing over the rocks at n. of the stage, and through arched rock.)

Fred. Climbing over rocky mountain.

Chorus. Skipping rivulet and fountain,

Fred. Passing where the willows quiver.

Chorus. By the ever rolling river,

Fred. Swollen with the summer rain.

Chorus. Threading long and lacy moans.

Fred. Dotted with unnumbered daisies.

Chorus. Sealing rough and rugged passes,

Fred. Climbing the hardy little buns.

Chorus. Till the bright sea shore they gain.

Fred. Let us gaily tread the meadows.

Chorus. Make the most of fleeting leisure.

Fred. Hail it as a true ally.

Chorus. Though it perish by-and-by.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. All come down.

Fred. Back off Fred, she fell down left with her back

Edith. turned to her.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. at end a short struggle, Fred leaves back left.

Fred. she re-enters for a moment, then exits in despair.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Fred gets up and looks off, then enters into Court.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Enter girls left down steps led by Edith.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Though back left by Isabel.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Girls pick their way down, looking about, and drift into scenery.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Edith, Edith, Isabel.

Rev. (in tears.)

Chorus. Edith, Edith, Isabel.
Hail it as a true ally

Though it perish by and bye.

Every moment brings a treasure
Of its own especial pleasure.

Though the moment quickly dies,

Greet them gaily as they fly.

Far away from toil and care,

Reveling in fresh sea air.

Here we live and reign alone.

In a world that's all our own.

Here in this rocky den

Far away from mortal men.

We'll be queens, and make decrees,

They may honour them who please.

Let us gaily tread the measure,

A picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

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

behind.

Oh! he will be here presently! Remember poor papa is not as

young as we are, and we come ever a rather difficult country.

But, how thoroughly delighted 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.

Except the mermaids—its the very place for mermaids.

Who are only human beings down to the waist?

And who can't be said strictly to set foot anywhere. Tails

they may but feet they cannot.

But what shall we do until papa and the servants arrive with

the luncheon? (All rise, and move about.)

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

pose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle.

Yes, yes. The very thing! (They prepare to carry out the

suggestion. They all take off one shoe, then0o Fannie casts forward.

The mermaids put on their form mermaid.

Papa. (Excitement.) Stop, ladies, pray!

A man! (Hopping on one foot.)

I had intended

Not to intrude myself upon your notice

In this effective but alarming situation,

But under these peculiar circumstances

It is my bounden duty to inform you

That your proceedings will not be unnoticed.

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

I am a pirate.

A pirate! Horrible.

Ladies, do not shudder.

This evening I renounce my vile profession.

And to that end, oh, pure and perfect maidens,

Oh, blooming buds of ever-blooming beauty:

I, one of heart, implore your kind assistance.
How pitiful his tale!
How rare his beauty!

How pitiful his tale!
How rare his beauty!

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 one as I
From his unfortunate position?
Alas! there is not one maiden breast
Which seems to feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty.

Oh, is there not one maiden here,
Whose honest face and fair complexion,
Have caused all hopes to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection,
And then to shun
Of ever winning man's affection.

All: No, no—no one!

Mabel: Enter through arch R. C. comes down C.

Mabel: Yes, one! Fred & X.

Fred: Do you know who she is?

Mabel: Yes, Mabel!

Fred: Oh, sisters, dear to pitty'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 pitty's name?
For shame!
\Large \textbf{All (On Stage).} The question is, had he not been a thing of beauty, Would she be swayed by quite as keen a sense of duty?

\textit{Song—Mabel.}

Poor wandering one,
Though thou hast surely stayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retreat,
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.

\textit{All.}

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

(Mabel and Frederick exit into maze, and converse. Kate descends to
sisters, who form a semicircle around her.)

\textbf{Ethere.} C

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."

\textbf{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.

\textit{Ladies.} Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.

(Ethere, Kate, and Girls retire up, and sit two and face furing each other
in a line across the stage, Mabel and Edgar enter from one and
come down.)
Crashing waves,
How beautifully blue the sky,
The glass is rising very high,
Continuous 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 this, Girls continue chatter pleasantly, but listening earnestly to the tune.)

