



CINCINNATI OPERA

Saturday Evening, July 2, 2022

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by W. S. Gilbert Composed by Arthur Sullivan

First produced at: The Royal Bijou Theatre, Paignton, Devon, 30 December 1879

Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, 31 December 1879

Opéra Comique, London, 3 April 1880

Major-General Stanley: Patrick Carfizzi

Pirate King: Zachery James

Samuel, his Lieutenant: Tyler Alessi

Frederic, the Pirate Apprentice: David Walton

Mabel: Lauren Snouffer

Ruth, a Pirate Maid of all Work: Amber Wagner

Edith: Marlen Nahhas

Kate: Jasmin White

Isabel: Christina Hazen

Sergeant of Police: Samuel Smith

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra

Cincinnati Opera Chorus

Conducted by Stephen Mulligan

Production Directed and Choreographed by Seán Curren

PLEASE NOTE: the following script has been specially prepared for the members of our audience attending the Sensory-Friendly Rehearsal of the Cincinnati Opera production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Lines and stage directions **highlighted in red** indicate moments in the show that are particularly loud or feature singers singing high notes (it is opera, after all!), involve light sword play or brandished weapons. There is no overt violence at all in the show and what physical contact there is, is all fun, comical and light-hearted. We hope this will help everyone enjoy our rehearsal to the fullest!

ACT I: A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall

ACT II: A ruined chapel by moonlight

AT THE END OF THE OVERTURE, AS THE CURTAIN OPENS, OUR ROLICKING BAND OF PIRATES ARE BRINGING THEIR BOAT ON LAND MAKING LOTS OF NOISE AS THEY TRY TO KEEP THEIR BOAT UNDER CONTROL. IT REMAINS BOISTEROUS THROUGH THE OPENING CHORUS.

ACT I SCENE. – A rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered – some drinking., some playing cards. RUTH and SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a wine bottle.

OPENING CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

PIRATES. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures! Frederic's out of his indentures. Pour, O pour the pirate sherry, etc.

DIALOGUE.

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

PIRATES. Hurrah!

FREDERIC. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

PIRATE KING. What do you mean?

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

THERE IS LIGHT SWORD-PLAY DURING THE PIRATE KING LINE

PIRATE KING. But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a covid-crazed Carnival cruise ship never shipped a handspike.

FREDERIC. 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.

SAMUEL. An error? What error?

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

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

SONG – RUTH.

RUTH. When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring,
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nurserymaid, 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 surely 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 not afraid of what you people call work,
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work.
And that is how you find me now, a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found, had he been bound apprentice to a pilot.

DIALOGUE.

RUTH. Oh, pardon! Frederic, pardon! (kneels)

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

RUTH. (rises) The two words were so much alike!

FREDERIC. 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!

PIRATES. Poor lad – poor lad! (All weep.)

PIRATE 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.

SAMUEL. 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.

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

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

SAMUEL. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests. ALL. Hear, hear!

FREDERIC. Well, then, it is my duty, as a pirate, to tell you that you are too tenderhearted. 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.

PIRATE KING. There is some truth in that.

FREDERIC. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan!

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

FREDERIC. 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.

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

FREDERIC. There's my difficulty; until twelve o'clock I would, after twelve I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

RUTH. 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?

PIRATE KING. Oh, he will take you with him.

FREDERIC. Well, Ruth, I feel some difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

RUTH. It is – oh, it is!

FREDERIC. 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.

PIRATE KING. True.

FREDERIC. 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!

PIRATE KING. Oh, Ruth is very well, very well indeed.

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

FREDERIC. Do you really think so?

SAMUEL. I do.

FREDERIC. 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.

PIRATE 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.

PIRATES. Not one!

PIRATE KING. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic, keep thy love.

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

PIRATE 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.

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

PIRATE 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.

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

PIRATES. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King.

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

PIRATES. It is! Hurrah for the Pirate King.

PIRATE 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,
For I am a Pirate King. And it is, it is a glorious thing To be a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King.

PIRATES. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King.

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

PIRATES. It is! Hurrah for the Pirate King.

PIRATE KING ENDS HIS SONG ON A HIGH NOTE

DIALOGUE.

