

H.M.S. PINAFORE

or, The Lass that loved a Sailor

An entirely Original Nautical Comic Opera

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by Arthur Sullivan

*First produced at the Opera Comique , London on Saturday 25th May 1878
under the management of Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte*

Privately published by Ian C. Bond at 2 Kentisview, Kentisbeare, CULLOMPTON, EX15 2BS - © 2000

About this libretto

My intention in creating this series of libretti is not to publish an in-depth, scholarly appraisal of each of the works included, that can, and has been done far more effectively by others. My aim is to issue the libretti of the operas and choral works of Gilbert and Sullivan, both in partnership with each other, and with others, and of the works of other librettists and composers whose operas appeared at the Savoy Theatre in the 1890's and early 1900's, in as complete a form as possible.

Hopefully, these libretti will appeal to:

1. Those who share an interest in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and their contemporaries, but who have had little if any opportunity to read and evaluate these works, many of which have been out of print for decades, for themselves.
2. Enterprising amateur and professional companies who, due to the lack of printed material, have fought shy of presenting some of these works.

In each of these publications I have endeavoured to include as much material as it has been possible to unearth, including dialogue and lyrics cut before or during the original productions and, where known, ad-libs, both sanctioned and unsanctioned.

Each libretto is printed to order, and in general follows the same standard layout:

- a) standard text and lyrics are printed in black.
- b) text and lyrics cut before or during production are printed in blue.
- c) ad-libs are printed in blue.
- d) stage directions are printed in red.
- e) other variations from the standard text are printed in green.

Advances in modern technology have also enabled me to include 'lost' musical numbers in some of the libretti - for example, the Despard/Margaret Duet "If you attempt to take the girl" in RUDDYGORE. It is hoped at a later stage to be able to produce Vocal Scores for some of the more obscure works.

The ink used in printing **will smudge or run** if brought into contact with liquid or left in a damp atmosphere for any length of time, and will also fade if subjected to prolonged direct sunlight.

Several of the libretti in this series have already been used for production purposes and it has been found that the A4 format is the most convenient. However, any comment about the layout, format, or content, will be most welcome. I hope very much that you will enjoy this libretto.

Ian C. Bond

Dramatis Personæ

The Rt.Hon Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (First Lord of the Admiralty)

Captain Corcoran (Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore)

Tom Tucker (Midshipmite)

Ralph Rackstraw (Able Seaman)

Dick Deadeye (Able Seaman)

Bill Bobstay (Boatswain's Mate) ¹

Bob Becket (Carpenter's Mate)

Josephine (the Captain's Daughter)

Hebe (Sir Joseph Porter's First Cousin)

Mrs. Cripps (Little Buttercup) (A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman)

**First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines,
etc.**

**Scene: QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF
PORTSMOUTH**

ACT I.- Noon. ACT II.- Night

¹ The character of Bill Bobstay and Bob Becket are designated either as Boatswain and Boatswain's Mate or Boatswain's Mate and Carpenter's Mate depending on the edition of the libretto or vocal score consulted.

Act One²

SCENE - Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by BOATSWAIN, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.

No. 1. - OPENING CHORUS - Men

Basses. We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.

All. When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride
On the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time to play.

Tenors. Ahoy! Ahoy!

Basses. The balls whistle free

Tenors. Ahoy! Ahoy!

Basses. O'er the bright blue sea

All. We stand to our guns, to our guns all day.
We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.

Our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're attentive to our duty;
We're sober men and true,
We sail the ocean blue.

Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with large basket on her arm

² Originally there was no Overture and indeed, Sullivan composed an unusually lengthy introduction to No.1. The Overture was sketched by Sullivan but completed by Alfred Cellier at a much later date and does not appear at all in early editions of the vocal score.

No.2. - RECITATIVE and SONG - Mrs. Cripps

Hail, men-o'-war's men - safeguards of your nation
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay³ - spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.⁴

For⁵ I'm called Little Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup - poor little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobacco, and excellent jacky,
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup;
Sailors should never be shy;
So, buy of your Buttercup - poor Little Buttercup;
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

But. ⁶ And that's for you my little man.

Boat. Aye, Little Buttercup - and well called - for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

But. Red, am I? and round - and rosy! Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend - hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

Boat. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

Enter DICK DEADEYE. He pushes through sailors, and comes down

Dick. I have thought it often. *(All recoil from him.)*

³ Traditionally at this point the sailors slap their right-hand back pockets.

⁴ A further piece of traditional business as Bob Becket gets his ears boxed for being too familiar.

⁵ The word 'For' does not appear in the published vocal score.

⁶ Buttercup's line was added at a fairly late stage. Traditionally she gives a stick of peppermint rock to Tom Tucker, the Midshipmite, who is usually played by a young boy.

But. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

Boat. Don't take no heed of him; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

Dick. I say - it's a beast of a name, ain't it - Dick Deadeye?

But. It's not a nice name.

Dick. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

But. You are certainly plain.

Dick. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

But. You are rather triangular.

Dick. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

All. We do!

