edited by Larry Byler

version 2.1 (21 October 2011)

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Edition footer courtesy of Erica Rome

INTRODUCTION

Although I started with the Chappell edition, there are many differences between Chappell and this:

- The music in this edition is of readable size (a major reason I started this project), and does not suffer from the random note and staff line dropouts in the Chappell edition.
- This edition was made to be as consistent as possible with the Kalmus orchestra parts. To that end:
  - Rehearsal letters match those in the parts as much as possible. Unfortunately, the parts themselves are inconsistent. Tie-breakers came from the Violin I part.
  - There is no No. 11 because the orchestra parts show it as "out". Hence, "Although your Royal summons to appear" is numbered 11 in the Chappell edition, it is No. 12 here. Succeeding numbers are similarly incremented.
  - The reprise of "Knightsbridge nursemaids" in No. 8 ("Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true") is omitted here because it is not in the orchestra parts.
  - On the other hand, the playout of No. 8, not present in Chappell but in the orchestra parts, is included here. So is the musical *Introduction* (consisting mostly of Act II Drawing Room music).
- This edition includes all of Gilbert's dialogue and stage directions, as published in "W.S. Gilbert - Complete Operas", Dorset Press, 1932 (ISBN 0-88029-043-9).
- Where Chappell is lacking (and in a few places, out-and-out wrong), I have enhanced or corrected those passages. Here are two examples; the interested reader can search out others:
  - I have added the dancing obligato in the 1st Violins to "Although of native maids the cream".
  - The first four measures in "Although your Royal summons to appear" each appeared twice in Chappell (that is, 1,1,2,2,3,3,4,4).

Finally, wherever possible, I have tried to lay out the music so that page turns are as convenient as I could make them.

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Version 1.5, 2003

I did not specify a version for the original edition, so call it 1.0. Version 1.5 incorporates suggestions from Larry Garvin for the 2003 Savoynet production.

===
Version 2.0, 10 October 2011

Version 2.0 includes over 100 corrections and suggestions from Erica Rome. I am extremely grateful for her detailed examination using both eyes and ears.

===
Version 2.1, 21 October 2011

This version fixes a formatting error introduced into #12 in 2.0, and fixes four other places, two each in #15 and #21.

-Larry Byler-
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Sunnyvale, California USA

UTOPIA LIMITED;

OR,

THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING PARAMOUNT THE FIRST (*King of Utopia*)

SCAPHIO, PHANTIS } (*Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court*)

TARARA (*the Public Exploder*)

CALYNX (*the Utopian Vice-Chamberlain*)

IMPORTED FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.

LORD DRAMALEIGH (*a British Lord Chamberlain*)

CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE (*First Life Guards*)

CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, K.C.B. (*of the Royal Navy*)

MR. GOLDBURY (*a Company Promoter*)
(*afterwards Comptroller of the Utopian Household*)

SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.

MR. BLUSHINGTON (*of the County Council*)

THE PRINCESS ZARA (*Eldest Daughter of King Paramount*)

THE PRINCESS NEKAYA, THE PRINCESS KALYBA } (*her Younger Sisters*)

THE LADY SOPHY (*their English Gouvernante*)

SALATA, MELENE, PHYLLA } (*Utopian Maidens*)

ACT I.—A UTOPIAN PALM GROVE.

ACT II.—THRONE ROOM IN KING PARAMOUNT'S PALACE.

U T O P I A, L I M I T E D

OR, THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS

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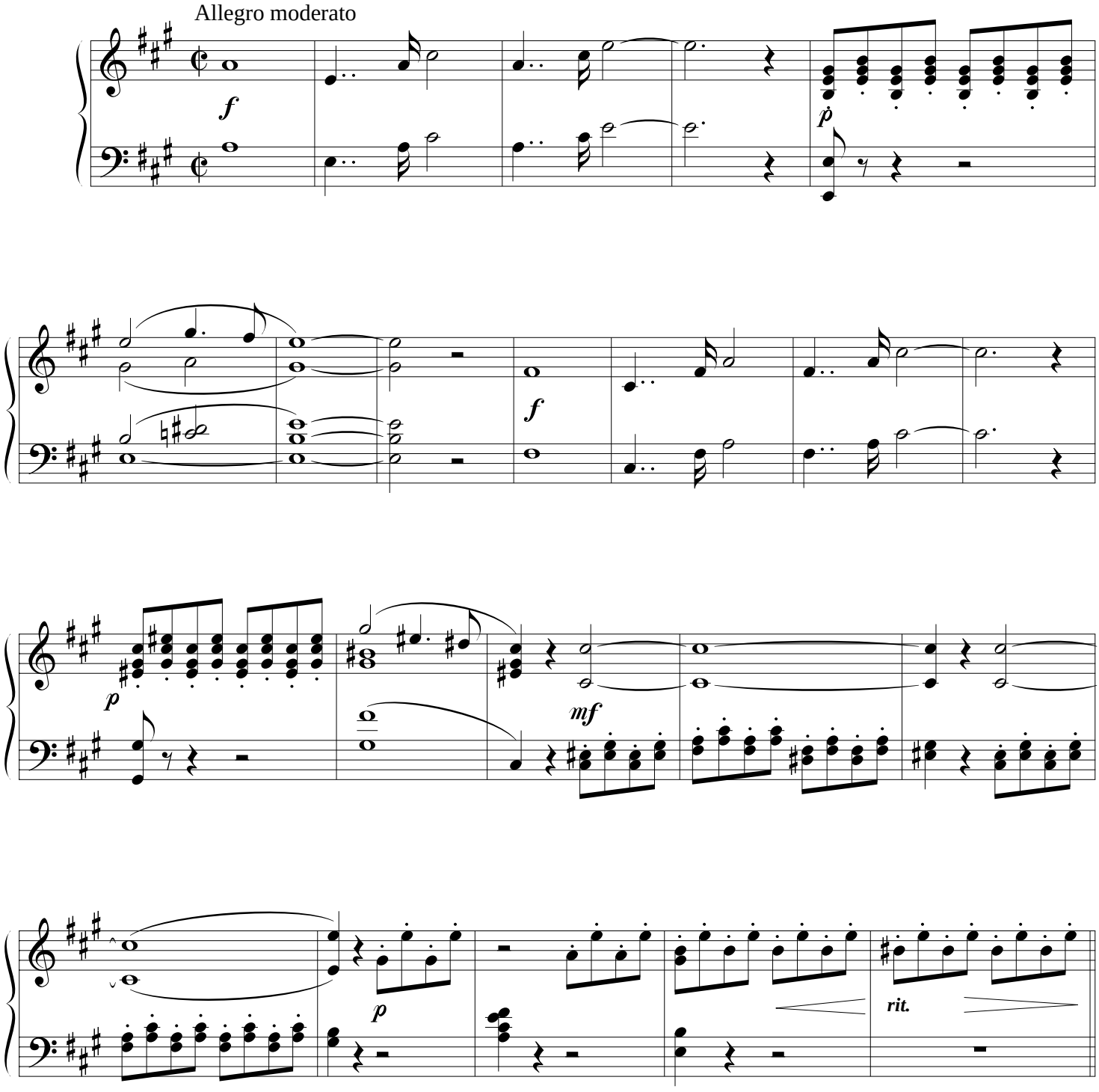
Introduction

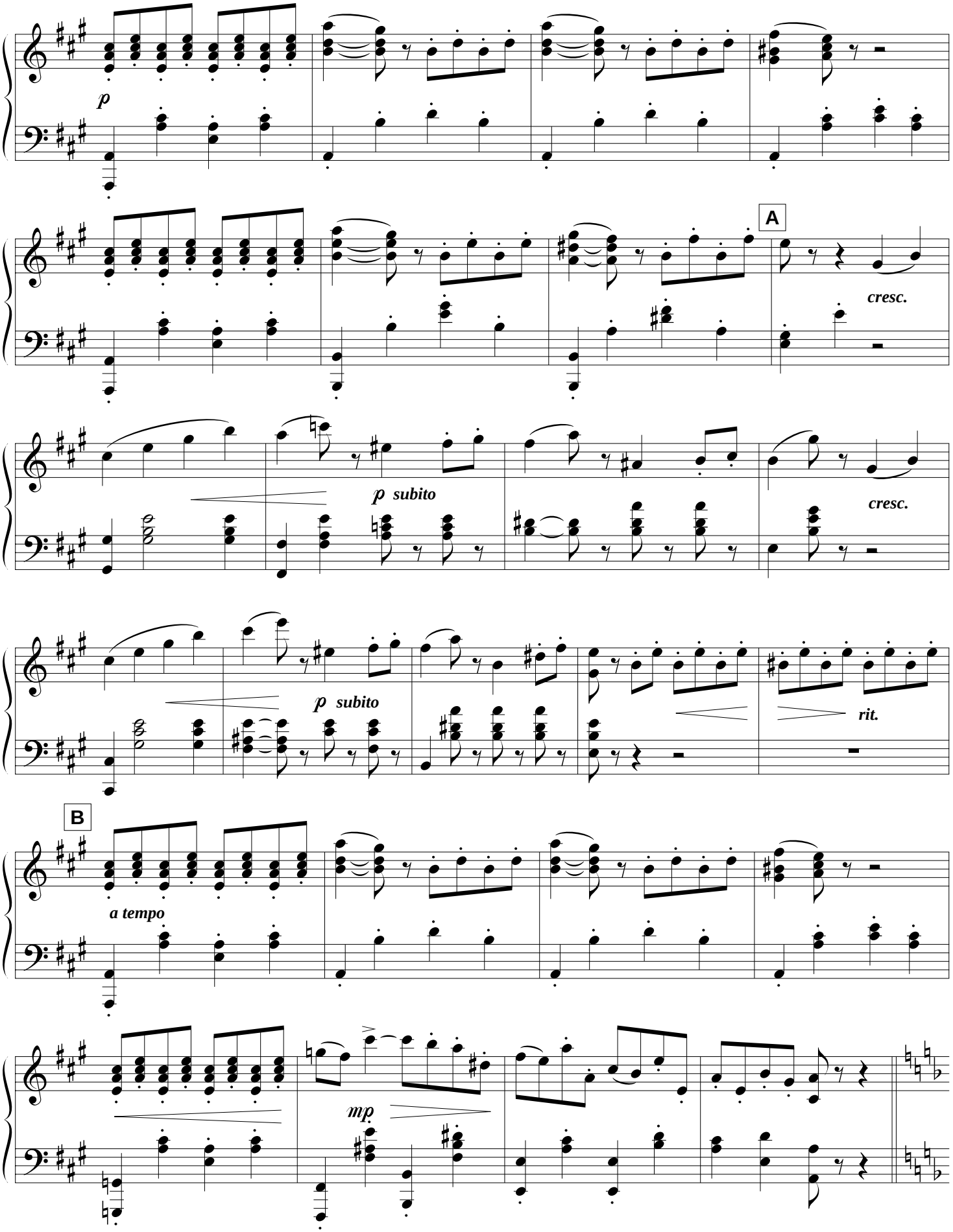
(Instrumental)

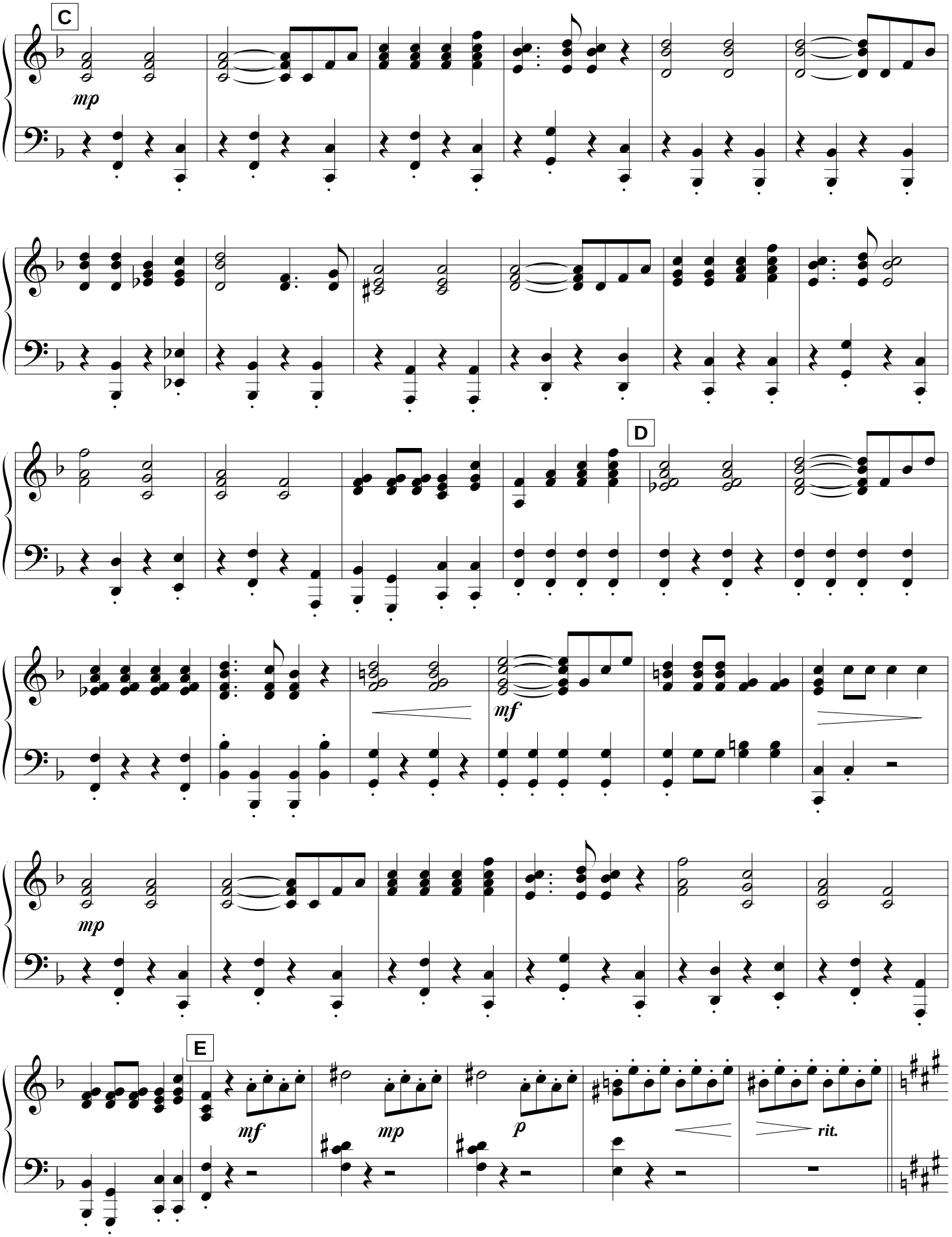
Dialogue and lyrics by:
Sir William S. Gilbert

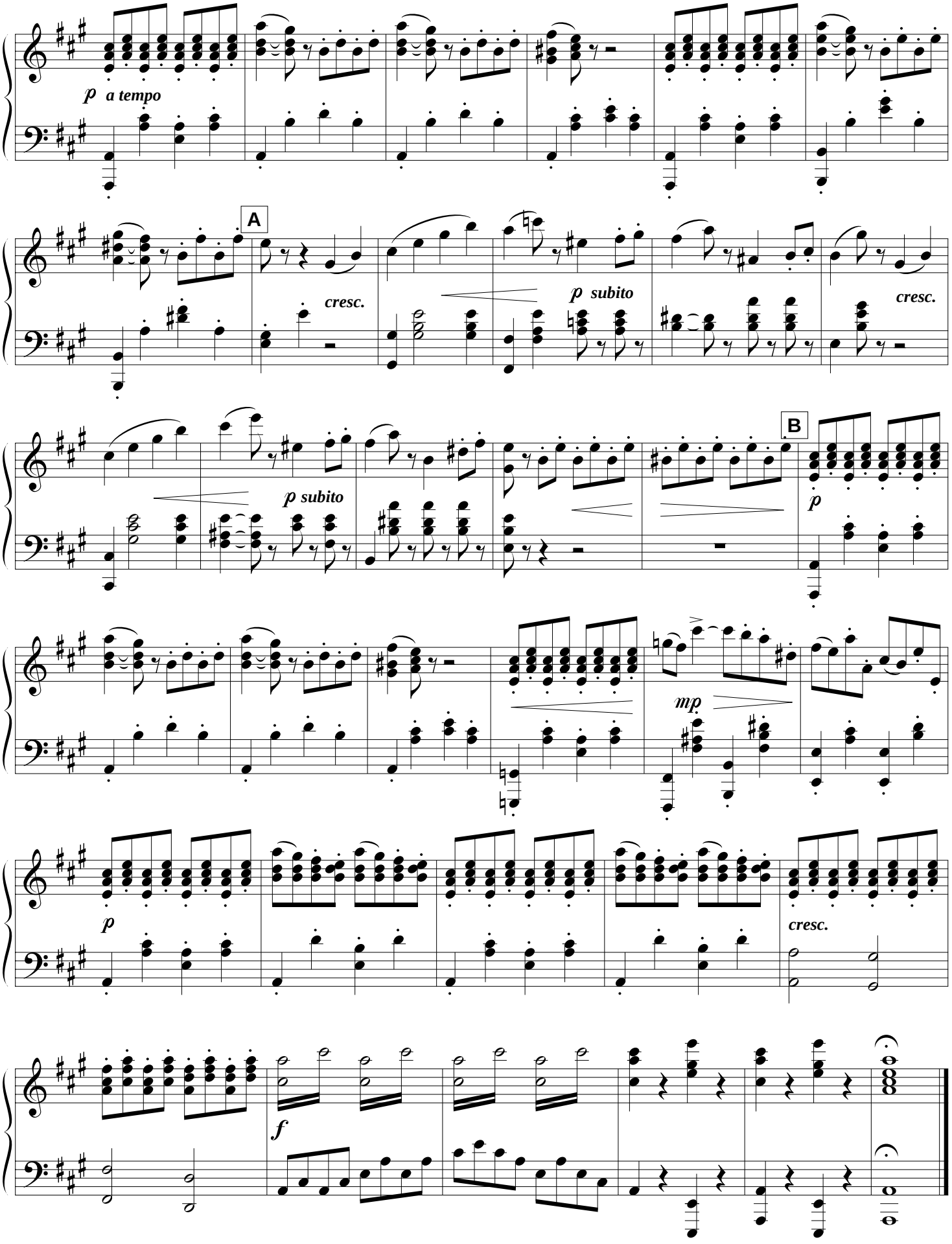
Music by:
Sir Arthur Sullivan



Allegretto grazioso




C
mp
D
mf
mp
E
mf
mp
p
rit.

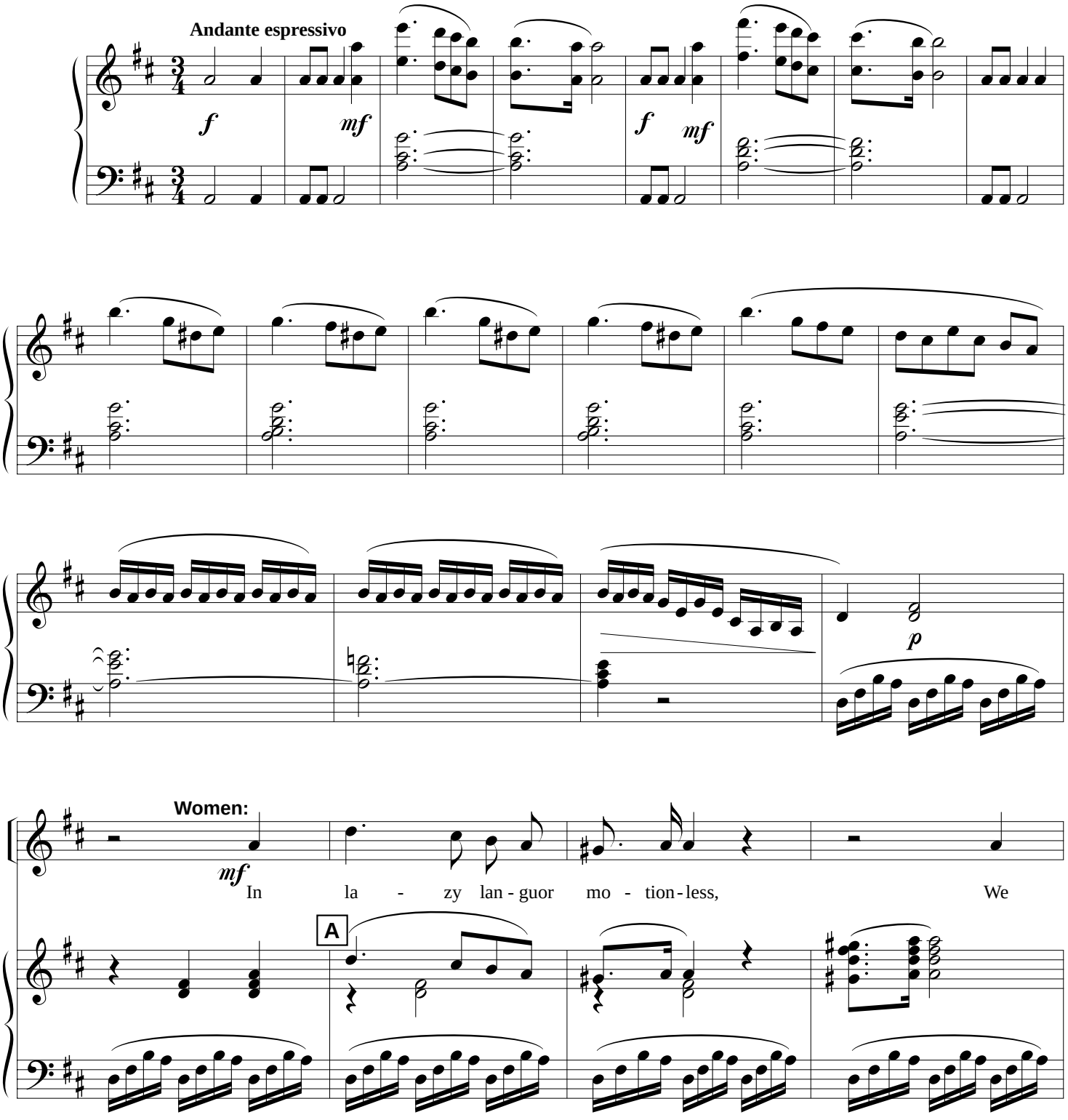

p a tempo
A
cresc.
p subito
cresc.
p subito
B
p
mp
p
cresc.
f

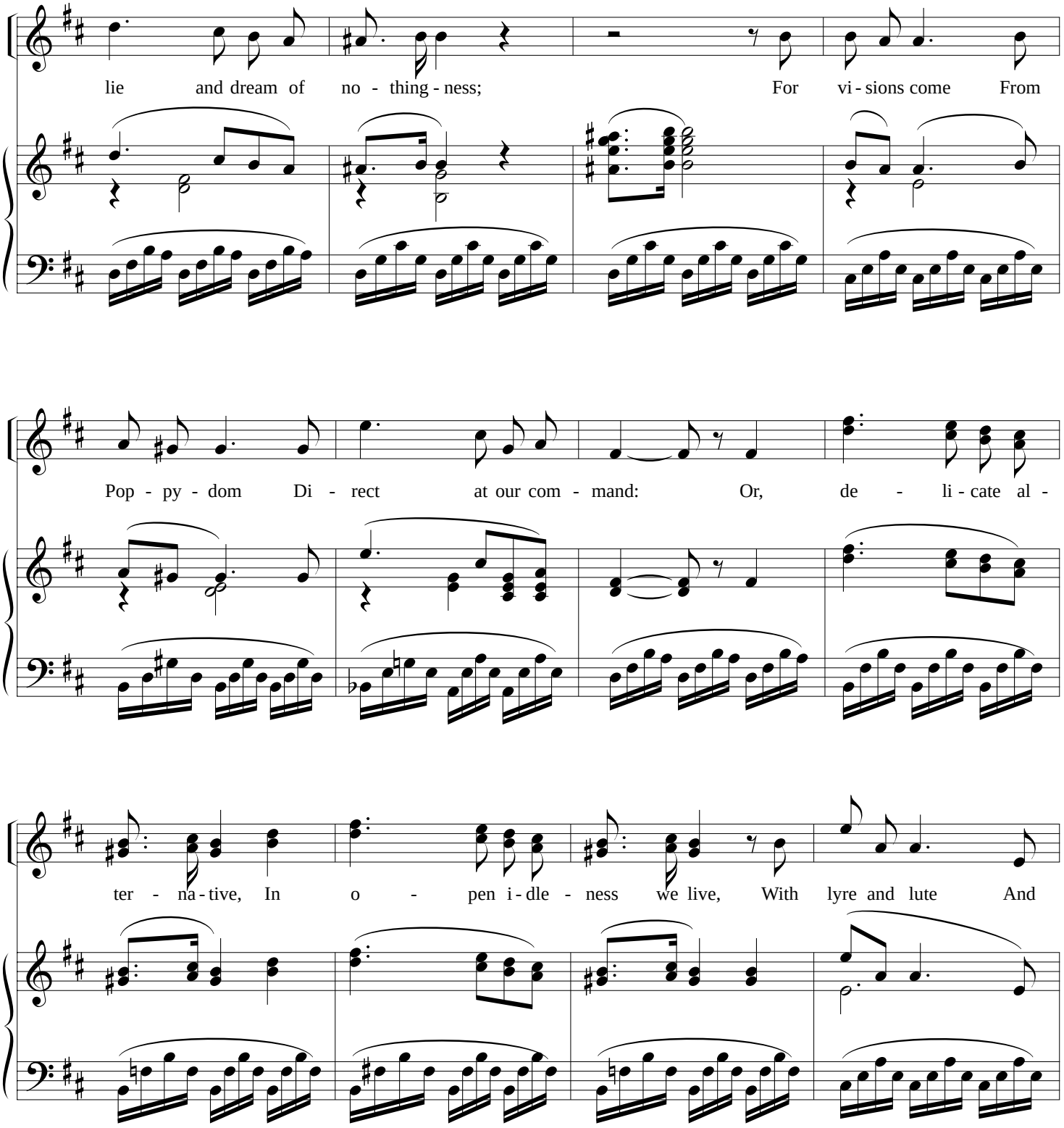
ACT I

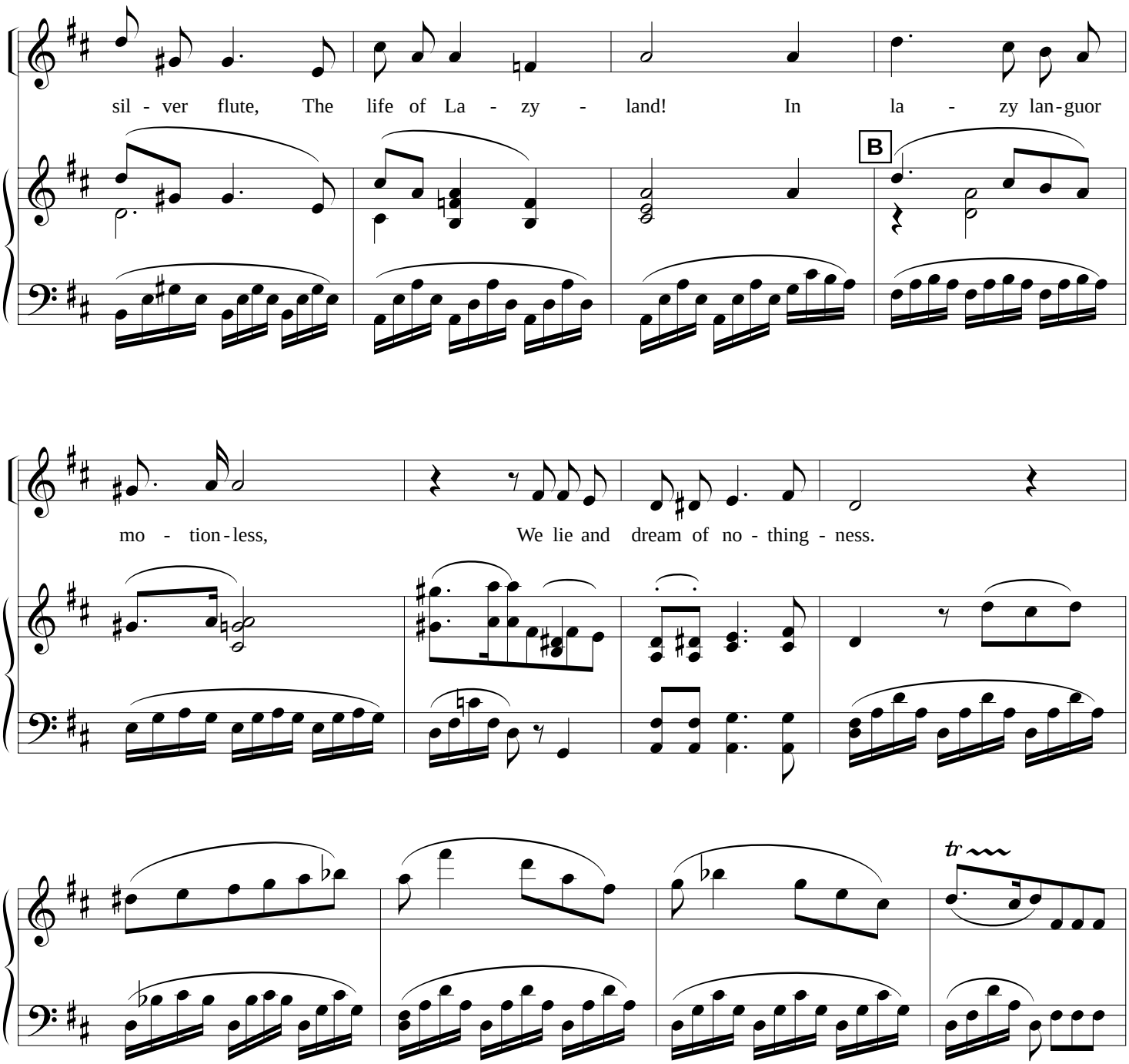
SCENE. -- *A Utopian Palm Grove in the gardens of* KING PARAMOUNT*'s Palace, showing a picturesque and luxuriant tropical landscape, with the sea in the distance.* SALATA, MELENE, PHYLLA, *and other Maidens discovered, lying lazily about the stage and thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotus-eating fashion.*

