H. M. S. PINAFORE

or

The Lass that loved a Sailor

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Gilbert and Sullivan Archive Edition
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Captain Corcoran (Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore)
Ralph Rackstraw (Able Seaman)
Dick Deadeye (Able Seaman)
Bill Bobstay (Boatwain’s Mate)
Bob Becket (Carpenter’s Mate)
Tom Tucker (Midshipmite)
Sergeant of Marines
Josephine (The Captain’s Daughter)
Hebe (Sir Joseph’s First Cousin)
Little Buttercup (A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman)

First Lord’s Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, &c.

SCENE – QUARTERDECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

ACT I. NOON ACT II. NIGHT
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H. M. S. Pinafore

or The Lass that Loved a Sailor

Written by
W. S. Gilbert

Composed by
Arthur Sullivan

OVERTURE

Allegro

PIANO
No. 1

OPENING CHORUS.
blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty; We're sober men and true, and at-

When the whistle free o'er the bright blue sea We
ten-tive to our duty. When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea We

stand to our guns all day. When at anchor we ride at the Portsmouth tide, We've
stand to our guns all day._ When at anchor we ride at the Portsmouth tide, We've
true, we sail the ocean blue.

true, we sail the ocean blue.

con 8va

rall.
No. 2

RECIT. & SONG - (Mrs. Cripps.)

Mrs. Cripps (Recit.)

Hail, men-o'-wars-men, safeguards of your nation! Here is an end, at last, of all privation!

PIANO

4

You've got your pay, spare all you can afford To wel-come lit-tle But-ter-cup on board.

attacca.

SONG - (Mrs. Cripps.)

Allegretto

9

I'm called lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup. Tho' I could ne-ver tell why;

But
still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor little Butter-cup, Sweet little Butter-cup I.

I've snuff and tobacco, And excellent jack-y; 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;
chickens and conies, And pretty波兰ies, And excellent pepper-mint

drops. Then buy of your Butter-cup, Dear little Butter-cup,

Sailors should never be shy. So buy of your Butter-cup,

Poor little Butter-cup, Come, of your Butter-cup buy.
No. 2a

**RECIT. (Mrs Cripps & Boatswain's Mate)**

Mrs. Cripps (Recit.)

But tell me who's the youth whose fal'ring feet With dif-fi-cul-ty bear him on his course?

Boatswain

That is the smartest lad in all the fleet. Ralph Rackstraw Ralph! That name! Remorse, remorse!

No. 3

**SCENA (Ralph & Chorus)**

Ralph.

The

night-ingale Sigh'd for the moon's bright ray,

And
told his tale in his own melodious way. He sang, "Ah, well-a-

Chorus (Tenors)
(Basses)

day!" 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!" They
sang, "Ah, well-a-day!" I know the value of a kindly chorus, But
choruses yield little consolation When we have pain, and sorrow too, be-
fore us! I love, and love, alas, above my station! He
loves, and loves a lass above his station. Yes, yes the lass is much above his station.
Andante moderato

BALLAD

maiden fair to see, The pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blush-ing beau-ty,

whom proud no-bles sigh, And with each o-ther vie To do her me-nial's du-ty. To
do her me-nial's du-ty. A sui-ter, low-ly born, With
hopeless passion torn, And poor beyond denying, Has
dared for her to pine, At whose exalted shrine A world of wealth is
sighing. 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

sui-ter! Oh, pity, pity me, Our captain's daughter, she, And I that lowly

Chorus (Tenors)

And he, and he, that lowly

(Basses)

And he, and he, that lowly

sui-ter.

sui-ter.

sui-ter.

Red.
No. 4  RECIT. & SONG (Captain Corcoran & Chorus)

Allegretto

Captain (Recit.)

My gal-lant crew, good

PIANO

morn-ing!

I hope you're all quite well.

Chorus (Tenors & Basses)

Sir, good morning!

