

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR

~~THE SLAVE OF DUTY~~
Love and Duty in the Old West

Written by

W. S. Gilbert

**Rapturously reconceived and reverently revised by
Joe Andrews**

Composed by

Arthur Sullivan

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

~~MAJOR~~-GENERAL STANLEY

THE PIRATE KING

SAMUEL (*his Lieutenant*)

FREDERIC (*the Pirate Apprentice*)

SHERIFF ?

MABEL

EDITH

KATE

ISABEL

RUTH (*a Pirate Maid of all Work*)

} (*General Stanley's Daughters*)

Chorus of Pirates, Deputies, and General Stanley's Family.

ACT I

Nevada 1873, the northern shore of Lake Tahoe

ACT II

An old church graveyard on the Tremorden Ranch, by moonlight.

ACT I

Note: Red brackets around a [word] [or words] most frequently means that a modest alteration to the rhythm is required – most commonly an added or eliminated quarter or eighth note.

NOTE: Text in purple represents *ideas* or alternate options for consideration during the rehearsal period.

SCENE.

*As the curtain rises groups of pirates—and RUTH!-- enter in a merry mood.
SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the tankards from a large bottle marked XXX. FREDERIC is ushered in by his brethren.*

OPENING CHORUS.

ALL. Pour, oh, pour the pirate sherry;
Fill, O fill the pirate glass;
Here's to life upon the prairie!
Let the pirate **bottle** 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, oh, pour the pirate sherry;
Fill, O fill the pirate glass;
Here's to life upon the prairie!
Let the pirate **bottle** pass.

FREDERIC *rises and comes forward with* PIRATE KING, *who enters.*

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KING. Yes, Frederic, **I reckon** from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band. *(pulling a badge from his jacket...)*

ALL. Hurrah!

(PK makes as if to pin a badge on Frederic. Pirates grumble menacingly a tutti (variously), "uh uh" "no, no, no," and "no...!")

KING: Very good, men! And right you are! We don't need no stinking badges!

[Treasure of the Sierra Madre; Blazing Saddles.]

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

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.

KING. But this is quite unaccountable; a **guttier curly wolf ne'er broke a bangtail nor roped a dogie**. ~~keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a P. & O. never shipped a handspike.~~

/Gutty: A classic western descriptor for someone with extreme grit and nerve.

Curly Wolf: A highly respected, incredibly tough, or dangerous individual.

Bangtail: A wild mustang.]

Dogie: A motherless calf.]

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am bound by the Iron law of duty. *[Sound of a whip crack. simile]* As a child I was ~~regularly~~ apprenticed to your band. It was through an error -- no matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.

SAM. An error? What error?

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

RUTH rises and comes forward.

RUTH. *(finishes her sherry)* Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. *(snorts)* Better have it out at once., *(spits, etc.)*

SONG – RUTH.

RUTH. When Frederic was a little lad he proved so
brave and daring,
His father thought he'd **ap**prentice him to some career
seafaring.
I was, alas! his nursery maid, and so it fell to *my* lot
To take and **bind this** promising boy **(to) an ocean schooner**
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 **be a schooner** pi-lot

I was a stupid nurserymaid, **instructions always queering,**

And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;

**(A)mistake so bold, like seeing gold
in only iron pyrite*.**

**This laddie true I bound to you
A *prairie* schooner pi-rate**

A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to this vile lot.

So to reprise: a pirate he's – and not an ocean pilot.

No **O-ceans in [**Wisconsin**]
So pirates were uncommon,
You've no doubt guessed we headed West
Pursuing prairie lawmen.**

Pirates: "Huh?!"

**We knew that they, would show the way
To those who daily sow strife.
They led a straight line, to Nevada's stateline
And to you, you prairie low life.**

Pirates: "Oh!" (they get it) "Hey...." (that's not nice!)

And that is how you find **us now
As members of this **shy** lot
So one last time...**

Frederick: A pirate I'm

Ruth: And not an ocean pi-lot.

[*IRON PYRITE: fool's gold]

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

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

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

FRED. They were. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads. But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but, collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh! pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that, once out of my indentures, I shall feel myself bound to devote myself heart and soul to your extermination!

ALL. Poor lad – poor lad! (*All weep.*)

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.

SAM. 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.

FRED. I know why, but, alas! 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.

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

ALL. Hear, hear!