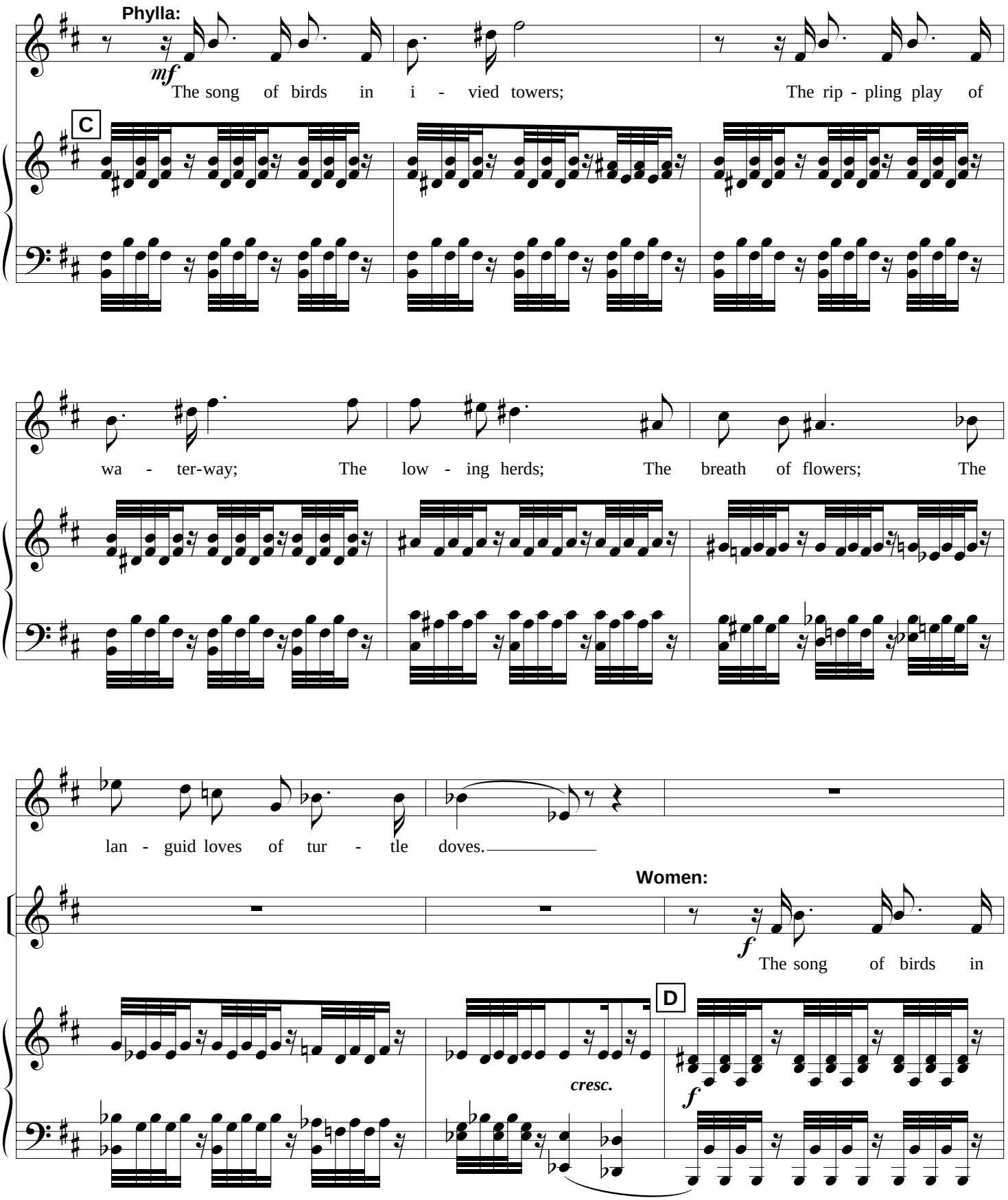
No. 1. In lazy languor motionless

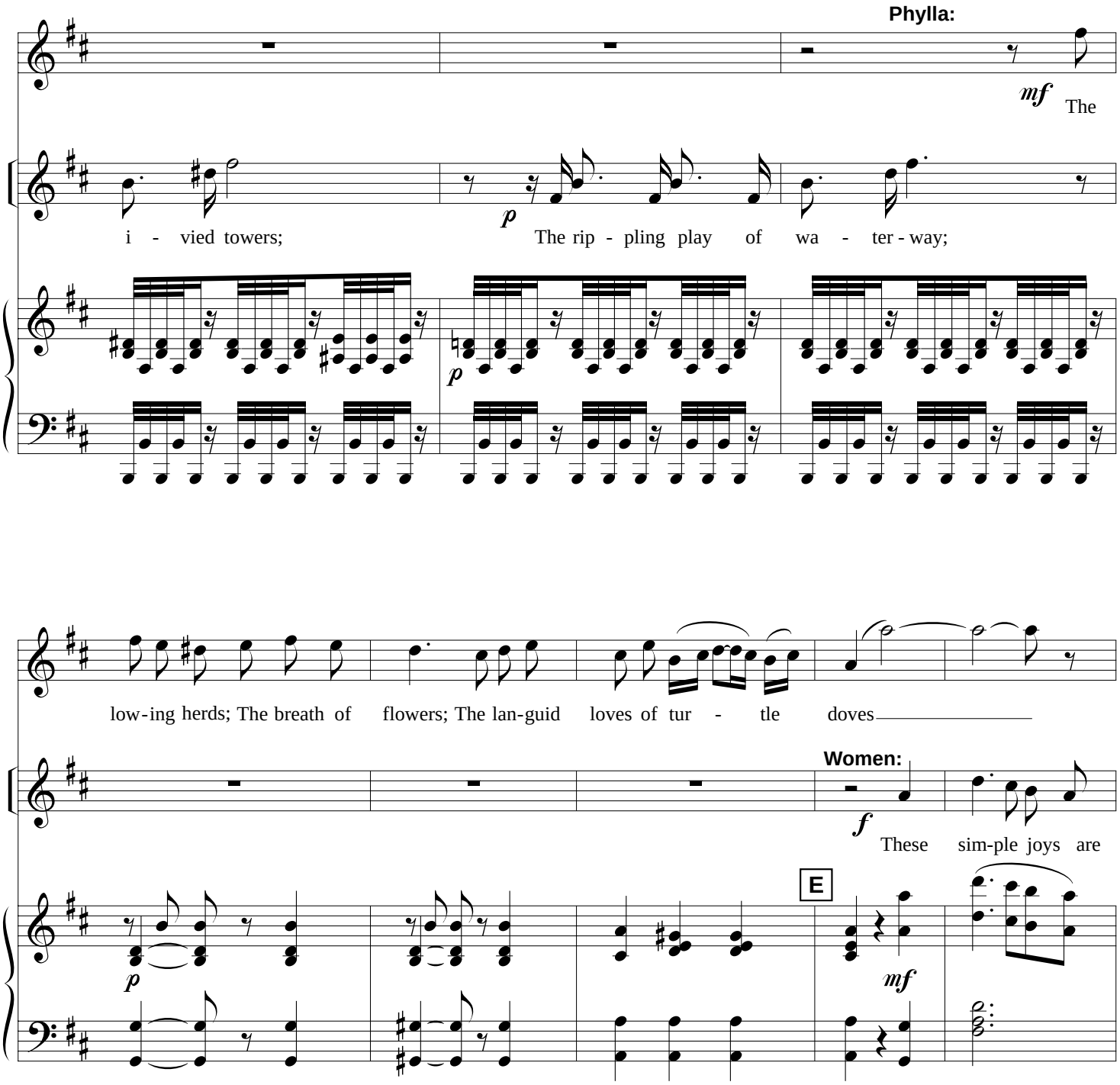
Phylla and Women

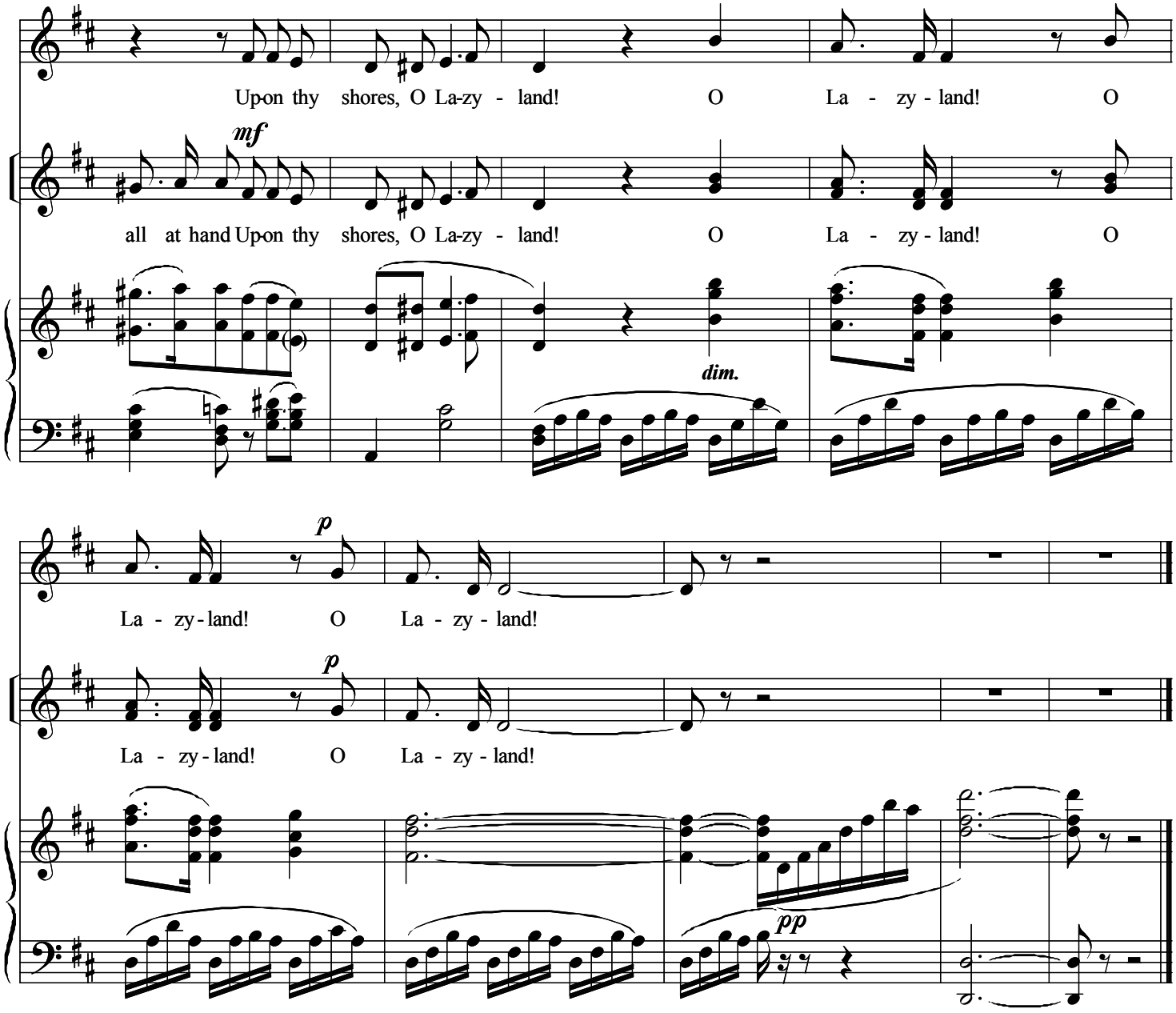



lie and dream of no - thing - ness; For vi - sions come From
Pop - py - dom Di - rect at our com - mand: Or, de - li - cate al -
ter - na - tive, In o - pen i - dle - ness we live, With lyre and lute And


sil - ver flute, The life of La - zy - land! In la - zy lan-guor
B
mo - tion-less, We lie and dream of no - thing - ness.
tr


Phylla:
mf
The song of birds in i - vied towers; The rip - pling play of
C
wa - ter-way; The low - ing herds; The breath of flowers; The
lan - guid loves of tur - tle doves.
Women:
f
The song of birds in
D
cresc.
f


Phylla:
mf
The
i - vied towers;
p
The rip - pling play of wa - ter - way;
p
low - ing herds; The breath of flowers; The lan-guid loves of tur - tle doves
Women:
f
These sim-ple joys are
E
p
mf



(*Enter* CALYNX)

Calynx: Good news! Great news! His Majesty's eldest daughter, Princess Zara, who left our shores five years since to go to England—the greatest, the most powerful, the wisest country in the world—has taken a high degree at Girton, and is on her way home again, having achieved a complete mastery over all the elements that have tended to raise that glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilized nations!

Salata: Then in a few months Utopia may hope to be completely Anglicized?

Calynx: Absolutely and without a doubt.

Melene: *(lazily)* We are very well as we are. Life without a care—every want supplied by a kind and fatherly monarch, who, despot though he be, has no other thought than to make his people happy—what have we to gain by the great change that is in store for us?

Salata: What have we to gain? English institutions, English tastes, and oh, English fashions!

Calynx: England has made herself what she is because, in that favored land, every one has to think for himself. Here we have no need to think, because our monarch anticipates all our wants, and our political opinions are formed for us by the journals to which we subscribe. Oh, think how much more brilliant this dialogue would have been, if we had been accustomed to exercise our reflective powers! They say that in England the conversation of the very meanest is a coruscation of impromptu epigram!

(Enter TARARA *in a great rage)*

Tarara: Lalabalele talala! Callabale lalabalica falahle!

Calynx: *(horrified)* Stop--stop, I beg! *(All the ladies close their ears.)*

Tarara: Callamalala galalate! Caritalla lalabalee kallalale poo!

Ladies: Oh, stop him! stop him!

Calynx: My lord, I'm surprised at you. Are you not aware that His Majesty, in his despotic acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people, has ordered that the Utopian language shall be banished from his court, and that all communications shall henceforward be made in the English tongue?

Tarara: Yes, I'm perfectly aware of it, although--*(suddenly presenting an explosive "cracker").* Stop--allow me.

Calynx: *(pulls it).* Now, what's that for?

Tarara: Why, I've recently been appointed Public Exploder to His Majesty, and as I'm constitutionally nervous, I must accustom myself by degrees to the startling nature of my duties. Thank you. I was about to say that although, as Public Exploder, I am next in succession to the throne, I nevertheless do my best to fall in with the royal decree. But when I am overmastered by an indignant sense of overwhelming wrong, as I am now, I slip into my native tongue without knowing it. I am told that in the language of that great and pure nation, strong expressions do not exist, consequently when I want to let off steam I have no alternative but to say, "Lalabalele molola lililah kallalale poo!"

Calynx: But what is your grievance?

Tarara: This--by our Constitution we are governed by a Despot who, although in theory absolute--is, in practice, nothing of the kind--being watched day and night by two Wise Men whose duty it is, on his very first lapse from political or social propriety, to denounce him to me, the Public Exploder, and it then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite--allow me. *(Presenting a cracker which* CALYNX *pulls.)* Thank you--and, as some compensation to my wounded feelings, I reign in his stead.

Calynx: Yes. After many unhappy experiments in the direction of an ideal Republic, it was found that what may be described as a Despotism tempered by Dynamite provides, on the whole, the most satisfactory description of ruler--an autocrat who dares not abuse his autocratic power.

Tarara: That's the theory--but in practice, how does it act? Now, do you ever happen to see the Palace Peeper? *(producing a "Society" paper).*

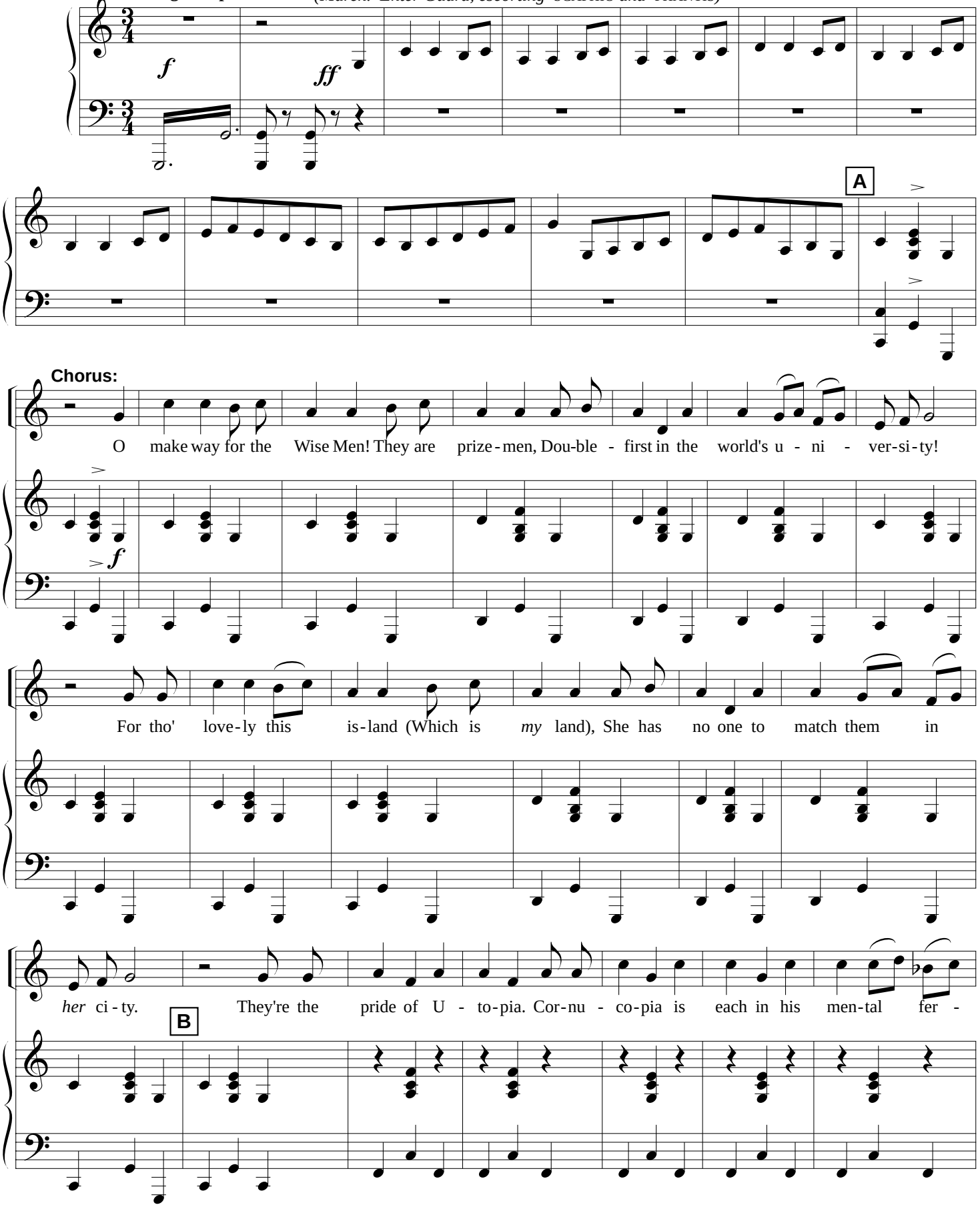
Calynx: Never even heard of the journal.

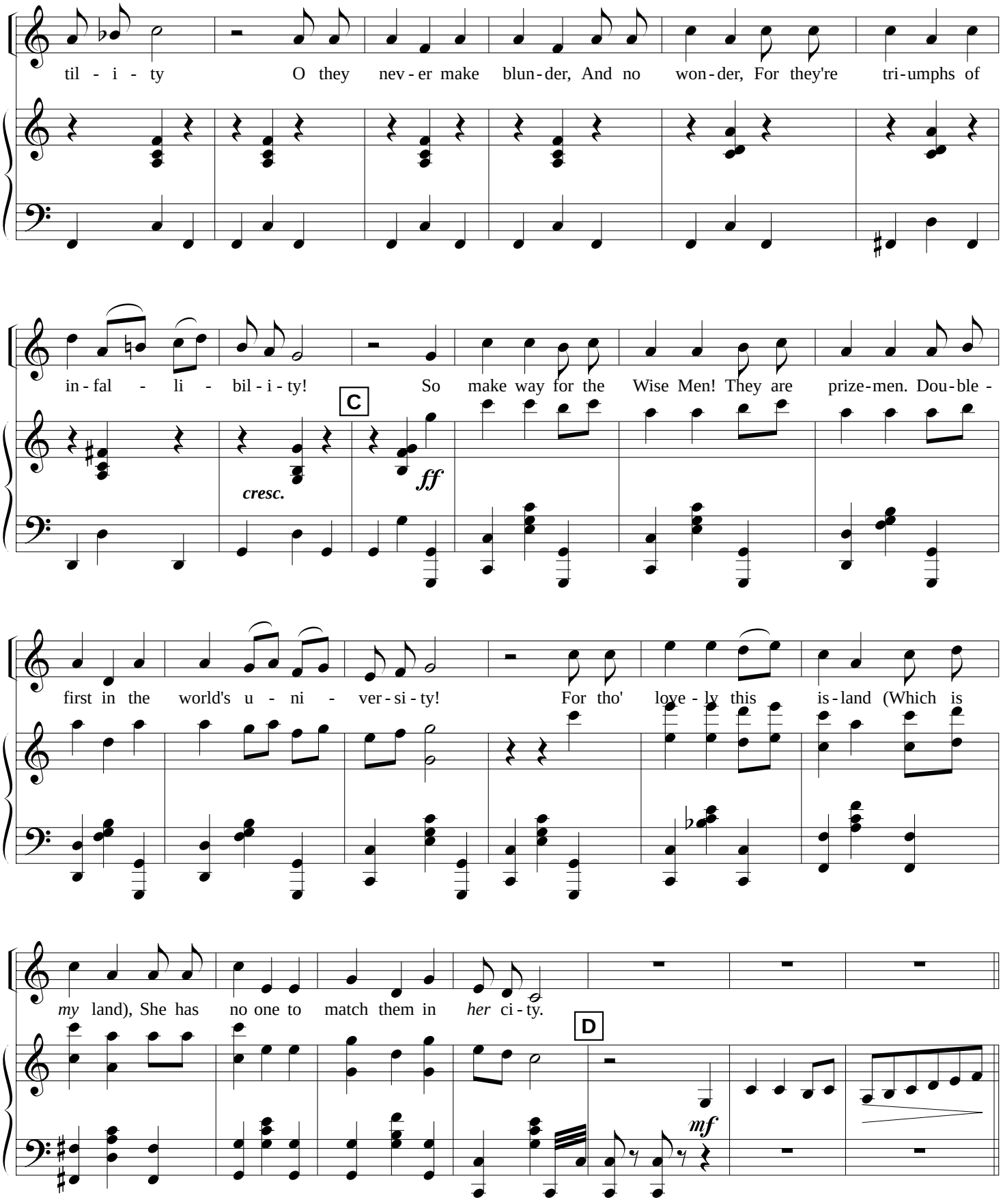
Tarara: I'm not surprised, because His Majesty's agents always buy up the whole edition; but I have an aunt in the publishing department, and she has supplied me with a copy. Well, it actually teems with circumstantially convincing details of the King's abominable immoralities! If this high-class journal may be believed, His Majesty is one of the most Heliogabalian profligates that ever disgraced an autocratic throne! And *do* these Wise Men denounce him to me? Not a bit of it! They wink at his immoralities! Under the circumstances I really think I am justified in exclaiming "Lalabelele molola lililah kalabalale poo!" *(All horrified.)* I don't care--the occasion demands it. *(Exit* TARARA*)*

No. 2. O make way for the Wise Men!

Chorus

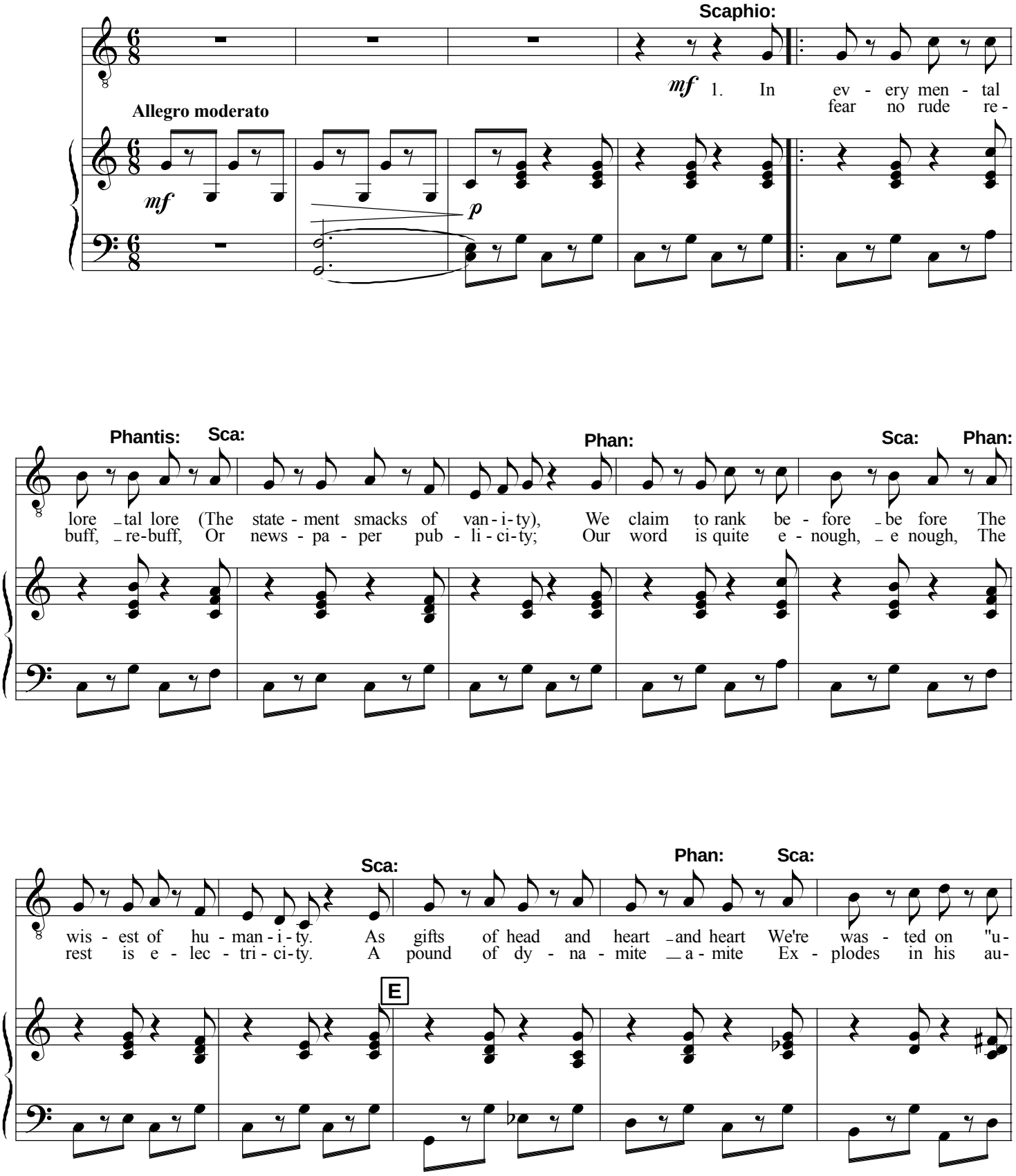
Allegretto pesante *(March. Enter Guard, escorting* SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*)*

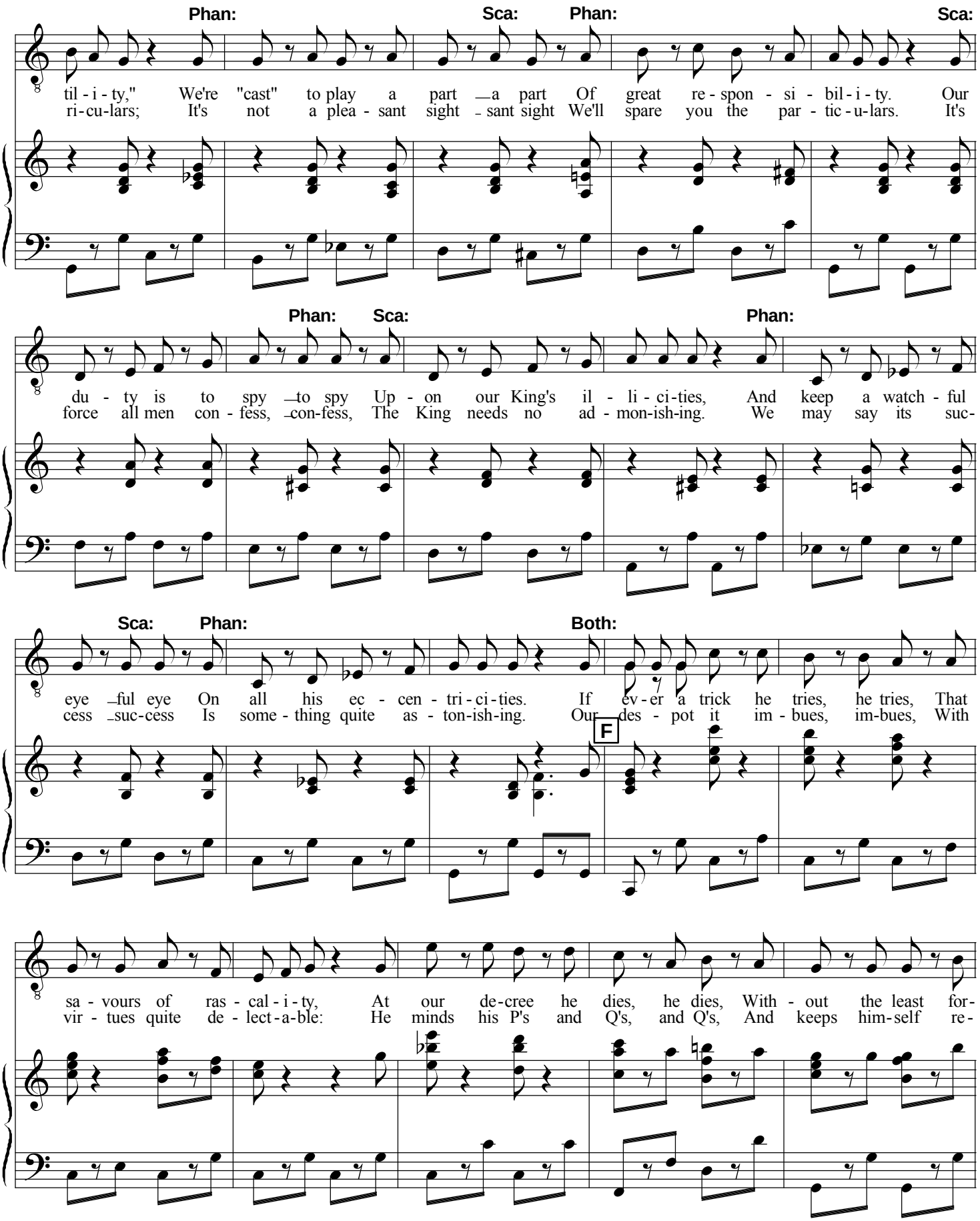


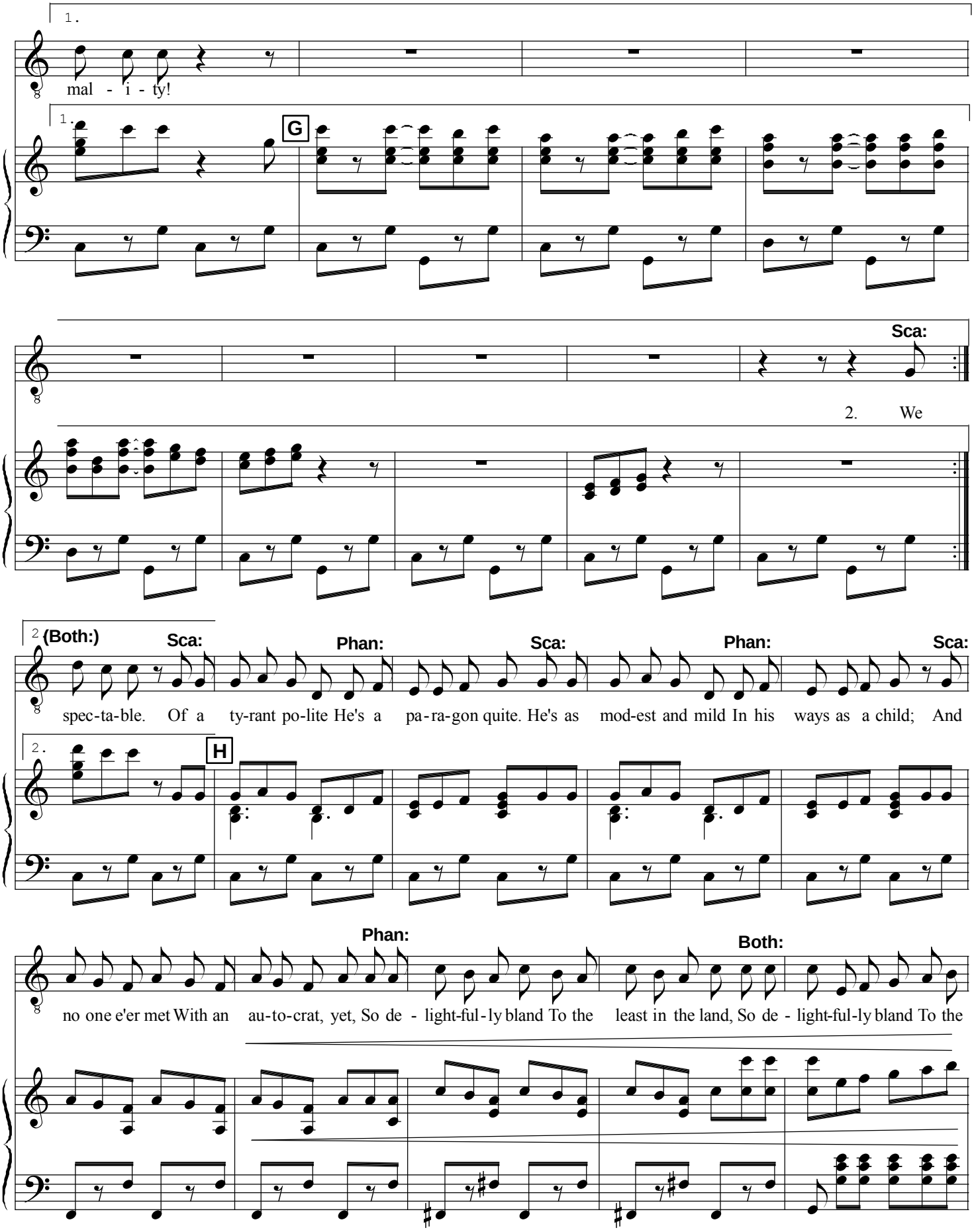

til - i - ty O they nev - er make blun - der, And no won - der, For they're tri - umphs of
in - fal - li - bil - i - ty! So make way for the Wise Men! They are prize - men. Dou - ble -
C
cresc.
ff
first in the world's u - ni - ver - si - ty! For tho' love - ly this is - land (Which is
my land), She has no one to match them in her ci - ty.
D
mf

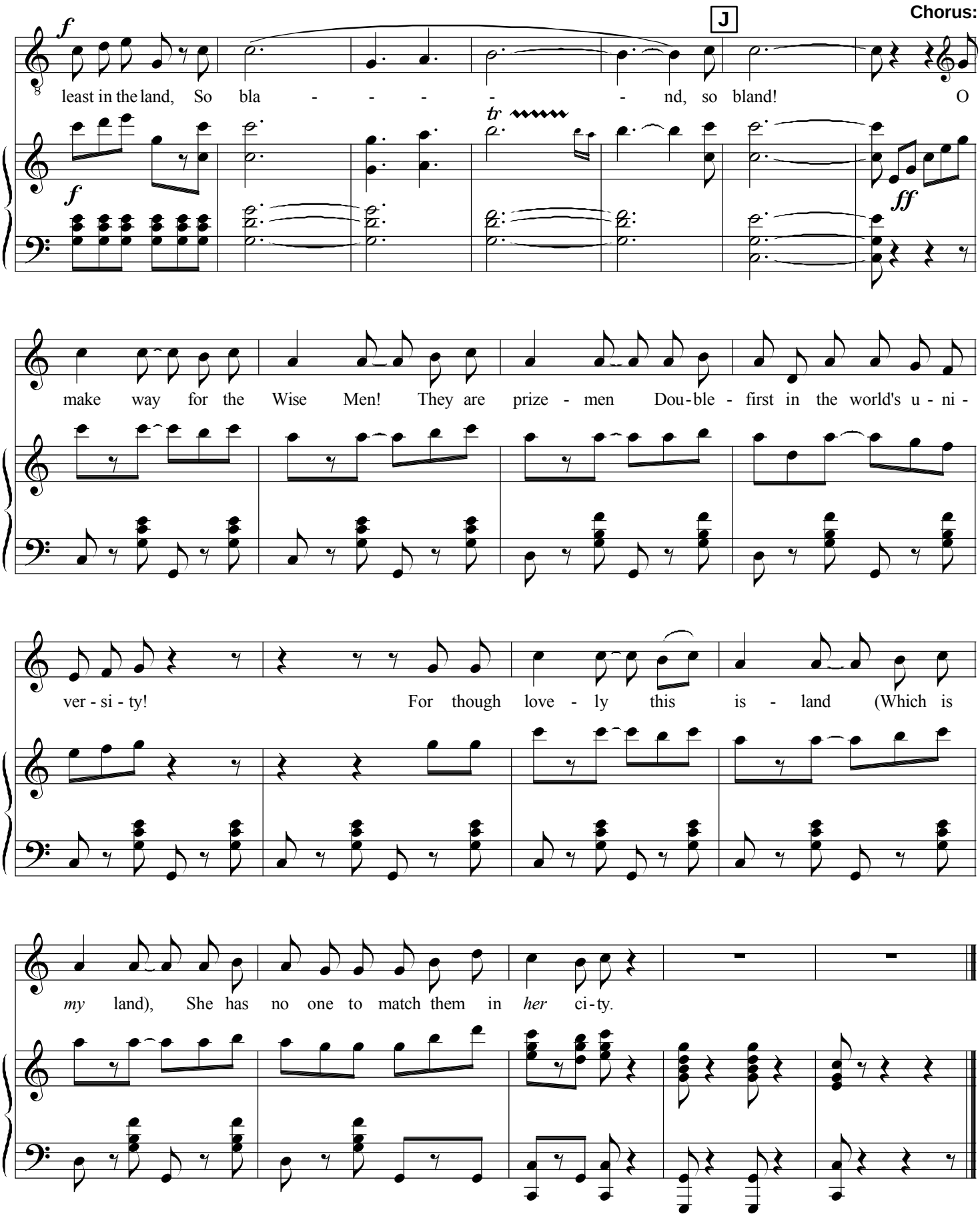
No. 2a. In every mental lore

Scaphio, Phantis, and Chorus




Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
til - i - ty," We're "cast" to play a part a part Of great re - spon - si - bil - i - ty. Our
ri - cu - lars; It's not a plea - sant sight sant sight We'll spare you the par - tic - u - lars. It's
Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
du - ty is to spy to spy Up - on our King's il - li - ci - ties, And keep a watch - ful
force all men con - fess, con-fess, The King needs no ad - mon-ish-ing. We may say its suc-
Sca:
Phan:
Both:
eye ful eye On all his ec - cen - tri - ci - ties. If ev - er a trick he tries, he tries, That
cess suc-cess Is some - thing quite as - ton-ish-ing. Our des - pot it im - bues, im-bues, With
F
sa - vours of ras - cal - i - ty, At our de-cree he dies, he dies, With - out the least for-
vir - tues quite de - lect - a-ble: He minds his P's and Q's, and Q's, And keeps him-self re-


1.
mal - i - ty!
1.
G
Sca:
2. We
2
(Both:)
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
Phan:
Sca:
spec-ta-ble. Of a ty-rant po-lite He's a pa-ra-gon quite. He's as mod-est and mild In his ways as a child; And
2.
H
Phan:
Both:
no one e'er met With an au-to-crat, yet, So de - light-ful-ly bland To the least in the land, So de - light-ful-ly bland To the



(Exeunt all but SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*.)*

*(*PHANTIS *is pensive.)*

Scaphio: Phantis, you are not in your customary exuberant spirits. What is wrong?