Quite well, and

I am in rea-son- a- ble health, And hap-py To meet you all once more.

you, sir?

p

f
You do us proud, sir!

am the cap-tain of the Pi-na-fore!
do my best to sat-is-fy you all,

1. And a right good cap-tain too!
2. And with you we're quite con-tent.

ve-ry, ve-ry good, And be it un-der-stood, I com-mand a right good ceed-ing-ly po-lite, And I think it on-ly right To re-turn the com-pli-
We're very, very good, And, be it understood He comes
We're exceedingly polite, And he thinks it only right To re-

Tho' related to a peer, I can
Bad language or abuse, I

mands a right good crew.
turn the compliment.

hand, reef, and steer, Or ship a salvage; I am
never, never use, Whatever the emergency, Though
Never known to quail At the fury of a gale And I'm never, never sick at
"bother it," I may Occasionally say, I never use a big, big

sea! D! Chorus No, never! No, never! Hardly

What, never? What, never? What, never?

ever! ever! Tenors

He's hardly ever swears a big, big sea! Then give three cheers and

Basses

He's hardly ever swears a big, big sea! Give three cheers and
one cheer more, For the hardy captain of the Pin-a-fore! Then

one cheer more, For the hardy captain of the Pin-a-fore! Then

give three cheers and one cheer more, For the captain of the Pin-a-fore.

give three cheers and one cheer more, For the captain of the Pin-a-fore.

* Pause second verse only
Sir, you are sad! The si-lent e-loquence of yonder tear, That trembles on your eyelash,

Proclaims a sor-row far more deep than common; Confide in me: fear not, I am a mo-ther!

Yes, Lit-tle But-ter-cup, I’m sad and sor-ry,

My daugh-ter, Jo-se-phine, the fair-est flower That e-ver blossomed on an-ces-tral
timber, Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter, Our Admi-ral-ty's First Lord,

but for some rea-son She does not seem to tackle kind-ly to it.

Mrs. Cripps

Ah, poor Sir Jo-seph! Ah, I know too well The

Tempo moderato

an-guish of a heart that loves but vain-ly! But see, here comes your

Captain

most at-trac-tive daughter. I go, fare-well! A plump and pleasing person!

Segue
No. 5  

**SONG (Josephine)**

---

Andante

Josephine

---

Sor-ry her

---

**PIANO**

---

6

lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,

---

10

Sad are the sighs that own the spell Ut-tered by eyes that speak too plain-ly,
Sorry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.

Un poco animato
Heav-y the sor-row that bows the head When love is a-

live and hope is dead! When love is a-live 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
Un poco animato

daughters.

Heav - y the sor - row that

cresc.
bows the head

When love is a-

cresc.

live and hope is dead!

When love is a-

colla voce

live And hope is dead.
No. 6  
CHORUS OF WOMEN (Behind the Scenes)

Andantino

Sopranos & Contraltos

Over the bright blue sea______ Comes Sir

Joseph Porter K. C. B., Where ever he may
go______ Bang, band the loud nine pound-ers go!
No. 7

CHORUS OF SAILORS

21 Allegretto come primo Basses

Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And its crowd of blushing

pp staccato

26

Tenors

We

beauty, We hope he'll find us clean, And attentive to our duty. We

27

sail, we sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty, We're

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, And attentive to our duty. Sober, sober men and true, And quite devoid of fear. In true.

We're smart and sober men, And quite devoid of fear. In true.

We're smart and sober men, And quite devoid of fear. In true.

all the Royal N. None are so smart as we are.

all the Royal N. None are so smart as we are.
trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the maidens to the ship-ping; Gai-ly_

trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the maidens to the_
ship-ping.

Tenors & Basses

Flags, and guns and pennants dip-ping, All the ladies love the ship-ping.

sprint-ly. Always_right-ly Wel-come la-dies so po-lite-ly.

La-dies who can smile so bright-ly Sai-lors wel-come most po-lite-ly, welcome most po-
Sailors sprightly, Always right-ly Welcome ladies so po-
litely.

Gai-ly trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the_

We're smart and so-ber men, And_

Gai-ly trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the_

maidens to the ship-ping. Gai-ly trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the_

quite de-void of fear, In all the Royal N None_

maidens to the ship-ping, Gai-ly trip-ping, Light-ly ship-ping, Flock the
Legato
mai-dens to the ship; Sai-lors spright-ly, Al-ways right-ly Wel-come
are so smart as we are; La-dies who can smile so bright-ly Sai-lors

Legato
mai-dens to the ship; La-dies who can smile so bright-ly Sai-lors

dim.
la-dies so po-lite

welcome most po-lite

welcome most po-lite
No. 8

Capt. Corcoran, Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe & Chorus

Moderato

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-ray! Hur-ray!