Dick. There!

Boat. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character - now can you?

Dick. No.

Boat. It's asking too much, ain't it?

Dick. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature - I am resigned.

No.2a. - RECITATIVE - Mrs. Cripps and Boatswain

But. *(looking down hatchway).*
 But, tell me - who's the youth whose faltering feet
 With difficulty bear him on his course?

Boat. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet -
 Ralph Rackstraw! ⁷

But. Ha! That name! Remorse! remorse!

Enter RALPH from hatchway

⁷ The name Ralph is traditionally pronounced RAFE.

No.3. - SCENA - Ralph & Chorus

The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray ⁸
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECITATIVE - RALPH

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation
When we have pain and sorrow too before us! ⁹
I love - and love, alas, above my station!

But. (*aside*). He loves - and loves a lass above his station!

All. (*aside*). Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP

ARIA

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.

All. To do her menial's duty.

⁸ This line was originally performed as "Loved the pale moon's bright ray"

⁹ Originally performed as "When we have pain and TROUBLE too before us!" This was changed in 1914.

A suitor, lowly born,¹⁰
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is sighing.

All. A world of wealth is sighing.

Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught
(For love had been his tutor);
Oh, pity, pity me -
Our captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!

Ralph. Oh, pity, pity me -
Our captain's daughter she,
And I that lowly suitor!

All. And he, and
he that
lowly suitor.

Boat. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy Captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

All. No, no.

Dick. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.¹¹

All. (*recoiling from him*). Shame! shame!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

Ralph. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main-truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

Dick. Ah, it's a queer world!

Ralph. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

¹⁰ Originally, "A suitor, lowly born,/With hopeless passion torn,/And poor beyond concealing,/Has dared for her to pine,/At whose exalted shrine/A world of wealth is kneeling!"

¹¹ The term "foremast hands" was authorised by Gilbert in 1908. Originally this was performed as "foremast jacks" and later as "blue jackets".

Boat. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

Enter CAPTAIN CORCORAN

No.4. - RECIT., SONG & CHORUS - Corcoran

Cor. My gallant crew, good morning.

All. (*saluting*). Sir, good morning!

Cor. I hope you're all quite well.

All. (*as before*). Quite well; and you, sir?

Cor. I am in reasonable health, and happy
To meet you all once more.

All. (*as before*). You do us proud, sir!

Cor. I am the Captain of the Pinafore;

All. And a right good captain, too!

Cor. You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew,

All. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.

Cor. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

All. What, never?

Cor. No, never!

All. What, never?

Cor. Well - ¹²Hardly ever!

¹² The spoken word "Well" does not appear in the libretto or the vocal score but is a traditional addition.

All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the Captain of the Pinafore!

Cor. I do my best to satisfy you all -

All. And with you we're quite content.

Cor. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

All. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it's only right
To return the compliment.

Cor. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D -

All. What, never?

Cor. No, never!

All. What, never?

Cor. Well - Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever swears a big, big D -
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the Captain of the Pinafore!

After song exeunt all but CORCORAN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP

No.4a. - RECIT. - Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran

But. Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me - fear not - I am a mother!

Cor. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry -
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

But. (*with emotion*). Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
I go - Farewell!

Exit.

Cor. (*looking after her*). A plump and pleasing person!

Exit.

Enter JOSEPHINE, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket

No.5. - SONG - Josephine

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;
Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead,
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun -
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Sad is the hour when sets the sun -
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead,
When love is alive -
And hope is dead!

Enter CORCORAN

Cor. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem - reverence - venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

Cor. *(aside)*. It is then as I feared. *(Aloud.)* Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father - the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

Cor. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true - too true.

Cor. A common sailor? Oh fie!

Jos. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! *(Weeps.)*

Cor. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter - I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

BALLAD - Corcoran (with Josephine) ¹³

**Cor. Reflect, my child, he may be brave
As any in the Royal Navy
And daily foil a watery grave,
The locker of poor Davy.
But ah! what gallant act
Could counteract
The fearful social ban
That falls on man
Who with his knife's sharp blade devours his gravy.**

**Both. In truth I fear
The sneer
That would disgrace
Each face
When he with blade of knife devoured his gravy.**

¹³ This number was originally intended to be No.6 in the score and led straight into the original No.7 - 'Over the bright blue sea'. Although Sullivan did set the piece and orchestrate it, it was not performed. However, the orchestration was discovered in 1999 in a set of old D'Oyly Carte band parts and received several performances in the same year. Performance material is now available from Broude Brothers. The first performance on Compact Disc appears on the TER/D'Oyly Carte release of the full opera with dialogue due in Spring 2000.

Cor. **He may a second Shakespeare be,
Endowed with faculty creative,
But what avails such gifts if he
Confounds accusative with dative.
In what far nook of earth
Would moral worth,
Or strength of lung or limb,
Atone for him
Whose verbs don't tally with the nominative.**

Both. **Oh, I can tell
Too well
How people frown
Him down
Whose verbs don't tally with the nominative.**

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

Cor. You are my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin - take this, his photograph, with you - it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father!