Phantis: Scaphio, I think you once told me that you have never loved?

Scaphio: Never! I have often marvelled at the fairy influence which weaves its rosy web about the faculties of the greatest and wisest of our race; but I thank Heaven I have never been subjected to its singular fascination. For, oh, Phantis! there is that within me that tells me that when my time *does* come, the convulsion will be tremendous! When *I* love, it will be with the accumulated fervor of sixty-six years! But I have an ideal—a semi-transparent Being, filled with an inorganic pink jelly—and I have never yet seen the woman who approaches within measurable distance of it. All are opaque—opaque—opaque!

Phantis: Keep that ideal firmly before you, and love not until you find her. Though but fifty-five, I am an old campaigner in the battle-fields of Love; and, believe me, it is better to be as you are, heart-free and happy, than as I am—eternally racked with doubting agonies! Scaphio, the Princess Zara returns from England today!

Scaphio: My poor boy, I see it all.

Phantis: Oh! Scaphio, she is so beautiful. Ah! you smile, for you have never seen her. She sailed for England three months before you took office.

Scaphio: Now tell me, is your affection requited?

Phantis: I do not know—I am not sure. Sometimes I think it is, and then come these torturing doubts! I feel sure that she does not regard me with absolute indifference, for she could never look at me without having to go to bed with a sick headache.

Scaphio: That is surely something. Come, take heart, boy! you are young and beautiful. What more could maiden want?

Phantis: Ah! Scaphio, remember she returns from a land where every youth is as a young Greek god, and where such beauty as I can boast is seen at every turn.

Scaphio: Be of good cheer! Marry her, boy, if so your fancy wills, and be sure that love will come.

Phantis: *(overjoyed)* Then you will assist me in this?

Scaphio: Why, surely! Silly one, what have you to fear? We have but to say the word, and her father must consent. Is he not our very slave? Come, take heart. I cannot bear to see you sad.

Phantis: Now I may hope, indeed! Scaphio, you have placed me on the very pinnacle of human joy!

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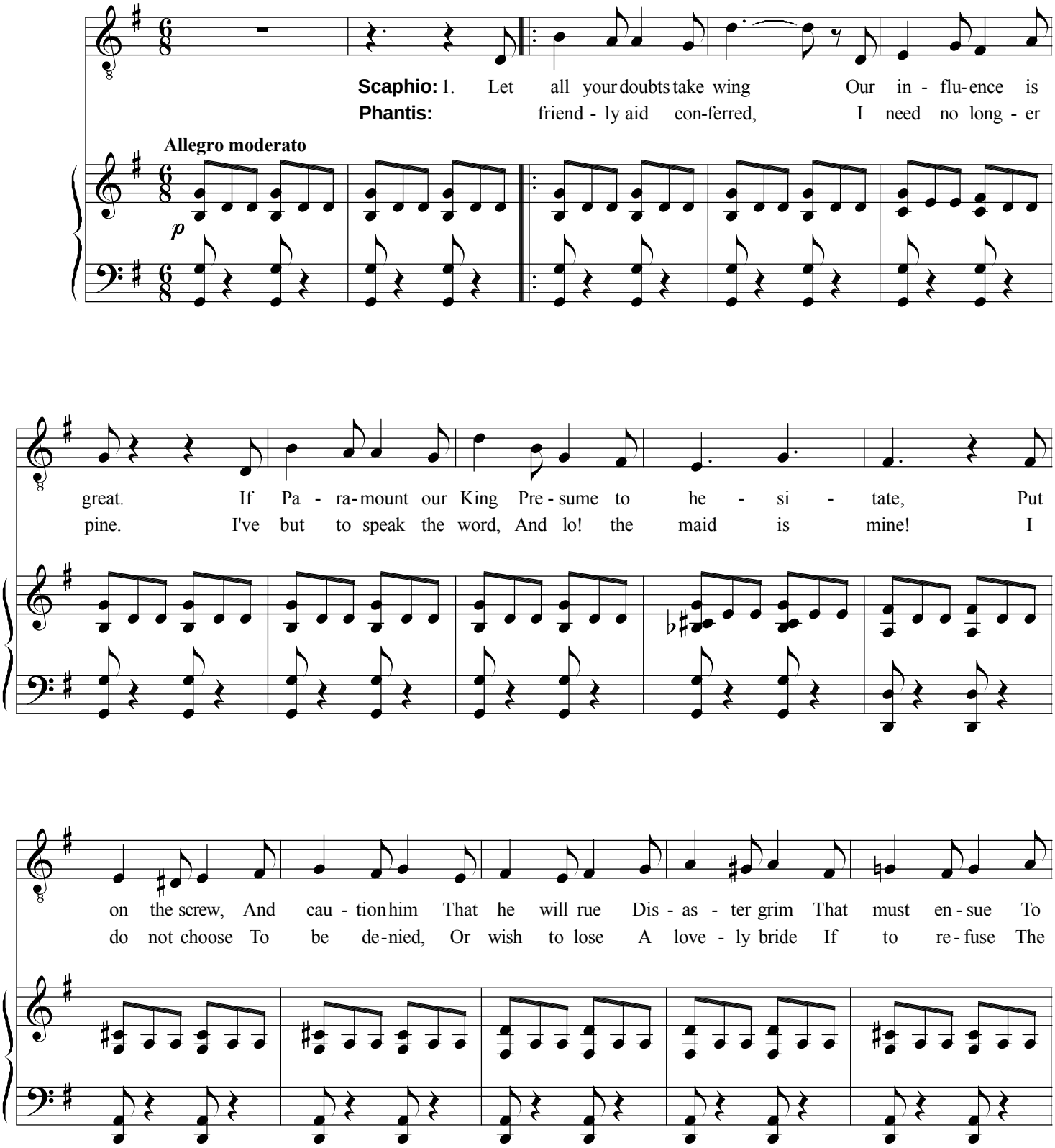
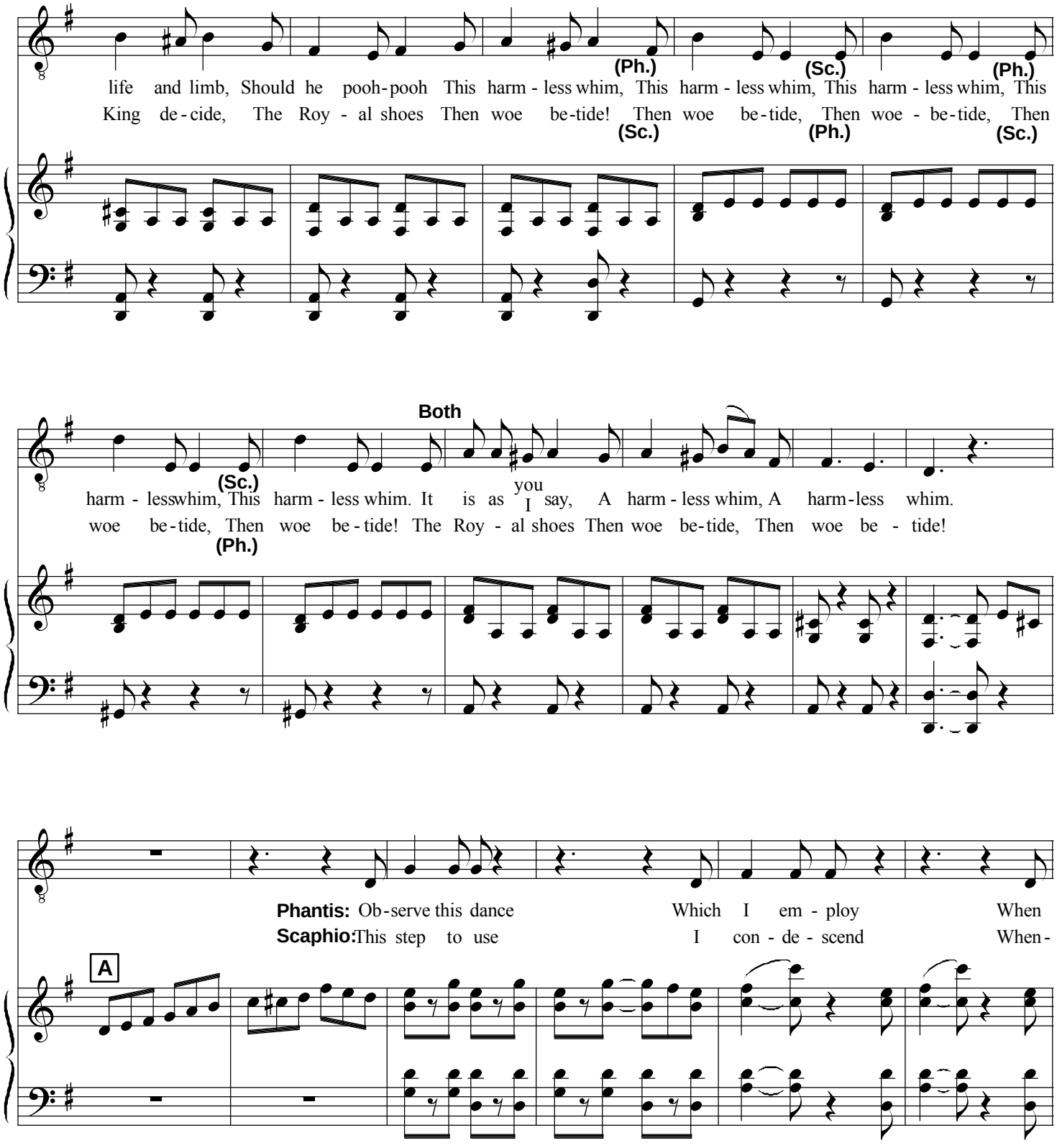
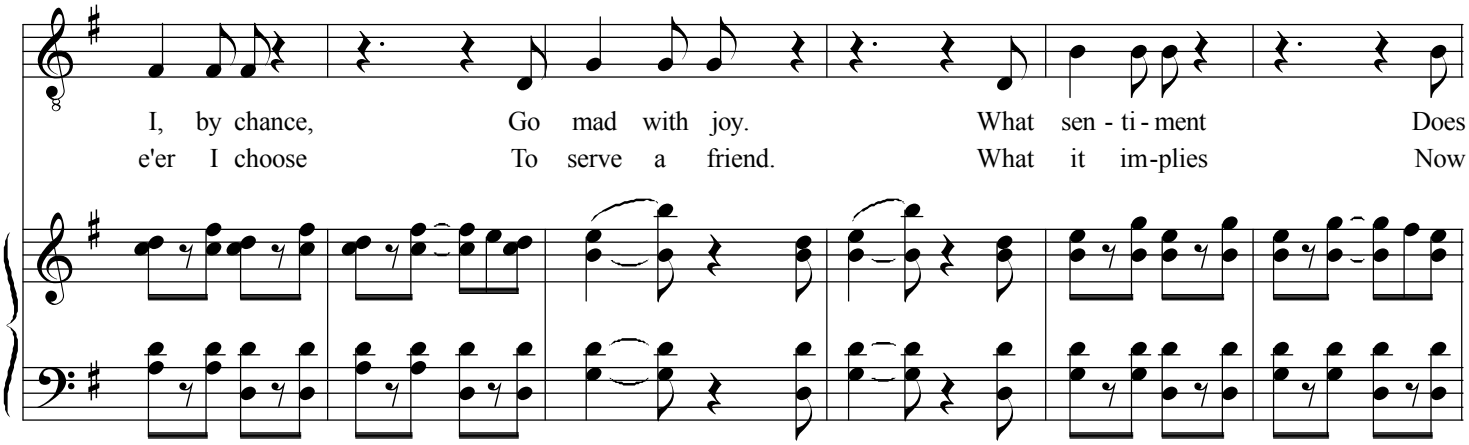
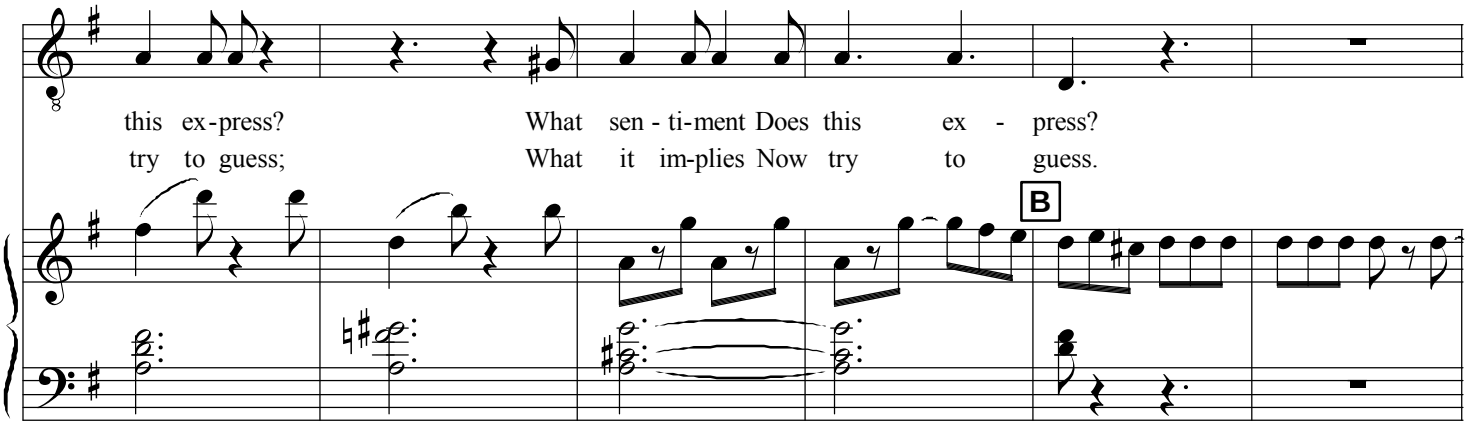
No. 3. Let all your doubts take wing

Scaphio and Phantis

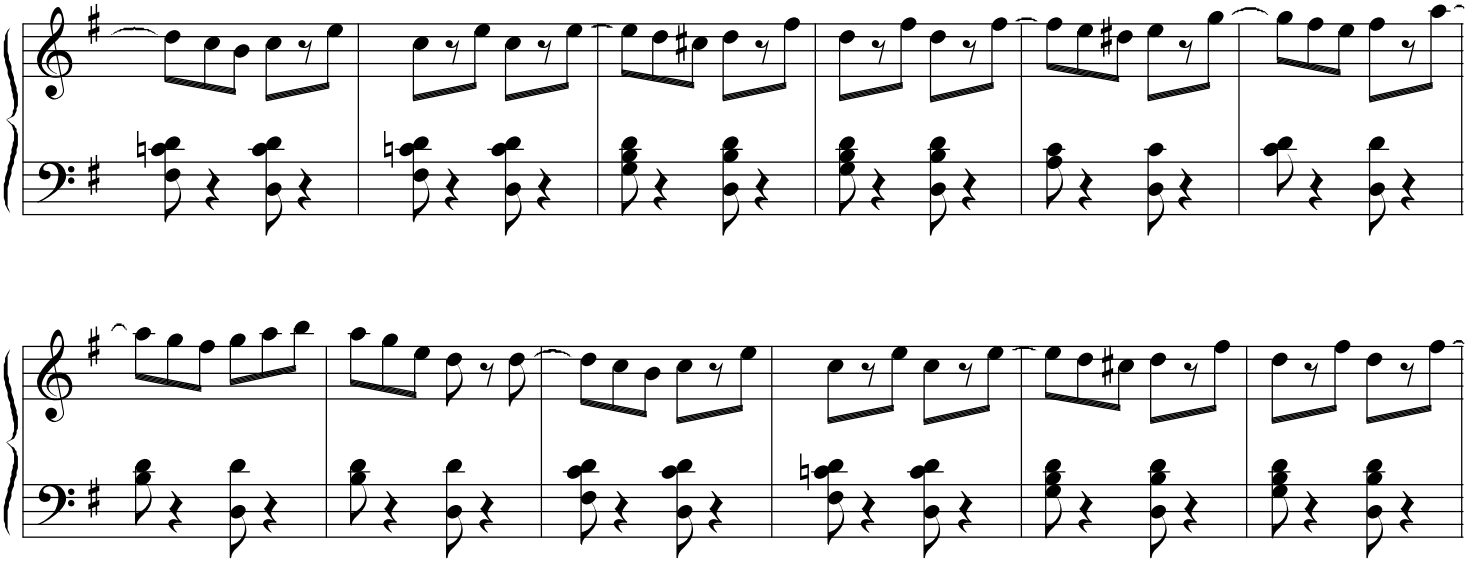


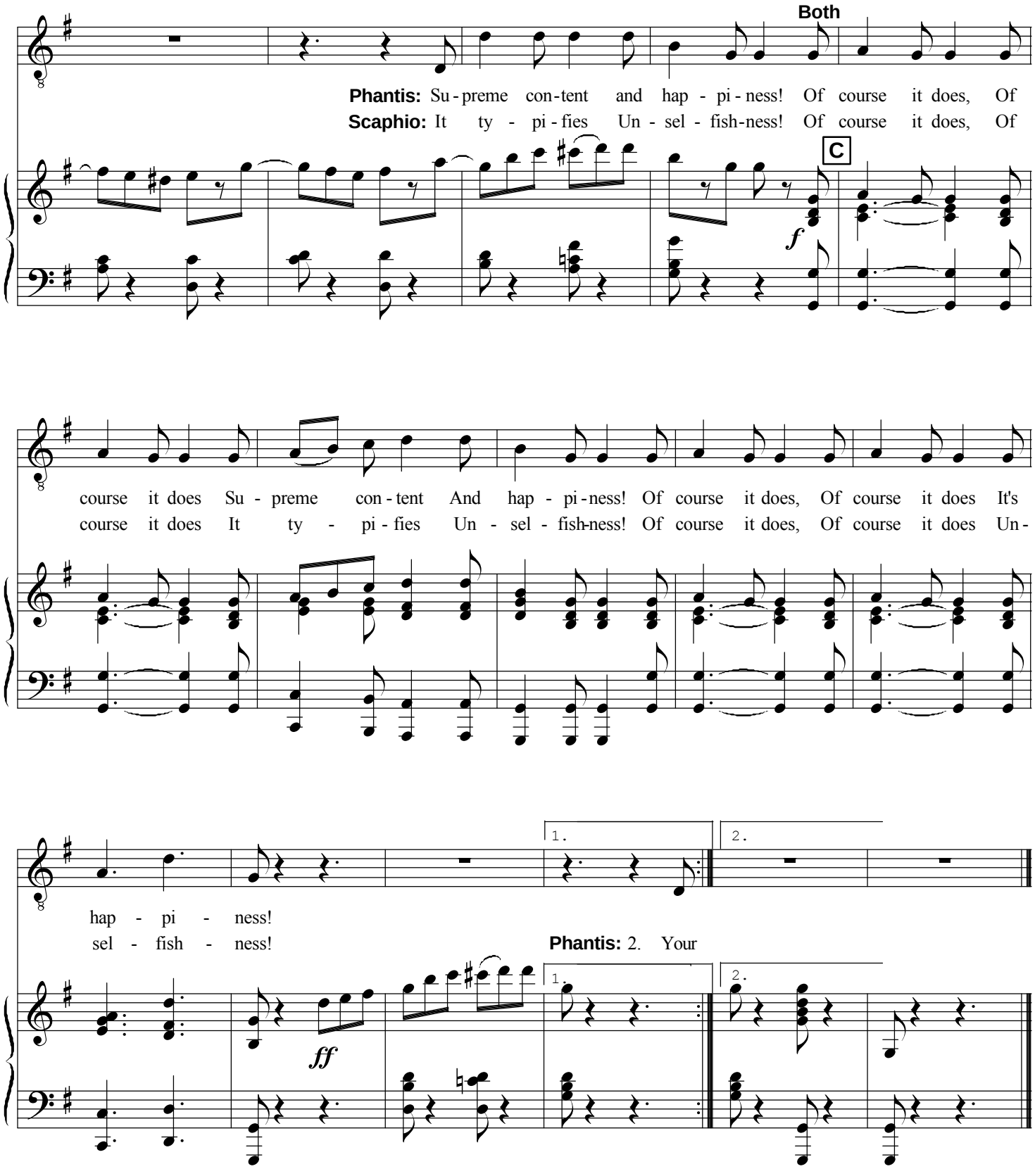

life and limb, Should he pooh-pooh This harm - less whim, This harm - less whim, This harm - less whim, This
King de - cide, The Roy - al shoes Then woe be-tide! Then woe be-tide, Then woe - be-tide, Then
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
(Sc.)
harm - lesswhim, This harm - less whim. It is as you I say, A harm - less whim, A harm-less whim.
woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide! The Roy - al shoes Then woe be-tide, Then woe be - tide!
Both
(Sc.)
(Ph.)
Phantis: Ob-serve this dance Which I em - ploy When
Scaphio: This step to use I con - de - scend When-
A





1. (PHANTIS *continues his dance while* SCAPHIO *vainly endeavors to discover its meaning.)*
2. (SCAPHIO *continues his dance while* PHANTIS *vainly endeavors to discover its meaning.)*



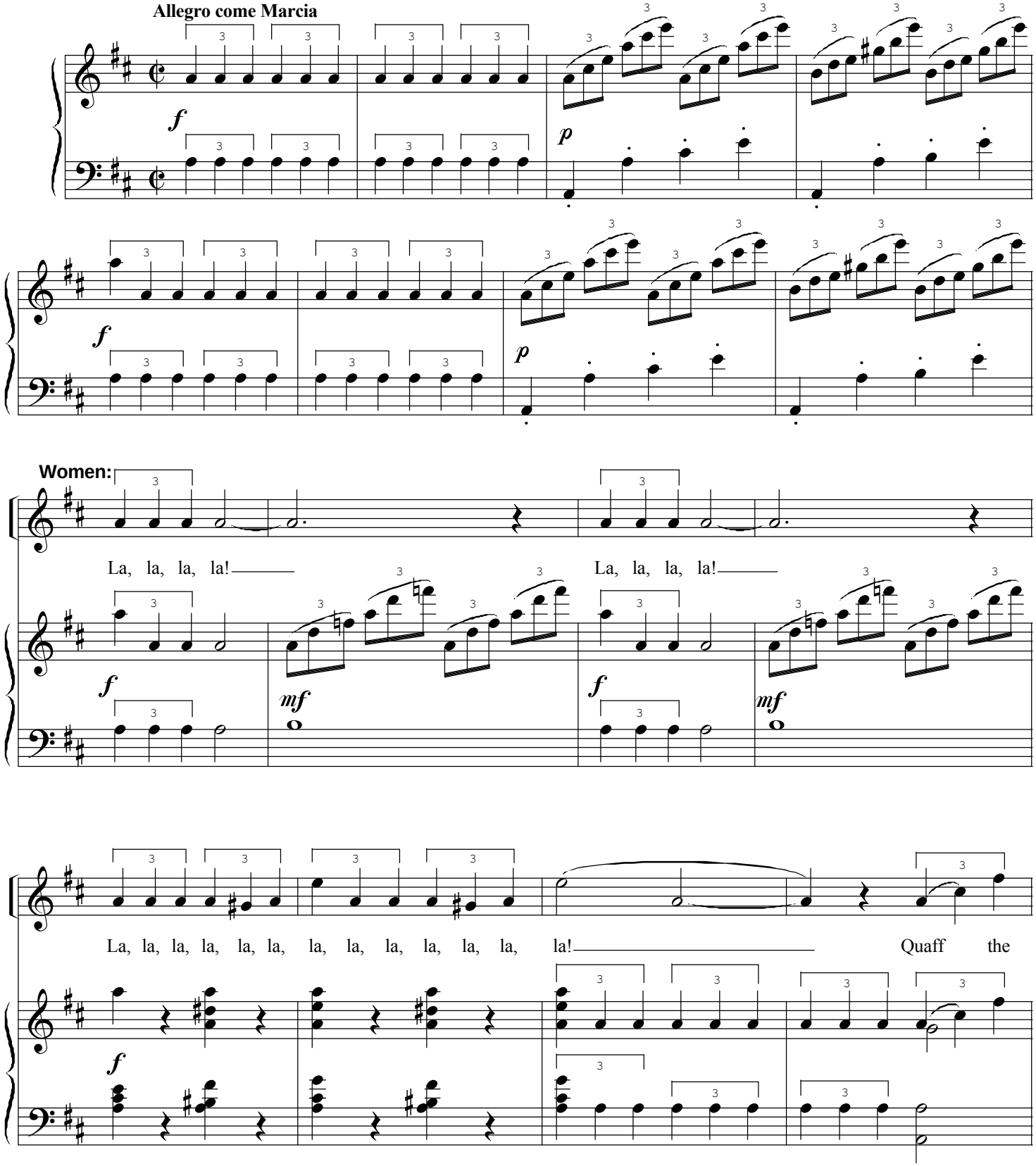


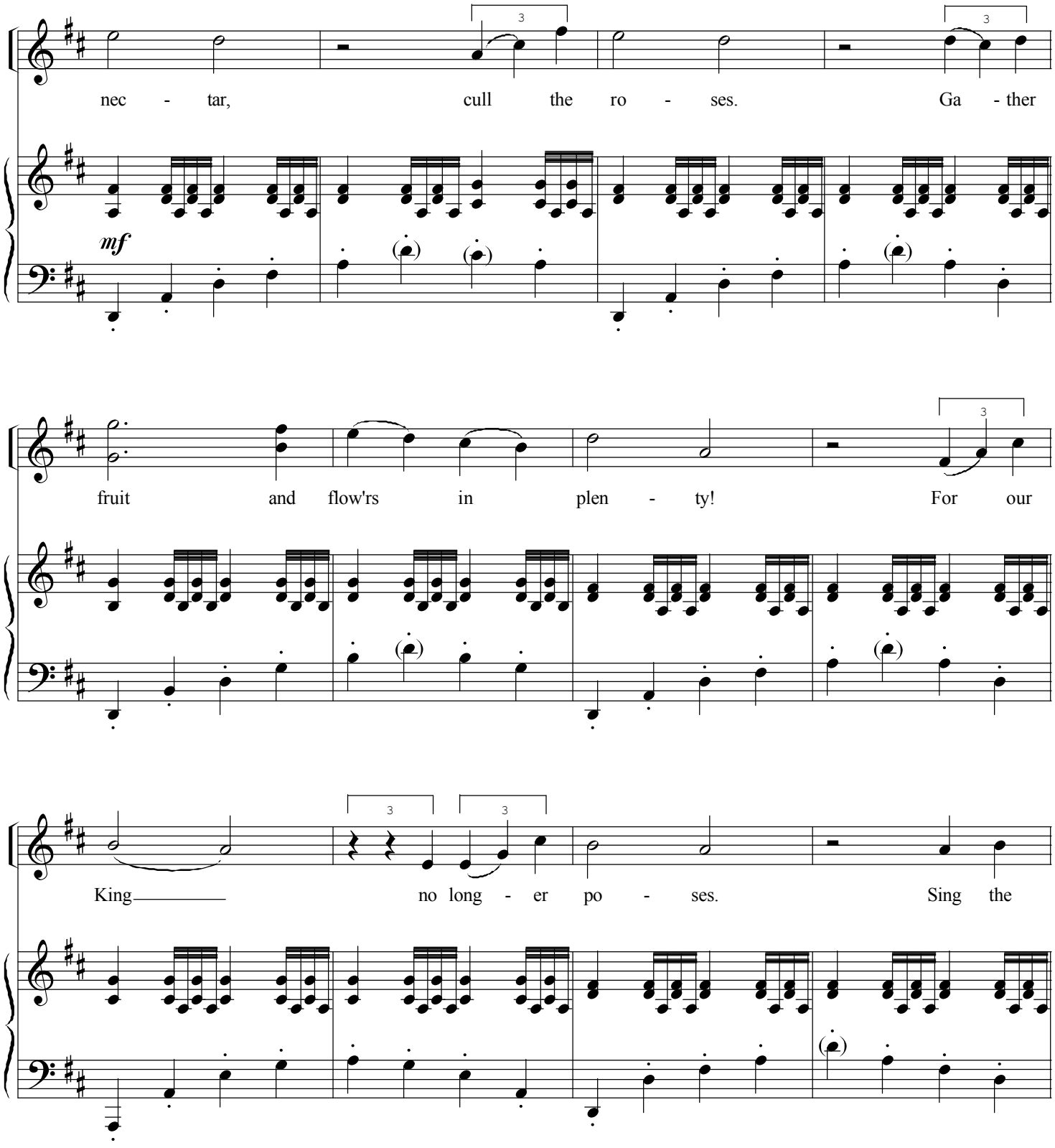
(Exeunt SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*)*