Chorus

Moderato

Hur-ray!

PIANO

Hur-ray!

Vivace

Sir Joseph

ray!

I am the monarch of the

ray!

ray!

Vivace **

* Traditionally, 10 bars of side drum at this point.

** The accompaniment to this bar may be played "ad lib" until voice enters.

Hebe

sea, The ruler of the Queen's Navy, Whose praise Great Britain loud-ly chants. And

* Traditionally, 10 bars of side drum at this point.

** The accompaniment to this bar may be played "ad lib" until voice enters.
we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Sopranos & Contraltos

And we are his sisters and his

And they are his sisters and his
cresc.

His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.
cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

Sir Joseph

When at anchor here I ride, My bosom swells with

Hebe

pride, And I snap my fingers at the foe-man's taunts. And so do his sisters and his
cousins and his aunts.

Chorus

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

His
cresc.

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

Sir Joseph

But

sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

f

p

when the breezes blow I generally go below,

And

p

Hebe

seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.

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

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

sisters and his cousins; Whom he

so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His

sisters and his cousins; Whom he

sisters and his cousins; Whom he

reckons up by dozens and his aunts,

reckons up by dozens and his aunts,

reckons up by dozens and his aunts,

Attacca
I was a lad I served a term As office boy to an Attorney's firm, I

of - fice_ boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post_ of a ju - nior clerk. I

cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I po - lished up the han - dle of the

served the writs_ with a smile so bland, And I co - pied all the let - ters in a
big front door.
big round hand.
Chorus
He polished up the handle of the big front door.
He copied all the letters in a big round hand.

He polished up the handle so carefully, That now I am the ruler of the
co-pied all the letters in a hand so free, That now I am the ru-ler of the

Queen's Na-vee!
Queen's Na-vee!
Chorus
He polished up the handle so carefully, That
He copied all the letters in a hand so free, That

He polished up the handle so carefully, That
He copied all the letters in a hand so free, That
now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!
now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

made such a name That an articulated clerk I soon became; I wore clean collars and a
quired such a grip That they took me into the partner ship, And that junior partner-

bran' new suit For the pass examination at the Insitute.
ship I ween Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
pass examination did so well for me That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navy.

That But
pass examination did so well for he That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navy.

pass examination did so well for he That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navy.

pass examination did so well for he That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navy.
5. I grew so rich that I was sent By a pocket borough into Parliament. I always voted at my party's call And I want to rise to the top of the tree, If your soul isn't fetter'd to an office stool, Be never thought of thinking for myself at all. Be careful to be guided by this gold'en rule.

6. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be, If you He never thought of thinking for himself. Be careful to be guided by this He never thought of thinking for himself. Be careful to be guided by this
I thought so little, they rewarded me, By

Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea, And you

self at all. self at all.

making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee. all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

He thought so little, they rewarded he, By He thought so little, they rewarded he, By

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, And you Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, And you

making him the ruler of the Queen's Navee. all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.
No. 9a

Vivace

Sir Joseph

For I hold that on the seas
The expression, “If you please,”
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.
Chorus.

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!

Hebe
No. 10  TRIO & CHORUS (Ralph, Boatswain's Mate & Carpenter's Mate)

1. A British tar is a soaring soul, As free as a mountain bird;
   His energetic fist Should be ready to resist A wrung,

2. His eyes should flash with an in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung;
   He never should bow down To a domineering frown, Or the
knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His
attitude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His

rall. Basses

knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His
attitude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His

readdy for a knock-down blow.
customary attitude.

rall.
P
cresc.

cheek should flame, And his brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his
hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his

cheek should flame, And his brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his
hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his
cresc.

heart should glow, And his fist be ever ready For a knock-down blow.

breast protrude, And this should be his customary

heart should glow, And his fist be ever ready For a knock-down blow.

breast protrude, And this should be his customary
Allegro con brio

Josephine

Refrain, audacious

Your suit from pressing, Remember what you are,

And whom addressing Refrain, audacious tar, Your

suit from pressing, Remember what you are, And whom addressing Refrain, audacious
Un poco più lento

laugh my rank to scorn in union, holy, Were he more highly born or I more lowly. I'd laugh my rank to scorn in union.

ho-ly, Were he more high-ly born or I more low-ly.
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, And you, proud maiden, are my captain's daughter; Proud lady, have your
way, You speak, and I obey. My heart, with anguish
torn Bows down before her, She laughs my love to scorn; Yet I adore her, My heart with anguish torn, Bows down before her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I adore her. Re-
pressing!

