

**THE PIRATES OF
PENZANCE... a play
(with music)**

OR

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by

W. S. Gilbert

Adapted by: Heather Neumann

Composed by

Arthur Sullivan

First produced at:

The Royal Bijou Theatre, Paignton, Devon, 30 December 1879

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PIRATE KING or QUEEN - A largely unsuccessful pirate commander.

SAMUEL - Pirate Lieutenant

Pirates... Up to 10-15 Ensemble Men and Women Pirates. Lined pirates include...

ROBERT
WILLIAM
HENRY
ARTHUR
GEORGE
CHARLES

FREDERIC - The Pirate Apprentice. His birthday lands on leap year.

RUTH - Frederic's Nurse Maid turned Pirate Maid. In love with Frederic.

MAJOR.GENERAL STANLEY - A one star-general in the British Army.

His daughters... Up to 10-15 Ensemble Daughters. Lined daughters include...

MABEL - Falls for Frederic.
EDITH
KATE
ISABEL
SALLY
BEATRIX
GERTRUDE
GRETEL

SERGEANT OF POLICE (*male or female*) - Leader of a bumbling squad of police.

Additional Police Members - Singing, bumbling policemen and women. Group dancing.

ACT I

A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall

Scene 1 - Pirates, Frederic, and Ruth on the shore.

Scene 2 - Frederic on the shore with a chest - Frederic, Ruth, Ladies

Scene 3 - Pirates come back.

Scene 4 - Modern Major General enters.

ACT II

A ruined chapel by moonlight

Scene 1 - The Modern Major General being consoled by his daughters and Frederic

Scene 2 - Enter the Bumbling Policemen

Scene 3 - Frederic atoning for his sins, Ruth and Pirate King reveal a Paradox

Scene 4 - Frederic tells Mabel

ACT I

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 root beer, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups. FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene. RUTH is also serving the PIRATES.

Music - Opening Chorus of Pirates

SCENE 1

SAM. Land ho!

ALL. Oh, oh, oh the pirates merry
Fill, O fill the pirate glass (*root beer keg?*)
And, to make us more than merry
Celebrate 'nother year pass

SAM. For today our pirate 'prentice
Rises from indenture.. . To freed;

ROBERT. Strong his arm, and keen his scent is
He's a pirate now... indeed!

ALL: Huzzah!

WILLIAM. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!

HENRY. Frederic's out of his indentures?!

ALL: Ohh?!

FRED: Thank you my friends, I am now blessed to be called a real pirate! (*Pull up a PIRATE to talk to on the side*). But as much as I have enjoyed serving you, my twenty second birthday is upon us, and my time to venture out into the world and find a wife has come!

SAM. Two and twenty, now he's rising,

ARTHUR. And alone... is he fit to fly??

GEORGE. I'm going to miss the lad...

CHARLES. Sigh!!

SAM. Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures! (*Shakes FRED hand*) Frederic's out of his indentures.

PIRATES. Huzzah!

(*FREDERIC comes forward with PIRATE KING*)

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

ALL. Huzzah!

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KING. You are no longer apprentice pirate! I dub thee, Pirate Frederic.

ALL. Huzzah!

FRED. My friends, my friends. I thank you all, from the bottom of my heart. Such love! Such kind wishes. Such a celebration! I wish I could serve you more... buuuuuut...

PIRATES: Buuuuut...

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. Today I am out of my indentures, and today... I leave you forever.

PIRATES. (*All chatter*) Forever!? Leave us!? Why?

KING. But this is quite unacceptable; there is no better lad when scuttling a vessel... say it not true!

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my servant heart, as I am the slave of duty (*PIRATES all agree*). We all know, as a wee lad I was apprenticed to you scallywags.... Although it was through an error (*hint at RUTH*) -- no matter, the mistake was ours, (*underbreath/aside*) my nursemaid Ruth, in actuality. (*out loud*) Again I repeat, the mistake was ours, not yours, and being a man of honour, bound by it. Silly silly mistake.

SAM. A mistake?

FRED: An error...

ROBERT: Error?

FRED: A mess up, miscalculation, blunder, a boo-boo!

KING: What!? Tell me, how did this happen!?

FRED. Please don't make me tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved nursemaid, Ruth.

ALL. (*threaten*) Tell us!

RUTH comes forward. **MUSIC STARTS**

RUTH. It's alright, master. Better have it out at once, so everyone knows the truth...

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 a boy a pilot.