Exit JOSEPHINE. CORCORAN remains and ascends the poop-deck.

No.6. - CHORUS OF WOMEN - (Behind the Scenes)

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

During this the Crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentive to the song.

No.7. - CHORUS OF SAILORS

Basses. ¹⁴ Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauties,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duties.

¹⁴ Some early vocal scores print these lines incorrectly as "We sail the ocean blue" etc.

All men. We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
 And our saucy ship's a beauty.
 We're sober, sober men and true
 And attentive to our duty,
 Sober, sober men and true.

 We're smart and sober men,
 And quite devoid of fe-ar,
 In all the Royal N.
 None are so smart as we are.

Enter SIR JOSEPH's Female Relatives. They dance round stage

Rel. Gaily tripping,
 Lightly skipping,
 Flock the maidens to the shipping,
 Gaily tripping,
 Lightly skipping,
 Flock the maidens to the shipping.

Sailors. Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
 All the ladies love the shipping.

Rel. Sailors sprightly
 Always rightly
 Welcome ladies so politely.

Sailors. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
 Sailors welcome most politely,
 Welcome most politely.

Rel. Sailors sprightly
 Always rightly
 Welcome ladies so politely.

Rel. Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the maidens - To the shipping, Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the maidens - To the ship;	Tenors. We're smart and Sober men, And quite devoid Of fear. In all the Royal N. None are so Smart as we are;	Basses. Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the maidens - To the shipping, Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the maidens - To the ship;
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Sailors sprightly
Always rightly,
Welcome ladies
So politely,
So politely.

Ladies who can
Smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome
Most politely,
Most politely.

Ladies who can
Smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome
Most politely,
Most politely.

All. Gaily tripping,
 Lightly skipping.
 Sailors always welcome ladies most politely.

No.8. - Captain Corcoran, Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe & Chorus

Cor. (*from poop*). Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way

All. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurray!

Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE ¹⁵

Sir J. I am the monarch of the sea,
 The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
 Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

Hebe. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All And we/they are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
 His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir J. When at anchor here I ride,
 My bosom swells with pride,
 And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
 His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir J. But when the breezes blow,
 I generally go below,
 And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants;

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Rel. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.

¹⁵ This entrance is traditionally preceded by a Royal Marine guard consisting of a Sergeant and two Privates who present arms. This is accompanied by side drum.

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
 His sisters and his cousins,
 Whom he reckons up by dozens,
 And his aunts!

No.9. - SONG - Sir J. Porter & Chorus

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.

Chorus. He polished up the handle of the big front door.

Sir J. I polished up that handle so carefuller
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. He polished up that handle so carefuller
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J As office boy I made such a mark
 That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
 I served the writs with a smile so bland,
 And I copied all the letters in a big round hand -

Chorus. He copied all the letters in a big round hand.

Sir J. I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. He copied all the letters in a hand so free,
 That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J. In serving writs I made such a name
 That an articled clerk I soon became;
 I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
 For the pass examination at the Institute.

Chorus. For the pass examination at the Institute.

Sir J. That pass examination did so well for me,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. That pass examination did so well for he,
 That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J. Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
 That they took me into the partnership.
 And that junior partnership, I ween,
 Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

Chorus. Was the only ship he ever had seen.

Sir J. But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. But that kind of ship so suited he,
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J. I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

Chorus. And he never thought of thinking for himself at all.

Sir J. I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. He thought so little, they rewarded he
By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule -

Chorus. Be careful to be guided by this golden rule -

Sir J. Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus. Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

Sir J. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

Cor. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. *(examining a very small midshipman).* A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

Cor. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

Cor. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

Cor. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. No bullying, I trust - no strong language of any kind, eh?

Cor. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. What, never?

Cor. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

Sir J. Don't patronise them, sir - pray, don't patronise them.

Cor. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronised because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

Cor. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

Sir J. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

DICK comes forward ¹⁶

Sir J. No, no, the other splendid seaman.

Cor. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front - march!

Sir J. (*sternly*). If what?

Cor. I beg your pardon - I don't think I understand you.

Sir J. If you please.

Cor. Oh, yes, of course. If you please.

*RALPH steps forward.*¹⁷

Sir J. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in the Navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

¹⁶ This business started life as an ad lib, but was authorised by Gilbert in 1908.

¹⁷ More business authorised in 1908. Ralph takes three steps forward, salutes and stamps with the right foot. The salute and stamp is repeated on Ralph's next line. Sir Joseph then spins Ralph around but this time when Ralph salutes and stamps, Sir Joseph attempts to imitate him but stamps accidentally on the toes of his left foot.

Sir J. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

Ralph. No, your honour.

Sir J. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me - don't be afraid - how does your captain treat you, eh?

Ralph. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

All. Aye; Aye!

Sir J. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I daresay he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir J. Then hum ¹⁸ this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

Cor. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing*) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

Boat. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

Cor. If what? I don't think I understand you.

Boat. If you please, your honour.

Cor. What!