Sat. — May be 

Did ever maiden wake
From dream of honest duty,
To find her daylight break,
With joy exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden shun
Her eyes on waking nations,
To dream of goodness known
How much exceeding gladness?

Fred. — Oh, yes — ah, yes, this is exceeding gladness.
(Piano, and Mildred turn, and see that the Girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter pleasantly.)

Mrs. — How beautifully blue the sky, &c.

Sat. — Fred. 

(During this, Girls continue their chatter pleasantly as before, but listening earnestly to the tune.)

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

Mrs. — Ah, yes — ah, yes, I am a lady of position.

(turn as before, Girls resume their chatter pleasantly.)

Eng. —

May be —

Did ever maiden wake,
To find her daylight break,
With joy exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden shun
Her eyes on waking nations,
To dream of goodness known
How much exceeding gladness?

Fred. — Oh, yes, that is exceeding gladness.

(turn as before. Girls resume their chatter pleasantly.)

Fred. —

Yak. —

Did ever maiden wake,
To find her daylight break,
With joy exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden shun
Her eyes on waking nations,
To dream of goodness known
How much exceeding gladness?

Fred. — Oh, yes, that is exceeding gladness.

(turn as before. Girls resume their chatter pleasantly.)

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(turn as before. Girls resume their chatter pleasantly.)

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Fred. — Oh, yes, that is exceeding gladness.

(turn as before. Girls resume their chatter pleasantly.)

Fred. —

Yak. —
GEORGE.

No, we must not lose our senses
If they stick at no offence.
Peruse their dreadful trade—
Nice associates for young ladies!
Let us disappear.

(During this change the Pirates have entered stealthily from
Behind the Scenes.)

PIRATE.

Too late! Ha! ha! ha!

LADY.

Too late! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ENSEMBLE.

(Pirates pounce in front of ladies.)

PIRATE.

Ladies, this is a first-rate opportunity
To get married with impunity;
And indulge in the felicity
Of undisturbed domesticity.

You shall quickly be paraded,
 Conjugal and monogamous,
By a doctor of divinity,
Who is located in this vicinity.

(All ladies laugh.)

MANE (coming forward).

We have missed our opportunity
Of escaping with impunity;
So far, we are the felicity
Of our maiden domesticity.

We shall quickly be paraded,
 Conjugal and monogamous,
By a doctor of divinity,
Who is located in this vicinity.

(All ladies laugh.)

MANE (continuing).

How, monsters! Fire your pikes clandestinely
Proceed, against our will, to rob us all,
Just hear in mind that we are Wardens in Chaucer.
And father is a Major-General!

LADY (sobbing).

Well, I have not, or danger may befall.
Their father is a Major-General.

PIRATE.

Yes, you, he is a Major-General. (The Major-General has

GEORGE.

Yes, I am a Major-General.

PIRATE.

Hurrah for the Major-General!

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

All.

Hurrah for the Major-General!

SONG—MAJOR-GENERAL.

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
Vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the dates 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 been told with a lot of o' news—
(B创建工作 for next chorus:—lot o' news—lot o' news—create with an idea)
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse,
(A Philippa) With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse,
GEN
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animal and mineral.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am every model of a modern Major-General.
ALL
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral.

He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and St. George's.
I answer hard questions, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in R eligion all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
I sing I can fill peculiarities parabolous.

I acted unadorned Iphagnes from Gerard's "Fables" and Zalmanon,  
I know the croaking chorus from the "frog" of Aristophanes.
Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the music's din afores.
(Rehearse for next chorus) — din afores, din afores, din afores—
(Rehearse for next chorus) — din afores, din afores, din afores—

And whistle all the airs from that infernal norway "Finnegans"  
(Rehearse) And whistle all the airs, &c. THE SCENE SET

And whistle all the airs,

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

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 manhood and ravelin,
When I can tell at sight a character rifle from a javelin.
When such affairs as sorties and surprise, 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 nursery.
In short when I've a mastering or cosmetical strategy,
(Rehearse for next chorus) — Strategy, strategy — read such an idea.