FRED. Well, then, it is my duty, [*whipcrack*] as a pirate, to tell you that as *prairie pirates you are ... very private* and too tender-hearted. For instance, *you rarely venture out and when you do* you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

KING. There is some truth in that.

FRED. Then, again, you make a point of never ~~molesing~~ *accosting* an orphan!

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

FRED. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three *stage coaches* we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let them go. *One would think that Wells Fargo recruited solely from the Nevada state orphan asylums* – which we know is not the case.

ALL: *Hmmmm.*

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

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

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, but I have been constantly *in the mountains and on the prairie 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!

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

KING. ~~True.~~ *Possible... (suppresses a laugh.)*

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

KING. Oh, Ruth is very **much...**(*searches for the right word*). **Very much.**

Option (original): 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?

SAM. I 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 **bandits**,

ALL: Rough!

KING: ...who lead a rough life,

ALL: Rough, rough!!

KING: ...but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love.

IMBECILIC PIRATE: Rough!

KING: I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would rob thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL. (loudly) Not one!

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

FRED. You're very good, I'm sure. (*Exit RUTH.*)

KING. Well, it's- (*does some schtick*) **nine (more schtick) fifty-two** ~~the top of the tide~~, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

FRED. I will! By the love I have for you, I swear it! Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to 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 **very private, prairie** Pirate King.

SONG – PIRATE KING.

(*intro plays, all cavort; PK mounts a crate...hijinx ensue*)

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,~~
Citified "virtue" is why he goes;
Where pirates plunder with I.P.O.s
~~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!

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Hurrah for the Pirate King!

KING. When I sally forth to seek my prey
~~I help myself in a royal way.~~
I'm all *élan* and *distingué* (de stang gae)
I bruise a few more *men*, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
~~But many a king on a first-class throne,~~
The fortunes amassed from this land were built
By **Rockerfeller** and **Vanderbilt**

~~If he wants to call his crown his own,~~
From tireless greed from state to state
~~Must manage somehow to get through~~
By contrast I'm im-mac-cu-LATE.
~~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!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King.

ALL. It is!

Hurrah for the Pirate King!

Exeunt all except FREDERIC. Enter RUTH.

(a pirate preps a tumbleweed to "drift" across the stage in the following scene)

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

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

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

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

RUTH. I will answer you truthfully, master – I have a *seasonal allergies...ragweed...and those awful tumbleweeds, (a tumbleweed drifts by)* but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED. I am sorry for your *allergies*, 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.

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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! (*Chorus of Girls heard in the distance.*) Hark! Surely I hear voices! Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? **Can it be the Ben, Adam, Hoss? No... it does not sound like the Cartwrights...** [**Can it be ~~Custom House~~ the Sheriff and his deputies? No, it does not sound like ~~Custom House~~ the Sheriff and his deputies...**]

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

FRED. (*looking off*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

RUTH. (*aside*) Lost! lost! lost!

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!

RECITATIVE.

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

RUTH. I have deceived you?

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

DUET – FREDERIC and RUTH.

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.

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

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

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Forty-seven year – forty-seven year! Forty-seven year – forty-seven year!

At the end he renounces her, and she goes off in despair.

RECIT. – 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!

Hides in cave as they enter climbing over the rocks.

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 lake-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,

SISTER WIVES: You'll be queens, and make decrees –
 You may honour them who please.

ALL. Let us gaily tread the measure
 Make the most of fleeting leisure
 Hail it as a true ally

Though it perish by-and-by!
Hail it as a true ally
Though it perish by-and-by!

~~Let us gaily tread the measure~~
Rosy cheeks will make a showing
Pleasure peaks when Lake Tahoe-ing
~~Make the most of fleeting leisure~~
~~Hail it as a true ally!~~
Fleeting leisure do not flee, you true ally!

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.

EDITH: *And good heavens...the tumbleweeds! (Ladies react, then settle)*

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 **lake** is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle?

ALL. Yes, yes! The very thing!

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

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

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

FRED. I had intended

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

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

FRED. I am a pirate!

GIRLS. *(recoiling, hopping)* 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!

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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 enters.

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

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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!

(page 53, Isabel takes first cadenza, Kate the second, Edith the third; Mabel asserts her dominance and takes the final one.)

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

Exeunt MABEL and FREDERIC. EDITH beckons her sisters, who form a semicircle around her.

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,

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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,~~
(Half) It's very warm...
(Other half) ...but very dry
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.

Enter MABEL and FREDERIC.

