

THE  
PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR  
THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

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SCHUBERT



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Gas Plot.      Act 1.

Everything full up at every avail-  
able point throughout.



Act 2.

White lights down for rise of curtain.

Blue mediums on everything possible.

Raise white floats slightly at General's entrance with light.

Batten on raised " " Ladies " " "

"Victoria's name", blue mediums off everything &  
white lights full up till fall of

Curtain.

Calcium plot.      Act 1.

White open from R + L. all  
through.

Act 2.

Blue mediums from R + L disced.

Change to white at "Victoria's name"  
& remain so till fall of

Curtain.



Property Plot.      Act 1.

Schooner discovered on water row.  
6 pieces of rock discovered about  
stage, used as seats.

Irish bank disc'd by Capt L.

Black Flag behind Queen Rock R.

Flag for General .. Rostrum L & E.

Drinking cups for all pirates.

Brown bottle for Sam.

Packs of Cards - dice & c. for pirates.

Pistols & swords for all pirates.

Handkerchiefs for all pirates.

Act 2.

2 Boxes, padded & colored as stone seats  
in front of R & L E columns.

Rope hidded by steps of window C.

Wreath for table.

Document (indenture) for King

Trunchions & lighted lanterns &

handkerchiefs for all police & sergeant.

Crowbar, Centre-bit, Life preserver,

Keys - Water box - Dr lantern &

file for Sam.

Disguise Cloak for Ted.

Dagger for Ruth.

Candlestick - Guard lighted candle

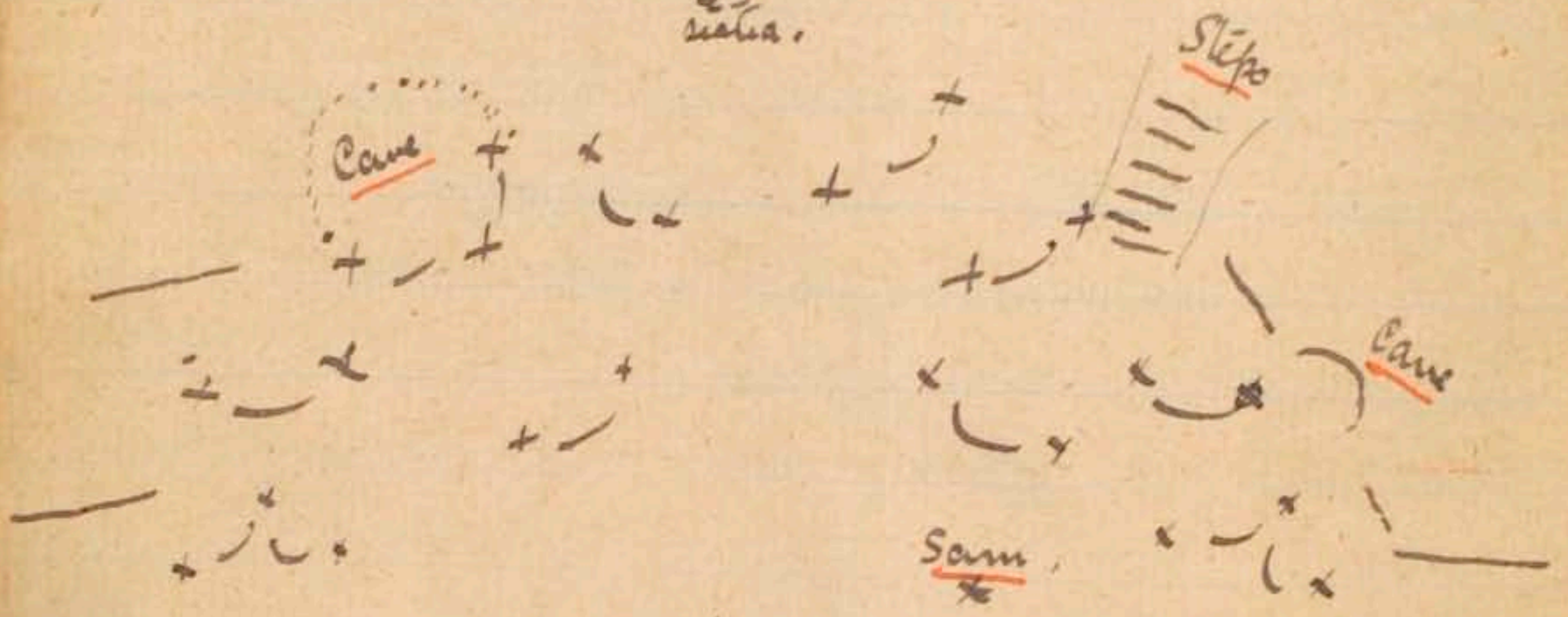
for General & all ladies.



Pirates.  
Fred.  
Sam.  
King.  
Paul.

88

Fred.  
 (C)  
 seats.



At discovery. Pirates are grouped, sitting, standing & drinking & playing cards - vice &c.

@ at end Sam puts his flagon off LSE.

Lights Full up. See Flag R & L.  
Gun for Sentry.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

ACT I.

SCENE. - A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of pirates are discovered - some drinking, 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. ~~Both~~ kneels at his feet.

OPENING CHORUS.

Sam filling cups as he goes round.

Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry;  
 Fill, oh fill the pirate glass;  
 And, to make us more than merry,  
 Let the pirate bumper pass. } cups in hand

SAM.  
Le.

For to-day our pirate 'prentice  
 Rises from indenture freed;  
 Strong his arm and keen his scent,  
 He's a pirate now indeed!

ALL.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!  
 Frederic's out of his indentures. } cups in hand

SAM.  
Re.

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

ALL.

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!  
 Frederic's out of his indentures,  
 So pour! oh pour the pirate sherry, &c. } @

(FREDERIC rises and comes forward with PIRATE KING, who enters down steps L.)



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

**ALL.** Hurrah!

**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 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 honour bound by it.

**SAM.** An error? What error?

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

**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 the 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 nurserymaid, on breakers always steering,  
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing;  
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did gyrate,  
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.  
A sad mistake it was to make and doom him to a vile lot,  
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot.

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster,  
But I hadn't the face to return to my place, and break it to my master  
A nurserymaid is 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 apprentice to a pilot.

**RUTH.** Oh pardon! Frederic, pardon!

**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!

Fred x to R comes - King x to C.

all arms out to Fred - all draw back.

King x R, + Ruths rise - put cups + c away + stand in groups listening.

King. Fred. Sam.

Ruth enters by arch rocks R + listens then comes forward for her cue.

For Song.

King. Ruth. Fred. Sam.

Ruths in groups listen throughout song.

# Folds her arms - all amused.

at end of song Fred gets C - Ruth x to L then kneels to Fred for "Oh pardon" -

King. Fred. Ruth. Sam. Kneeling.

X Fred raises Ruth who goes off arch L - Fred x L - Sam C.



Fred.      King.      Sam.

Prails in groups listening.

# Prails receive the idea.

G King X to R come as Fred gets C.

King.      Fred.      Sam.

# Fred crosses to R as King gets C. Ruth  
appears by same entrance L. going to L C  
for her lines thus —

Fred.      King.  
Ruth -      Sam.

# Sam. I do.  
Fred, then I will not, & C.

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. sets back 15 C. bring to Fred

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, 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.

G 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 them go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums—which we know is not the case. #

SAM. 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. passes Ruth to Fred, R - of 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. (Prints quite enveloping to gether)

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.

(to Sam) 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.) L of C. and then friends,



**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 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 FRED.) R of him -*

**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 civilisation.

**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 our Pirate King!

**KING.**

And it is, it is a glorious thing

To be a Pirate King.

**ALL.**

**Hurrah!**

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 our Pirate King!

**KING.**

And it is, it is a glorious thing

To be a Pirate King!

**ALL.**

**It is!**

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

[Exeunt all except FREDERICK and RUTH

Fred. King-Ruth. Sam.

# Ruth-Fred. King. Sam.

at "death" Piratis extends arms to Fred. dropping them  
at "I swear it".

1st Verse -  
Fa Song.  
Ruth-Fred. King Sam.

# Between verses - Sam x to arch R & takes flag from  
here to King C. as Ruth & Fred sit over L by Sam.

Sam - King. Fred & Ruth  
seated.

# King postures with flag during latter part of 2nd Verse  
at end giving flag to Sam who puts it at back of arch R  
& exits there - King off up steps L. Piratis by various exits R & L



2.

Edith.  
Kate  
Grabel  
Chorus Ladies

For commencement of dialogue  
Fred rises & crosses R of C, Ruth  
follows & begins dialogue.

Fred - Ruth.

Ruth draws her self up & folds her arms.

At "Union": Chorus sing off L. Fred goes R, then  
listens up C then his lines.

position in lines  
1st verse.

Fred - Ruth - recited

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 slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

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

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

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh, no, years and years ago.

FRED. What do you think of yourself?

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

FRED. That is your candid opinion?

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

Shake

FRED. Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise 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 Custom House? No, it does not sound like Custom House.