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

FREDERIC. 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!

FREDERIC. 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 I took a test this morning and was negative! Otherwise I am quite well.

FREDERIC. 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.

FREDERIC. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh, no; years and years ago.

FREDERIC. What do you think of yourself?

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

FREDERIC. That is your candid opinion?

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

FREDERIC. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if – I say if – you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union! (Chorus of Daughters heard in the distance.) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair?

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

FREDERIC. By all that's marvelous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

RUTH. (aside) Lost! lost! lost!

FREDERIC. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely is the plainest of them! What grace – what delicacy – what refinement! And Ruth – Ruth told me she was beautiful!

RECITATIVE & DUET.

Opening Music is somewhat loud

FREDERIC. Oh, false one, you have deceived me!

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FREDERIC. Yes, deceived me!
You told me you were fair as gold!

RUTH. And, master, am I not so?

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

RUTH. I'm sure I'm not a jot so.

FREDERIC. Upon my innocence you play.

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

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

RUTH. It's gradually got so.

FREDERIC. Faithless woman, to deceive me, I who trusted so!

RUTH. Master, master, do not leave me! Hear me, ere you go!

My love without reflecting, Oh, do not be rejecting!
Take a maiden tender – her affection raw and green,
At very highest rating, Has been accumulating
Summers seventeen – summers seventeen.

RUTH and FREDERIC sing together:

RUTH. Don't, beloved master,
Crush me with disaster.
What is such a dower to the fervid, it is clear
My love unabating If, as you are stating
Has been accumulating.

FREDERIC. Yes, your former master
Saves you from disaster.
Your love would be uncomfortably dower I have here?
Has been accumulating It's been accumulating

RUTH: Thirty-seven year –

SAYS THIS LINE LOUDLY

FREDERIC. Forty-seven year!

RUTH. Forty-seven year!

FREDERIC. Faithless woman, to deceive me, I who trusted so!

RUTH. Master, master, do not leave me! Hear me, ere you go!

CLOSING MUSIC IS LOUD, ENDING WITH HIGH NOTES

RECITATIVE.

FREDERIC. What shall I do?
Before these gentle maidens I dare not show in this alarming costume!
No, no, I must remain in close concealment
Until I can appear in decent clothing!

CHORUS.

DAUGHTERS. 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-by.

DAUGHTERS. Hail it as a true ally, Though it perish by-and-by.

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

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

THE DAUGHTERS ALL SING TOGETHER AT THE VERY END OF THE NUMBER

DIALOGUE.

KATE. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!

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

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

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

ISABEL. Except the mermaids – it's the very place for mermaids.

KATE. Who are only human beings down to the waist!

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

KATE. But what shall we do until Papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon?

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

DAUGHTERS ALL SCREAM AND GIGGLE EXCITEDLY

ALL. Yes, yes! The very thing!

RECITATIVE.

FREDERIC. Stop, ladies, pray!

DAUGHTERS. (Hopping on one foot.) A man!

FREDERIC. 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!

FREDERIC. I am a pirate!

DAUGHTERS. A pirate! Horror!

FREDERIC. Ladies, do not shun me! This evening I renounce my vile profession;
And, to that end, O pure and peerless maidens!
Oh, blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty!
I, sore at heart, implore your kind assistance.

EDITH. How pitiful his tale!

KATE. How rare his beauty!

DAUGHTERS. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty!

SONG – FREDERIC.

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?

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

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

DAUGHTERS. 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!

FREDERIC. Not one?

DAUGHTERS. No, no – not one!

FREDERIC. Not one?

DAUGHTERS. No, no!

MABEL. Yes, one!

DAUGHTERS. 'Tis Mabel!

MABEL. Yes, 'tis 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?

DAUGHTERS. (aside) The question is, had he not been A thing of beauty,

Would she be swayed by quite as keen A sense of duty?

MABEL. For shame, for shame, for shame!

SONG – MABEL.

MABEL. Poor wandering one! Though thou hast surely strayed,

Take heart of grace, Thy steps retrace, Poor wandering one!

Poor wandering one! If such poor love as mine

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

DAUGHTERS. Take heart; no danger lowers; Take any heart-but ours!