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

SOLO – MABEL.

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

FRED. Ah, yes! ah, yes! this is exceeding gladness!
GIRLS. How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

SOLO – FREDERIC.

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

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

ENSEMBLE.

MABEL.	FREDERIC.	GIRLS.
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	

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With such exceeding beauty! To lady of position!

RECITATIVE – FREDERIC.

Stay, we must not lose our senses;
Men who **do not honor fences**
Will anon be here!
Piracy their dreadful trade is;
Pray you, get you hence, young ladies,
While the coast is clear!

FREDERIC *and* MABEL *retire*.

GIRLS. No, we must not lose our senses,
Oh, such dire consequences
We should not be here!
Piracy their dreadful trade is –
Nice companions for young ladies!
Let us disappear.

During this chorus the Pirates have entered stealthily, and formed in a semicircle behind the Girls. As the Girls move to go off, each Pirate seizes a Girl. KING seizes EDITH and ISABEL, SAMUEL seizes KATE.

GIRLS. Too late!
PIRATES. Ha, ha!
GIRLS. Too late!
PIRATES. Ho, ho!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

ENSEMBLE.

(Pirates pass in front of Girls.)

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 pass in front of Pirates.)

GIRLS.

We/they have missed our/their opportunity
Of escaping with impunity;
So farewell to the felicity
Of our maiden domesticity!
We shall quickly be parsonified,
Consequently un-Mormonified,
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.

¹ The final line of this chorus in the current Chappell Vocal score appears as "Who is located in this vicinity".

RECITATIVE – MABEL (*coming forward*)

~~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!—~~

Hold, monsters!

Ere your vulgar connubial jamboree

Proceed to wed us under pirate thrall...

Just bear in mind that we are strong with mothers three,

And father is a Mormon General!

SAM. (*cowed*)

We'd better pause, or danger may befall,
Their father is a **Mormon** General.

GIRLS.

Yes, yes; he is a **Mormon** General!

*The **MORMON**-GENERAL has entered unnoticed, on rock.*

GEN.

Yes, yes, I am a **Mormon**-General!

SAM.

For he is a **Mormon**-General!

ALL.

He is! Hurrah for the **Mormon**-General!

GEN.

And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a **Mormon**-General!

ALL.

It is! Hurrah for the **Mormon**-General!

SONG – **Mormon**-GENERAL

Syllabic emphasis noted with **BOLD**

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 am the very model of a modern Mormon General, I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral, I know our thirty-seven states , I quote the fights historical From Marathon to Lexington , in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,	I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,

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About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news, With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.	About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news, With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse. (Chorus)
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.	I think our country's origins are rooted in a bless'd event It's here, my boys, in print no less! Another newer testament. <i>(Hands over a Book of Mormon.)</i> In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Mormon General.
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 think our westward destiny's a clearly manifest event. Here's proof, my boys, in print, no less! Another newer testament. <i>(Hands a Book of Mormon to PK).</i>	Enlightened I can lecture on the creeds of Hobbes, Rousseau, and Locke's. I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox, I know the croaking chorus from The Frogs of Aristophanes! And as for modern music... it puts [the] "caca" in cacaphonies
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. ALTERNATE SHORT VERSION: <i>MMG Spoken: G Address...G address...(to the Pirate King) 'G' is for Gettsyburg, PK: Of course it is. Perfect. MMG: G address, G address.... Ah ha! (etc.)</i> <i>*Rewritten</i>	[I can] quote in the original the oath of old Hippocrates I sing the best of Sullivan (but not his mediocracies), Then I'll recite from memory each line of Lincoln's "G" Address. [INSERT schtick here – see alternate in purple] <i>MMG Spoken: G Address...G address...(to the Pirate King) 'G' is for Gettsyburg, PK: Well, yes yes! But of course! MMG: Ah! Smart lad! Now where was I? PK: [sing-songy to get back where he was] Then I'll recite from memory each line of Lincoln's "G" Address.</i> <i>MMG: (back to business) "G Address...G address... Ah, ha!"</i> <i>(sung) And modify my patter-song in this</i>