You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go—
(Rehearse) You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a go—  

You'll say a better, &c., by this at a before;
Dear Mr. Webber,

Farewell from care, at end of Grandma's song.

Yours truly,

Fred & Ed. Exterior from Care.

Love & Kisses,

Sam & Ed. All as before.

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Gen.
For my military knowledge, though I'm mostly a code, has only been brought down to the beginning of the century, but still in learning, vegetable, animal, and mineral.

A1.
He is the very model of a modern Major General.

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

Kens.
Oh, papa—what are things to Gam. Bid them forward.

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

Gen.
Dear me!

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

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

Kens.
We are all single gentlemen.

Gen.
Yes, I gathered that—anything else?

Kens.
No, nothing else.

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

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

Marry.
All except this gentleman—indicating Squire—was a pirate once, but who is out of his infatuations today, and who means to lead a blameless life forever.

Gen.
But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law. (Addressing Squire.)

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

Gen.
(addressed to Squire.) Hal! an idea? (Addressing Squire's daughter.) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of the sole remaining hope of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of life unfriended, untrusted, and alone?

Kens.
Well, yes, that's the idea.

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

Squire.
Oh, dear me, we never.

Gen.
Here we are again!

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

Gen.
Often.

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

Gen.
Yes, often.

Kens. (dignified) Often, often, often (turning away), (waving arms)

Gen.
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 understood me.

Kens.
I didn't repeat the word often.

Gen.
Pardon me, you did indeed.

Kens.
I only repeated it once.

Gen.
True, but you repeated it.

Kens.
But not often.

Gen.
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?
Fred & I. Enter

Ruth

Fred & I. Enter

Ruth

Philp. Return to place

This is the text:
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?

Hail Poetry, then heaven-born maid,
Thou gentlest of the pirate's trade;
Hail flowing fount of sentiment,
All hail Divine Emissary!

You may go, for you're at liberty, our pirate rules protect you,
And honorary members of our band we do elect you.
For he is an orphan boy.

(Chorus). He is an orphan boy.
And it sometimes is a useful thing
To be an orphan boy.

(Chorus). It is! Hark for the orphan boy.
(Quarretto). Oh, happy day, with joyous glee,
We will away, and merry be!
(Chorus). Oh, happy day, with joyous glee,
They will away, and merry be!
(Quarretto). Should it befall suspiciously,
My sisters all will bemaids be.
(Chorus). Should it befall suspiciously,
Her sisters all will bemaids be;
Oh, happy day, with joyous glee,
They will away and merry be;
Should it befall suspiciously,
Our sisters all will bemaids be;
Should it befall suspiciously,
(Quarretto). Her sisters all will bemaids be, ah, yes.

(Enter enter E. E. and comes down c. to Fran. and kisses at end)

(Chorus). Yes, yes, remember Ruth; who knows before you.

(Enter, Pirate enters B. R. and kisses Fran. and kisses at end)

Ruth. Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who knows before you!

(Chorus). Away, you did deceive me?

Ruth. Ah, do not leave me!
(Chorus). Oh, do not leave her!
Fred. Away, you grieves me!

(Chorus) Away, you grieve her!

Fred. I wish you'd leave me.

(Exit: from Acts 1, Acts 2, etc.)

Ensemble.

**Act I.**

Scene: A child's bedroom. A child lies in bed, surrounded by toys and blankets. The room is dimly lit by a single candle.

Chorus. Down towards her.

Oh, dear blest little lamb.
That dear blest little lamb.
Thy loving children hear,
In them thy comfort seek.
With sympathetic care
Their arms around thee spread,
For oh, they cannot bear
To see their father weep.

**Act II.**

Scene: A child's bedroom by moonlight. A child lies in bed, surrounded by toys and blankets. The room is dimly lit by a single candle.

Chorus. Down towards her.

Oh, dear blest little lamb.
That dear blest little lamb.
Thy loving children hear,
In them thy comfort seek.
With sympathetic care
Their arms around thee spread,
For oh, they cannot bear
To see their father weep.

Fred. O may she weep.

Fred. O may she weep.

Fred. O may she weep.