Proud lady, have your way, Unfeeling beauty! My

laugh my rank to scorn In union holy, Were he more highly born Or

heart with anguish torn, Bows down before her; She laughs my love to scorn Yet

I more lowly.

I adore her.
Can I survive this overbearing? Or live a life of mad despairing? My prof-fer'd love despis'd, rejected? No, no, it's not to be expected!

Messmates, a-hoy! Come here! Come here!

The maiden treats my suit with scorn, Re-

cheer, what cheer?

jects my humble gift, my lady. She says I am igno-

bly born, And

cuts my hopes a-drift, my lady.

Oh! cruel one! oh! cruel one!

Oh! cruel one! oh! cruel one!
Deadeye

She spurns your suit! O-ho! O-ho! I told you so! I told you so!

Bootswain

Shall they submit? Are they but slaves? Love comes alike to high and low-

Hebe

Shall we submit? Are we but slaves? Love comes alike to high and low-

Shall they submit? Are they but slaves? Love comes alike to high and low-

Shall we submit? Are we but slaves? Love comes alike to high and low-

Tan-nia's sailors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to insult?

Tan-nia's sailors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to insult? No! No!
You must submit you are but slaves, O-ho! O-ho! You lowly
toil-ers of the waves, She spurns you all I told you so!

Chorus

Shall they submit?

Shall they submit?

Hebe

Shall they submit?

Are they but slaves?

Boatswain

Shall we submit?

Are we but slaves?

Deadeye

You must submit, you are but

Are they but slaves?

Shall they submit?

Are they but slaves?

Are we but slaves?

Shall we submit?

Are we but slaves?
Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors

Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors

slaves;

A lady she! O-ho! O-ho! O-ho!

Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors

Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors

Deedee

She spurns you all,
She spurns you all, I told you so!

Cousin Hebe with Altos

rule the waves
And shall they stoop to insult?

No! no!

Boatswain with Basses

rule the waves
And shall they stoop to insult?

No! no!
Ralph

Un poco più lento

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!

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking, For

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking, For

ah! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone we'll surely

ah! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone we'll surely
That as he tell the maid as he died, he loved her well! Be warn'd, my
tell the maid as he died, he loved her well!

mess - mates all who love in rank a - bove you— For Jo - se - phine I

fall!
Ah! stay your hand! I love you! Ah! stay your hand, she loves you

Loves me? Loves you! Yes! Yes! Ah yes! she loves you!
Allegro vivace

Josephine

Hebe

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

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 a-

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 a-

blaze.

We'll chase the lagging hours along, And

blaze. With wooing words and loving song We'll chase the lagging hours along, And
If we find the maiden coy, We'll murmur forth decorous joy

If he finds the maiden coy, We'll murmur forth decorous joy

If I find the maiden coy, I'll murmur forth decorous joy

Dread my round delays!

Dread my round delays!

Dread my round delays!

He thinks he's

Won his Josephine, But tho' the sky is now serene, A frowning thunderbolt a-
bove May end their ill-as-sort-ed love Which now is all a-blaze. Our
cap-tain, ere the day is gone, Will be ex-teme-ly down up-on the wick-ed men who
art em-ploy To make his Jo-seph-ine less coy in man-ny va-ri-ous
cresc.
Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-fore-seen, For now the sky is all se-ren-e, The
Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-fore-seen, For now the sky is all se-ren-e, The
Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-fore-seen, For now the sky is all se-ren-e, The
ways.
Our captain soon unless I'm wrong, Will be ex-
God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above, The treme - ly down up - on The wicked men who art emp - loy, Will be ex - 

sky is all a - 

sky is all a - 

treme - ly down up - on The wicked men, will be extremely down up - on them In man - y various
blaze, is all a-blaze, is all a-
blaze, is all a-blaze, is all a-
blaze, is all a-blaze, is all a-
ways.

In many various ways,
Our captain soon will

be extremely down up-on The wick-ed men in many va-rious ways,
Josephine

Hebe

This very night,

With-

Ralph

With bated breath,

Exactly the same time

And muffled oar-

pp staccato

out a light,

A clergy man

As still as death,

We'll steal a-shore.