MABEL: 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!

MABEL SINGS SOME HIGH NOTES AT THE END OF THE SONG

ENSEMBLE.

EDITH. What ought we to do, Gentle sisters, say?

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.

DAUGHTERS. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.
How beautifully blue the sky, The glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but yesterday.
Tomorrow 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.

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 such exceeding gladness?

FREDERIC. Ah, yes! ah, yes! this is exceeding gladness!

DAUGHTERS. How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

FREDERIC. Did ever pirate roll His soul in guilty dreaming,
And wake to find that soul With peace and virtue beaming?

DAUGHTERS. Did ever maiden wake, Did ever pirate loathed,
How beautifully blue the sky, etc.
From dream of homely duty Forsake his hideous mission
To find her daylight break To find himself betrothed
With such exceeding beauty! To lady of position!

RECITATIVE.

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

DAUGHTERS. No, we must not lose our senses, If they stick at no offences
We should not be here! Piracy their dreadful trade is –
Nice companions for young ladies!
Let us disa...

PIRATES JUMP UP AND SCREAM LOUDLY SCARING THE DAUGHTERS WHO ALSO SCREAM LOUDLY
DAUGHTERS. Too late!

PIRATES. Ha, ha!

DAUGHTERS. Too late!

PIRATES. Ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

THERE IS "FIGHTING" THROUGHOUT THE NEXT ENSEMBLE BUT VERY COMICAL WITH NO VIOLENCE ENSEMBLE.

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

DAUGHTERS. We have missed our opportunity Of escaping with impunity;
So farewell to the felicity Of our maiden domesticity!
We shall quickly be parsonified, Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity, Who resides in this vicinity.

ALL. By a doctor of divinity Who resides in this vicinity,
By a doctor, a doctor, a doctor, Of divinity, of divinity.

RECITATIVE.

MABEL GRABS AND WIELDS FREDERIC'S SWORD DURING HER NEXT LINES

MABEL

Hold, monsters!

Ere your pirate caravanserai Proceed, against our will, to wed us all,
Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery,
And father is a Major-General!

SAMUEL. We'd better pause, or danger may befall,
Their father is a Major-General.

DAUGHTERS CROSS TO THE PIRATES WHO SCARE THEM. THEY RUN AWAY SCREAMING.

DAUGHTERS. Yes, yes; he is a Major-General!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Yes, yes, I am a Major-General!

SAMUEL. For he is a Major-General!

LOUD LINE AS EVERYONE IS SINGING

ALL. He is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

MAJOR-GENERAL. And it is, it is a glorious thing To be a Major-General!

LOUD LINE AS EVERYONE IS SINGING

ALL. He is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

DURING THE FOLLOWING SONG THERE ARE LINES SUNG BY THE ENTIRE ENSEMBLE THAT ARE SOMEWHAT LOUD

SONG – MAJOR-GENERAL.

MAJOR-GENERAL. I am the very model 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'm teeming with a lot o' news
Oh dear. What rhymes with lot o' news? Got it!
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

ALL. With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

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

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. I know our mythic history, PIRATE KING. Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes!
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
Oh fie! Let's see. Mikado? Patience? HMS... Ah yes!
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

ALL. And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

MAJOR-GENERAL. 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.

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",
When I can tell at sight a Mauser 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",
(I have no bloody clue!)
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,
Oh my. That's a tough one. (he ad-libs words ending in -gee). Ah yes!
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.

ALL. You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.

MAJOR-GENERAL. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of last century;
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

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

AT THE END OF THE SONG EVERYONE CHEERS THE MAJOR-GENERAL

MAJOR-GENERAL ENCORES THE LAST VERSE.

MAJOR-GENERAL. In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",
When I can tell at sight a Mauser 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 road a horse.

ALL. You'll say a better Major-General has never road a horse.

MAJOR-GENERAL. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

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

AT THE END OF THE ENCORE EVERYONE CHEERS THE MAJOR-GENERAL

DIALOGUE.

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

KATE. Oh, Papa – we –

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. Dear me!

DAUGHTERS. Against our wills, Papa – against our wills!

MAJOR-GENERAL. 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?

PIRATE KING. We are all single gentlemen.