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Fred. O may she weep.
Dear father, why leave your bed
At this unholy hour,
When happy daylight is dead.
And darkness dangerously near?

See, heaven has lit her lamp,
The midnight hour is past,
The chilly night air is dank,
And the dew is falling fast.

Dear father, why leave your bed
When happy daylight is dead?

Said—Mabel

No less a lady

Mabel, Oh, Frederic cannot you advise me 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?

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

Fred. But you forget, sir, you only bought the property a year ago, and the stench in your basement hall is scarcely dry.

Gen. (cont.) 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 untainted escutcheon.

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

Gen. I thank you for your profound solace, but it is unavailing. What time does your expedition march against these scootsrskal?

Fred. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have avenged for my avoitary association with the raging squaws by sweeping them from the face of the earth, and then Mabel, you will be mine.

Fred. Are your devoted followers all here?

Fred. They are, they only wait my orders.

Mabel—Insinuating

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

Fred. Dear sir, they come.

Enter Peter, marching in double file, 

Fred. Now, sir, give me a little

Enter Peter, marching in double file, 

Fred. Now, sir, give me a little

Peter: (read) When the beam has its steel

Peter: (read) When the beam has its steel

Fred. (read) We come from the Rear

Fred. (read) We come from the Rear

Peter: (read) Tarantara! tarantara

Peter: (read) Tarantara! tarantara

Fred. (read) We come from the Rear

Fred. (read) We come from the Rear

Peter: (read) We are uncomfortable bad,

Peter: (read) We are uncomfortable bad,
And we find the wisest thing,
To mourn downSpain Tarantara! tarantara!
To stop our cheer and sing
A mouth down Spain Tarantara! Tarantara!
A mouth down Spain Threatened with ememies,
A mouth down Spain Tarantara! tarantara!
A mouth down Spain And your heart is in your boot,
A mouth down Spain Tarantara!

Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Tarantara! Tarantara!
Tarantara, ta-ra-ta-ra!
(Solenlita. Calixto, Marfa, Fernando Etc.)

Go, ye heroes, go to glory,
Though you die in combat grey.
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 you grave shall water.
Go, ye heroes; go and die.

Though to us it's evident,
Tarantara, tarantara!
These attentions are well meant,
Tarantara!
Such expressions don't appear,
Tarantara, tarantara!
Calculated men to show,
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.

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

[Signature]
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 mपा or criticise,
For it's very evident
These attentions are well meant.
Yes, tantalising evident
These attentions are well meant.

Tarantara taran-taran.
Go, ye heroes, go to glory, go!
Pray press long, dare to.

Away, away. C's very

Tarantara taran-taran.

Yes, yes, we go.

Away. (without warning.) Yes, yes, we go.

Yes, ye, ye, we go.

Then do not stay.

We go, we go.

Then why all this delay?

Yes, forward on the foe.

Ho, ho! Ho, ho!

We go, we go, we go!

Then forward on the foe!

Yes, forward!

Yes, forward!

Yes, but you don't go!

Yes, forward!

We go, we go, we go!

At last they really go—Taran-taran-rana!

Chorus of all but Police.

Go and do your best endeavour.

And before all links we sever

We will say farewell for ever;

In glory and the grave.

For your foes are fierce and ruthless.

False, unmeaning, and truthless,

Young and tender, old and toothless,

All to vain their mercy crave.

Chorus of Police.

Such expressions don't appear.

And before all links we sever

We will say farewell for ever;

In glory and the grave.

For your foes are fierce and ruthless.

False, unmeaning, and truthless,

Young and tender, old and toothless,

All to vain their mercy crave.

Tarantara, taran-taran.

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana.

Taran-taran!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!

Taran-taran-rana!
Now for the pirate's hair! Oh joy unbounded!
Oh, sweet relief! Oh, captives unescaped!
At last I may alone, in some slight measure,
For the repeated acts of theft and pillage
Which, at a sense of duty's stern dictation,
I, circumstance's victim, have been guilty.

(The Prince, Kneeling, and Rева appear at the window; crowd.)