Sir J. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

Cor. (*stamping his foot impatiently*). If you please!

Exit.

No.9a. - EXIT FOR LADIES

Sir J. For I hold that on the seas
The expression, "if you please",
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

Hebe. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

¹⁸ This became the cue for a 'traditional' piece of business. Sir Joseph would momentarily forget himself and drop the 'H' from hum. The dialogue would be performed:

"Then 'um - (*correcting himself*) HUM this at you leisure"

All. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
 His sisters, and his cousins,
 Whom he reckons up by dozens,
 And his aunts!

Exeunt SIR JOSEPH and Relatives.

Boat. Ah! Sir Joseph's true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

Ralph. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

All. Well spoke! well spoke!

Dick. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

All. (*recoiling*). Horrible! horrible!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am - shocked!

Ralph. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

All. Aye, aye!

Ralph. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

All. Aye, Aye!

Ralph. True, I lack birth -

Boat. You've a berth on board this very ship.

Ralph. Well said - I had forgotten that. Messmates - what do you say? Do you approve my determination?

All. We do.

Dick. I don t.

Boat. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? ¹⁹ Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

¹⁹ Traditionally at this point the Chorus mime throwing Dick overboard.

No.10. - TRIO & CHORUS - Ralph, Boatswain, & Boatswain's Mate

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

Chorus. His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude - (*pose*).

Chorus. His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude - (*pose*).
His attitude -
His attitude -
His attitude!

All dance off excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.

Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin

Jos. It is useless - Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (*Sees RALPH.*)
Ralph Rackstraw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

Ralph. Aye, lady - no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

Jos. (*aside*). How my heart beats! (*Aloud*) And why poor, Ralph?

- Ralph. I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady - rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences - thither by subjective emotions - wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope - plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?
- Jos. Perfectly. *(Aside.)* His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared - but no, the thought is madness! *(Aloud.)* Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.
- Ralph. *(aside.)* I will - one. *(Aloud.)* Josephine!
- Jos. *(indignantly.)* Sir!
- Ralph. Aye, even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!
- Jos. Sir, this audacity! *(Aside.)* Oh, my heart, my beating heart! *(Aloud.)* This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! *(Aside.)* Common! oh, the irony of the word! *(Crossing, aloud.)* Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.
- Ralph. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand - I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.
- Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank - they should be lowered before your captain's daughter.

No.11. - DUET - Josephine & Ralph

- Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
Proud lords to seek my hand ²⁰
In throngs assemble,
The loftiest in the land,
Bow down and tremble!

²⁰ In the original production, instead of repeating the first four lines, Josephine sang these lines instead.

Refrain, audacious tar,
Remember who you are!

(Aside.) I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

Ralph. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,²¹
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!
Proud lady, have your way,
You speak and I obey!

(Aside.) My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

Exit JOSEPHINE into cabin.

No.12. - FINALE

Ralph. *(Recit.)* Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!

Calling off.

Messmates, ahoy!
Come here! Come here!

Enter Sailors, HEBE, and Relatives

All. Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
Now tell us, pray,
Without delay,
What does she say -
What cheer, what cheer?

²¹ Originally performed as "That ploughs the water,".

Ralph. *(to COUSIN HEBE)*. The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble gift, my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

All. Oh, cruel one.
Oh, cruel one.

Dick. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

Sailors and Relatives. Shall we/they submit?
Are we/they but slaves?
Love comes alike to high and low -
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No!

Dick. You must submit, you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!
You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all - I told you so!

Sailors and Relatives. Shall we/they submit?
Are we/they but slaves?
Shall we/they submit?
Are we/they but slaves?
Love comes alike to high and low -
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No!

Ralph. My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,
For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking;
When I am gone, oh, prithee tell
The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

All. *(turning away, weeping)*. Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking;
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

During Chorus BOATSWAIN has loaded pistol, which he hands to RALPH.

Ralph. Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you -
For Josephine I fall!

Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.

Enter JOSEPHINE on deck

Jos. Ah! stay your hand - I love you!

All. Ah! stay your hand - she loves you!

Ralph. (*incredulously*). Loves me?

Jos. Loves you!

All. Yes, yes - ah, yes, she loves you!

Jos., Hebe, Ralph.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
 For now the sky is all serene;
 The god of day - the orb of love -
 Has hung his ensign high above,
 The sky is all ablaze.
 With wooing words and loving song,
 We'll chase the lagging hours along,
 And if I/we find the maiden coy,
 I'll/We'll murmur forth decorous joy
 In dreamy roundelays!

Dick.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
 But though the sky is now serene,
 A frowning thunderbolt above
 May end their ill-assorted love
 Which now is all ablaze.
 Our captain, ere the day is gone,
 Will be extremely down upon
 The wicked men who art employ
 To make his Josephine less coy
 In many various ways.

Jos., Hebe, Ralph.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
 For now the sky is all serene;

The god of day - the orb of
 love -
 Has hung his ensign high
 above,
 The sky

is all

ablaze.
 Is all ablaze,
 Is all ablaze,

Dick.