MAJOR-GENERAL. Yes, I gathered that – Anything else?

PIRATE KING. No, nothing else.

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them.

MABEL. All except this gentleman – who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to day, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

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

LIGHT SWORD PLAY DURING THE FOLLOWING LINE

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. (aside) Hah! an idea! (aloud) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these, the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

PIRATE KING. Well, yes, that's the idea.

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

PIRATES. Oh, dash it all!

PIRATE KING. Here we are again!

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

PIRATE KING. Often!

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

PIRATE KING. I say, often.

PIRATES. Often, often, often.

MAJOR-GENERAL. 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.

PIRATE KING. I didn't repeat the word often.

MAJOR-GENERAL. Pardon me, you did indeed.

PIRATE KING. I only repeated it once.

MAJOR-GENERAL. True, but you repeated it.

PIRATE KING. But not often.

MAJOR-GENERAL. 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?

PIRATE KING. Ah! I beg pardon – I see what you mean – frequently.

MAJOR-GENERAL. Ah! you said "often", frequently.

PIRATE KING. No, only once.

MAJOR-GENERAL. (irritated) Exactly – you said "often", frequently, only once.

MAJOR-GENERAL & PIRATE KING SCREAM AT EACH OTHER

FINALE – ACT I.

LIGHT SWORD PLAY AS THE MUSIC STARTS

MAJOR-GENERAL. Oh, men of dark and dismal fate, Forgo your cruel employ,
Have pity on my lonely state, I am an orphan boy!

PIRATE KING and SAMUEL. An orphan boy?

MAJOR-GENERAL. An orphan boy!

PIRATES. How sad, an orphan boy.

MAJOR-GENERAL. These children whom you see Are all that I can call my own!

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Take them away from me, And I shall be indeed alone.

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

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

PIRATES. (sobbing) Poor fellow!
See at our feet they kneel; Our hearts we cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy!

PIRATE KING and SAMUEL. The orphan boy! See at our feet they kneel, etc.

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

DAUGHTERS and PIRATES sing together:

DAUGHTERS: He is telling a terrible story But it doesn't diminish his glory;
Though they would have taken his daughters Over the billowy waters,
If he hadn't, in elegant diction, Indulged in an innocent fiction;
But it comes in the same category As telling a regular terrible story.

PIRATES. If he's telling a story He shall die by a death that is gory,
Though we would have taken daughters That ever were known in these waters;
It is easy, in elegant diction, To call it an innocent fiction;
But it comes in the same category As telling a regular terrible story.

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

THE FOLLOWING ENSEMBLE BEGINS AND ENDS LOUDLY

ALL. Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid!

Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.

Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!

All hail, divine emollient!

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

THERE ARE SOME LOUD MOMENTS FROM HERE UNTIL THE END OF THE ACT
SAMUEL. For he is an orphan boy!

ALL. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

MAJOR-GENERAL. And it sometimes is a useful thing To be an orphan boy.

ALL. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

ENSEMBLE. Oh, happy day, with joyous glee We/They will away and married be! Should it befall
auspiciously, Her/Our sisters all will bridesmaids be!

LOUD MUSIC AS RUTH ENTERS

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

PIRATES. Yes, yes, remember Ruth, who kneels before you!

FREDERIC. Away, you did deceive me!

PIRATES. Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH. Oh, do not leave me!

PIRATES. Oh, do not leave her!

FREDERIC. Away, you grieve me!

PIRATES. Away, you grieve him!

FREDERIC. I wish you'd leave me!

PIRATES. We wish you'd leave him!

THE FINALE GROWS IN VOLUME FROM HERE UNTIL THE END OF THE ACT

ENSEMBLE. Pray observe the magnanimity They/We display to lace and dimity!
Never was such opportunity To get married with impunity,
But they/we give up the felicity Of unbounded domesticity,
Though a doctor of divinity Resides in this vicinity.

END OF ACT I

ACT II SCENE.—A ruined chapel by moonlight. Ruined Gothic windows at back. MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated pensively, surrounded by his daughters.

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

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

CHORUS. Oh, dry the glistening tear, etc.

DIALOGUE.