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	delightful* G and S. CHORUS
Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform, And tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform: In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major General.	Then And I can write my signature in Sanskrit or Sumerian, And tell you all the story of Moroni* and his clarion. In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Mormon General. *pronounced Muh-ROH-nigh. (The gold figure on the top of all LDS temples with a trumpet).
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 on the court I'll call a foul if drib'lin' turns to trav-e-lin'; And I can spot a Winchester and know it from a javelin, In fact when You'll note that I can tell at site a butter from a Bowie knife Upon request I'll reenact the Donner Party's snowy life. <i>(all gasp in horror...Edith: "No, papa, no!")</i>
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 Mormon General has never sat a gee.	Since I learned well in Illinois the pain of being dispossessed I led two-thousand men until our southern neighbors acquiesced And as for marriage I attest: I'm Emma, Mary, Hannah-blessed. <i>(each wife waves when named)</i> <i>Spoken: "Hannah blessed...Hannah blessed...Hmmmm. Ah!]</i> May I suggest that in the West our destiny is manifest! Chorus
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventure, 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 Mormon General.	For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventure, 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 Mormon General.

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

GEN. And now as if that were not introduction enough, I am General Stanley
lately retired having led the much esteemed Mormon Brigade in the Mexican

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American War. (ladies applaud). And now I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, Papa – we –

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

GEN. Dear me!

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

GEN. Oh, but you mustn't do that! May I ask – these are picturesque duds, but I'm not familiar them Who are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GEN. Yes, I gathered that – Anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

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

GEN. The very private perry prirates...the fairie private ...the prairie privates (etc.) ... er...

EDITH: : Oh, Papa, the Pirates of Penzance!

GEN Oh, dear ... I have often heard of them.

MABEL. All except this gentleman – (indicating FREDERIC) – who was a very private prairie pirate once...

GEN: (to Mabel almost as an aside) Oh, my word, well done!

MABEL: ...but who is out of his indentures to day, and who means to lead a blameless life evermore.

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

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

GEN. (aside) Hah! an idea! (aloud) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob us of these, the sole remaining props of our old age? Do you really mean to purloin our prairie progeny leaving us to go through the remainder of our lives unaccompanied, unattended, and alone?

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

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

PIRATES. (disgusted) Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

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

KING. Often!

GEN. Yes, orphan. 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.

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?

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

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

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (*irritated*) Exactly – you said “often”, frequently, only once.

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 **we** can call **our** own!

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

GEN. Take them away from **us**,
And **we** shall be indeed alone.

PIRATES. Poor fellow!

GEN. If pity you can feel,
Leave **us our** 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!

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

ENSEMBLE.

GENERAL. (<i>aside</i>)	GIRLS. (<i>aside</i>)	PIRATES. (<i>aside</i>)
I'm telling a terrible story	He is telling a terrible story	If he's telling a story
But it doesn't diminish	Which will tend to diminish	He shall die by a death that
my glory;	his glory;	is gory,
For they would have taken my	Though they would have taken his	One of the cruellest
daughters	daughters	slaughters
Over the mountain fed waters,	Over the mountain fed waters,	Nevada has known in
	these waters;	
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,	It is easy, in elegant diction,	It is easy, in elegant diction,
Indulged in an innocent fiction;	To call it an innocent fiction;	To call it an innocent fiction;
Which is not in the same	But it comes in the same	But it comes in the same
category	category	category
As telling a regular terrible	As telling a regular terrible	As telling a regular terrible
story.	story.	story.

KING. Although our dark career
Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,
We rather think that we're

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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. *(kneeling)* Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid!
Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.
Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!
All hail, divine emollient! *(All rise.)*

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 enters and comes down to FREDERIC.

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. *(Threatening RUTH.)* 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! *(FREDERIC casts RUTH from him.)*
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

The Pirates of Penzance

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. Enter RUTH, who makes a final appeal to FREDERIC, who casts her from him.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE.—*A church and graveyard by moonlight on the Tremordan Ranch.*
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY *discovered seated pensively, surrounded by his wives and daughters.*

CHORUS.

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!

Enter MABEL.

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.

FREDERIC enters.

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?

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

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. 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.

FRED. But you forget, sir, you only bought the **ranch** a year ago, and the **paint** on your **farm house** is scarcely dry.

GEN. Frederic, **on Tremordan Ranch there** are ancestors: you cannot deny that. With the **deed, I bought the homestead, the barn, the chapel, the graveyard 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.

FRED. 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.

GEN. 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?

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, they only wait my orders.

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.

*Enter **Sheriff and deputies**, marching in single file. They form in line, facing audience.*

SONG – Sheriff, with DEPUTIES.