King. Young Frederick! (Covering him with pistol.)
Fredd. Who calls? (pant.)
King. (s.)
Fredd. Your late commander! (Covering him with pistol.)
King. And be your little Ruth! (Covering her with pistol.)
Fredd. Oh, mad intruders,
How dare ye face me, know ye not, oh rash ones
That I have doomed you to extermination?

(Kins and Reva hold a pistol to each one.)

King. Here mercy on me, hear me, ere you slay.
Fredd. 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.

[Enter Reva and Prince.]

Reva. When first you left our pirate fold
We tried to make our spirits last.
According to our customs old,
With quips and gibes quaint.
But all in vain, the quips we heard,
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,
Until some better occurred
A curious paradox

Fredd. A paradox!
Reva. A most ingenious paradox.
Kins. A most ingenious paradox.
Kins. We've quips and gibbles heard in books,
But none to beat this paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Kins. We know your taste for curious quips,
For cruelty and contradictions quier,
And with the laughter on our lips,
We wished you had been there to hear.
We said, "If we could tell it him,
How Frederick would the joke enjoy,"
And so we've risked both life and limb
To tell it to our boy.

Fredd. (interested.) That paradox? That paradox?
(laughing). That most ingenious parade.

King.

We've quips and quibbles heard in docks,
But none to beat that paradox!

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

[Music and Drum.]

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

eight days as a general rule is plenty,

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

Through some singular misunderstandings—shouldn't be surprised if it were

owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy.

You are the victims 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!

Now for the trick.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Dear me!

Let's see! (counting on fingers.)

Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

All.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! (Panorama near amount then exits.)

How quaint the ways of Paradox!

At common sense she guily mocks!

Though counting in the usual way,

Years twenty-one I've been alive.

Yet, reckoning by my natural day,

I am a little boy of five! Long down.

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

At common sense she guily mocks;

So quaint a way is Paradox.

All.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

King.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Prest.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

All.

Ha, ho, ho, ho, ho!

King and Prest throw themselves back on seats, 

acknowledged with laughter.

[Music.]

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

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

All.

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 ten of your comrades.

Prest. My comrades?
[Page 24]

KING – I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position. You were apprenticed to me;

FAIR – Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING – No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday (producing certificate), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five and a quarter.

FAIR – 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. [Read, from book, "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!"

REACTION – We insist on nothing, we reprimand ourselves with thinking of you gone duty. [Fawn, cross, lady, fair, end, end] REACTION, after a pause – Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it, but duty is before all—at any price, I will do my duty! [Crosses out, reads, "With joy'

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

REACTION – Lead on, I follow. [Shudders, Oh, horror! turning aside] KING – What is the matter?

REACTION – Ought I to tell you? No, no, I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your hand—

KING – Speak out, I charge you by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

REACTION – General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING – You, yes?

REACTION – He escaped from you when the pies that he was an orphan?

KING – He did.

REACTION – It breaks my heart to betray the honoured father of the girl I love, but as your apprentice, I have no alternative. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan?

KING – What?

REACTION – More than that, he never was one.

KING – Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to profane on our credulous simplicity? [Fawn, made as he speaks, Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremendous Castle this very night."

REACTION – But—

KING – Not a word. He is doomed.

REACTION – [Over and under]

KING – Away, away, my heart's on fire – Away, away, let me escape – I born this base deception to

REACTION – This very day my vengeance dire shall glut itself in gore. Away, away, away.
KING

With falsehood foul
He tricked us of our bride,
Let vengeance howl;
The Pirate so decides.
Our nature stern
He softened with his lies,
And, in return,
To-night the traitor dies.

ACT

Yes, yes- to-night the traitor dies.

KING (court to Fred). To-night he dies.

FRED:

Yes, or early to-morrow.

His girls likewise?

They will weep as now.

Exit.

KING:

The one soft spot
In their natures they cherish-
And all who plot-
To abuse it shall perish!
Yes, all who plot
To abuse it shall perish!

Exit, away, &c.

Enter KING, RUTH, C, MABEL, FRED.

KING: Is not the noble hand
On a brow, C, C, on blind sorrow.

FRED:

Enter MABEL 2, 3 enter, come down to FRED.

KING- MABEL.