Shall

Josephine

And then we can

make us one

Boatswain

At half-past ten,
This very night, With turn for none Can part them then!

This very night, with

bated breath, And muffled oar— Without a light, As still as death, We'll bated breath, And muffled oar— Without a light, As still as death They'll bated breath, And muffled oar— Without a light, As still as death They'll
night, With bated breath And muffled oar, Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A clergy

ve-ry night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—Without

ve-ry night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar—Without

sempre p e stacc.

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Return for none Can part us then! A clergy

out a light, As still as death, We'll steal a-shore. A

out a light, As still as death, We'll steal a-shore. A

out a light, As still as death, We'll steal a-shore. A

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then we can Return for none Can part them then! A clergy

out a light, As still as death, We'll steal a-shore. A
Deadeye (recit.)

Moderato

Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned, She is a lady, you a foremost hand! Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,

Allegro

Chorus (Tutti)

And you, the meanest slave that crawls the water Back, vermin,

back, Nor mock us! Back, vermin, back, You shock us!
Allegro con brio

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride Who casts all thought of rank aside, And

gives up home and fortune, too, For the honest love of a sailor true! Tra,

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride Who casts all thought of rank aside, And

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

gives up home and fortune too For the honest love of a sailor true!
gives up home and fortune too For the honest love of a sailor true!

Josephine, Hebe, Mrs Cripps, Sops. & Altos (unison)

Vivace

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. Ralph, Boatswain, Carpenter, Tenors & Basses (unison)
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 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
Josephine: this should be his customary attitude, His eyes should flash, his

Hebe: this should be his customary attitude, His eyes should flash, his

Ralph: this should be his customary attitude, His eyes should flash, his

Boatswain: this should be his customary attitude, His eyes should flash, his

Carpenter: this should be his customary attitude, His attitude,

Carpenter: this should be his customary attitude, His attitude,
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
yes, His eyes

yes, His eyes

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should flash, His foot should stamp and his
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throat, his throat should growl,

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His hair should twirl and his

throat, his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl and his

throat, his throat should growl,
face, his face should scowl;

face should scowl; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-trude, And this should be his
And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

 cus-to-ma-ry attitude

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.

And this his attitude.
No. 13

SONG (Captain Corcoran)

Capt. Corcoran

Fair moon, to thee I sing, Bright regent of the heavens,

Say, why is every thing Either at sixes or at sevens?

Say, why is every thing Either at sixes or at sevens? I have
liv'd hi-ther-to
Free from the breath of
slan-der, Be-lov'd by all my crew,
really pop-u-lar com-man-der. But now my kind-ly crew re-
bel,_ My daugh-ter to a tar is par-tial, Sir
Joseph storms, and, sad to tell, He threat-ens a court-
cresc.
mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing.

Bright re - gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is

ev - ery - thing ei - ther at six - es or at se - vens?

Fair moon, to thee I sing, Bright re - gent of the

colla voce

heavens!

a tempo
No. 14
DUET (Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran)

Allegro

Mrs. Cripps

Things are sel-dom what they seem,

Skim milk mas-que-rades as cream,

High- lows pass as pa-tent leathers,

Jack-daws strut in pea-cock's feathers.

Very true, so they do.

Black sheep dwell in ev-ery fold,

All that glit-ters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs, Bulls are but inflated frogs.

So they be, frequently.

Stops the mill, Turbot is ambitious brill; Gild the farthing if you will.

Yet it is a farthing still. Yes, I know, That is so.

Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, It is shady— it is shady,
I don't see at what you're driv-ing, Mystic la-dy—mystic la-dy.

Mrs. Cripps

Stern con-vic-tion's o'er him steal-ing That the mys-tic la-dy's deal-ing

Captain

Stern con-vic-tion's o'er me steal-ing That the mys-tic la-dy's deal-ing

In o-ra-cu-lar re-veal-ing. That is so!

In o-ra-cu-lar re-veal-ing. Yes, I know.

Captain

Tho' I'm a-ny-thing but clever, I could talk like that for e-ver, Once a cat was
killed by care, On - ly brave de - serve the fair. Ve - ry true, so they do.