HENRY. She was a foolish nurserymaid,

ARTHUR. on breakers always steering,

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GEORGE. And she does not catch words aright,

CHARLES. through being hard of hearing;

RUTH. Eh?? Oh... I Mistook my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,

SAM. You took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a *pirate!*?

RUTH. A sad mistake I made- I doomed him to *this* vile lot!

KING. US!

ALL: Huzzah!

RUTH. 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.

SAM. And that is how we find you now,

ROBERT. (*sarcastic*) a member of our shy lot

RUTH. Which you wouldn't have found out, had he been bound apprentice to a pilot. Oh, pardon! Frederic, pardon! (*kneels*)

FRED. Rise, sweet one, I have long since forgiven you.

RUTH. (*rises*) The two words were so much alike! Pilot... Pirate!?! (*PIRATES react*)

FRED. They were. They still are. But this afternoon my obligation ceases - I will be 22! The age of freedom. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable...

ALL. Awe!

FRED. But, collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation.

ALL. Huh?

FRED. 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... even though I love you all!

ALL. What!?

KING. (*to FRED*) What? Our extermination?

ALL. (*All weep.*) Oh no! We are doomed!

KING. (*Silences them*) Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction.

WILLIAM. We can't!?

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KING. We must always act in accordance of your conscience, my boy.

HENRY. Chance the consequences!

SAM. We can offer you but little temptation to remain with us?

ARTHUR: No gold.

GEORGE. No treasure.

CHARLES. No pirates booty.

ALL. Argh!

SAM. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I don't know why, but we don't.

KING. Tell us, my boy. Why do you wish to destroy us?

FRED. I mustn't tell you; it wouldn't be right.

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

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

ALL. Hear, hear!

KING. Therefore I order you to give us an explanation- no more than twenty minutes long!

FRED. Well, then, it is my duty, as a pirate, to tell you... (*PIRATES lean in*) you are too tender-hearted. (*PIRATES discard comment*) For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

KING. Ahhh- There is some truth in that.

ALL: (*agree*)

FRED. Then, too, you make a point of never capturing an orphan!

SAM. Well, of course! We are all orphans ourselves (*PIRATES react*)

FRED. Yes, but now everyone knows, and what is the consequence?

ROBERT. Every one we capture *says* he's an orphan.

FRED. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums – which we know is not the case!!

SAM. You wouldn't have us be absolutely merciless?

PIRATES. No!

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FRED. There's my difficulty; until twelve o'clock I would, after twelve I wouldn't. (*to audience*) 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*?

KING. Oh, he will take you with him. (*Hands RUTH to FREDERIC.*)

FRED. Well, Ruth, I feel some difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much.

RUTH. You do!/? Enough to be his wife, I hope! (*says to audience*)

FRED. Yes, well... but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face, that isn't a pirate, I have seen during that time. I *think* it is a sweet face??

RUTH. It is – oh, it is!

FRED. I say I *think* it is. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other fair maidens. It's possible I may be mistaken??

KING. True.

FRED. (*to PIRATES*) 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!

PIRATES: (*React*)

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

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

FRED. Do you really think so?

PIRATES. We do!

FRED. Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her, and in consideration for you, I will leave her behind. (*Hands RUTH to KING.*)

KING. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough!

PIRATES. Rough.

KING. who lead a rough life,

PIRATES. Rough. Rough.

KING. ...yet we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL. (*loudly*) Not one! Huzzah!

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

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SAM. Well, would you look at that...it's the top of the tide, and we must be off.

KING. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

FRED. I will! By the love I have for you, I swear it! Perhaps we could render this extermination unnecessary... accompany me back to civilization!

ALL. Civilization!?

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

MUSIC STARTS.

PIRATES. Huzzah!

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.

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!

(CHORUS AGAIN.)

KING. For I am a Pirate King!
ALL. Huzzah! And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

KING. For I am a Pirate King!
ALL. You are!

Hurrah for the Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.
It is!
Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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SCENE 2

FREDERIC *on the shore with a chest.*

FRED. All alone. Peace and tranquillity.

RUTH. (*hidden in a chest, FRED opens*) Oh, take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

FRED. Ruth! You stayed.

RUTH. I am yours.

FRED. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me... (*somewhat throws herself at him*). As you know, I must circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I. Doesn't a lad my age usually look for a wife of seventeen?

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

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

RUTH. How am I? How am I!? Well, I will answer you truthfully, master – I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

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

RUTH. (*bashfully*) I have been told so, dear master.

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh, no; years and years ago.