Our captain soon, unless I'm
 wrong,
 Will be extremely down upon
 The wick -
 -ed men who art employ,
 Will be
 extremely down upon The
 wick -
 - ed men, will be extremely
 down upon
 the men in many various
 ways.
 In many various ways,

The sky is all,
Is all a -
- blaze.

Our captain soon will be
extremely down upon The
wicked men in many various
ways.

Exit DICK.

Jos. This very night,
Hebe. With bated breath
Ralph. And muffled oar -
Jos. Without a light,
Hebe. As still as death,
Ralph. We'll steal ashore
Jos. A clergyman
Ralph. Shall make us one
Boat. At half-past ten,
Jos. And then we can
Ralph. Return, for none
Boat. Can part them then!
Jos. This very night,
Hebe. With bated breath
Ralph. And muffled oar -
Jos. Without a light,
Hebe. As still as death,
Ralph. We'll steal ashore
Jos. A clergyman
Ralph. Shall make us one
Boat. At half-past ten,

Chorus. This very night,
With bated breath
And muffled oar -
Without a light,
As still as death,
They'll steal ashore
A clergyman
Shall make them one
At half-past ten,

Jos.	And then we can		And then they can
Ralph.	Return, for none		Return for none
Boat.	Can part them then!		Can part them then!
Sops.	This very night, With bated breath And muffled oar - Without a light, As still as death, They'll steal ashore A clergyman Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Return for none Can part them then! A clergyman Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Return for none Can part them then!	Rest.	This ver - - ry night, With ba - - ted breath, And muf - - fled oar - Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler - - gy man Shall make them one At half - - past ten.

All. This very night,
With bated breath
And muffled oar -
Without a light,
As still as death,
They'll steal ashore
A clergyman
Shall make them one
At half-past ten,
And then they can
Return for none
None,
None can part them then!

DICK appears at hatchway.

Dick. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned;
She is a lady - you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

All. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!
Back, vermin, back,
You shock us!

Exit DICK ²²

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside -
Who gives up home and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!

Though a lad in the fore ²³
He's the pride of the fleet;
He can pull at an oar,
He can tug at a sheet.
When danger is near
He's the pick of the crew -
Then give him a cheer
And his true love too.

La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la,
La la la la la,
La la la la la,

La la la la la,
La la la la la,
La la la la la la!

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside -
Who gives up home and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!

Ladies. For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird!
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!
His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue

²² Traditionally, Dick is hit over the head with a bottle and pushed back down the hatchway.

²³ This chorus appears in the Lord Chamberlain's licence copy and was presumably to be sung to the tune now sung to "La" - it would have been quite a tongue twister.

Men. His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

All. His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude, (*pose*).

Jos., Hebe, Ralph, Boat., Carp.

His eyes should flash,
His breast protrude,
His eyes should flash,
His eyes should flash,
His breast protrude,
His eyes should flash,

Rest.

His attitude,
His attitude,
His customary attitude,
His attitude,
His attitude,
His eyes, his eyes

All. Yes,
His eyes should flash,
His foot should stamp, his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;

Chorus. His eyes should flash,
His breast protrude,
And this should be his custom -

Jos., Hebe, Ralph, Boat., Carp.

And this his
Attitude!

Rest.

- ary at -
- titude!

GENERAL DANCE

END OF ACT I

ENTR'ACTE ²⁴

²⁴ This is the only example of an Entr'acte in any of Sullivan's operas and, in actual fact was written in this case by Alfred Cellier.

ACT II

Same Scene. Night. Awning removed. Moonlight. CORCORAN discovered singing on poop deck, and accompanying himself on a mandolin. LITTLE BUTTERCUP seated on quarterdeck, gazing sentimentally at him.

No.13. - SONG - Captain Corcoran

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

I have lived hitherto
Free from breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew -
A really popular commander.

But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

But. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew - if he only knew!

Cor. *(coming down)*. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

But. True, dear Captain - but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

Cor. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

But. Oh no - do not say "all", dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

Cor. True, for you are staunch to me. *(Aside.)* If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! *(Aloud.)* I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

But. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty - and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

Cor. Destinies?

But. There is a change in store for you!

Cor. A change?

But. Aye - be prepared!

No.14. - DUET - Mrs. Cripps and Captain Corcoran

But. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

Cor. (*puzzled*). Very true,
So they do.

But. Black sheep dwell in every fold;
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

Cor. (*puzzled*). So they be,
Frequentlee.

But. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
Yet it is a farthing still.

Cor. (*puzzled*). Yes, I know.
That is so.

But. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady - it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady - mystic lady.

Both. (*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me/him stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.
Yes, I know -
That is so!

Cor. Though I'm anything but clever,
 I could talk like that for ever:
 Once a cat was killed by care;
 Only brave deserve the fair.

But. Very true,
 So they do.

Cor. Wink is often good as nod;
 Spoils the child who spares the rod;
 Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
 Dogs are found in many mangers.

But. Frequentlee,
 I agree.

Cor. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
 Worn-out garments show new patches;
 Only count the chick that hatches;
 Men are grown-up catchy-catchies.

But. Yes, I know,
 That is so.

(Aside.) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
 I'll dissemble - I'll dissemble;
 When he sees at what I'm driving,
 Let him tremble - let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE

Both. Though a mystic tone I/you borrow,
 You will/I shall learn the truth with sorrow,
 Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
 Yes, I know -
 That is so!

At the end exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP melodramatically.

Cor. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell! Ah! Here comes the First Lord of the Admiralty. I will talk with him on the subject. Happily we are still on speaking terms. ²⁵

Enter SIR JOSEPH and HEBE ²⁶

²⁵ These lines were sanctioned by Gilbert for the 1908 revival. They were deleted again in 1914.

²⁶ This, and a scene later in the act, were written for Mrs. Howard Paul, the actress originally cast to play Hebe. Reports differ as to whether Mrs Howard Paul died during the rehearsal period, or whether she left the company when Jessie Bond was cast to sing Hebe's music.

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter.

Hebe. (*interrupting*). WE are much disappointed with your daughter!

Sir J. In fact, I don't think she will do.

Hebe. WE don't think she will do!

Cor. She won't do!?

Hebe. I'm afraid not, and if you give me half an hour, I'll tell you how it's affecting me!

Sir J. (*interrupting*). Cousin Hebe, although your utterances are well meant, I don't think you are assisting my cause.

Hebe. You think not?! Oooh! Crushed!

Sir J. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

Cor. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

Sir J. She naturally would be.

Hebe. She would be, naturally.

Sir J. Don't!!

Hebe. Crushed (again)!

Cor. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir J. You think it does?

Hebe. Ha!

Cor. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

Hebe. She's certainly not worthy!

Sir J. (*to a Sailor*). Oblige me by taking this lady and showing her the wonders of the forecandle.

Hebe. Fo'csle!

Sir J. Poop-deck!

Miss Bond's contract at this point in her career stipulated that she would not perform spoken dialogue, and so the two scenes were rewritten.

Exit HEBE and sailor.

- Sir J. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.
- Cor. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.
- Sir J. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin. SIR JOSEPH and CORCORAN retire

No.15. - SCENA - Josephine

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart -
No wealth of house or land -
No fortune save his trusty heart
And honest brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

SIR JOSEPH and CORCORAN enter

- Sir J. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.
- Jos. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?
- Sir J. I am officially of that opinion.
- Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?
- Sir J. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.
- Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. *(Aside.)* He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

No.16. - TRIO - Josephine, Captain Corcoran, & Sir J. Porter

- Cor. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
²⁷ Though your tastes are mean and flighty
And your fortune poor and plain,
- Cor. & Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of his/my lordship
With a humble captain's child!
- Cor. For a humble captain's daughter -
- Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter -
- Sir J. And a lord who rules the water -

²⁷ Some editions of the vocal score give this and the next line as "Though her tastes are mean and flighty/And her fortune poor and plain,".

Jos. (*aside*). And a tar who ploughs the water!

All. Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Sir J. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though your nautical relation (*alluding to CORCORAN.*)
In my set could scarcely pass -
Though you occupy a station
In the lower middle class -

Cor. & Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of my/your lordship
With a humble captain's child!

Cor. For a humble captain's daughter -

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter -

Sir J. And a lord who rules the water -

Jos. (*aside*). And a tar who ploughs the water!

All. Let the air with joy be laden,
²⁸ Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Jos. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit the jurisdiction;
Ably have you played your part;
You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.

Cor. & Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of my/his lordship
With a humble captain's child!

Cor. For a humble captain's daughter -

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter -

²⁸ In early performances this was performed as "Fill with songs the air above".

Sir J. And a lord who rules the water -

Jos. *(aside)*. And a tar who ploughs the water!
(Aloud.) Let the air with joy be laden.

Cor. & Sir J. Ring the merry bells on board-ship -

Jos. For the union of a maiden -

Cor. & Sir J. For her union with his lordship.

All. Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!
Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!

Exit JOSEPHINE.

Cor. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this ²⁹glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable.

Exit SIR JOSEPH

Cor. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. *(During this speech DICK DEADEYE has entered.)*

Dick. Captain.

Cor. Deadeye! You here? Don't! *(Recoiling from him.)*

Dick. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

Cor. What would you with me?

Dick. *(mysteriously)*. I'm come to give you warning.

Cor. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?

Dick. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

²⁹ Originally "this happy country of ours", Gilbert authorised the change in 1908.

No.17. - DUET - Captain Corcoran & Deadeye

- Dick. Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the ³⁰kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
- Both. The merry, merry maiden,
The merry, merry maiden,
Sing hey the merry maiden and the tar.
- Cor. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, ³¹the mystic sailor that you are;

The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
- Both. The merry, merry maiden,
The merry, merry maiden,
Sing hey the merry maiden and the tar.
- Dick. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
- Both. The merry, merry maiden,
The merry, merry maiden,
The much too merry maiden and the tar.
- Cor. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar. (*Producing a "cat".*)
- Both. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails
The merry cat-o'-nine-tails
Sing hey the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!
- Cor. Dick Deadeye - I thank you for your warning - I will at once take means to arrest
their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise - So! (*Envelops
himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)
- Dick. Ha, ha! They are foiled - foiled - foiled!

³⁰ Originally "Sing hey, the gallant captain that you are,".

³¹ Originally "Sing hey, the silly sailor that you are,".

Enter Crew on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

No.18. - SOLI & CHORUS

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

CORCORAN stamps - Chord.

All. *(much alarmed).* Goodness me -
Why, what was that?

Dick. Silent be,
It was the cat!

All. *(reassured).* It was - it was the cat!

Cor. *(producing cat-o'-nine-tails).* They're right, it was the cat!

All. Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!

Stamp as before, and Chord.)

All. Goodness me,
Why, what was that?

Dick. Silent be,
Again the cat!

All. It was again that cat!

Cor. *(aside).* They're right, it was the cat!

Jos., Ralph, Cor., Dick.
Ev'ry step with caution feeling,

Chorus. We will steal away,

Jos., Ralph, Cor., Dick.
We/They will softly steal away,

Chorus. Ev'ry step,

All. Ev'ry step with caution feeling,
We/They will softly steal away.

Cor. (*throwing off cloak*). Hold! (*All start.*)
Pretty daughter of mine,
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going
With these sons of the brine,
For my excellent crew,
Though foes they could thump any,
Are scarcely fit company,
My daughter, for you.

Crew. Now, hark at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We are scarcely fit company
For a lady like you!

Ralph. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
A fact well known to all my messmates here!

Cor. Oh, horror!

Ralph. Jos. I/He humble, poor, and lowly born,
The meanest in the port division -
The butt of epauletted scorn -
The mark of quarter-deck derision -
Have/Has dared to raise my/his wormy eyes
Above the dust to which you'd mould me/him
In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
I am/He is an Englishman - behold me/him!

All. He is an Englishman!

Boat. He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!

All. That he is an Englishman!

Boat. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!

All. Or perhaps Itali-an!

Boat. But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!
He remains an Englishman!

All. For in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!
He remains an Englishman!

Cor. *(trying to repress his anger)*. In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why damme, it's too bad!

During this, COUSIN HEBE and Female Relatives have entered.

All. *(shocked)*. Oh!

Cor. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

All. Oh!

Cor. and Dick. Yes, damme, it's too bad.

During this, SIR JOSEPH has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.

Hebe.	Ladies.	Men.
Did you hear him?	He said damme,	
Did you hear him?	He said damme,	He said damme,
Oh, the monster overbearing!	Yes,	He said damme,
Don't go near him - don't go	He said damme,	Yes. He said damme,
near him -	He said damme	damme, damme,
He is swearing - he is	He said damme, yes	damme, damme, Yes
swearing!	damme!	damme!

Sir J. My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement - my surprise -
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

Cor. My lord - one word - the facts are not before you
The word was injudicious, I allow -
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant too, I vow!

Sir J. I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible.
Go, ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

Exit CORCORAN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.

All. This is the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!

Sir J. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!

Hebe. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.

All. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts,
His sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts!
For he is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!
That he is an Englishman!

Sir J. Now, tell me, my fine fellow - for you are a fine fellow -

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

Ralph. Please your honour, it was thus-wise. You see I'm only a topman - a mere foremast hand -

Sir J. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

Ralph. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH's arms

Jos. ³²Darling!

SIR JOSEPH horrified.

Ralph. She is the figurehead of my ship of life - the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness - that the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

All. Very pretty, very pretty!

Sir J. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him!

Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

Sir J. ³³Pray, don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

All. We have!

Dick. They have!

Sir J. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

No.19. - OCTETT & CHORUS

Ralph. Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!
For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

Jos. I will atone.
In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

Sir J. A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown at once
At once to his dungeon cell.

³² Added by Gilbert in 1908.

³³ "Pray don't" was substituted for the original "Away with him" in 1908. At the same time Gilbert added Dick's "They have!".

Hebe, Dick, Boat, Boat's Mate.
 He'll hear no tone
 Of the maiden he loves so well!
 No telephone
 Communicates with his cell!

But. (*mysteriously*). But when is known
 The secret I have to tell,
 Wide will be thrown
 The door of his dungeon cell.

Jos., Ralph. Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell!	Hebe, But., Sir J., Dick, Boat., Carp. He'll hear no tone If her he loves so well!
--	--

Jos. And all alone Rejoice In your dungeon, Your dungeon cell!	Ralph, But. For crime unknown I go/He goes To a dungeon, A dungeon cell!	The Rest. Let him be shown At once To his dungeon, His dungeon cell!
--	--	--

RALPH is led off in custody.

Sir J. ³⁴Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I wish to express to you, officially, that I am hurt.

Hebe. If you have five and twenty minutes to spare I will explain how it has affected me.

Sir J. Do not interfere.

Hebe. Crushed.