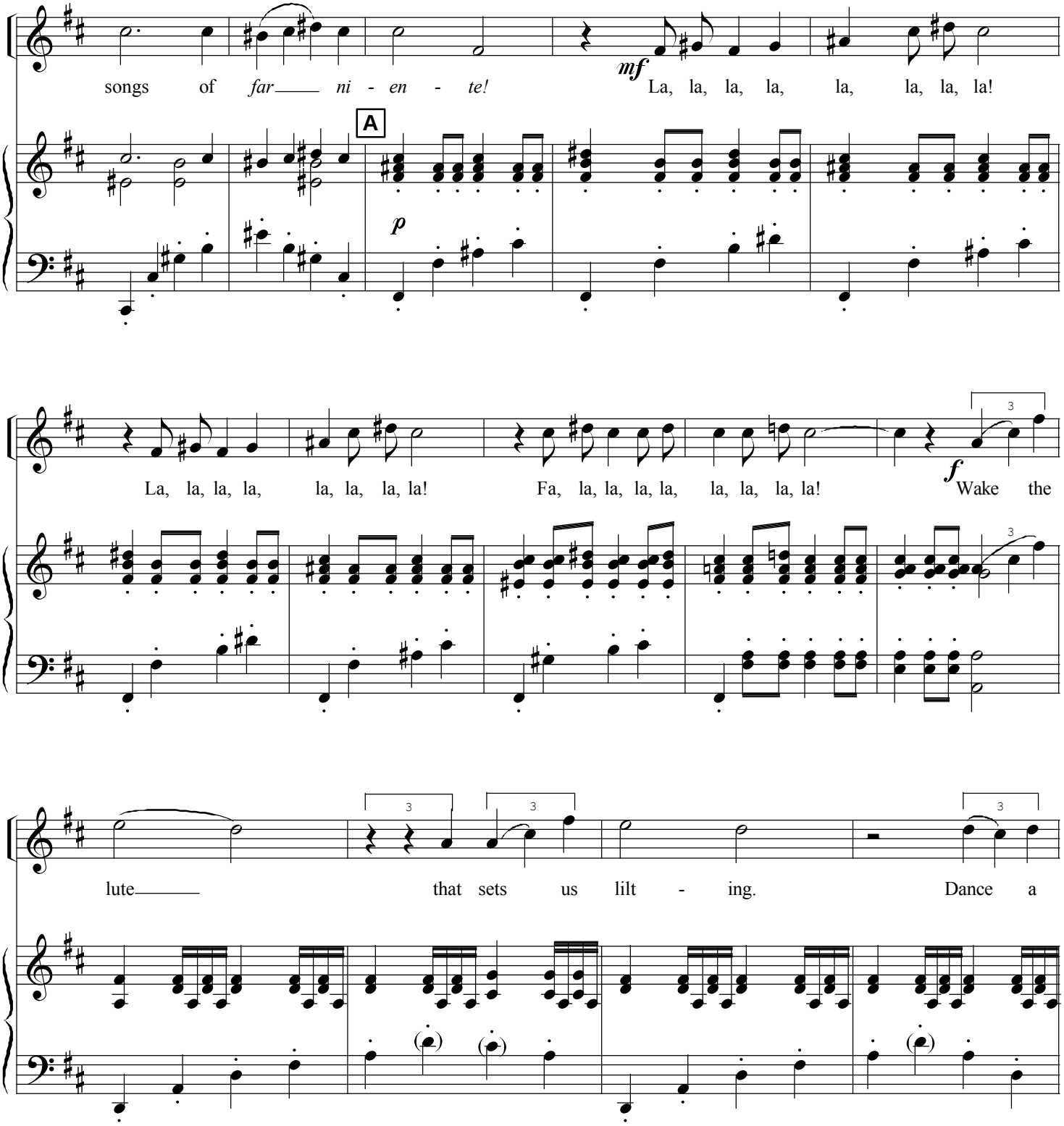
No. 4. Quaff the nectar

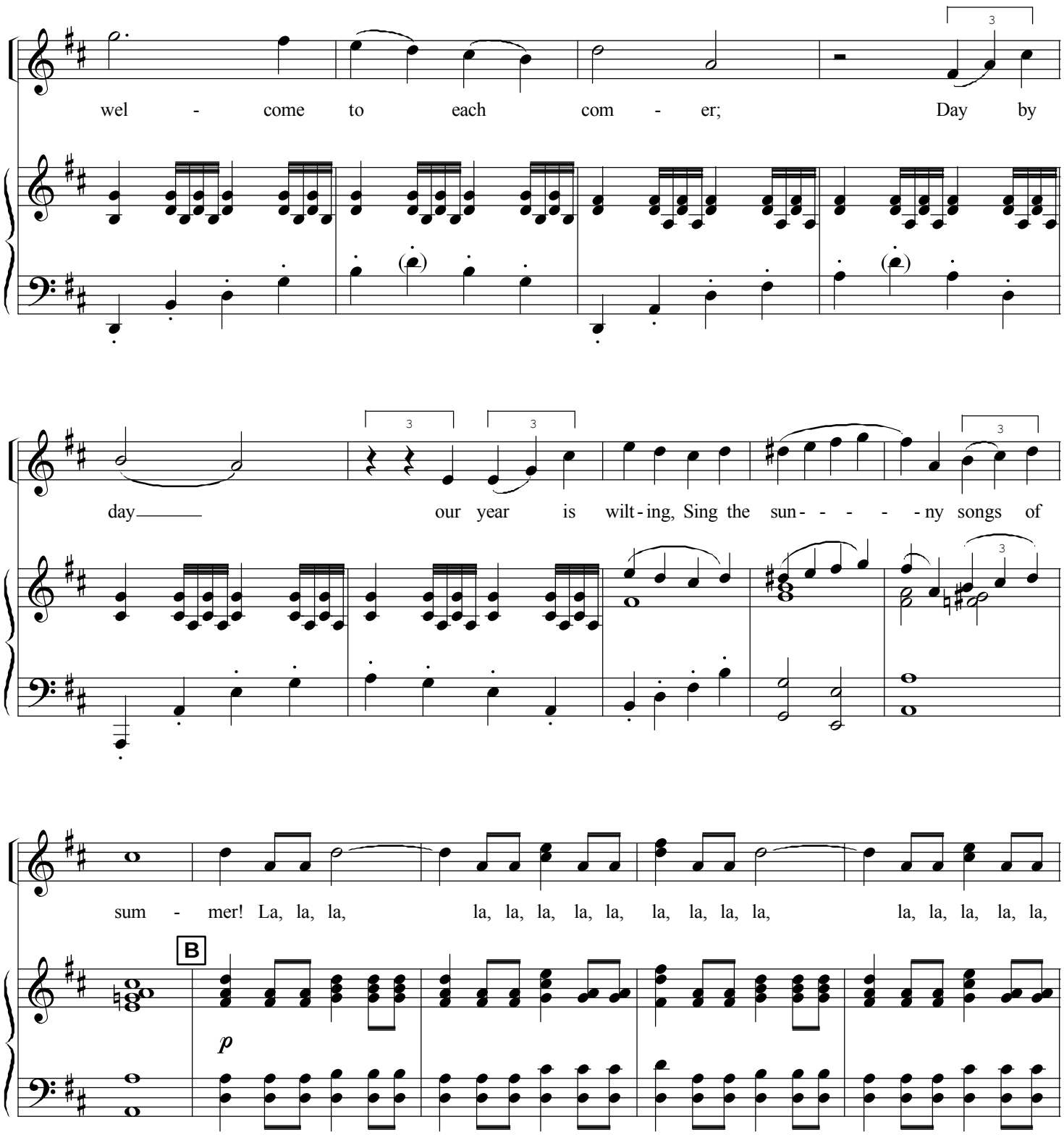
Women

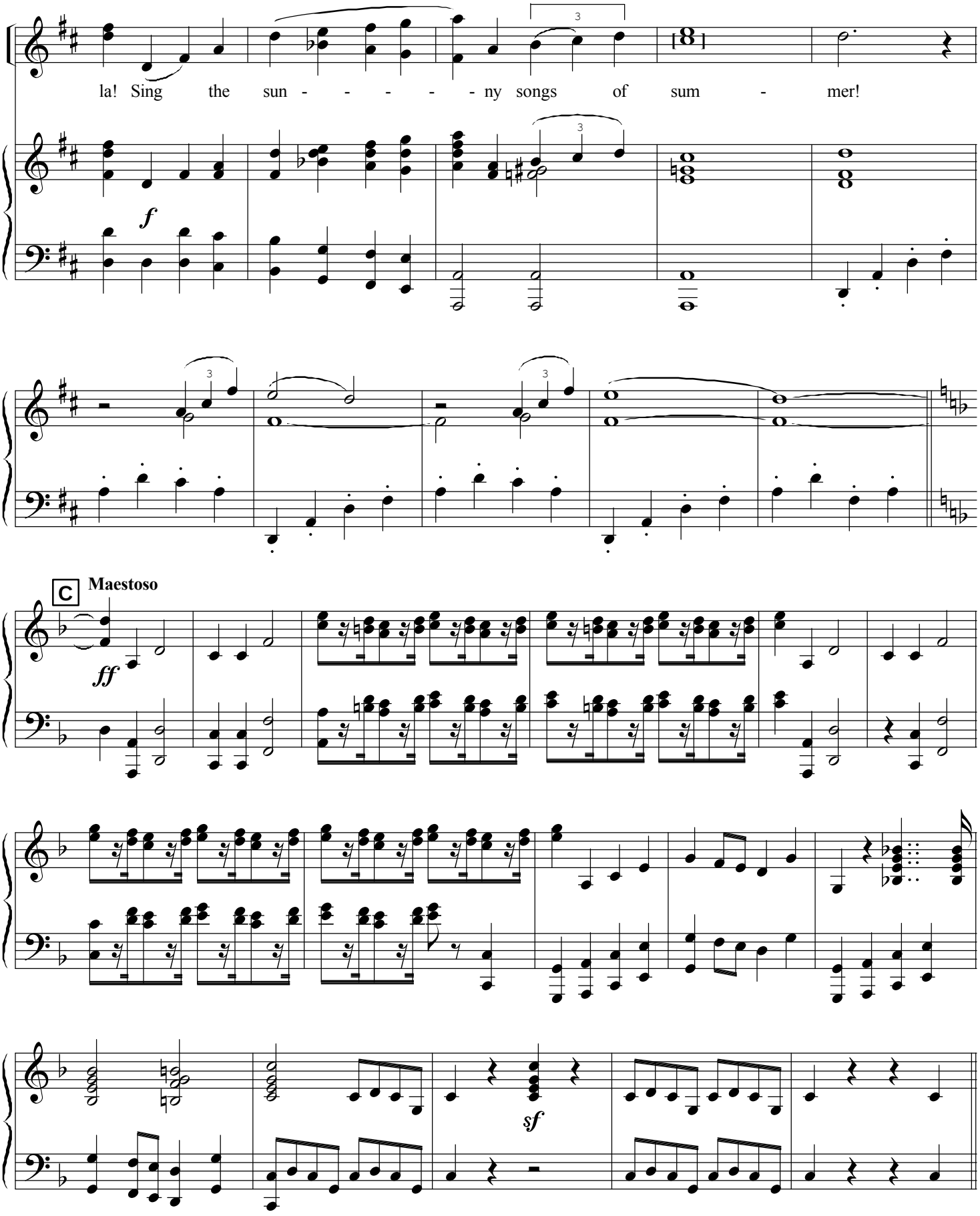
(March. Enter KING PARAMOUNT, *attended by guards and nobles, and preceded by girls dancing before him).*




nec - tar, cull the ro - ses. Ga - ther
mf
fruit and flow'rs in plen - ty! For our
King no long - er po - ses. Sing the

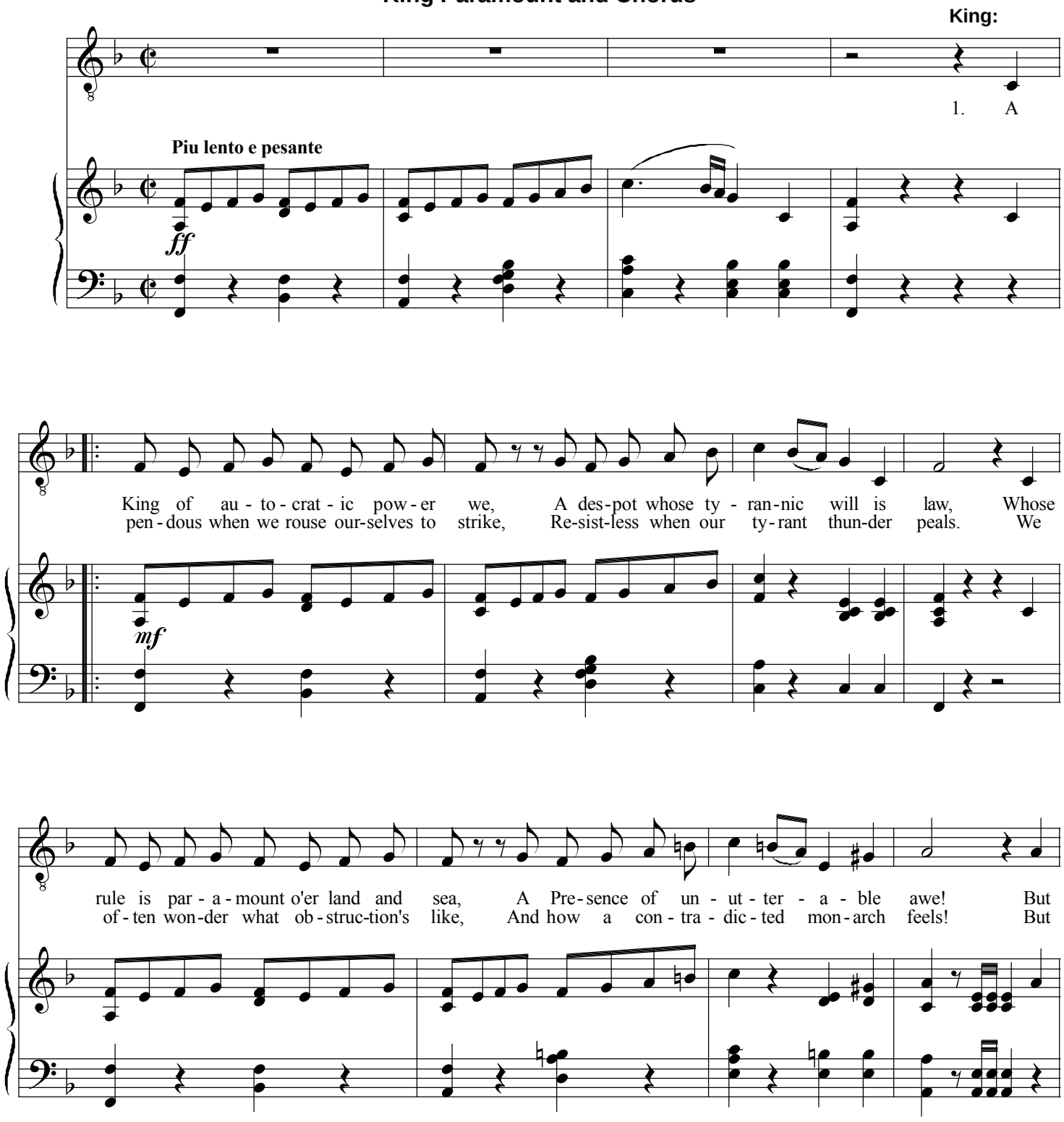

songs of far ni - en - te!
mf
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
A
p
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
f
Wake the
lute
that sets us lilt - ing.
Dance a


wel - come to each com - er; Day by
day our year is wilt - ing, Sing the sun - - - - - ny songs of
sum - mer! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
B
p


la! Sing the sun - - - - - ny songs of sum - mer!
f
C
Maestoso
ff
sf

No. 4a. A King of autocratic power we

King Paramount and Chorus



though the awe that I in - spire Must shri-vel with im - pe-rial fire All foes whom it may chance to
as it is our Roy-al whim Our Roy-al sails to set and trim To suit what-ev - er wind may

touch, To judge by what I see and hear, It does not seem to in - ter - fere With pop-u-lar en - joy-ment
blow, What buf-fets con-tra - dic-tion deals, And how a thwart-ed mon-arch feels, We prob-ab-ly shall nev-er

D

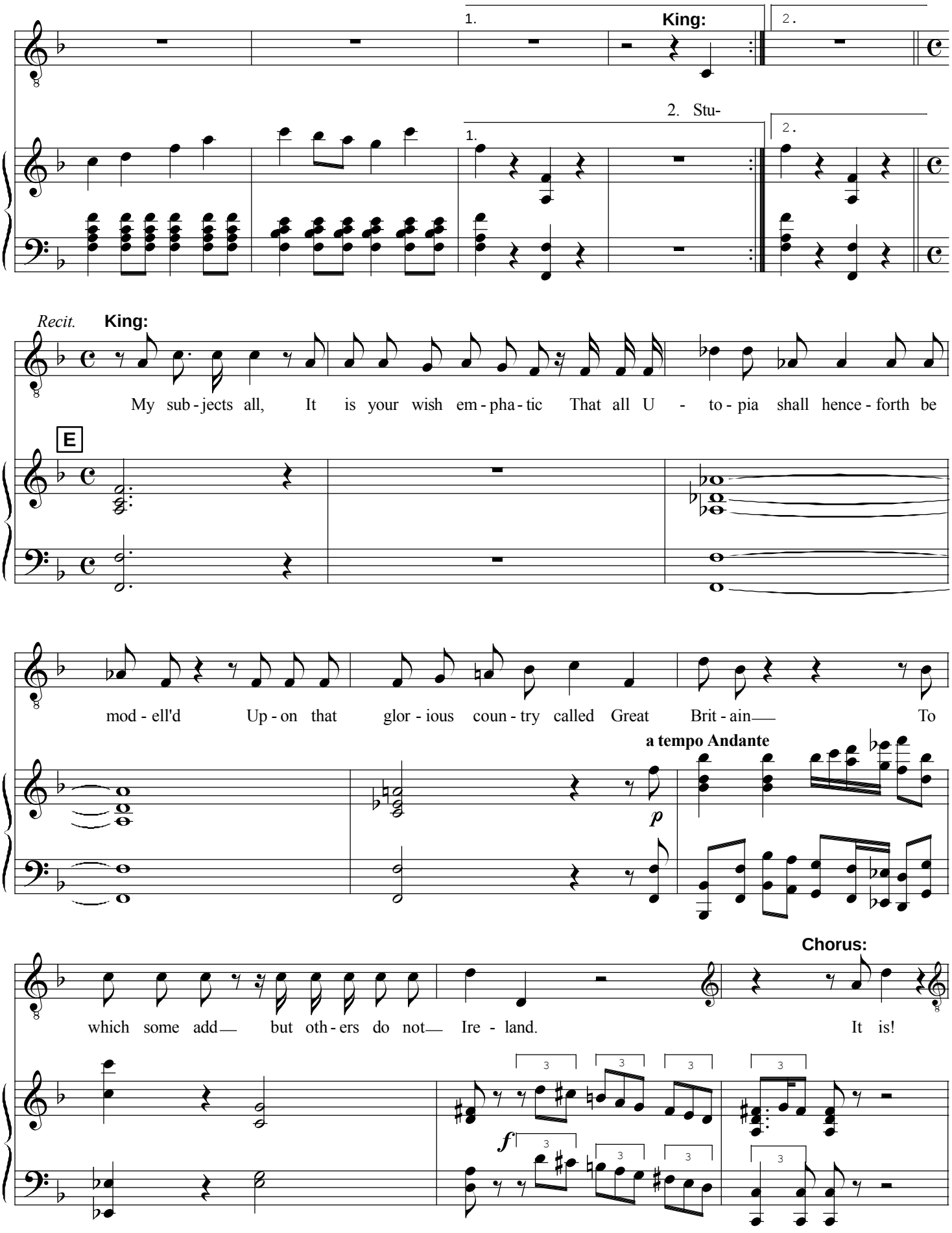
much.
know.

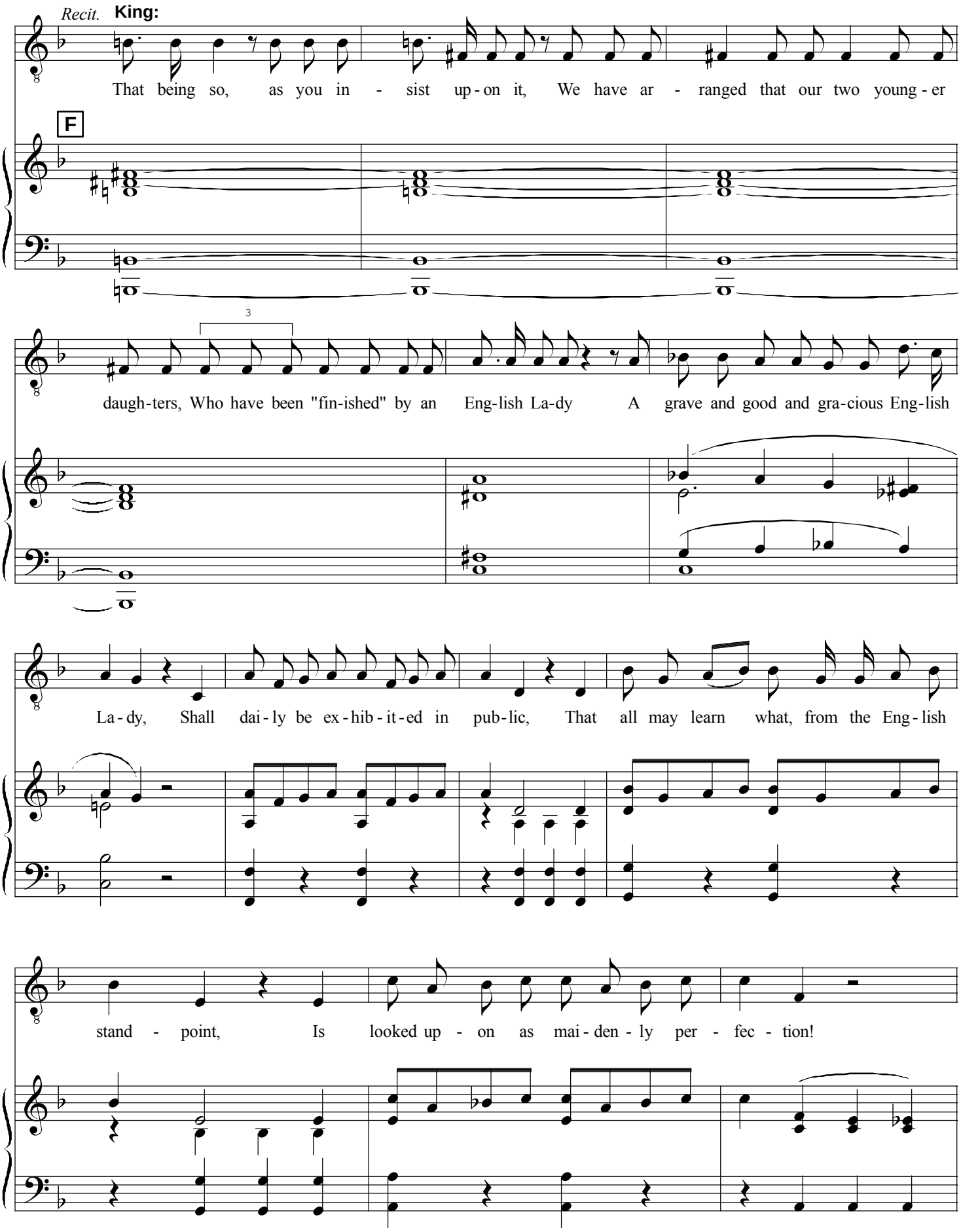
Women: *f*

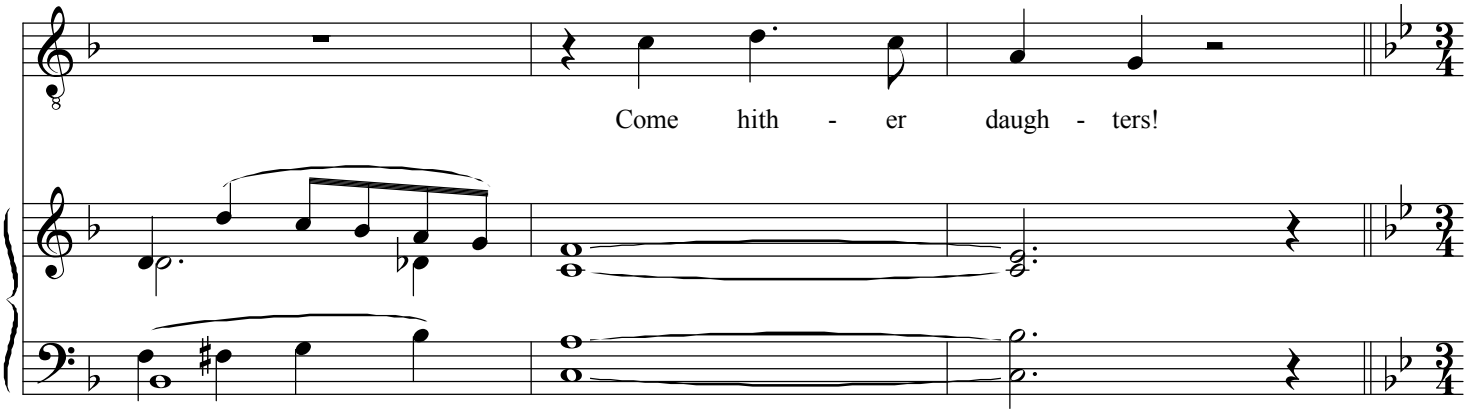
No, no it does not in - ter - fere With our en - joy - ment much.
No, no what thwart-ed mon-arch feels You'll nev - er, nev - er know.

Men: *f*

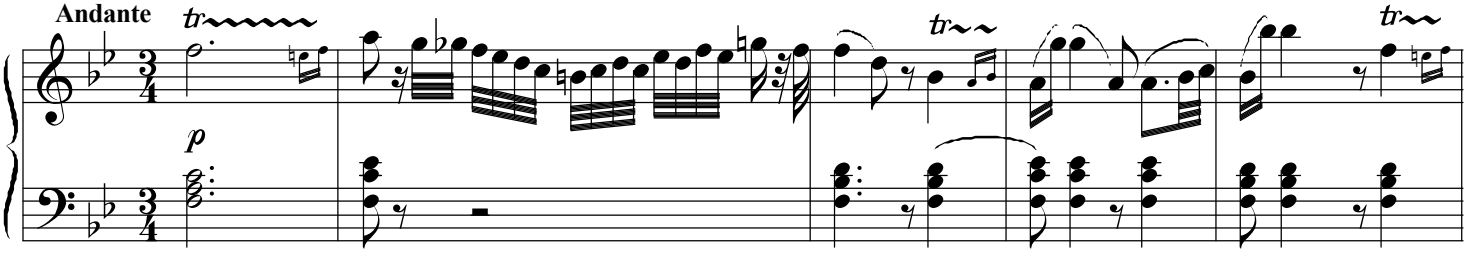
f


1.
King:
2.
2. Stu-
1.
2.
Recit.
King:
My sub - jects all, It is your wish em - pha - tic That all U - to - pia shall hence - forth be
E
mod - ell'd Up - on that glor - ious coun - try called Great Brit - ain— To
a tempo Andante
p
Chorus:
which some add— but oth - ers do not— Ire - land. It is!
f

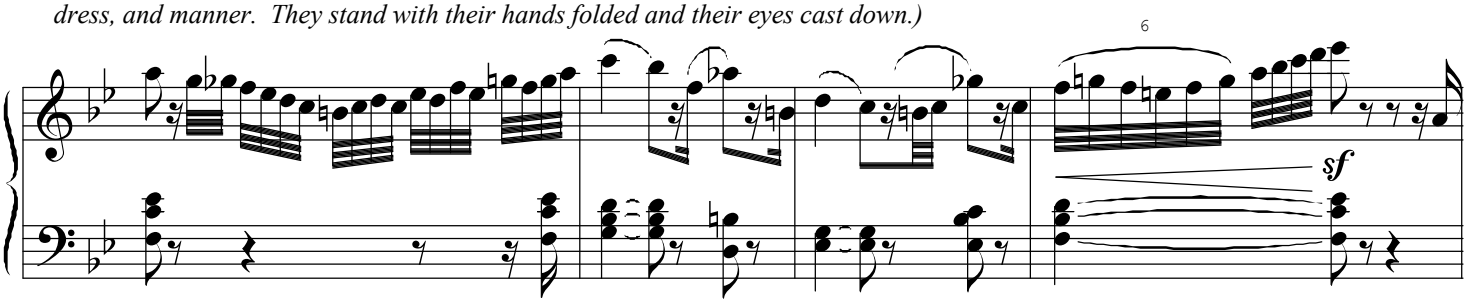

Recit.
King:
That being so, as you in - sist up - on it, We have ar - ranged that our two young - er
F
daugh-ters, Who have been "fin-ished" by an Eng-lish La-dy A grave and good and gra-cious Eng-lish
La - dy, Shall dai - ly be ex - hib - it - ed in pub - lic, That all may learn what, from the Eng - lish
stand - point, Is looked up - on as mai - den - ly per - fec - tion!