FRED. What do you think of yourself?

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

FRED. That is your candid opinion?

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

FRED. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure you would not practice on my 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! (*RUTH moves into his arms, he drops her as he hears... a Chorus of Girls A CAPPELLA heard in the distance.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair?

RUTH. (*To the audience*) Confusion! It is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

FRED. (*looking off*) Oh, it's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

RUTH. (*To the audience*) Lost! Lost! Lost!

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

MUSIC STARTS

RECITATIVE.

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

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FRED. Yes, deceived me! (*Denouncing her.*)

FRED. You told me you were fair as gold!

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

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

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

FRED. Upon my innocence you play. Your face is lined, your hair is grey.

RUTH. I'm not the one to plot so. It's gradually got so.

FRED. Faithless woman, you have deceived me, I trusted you so

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

FRED. Go Ruth! Leave me. I bid you farewell!

RUTH. (*Leaves upset*)

FRED. Hark! The fair maidens cometh...What shall I do?
I dare not show in this alarming costume!
No, no, I must remain in close concealment
Until I can appear in decent clothing!

Hides in cave as they enter climbing over the rocks.

CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAINS

GIRLS. (*Acapella*) 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,

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

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

KATE. I just said that.

SALLY. (*clears throat*) Every moment brings a treasure
Of its own especial pleasure;

BEATRIX. Though the moments quickly die,
Greet them gaily as they fly.

GERTRUDE. Far away from toil and care,
Revelling in fresh sea-air,

GRETEL. (*sniff. Exhale*)

EDITH. Here we live and reign alone
In a world that's all our own.

KATE. Here, in this our rocky den,
Far away from mortal men (*react*)

ISABEL. We'll be queens, and make decrees –
We will honour who we please.

SALLY. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are!?

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

GERTRUDE. Oh, he will be here presently! Remember, dear Papa is not as young as we
are...

GRETEL. Not as young.

EDITH. ...and we came over a rather difficult country.

KATE. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone!

ISABEL. Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever *set foot* on this
enchancing spot. (*react- ooo*)

SALLY. Except the mermaids – this is the very place for mermaids.

BEATRIX. (*sarcasm*) Who are only human beings down to the waist!

GERTRUDE. And who can't be said strictly to *set foot* anywhere. Tails they may, but feet
they *cannot*. (*laugh*)

GRETEL. (*Hehe.*) They cannot!

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

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

ISABEL. Suppose we take off our shoes (*react shocking*) and stockings (*react*) and paddle?

ALL. Yes, yes! The very thing!

They prepare to carry, out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when FREDERIC comes forward from cave.

FRED. Stop, ladies, pray!

GIRLS. (*Hopping on one foot all together.*) A man!

FRED. (*Poorly covers his eyes*) I had intended to remain hidden... Not to intrude myself. In this effective but alarming costume;
But under these peculiar circumstances, but I overheard your intentions to disrobe.
It is my bound duty to inform you- That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed!

SALLY. But who are you, sir? Speak! (*All hop in unison.*)

FRED. I am a pirate!

GIRLS. (*each saying in their own way, recoiling, hopping*) A pirate! Horror!

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

SONG 6 - Recitative - How Pitiful his Tale

EDITH. How pitiful his tale!

KATE. How rare his beauty!

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

SONG 7 - Aria - Is There Not One Maiden Breast

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, (*ooo, matrimony?*)
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!

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FRED. *(goes to each GIRL offending them)* 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!

ISABEL. Alas! there's not one maiden here

SALLY. Whose homely face and bad complexion

BEATRIX. Have caused all hope to disappear

GERTRUDE. Of ever winning man's affection!

GRETEL. Ever!

FRED. *(in despair)* Not one?

GIRLS. No, no – not one!

FRED. Not one?

GIRLS. No, no!

MABEL enters.

MABEL. Yes, one!

GIRLS. 'Tis Mabel!

MABEL. Yes, 'tis Mabel! Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name, For shame!
It's true that this man has gone astray, But pray
Is that a reason good and true, Why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?

EDITH. *(to audience and KATE)* The question is, had he not been, a thing of beauty,

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

MABEL. For shame, for shame, for shame!

SONG 8 – Poor Wandering One

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 –

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Why, take it, it is thine!

ALL. Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart – take mine!

Take heart, no danger lowers
Take any heart but ours
Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart – take mine!

MABEL and FREDRIC connect.

ISABEL. What ought we to do, gentle sisters, say?