MABEL. Oh, Frederic, cannot you, in the calm excellence of your wisdom, reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

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

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

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors: you cannot deny that. With the estate, I bought the chapel and its contents. I don't know whose ancestors they were, but I know whose ancestors they are, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what, I have no doubt, was an unstained escutcheon.

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. I assure you, Frederic, that such is the anguish and remorse I feel at the abominable falsehood by which I escaped these easily deluded pirates, that I would go to their simple-minded chief this very night and confess all, did I not fear that the consequences would be most disastrous to myself. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

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

MAJOR-GENERAL. We'll see about that! Are your devoted followers at hand?

FREDERIC. They are, they only wait my orders.

RECITATIVE.

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

FREDERIC. Dear, sir, they come.

THERE ARE SOME LOUD MOMENTS IN THE FOLLOWING ENSEMBLE ENSEMBLE.

SERGEANT, with POLICE. 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 Like the trumpet's martial sound,
Like the trumpet's martial sound

ALL. Tarantara! tarantara!,

MABEL. Go, 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!**

DAUGHTERS. Go, ye heroes, go and die!

SERGEANT, with 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! tarantara! tarantara!
Still to us it's evident These attentions are well meant.
Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara!

EDITH. Go and do your best endeavour, And before all links we sever,
We will say farewell forever. **Go to glory and the grave!**

DAUGHTERS. 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.

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

POLICE. Yes, it's very evident These attentions are well meant.

MAJOR-GENERAL. Then do not stay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Then why this delay?

REMANDS LOUD WITH EVERYONE SINGING UNTIL THE END OF THE ENSEMBLE
POLICE. All right, we go. Yes, forward on the foe!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Yes, but you don't go!

POLICE. We go, we go Yes, forward on the foe!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Yes, but you don't go!

ALL. At last they really go!

RECITATIVE.

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

PIRATE KING. Young Frederic!

FREDERIC. Who calls?

PIRATE KING. Your late commander!

RUTH. And I, your little Ruth!

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

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

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

RUTH AND PIRATE KING POINT GUNS AT FREDERIC

**Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful – say on!**

TRIO – RUTH, PIRATE KING., and FREDERIC.

RUTH. When you had left our pirate fold, We tried to raise our spirits faint,
According to our custom old, With quip and quibble quaint.
But all in vain the quips we heard, We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,
Until to somebody occurred A startling paradox.

FREDERIC. A paradox?

RUTH. A paradox! A most ingenious paradox!
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this paradox!

ALL. A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious paradox!

PIRATE KING. We knew your taste for curious quips, For cranks and contradictions queer;
And with the laughter on our lips, We wished you 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.

FREDERIC. (interested) That paradox?

PIRATE KING. (laughing) That most ingenious paradox!
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat that paradox!

ALL. A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious paradox!

PIRATE KING. For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal,
Some person in authority,

RUTH & FREDERIC: Who?

PIRATE KING. 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 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!

RUTH. and PIRATE KING. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

FREDERIC. Dear me! Let's see! Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

FREDERIC. 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,
Yet, reckoning by my natal day, I am a little boy of five!

RUTH and PIRATE KING. He is a little boy of five! Ha! ha! ha!

ALL. A paradox, a paradox, A most ingenious paradox! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
A paradox, a paradox, **A most ingenious paradox!**
TRIO ENDS WITH HIGH NOTES

DIALOGUE.

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

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

FREDERIC. My comrades?

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

FREDERIC. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

PIRATE KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday and, going by birthdays, you are
as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

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

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

RUTH. Your sense of duty!

FREDERIC. (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.

PIRATE KING. Your duty!

FREDERIC. (after a pause) Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling; I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it; but duty is before all – at any price I will do my duty.

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

FREDERIC. Lead on, I follow. **Oh, horror!**

RUTH and PIRATE KING. What is the matter?

FREDERIC. Ought I to tell you? No, no, I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band –

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

FREDERIC. General Stanley, –

RUTH and PIRATE KING. Yes!

FREDERIC. – the father of my Mabel –

RUTH and PIRATE KING. Yes, yes!

FREDERIC. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan.

PIRATE KING. **He did?** He did.

FREDERIC. 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!

RUTH and PIRATE KING. What!

FREDERIC. More than that, he never was one!