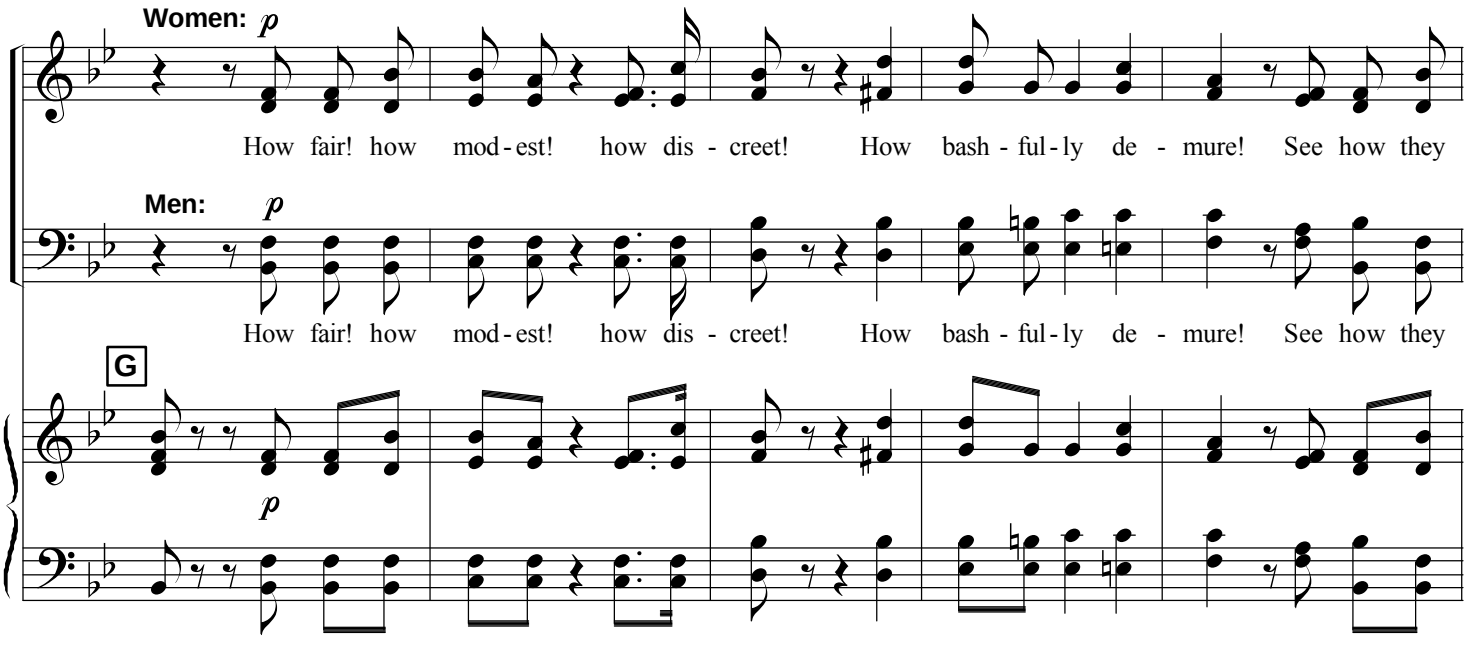


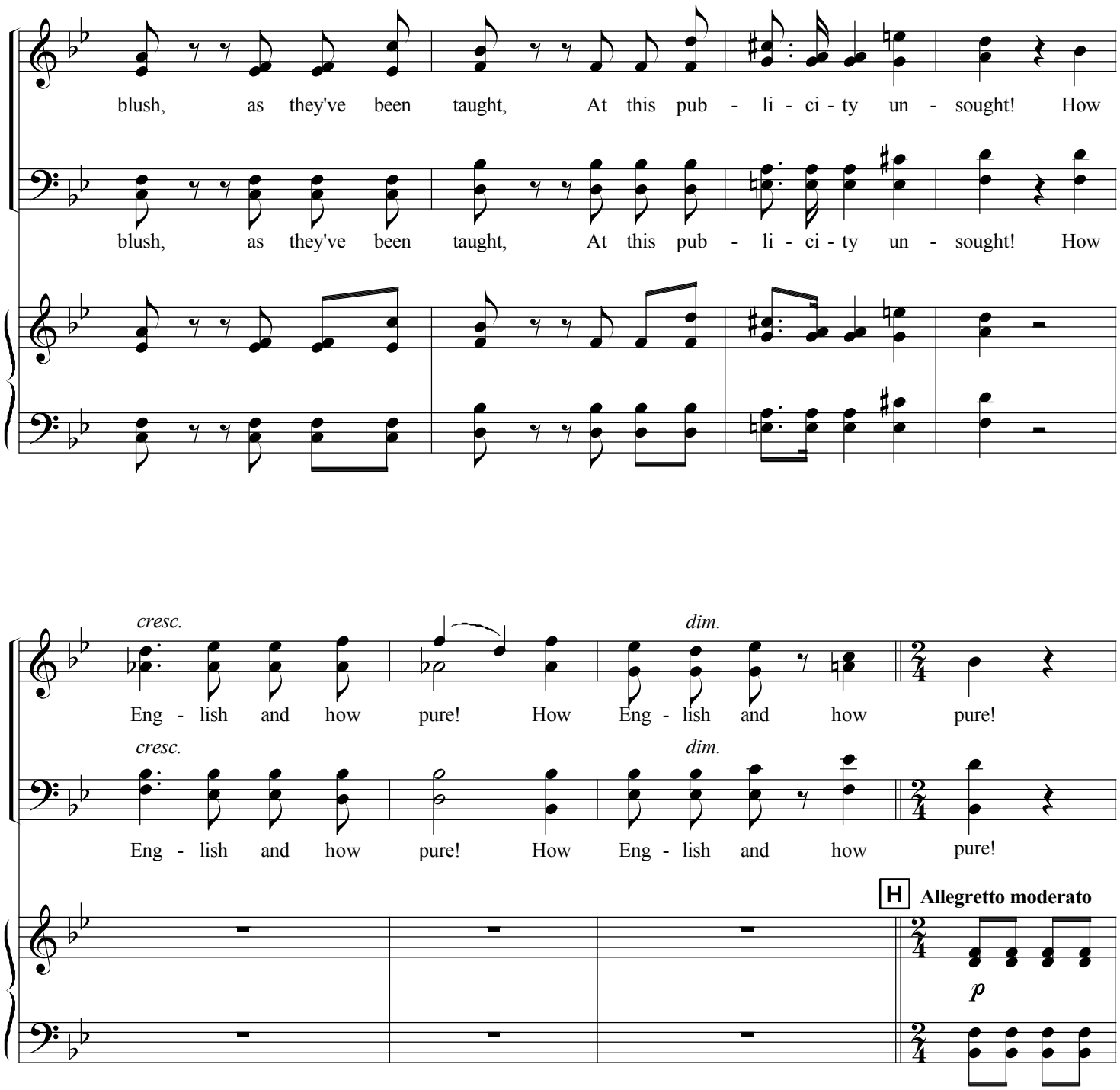
(Enter NEKAYA *and* KALYBA. *They are twins, about fifteen years old, they are very modest and demure in their appearance,*



dress, and manner. They stand with their hands folded and their eyes cast down.)






blush, as they've been taught, At this pub - li - ci - ty un - sought! How
blush, as they've been taught, At this pub - li - ci - ty un - sought! How
cresc.
dim.
Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure!
cresc.
dim.
Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure!
H
Allegretto moderato
p

No. 4b. Although of native maids the cream

Nekaya and Kalyba

(1) Nekaya and Kalyba:
(2) Nekaya:

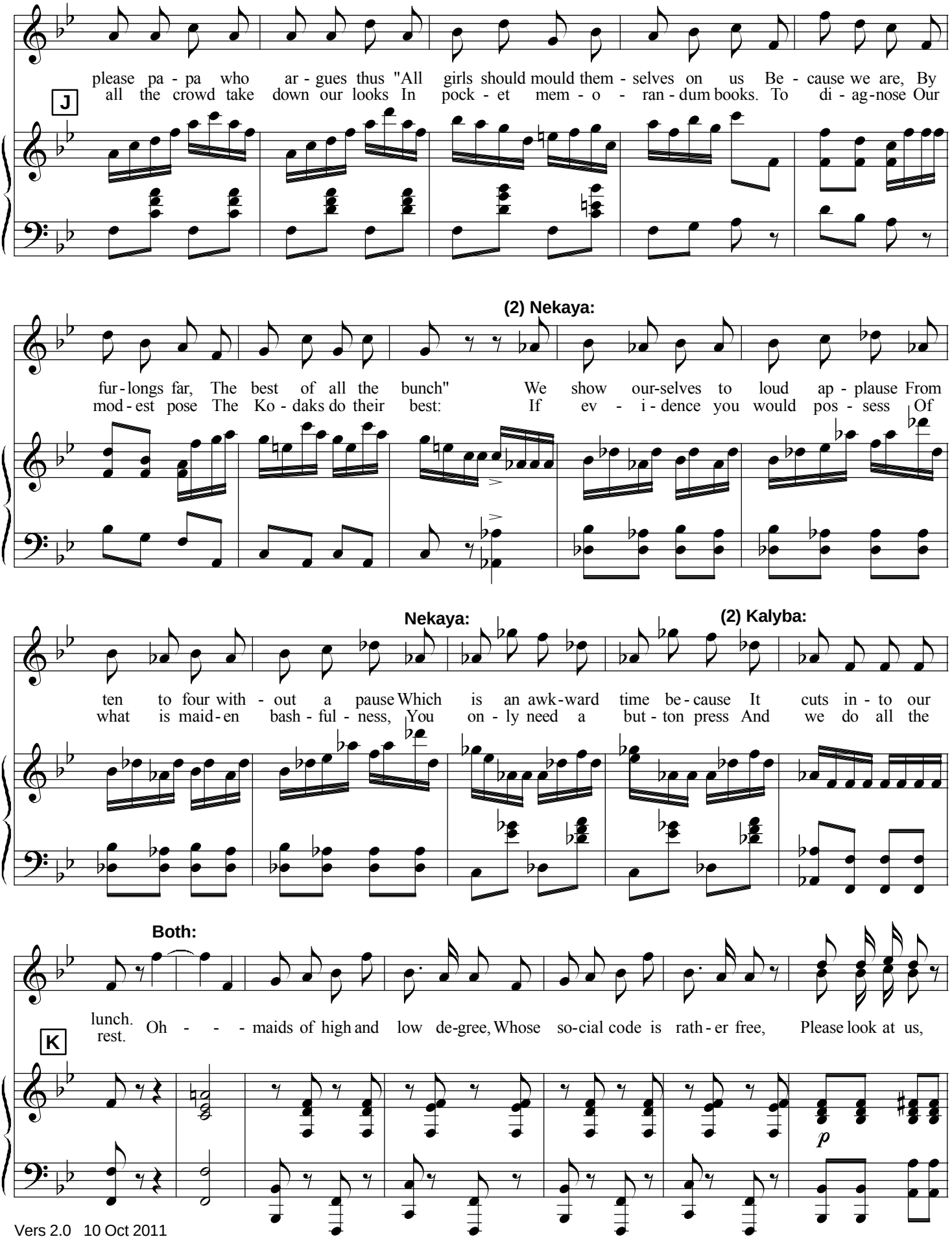
Al - tho' of na - tive maids the cream, We're brought up on the Eng - lish scheme The
And as we stand like clock - work toys, A lec - tur - er whom pa - pa em - ploys Pro -

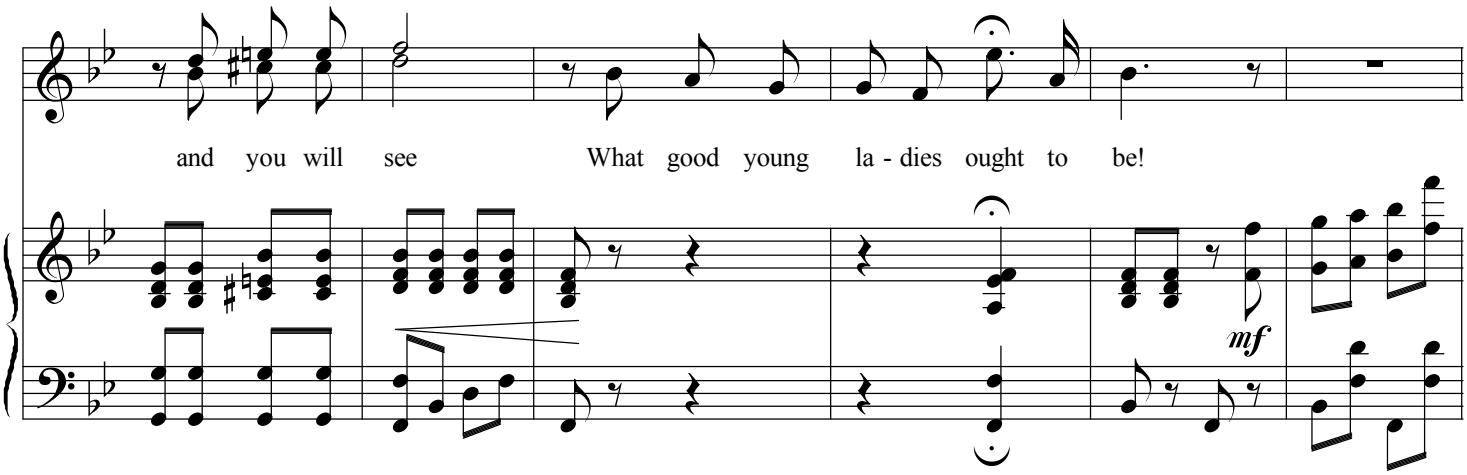
(1) Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:

best of all For great and small Who mod - es - ty a - dore. For Eng - lish girls are good as gold, Ex -
ceeds to praise Our mod - est ways And guile - less char - ac - ter. Our well - known blush our down - cast eyes Our

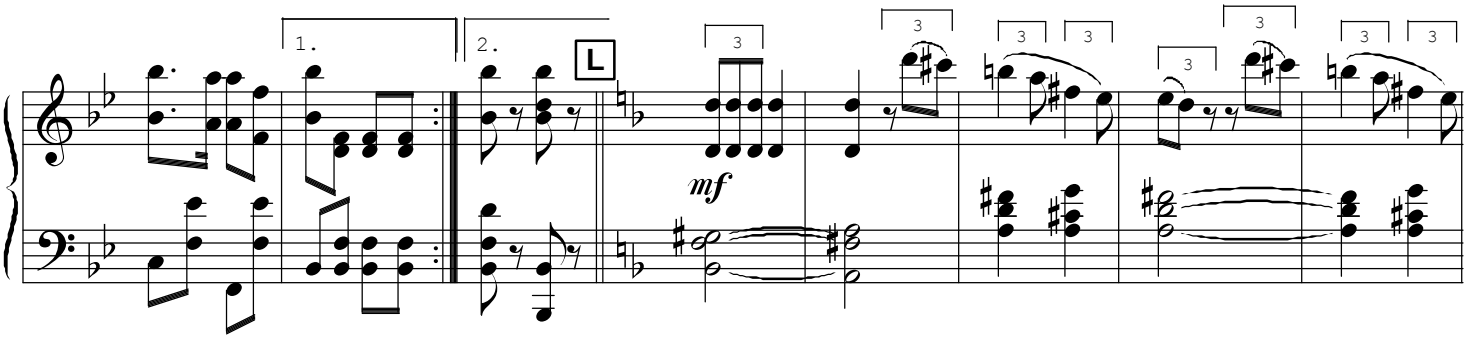
(2) Nekaya: **Kalyba:**

treme - ly mod - est (so we're told), De - mure - ly coy Di - vine - ly cold And we are that and more. To
fa - mous look of mild sur - prise (Which com - pe - ti - tion still de - fies) Our ce - le - brat - ed "Sir!!!" Then

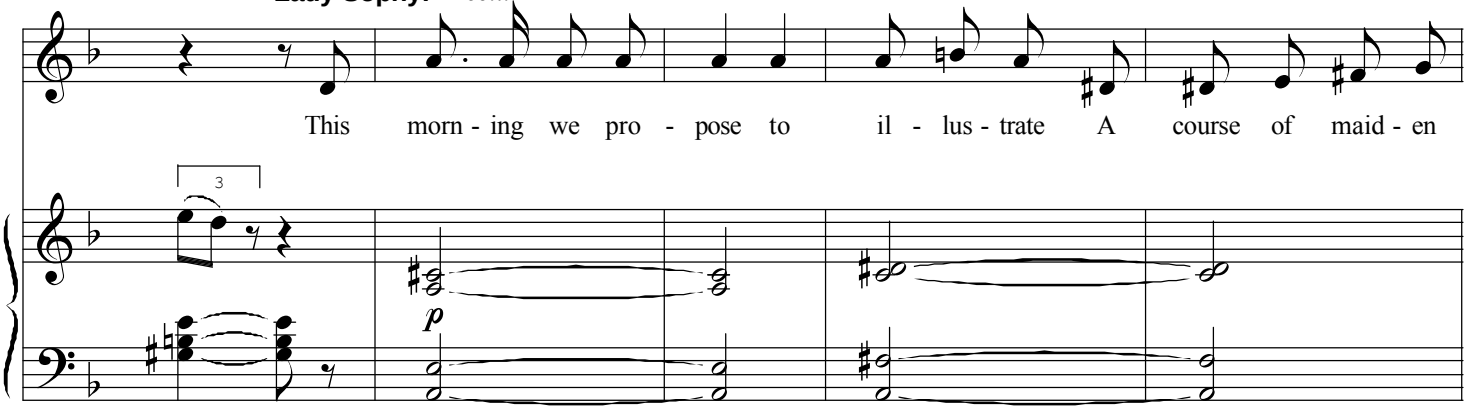

please pa - pa who ar - gues thus "All girls should mould them - selves on us Be - cause we are, By
all the crowd take down our looks In pock - et mem - o - ran - dum books. To di - ag - nose Our
J
(2) Nekaya:
fur - longs far, The best of all the bunch" We show our-selves to loud ap - plause From
mod - est pose The Ko - daks do their best: If ev - i - dence you would pos - sess Of
Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:
ten to four with - out a pause Which is an awk - ward time be - cause It cuts in - to our
what is maid - en bash - ful - ness, You on - ly need a but - ton press And we do all the
Both:
lunch.
rest.
Oh - - - maids of high and low de-gree, Whose so-cial code is rath - er free, Please look at us,
K
p

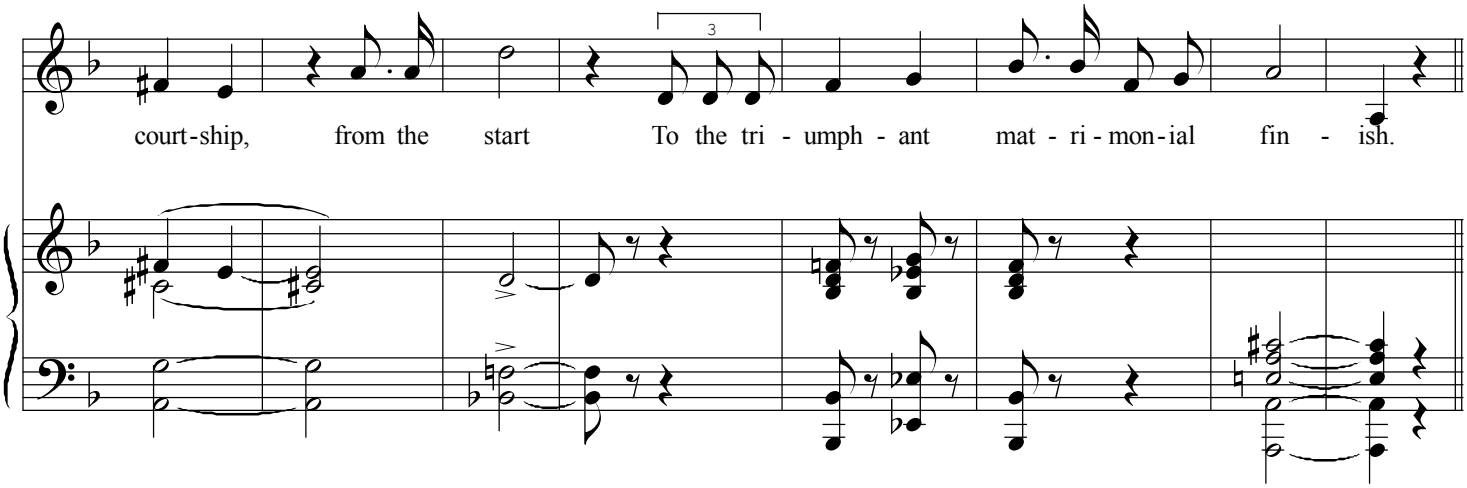


(Enter LADY SOPHY — *an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanor and dress. She carries a lecturer's wand in her hand. She is led on by the* KING, *who expresses great regard and admiration for her.)*



Lady Sophy: *Recit.*

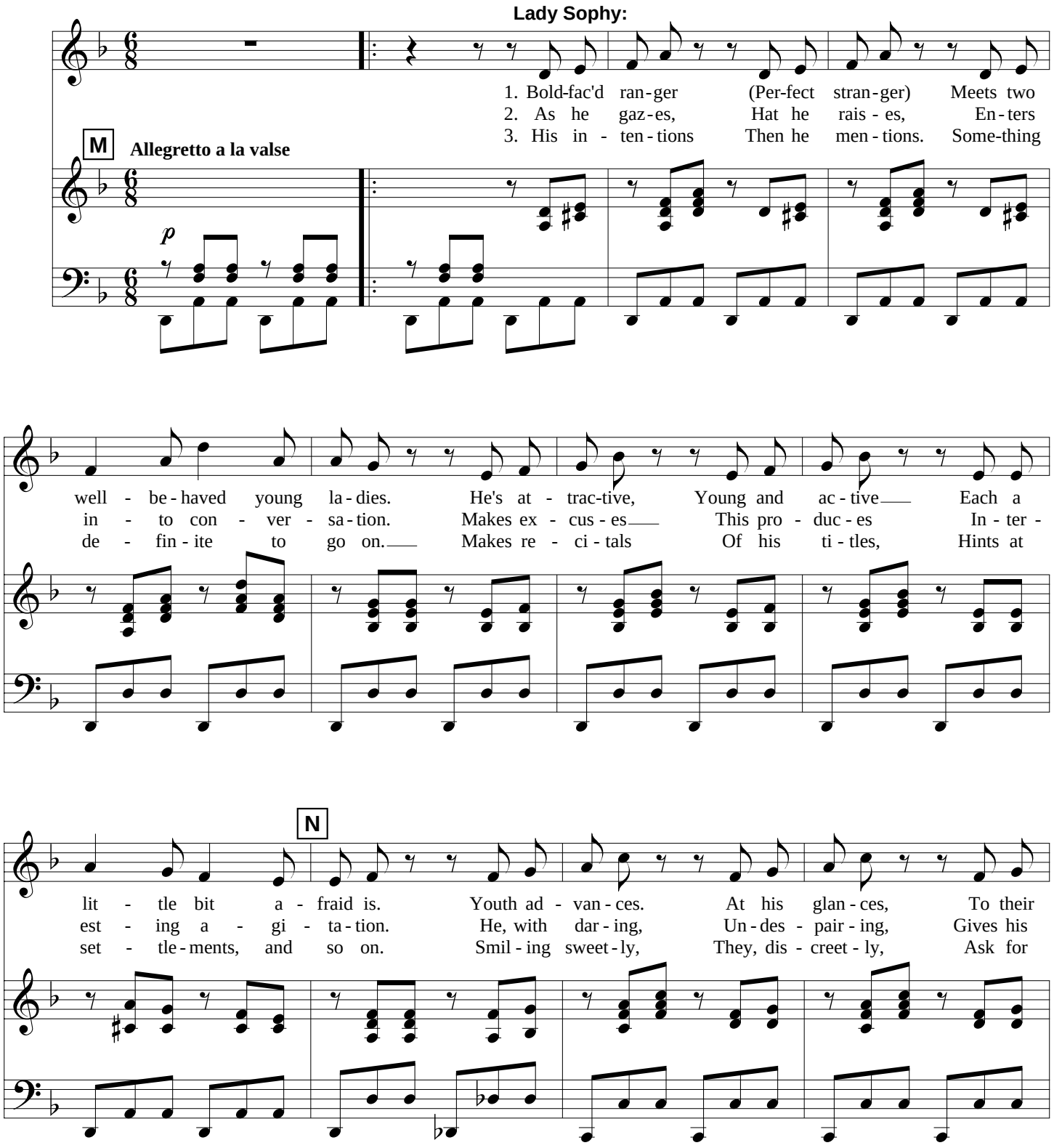


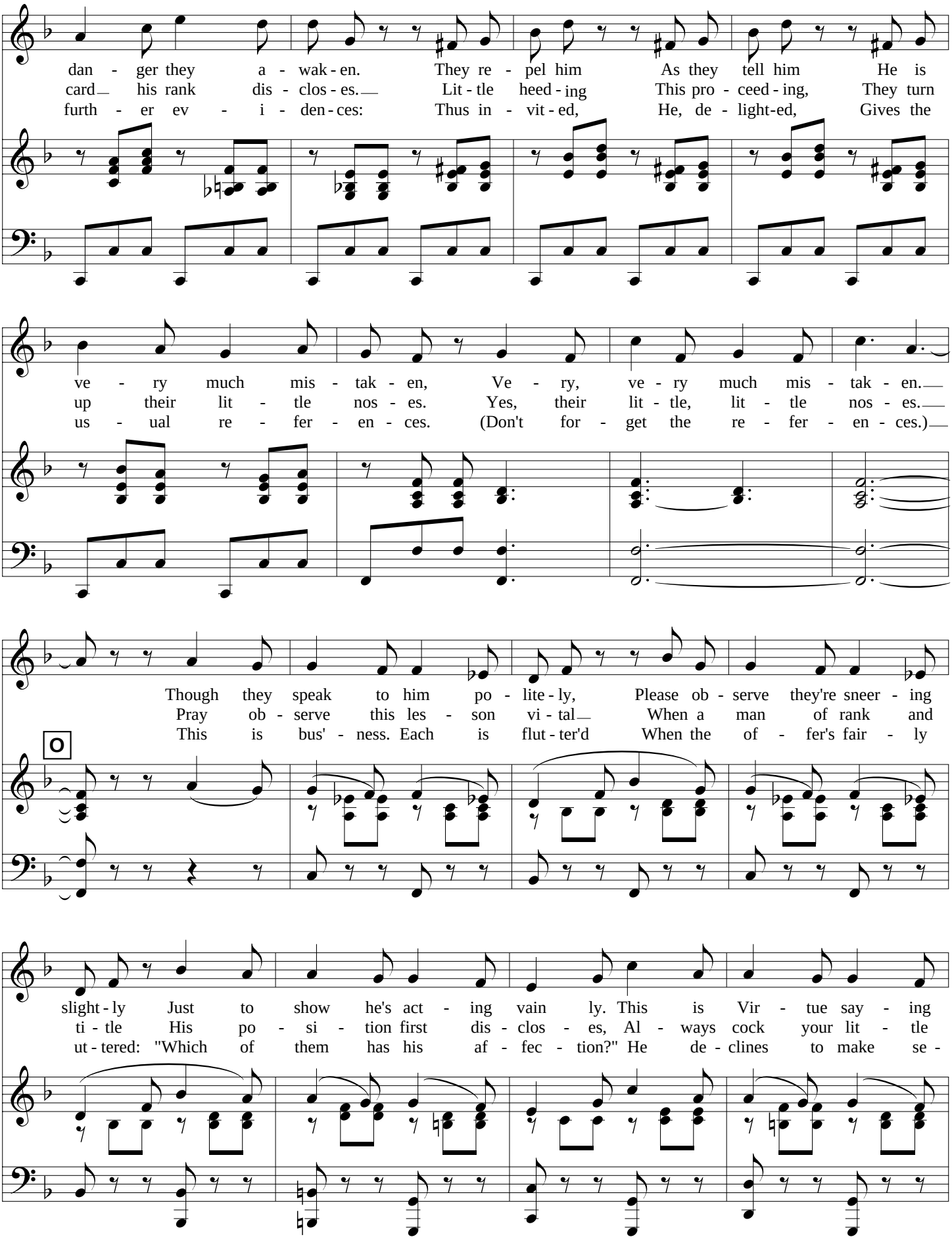


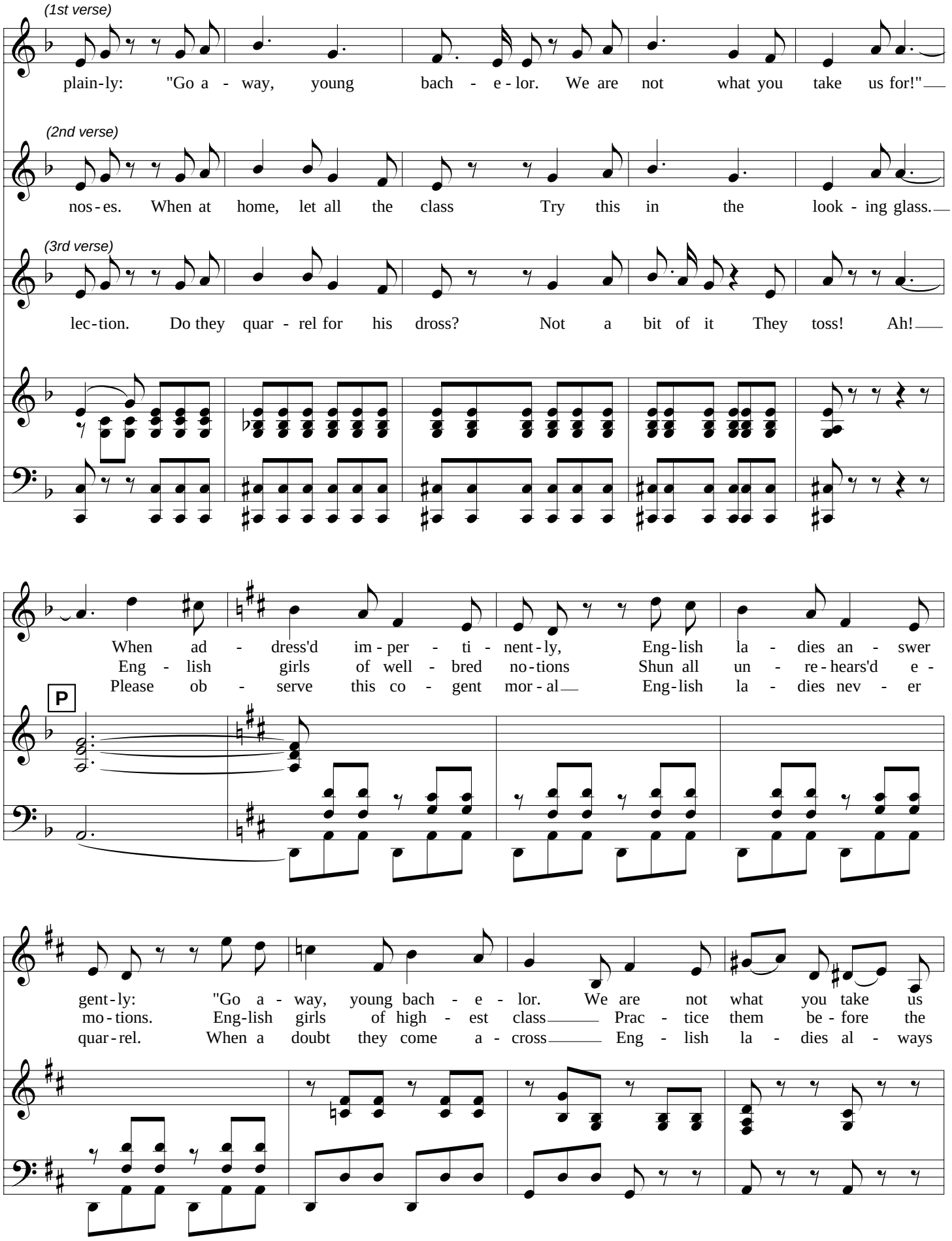
No. 4c. Bold-fac'd ranger

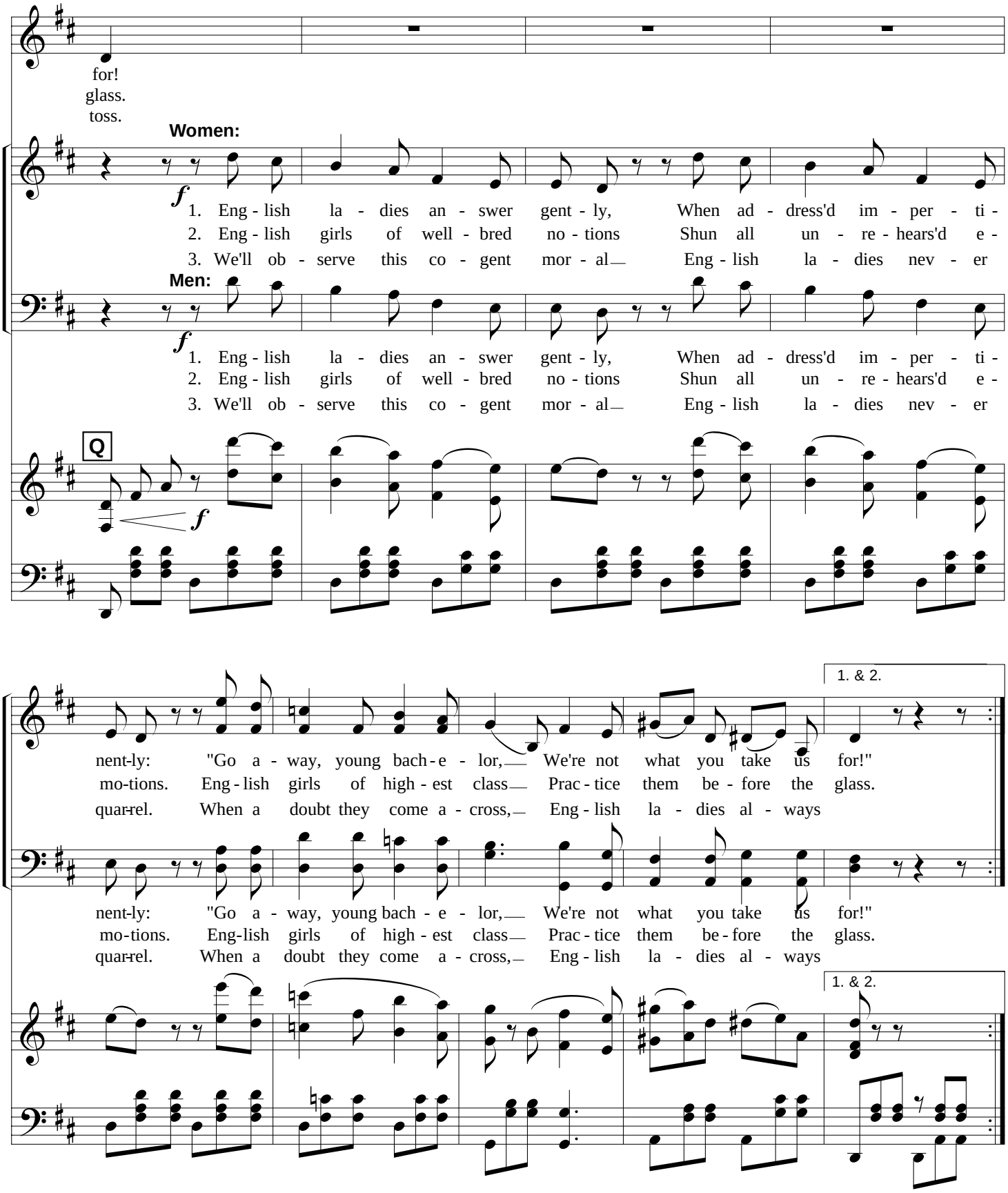
Lady Sophy and Chorus

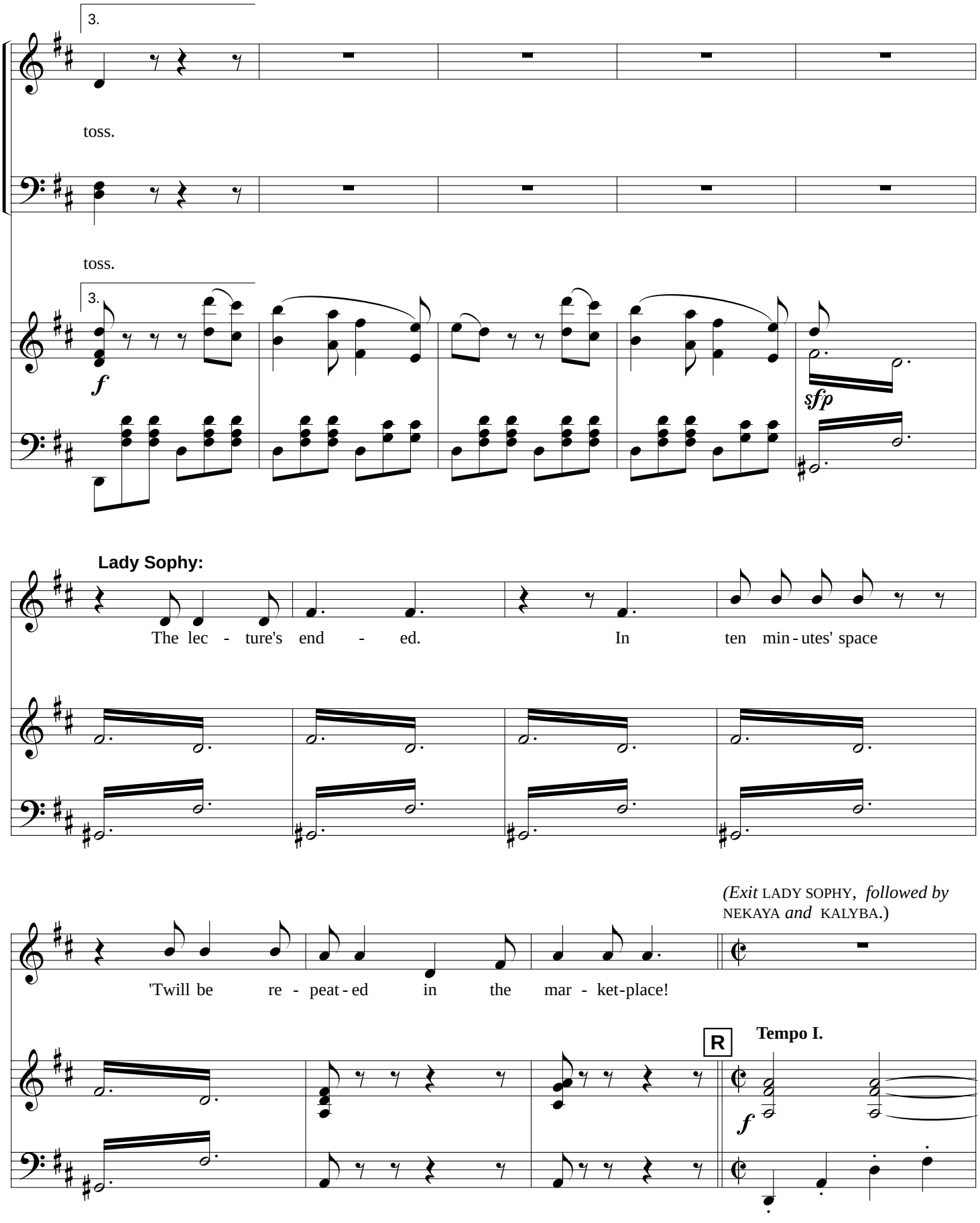
(Through the following song, the two Princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by LADY SOPHY.*)*