SALLY. Propriety, we know, Says we ought to stay;

BEATRIX. While sympathy exclaims, Free them from our tether –
Shall we play a game – and leave them here together?"

GERTRUDE. Her case may, any day, Be yours, my dear, or...

GRETEL. mine!

EDITH. Let her make her way?? While the sun doth shine.

KATE. 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. (*long pause, inhale...*)

SONG 10 - 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.

GIRLS continue chattering...

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! Pray, we must not
lose our senses! (*looks around*) Men who stick at no offences. Will be here soon!

GIRLS. Men!?

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FRED. Piracy is their dreadful trade.

GIRLS. Piracy?

FRED. Pray you, get you hence, young ladies. While the coast is clear!

GIRLS. (*Chaos*)

MABEL. Girls! No, we must not lose our senses.

ISABEL. If they stick at no offences

SALLY. We should not be here!

BEATRIX. Piracy is their dreadful trade.

GERTRUDE. He already said that?

GRETEL. Oh, yes. I believe he did!

FRED. Let us disappear.

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SCENE 3

MABEL and FRED exit. The PIRATES have entered stealthily, and formed in a semicircle behind the GIRLS. As the GIRLS move to go off, each PIRATE seizes a GIRL.

GIRLS. Too late!

PIRATES. Ha, ha!

GIRLS. Too late!

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

SONG 11 - Here's a First Rate Opportunity

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.¹

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

MABEL. (*enters*) Hold, monsters! Ere your pirate caravanserai. You, Proceed, against our will, to wed us all?

PIRATES. Huzzah!

MABEL. Just bear in mind that we are Wards in Chancery. And our father is a Major-General!

SAM. (*cowed*) We'd better pause...

ROBERT. (*mocking*) Or danger may befall,

KING. Their father is a Major-General. Bah!

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

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SCENE 4

The MAJOR-GENERAL has entered unnoticed, on a rock.

SONG 12 - (Opening of Modern Major General)

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

WILLIAM. For he is a Major-General!?

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

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

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

SONG 13 – 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 –
oh.. that's a hard rhyme? ...
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

ALL. With many cheerful facts, about the square of hypotenuse? repeat.

HENRY. What does that mean?

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:

GEN. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,

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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.

GEN. For my military knowledge, though I’m plucky and adventurous,
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.

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

EDITH. Oh, Papa - we-

KATE. Oh, Papa – we –

KING. Permit me, I’ll explain in two words: we propose...

GEN. Very well. What is your proposition?

SAM. to marry your daughters!

PIRATES. Huzzah!

GEN. Dear me!

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

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

KING. Allow, me to introduce myself. I am the leader of this well dressed posse. We (*They - if Pirate Queen*) are all single gentlemen.

GEN. Yes, I gathered that – Anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

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

(Pause - Pirate Pose)

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard of them. Though not in a very positive light... I've heard they are not very good. (*PIRATES react*)

MABEL. All except this gentleman (*indicating FREDERIC*). He was a pirate once, but is out of his indentures today, and he means to lead a blameless life evermore.

FRED. (*pleasant*) How do you do, sir?

GEN. But wait a minute. I object to pirates as sons-in-law. (*DAUGHTERS disappointed*)

CHARLES. Even if they are good looking?

GEN. Correct.

KING. Well- We object to Major-Generals as fathers-in-law.

SAM. But we waive that point.

KING. We do?

SAM. We do not press it. We look over it.

KING. Ah, yes.

GEN. (*to the audience*) 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, the apples of my eye, my own darling daughters... and leave me to go through the remainder of my life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. (*PIRATES gather*) Well, yes, that's the idea.

PIRATES. Huzzah!

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

KING. (*disgusted*) Oh, dash it all!

SAM. Here we are again! (*PIRATES react disgusted*)

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

PIRATES. Often! Yes. We do!

GEN. And... have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL. (*disgusted*) Often, often, often. (*Turning away*)

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 understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word often.

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. Pardon me, you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GEN. True, but you repeated it.

KING. 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?

ALL. Ohhhh

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

GEN. Ah! you said "often", frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (*irritated*) Exactly – you said “often”, frequently, only once. Nevermind!
Oh, men of dark and dismal fate, Forgo your cruel employ... Have pity on my lonely state, I am an orphan boy!

PIRATES. 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!

PIRATE. Poor fellow!

GEN. If you take them away from me, And I shall be indeed alone.

GIRLS. Poor father.

