

OPENING CHORUS

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

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

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

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

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

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.

SONG – PIRATE KING.

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!

ALL. You are!
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

ALL. It is!
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

ALL. You are!
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

ALL. It is!
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

RECITATIVE.

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

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FRED. Yes, deceived me!

DUET – FREDERIC and RUTH.

FRED. You told me you were fair as gold!

RUTH. And, master, am I not so?

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

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

FRED. Upon my innocence you play.

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

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

RUTH. It's gradually got so.

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

RUTH. 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.

ENSEMBLE.

RUTH.

Don't, beloved master,
Crush me with disaster.
What is such a dower to the
dower I have here?
My love unabating
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven year – forty-seven year!

FRED.

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

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

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

GIRLS. 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.

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

GIRLS. A man!

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

EDITH. But who are you, sir? Speak!

FRED. I am a pirate!

GIRLS. A pirate! Horror!

FRED. 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!

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

SONG – FREDERIC.

FRED. 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?

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

FRED. Oh, is there not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all 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!

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

FRED. (*in despair*) Not one?

GIRLS. No, no – not one!

FRED. Not one?

GIRLS. No, no!

MABEL. Yes, one!

GIRLS. 'Tis Mabel!

MABEL. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECITATIVE – 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?

GIRLS. (*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!
Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart – take mine!

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

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.

GIRLS. Yes, yes, let's talk about the weather.

CHATTERING CHORUS.

How beautifully blue the sky,
The glass is rising very high,
Continue fine I hope it may,
And yet it rained but yesterday.
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.

SOLO – MABEL.

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

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

GIRLS. How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

SOLO – FREDERIC.

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

ENSEMBLE.

MABEL.

Did ever maiden wake,
From dream of homely duty
To find her daylight break
With such exceeding beauty!

FREDERIC.

Did ever pirate loathed,
Forsake his hideous mission
To find himself betrothed
To lady of position!

GIRLS.

How beautifully blue t
the sky, etc.

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!

GIRLS. 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 disappear.

GIRLS. Too late!

PIRATES. Ha, ha!

GIRLS. Too late!

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

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.

GIRLS.
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

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!

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

Their father is a Major-General.

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

GEN. Yes, yes, I am a Major-General!

SAM. For he is a Major-General!

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

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

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

SONG – MAJOR-GENERAL

GEN. 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 –
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

ALL. With many cheerful facts, etc.

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

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

GEN. I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,
I know the croaking chorus from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes!
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*.

ALL. And whistle all the airs, etc.

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

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

GEN. 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 *sat* a gee.

ALL. You’ll say a better Major-General, etc.

GEN. 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.

FINALE – ACT I

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

KING and SAM. An orphan boy?

GEN. An orphan boy!

PIRATES. How sad, an orphan boy.

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

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

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

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

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

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

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

ENSEMBLE.

GENERAL.

I'm telling a terrible story
But it doesn't diminish
my glory;

For they would have taken my
daughters
Over the billowy waters,

If I hadn't, in elegant diction,

Indulged in an innocent fiction;

Which is not in the same
category
As telling a regular terrible

GIRLS.

He is telling a terrible story
Which will tend to diminish
his glory;

Though they would have taken his
daughters
Over the billowy 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.

PIRATES.

If he's telling a story
He shall die by a death
that is gory,

One of the cruellest
slaughters
That ever were known
in these waters;
It is easy, in elegant
diction,
To call it an innocent
fiction;
But it comes in the category
As telling a regular story.
terrible story.

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?

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!

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

SAM. For he is an orphan boy!

CHORUS. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

GEN. And it sometimes is a useful thing
To be an orphan boy.

CHORUS. 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!

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!

FRED. Away, you did deceive me!

PIRATES. Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH. Oh, do not leave me!

PIRATES. Oh, do not leave her!

FRED. Away, you grieve me!

PIRATES. Away, you grieve him!

FRED. I wish you'd leave me!

PIRATES. We wish you'd leave him!

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

CHORUS.

GIRLS. 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!

SOLO – MABEL.

Dear father, why leave your bed
At this untimely hour,
When happy daylight is dead,
And darksome dangers lower?
See, heaven has lit her lamp,
The 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.

RECIT – GENERAL.

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

FRED. Dear, sir, they come.

SONG – 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!, etc.

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!

GIRLS. 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!

GIRLS. 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.

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

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

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE.

Go ye heroes, go to glory, etc

CHORUS OF POLICE.

When the foeman bears his steel, etc.

GEN. Away, away!

POLICE. Yes, yes, we go.

GEN. These pirates slay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then do not stay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then why this delay?

POLICE. All right, we go.
Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!

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

GEN. 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!

KING. Young Frederic!

FRED. Who calls?

KING. Your late commander!

RUTH. And I, your little Ruth!

FRED. Oh, mad intruders,
How dare ye face me? Know ye not, oh rash ones,

That I have doomed you to extermination?

KING. Have mercy on us! Hear us, ere you slaughter!

FRED. I do not think I ought to listen to you.
Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful – say on!

TRIO – RUTH, KING, and 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.

FRED. 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, etc.

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.

FRED. That paradox?

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

ALL. A paradox, a paradox, etc.

CHANT – KING.

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal,
Some person in authority, I don't know who, very likely the Astronomer Royal,
Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight days as
a 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 KING. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!

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

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

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

RUTH and 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!, etc.

TRIO.

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!

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. Yes, yes! tonight the traitor dies!

RUTH. Tonight he dies!

KING. Yes, or early tomorrow.

FRED. His girls likewise?

RUTH. They will welter in sorrow.

KING. The one soft spot –

RUTH. In their natures they cherish –

FRED. And all who plot –

KING. To abuse it shall perish!

ALL. Tonight he dies, etc.

DUET. – MABEL and FREDERIC.

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

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

DUET. – MABEL and FREDERIC.

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”.

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

Fa-la, la-la, Fa-la, la-la.”

ENSEMBLE.

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.

SERG. Though in body and in mind,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERG. We are timidly inclined,

POLICE Tarantara!

SERG. And anything but blind –

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERG. To the danger that’s behind.

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERG. Yet, when the danger’s near,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERG. We manage to appear –

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERG. As insensible to fear
As anybody here.

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!, etc.

SONG – SERGEANT.

SERG. When a felon’s not engaged in his employment –

POLICE. His employment,

SERG. Or maturing his felonious little plans –

POLICE. Little plans,

SERG. His capacity for innocent enjoyment –

POLICE. 'Cent enjoyment

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

POLICE. Honest man's.

SERG. Our feelings we with difficulty smother –

POLICE. 'Culty smother

SERG. When constabulary duty's to be done –

POLICE. To be done.

SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another –

POLICE. With another,

SERG. 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.

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

POLICE. Not a-burgling.

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

POLICE. 'Pied in crime,

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

POLICE. Brook a-gurgling,

SERG. And listen to the merry village chime –

POLICE. Village chime.

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

POLICE. On his mother,

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

POLICE. In the sun.

SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another –

POLICE. With another,

SERG. 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

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

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

Chorus of Pirates

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!

ALL. They/We seek a penalty fifty-fold,
For General Stanley's story.

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

CHORUS – 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. 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. Tarantara, tarantara!

SAM. 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 skeletal keys.

PIRATES. With cat-like tread, etc.

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

RECITATIVE.

FRED. 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!

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

SOLO – GENERAL.

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

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

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

BALLAD – GENERAL.

Sighing softly to the river

Comes the loving breeze,
Setting nature all a-quiver,
Rustling through the trees.

MEN. Through the trees.

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

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

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

MEN. Well-a-day!

GEN. Ah! the doing and undoing,
That the rogue could tell!
When the breeze is out a-wooing,
Who can woo so well?

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

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

KING. Forward, my men, and seize that General there!

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

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

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

MABEL. Frederic, save us!

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

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

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. Is he to die, unshriven – unannealed?

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

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

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

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

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

POLICE. So to Constabulary, pirates yield!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

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.

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

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

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

KING. You do?

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

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.

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

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

ALL. They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.

GEN. 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.

FINALE.

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

END OF OPERA.