Wink is of - ten good as nod, Spoils the child who spares the rod,

Thirs - ty lambs run fox - y dangers, Dogs are found in ma - ny mangers. Fre - quentlee,

I a - gree. Paw of cat the chest - nut snatches, Worn - out garments show new patches; On - ly count the chick that hatches, Men are grown up catch - y catchies.
Mrs. Cripps

82

Yes, I know, That is so, Tho' to catch my drift he's striving, I'll dis-

86

semble— I'll dissemble! When he sees at what I'm

89

driving, Let him tremble— let him tremble!

92

Tho' a mystic tone I borrow, He will learn the truth with sorrow;

Captain

Tho' a mystic tone you borrow, I shall learn the truth with sorrow;
Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
That is so!

Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
Yes, I know.

I'll dis-semble,
I'll dis-semble,
Let him tremble!
Let him tremble!
Tho' a mystic tone you borrow,
I shall learn the truth with sorrow,

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Yes, I know,
that is so!

a tempo

Yes, I know,
that is so!

a tempo

a tempo

a tempo

a tempo
No. 15

SCENA (Josephine)

Andante

The hours creep on apace.

My guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retrace

The step that I am taking;

It's 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

ev-erything that isn't old, from Gil-lows! 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 drying,
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in, And

dinner served up in a pudding basin!
cresc. molto
A simple sailor, lowly born, Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn Till half the night has flown,
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, his trusty heart and brown righthand! And

yet he is so wondrous fair, That love for one so passing rare, So

peerless in his manly beauty, Were little more than solemn duty, Were

rallentando

lit-tle else than solemn duty! Oh god of
love, and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

simple sailor lowly born, Unlettered and unknown.

golden rank can he impart, No wealth of house or land, No

for-tune, save his trusty heart, And honest, brown right hand, his trusty heart and right
hand, Oh god of love, and god of reason say Which of you
twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart o-
bey, God of love, god of reason, god of reason, god of love say,
Which shall my poor heart obey!
Oh
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey, my heart o-

bey.
No. 16  TRIO (Josephine, Captain & Sir Joseph)

Allegro vivace

Josephine (verse 3)

3. Never mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and

Captain (verse 1)

1. Never mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and

Sir Joseph (verse 2)

2. Never mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and

3. therefore I admit the jurisdiction; A-bly have you play'd your part, You have

1. therefore, Tho' his Lordship's station's migh-ty, Tho' stu-pen-dous be his brain, Tho' her

2. therefore, Tho' your nau-ti-cal re-la-tion In my set could scarcely pass, Tho' you
3. carried firm conviction To my hesitating heart.
1. tastes are mean and flighty, And her fortune poor and plain—
2. occupy a station in the lower middle class—

Ring the merry bells on boardship, Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of his Lordship With a humble captain's child. For a

Josephine (all verses) Sir Joseph (all verses)
Josephine (all verses)

Lord who rules the water
And a tar who ploughs the water.

Verses 1 & 2, Josephine

Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,

Captain & Sir Joseph

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.

For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love.
Verse 3. Josephine

Let the air with joy be laden,

Ring the merry bells on board ship

For the union of a maiden

For her union with his Lordship,

Rend with songs the air above,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the man who owns her love,

For the man who owns her love,
Rend with songs the air above, For the man who owns
her love.
No. 17

DUET (Captain & Deadeye)

[Allegretto]

Kind Captain, I've important information,

Sing hey, the kind Commander that you are,

bought a certain intimate relation,

Sing hey, the merry

The merry, merry maiden, The

merry maiden and the tar.

The merry, merry
mer-ry, mer-ry mai-den, Sing hey, the mer-ry mai-den_ and the
mai-den, The mer-ry, mer-ry mai-den, The mai-den_ and the

tar. Good
tar.
fel-low, in con-un-drums you are speak-ing, Sing hey, the mys-tic

p

sai-lor that you are, The an-s-wer to them vain-ly I am
seeking, Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

The merry, merry maiden, The merry, merry maiden, Sing
The merry, merry maiden, The merry, merry

hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

maiden, The maiden and the tar.

p
Deadeye

Kind Captain, your young lady is ashgang, Sing

hey, the simple Captain that you are, This very night with

Rackstraw to be flying, Sing hey, the merry maiden and the

Captain

The merry, merry

The merry merry maiden, The

The mer, mer, mer
merry, merry maiden, The much too merry maiden and the
merry, merry maiden, The merry, merry maiden, The maiden and the

tar. Good
tar.
fellow, you have given timely warning, Sing hey, the thoughtful

sailor that you are, I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the
morn - ing 

Sing hey, the cat - o’nine - tails and the tar.