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

FREDERIC. But stay –

PIRATE KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

TRIO. PIRATE KING., RUTH and FREDERIC.

PIRATE KING. and RUTH. Away, away! my heart's on fire; I burn, this base deception to repay. This very night my vengeance dire Shall glut itself in gore. Away, away!

FREDERIC. Away, away! ere I expire – I find my duty hard to do today! My heart is filled with anguish dire, It strikes me to the core. Away, away!

PIRATE KING. With falsehood foul He tricked us of our brides. Let vengeance howl; The Pirate so decides. Our nature stern He softened with his lies, And, in return, Tonight the traitor dies.

ALL THREE PULL OUT THEIR WEAPONS BUT THERE IS NO INTERACTION WITH THEM
ALL. Yes, yes! tonight the traitor dies!

RUTH. Tonight he dies!

PIRATE KING. Yes, or early tomorrow.

FREDERIC. His girls likewise?

RUTH. They will welter in sorrow.

PIRATE KING. The one soft spot –

RUTH. In their natures they cherish –

FREDERIC. And all who plot –

PIRATE KING. To abuse it shall perish!

ALL. Tonight he dies, etc
TRIO ENDS WITH HIGH NOTES

MABEL. RECITATIVE.

MABEL. All is prepared, your gallant crew await you.
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be That lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?

FREDERIC. 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 –

MABEL. But you are twenty-one?

FREDERIC. I've just discovered That I was born in leap-year,
and that birthday Will not be reached by me till nineteen forty!

MABEL. Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!

FREDERIC. And so, farewell!

MABEL. No, no! Ah, 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!

FREDERIC. Nay, Mabel, nay! Tonight I quit these walls, The thought my soul appalls,
But when stern Duty calls, I must obey.

MABEL. Ah, 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. Fa-la, la-la, Fa-la, la-la".

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

FREDERIC. In 1940 I of age shall be, I'll then return, and claim you – I declare it!

MABEL. It seems so long!

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

MABEL. Yes, I'll be strong! By all the Stanleys dead and gone, I swear it!

MABEL & FREDERIC: Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joyous laughter:
He/She will be faithful to his/her sooth Till we are wed, and even after.

DUET ENDS WITH HIGH NOTES

RECITATIVE and CHANT.

MABEL. (almost fainting) No, I'll be 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!

SERGEANT. Though in body and in mind,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. We are timidly inclined,

POLICE Tarantara!

SERGEANT. And anything but blind –

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. To the danger that's behind.

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. Yet, when the danger's near,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. We manage to appear –

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. As insensible to fear As anybody here.

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

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

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

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

POLICE. He has acted shamefully!

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

POLICE. He has acted nobly!

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

POLICE. Right oh!

SERGEANT. This is perplexing.

POLICE. We cannot understand it at all.

SERGEANT. Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty –

POLICE. That makes a difference, of course.

At the same time, we repeat, 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 us all – but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

POLICE. We should!

SERGEANT. It is too late now!

POLICE. It is!

SONG – SERGEANT & POLICE.

SERGEANT. When a felon's not engaged in his employment –

POLICE. His employment,

SERGEANT. Or maturing his felonious little plans –

POLICE. Little plans,

SERGEANT. His capacity for innocent enjoyment –

POLICE. 'Cent enjoyment

SERGEANT. Is just as great as any honest man's –

POLICE. Honest man's.

SERGEANT. Our feelings we with difficulty smother –

POLICE. 'Culty smother

SERGEANT. When constabulary duty's to be done –

POLICE. To be done.

SERGEANT. Ah, take one consideration with another –

POLICE. With another,

SERGEANT. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

POLICE. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

SERGEANT. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling –

POLICE. Not a-burgling.

SERGEANT MIMES CUTTING THE THROAT OF ONE OF THE POLICEMEN WITH HIS BATON

SERGEANT. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime –

POLICE. 'Pied in crime,

SERGEANT. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling –

POLICE. Brook a-gurgling,

SERGEANT. And listen to the merry village chime –

POLICE. Village chime.

SERGEANT. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother –

POLICE. On his mother,

SERGEANT. He loves to lie a-basking . in the sun –

POLICE. In the sun.