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 (*aside hehehe*)
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy! (*ALL freeze*)

GENERAL. (*aside, quickly*)
I'm telling a terrible story
Which will tend to diminish my glory
For they would have taken my daughters
Over the billowy waters,

If I hadn't, in elegant diction,
To call it an innocent fiction;
Which is not in the same category
As telling a regular terrible story.

The Pirates of Penzance

GIRLS. (*aside, one by one, quickly*)

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
telling a regular terrible story.

PIRATES. (*aside, one by one, quickly*)

If he's telling a story
He shall die by a death that is gory,
One of the cruellest of 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 same category
As telling a regular terrible story.

ROBERT. Although our dark career - Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,

WILLIAM. We rather think that we're not altogether void of feeling.

HENRY . Although we live by strife, We're always sorry to begin it,

GEORGE. For what, we ask,

CHARLES. ...is life without a touch of Poetry in it?

ALL. (*KING conducts, ACAPELLA*) 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.

SAM. (*SAM whispers in the KING'S ear*) I got an idea!

KING. Say, that is a good idea! Mr. General Sir, we elect you as an honorary member of our band.. for you are an orphan boy!

SONG - REPRISE PIRATE KING

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! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

Create wedding scene for FREDRIC and MABEL.

SALLY. Oh, happy day,

The Pirates of Penzance

BEATRIX. with joyous glee

MABEL. We will away

FRED. and married be!

GERTRUDE. Should it befall auspiciously,

GRETEL. (*Confused.*) I don't think I follow?

MABEL. We sisters, will all, bridesmaids be! (*excitement*)

RUTH enters and comes down to FREDERIC.

RUTH. (*takes veil off MABEL*) Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!

PIRATES. (*annoyed*) Yes, yes, remember Ruth!

FRED. Away, you deceived me!

PIRATES. (*Threatening RUTH.*) Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH. Oh, do not leave me!

FRED. Away, you grieve me!

PIRATES. Away, you grieve him!

FRED. I wish you'd leave me! (*FREDERIC casts RUTH from him, PIRATES push her out.*)

PIRATES. We wish you'd leave him!

SONG - FINALE ENSEMBLE. Pray Observe the Magnanimity

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

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

The Pirates of Penzance

ALL. Through a doctor of divinity
Resides in this vicinity
Through a doctor, a doctor, a doctor
Of... divinity

Girls and MAJOR-GENERAL go up rocks, while PIRATES indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage. The MAJOR-GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING, produces a black flag with skull and crossbones.

END OF ACT I

The Pirates of Penzance

ACT II

SCENE 1

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

SONG 1 - Introduction

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!

MABEL. Dear father, why did leave your bed at this untimely hour?

KATE. When happy daylight is dead, and darksome dangers lower?

ISABEL. See, heaven has lit her lamp, The twilight hour is past,

SALLY. And the chilly night air is damp, And the dews are falling fast!

BEATRIX. Dear father, why leave your bed,

GERTRUDE. When happy daylight is dead?

GRETEL. Dead... dead... dead.

FREDERIC enters.

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

FRED. I will try, dear Mabel. Dear sir, why do you sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

GEN. Why do I sit here? I don't know if you know this... but I lied.. (*reactions*) Yes, yes... to escape from the pirates' clutches... I lied. I described myself as an orphan; and, heaven help me, I am no orphan!

FRED. You lied!? No! (*Sarcasm*)

GEN. I come here to humble myself. To ask for forgiveness. To implore God's pardon. I believe I have brought dishonour on the family crest. (*GIRLS cry*)

KATE. (*interrupts crying*) But father, we don't even know the family who once lived here.

ISABEL. You forget, you only bought the property a year ago.

SALLY. ...and yet the stucco on the castle is scarcely dry.

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. In this chapel are ancestors. With the estate, I bought the chapel and all its contents. I don't know whose ancestors they *were*, but I know whose ancestors they *are*, and I shudder to think that their descendants would be disgraced by my purchase. (*GIRLS cry again*)

FRED. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, the reckless Pirates of Penzance would assuredly have called the nearest clergyman immediately. The Pirates of Panzance would have (*go to MABEL*) married all of your daughters on the spot. (*GIRLS excited, but cover up quickly*)

GEN. I thank you for your proffered solace, good man, 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. I believe that I should go to their simple-minded chief this very night and confess. You are still planning your attack against these scoundrels, are you not?

FRED. I am.

GEN. And at what time does your expedition march against these Pirates of Penzance?

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

GEN. Are your devoted followers at hand?

FRED. They are, I have summoned the best of the best to escort me to victory. They only wait my orders.