The mer - ry cat - o’nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o’nine - tails, The

The mer - ry cat - o’nine - tails, The mer - ry cat, The

mer - ry cat - o’nine - tails and the tar.

mer - ry cat - o’nine - tails and the tar.

p
No. 18

SOLI & CHORUS

Moderato

Tenors & Bases

Care-ful-ly on tip-toe

PP

steal-ing, Breathing gent-ly as we may,

Every

step with cau-tion feel-ing, We will soft-ly steal a-way

Goodness

Deadeye

Chorus

me! Why, what was that? Si-lent be,

It was the cat! It
was, it was the cat! They're right, it was the
cresc.

Chorus

Pull a-shore in fashion steady, Hymen
dim.

will defray the fare, For a clergyman is

re - dy To un - nite the hap - py pair. Goodness
Deadeye

me,
Why, what was that?
Si - lent be,
A - gain the

p

pp

Chorus

Captain

cat!
It was a - gain that cat!
They're

f

p

Josephine

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

Ralph

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

right, it was the cat!

p

Deadeye

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion
feeling, We will softly steal away, Every step with caution

feeling, We will softly steal away, Every step with caution

feeling, They will softly steal away, Every step with caution

feeling, They will softly steal away, Every step with caution

Tenors
We will steal away, Every step, every step with caution

Basses
We will steal away, Every step, every step with caution
sister upon knowing Where you may be going With these sons of the brine.

For my excellent crew, Though foes they could thump any, Are

scarce fully fit company, My daughter, for you. Now, hark at that, do! Though

foes we could thump any, We're scarcely fit company For a lady like you! Proud
of - fi - cer, that haughty lip un - curl!
Vain man, supress that super - ci - lious sneer,
For I have dared to love your match - less girl,
A fact well known to all my mess - mates here!
Oh, hor - ror!
He, humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the
I, humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the
Port division - The butt of epauletted scorn -

Port division - The butt of epauletted scorn -

Mark of quarter-deck derision, Has dared to raise his

Mark of quarter-deck derision, Have dared to raise my

Wormy eyes Above the dust to which you'd mould him, In manhood's glorious
cresc.

Wormy eyes Above the dust to which you'd mould me, In manhood's glorious
cresc.
pride to rise
He is an English man, be

hold me!
He

He is an English man!

is an English man! For he himself has said it, And it's greatly to his
creditcheisanEnglishtman!Forhetheis

mighthavebeenaRussian,AFrenchorTurkorProussian,OrperhapsItalan!

butinspiteofalltemptationsTobec-

OrperhapsItalian!
long to other nations, He remains an Englishman! He remains an Englishman! For in spite of all temptations To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman!
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
Did you hear him— did you hear him? Oh, the monster over

He said dam-me, he said dam-me, Yes,

He said dam-me, he said dam-me,
bear-ing! Don't go near him—don't go near him—He is swear-ing—he is

He said dam-me, He said dam-me, he said dam-me, Yes,

Yes, he said dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, Yes,

swearing! My pain and my dis-tress, I find it is not
dam-me.

dam-me.

easy to ex-press; My a-maze-ment, my sur-prise, You may learn from the ex-
pression of my eyes! My lord—
one word—
the facts are not before you, The

word was in-ju-di-cious, I al-low,
But hear my ex-pla-

na-tion, I im-plore you, And you will be in-dig-nant, too, I vow! I will

hear of no de-fence, At-tempt none if you're sen-si-ble. That word of e-vil

sense, is whol-ly in-de-fen-si-ble. Go, ri-bald, get you hence To your
ca-bin with ce-le-ri-ty. This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-

Sir Joseph
Sopranos & Altos.
This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-pe-ri-ty!

Tenors & Basses
This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-pe-ri-ty!

stringendo molto

teach you all, ere long. To re-frain from lan-guage strong. For I

p
stringendo molto

have-n't an-y sym-pa-thy for ill-bred taunts! No more have his sis-ters, nor his

Hebe sempre stringendo
No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts, No
more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts, Whom he
reckons up by dozens, nor his aunts! For he
reckons up by dozens, nor his aunts! For he
Allegretto moderato

Fare-well my own, Light of my life, fare-well!
For crime unknown I go to a dungeon cell.