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!
~~And when threatened with emeutes,~~
And with pirates in cahoots,
Tarantara! tarantara!
And your heart is in your boots,

The Pirates of Penzance

- 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 **Mormon** daughter
With her tears your grave shall water.
Go, ye heroes, go and die!
- GIRLS.** Go, ye heroes, go and die!
- Sheriff, with DEPUTIES..**
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.
- SHERIFF** 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,

The Pirates of Penzance

For it's very evident
These attentions are well meant.

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

ENSEMBLE.

CHORUS OF ALL BUT DEPUTIES..

Go ye heroes, go to glory, etc

CHORUS OF *Deputies*.

When the foeman bears his steel, etc.

GEN. Away, away!
DEPUTIES.. (*without moving*) Yes, yes, we go.
GEN. These pirates slay.
DEPUTIES.. Tarantara!
GEN. Then do not stay.
DEPUTIES.. Tarantara!
GEN. Then why this delay?
DEPUTIES.. All right, we go.
GEN. Yes, forward on the foe!
DEPUTIES.. Yes, but you *don't* go!
GEN. Yes, forward on the foe!
DEPUTIES.. We go, we go
GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!
ALL. At last they really go!

*Exeunt DEPUTIES.. MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exit, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The **MORMON**-GENERAL and others follow. FREDERIC remains alone.*

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 and RUTH appear, armed.

Brief insert: Good/Bad/Ugly Theme

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

KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear.

The Pirates of Penzance

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. *(laughing)* 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. *(interested)* That paradox?
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, 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,~~
Some person in authority, I don't know who... very likely an astronomer – peevish
perhaps on account of a bo-il,
Some person in authority, an astronomer – dry, dull, bad at parties, and inclined all
reason to despoil
Some person in authority, I'm guessing an astronomer – dry, dull, bad at parties, not
much to look at, more degrees than sense, lives with his mother in the basement, and
peevish on account of a boil.

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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! (*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 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.

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: You were apprenticed to us –

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first *birthday* (*producing 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, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty. (*Whip crack*)

RUTH. Your sense of duty! (*Whip crack*)

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*. (*Whip crack*)

KING. Your duty! (*Whip crack*)

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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. (all wait for whip crack... none comes)

KING. Huh. Bravely spoken! (Whip crack) There it is.... Come, you are one of us once more.

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

RUTH and KING. 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...

RUTH and KING: Yes!

FRED. ... 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 orphan!

RUTH and KING. What!

FRED. More than that, he never was one!

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

FRED. But stay –

KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

TRIO.

KING and RUTH.

FREDERIC.

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!

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.

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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.

Exeunt KING and RUTH. Enter MABEL. (with Edith, Kate, Isabel)

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?
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. But you are twenty-one?
FRED. 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!
FRED. And so, farewell!
MABEL. No, no! Ah, Frederic, hear me.
(Mabel signals Edith, Kate, and Isabel to leave them)

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.

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,

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“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.”

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!

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.

FREDERIC rushes to window and leaps out.

Enter Edith, Kate, Isabel to comfort Mabel

(ADDED)

SORRY HER LOT quartet

Mabel, Edith, Kate, Isabel

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun –
Dark is the night to ~~earth's poor~~ Utah's daughters,

~~When~~ Into the dark the ~~wearied~~ [dutiful] one

Flies ~~from the~~ from my love and heads to slaughters! ~~empty waste of~~
~~waters.~~

Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

MABEL. (*almost fainting*) No, I'll be brave! Oh, family descent,
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!
Come one and all, **oh, posse good and true,**
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

Enter DEPUTIES., marching in single file.

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

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

DEPUTIES.. That **ain't** 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.

DEPUTIES.. ~~He has acted shamefully!~~ **He's a shameless skunk!**

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

DEPUTIES.. 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.

Exit MABEL.

DEPUTIES.. ~~Right on!~~ **You bet!**

SHERIFF This is perplexing.

DEPUTIES.. We cannot understand it at all.

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

DEPUTIES.. **We reckon** that makes a difference, of course. At the same time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all.

The Pirates of Penzance

SHERIFF No matter. Our course is clear: we must do our best to capture these **very private prairie** 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.

DEPUTIES.. ~~We should!~~ **Darn tootin'!**

SHERIFF It is too late now!

DEPUTIES.. **Damn.**

SONG – Sheriff.