GEN. 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.

The Pirates of Penzance

SCENE 2

MUSIC STARTS. Enter *POLICE*, marching in song.

SONG 3 – TARANTARA

SERGEANT. When the foeman bares his steel,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. We uncomfortable feel,

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. And we find the wisest thing,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. Is to slap our chests and sing,

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. For when threatened with emeutes,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. And your heart is in your boots,

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. 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,

EDITH. Though you *may* die in combat gory. (*POLICE react*)

KATE. Ye shall live in song and story.

ISABEL. Go to immortality!

SALLY. Go to death, and go to slaughter; (*POLICE react more*)

BEATRIX. Die, and every Cornish daughter

GERTRUDE and GRETTEL. With her tears your grave shall water.

GEN. Go, ye heroes, go and die!

GIRLS. Go, ye heroes, go and die! Go, ye heroes, go and die.

SERGEANT. Though to us it's evident,

The Pirates of Penzance

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. These attentions are well meant,

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. Such expressions don't appear,

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara!

SERGEANT. Calculated men to cheer,

POLICE. Tarantara!

SERGEANT. Who are going to meet their fate? In a highly nervous state.

POLICE. Tarantara! tarantara! tarantara! (*quieter nervous*)

SERGEANT. (*spoken*) Still to us it's evident, These attentions are well meant.

POLICE. Tarantara. Tarantara.

EDITH. Go and do your best endeavour, And before all links we sever,

KATE. We will say farewell forever.

ISABEL. For your foes are fierce and ruthless,

SALLY. False, unmerciful, and truthless;

BEATRIX. Young and tender, old and toothless,

GERTRUDE and GRETTEL. All in vain their mercy crave.

MABEL. Go to glory and the grave!

GIRLS. Go to glory and the grave!

POLICE. I believe it's evident. These attentions are well meant...

GIRLS. Yes, it's very evident, these attentions are well meant. (*GIRLS agree*)

GEN. Go ye heroes, go to glory.

POLICE. (*without moving*) Yes, yes, we go.

EDITH. These pirates slay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

GEN. Then do not stay.

POLICE. Tarantara!

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. Then why this delay?

POLICE. (*Marching the wrong way*) All right, we go. Yes, forward on the foe!

GEN. Yes, but they *don't* go!?

POLICE. Yes, we go. Yes, forward on the foe! (*stays in place*)

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

POLICE. At last we really go!

GEN. Good ridded!

GIRLS: Goodbye, ta-ta, etc.

Exeunt Police. MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exit, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The MAJOR-GENERAL and others follow.

The Pirates of Penzance

SCENE 3

FREDERIC remains alone.

FRED. 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 and RUTH appear, armed.

KING. Young Frederic! *(Covering him with pistols.)*

FRED. Who calls?

KING. Your late commander!

RUTH. And I, your little *attractive* Ruth! *(Covering him with pistols.)*

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

KING. *(sarcasm)* Have mercy on us! Hear us, ere you slaughter!

FRED. I do not think I ought to listen to you. *(KING and RUTH hold knives or guns to threaten him)*. Yet, I will be merciful – say on!

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,

KING. Well, you did. I didn't.

RUTH. Until to something occurred...A startling paradox.

FRED. A paradox?

KING. A paradox.

MUSIC STARTS...

SONG - PARADOX

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

PIRATES enter. ALL sing along.

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

The Pirates of Penzance

A paradox!

KING. Dear Frederic, we knew your taste for curious quips,

SAMUEL. ...with laughter on our lips,

ROBERT. (*side note*) For cranks and contradictions fear;

RUTH. (*wraps arms around legs*) We wished you there to hear.

KING. We said,

WILLIAM. "If we could only tell it to him...

HENRY. And so we've risked both life and limb,

GEORGE. How Frederic would the joke enjoy!"

CHARLES. To tell it to our boy.

FRED. (*interested*) That paradox?

KING. (*laughing*) That paradox! 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
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
A paradox!

(*SAM produces a calendar..*)

SAM. Do you know what this is?

FRED. A paradox!?

SAM. No, fool. This is a calendar. Look here, do you know what month this is?

FRED. Why, it's February. My birthday month.

KING. For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal,
Some person in authority, we don't know who,

SAM. ...very likely the Astronomer Royal,

KING. Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight days as
a rule are plenty,

SAM. (*Gets out a scroll to read*) One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine and
twenty.

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

The Pirates of Penzance

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

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

ALL. *(laugh, like they are all in on the joke)* Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho ho ho...