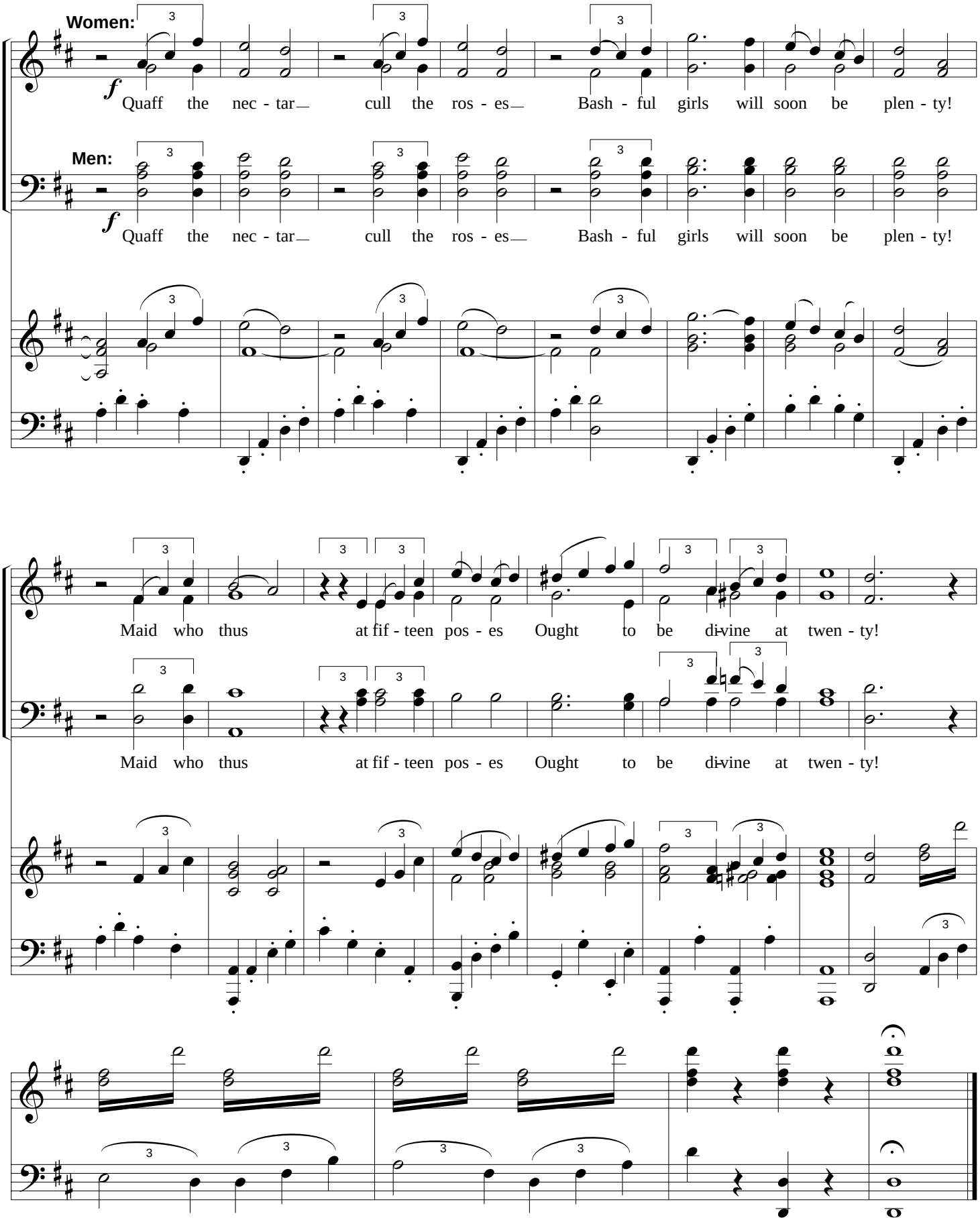



dan - ger they a - wak - en. They re - pel him As they tell him He is
card his rank dis - clos - es. Lit - tle heed - ing This pro - ceed - ing, They turn
furth - er ev - i - den - ces: Thus in - vit - ed, He, de - light - ed, Gives the
ve - ry much mis - tak - en, Ve - ry, ve - ry much mis - tak - en.
up their lit - tle nos - es. Yes, their lit - tle, lit - tle nos - es.
us - ual re - fer - en - ces. (Don't for - get the re - fer - en - ces.)
Though they speak to him po - lite - ly, Please ob - serve they're sneer - ing
Pray ob - serve this les - son vi - tal When a man of rank and
This is bus' - ness. Each is flut - ter'd When the of - fer's fair - ly
O
slight - ly Just to show he's act - ing vain ly. This is Vir - tue say - ing
ti - tle His po - si - tion first dis - clos - es, Al - ways cock your lit - tle
ut - tered: "Which of them has his af - fec - tion?" He de - clines to make se -


(1st verse)
plain-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor. We are not what you take us for!"
(2nd verse)
nos - es. When at home, let all the class Try this in the look - ing glass.
(3rd verse)
lec - tion. Do they quar - rel for his dross? Not a bit of it They toss! Ah!
When ad - dress'd im - per - ti - nent - ly, Eng - lish la - dies an - swer
Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
Please ob - serve this co - gent mor - al Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
P
gent - ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor. We are not what you take us
mo - tions. Eng - lish girls of high - est class Prac - tice them be - fore the
quar - rel. When a doubt they come a - cross Eng - lish la - dies al - ways


for!
glass.
toss.
Women:
f
1. Eng - lish la - dies an - swer gent - ly, When ad - dress'd im - per - ti -
2. Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
3. We'll ob - serve this co - gent mor - al— Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
Men:
f
1. Eng - lish la - dies an - swer gent - ly, When ad - dress'd im - per - ti -
2. Eng - lish girls of well - bred no - tions Shun all un - re - hears'd e -
3. We'll ob - serve this co - gent mor - al— Eng - lish la - dies nev - er
Q
f
1. & 2.
nent-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor,— We're not what you take us for!"
mo-tions. Eng - lish girls of high - est class— Prac - tice them be - fore the glass.
quar-rel. When a doubt they come a - cross,— Eng - lish la - dies al - ways
nent-ly: "Go a - way, young bach - e - lor,— We're not what you take us for!"
mo-tions. Eng-lish girls of high - est class— Prac - tice them be - fore the glass.
quar-rel. When a doubt they come a - cross,— Eng - lish la - dies al - ways
1. & 2.


3.
toss.
toss.
3.
f
sfp
Lady Sophy:
The lec - ture's end - ed. In ten min - utes' space
(Exit LADY SOPHY, followed by NEKAYA and KALYBA.)
'Twill be re - peat - ed in the mar - ket-place!
R
Tempo I.
f



(Exeunt all but KING.*)*

King: I requested Scaphio and Phantis to be so good as to favor me with an audience this morning. *(Enter* SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS.*)* Oh, here they are!

Scaphio: Your Majesty wished to speak with us, I believe. You—you needn't keep your crown on, on our account, you know.

King: I beg your pardon. *(Removes it.)* I always forget that! Odd, the notion of a King not being allowed to wear one of his own crowns in the presence of two of his own subjects.

Phantis: Yes—bizarre, is it not?

King: Most quaint. But then it's a quaint world.

Phantis: Teems with quiet fun. I often think what a lucky thing it is that you are blessed with such a keen sense of humor!

King: Do you know, I find it invaluable. Do what I will, I *cannot* help looking at the humorous side of things—for, properly considered, everything has its humorous side—even the Palace Peeper *(producing it).* See here—"Another Royal Scandal," by Junius Junior. "How long is this to last?" by Senex Senior. "Ribald Royalty," by Mercury Major. "Where is the Public Exploder?" by Mephistopheles Minor. When I reflect that all these outrageous attacks on my morality are written by me, at your command—well, it's one of the funniest things that have come within the scope of my experience.

Scaphio: Besides, apart from that, they have a quiet humor of their own which is simply irresistible.

King: *(gratified)* Not bad, I think. Biting, trenchant sarcasm—the rapier, not the bludgeon—that's my line. But then it's so easy—I'm such a good subject—a bad King but a good Subject—ha! ha!—a capital heading for next week's leading article! *(makes a note)* And then the stinging little paragraphs about our Royal goings-on with our Royal Second Housemaid—delicately sub-acid, are they not?

Scaphio: My dear King, in that kind of thing no one can hold a candle to you.

Phantis: But the crowning joke is the Comic Opera you've written for us—"King Tuppence, or A Good Deal Less than Half a Sovereign"—in which the celebrated English tenor, Mr. Wilkinson, burlesques your personal appearance and gives grotesque imitations of your Royal peculiarities. It's immense!

King: Ye—es—That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Now I've not the least doubt but that even *that* has its humorous side too—if one could only see it. As a rule I'm pretty quick at detecting latent humor—but I confess I do *not* quite see where it comes in, in this particular instance. It's so horribly personal!

Scaphio: Personal? Yes, of course it's personal—but consider the antithetical humor of the situation.

King: Yes. I—I don't think I've quite grasped that.

Scaphio: No? You surprise me. Why, consider. During the day thousands tremble at your frown, during the night (from 8 to 11) thousands roar at it. During the day, your most arbitrary pronouncements are received by your subjects with abject submission—during the night, they shout with joy at your most terrible decrees. It's not every monarch who enjoys the privilege of undoing by night all the despotic absurdities he's committed during the day.

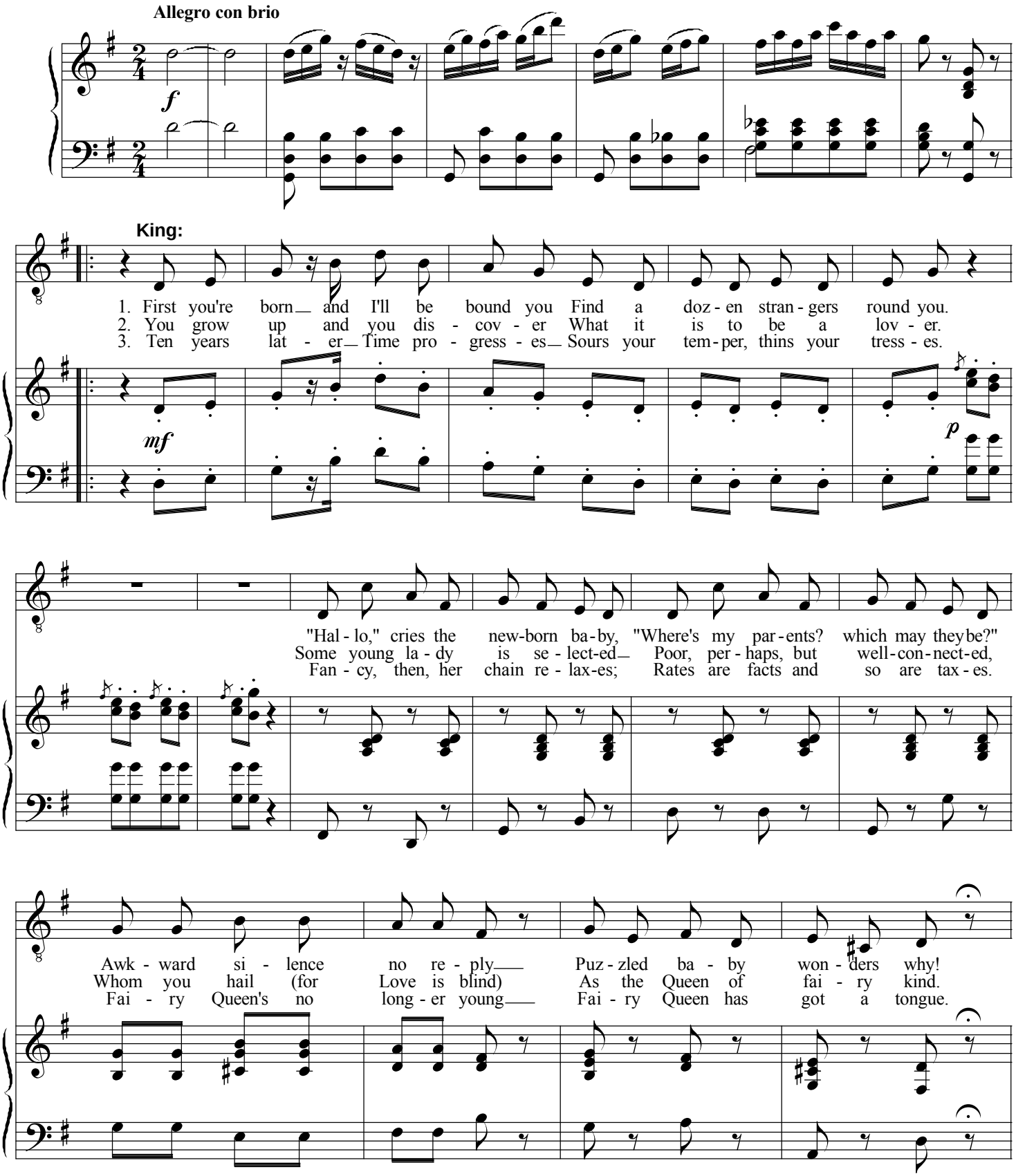
King: Of course! Now I see it! Thank you very much. I was sure it had its humorous side, and it was very dull of me not to have seen it before. But, as I said just now, it's a quaint world.

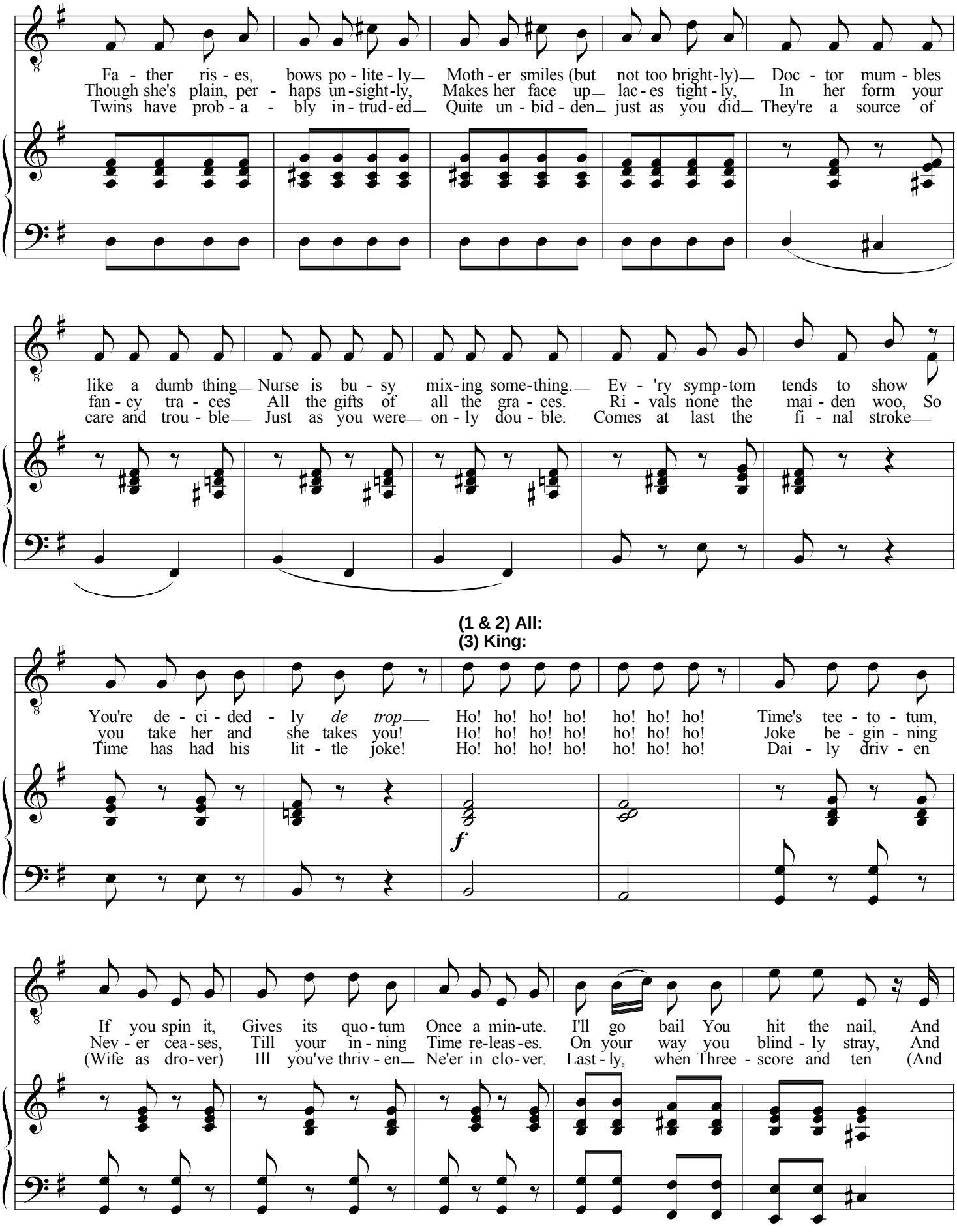
Phantis: Teems with quiet fun.

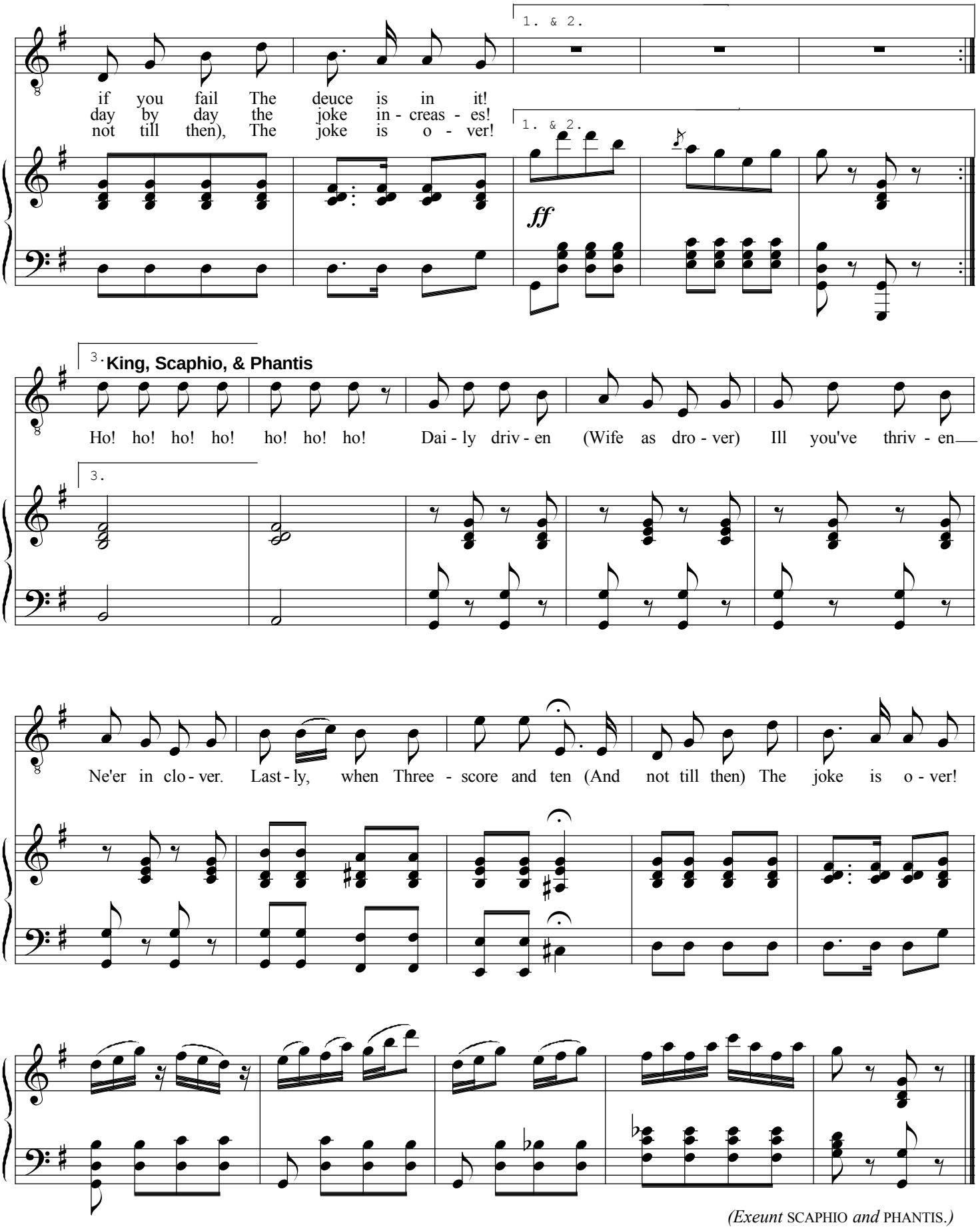
King: Yes. Properly considered, what a farce life is, to be sure!

No. 5. First you're born

King, Scaphio, and Phantis




Fa - ther ris - es, bows po - lite - ly— Moth - er smiles (but not too bright-ly)— Doc - tor mum - bles
Though she's plain, per - haps un - sight - ly, Makes her face up— lac - es tight - ly, In her form your
Twins have prob - a - bly in - trud - ed— Quite un - bid - den— just as you did— They're a source of
like a dumb thing— Nurse is bu - sy mix - ing some - thing.— Ev - 'ry symp - tom tends to show
fan - cy tra - ces All the gifts of all the gra - ces. Ri - vals none the mai - den woo, So
care and trou - ble— Just as you were— on - ly dou - ble. Comes at last the fi - nal stroke—
(1 & 2) All:
(3) King:
You're de - ci - ded - ly *de trop*— Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Time's tee - to - tum,
you take her and she takes you! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Joke be - gin - ning
Time has had his lit - tle joke! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Dai - ly driv - en
f
If you spin it, Gives its quo - tum Once a min - ute. I'll go bail You hit the nail, And
Nev - er cea - ses, Till your in - ning Time re - leas - es. On your way you blind - ly stray, And
(Wife as dro - ver) Ill you've thriv - en— Ne'er in clo - ver. Last - ly, when Three - score and ten (And



(Exeunt SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS.*)*

King: *(putting on his crown again)* It's all very well. I always like to look on the humorous side of things; but I do *not* think I ought to be required to write libels on my own moral character. Naturally, I see the joke of it—anybody would—but Zara's coming home today; she's no longer a child, and I confess I should *not* like her to see my Opera—though it's uncommonly well written; and I should be sorry if the Palace Peeper got into her hands—though it's certainly smart—very smart indeed. It is almost a pity that I have to buy up the whole edition, because it's really too good to be lost. And Lady Sophy—that blameless type of perfect womanhood! Great Heavens, what would *she* say if the Second Housemaid business happened to meet *her* pure blue eye!

(Enter LADY SOPHY*)*

Lady S.: My monarch is soliloquizing. I will withdraw. *(going)*

King: No—pray don't go. Now I'll give you fifty chances, and you won't guess whom I was thinking of.

Lady S.: Alas, sir, I know too well. Ah! King, it's an old, old story, and I'm wellnigh weary of it! Be warned in time—from my heart I pity you, but I am not for you! *(going)*

King: But hear what I have to say.

Lady S.: It is useless. Listen. In the course of a long and adventurous career in the principal European Courts, it has been revealed to me that I unconsciously exercise a weird and supernatural fascination over all Crowned Heads. So irresistible is this singular property, that there is not a European Monarch who has not implored me, with tears in his eyes, to quit his kingdom, and take my fatal charms elsewhere. As time was getting on it occurred to me that by descending several pegs in the scale of Respectability I might qualify your Majesty for my hand. Actuated by this humane motive and happening to possess Respectability enough for Six, I consented to confer Respectability enough for Four upon your two younger daughters—but although I have, alas, only Respectability enough for Two left, there is still, as I gather from the public press of this country *(producing the Palace Peeper)*, a considerable balance in my favor.

King: *(aside)* Damn! *(aloud)* May I ask how you came by this?

Lady S.: It was handed to me by the officer who holds the position of Public Exploder to your Imperial Majesty.

King: And surely, Lady Sophy, surely you are not so unjust as to place any faith in the irresponsible gabble of the Society press!

Lady S.: *(referring to paper)* I read on the authority of Senex Senior that your Majesty was seen dancing with your Second Housemaid on the Oriental Platform of the Tivoli Gardens. That is untrue?

King: Absolutely. Our Second Housemaid has only one leg.

Lady S.: *(suspiciously)* How do you know that?

King: Common report. I give you my honor.

Lady S.: It may be so. I further read—and the statement is vouched for by no less an authority than Mephistopheles Minor—that your Majesty indulges in a bath of hot rum-punch every morning. I trust I do not lay myself open to the charge of displaying an indelicate curiosity as to the mysteries of the royal dressing-room when I ask if there is any foundation for this statement?

King: None whatever. When our medical adviser exhibits rum-punch it is as a draught, not as a fomentation. As to our bath, our valet plays the garden hose upon us every morning.

Lady S.: *(shocked)* Oh, pray—pray spare me these unseemly details. Well, you are a Despot—have you taken steps to slay this scribbler?

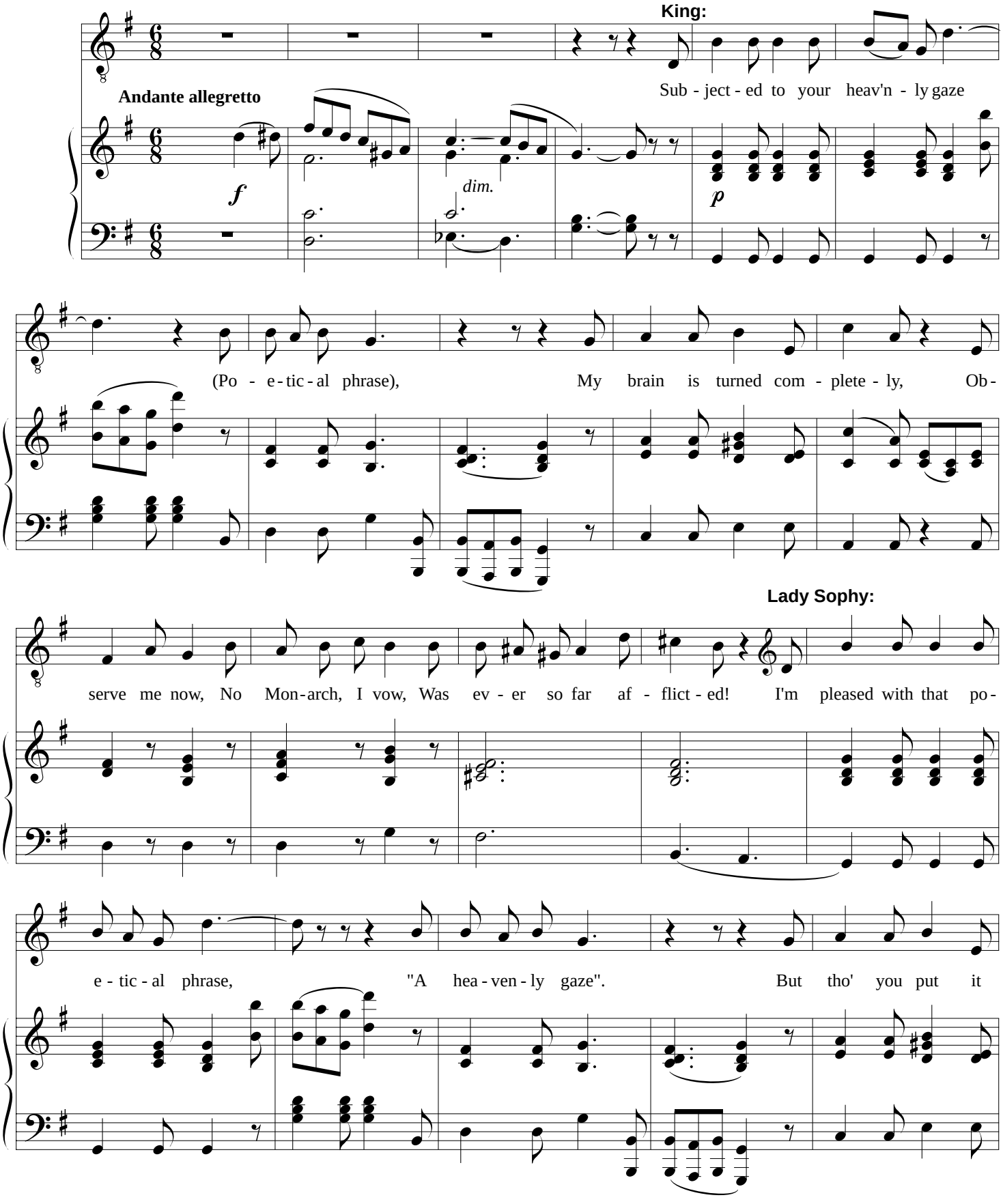
King: Well, no—I have *not* gone so far as that. After all, it's the poor devil's living, you know.