RUTH (aside). Confusion! 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! sinks on rock near L.

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! — too bad! too bad!

RECIT.

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

RUTH. I have deceived you?

FRED. Yes, deceived me.

(Denouncing her.)

DUET.—FRED 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 am sure I am not a jot so.

FRED. Upon my ignorance 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!  
Verse 2 — 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.  
Don't, beloved master,  
Crush me with disaster.  
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?  
My love unabating  
Has been accumulating  
Forty-seven year—forty-seven year!

ENSEMBLE.

<u>RUTH.</u>	<u>FRED.</u>
Don't beloved master Crush me with disaster.	Yes, your former master Saves you from disaster.
What is such a dower to the dower I have here? My love unabating Has been accumulating	Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear, If, as you are stating, It's been accumulating
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.—FRED.

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens,  
I dare not show in this detested costume.  
No, better far 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 sea shore they gain!

EDITH.

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

At end of 1<sup>st</sup> Verse Fred X down L & Ruth  
Kneels R of him C.  
position (2<sup>nd</sup> Verse)

Ruth. Fred.  
Knelt.

near end of duet Fred & Ruth struggle over  
by R where he throws her off. she exits RSE.

For Re-entrance Fred is C. at end runs  
off into Cave L.

# Ruth leads some Chorus Ladies on two arch  
over R, as Edith & Isabel lead remainder  
on down steps L. where on stage positions

thus —  
° ° Chorus Ladies. ° °  
° ° Ruth, Edith, Isabel. ° °

X Chorus dance in 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> forms. 3 principals together C  
leaving Edith C at end for her solo. other 2  
turning up & looking around stage with Chorus Ladies



§ Dance as before for Chorus & Principals  
leaving Kate C in her solo - other 2  
turning up with Chorus at back.

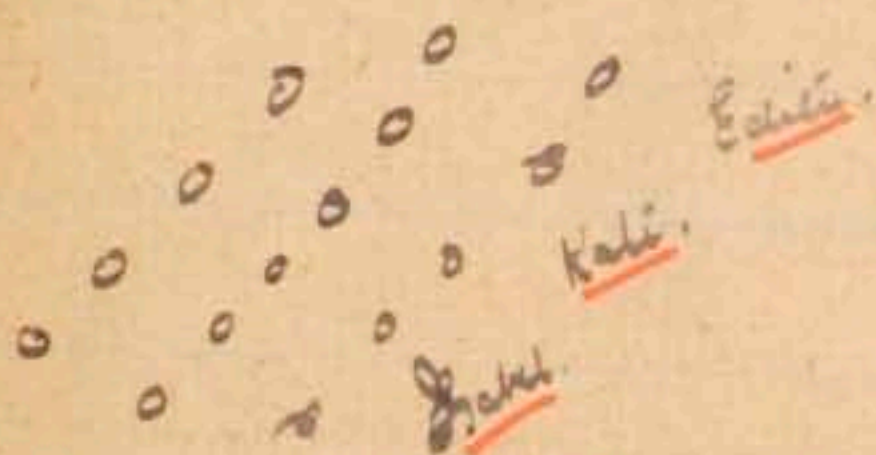
For Ensemble at end Chorus reform circle  
- principals in C - & all during R & L attending  
till end, then break up in groups for  
dialogue thus -

Chorus in groups.

Edith - Kate - Isabel

# Kate x R as Edith goes C.

All dress in oblique lines R & remain one shoe -



Fred.

As "blushing buds" all turn slightly to Fred. about at  
"Sore of heart" replace shoe on foot & gradually take  
up semi circle positions -

ALL Hail it as a true ally  
Though it perish by-and-bya } Coming down a little  
for this, then retire up.

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,  
Reveling in fresh sea air,  
Here we live and reign alone  
In a world that's all our own.  
Here in this our rocky den  
Far away from mortal men  
We'll be queens, and make decrees—  
They may honour them who please.  
Let us gaily tread the measure, &c.

ALL. 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 come over a rather difficult country.  
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 sea is as smooth as glass. Sup-  
pose 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!  
ALL (hopping on one foot). A man! (all alarmed.)

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!  
ALL (recoiling hopping). A pirate! Horror! all turn & hop to R.

FRED. Ladies, do not shudder! Shun me!  
This evening I renounce my wild profession;  
And to that aid, oh, pure and peerless maidens!  
Oh, blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty!  
I, sore of heart, implore your kind assistance.



EDITH. How pitiful his tale!  
KATE. How rare his beauty!  
ALL. How pitiful his tale! How rare his beauty!

SONG.—FREDERIC.

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?

ALL. 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 hopes to disappear  
Of ever winning man's affection?  
To such a 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!

ALL. 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!

ALL. No, no—not one!

FRED. Not one?  
No, no!

MABEL enters.

MABEL. Yes, one!

ALL. 'Tis Mabel!

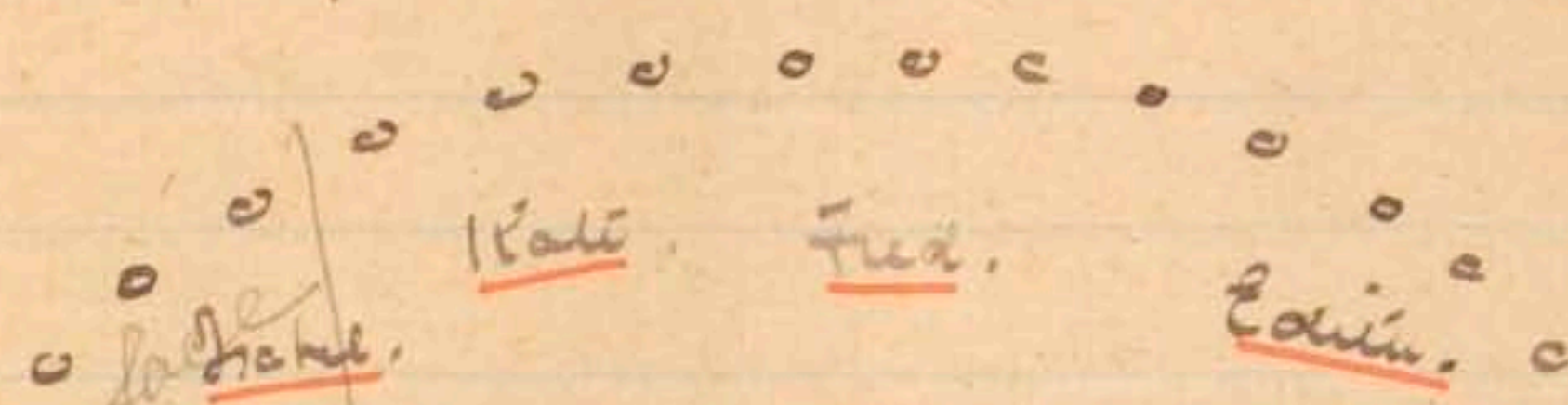
MABEL. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECIT.—MABEL

Oh, sisters, deaf to pity's name,  
For shame!  
It's true that he has gone astray,  
But pray,  
Is that a reason good and true  
Why you  
Should all be deaf to pity's name?  
For shame!

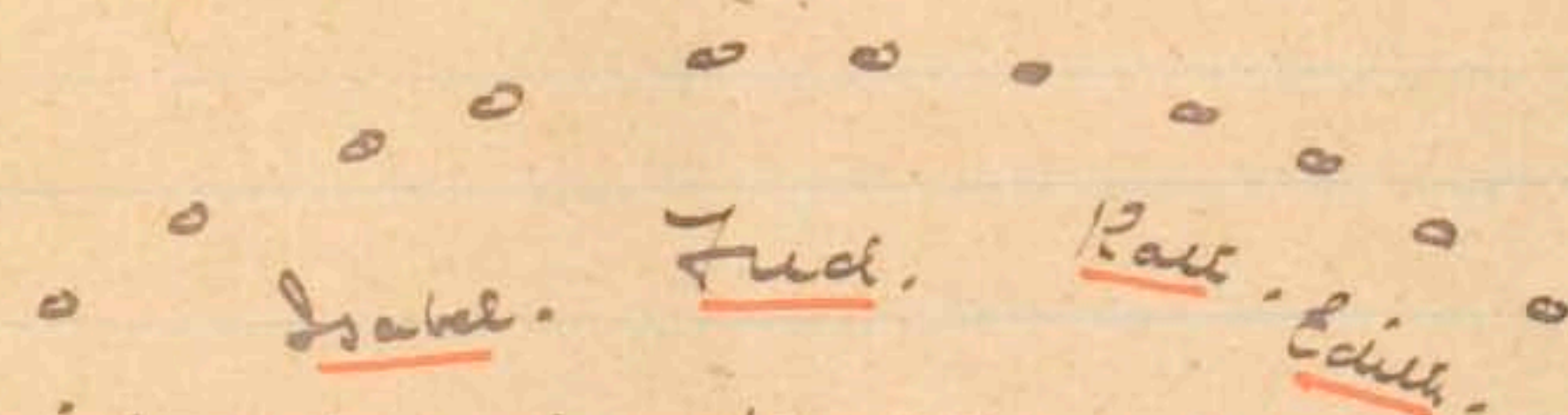
*her sister's name*  
*she's better*  
*partly to*  
*Mabel*

G all getting to crucial position thus thus  
Fred attempts to approach Edith thus sym, who  
runs over L.  
continuation - 1<sup>st</sup> verse of song.