All is prepared, your gallant crew await you.
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be
That true heart quails at the coming conflict?
No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure
Has just been made, Mabel, my dearest maiden, I am bound myself to serve the pirate captain
Until I reach 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.

FRED:

Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling?
And so, farewell! Farewell, C. C, farewell,
MABEL, No, no! Oh Frederic, hear me

Duet- MABEL and FREDERICK.

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

FRED:

Nay, Mabel, say,
To-night I quit these walls.
The thought my soul appals,
But when stern duty calls, I must obey.
MABEL: Stay, Frederic, stay—
FRED: Nay, Mabel, nay—
MABEL: They have no claim—
FRED: But duty’s name—
MABEL: The thought my soul appeals, But when stern duty calls—
FRED: I must obey.

Oh, have me not to pine
Alone and desolate;
No fate seemed fair as mine,
No happiness so great;
And nature, day by day,
Has sung her sweetest strain.

He who loves thee, he is here—
Fabla, fabla, fabla—
He loves thee, he is gone—
Fabla, fabla, fabla—

He who loves thee, he is gone—
He will be faithful to his oath
Till we are wed, and even after.

He will be faithful to
Till

What joy to know that thou
Embrace piratical adventures,
He will be faithful to
Till

I swear;

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

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

FRED: Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.
MABEL: Yes, I’ll be strong!

By all the Stanleys and pools of Zee.

FRED: I swear it.

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FRED: Swear that, till then, you will be true to me.
MABEL: Yes, I’ll be strong!

By all the Stanleys and pools of Zee.

FRED: I swear it.
Ist C.

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

Sabb.

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

Mare.

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

All.

That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

Mare.

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

All.

He has acted shamefully.

Mare.

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

All.

He has acted nobly.

Mare.

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.

All.

Very well.

Sabb.

This is perplexing. (CROSSES L.)

All.

We cannot understand it all.

Sabb.

Still he is actuated by a sense of duty.

All.

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

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

All.

We should.

Sabb.

It is too late now!

All.

It is.

All.

When a felon’s not engaged in his employment—

His employment.

Or maturing his felonious little plans—

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

(Chorus of Pirates, far off in the distance.)

Hush, hush! I hear them on the shore.
Edith: We're sea sick (light)

Mel: King Fred

Everybody: X

Sam: Give tools to commencing corner. Push block down, closet doors. Leave back to end of table. They go up.

Flirt: They seek a penalty—

Pirates (without)

Penalty: Fifty-fold

Ass: We seek a penalty fifty-fold

For General Stanley's story. The men.

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

Caution: Warm up

(Pirates conceal themselves in side, as they do it. The Penalty men appear at every window, they 

care cautiously, and come down stage as faster. Search and take note of deception tools and guides, etc.)

Chorus—Pirates: (soothing)

With cat-like tread.

Upon our prey we steal,

In silence dumb.

Our cautious way we tell.

Penalty (picking up)

Tarantara, tarantara!

Pirates: No sound at all.

We never speak a word,

A cat's foot-fall.

Could be distinctly heard. Brrr, brrrr, RUE

Penalty: Tarantara, tarantara?

Pirates: Ha! ha!

Ho! ho!

So stealthily the pirate creeps,

While all the household softly sleeps.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Penalty (picking up)

Tarantara, tarantara.

Say (introducing implement to current members of the gang)

Here's your crowbar and your corset, your

life preserver—you may want to hit;

Your silent matches, your dark lanterns, says,

Take your file and your skeleton keys.

All (fortissimo): With cat-like tread, etc. To be Fred R T E

Harry: Fuss. (comes down)

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

The Major-General comes so quickly hide.

Gin (wailing): Yes, yes, the Major-General comes.

Pirates: He comes.

Gin (entering t. v. in dressing-gown, carrying a light): Yes, yes,

Penalty: He comes.

Gin: Yes, yes, I come. All: The Major-General comes.
Tornament with the anguish dread
Of falsehood untrusted,
I lay upon my sleepless bed,
And tossed and turned and groaned.
The man who finds his conscience afe
No peace at all empow.
And as I lay in bed wake
I thought I heard a noise—ha! ha!
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—sense up
It must have been
The sighing of the breeze.