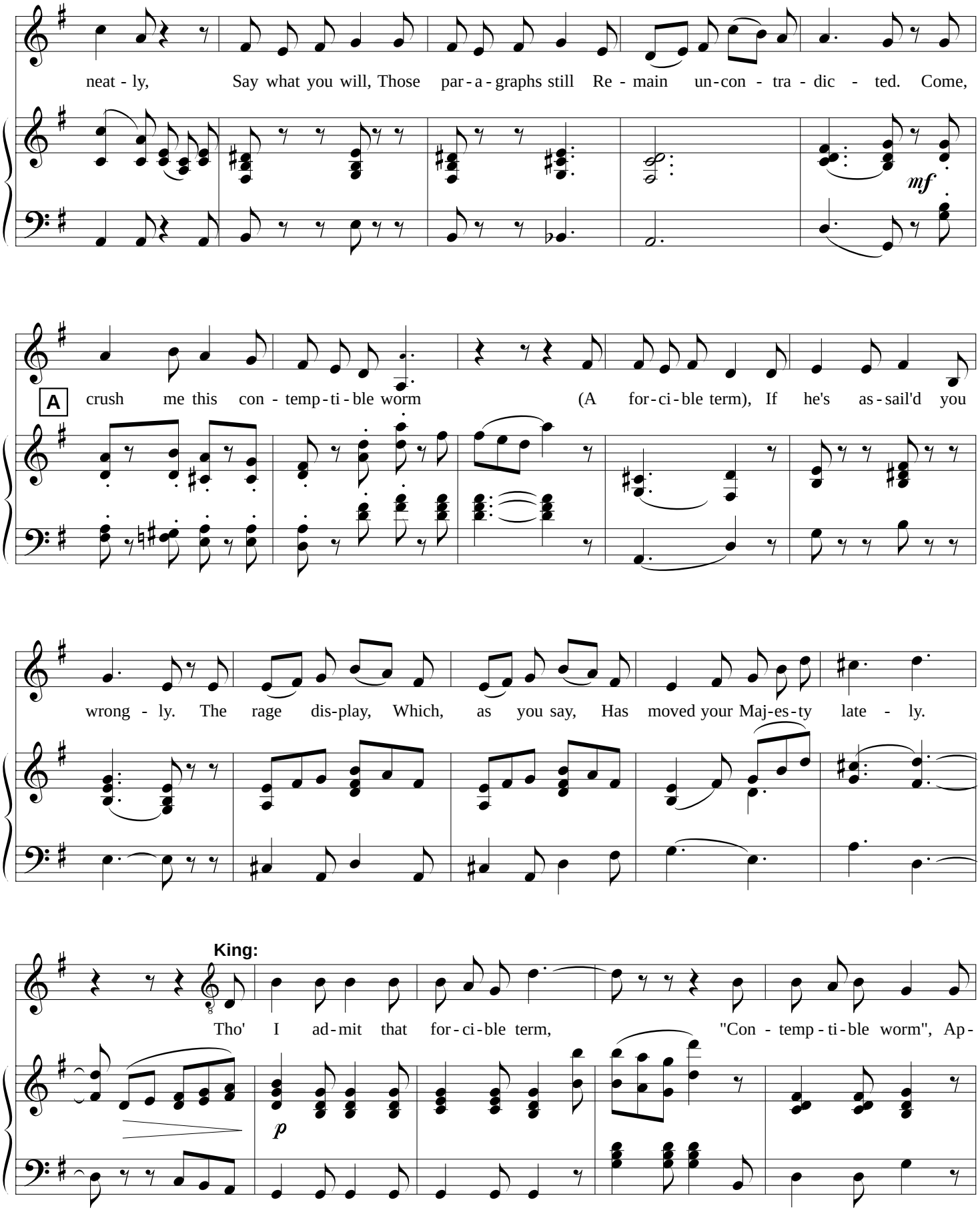
Lady S.: It is the poor devil's living that surprises me. If this man lies, there is no recognized punishment that is sufficiently terrible for him.

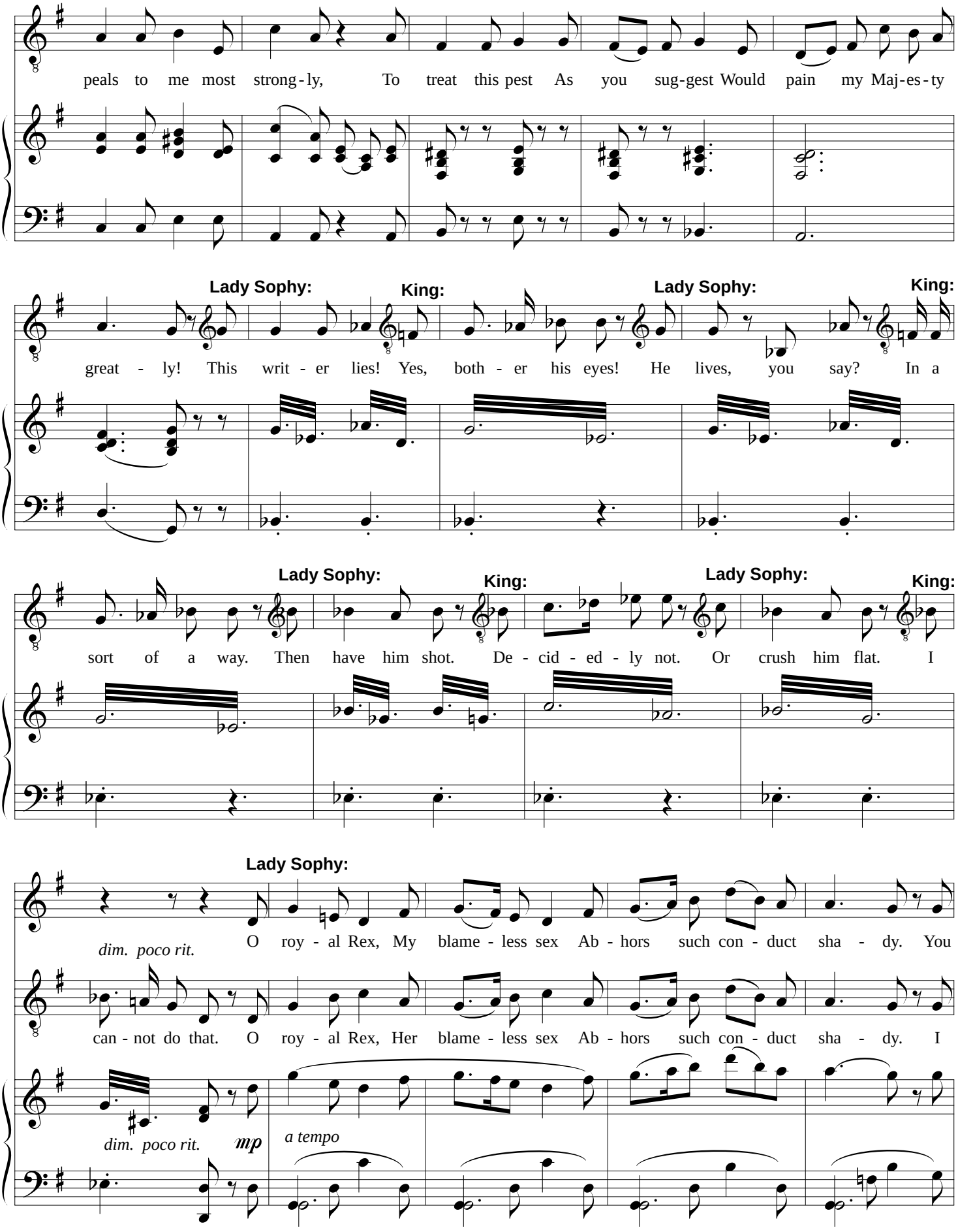
King: That's precisely it. I—I am waiting until a punishment is discovered that will exactly meet the enormity of the case. I am in constant communication with the Mikado of Japan, who is a leading authority on such points; and, moreover, I have the ground plans and sectional elevations of several capital punishments in my desk at this moment. Oh, Lady Sophy, as you are powerful, be merciful!

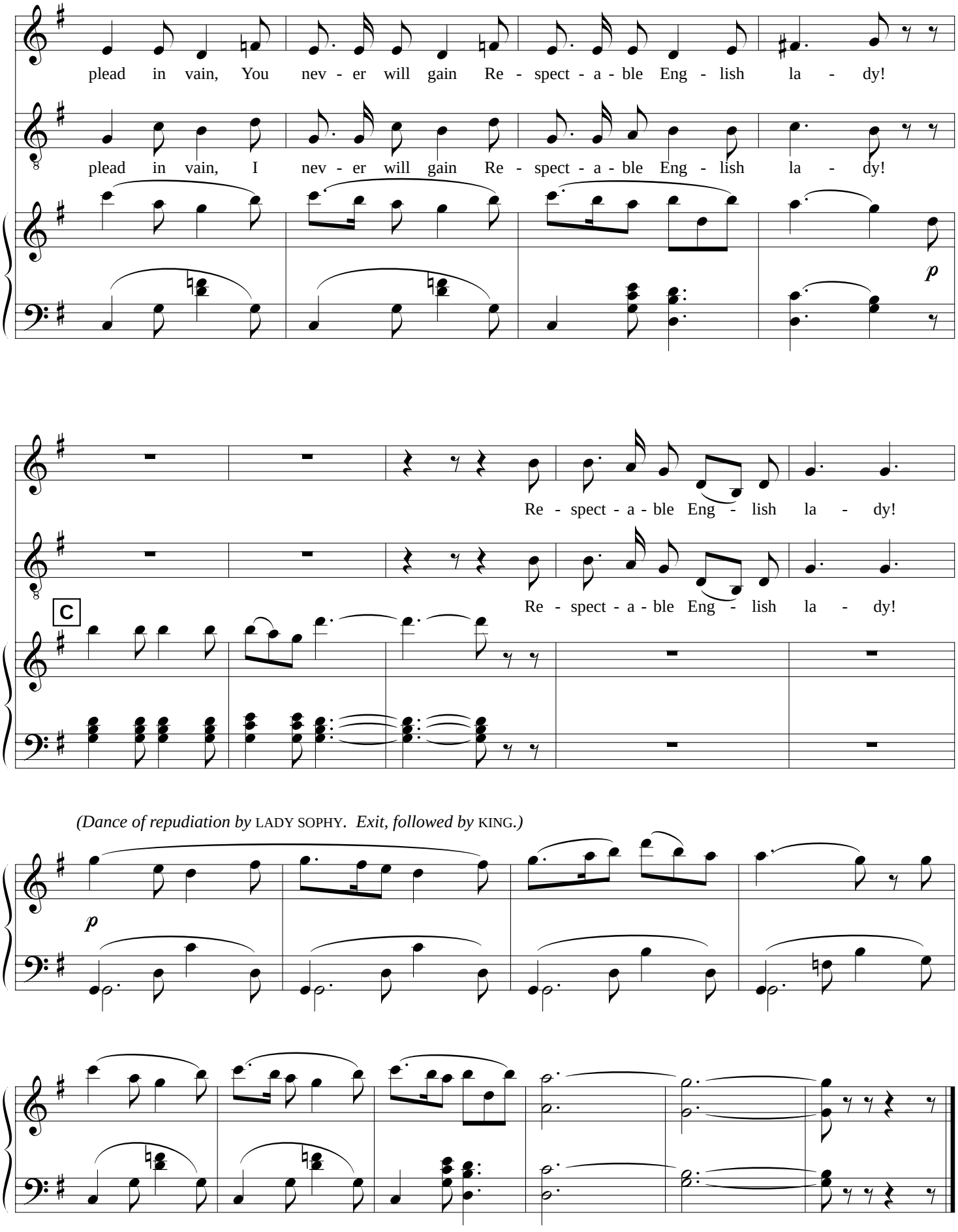
No. 6. Subjected to your heavenly gaze

King and Lady Sophy




neat - ly, Say what you will, Those par - a - graphs still Re - main un - con - tra - dic - ted. Come,
mf
A
crush me this con - temp - ti - ble worm (A for - ci - ble term), If he's as - sail'd you
wrong - ly. The rage dis - play, Which, as you say, Has moved your Maj - es - ty late - ly.
King:
Tho' I ad - mit that for - ci - ble term, "Con - temp - ti - ble worm", Ap -
p

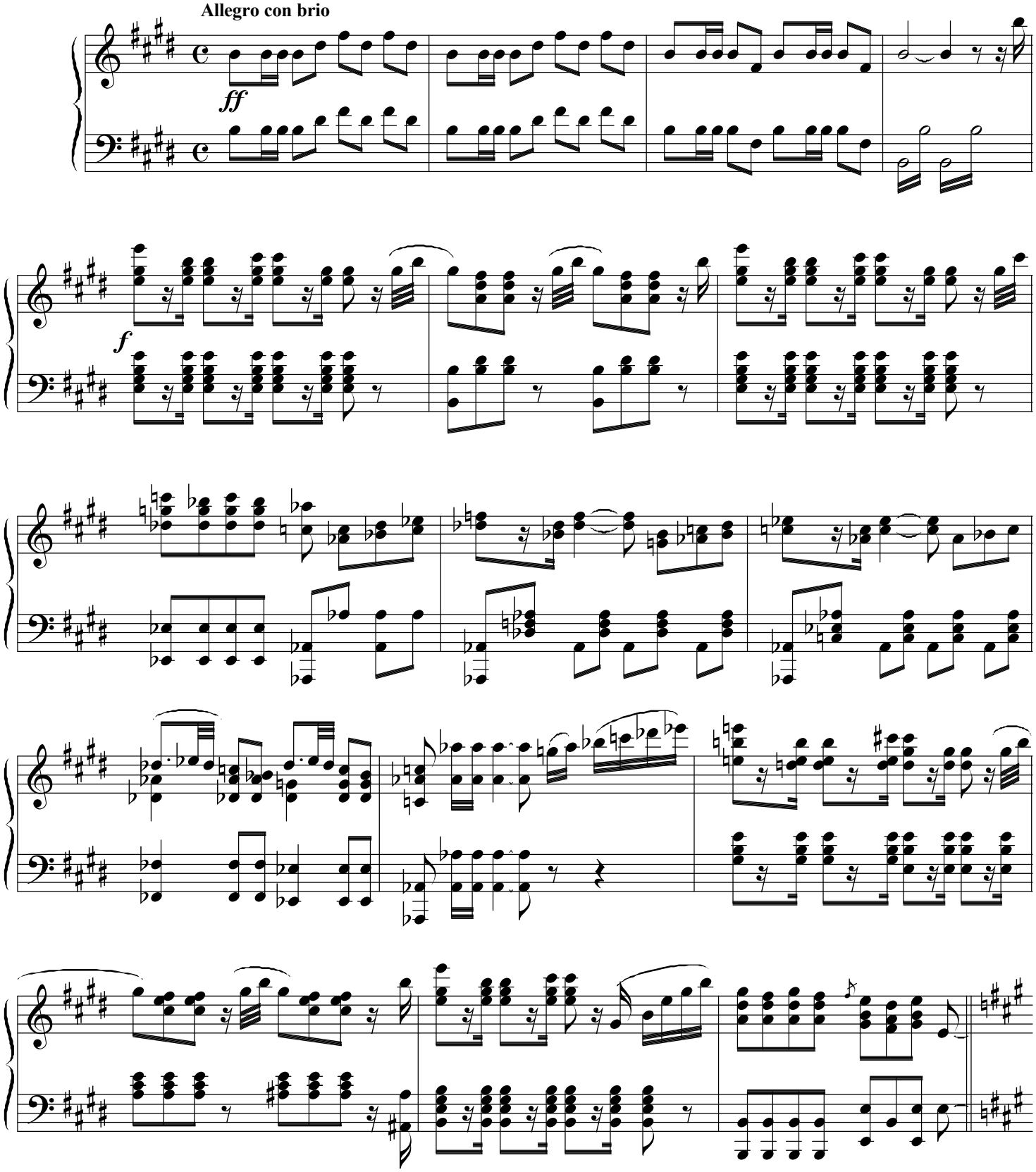

peals to me most strong - ly, To treat this pest As you sug - gest Would pain my Maj - es - ty
Lady Sophy:
King:
Lady Sophy:
King:
great - ly! This writ - er lies! Yes, both - er his eyes! He lives, you say? In a
Lady Sophy:
King:
Lady Sophy:
King:
sort of a way. Then have him shot. De - cid - ed - ly not. Or crush him flat. I
Lady Sophy:
dim. poco rit.
O roy - al Rex, My blame - less sex Ab - hors such con - duct sha - dy. You
can - not do that. O roy - al Rex, Her blame - less sex Ab - hors such con - duct sha - dy. I
dim. poco rit.
mp
a tempo

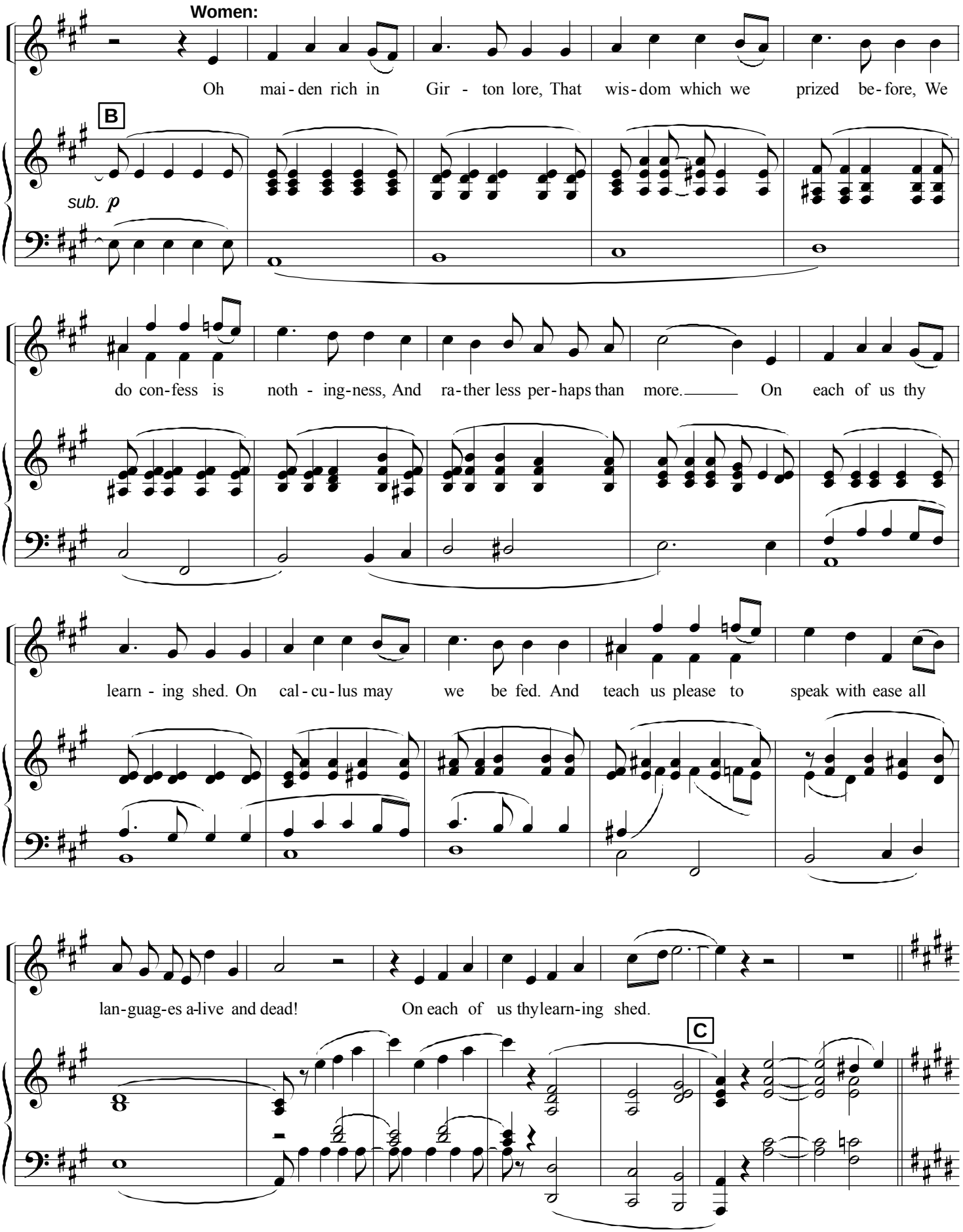

plead in vain, You nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
plead in vain, I nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
p
Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!
C
(Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.)
p

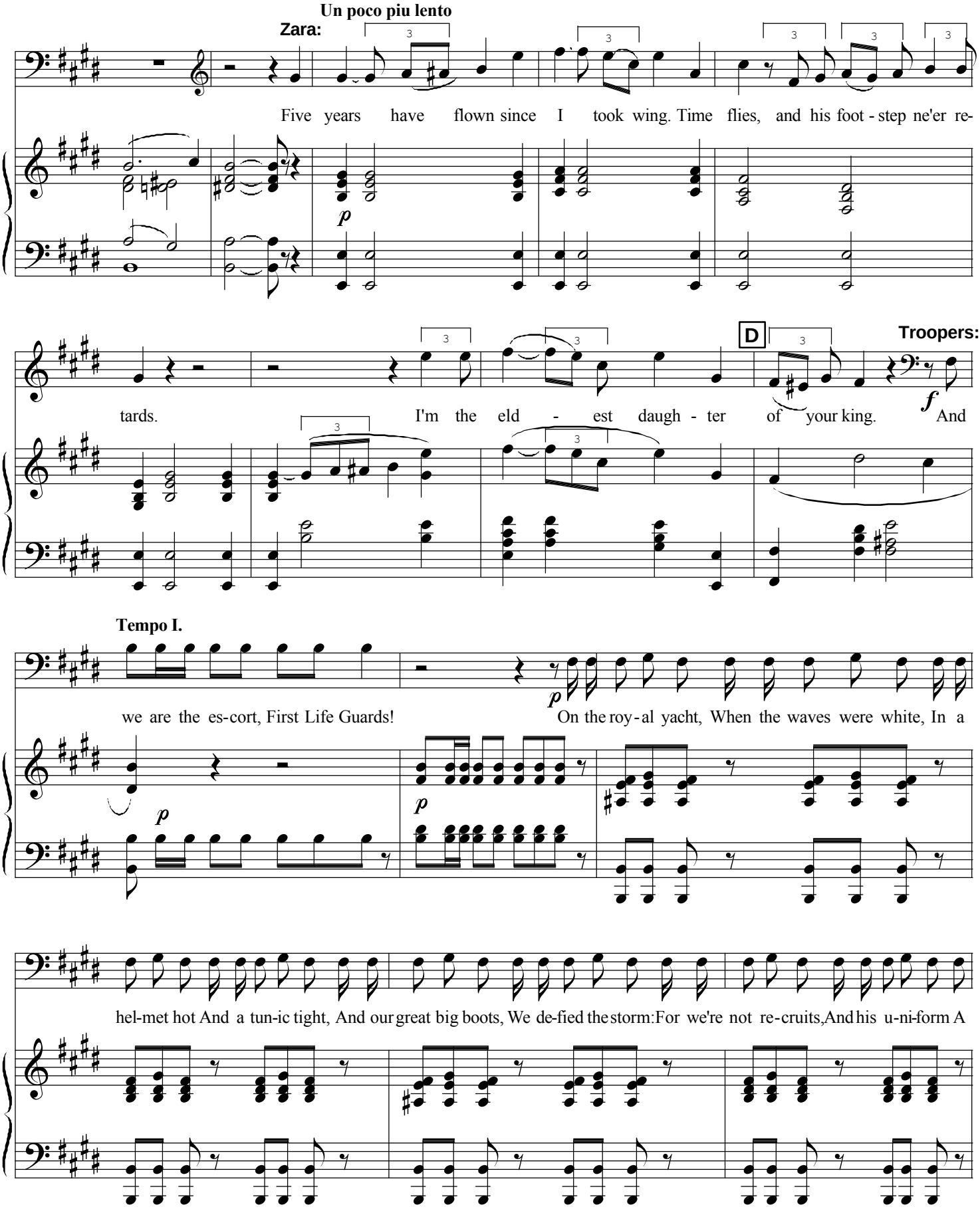
No. 7. Oh maiden rich in Girton lore

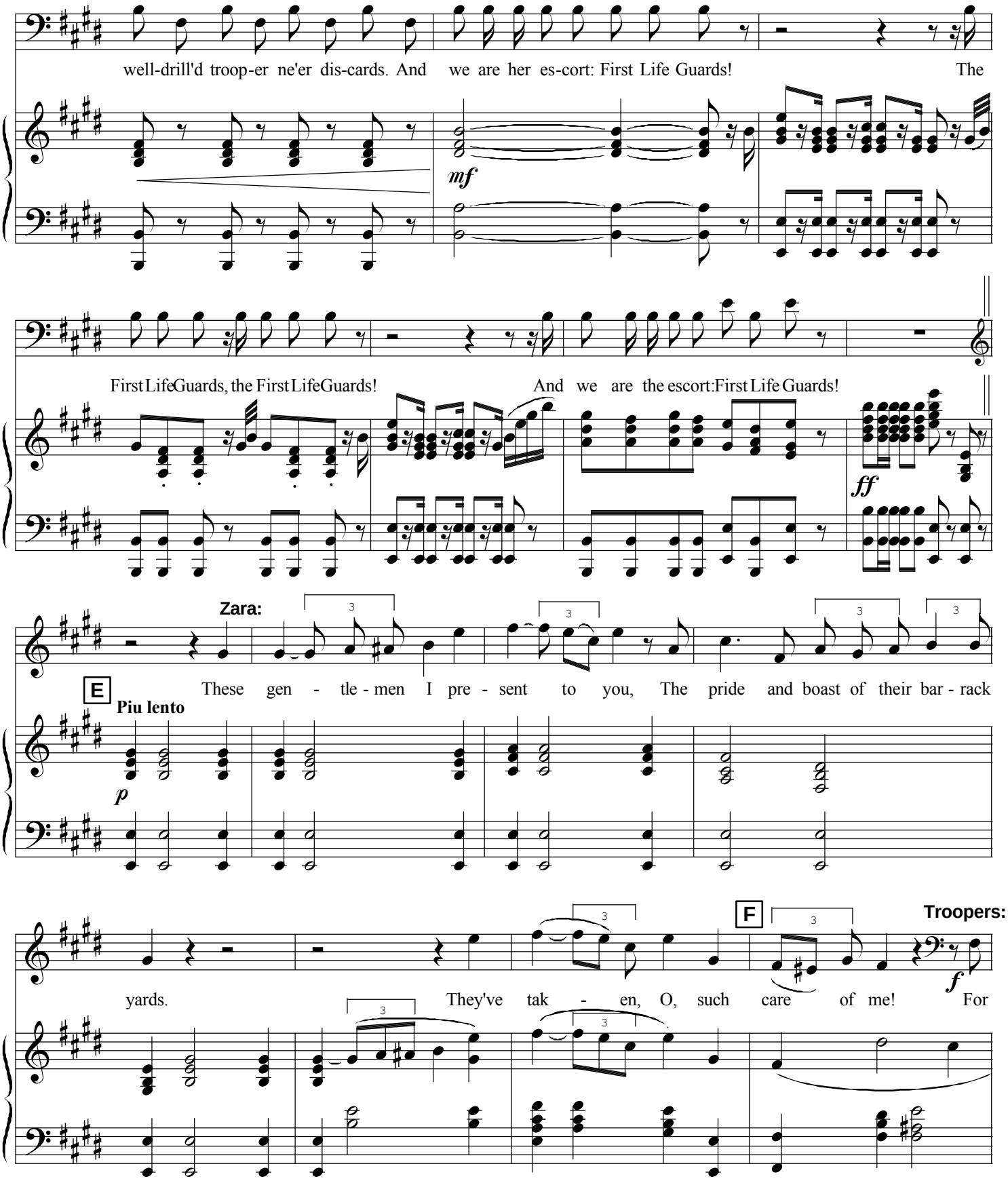
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

March. Enter all the Court, heralding the arrival of the PRINCESS ZARA*, who enters, escorted by* CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE *and four Troopers, all in the full uniform of the First Life Guards.*

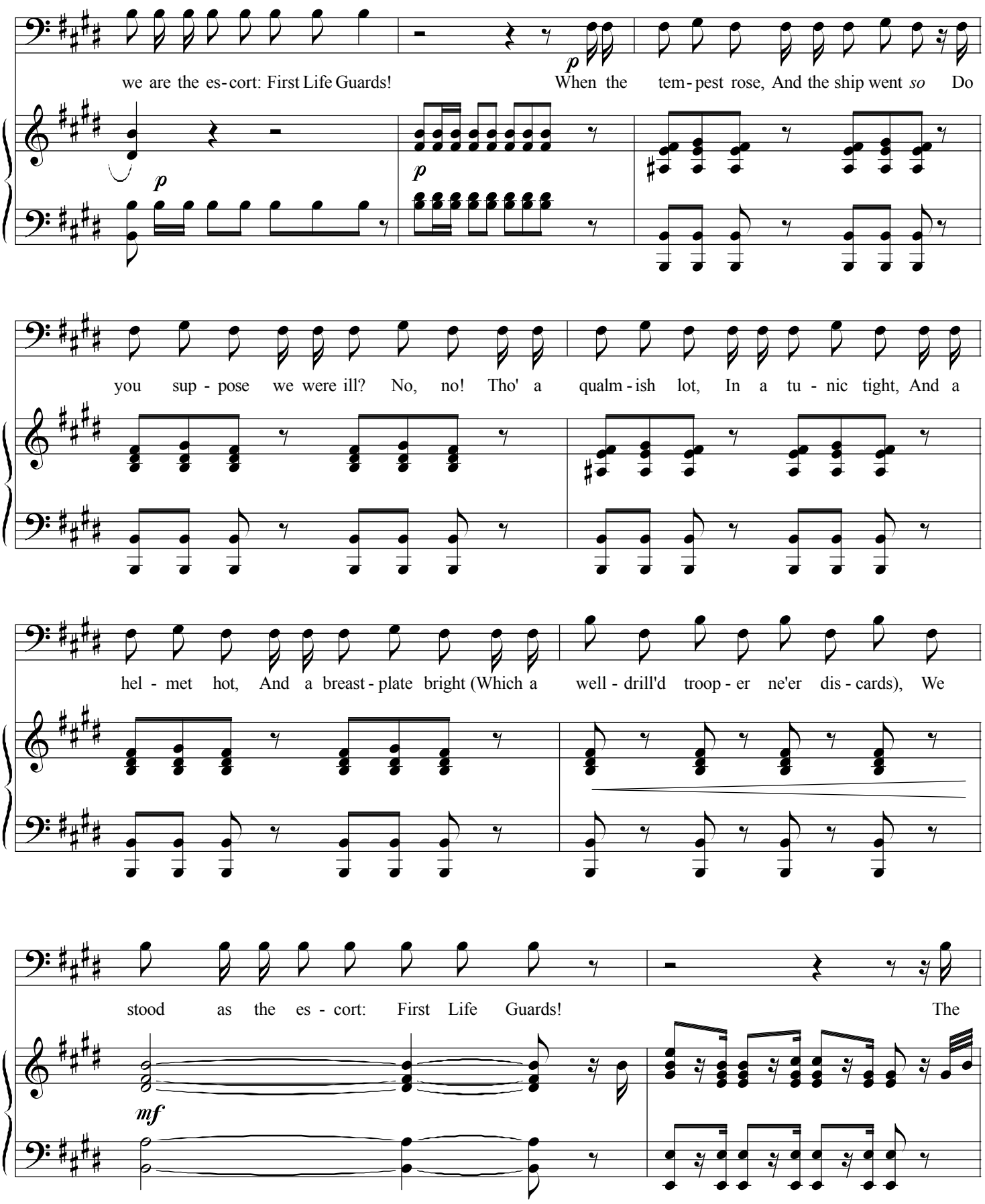


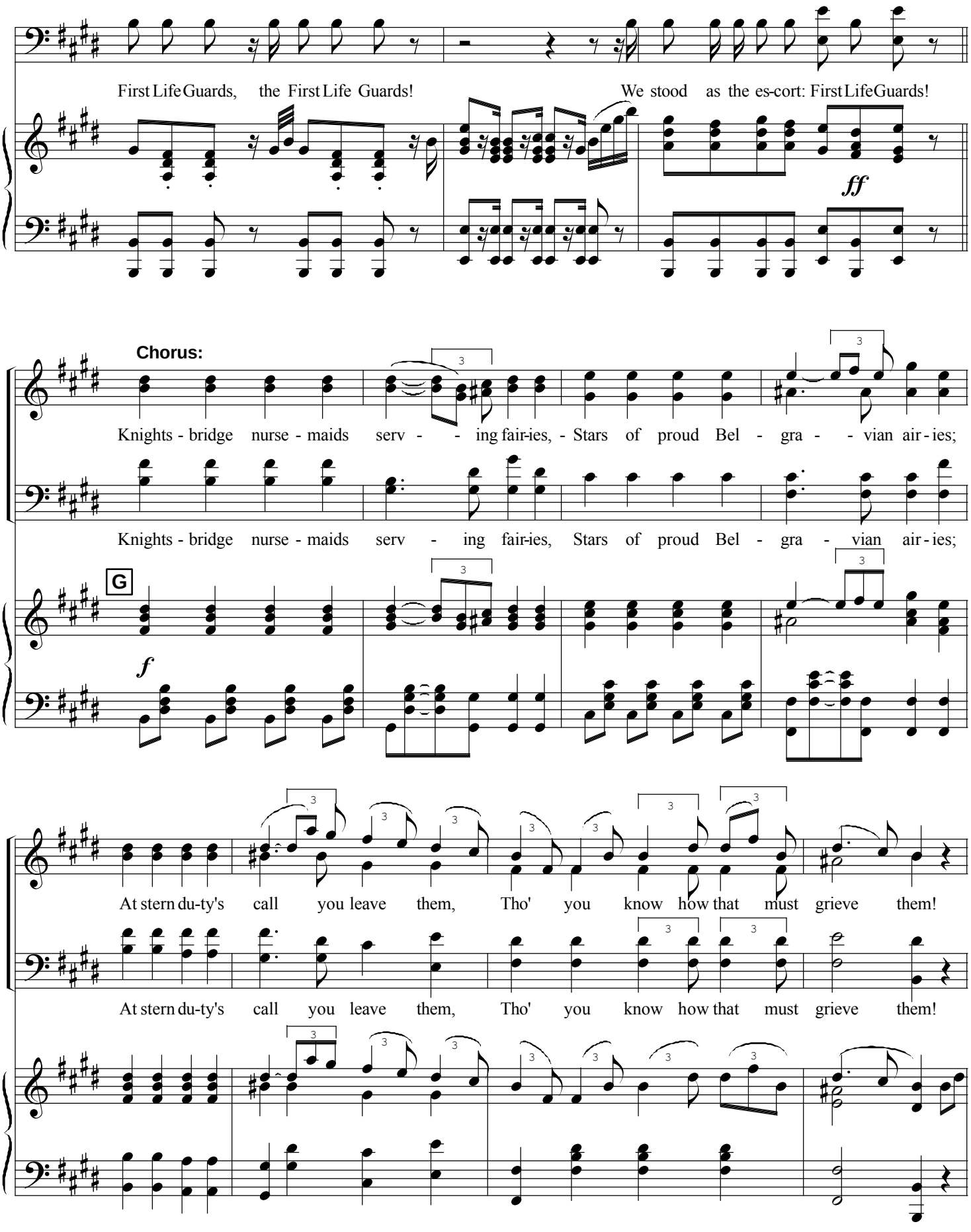

Women:
Oh mai - den rich in Gir - ton lore, That wis - dom which we prized be - fore, We
B
sub. p
do con - fess is noth - ing - ness, And ra - ther less per - haps than more. On each of us thy
learn - ing shed. On cal - cu - lus may we be fed. And teach us please to speak with ease all
lan - guag - es a - live and dead! On each of us thylearn - ing shed.
C