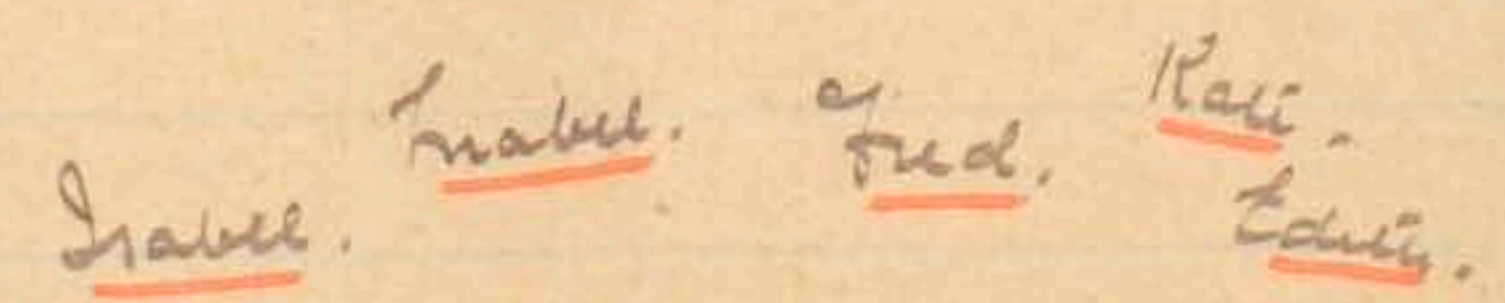


Gives turn to & away from Fred during song.  
Between verse Fred goes round approaching  
- all drum him. he attempts to seize Kate  
who is in front to Ref Edith over L.

2<sup>nd</sup> verse -



Similar business thus occurs at end -





Mabel takes R corner two lines &  
 returns to C for Song - Fred is young  
 then & is drawn back I by Edith  
 & Kate who detain him then till  
 end of song when he breaks away to  
 Mabel & takes her up into scene 2.  
 Edith then beckons & Ladies form in  
 small circle down stage for Edith's  
 solo, thus -

Chorus Ladies.

O O O O O O O  
 O O Isabel. Edith. Kate. O

ALL (aside)

The question is, had he not been  
 A thing of beauty,  
 Would she be swayed by quite as keen  
 A sense of duty?

} to each other.

SONG—MABEL.

Poor wandering one,  
 Though thou hast strayed,  
 Take heart of grace,  
 Thy steps retrace,  
 Be not—be not afraid,  
 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!

ALL

Take heart; no danger lowers;  
 Take any heart—but ours!

hear voices call  
 who call

(EDITH beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

EDITH.

What ought we to do,  
 Gentle sisters, pray?  
 Propriety, we know,  
 Says we ought to stay;  
 While sympathy exclaims,  
 "Free them from your tether—  
 Play at other games—  
 Leave them here together."

handscerw

3 lines  
no adhears

} all listen.

KATE.

Her case may, any day,  
 Be yours, my dear, or mine.  
 Let her make her hay  
 While the sun doth shine.  
 Let us compromise,  
 (Our hearts are not of leather)  
 Let us shut our eyes,  
 And talk about the weather.

} all listen

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

} to each other.



CHATTERING CHORUS.

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

*(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 goodness knows  
How much exceeding gladness?

FRED. Oh yes, ah, yes, this is exceeding gladness.

GIRLS. How beautifully blue the sky, &c.

SOLO.—FRED.

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

MABEL. Ah, yes—ah, yes; I am a lady of position!

ENSEMBLE.

MABEL.  
Did ever maiden wake,  
&c.

FRED.  
Did ever pirate loathed,  
&c.

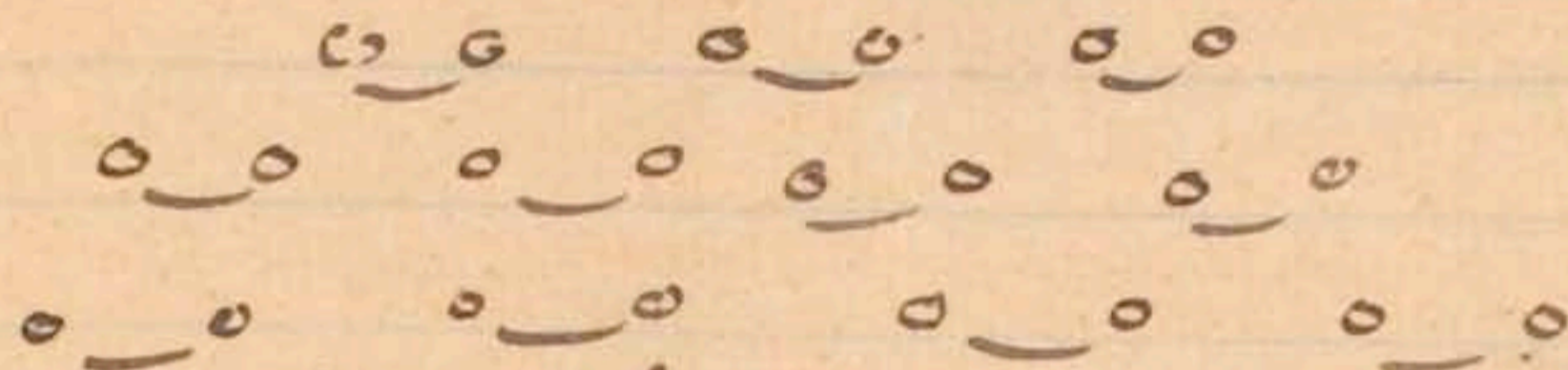
GIRLS.  
How beautifully blue  
the sky, &c.

RECIT.—FRED.

Stay, we must not lose our senses,  
Men who stick at no offences  
Will anon be here.  
Piracy their dreadful trade is,  
Pray you, get you hence, young ladies,  
While the coast is clear.

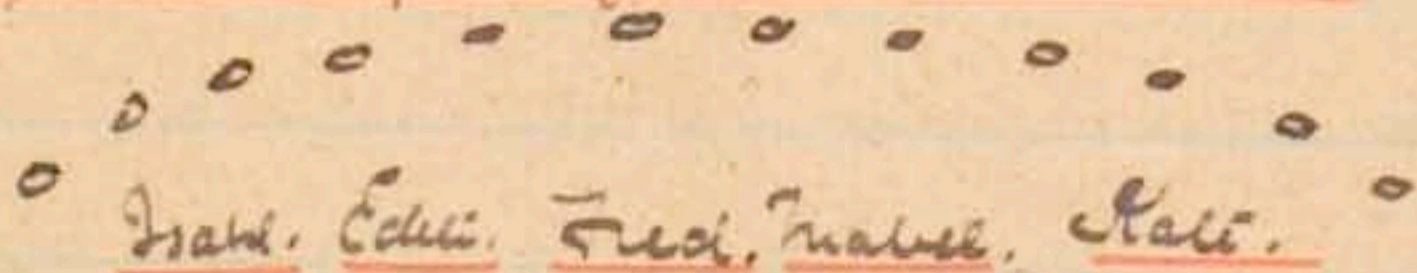
*Fred enters  
during  
girls' chatter  
& solo of Mabel*

For this chorus, ladies retire up stage & kneel facing each other in 2<sup>o</sup> at back.



Mabel, Fred, Kate

At cue Mabel & Fred enter from center & walk together over to R—(Fred makes solo—) & then to L. After chorus resume their chattering, Fred & Mabel recross to R (two Fred solo) where same business is repeated—after assuming themselves the ladies are chattering, Fred & Mabel recross to L & turn to C for end—after ensemble ladies rise for "Stay"—positions thus—



Mabel, Fred, Mabel, Kate

King, followed by Pirates, enter down steps L & Sam & Mabel turn back R—during Fred's solo & repeat by Ladies.







from Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news— pause—  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse

pause  
moment - ALL.

With many cheerful facts, &c.

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

*handwritten notes*  
hence the name  
to the

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

ES. 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 parabolus.  
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, — pause —

And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense "Pinafore."

pause  
moment - ALL.

And whistle all the airs, &c.

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

pause  
moment - ALL.