I will atone; In the meantime, fare-well!
And all alone Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

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

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well!  
No telephone

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well!  
No telephone

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well!  
No telephone

phone Communicates with his cell!  
But when is known The

phone Communicates with his cell!

phone Communicates with his cell!

phone Communicates with his cell!

phone Communicates with his cell!
Jos. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]
\[ \text{ff} \]

Rejoice in your dungeon, your dungeon cell!

Heb. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]
\[ \text{ff} \]

At once to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Mrs. C cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Ral. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

known I go to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Sir J. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

shown at once to his dungeon, his dungeon cell!

Dead. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Boat. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Car. cresc.  
\[ \text{molto} \]

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!
Sir Joseph

My pain and my distress Again it is not easy to express; My a-

Tutti Chorus
(unison)

mazement, my surprise Again you may discover from my eyes! How

Mrs. Cripps

terrible the aspect of his eyes! Hold! Ere upon your

loss you lay much stress, A long concealed crime I would confess!
No. 20

LEGEND (Mrs. Cripps & Chorus)

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

Now this is most alarming! When
she was young and charming, She prae-tis'd ba-by-farm-ing, A ma-ny years a-

she was young and charming, She prae-tis'd ba-by-farm-ing, A ma-ny years a-

Mrs. Cripps

Two ten-der babes I nuuss'd. One was of low con-di-tion; The

go. go.

o-ther, up-per crust, A re-gu-lar pa-tri-cian.

Now, this is the po-

cresc.
sitition, One was of low condition, The other a patrician, A

cresc.

sitition, One was of low condition, The other a patrician, A

Mrs. Cripps

2. Oh, bitter is my

many years ago.

many years ago.

p


cup! How ever could I do it? I mixed those children up, And
not a creature knew it!

However could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll

however could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll

in

rue it, Although no creature knew it, So many years ago.

rue it, Although no creature knew it, So many years ago.

time each little waif Forsook his foster mother, The well-born babe was

cresc.
No. 21

**FINALE**

Allegro vivace

Josephine

Hebe

Oh joy, oh rapture

Ralph

Oh joy, oh rapture

Deadeye

Oh joy, oh rapture

PIANO

unforeseen! The clouded sky is now serene, The god of day, the

unforeseen! The clouded sky is now serene, The god of day, the

unforeseen! The clouded sky is now serene, The god of day, the

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 ab-

orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all ab-

orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all ab-

We'll chase the lagging blaze.

They'll chase the lagging blaze. With wooing words and loving song We'll chase the lagging blaze. With wooing words They'll chase the lagging hours a-
lays.

lays.

lays. For he's the cap-tain of the Pina-fore.

lays. And a right good cap-tain


And though be-fore my fall I was cap-tain of you all, I'm a too!


mem-ber of the crew.

And though before his fall He was cap-tain of us all, He's a
I shall marry with a wife, In my member of the crew.

humble rank of life! And you, my own, are she. I must

wander to and fro, But wherever I may go, I shall never be untrue to thee!

Chorus of Men

No, never!

What, never?

What never?
Hard-ly e-ver!

Hard-ly e-ver be un-true to thee. Then
give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the for-mer captain of the Pin-a-fore. Then
give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the for-mer captain of the Pin-a-fore. Then
give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the captain of the Pin-a-fore.
give three cheers and one cheer more For the captain of the Pin-a-fore.
For he loves little Butter-cup, dear little Butter-cup,

Though I could never tell why; But still he loves Butter-cup, poor little Butter-cup.

Butter-cup, Sweet little Butter-cup, aye! For he loves little Butter-cup,
dear little Butter-cup, Though I could never tell why; But still he loves
Butter-cup, dear little Butter-cup, sweet little Butter-cup, aye!
I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee,
stringendo molto

true to the devotion that my love implants,
Then goodbye to your sisters and your cousins, and your aunts, Especially your cousins Whom you reckon up by dozens.

Vivace

Tutti

Then good
bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts, Especially your cousins, Whom you

reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts! For he is an

Eng-lish-man! For he him-self has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman!

And it's greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman!

And it's greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman!

And it's greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman!