

**THE PIRATES OF
PENZANCE, OR,
THE SLAVE OF
DUTY: COMIC OPERA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649232666

The Pirates of Penzance, Or, The Slave of Duty: Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

W. S. GILBERT & ARTHUR SULLIVAN

**THE PIRATES OF
PENZANCE, OR,
THE SLAVE OF
DUTY: COMIC OPERA**

THE BOSTON IDEAL OPERA COMPANY,
H. H. OBER, Manager.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

Written by W. S. GILBERT.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD, a Pirate Chief Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.
SAMUEL, his Lieutenant Mr. W. H. MACDONALD.
FREDERIC, a Pirate Apprentice { Mr. TOM KARR.
OR
Mr. W. H. FESSENDEN.
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY, of the British army Mr. H. C. BARNABE.
EDWARD, a Sergeant of Police Mr. GEO. FROTHINGHAM.
MABEL, General Stanley's Youngest Daughter. Miss MARIE STONE.
KATE, }
EDITH, } General Stanley's Daughters . . { Miss LIZZIE BURTON.
ISABEL, } { Miss H. A. BROWN.
 } { Miss MAY CALEY.
RUTH, a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work" Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.
General Stanley's Daughters, Pirates, Policemen, etc.

SCENE.

ACT, 1ST.—*A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall, England.*

ACT 2D.—*A Ruined Chapel on General Stanley's Estate.*

2

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ROBERT B. B. B. B.
Nov. 21, 1923

Mus. 57.303.3

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;
OR,
THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

SCENE.—A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L., sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor.

As the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask. FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C. RUTH kneels at his feet.

OPENING CHORUS.

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

SOLO.—SAMUEL.

For to-day our pirate 'prentice
Rises from indentures 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!

SOLO.—SAMUEL.

Two-and-twenty, now he's rising,
And aloft 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!
So pour, oh pour the pirate sherry, etc.

(FREDERIC rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R. U. E.)

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

ALL. Hurrah!

FREDERIC. 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.

ALL. Leave us?

FRED. For ever!

KING. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error. No matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honor bound by it.

SAMUEL. An error? What error?

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

(RUTH comes down C.)

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

SONG.—RUTH.

When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nursery-maid, and so it fell to my lot
To take and bind this promising boy apprentice to a pilot.

A life not bad for a hardy lad, though certainly not a high
lot;

Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy
a pilot.

I was a stupid nursery-maid, on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of
hearing.

Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.

A sad mistake it was to make, and doom him to a vile lot:
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot!

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster ;
But I hadn't the face to return to my place and break it to my
master.

A nursery-maid is never afraid of what you people *call* work,
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-
work ;

And that is how you find me now a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found had he been bound appren-
tice to a pilot.

RUTH. (*Kneeling at his feet.*) Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

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

(RUTH rises.) -

RUTH. The two words were so much alike!

FRED. They still are, though years have rolled over their
heads! (RUTH goes up with SAMUEL.) 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 inden-
tures 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.

SAMUEL. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to
remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure
I don't know why, but we don't.

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 in-
terests.

ALL. Hear! hear!

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

KING. There is some truth in that.

FRED. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting 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 ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let 'em go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case. *(Crosses R.)*

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 o'clock I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

(RUTH comes down C.)

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.

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

RUTH. It is—oh, it is!

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.

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 well—very well indeed.

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

FRED. Do you really think so? 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 men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive 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.

KING. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins,

let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

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 pirate king.

SONG.—PIRATE KING.

Oh better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

ALL. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

ALL. It is! Hurrah for our Pirate King!

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

ALL. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

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

ALL. It is! Hurrah for our Pirate King!

(After Song, the KING, SAMUEL, and all the Pirates, except FREDERIC and RUTH, go off R. and R. U. E. FREDERIC comes down C., followed by RUTH.)

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