Sighing softly to the river
Comes the loving breeze,
Setting nature all a-quiver,
Rustling through the trees—sense up
Through the trees.
And the brook in rippling measure,
Laughs for very love,
While the peplum, in their pleasure,
Wave their arms above—sense up

Yes, the trees, for very love,
Wave their leafy arms above—sense up
River, river, little river,
May thy loving prosper ever,
Heaven speed thee peplum tree,
May thy woolling happy be. 

Yet, the breeze is but a river,
When he wags away,
Brook and peplum measure a lover!
Sighing well-a-day!
Who can woo so well?
Shocking tales the rogue could tell,
Nobody can woo so well.
Pretty brok, thy dream is over,
For thy love is but a river,
Sad the lot of peplum tree,
Crowned by the fickle breeze.

Enter the General's daughters, u. u. u. and l. u. u., all in white poppresumed and night-
cas, and carrying lined cloths. They sing thus:

& Float half up

Sun half up, floats fall up
Change green to white float
OBER. Now what is this, and what is that, and why does father leave his rest? At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed? Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men; it’s his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten. What strange occurrence can it be that pulls dear father from his rest?

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

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

KING. L.C. With base deceits You worked upon our feelings? Rewards is sworn, And favours, all our dealings. With courage rare, And resolution manly, For death prepare Unhappy General Stanley.

General Stanley.

PIRATES. Oh! Like a hero! What a noble spirit! I must seize thee, or I shall surely die.

KING. Arise, arise! Behold your General. Stanley.

PIRATES. Beautiful Isabel, I would if I could, but I am not able.

KING. Frederic, save us!

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

KING. (protesting.) Tararia, tarangara.

PIRATES. (wildly.) Is he to die, unavenged—unmanhooded? Stand back! Stand back! Let us have our justice.

KING. Oh, spare him! Fie, fie, fie, fie! Give him my life, give me his!—

PIRATES. Oh, spare him! Stand back! Stand back! Let us have our just revenge!

KING. Oh, spare him! Stand back! Stand back! Let us have our just revenge!

PIRATES. Oh, rebels! Stand back! Stand back! Let us have our just revenge!

KING. So to our process, pirates, quickly yield!

PIRATES. Oh, rebels!—

A struggle commences between Pirates and Police. Eventually the Police are overcome, and felled by the Pirates standing over them and drawn swords: "Ladies run down and grab me, and a."

CHEROLES OF POLICE AND PIRATES.

You We triumph now, for we know We Our mortal career’s out short, No prime hand will take its stand At the Central Criminal Court.

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

KING. Don’t say you are Orphans, for we know that gene.

PIRATES. On your allegiance, we’re a nobler claim: We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria’s name!
KING (shouting). You do: throw up and down.

POLICE. We do:

(PIRATES bind, POLICE stand over them triumphantly.)

KING. We yield at once, with humblest terms. Amen, with all our faults, we love our Queen.

POLICE. Yes, yes, with all, &c. Drink victuals here.

(PIRATES holding PIRATES by the collar, take out handkerchiefs & snuff.)

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

REST. One moment: let me tell you who they are.

They are all noblemen who have gone wrong!

KING and POLICE. What? all noblemen? KINGS and POLICE. Yes, all noblemen?

REST. Well nearly all!

KING. No Englishman unmoved that statement bears.

Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.

(Allendoza & Pirate.)

REST. GENERAL.

I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King,

Peers will be peers, and youth will have its share.

Resume your ranks, and legislative duties, please.

And take my daughter, all of whom are boundless.

FINALE.

MARCH.

Poor wandering ones,

Though ye have custody strayed,

Take heart of grace,

Your steps retract,

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.
Chateau. Elle
Montre l'esquive
Garde au bords des papas. Chance
Chorale. Les dents (givre)
Police
Château (tendre)
Madame et Monsieur
Police (à l'entrée)
Sergeant-Dalogue

[Sketch of a boat or similar structure]
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

I.

PROMPT BOOK.

Early ...... Mr Allen's Note First Issue.

Micro-filmed for Mr Allen 1974.