SHERIFF When a felon's not engaged in his employment –

DEPUTIES.. His employment,

SHERIFF Or maturing his felonious little plans –

DEPUTIES.. Little plans,

SHERIFF His capacity for innocent enjoyment –

DEPUTIES.. 'Cent enjoyment

SHERIFF Is just as great as any honest man's –

DEPUTIES.. Honest man's.

SHERIFF Our feelings we with difficulty smother –

DEPUTIES.. 'Culty smother

SHERIFF When constabulary duty's to be done –

DEPUTIES.. To be done.

SHERIFF Ah, take one consideration with another –

DEPUTIES.. With another,

SHERIFF [A] **lawman's** lot is not a happy one. **one eighth note pick-up instead of two*

DEPUTIES.. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,

[A]* **lawman's** lot is not a happy one, happy one. **one eighth note pick-up instead of two*

SHERIFF When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling –

DEPUTIES.. Not a-burgling.

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

DEPUTIES.. 'Pied in crime,

SHERIFF He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling –

DEPUTIES.. Brook a-gurgling,

SHERIFF And listen to the merry village chime –

DEPUTIES.. Village chime.

SHERIFF When the **scoundrel's** finished **stealing from** his mother –

DEPUTIES.. **From** his mother,

SHERIFF He loves to lie a-basking in the sun –

DEPUTIES.. In the sun.

SHERIFF Ah, take one consideration with another –

DEPUTIES.. With another,

SHERIFF A **lawman's** lot is not a happy one.

DEPUTIES.. Ah, when constabulary duty's to be done, to be done,

A **lawman's** lot is not a happy one, happy one.

Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance.

A rollicking band of pirates we,

The Pirates of Penzance

Are fittin' to fight in dungarees,
Are trying their hand* [at a] burglarees, **quarter note instead
of two eighths*
With weapons grim and gory.

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

Chorus of Pirates, resumed nearer.

We are not coming for plate or gold –
A story General Stanley's told –
We seek a penalty fifty-fold,
For General Stanley's story.

DEPUTIES.. They seek a penalty
PIRATES. Fifty-fold!

DEPUTIES.. We seek a penalty
ALL. Fifty-fold!

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

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

*DEPUTIES. conceal themselves. As they do so, the Pirates are seen appearing at
ruined windows. They enter cautiously, and come down stage. SAMUEL is laden with
burglarious tools and pistols, etc.*

CHORUS – PIRATES (*very loud*)

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 –

DEPUTIES.. (*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 piracees
With a little burglaree!

DEPUTIES.. (*pianissimo*) Tarantara, tarantara!

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

Here's your crowbar and your **travel winch**,
~~Your life-preserver—you may want to hit!~~
And your pocket vise, you may want to pinch!

The Pirates of Penzance

Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,
Take your file and your skelemonic keys.

Enter KING, FREDERIC and RUTH.

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

DEPUTIES.. (*pianissimo*) Tarantara! tarantara!

RECITATIVE.

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

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

Pirates conceal themselves. Exeunt KING, FREDERIC, SAMUEL, and RUTH.

DEPUTIES.. Yes, yes, the Mormon-General comes!

GEN. (*entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light*)
Yes, yes, the Mormon-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.
Through the trees.
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,

The Pirates of Penzance

Wave their leafy arms above.
River, river, little river,
May thy loving prosper ever!
Heaven speed thee, poplar tree,
May thy wooing happy be.

NOTE: Second verse will likely be cut.

GEN. (verse 2) 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!

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

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?

Enter KING, SAMUEL, and FREDERIC.

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

They 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.

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

KING. With base deceit
You worked upon our feelings!
Revenge is sweet,

The Pirates of Penzance

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?
GIRLS. Oh, spare him!
MABEL. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?
GIRLS. Oh, spare him!
DEPUTIES.. (*springing up*) Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed!
GIRLS. Oh, rapture!
DEPUTIES.. So to Constabulary, pirates yield!
GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

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

CHORUS OF PIRATES AND DEPUTIES.

We/You triumph now, for well we trow
Your/Our mortal career's cut short;
No pirate band will take its stand
[At the Ne]vada Criminal Court. * bracketed syllables are
a triplet on count 3 of last measure second system page 200]]

SHERIFF 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.
SHERIFF On your allegiance we've a stronger claim –
We charge you yield, we charge you yield,
In Pres'dent Lincoln's name!
KING. (*baffled*) You do?
DEPUTIES.. We do!
We charge you yield,
In Pres'dent Lincoln's name!

Pirates kneel, DEPUTIES. stand over them triumphantly.

KING. I yield at once, like wannest babe,
And grieve, despite my faults, our Honest Abe.
DEPUTIES.. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love [Honest Abe].
*Last measure system 4, second quarter note becomes two eighths for
"they love," "their" is the subsequent dotted quarter, etc."*
ALL. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love Honest Abe.
(see above for revised rhythm)

DEPUTIES., holding Pirates by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.

The Pirates of Penzance

GEN. Away with them, and place them **over thar!**

Enter RUTH.

RUTH. One moment! let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all **Union** men who have gone wrong.
(PK's coat is removed revealing his full Civil War regalia)

ALL. They are all **Union** men who have gone wrong.

GEN. **All patriots awe struck** that statement hear,
Because, with all our faults, we love a **Brigadier!**
(indicating the PK)

GENERAL: I pray you, pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
~~Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.~~
[Harken] here, my boys, and wedding bells will ring:
Resume your ranks and **consider this diversion:**
~~And~~ **Wed** my daughters! ... after . Your. Conversion.
(hands him another Book of Mormon which he hands to Samuel, who looks at it, then at Edith, and holds on to the book...mothers swarm them excitedly)

(stage note: Pirates put on their Union caps.)

[NOTE: This is an Inserted musical snippet to the tune of the "I am the Very Model...]

Kate:

~~At length we are provided, with unusual facility,~~
At length we will conclude with all the usual verbosity

Samuel:

~~To change piratic crime for dignified respectability.~~
I'll gladly swap piratic crime with new religiosity.

Pirate King

~~Tomorrow morning early, we shall quickly be parsonified-~~

If well it suits I'll shine my boots so we can be parsonified.

Edith

~~Hymeneally coupled, conjugally matrimonified-~~

Your boots can wait what matters now is that you be Mormonified

The Pirates of Penzance

(Or) Your **boots** are **beauts** – what **matters** now is **that** you be Mormonified
A **temple's** over **yonder** we can **quickly** be Mormonified..
[If]By “**parson**” you mean **Bishop** then I **will** be| matrimonified.

Sheriff:

~~Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.~~

(*offering his arm to Ruth*) I **know** we haven't **met** but the **finale's** here and **then** applause.

OPTION 2 (GREEN): I cannot help but notice that you're seemingly most unattached (*offers arm*)

Ruth: (*takiing his arm*)

OPTION 1: (*to Sheriff*) Why, **Sheriff**, how-de-**do!** (*out*) I'm finding **love** in perimenopause? (*kicks up a leg*)

Or : Halle**lujah!** Look at **me** ...I'm finding **love** in perimenopause!

OPTION 2 (“unattached” rhyme): There's nothing like finales for a maid to find the perfect match.

OPTIONS for “then applause” rhyme.

OPTION 3: Holy **Hannah!** Look at **me!** I'm finding **love** in perimenopause!

OPTION 3: **Katie** bar the **door!** I'm finding **love** in perimenopause!

OPTION 4: Yee**haw!** Well look at **me**, I'm finding **love** in perimenopause.

Option 5: Wis**consin** girls are best at finding love in perimenopause.

OPTION 6: Finales are the **best** for finding **love** in perimenopause.

~~And this shall be accomplished by that Doctor of Divinity~~

Frederick

~~Combined, I needn't say, with the unparalleled felicity~~

If **all** goes well I'll **wed** you by this **coming** or next **Saturday**.

Mabel:

~~Of what we have been longing for—unbounded domesticity.~~

And **every** moment **thereafter** will **be** a happy **Latter-day**.

All:

~~Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.~~

~~Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.~~

~~Who happily **resides** in the vicini-cini ty.~~

~~[With many cheerful **facts** about the **square** of the hypote-pote-nuse.]~~

Men: And every moment thereafter will be a sunny Saturday

The Pirates of Penzance

Women: And every moment thereafter will be a happy Latter-day.

All: And **every** moment **thereafter** will **be** a happy **Latter**, Latter-day.

Mormon-General:

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of this century;
But still, in **wedding** off my daughters – eight or nine or ten in all,
I've shown myself the model of a modern **Mormon-General**!

All:

But still, in **wedding** off his daughters – eight or nine or ten in all,
He's shown himself the model of a modern **Mormon-General**!

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!

ALL.

Poor wandering ones! etc.

END OF OPERA.