Sir J. You, whom I honoured by seeking in marriage, you but the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy.

But. Hold! I have something to say to that.

Hebe. You had better keep quiet.

Sir J. On the contrary, she had better proceed.

Hebe. Of course, anybody but me. Go on, vulgar old woman.

³⁴ This entire scene, without Hebe's interruptions, was included in the original production.

Sir J. ³⁵My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express.
My amazement, my surprise,
Again you may discover from my eyes.

All. How terrible the aspect of his eyes!

But. Hold! Ere upon your loss
You lay much stress,
A long-concealed crime
I would confess.

No.20. - LEGEND - Mrs. Cripps & Chorus

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.

All. Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.

But. Two tender babes I nursed:
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

All. *(explaining to each other).* Now, this is the position:
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

But. Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!

All. However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

³⁵ This section of recitative was not performed until 1908. As Sullivan had died in November 1900, the question has to be asked whether or not this music was actually composed by him.

But. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother,
The well born babe was Ralph -
Your captain was the other!!!

All. They left their foster-mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir J. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in
childhood's happy hour - that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is
Ralph?

But. ³⁶That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

Sir J. And very well you have conveyed it.

But. ³⁷Aye! aye! yer 'onour.

Sir J. Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once!

***RALPH enters as Captain; CORCORAN as a common sailor. JOSEPHINE rushes to his
arms***

Jos. My father - a common sailor!

Cor. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir J. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. *(To RALPH.)* Desire
that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

Ralph. Corcoran. Three paces to the front - march!

Cor. If what?

Ralph. If what? I don't think I understand you.

Cor. If you please.

Sir J. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

Ralph. Oh! If you please.

CORCORAN steps forward.

³⁶This and the next line were ad lib's, authorised by Gilbert in 1908.

³⁷ This line was added in 1914.

Sir J. *(to CORCORAN)*. You are an extremely fine fellow.

Cor. Yes, your honour.

Sir J. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

Cor. So it seems, your honour.

Sir J. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

Cor. Don't say that, your honour - love levels all ranks.

Sir J. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.
(Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.) Here - take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

Ralph. and Jos. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

Cor. and But. Oh rapture, oh bliss!

Sir J. Sad my lot and sorry,
What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

Hebe. Fear nothing - while I live I'll not desert you.
I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

Sir J. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, but indeed I'd rather -

Sir J. *(resigned)*. To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

³⁸No.20a. - RECITATIVE

Sir J. Here, take her, sir, and mind you treat here kindly!

Ralph and Jos. O bliss! O rapture!
O bliss! O rapture!

Sir J. Sad my lot and sorry,
What shall I do?
I cannot live alone.

Chorus. What will he do?
He cannot live alone!

³⁸ The recitative was performed during the original production and has recently been returned to Cramer's published vocal score. The 1887 revival used the dialogue version. The dialogue version is the one more usually used, although the recitative does occasionally surface. The recitative is reproduced as an appendix to the current volume.

Hebe. Fear nothing,
While I live I'll not desert you,
I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

Sir J. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, indeed, I'd rather.

Sir J. Tomorrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

No.21. - FINALE

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The god of day - the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if he finds/I find the maiden coy,
We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelay.³⁹

Cor. For he's the Captain of the Pinafore.

All. And a right good captain too!

Cor. And though before my fall
I was captain of you all,
I'm a member of the crew.

All. Although before his fall, etc.

Cor. I shall marry with a wife,
In my humble rank of life! (*turning to BUTTERCUP*)
And you, my own, are she -
I must wander to and fro;
But wherever I may go,
I shall never be untrue to thee!

All. What, never?

Cor. No, never!

All. What, never!

³⁹ At this point Gilbert originally intended a reprise of "This very night" from the Act One Finale with the words altered to fit the new situation.

Cor. Well - Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the former Captain of the Pinafore,
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the Captain of the Pinafore.

But. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

All. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

Sir J. I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee (*to HEBE*),
I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

Hebe. Then good-bye to his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,
Especially his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens.

All. Then good-bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts,
Especially your cousins,
Whom you reckons up by dozens,
And your aunts!

For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!
That he is an Englishman!

⁴⁰Rule Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never never never
Will be slaves!

CURTAIN

⁴⁰ Added for the 1914 revival and again at Sadler's Wells in 1987

No. 20a.

RECITATIVE.

JOSEPHINE.
O bliss! O rap-ture!

SIR J. PORTER.
Here, take her, sir, and mind you treat her kind-ly! O bliss! O rap-ture!

RALPH.
O..... bliss! O rap-ture!

SIR J.
O..... bliss! O rap-ture! Sad my lot and sor-ry, What shall I do? I can-not live a-lone.

CHORUS.
What will he do? He can-not live a-lone. Fear no-thing, While I live I'll not de-sert you, I'll

HEBE.
soothe and com-fort your de-clin-ing days, No, don't do that, Yes, in-deed, I'd ra-ther.

SIR J.
To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plight-ed, Three liv-ing pairs on the same day u-ni-ted.

PIANO.

p

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