SERGEANT. Ah, take one consideration with another –

POLICE. With another,

SERGEANT. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

POLICE. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

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

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

CHORUS OF PIRATES in the distance. 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. Fifty-fold! We seek a penalty

POLICE. Fifty-fold!

PIRATES & POLICE: They/We seek a penalty fifty-fold,
For General Stanley's story.

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

**THE FOLLOWING NUMBER HAS VERY LOUD MOMENTS
ENSEMBLE – PIRATES and POLICE.**

**PIRATES. With cat-like tread, Upon our prey we steal;
In silence dread, Our cautious way we feel.
No sound at all, We never speak a word,
A fly's foot-fall Would be distinctly heard –**

POLICE. (pianissimo) Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES. So stealthily the pirate creeps, While all the household soundly sleeps.

Come, friends, who plough the sea,
Truce to navigation; Take another station;
Let's vary piracee With a little burglaree!

POLICE. (pianissimo) Tarantara, tarantara!

SAMUEL. Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,
Your life-preserver – you may want to hit!
Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,
Take your file and your skeletonic keys.

PIRATES. (fortissimo) With cat-like tread, etc.

POLICE. (pianissimo) Tarantara! tarantara!

THE NUMBER ENDS VERY LOUDLY WITH EVERYONE ONSTAGE SINGING

RECITATIVE.

FREDERIC. Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light inside!
The Major-General comes, so quickly hide!

PIRATES. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

POLICE. Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

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

MEN. He thought he heard a noise – ha! ha!

ALL THE MEN SCREAM LOUDLY SCARING THE MAJOR-GENERAL WHO SCREAMS LOUDLY

MAJOR-GENERAL. 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.

FINALE – ACT TWO.

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

MEN. Through the trees.

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

THERE IS A SLO-MOTION "FIGHT" THAT NOW OCCURS DURING WHICH THE PIRATES TRY TO DO IN THE MAJOR-GENERAL COMICALLY AND COMPLETELY UNSUCCESSFULLY. ALL WEAPONS ARE OUT (SWORDS, GUNS, ETC.) BUT NO CONTACT IS MADE AT ALL.

MEN. Yes, the trees, for very love, Wave their leafy arms above.
Pretty brook, thy dream is over, For thy love is but a rover;
Sad the lot of poplar trees, Courted by a fickle breeze!

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

THE PIRATE KING AND PIRATES ENTER VERY LOUDLY SCARING THE DAUGHTERS WHO SCREAM
PIRATE KING. Forward, my men, and seize that General there!

DAUGHTERS. The pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!

PIRATES. Yes, we're the pirates, so despair!

MAJOR-GENERAL. Frederic here! Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!
Summon your men and effect their capture!

MABEL. Frederic, save us!

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

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

LIGHT SWORD PLAY DURING THE FOLLOWING LINE

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

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

DAUGHTERS. Oh, spare him!

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

DAUGHTERS. Oh, spare him!

POLICE. Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!

DAUGHTERS. Oh, rapture!

POLICE. So to Constabulary, pirates yield!

DAUGHTERS. Oh, rapture!

A STRUGGLE ENSUES BETWEEN PIRATES AND POLICE, EVENTUALLY THE POLICE ARE OVERCOME AND FALL ON THE FLOOR, THE PIRATES STANDING OVER THEM WITH DRAWN WEAPONS.

CHORUS OF PIRATES AND POLICE We/You triumph now, for well we trow
Your/Our mortal career's cut short;
No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

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

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

SERGEANT. On your allegiance we've a stronger claim –
We charge you yield, we charge you yield, In Queen Victoria's name!

PIRATE KING. (baffled) You do?

POLICE. We do! We charge you yield, In Queen Victoria's name!

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

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

ALL. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen.

MAJOR-GENERAL. Away with them, and place them at the bar!

RUTH. One moment! let me tell you who they are.
RUTH SEES QUEEN VICTORIA AND SCREAMS LOUDLY
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

ALL. They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

MAJOR-GENERAL. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.
I pray you, pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

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

ALL. Poor wandering ones! etc.

ENSEMBLE ENDS WITH EVERYONE SINGING LOTS OF HIGH NOTES

END OF OPERA.