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

ES. In fact when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and  
"ravelin,"

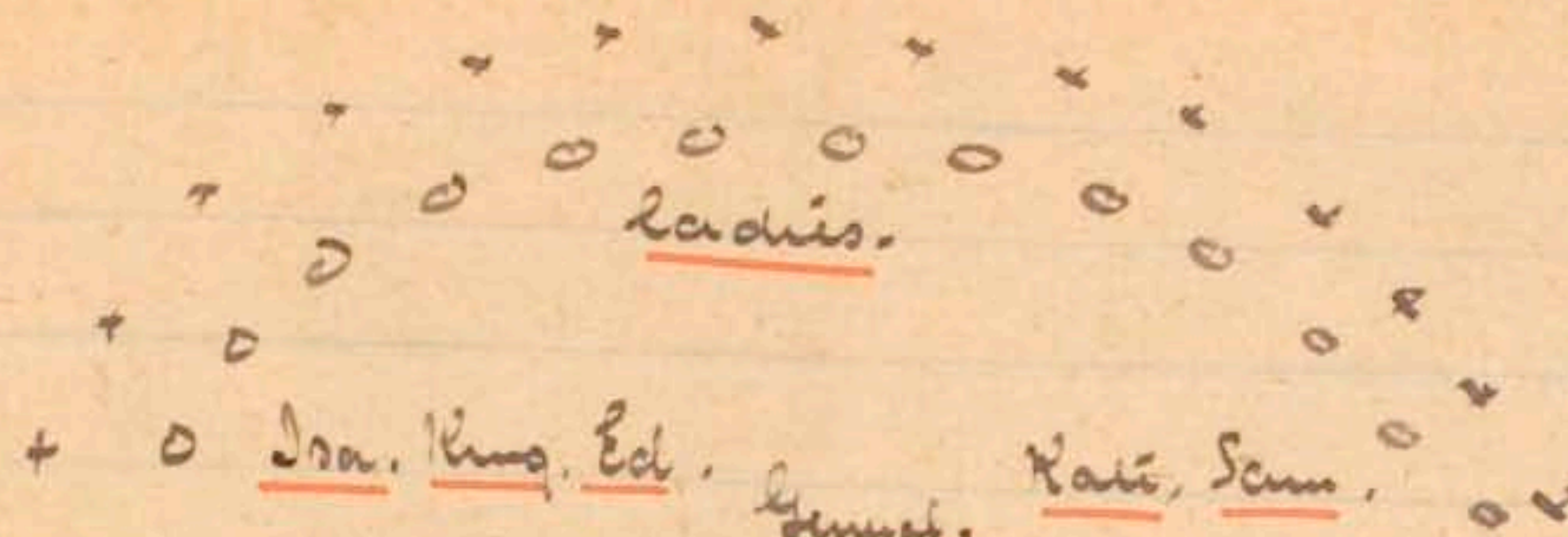
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by commissariat,  
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern  
gunnery,

When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,

In short when I've a smattering of elemental strategy, — pause —  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee—

ALL You'll say a better, &c.

Pratis.



positions as above for General's song -

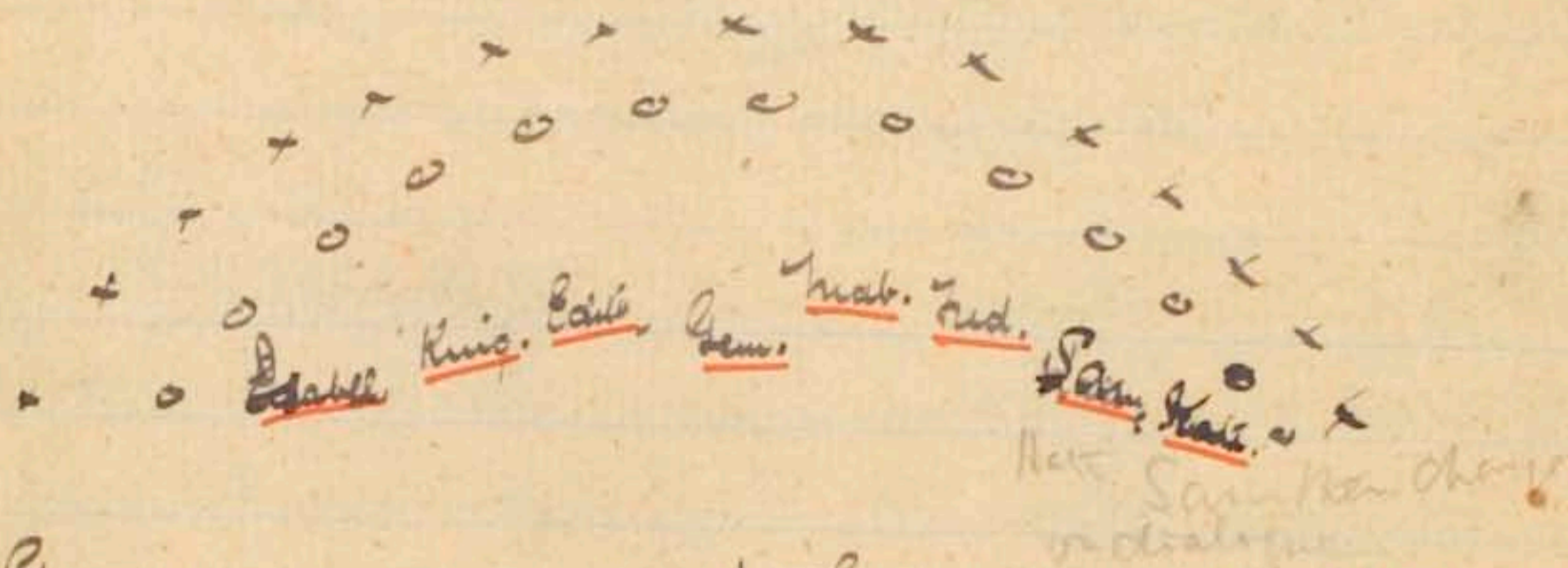
After his pauses, General takes the stage R or L +  
then each chorus repeat, all do slight dancing  
movement on toes for remainder of each verse.

# As General says "Sat a gee", he places his  
sword between his legs, & ticks over to L.  
then returns to C for remainder of song.

*Handwritten notes:*  
Har off after 8 p.m.  
Wade Horse  
The whole that's said in the above is  
I have it



at end of song General takes stage &  
back to C in dialogue, as Fred & Mabel  
re enter from scene L - positions thus -



General crosses over to L. returns C at  
"wait a bit".

General crosses over to L. returns C at "tell me"

Gen turns away to L - then returns to King  
at "Stop".

GEN. For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventurous,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century,  
But still in ~~learning~~ <sup>mastering</sup> vegetable, animal and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General!  
ALL. But still in ~~learning~~ <sup>mastering</sup> vegetable, animal and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General!

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

KATE. Oh, papa—we— *Sam stops her -*

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—this is a picturesque  
uniform, but I'm not familiar with it. What are you? *become father of King*

KING. We are all single gentlemen. *(pirates fold arms)*

GEN. Yes, I gathered that—anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them, they are pirates—the famous Pirates  
of Penzance!

GEN. The Pirates of Penzance? I have often heard of them.

MABEL. All except this gentleman—*(indicating FREDERIC)*—who was  
a pirate once, 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 Major-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 me of these the sole remaining props of  
my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of my life, un-  
friended, unprotected, 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. *X*

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.

GEN. Ah, you said often—frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GEN. (irritated). Exactly, you said often, frequently, only once. Gen. L.

RECIT.—GENERAL in 2 corners.

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

KING. An orphan boy?  
GEN. An orphan boy! (Gen X to C.)  
PIRATES. How sad—an orphan boy!

SOLO.—GENERAL C.

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

Poor fellow!

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

Poor fellow!

If pity you can feel  
Leave me my sole remaining joy,  
See, at your feet they kneel;  
Your hearts you cannot steel

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

Poor fellow!

Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.

KING. The orphan boy!

SAM. The orphan boy!

ALL. The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow!

ENSEMBLE.

GENERAL.  
I'm telling a terrible story,  
But it doesn't diminish my  
glory;  
For they would have taken  
my daughters  
Over the billowy waters,  
If I hadn't, in elegant diction,  
Indulged in an innocent  
fiction;  
Which is not in the same  
category  
As a regular terrible story.

GIRLS (aside).  
He's telling a terrible story,  
Which will tend to diminish  
his glory;  
Though they would have taken  
his daughters  
Over the billowy waters.  
It's easy, in elegant diction,  
To call it an innocent fiction;  
But it comes in the same  
category  
As a regular terrible story.

PIRATES (aside).  
If he's telling a terrible story  
He shall die by a death that  
is gory,  
One of the cruellest slaughters  
That ever was known in these  
waters;  
And we'll finish his moral  
affliction  
By a very complete maledic-  
tion,  
As a compliment valedictory,  
If he's telling a terrible story

*Handwritten notes:*  
Crows in semi circles -  
Ladies .. inner ..  
King, Ed. ..  
Sam ..  
Kali ..  
# all ladies kneel & appear to Pirates -  
Pirates take one their hands & sweep on  
each others shoulders after each poor fellow!