FRED. Dear me!
Let's see! *(counting on fingers)*
Yes, yes; with yours my figures do agree!

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

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

ALL. He is a little boy of five! *(push FRED to knee height)* Ha! ha! ha!

ALL. A paradox, a paradox,
A most ingenious paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!, etc.

RUTH and KING throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughter.

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

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

FRED. My comrades?

KING. *(rises)* I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position: *(snaps SAM into place)*

SAM. *(reads a scroll with fine print)* You are apprenticed to us –

FRED. Are? You mean *were*... Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first *birthday* *(SAM produces document)*, and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five-and-a-quarter.

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

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

RUTH. Your sense of duty!

PIRATES. *(threaten)* Don't you have a sense of duty? I thought you have a sense of duty? Who are you?

The Pirates of Penzance

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

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

KING. Your duty! (*Pirates lean in...*)

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

PIRATES. Huzzah!

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

FRED. Lead on, I follow. (*suddenly*) Oh, horror!

ALL. (*Stop*) What is the matter?

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

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

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel –

RUTH and KING. Yes, yes!

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

KING. He did.

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

ALL. (*big reactions*) What?

FRED. More than that, he never was one! (*react*)

KING. Am I to understand that, to save his contemptible life, he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (*FREDERIC nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible.

PIRATES. Huzzah!

KING. We will go and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

FRED. But stay –

KING. Not a word! He is doomed! Away, away! Ere we expire- we burn, this base deception to repay.

The Pirates of Penzance

SONG 6. - AWAY

PIRATES. Away, away! Our heart's on fire;
We burn, this base deception to repay.
This very day

KING. My vengeance dire. Shall glut itself ignore. Away. Away.

FRED. 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.

PIRATES. Away, away! It strikes us to the core. Away, away!

SAM. With falsehood foul

ROBERT. He tricked us of our brides.

WILLIAM. Let vengeance howl;

HENRY. He softened with his lies,

GEORGE. And, in return,

CHARLES. Tonight the traitor dies.

ALL. Yes, yes! Tonight the traitor dies!

RUTH. Tonight he dies!

KING. Yes, or early tomorrow.

FRED. (*oh no*) His girls likewise?

RUTH. They will welter in sorrow. (*FRED escapes to tell, while the rest of the PIRATES prepare to attack*)

KING. (*Exiting*) Tonight he, the traitor dies!

ALL. Huzzah!

The Pirates of Penzance

SCENE 4

Enter MABEL.

FRED. My dearest, Mabel!

MABEL. Fredrick, all is prepared, your gallant crew await you. (*FRED upset, in tears*) My Frederic in tears? It cannot be...My lion-heart quails at the coming conflict?

FRED. 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. (*sweet innocent reaction*) But you are twenty-one?

FRED. Well... actually, I've just discovered That I was born in leap-year, and that my twenty first birthday Will not be reached by me till nineteen forty!

MABEL. (*big reaction*) Oh, horrible! catastrophe, appalling!

FRED. And so, farewell!

MABEL. No, no! Ah, Frederic, hear me... Stay, Frederic, stay! They have no legal claim, No shadow of a shame. I will fall upon thy name. Stay, Frederic, stay! (*drops down to her knees, to FRED knees*)

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

BOTH turn, as if they are exiting... halt and say the following lines as poetry...

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. (*FRED goes to her*)
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.”

TOGETHER: Fa-la, la-la, Fa-la, la-la.”

The Pirates of Penzance

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

MABEL. It seems so long!

FRED. 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!

SONG 7 - Oh Here is Love.

MABLE AND FRED

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.

SISTERS enter during the song. May reprise, then console MABEL, Once FREDERIC rushes to EXIT.

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

EDITH. There, there dear sis.

KATE. It will be alright.

ISABEL. Sit tight. Look here. The calvary come.

SALLY. Come one, come all.

BEATRIX. Come undaunted men in blue.

GERTRUDE and GRETTEL. You have pirates to peruse!

SONG 9 - TARANTARA Reprise

Enter Police, marching in single file with flashlights.

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!

The Pirates of Penzance

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.

SERG. (*stands aside, with the police in line*) Where is our fearless leader?

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

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

POLICE. No!

MABEL. No matter; because of some sort of misfortunate paradox, he will not be able to lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

SERG. He has acted shamefully!

POLICE. For shame! How terrible!

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

SERG. He has acted nobly!?

POLICE. What?

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! (*MABEL and DAUGHTERS exit*)

SERG. This is perplexing.

POLICE. We cannot understand it at all.

SERG. 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.

SERG. No matter. Our course is clear: we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. (*POLICE react, huddle around SERG*) We should have thought of that before we joined the force.

POLICE. We should have!

The Pirates of Penzance

SERG. It is too late now!

POLICE. It is!

SONG 10 – A Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One

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.

The Pirates of Penzance

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.

SONG 11 - PIRATES

Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance. ACAPELLA.

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, resumed nearer.

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.

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

POLICE. to hide. (*POLICE conceal themselves. As they do so, the PIRATES enter cautiously. SAMUEL is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc.*)

SONG 12 - With Cat-Like Tread – PIRATES (very loud)

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!

The Pirates of Penzance

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!

SAM. (*distributing implements to various members of the gang*) Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,

KING. Your life-preserver – you may want to hit!

RUTH. Your silent matches, hook, grenade, cutlass, pistol, dagger...

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

PIRATES. Shhh- (*quietly*) Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

PIRATES conceal themselves. Exit KING, FREDERIC, SAMUEL, and RUTH.

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

GEN. (*entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light*)
Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

GEN. Tormented with the anguish dread
Of falsehood unatoned,
I laid 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 laid in bed awake,
I thought I heard a noise.

PIRATES and POLICE. 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

Enter the GENERAL's DAUGHTERS, led by MABEL, all in white peignoirs and night-caps, and carrying lighted candles.

MABEL. Now what is this,

EDITH. And what is that, and why does father leave his rest?

The Pirates of Penzance

KATE. At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?

SALLY. Dear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men!

BEATRIX. It's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.

GERTRUDE. What strange occurrence can it be that calls dear father from his rest

GRETEL. At such a time of night as this, and so very incompletely dressed?

Enter KING, SAMUEL, RUTH, and FREDERIC.

KING. Forward, my men, and seize that General there! (*PIRATES seize the GENERAL*)

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

PIRATES. (*springing up*) 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.

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

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

KING. (*to GEN*) General Stanley, With base deceit, You worked upon our feelings!

SAM. Revenge is sweet,

ROBERT. And flavours all our dealings!

WILLIAM. With courage rare

HENRY. And resolution manly,

GEORGE. For death prepare,

CHARLES. Unhappy General Stanley.

MABEL. (*wildly*) Is he to die?

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

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

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

POLICE. (*springing up*) Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

The Pirates of Penzance

POLICE. So to Constabulary, pirates yield!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

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

KING. *(over GEN)* We triumph over you now, for well we trow

SAM. *(over SERG)* Your mortal career's cut short;

FRED. Our pirate band will take its stand

SERG. ...At the Central Criminal Court.

PIRATES. Wha??

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, *(PIRATES laugh)* we charge you yield *(PIRATES laugh)*
In Queen Victoria's name! *(PIRATES react honoring the queen)*

KING. *(baffled)* You do?

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

POLICE. In Queen Victoria's name!

PIRATES kneel, POLICE stand over them triumphantly.

KING. We yield at once, with humbled mien, *(PIRATES hand over weapons)*
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.

POLICE, holding PIRATES by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.

GEN. Away with them, and place them at the bar! *(PIRATES exit quickly put on nobility robes)*

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

GEN. Noblemen gone wrong?

SISTERS. *(excited)* They are all noblemen who have gone wrong?

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.
We must forgive those who have gone astray, forgive them this very day
I pray you, pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
Peers or no peers, this I will sing
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And have all your men take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

SONG 14 - MODERN MAJOR GENERAL SONG

Ruth: At length we are provided, with unusual facility,

Sam: To change piratic crime for dignified respectability.

Pirate King: Combined, I needn't say, with the unparalleled felicity
Of what we have been longing for - unbounded domesticity.

Frederic: Tomorrow morning early, we shall quickly be personified -

Mabel: Hymeneally coupled, conjugally matrimonified.

Sergeant: And this shall be accomplished by that Doctor of Divinity
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.

All:
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
Who happily resides in the immediate vicini-cini-ty.

Major-General:
My military knowledge, thought I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.
But still, in getting off my daughters - eight or nine or ten in all,
I've shown myself the model of a modern Major-General!

All: But still, in getting off his daughters - eight or nine or ten in all,
He's shown himself the model of a modern Major-General!

SONG. POOR WANDERING ONE. Reprise.

GIRLS. 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!

SONG 11 ACT 1 REPRISE

The Pirates of Penzance

ALL. 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.

END OF OPERA.