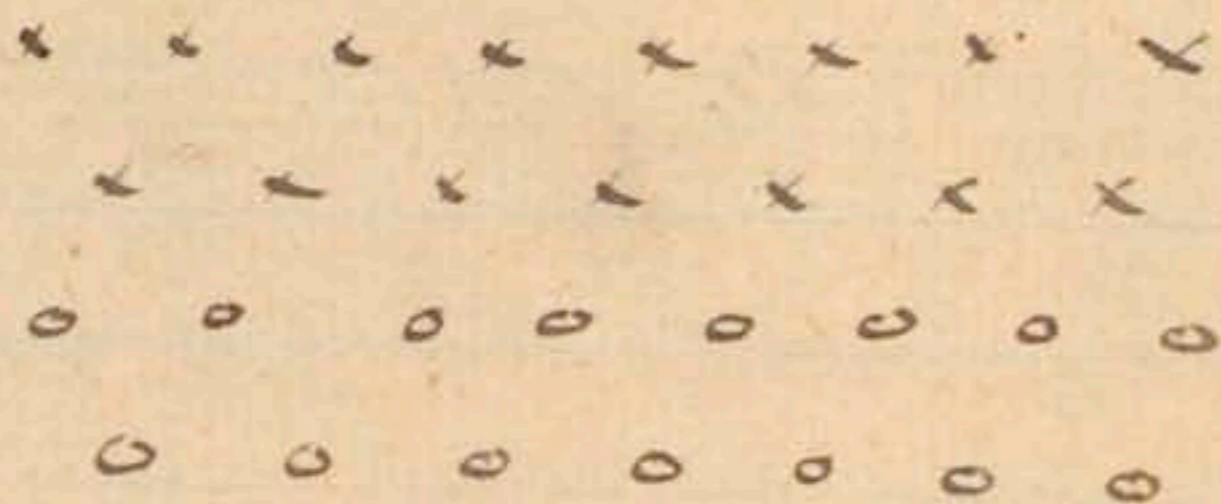
X Gen turns back on audience as King & Sam meet  
& show their sheets - wing each others hands  
then later part & then get back to places  
as all rise - & Gen goes down to front  
for his next solo "I'm telling"  
For ensemble of this all time in two  
to ed other & principals at end line up  
stage across at back -



Principals up stage then - Chorus in circles

Isa. King, Edm. Gen. Trub. Fred. Ralt. Sam.

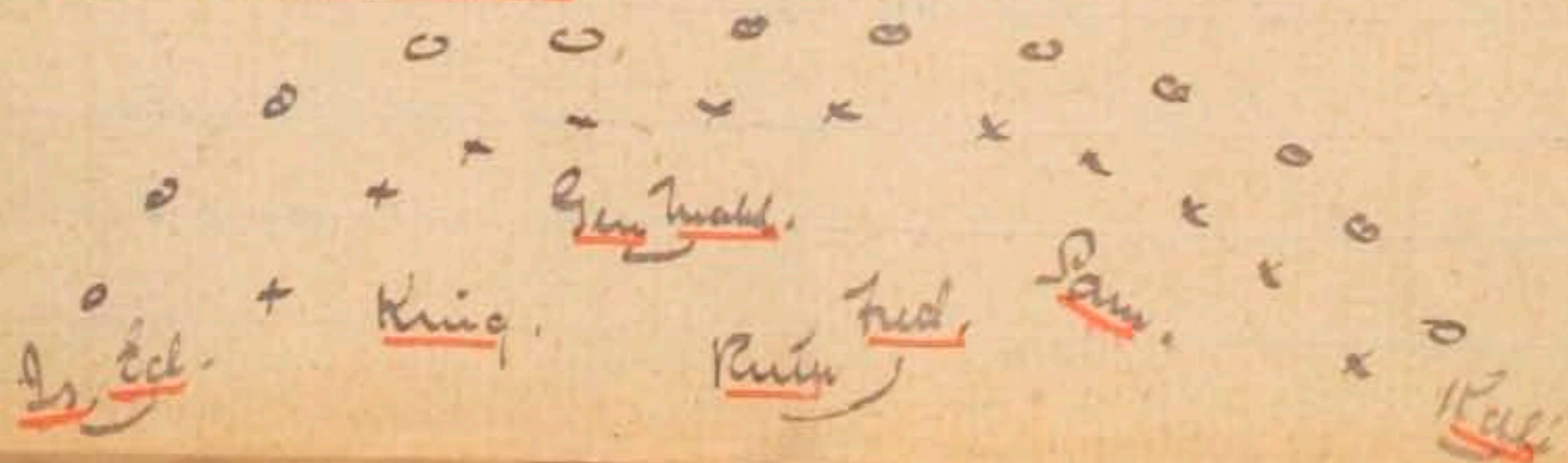
⊖ Isa King who, he marches down stage - + then  
2nd part of it remains still as all others on  
stage take steps to positions as under - kneeling  
then for Chorus "Hail Poetry".



Isa. King, Ed. Gen. Trub. Fred. Ralt. Sam.

⊕ Ladies delighted - Shake hands with "Pirates".

# Then this Chorus Ladies dance in line -  
Pirates at back of them - all among line  
Ruth runs on from Arch R + kneels to Fred -  
Ladies get to back as pirates close round  
Fred + Ruth -



⊖

King.

Although our dark career  
Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,  
We rather think that we're  
Not altogether void of feeling.  
Although we live by strife,  
We're always sorry to begin it,  
And what, we ask, is life  
Without a touch of Poetry in it?

*hand in hand march*

ALL (kneeling).

Hail Poetry, thou heaven-born maid,  
Thou gilstest e'en the pirate's trade:  
Hail flowing fount of sentiment,  
All hail Divine Emollient! (All rise.)

*all kneel*

*Quarrel*

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 an orphan boy.

GEN.

And it sometimes is a useful thing  
To be an orphan boy.  
(Chorus.) It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!

*frustrated*

Oh, happy day, with joyous glee  
They will away and merry be;  
Should it befall auspiciously,  
Our sisters all will bridesmaids be;

RUTH enters and comes down to FRED.

RUTH.

Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!  
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!  
(Chorus.) Yes, yes, remember Ruth who kneels before you

FRED.

(Pirates threaten RUTH.) Away, you did deceive me!  
(Chorus.) Away, you did deceive him!

RUTH.

Oh, do not leave me!  
(Chorus.) Oh, do not leave her!

FRED.

Away, you grieve me!  
(Chorus.) Away, you grieve her!

FRED.

I wish you'd leave me.

(FRED. casts RUTH from him.) + she exits down L.



ENSEMBLE

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

KING For we are all orphan boys;

ALL We are;  
Hurrah for the orphan boys!

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

ALL It is;  
Hurrah for the orphan boy!

[Girls and GENERAL go up rocks, while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage. The GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING produces a black flag with skull and cross-bones]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight. Ruined Gothic windows at back  
GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated pensively, surrounded by his 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.

# Pirates resume their former circle -  
Chorus lachis in rear -  
Principals in front, as under -

Is. Kg. Ed. Gen. Mab. Ted. Kate. Sam.

Swinging movement by chorus kept up  
to "Boatin", then x arms on chests  
+ two instrumental at end. General  
goes up on to Rostrum L. & gets flag in  
picture there, and lachis jump around  
him, on steps + upper part of stage -  
Pirates join 2 circles + dance R + L -  
Ruler enters from Rowe, goes to Ted  
who throws her off - King gets  
flag by arch R - Sam stands by him

King. Gen. on rostrum,  
 Sam. Lachis on steps +  
 Mab. Ted.

Pirates.

Ruler.  
lying.

Pirates.

Act 2nd.

Michael  
Stanley  
part

9-58



In use of curtain Act 2. positions as under.

o \_ o o \_ o

o \_ o o \_ o o \_ o

o Isak Gen. Edin, kneeling o \_ o o \_ o  
o Kati seated o \_ o o \_ o

Mabel enters from RWE, towards end of opening  
chords & goes down taking center place for  
her solo "dear father," Gen. withdrawn at  
end Fred enters from LWE, goes down C for  
beginning of dialogue -

# Fred x to Gen, & Mabel goes Lc.

@ Gen rises & trips Fred down slightly.

\* Police enter, double file, led by Sergeant  
LWE - march down L, x front, up R & down  
C turning R & L into single line as under

o \_ o o \_ o o \_ o o \_ o Ladies

o / o \_ o o \_ o o \_ o o \_ o

x x x x Police x x x x  
Isa. Kati Gen. Ed. Serg. Fred. 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 midnight hour is past,  
The chilly night air is damp,  
And the dews are falling fast!  
Dear father why leave your bed  
When happy daylight is dead?

FREDERIC enters.

MABEL. Oh, Frederic, cannot you 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?

GEN. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches, I described myself as an orphan, and, heaven forgive 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 property a year ago, and the stucco in your baronial hall is scarcely dry.

GEN. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors, you cannot deny that. With the estate, I bought the chapel 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. 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, my 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 Police, marching in double file. They form in line facing audience.

SONG.—SERGEANT.

When the foeman bares his steel  
Tarantara! tarantara!  
We uncomfortable feel,  
Tarantara!



And we find the wisest thing,  
                   Tarantara! tarantara!  
 Is to slap our chests and sing  
                   Tarantara!  
 For when threatened with emeutes,  
                   Tarantara! tarantara!  
 And your heart is in your boots,  
                   Tarantara!  
 There is nothing brings it round,  
                   Tarantara! tarantara!

Like the trumpet's martial sound,  
                   Tarantara! tarantara!  
 Tarantara, ra-ra-ra-ra!  
 Tarantara, ra-ra-ra-ra!

ALLMABEL #

Go, ye heroes, go to glory,  
 Though you die in combat gory  
 Ye shall live in song and story.  
                   Go to immortality.  
 Go to death, and go to slaughter;  
 Die, and every Cornish daughter  
 With her tears your grave shall water.  
                   Go, ye heroes; go and die.  
                   Go, ye heroes; go and die.

ALLPOLICE.

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!  
 Still to us its evident  
 These attentions are well meant,  
                   Tarantara.

(EDITH crosses to SERG. c.) from R.EDITH.

Go and do your best endeavour  
 And before all links we sever,  
 We will say farewell for ever,  
                   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.

ALL

Yes, your foes are fierce and ruthles &c.

at each line of "Tarantara" - police bring  
truncheons to mouth, trumpet fashion.

# Mabel goes out to Serg, & back again  
to Fred L after her solo.

Da Kat Gun.    Edith. Serg.    Mabel. Fred.



Edith returns to Gen R after her solo.

# Police turn faces to + from ed other thro  
this.

\* Gen goes out to Serg.

⊖ at end, Police march off L/E. in  
single file - Serg last - General +  
Edith back to R of stage + exult  
by exits there - Mabel + Fred go up  
C + part there, General taking Mabel  
off R/E - Fred remains -

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

ALL. # Yes, to them it's evident  
Our attentions are well meant.  
Tarantara ra-ra-ra-ra  
Go, ye heroes, go to glory, &c.

\* GEN. Away, away!  
POLICE (without moving). Yes, yes, we go.  
GEN. These pirates slay.  
POLICE. Yes, yes, we go.  
GEN. Then do not stay.  
POLICE. We go, we go.  
GEN. Then why all this delay?  
POLICE. All right—we go, we go.

} Police make forward  
movements with their  
truncheons.

Yes, forward on the foe,  
Ho, ho! Ho, ho!  
We go, we go, we go!  
Tarantara-ra-ra!  
Then forward on the foe!  
Yes, forward!  
Yes, forward!  
GEN. Yes, but you *don't* go!  
POLICE. We go, we go, we go!  
ALL. At last they really go—Tarantara-ra-ra!

ENSEMBLE.  
Chorus of all but Police. Go and do your best endeavour,  
And before all links we sever  
We will say farewell for ever;  
Go to glory and the grave.  
For your foes are fierce and ruth-  
less,  
False, unmerciful and truth-  
less.  
Young and tender, old and tooth-  
less,  
All in vain their mercy crave.  
Chorus of Police. Such expressions don't appear  
Tarantara, tarantara!  
Calculated men to cheer,  
Tarantara!  
Who are going to their fate  
Tarantara, tarantara!  
In a highly nervous state—  
Tarantara!  
We observe too great a stress  
Tarantara, tarantara!  
On the risks that on us press,  
Tarantara!  
And of reference a lack,  
Tarantara, tarantara!  
To our chance of coming back—  
Tarantara!

(MABEL tears herself from FREDERIC and exit, followed by her sisters, consoling her. The GENERAL and there follow the POLICE. FREDERIC remains.)



## RECIT. — FREDERIC.

Now for the pirate's 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.

(The PIRATE KING and RUTH appear at the window armed.)

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.)

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 FRED.

When first you left our pirate fold  
 We tried to cheer our spirits faint,  
 According to our customs old,  
 With quips and quibbles quaint.  
 But all in vain, the quips we heard,  
 We lay and sobbed upon the rocks,  
 Until to somebody occurred  
 An entertaining paradox.

FRED. A paradox!

KING (laughing). A paradox.

RUTH. A most ingenious paradox.

We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
 But none to beat this paradox!  
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

KING. We knew your taste for curious quips,  
 For cranks and contradictions queer,  
 And with the laughter on our lips,  
 We wished you had been 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? That paradox?

X King + Ruth enter thro window at  
back - King coming down slowly  
to R of Fred, Ruth to L.

King - Fred - Ruth.

⊕ King + Ruth laugh + see R + L.

King.  
seated.

Fred.

Ruth  
seated.



King. Fred.

Ruth.  
seated.

⊕ King re seats himself R.C.

King  
seated.

Fred.

Ruth  
seated.

KING }  
and } (*laughing*). That most ingenious paradox,  
RUTH }

We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,  
But none to beat that paradox!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!

King rises -

CHANT.—KING.

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

KING. 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, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! (FREDERIC more amused than any.) ⊕

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

ALL. He is a little boy of five. Ha, ha!  
At common sense she gaily mocks;  
So quaint a wag is Paradox.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

KING. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

RUTH. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FRED. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ALL. Ho, ho, ho, ho! (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.

(*rising*) KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birth-day (*producing document*), and, going by birth-days, 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.

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

RUTH. We insist on nothing, we content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty— *King, your duty!*

(*going R*) 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!

KING. Bravely spoken. Come, you are one of us once more. (*turns up C*)

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

KING. } What is the matter?  
RUTH. }

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

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

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING. } Yes, yes!  
RUTH. }

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?

KING. } What!  
*and*  
RUTH. }

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? (*FRED, nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night. (*turns up C into Ruth's*)

FRED. But—

KING. Not a word. He is doomed.

TRIO.

KING and RUTH.

Away, away, my heart's on fire,  
I burn this base deception to  
repay,  
This very day my vengeance dire  
Shall glut itself in gore. Away,  
away! (*turn up C*)

FRED, coming down

Away, away, 'ere I expire—  
I find my duty hard to do to-day!  
My heart is filled with anguish dire,  
It strikes me to the core. Away,  
away!

King.  
said.

Fred.

Ruth.  
said.

Ruth, your duty!

King gets to C as Fred goes R.

King.

Ruth.

Fred.

# King & Ruth go down for trio -  
Fred goes up -



Fred.    King.    Ruth.

# King & Ruth run up to window - Fred follows  
they turn & shout to indenture, & so the  
window off L. Fred runs down stage.

Mabel enters RBE

Mabel.    Fred.

X Mabel X to Lc.

Fred.    Mabel.

(Coming down C)

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,  
To-night the traitor dies.  
Yes, yes; to-night the traitor dies.

ALL.

RUTH

KING.

FRED.

RUTH.

KING.

FRED.

RUTH.

KING.

ALL.

To-night he dies.  
Yes, or early to-morrow.  
His girls likewise?  
They will welter in sorrow.  
The one soft spot—  
In their nature's they cherish—  
And all who plot—  
To abuse it shall perish!  
Yes, all who plot  
To abuse it shall perish!  
Away, away, &c.

[Exit King and Ruth #]

Enter MABEL.

RECIT.—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—  
But you are twenty-one?

MABEL.

FRED.

I've just discovered  
That I was born in leap year, and that birthday  
Will not be reached by me till 1940.

+ MABEL.

Oh, horrible! catastrophe appalling!

FRED.

And so, farewell! (turning up C)

MABEL.

No, no! Oh Frederic, hear me

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!

(Mabel bringing him down)

FRED.

Nay, Mabel, nay,  
To-night I quit these walls.  
The thought my soul appals.  
But when stern Duty calls,  
I must obey.



MABEL. Stay, Frederic, stay—  
FRED. Nay, Mabel, nay—  
MABEL. They have no claim—  
FRED. But Duty's name!  
 The thought my soul appals,  
 But when stern Duty calls,  
 I must obey.

BALLAD.—MABEL.

Oh, leave me not to pine  
 Alone and desolate;  
 No fate seemed fair as mine,  
 No happiness so great!  
 And nature, day by day,  
 Has sung, in accents clear,  
 This joyous roundelay,

"He loves thee—he is here.

Fa-la, fa-la, fa-la" (both rise - 30 c.)

FRED. Ah, I must 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, fa-la, fa-la,"  
 He loves thee, he is gone.

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:

ENSEMBLE.

Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
 And here is food for joyous laughter.

He } will be faithful to { his } sooth  
 She } { her }

Till we are wed, and even after.

What joy to know that though { he } must  
 I }

Embrace piratical adventures,

He } will be faithful to { his } trust  
 She } { her }

Till { he is } out of { his } indentures.  
 I am { my }

FRED. Farewell! Adieu!

BOTH. Farewell! Adieu!

[FRED. rushes to window and leaps out.]

Fred. Mabel.

← Mabel stops Fred from going off  
& he sits on seat L.C. She kneels  
R of him.

Mabel. Fred (seated.)  
(Kneeling.)

Mabel. Fred.

Both turn up C at end - embrace & Fred  
goes off L thro C window - Mabel  
is left C.



Mabel.

Mabel goes R as Police march on LSE.

Police.

Mabel.

Sergeant.

#

Serg.

Serg.

(Feeling-pulse) Yes, I am brave! Oh, family descent,  
How great thy charm, thy sway how excellent!  
Come, one and all, undaunted men in blue,  
A crisis, now, affairs are coming to!

(Enter POLICE, marching in single file.) RSE.

SERG.

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

Tarantara, tarantara, ra-ra-ra-ra!

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

ALL. That is not 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.

ALL. He has acted shamefully.

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

ALL. 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. RSE.]

ALL. Very well.

SERG. This is perplexing. (crosses L.) #

ALL. We cannot understand it at all.

SERG. Still, as he is actuated by a sense of duty—

ALL. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time we repeat, we cannot understand it at all.

X to R. SERG. No matter; our course is clear. We must do our best to capture these 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 all—but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

ALL. We should.

SERG. It is too late now!

ALL. It is.

SONG.—SERGEANT.

When a felon's not engaged in his employment—  
His employment.

ALL. Or maturing his felonious little plans—  
Little plans.

ALL.



SERG. His capacity for innocent enjoyment—  
ALL. 'Cent enjoyment.  
SERG. Is just as great as any honest man's—  
ALL. Honest man's.  
SERG. Our feelings we with difficulty smother—  
ALL. 'Culty smother.  
SERG. When constabulary duty's to be done—  
ALL. To be done,  
SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—  
ALL. With another,  
SERG. A policeman's lot is not a happy one.  
ALL. When constabulary duty's to be done,  
 To be done,  
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one.

SERG. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—  
ALL. Not a-burgling,  
SERG. When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime—  
ALL. 'Pied in crime,  
SERG. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—  
ALL. Brook a-gurgling,  
SERG. And listen to the merry village chime—  
ALL. Village chime.  
SERG. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—  
ALL. On his mother,  
SERG. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—  
ALL. In the sun,  
SERG. Ah, take one consideration with another—  
ALL. With another,  
SERG. The policeman's lot is not a happy one,  
ALL. When constabulary duty's to be done—  
 To be done,  
 The policeman's lot is not a happy one—  
 Happy one!

Serg sets R, at end.

(Chorus of Pirates without, in the distance.) R 3 E.

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

R. SERG

Hush, hush! I hear them on the manor poaching, (police listen)  
 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.

Serg.



Police hide up L C. + Serg exits L E -  
 Police remove lighted lanterns - passed off L.  
 Pirates enter from R 3 E headed by Sam  
 carrying burglar tools - Fred comes thru  
 window follow by King + Ruth who hold  
 pistols to Freds head - all take steps  
 down stage - pirates men drawn sword -  
 Fred turns up C + off L 3 E. Ruth goes  
 off L E. King off R 3 E + Sam from  
 L begins his solo, giving up props to  
 pirates as he gets over to R. King re-  
 enters + comes down R of C for entrance  
 pirates keeping to the back - at end  
 Fred enters from L 3 E + exits R 1 E with King  
 after solo. Sam off R 2<sup>d</sup> + Pirates hide R E.  
 General enters from L 3 E with lighted candle  
 + comes down C

POLICE. They seek a penalty—  
 PIRATES (without). Fifty-fold;

We seek a penalty—  
 POLICE. Fifty-fold;

ALL { We } seek a penalty fifty-fold  
 { They }

For General Stanley's story.

POLICE. They come in force, with stealthy stride,  
 Our obvious course is now—to hide. G

POLICE conceal themselves. As they do so, the Pirates, with RUTH and  
 FREDERIC, are seen appearing at ruined window. They enter  
 cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. SAMUEL is laden with  
 burglarious tools and pistols, &c.

CHORUS.—PIRATES (very loud).

With cat-like tread,  
 Upon our prey we steal,  
 In silence dread  
 Our cautious way we feel.

POLICE (pianissimo). Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES. No sound at all,  
 We never speak a word,  
 A fly's foot-fall  
 Could be distinctly heard—

POLICE. Tarantara, tarantara!

PIRATES. Ha! ha!  
 Ho! ho!  
 So stealthily the pirate creeps  
 While all the household soundly sleeps,  
 Ha! ha! ho! ho!

POLICE (pianissimo). Tarantara, tarantara,  
 (forte) Tarantara!

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

Here's your crowbar and your centrebit,  
 Your life preserver—you may want to hit;  
 Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize,  
 Take your file and your skeletonic keys.

ALL (fortissimo). With cat-like tread, &c.

RECIT.

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

GEN (without). Yes, yes, the Major-General comes!

PIRATES.—He comes.

GEN. (entering in dressing-gown, carrying a light).—Yes, yes, I come.

POLICE.—He comes.

GEN.—Yes, yes, I come.

ALL. The Major-General comes.



SOLO.—GENERAL.

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

PIRATES. He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha!

POLICE. He thought he heard a noise—ha! ha! (Very loud.)

after pause.—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. C.

Sighing softly to the river  
Comes the loving breeze,  
Setting nature all a-quiver,  
Rustling through the trees—  
Through the trees.

ALL.

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

(Police & Pirates  
wave arms.)

POLICE  
and  
PIRATES.

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

GEN.

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

ALL.  
GEN.

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

POLICE  
and  
PIRATES

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 the fickle breeze.

Enter the General's daughters, all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and  
carrying lighted candles.

x x x  
x x x  
x x  
x x x  
Pirates hiding.

o o o  
o o o  
o o o  
o o o  
Police hiding.

General.

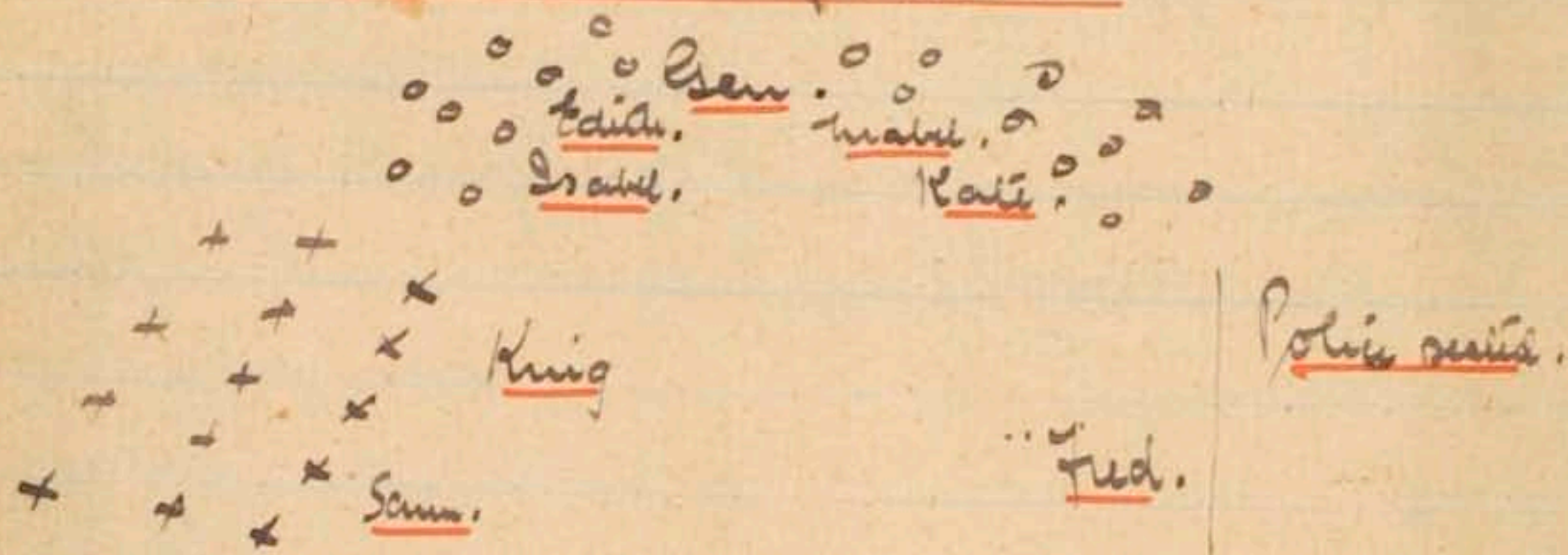
# Gen runs R & L & listens during the  
symphony of song.

At end of song, Ladies run on sharply  
from R to 3 E, with lighted candles, &  
surround General.

o o o o o o  
o Dr. Betty Gen. Kate. o



At end. King enters RSE, Pirates rise, 2 run forward & capture Gen. & tie him to a window. Ladies retire up & kneel around the General. Fred enters RSE X to LE. Sam enters RSE & stands R with King & Pirates. Mabel runs on LSE & gets L of Gen.



\* Serg enters LSE. Police face Pirates - Fred & Mabel go off L. On chords Pirates engage with Police King & Serg meeting R of C. Sam & Police LE. Ladies come down from back & look on from R & L. Police fall at cue & Pirates bend over them.

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

G. At such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?  
KING. (springing up). Forward, my men, and seize that General there! (They seize the GENERAL.)

PIRATES. Yes, yes, we are the pirates, so despair—  
KING. With base deceit  
You worked upon our feelings?  
Revenge is sweet,  
And flavours all our dealings.  
With courage rare  
And resolution manly,  
For death prepare  
Unhappy General Stanley.

FRED. (coming forward). Alas, alas, unhappy General Stanley.

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 no. able.

POLICE. (pianissimo). Tarantara, tarantara.

MABEL. (wildly). Is he to die, unshriven—unannealed?

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

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

GIRLS. Oh, spare him!

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

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

POLICE. So to our prowess, pirates, quickly yield!

GIRLS. Oh, rapture!

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

CHORUS OF POLICE AND PIRATES.

You } triumph now, for well we trow  
We }  
Our mortal career's cut short,  
No pirate band will take its stand  
At the Central Criminal Court.

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

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

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



KING (baffled). You do! (Pirates drawing back.)

POLICE. We do;  
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name! G  
(PIRATES kneel, POLICE stand over them triumphantly.)

KING. We yield at once, with humbled mien,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.

POLICE. Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen.

LADIES. Yes, yes, with all, &c.

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

pirates up - GEN. Away with them, and place them at the bar. #

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

GEN., POLICE and GIRLS. What, all noblemen?

KING and PIRATES. Yes, all noblemen!

GEN., POLICE and GIRLS. What, all?

KING. Well nearly all!

GEN. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,  
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers. (#)  
~~kneel to PIRATES~~

RECIT.—GENERAL.

I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King,  
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.  
Resume you, ranks, and legislative duties,  
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

FINALE.

WABEL.  
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!  
Poor wandering ones, &c.

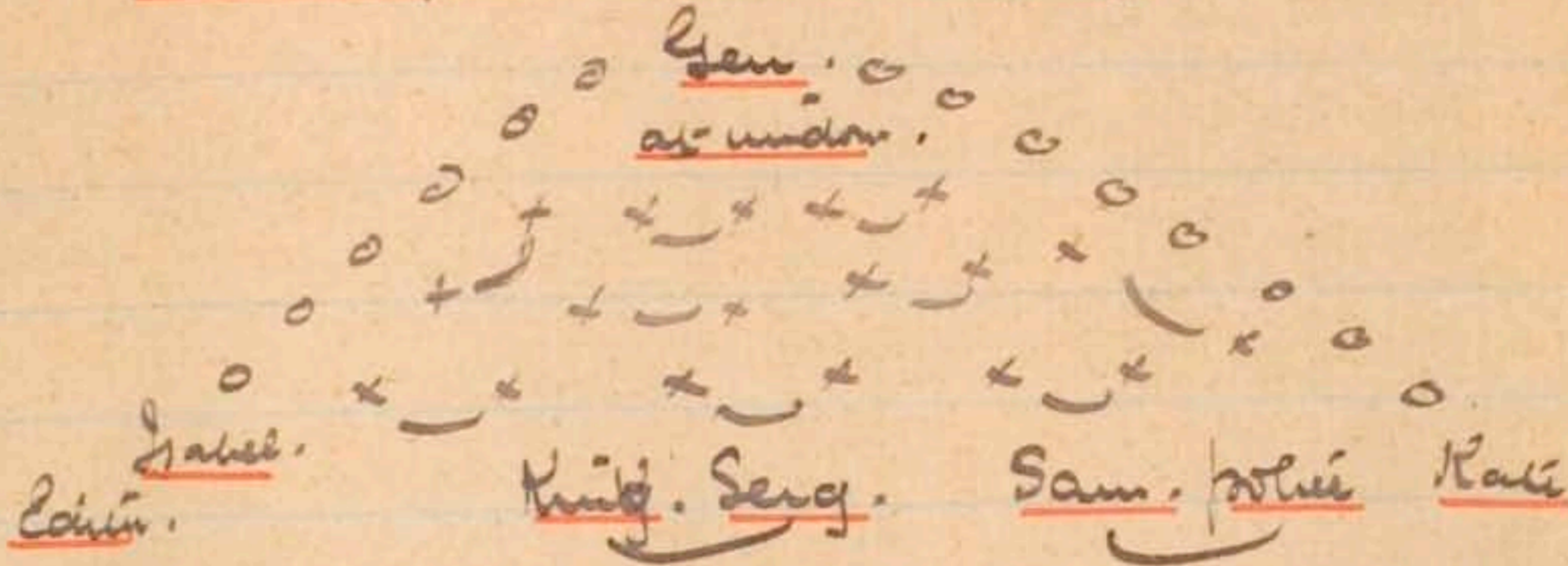
CURTAIN.

Sergeant makes  
up to Ruth who  
accepts him as  
curtain falls.

ALL

103

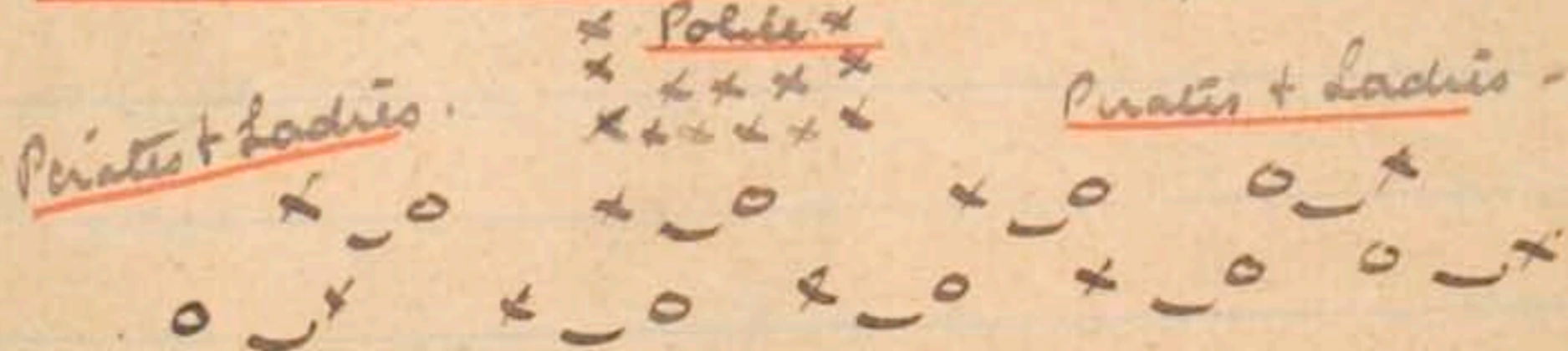
G Police point torches at Pirates, who  
kneel at "yield" + police stand over them.  
handkerfs in hand weeping.



As Pirates kneel, one turns up + releases Gen who  
quietly works down to R.C. for "away with them".

# Ruth enters from L.S.E. - goes to L.C.

\* Police retire up + dress C at back. Pirates  
take Ladies, King + Edwin R.C. Kate + Sam L.  
Wabel + Fred re enter L.S.E + drop C.



Isa. Pirate, Ed + King, Gen, Nat + Fred, Ruth, Serg, Kate, Sam,  
curtain.



General's speech Act 2.

pp 36.

General..... unawaring - I assure you Frederic  
that such is ~~the~~ anguish & remorse  
I feel at the abominable falsehood  
with which I have evaded these  
easily deluded privates, that I would  
go to the simple-minded chief, this  
very night and confess all - did  
I not feel convinced that the  
consequences would be most serious  
to myself. at what hour & c

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# TABLES OF IMPERIAL COINS, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.

Coins.	Avoirdupois Weight.	Measures of Capacity.																															
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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Weights.</b></p> <p>“All articles sold by weight shall be sold by Avoirdupois weight, except that—</p> <p>“(1.) Gold and Silver, and articles made thereof, including gold and silver thread, lace, or fringe; also, platinum, diamonds, and other precious metals and stones, may be sold by the ounce Troy or by any decimal parts of such ounce; and all contracts, bargains, sales, and dealings in relation thereto shall be deemed to be made and had by such weight, and when so made or had shall be valid; and</p> <p>“(2.) Drugs, when sold by retail, may be sold by Apothecaries' Weight.</p> <p>“Every person who acts in contravention of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds.”</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Article 20 of Weights and Measures Act, 1878.</i></p>																																	

**Table of Time.**

60 Seconds	= 1 Minute.
60 Minutes	= 1 Hour.
24 Hours	= 1 Day.
7 Days	= 1 Week.
4 Weeks	= 1 Lunar Month.
52 Weeks and one Day, or 365 Days	= 1 Year (ordinary).
366 Days	= 1 Leap Year.
12 Calendar Months, or 13 Lunar Months	= 1 Year.

**Length of the Calendar Months.**

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and dull November,  
 All the rest have thirty one,  
 Excepting February alone,  
 Which hath but twenty-eight days clear,  
 And twenty-nine in each leap year.



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

3.

Prompt Book made up in copybook cover.

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note

Fairly Early Issue.

Mr Allens' Note

'II very few III changes'

This is closer to "Penguin 1870"

than No 2 "Richard Barker"

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TELEGRAMS, SAVOTEL LONDON

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