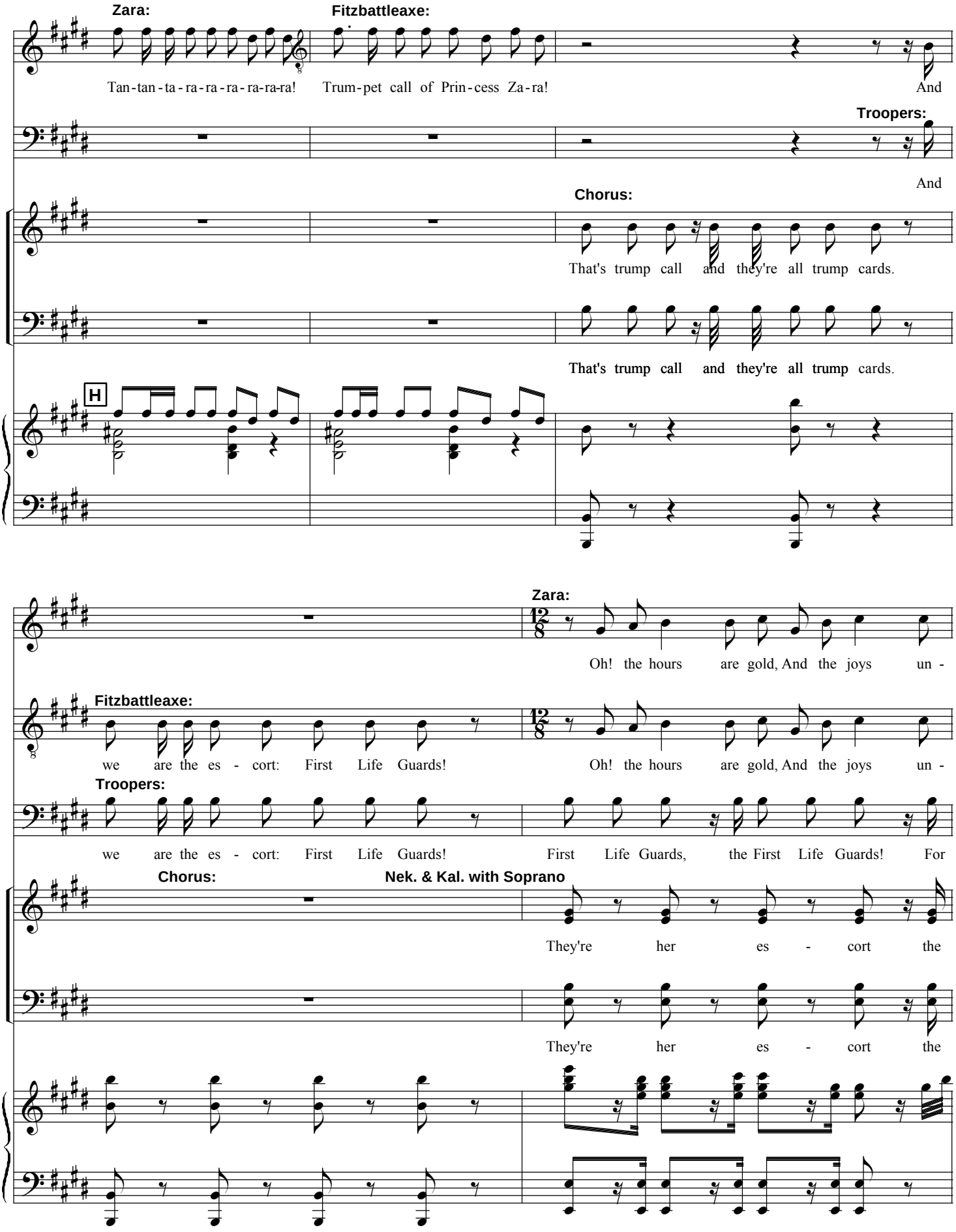

Un poco piu lento
Zara:
Five years have flown since I took wing. Time flies, and his foot - step ne'er re-
p
tards.
I'm the eld - est daugh - ter of your king.
D
Troopers:
f
And
Tempo I.
p
we are the es-cort, First Life Guards!
On the roy - al yacht, When the waves were white, In a
p
p
hel-met hot And a tun-ic tight, And our great big boots, We de-fied the storm: For we're not re-cruits, And his u-ni-form A

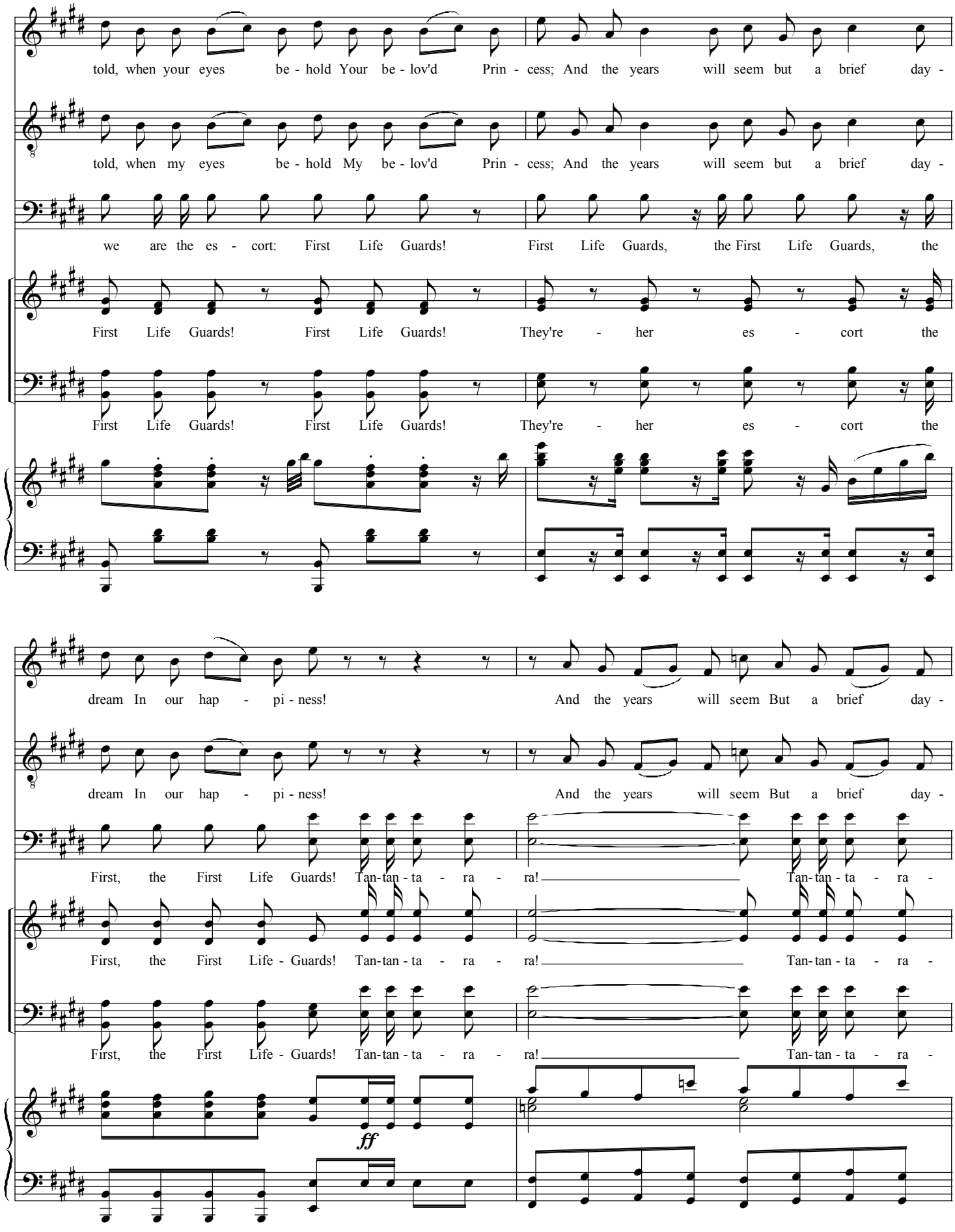

well-drill'd troop-er ne'er dis-cards. And we are her es-cort: First Life Guards! The
mf
First LifeGuards, the First LifeGuards! And we are the escort:First Life Guards!
ff
Zara:
E
Piu lento
These gen - tle - men I pre - sent to you, The pride and boast of their bar - rack
p
F
Troopers:
yards. They've tak - en, O, such care of me! For
f

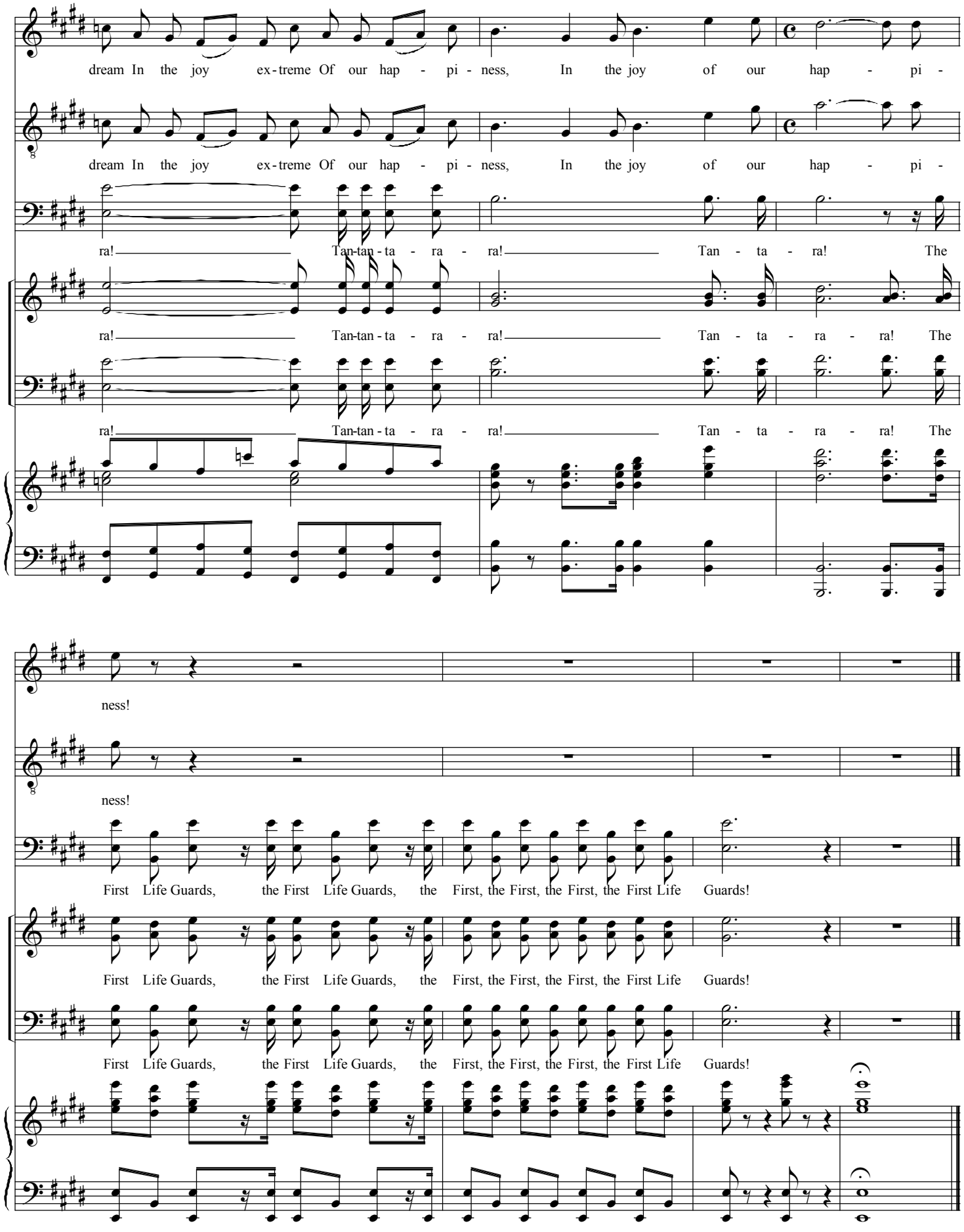
Tempo I.


we are the es-cort: First Life Guards! When the tem-pest rose, And the ship went so Do
p
p
p
you sup-pose we were ill? No, no! Tho' a qualm-ish lot, In a tu-nic tight, And a
hel-met hot, And a breast-plate bright (Which a well-drill'd troop-er ne'er dis-cards), We
stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards! The
mf


First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!
We stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!
ff
Chorus:
Knights - bridge nurse - maids serv - - ing fair-ies, - Stars of proud Bel - gra - - vian air - ies;
Knights - bridge nurse - maids serv - ing fair-ies, Stars of proud Bel - gra - vian air - ies;
G
f
At stern du-ty's call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!
At stern du-ty's call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!


Zara:
Fitzbattleaxe:
Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra! Trum-pet call of Prin-cess Za-ra! And
Troopers:
And
Chorus:
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.
H
Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un -
Fitzbattleaxe:
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un -
Troopers:
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! For
Chorus:
Nek. & Kal. with Soprano
They're her es - cort the
They're her es - cort the


told, when your eyes be - hold Your be - lov'd Prin - cess; And the years will seem but a brief day -
told, when my eyes be - hold My be - lov'd Prin - cess; And the years will seem but a brief day -
we are the es - cort: First Life Guards! First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cort the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cort the
dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -
dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ff


dream In the joy ex-treme Of our hap - pi-ness, In the joy of our hap - pi -
dream In the joy ex-treme Of our hap - pi-ness, In the joy of our hap - pi -
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra! The
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra - ra! The
ra! Tan-tan-ta - ra - ra! Tan - ta - ra - ra! The
ness!
ness!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First, the First, the First Life Guards!

(Enter KING, PRINCESS NEKAYA *and* KALYBA, *and* LADY SOPHY. *As the* KING *enters, the escort present arms.)*

King: Zara! my beloved daughter! Why, how well you look and how lovely you have grown! *(embraces her.)*

Zara: My dear father! *(embracing him)* And my two beautiful little sisters! *(embracing them)*

Nekaya: Not beautiful.

Kalyba: Nice-looking.

Zara: But first let me present to you the English warrior who commands my escort, and who has taken, O! such care of me during my voyage—Captain Fitzbattleaxe!

Troops:
The First Life Guards.
When the tempest rose,
And the ship went *so*—

*(*CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE *motions them to be silent. The Troopers place themselves in the four corners of the stage, standing at ease, immovably, as if on sentry. Each is surrounded by an admiring group of young ladies, of whom they take no notice.)*

King: *(to* CAPT. FITZ.*)* Sir, you come from a country where every virtue flourishes. We trust that you will not criticize too severely such shortcomings as you may detect in our semi-barbarous society.

Fitz.: *(looking at* ZARA*)* Sir, I have eyes for nothing but the blameless and the beautiful.

King: We thank you—he is really very polite! *(*LADY SOPHY, *who has been greatly scandalized by the attentions paid to the Lifeguardsmen by the young ladies, marches the* PRINCESSES NEKAYA *and* KALYBA *towards an exit.)* Lady Sophy, do not leave us.

Lady S.: Sir, your children are young, and, so far, innocent. If they are to remain so, it is necessary that they be at once removed from the contamination of their present disgraceful surroundings. *(She marches them off.)*

King: *(whose attention has thus been called to the proceedings of the young ladies—aside)* Dear, dear! They really shouldn't. *(Aloud)* Captain Fitzbattleaxe—

Fitz.: Sir.

King: Your Troopers appear to be receiving a troublesome amount of attention from those young ladies. I know how strict you English soldiers are, and I should be extremely distressed if anything occurred to shock their puritanical British sensitiveness.

Fitz.: Oh, I don't think there's any chance of that.

King: You think not? They won't be offended?

Fitz.: Oh no! They are quite hardened to it. They get a good deal of that sort of thing, standing sentry at the Horse Guards.

King: It's English, is it?

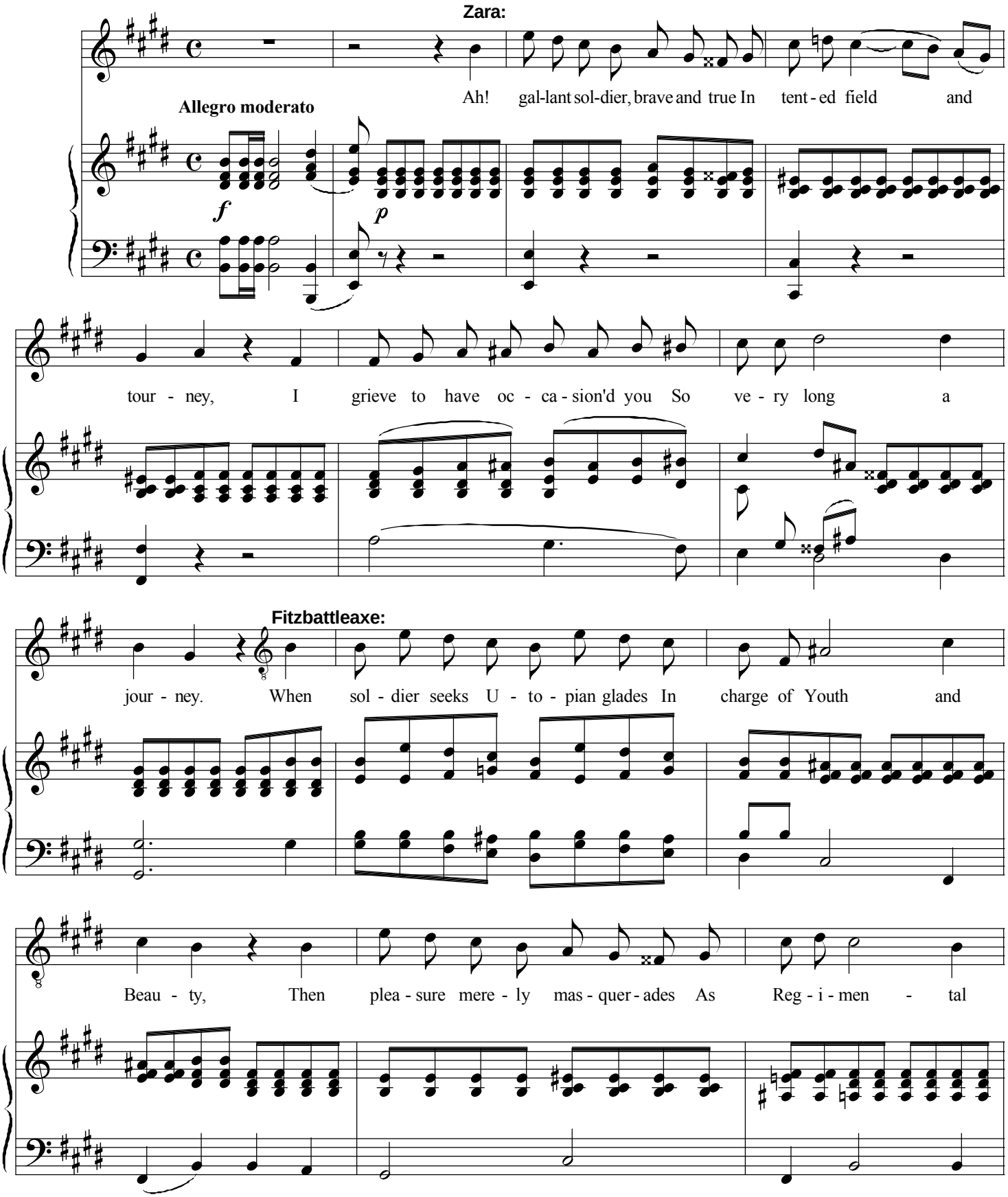
Fitz.: It's particularly English.

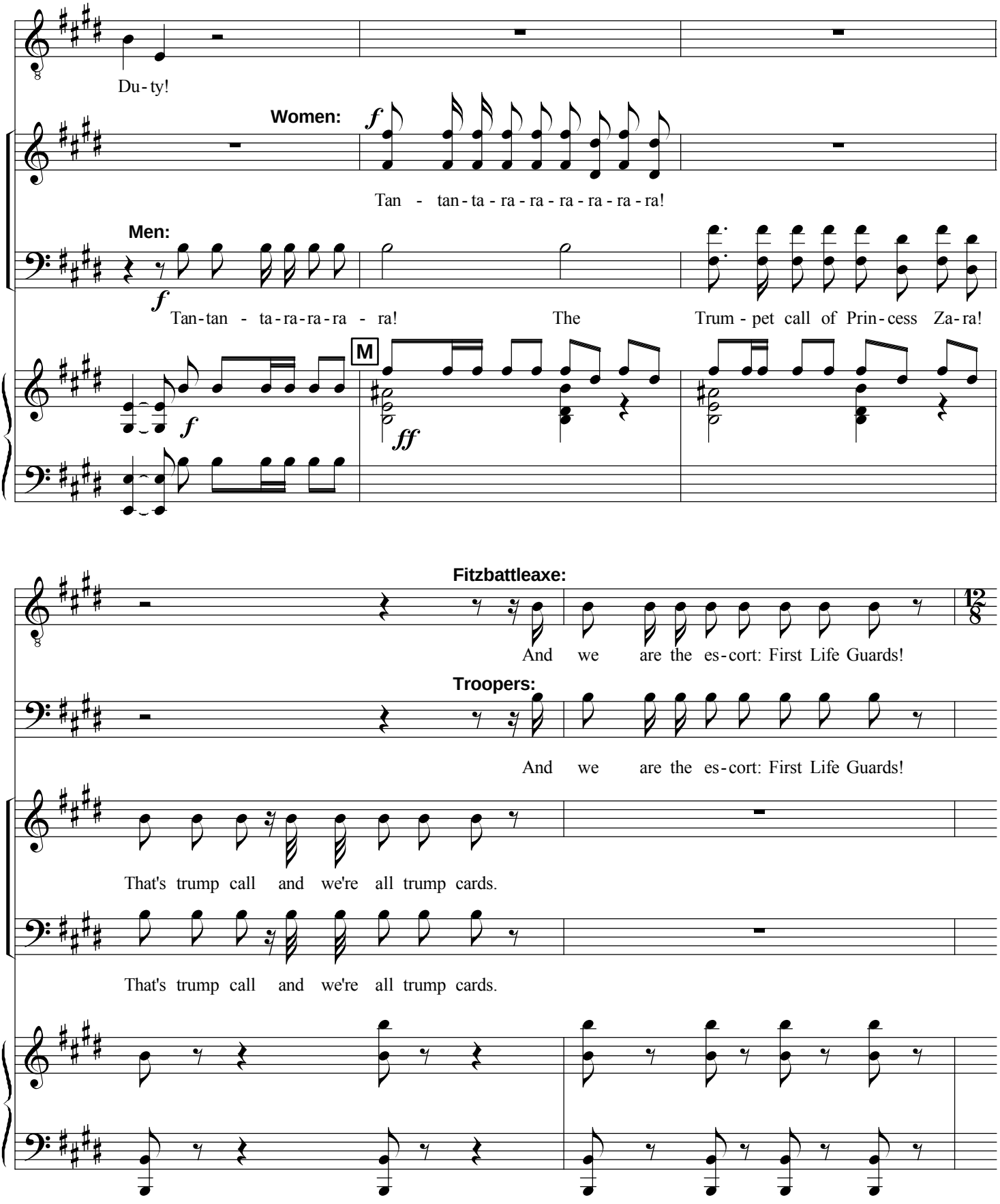
King: Then, of course, it's all right. Pray proceed, ladies, it's particularly English. Come, my daughter, for we have much to say to each other.

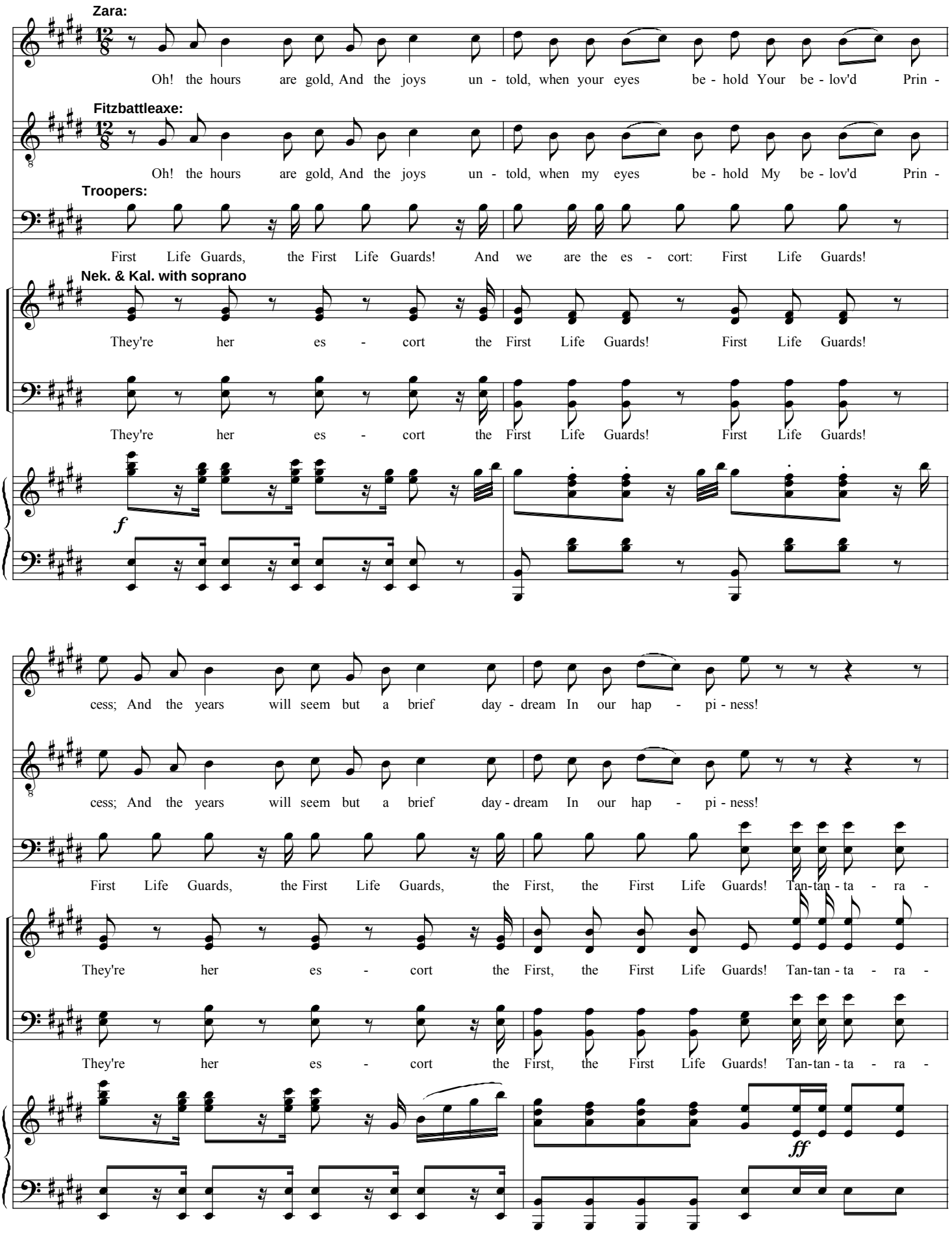
Zara: Farewell, Captain Fitzbattleaxe! I cannot thank you too emphatically for the devoted care with which you have watched over me during our long and eventful voyage.

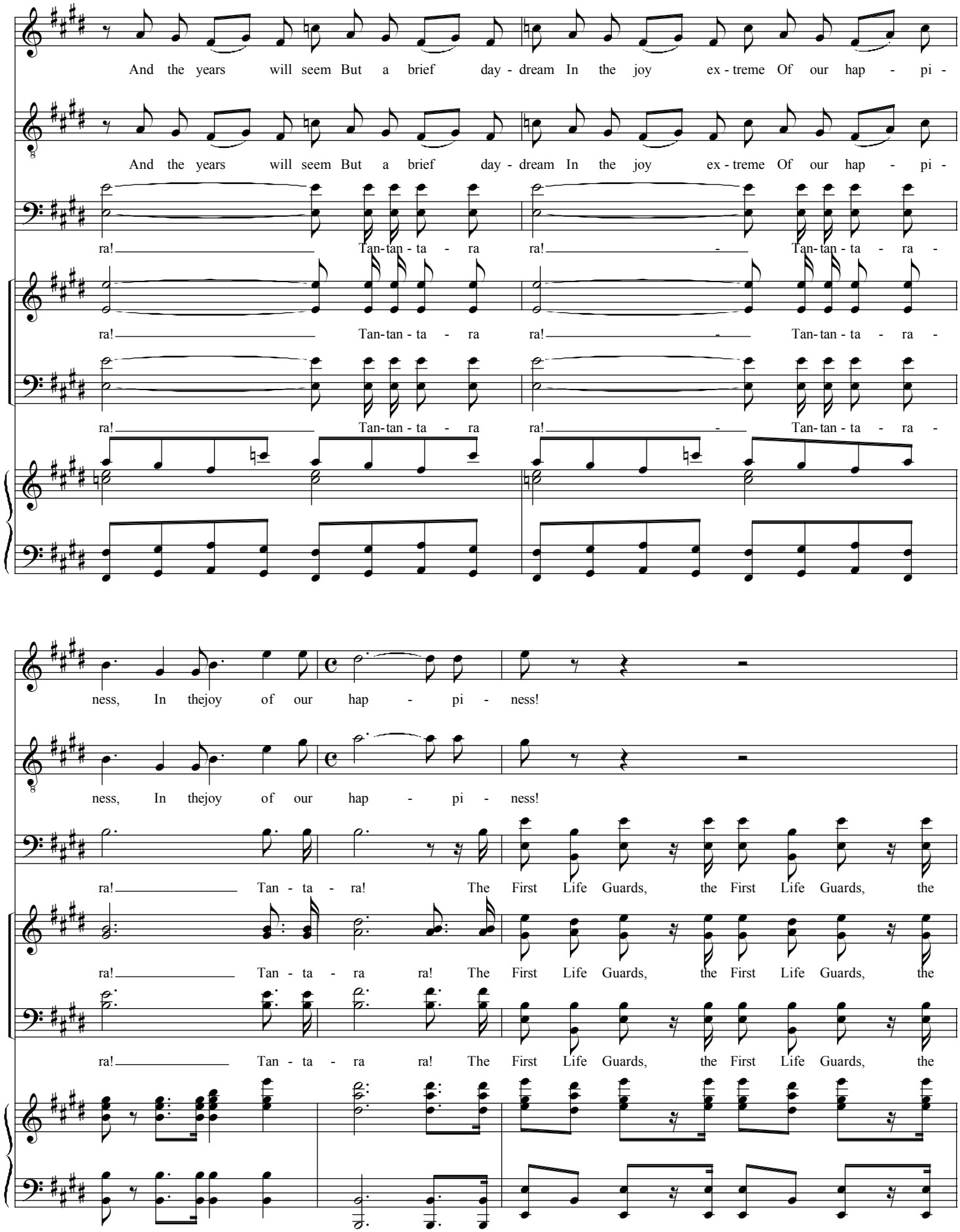
No. 8. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true

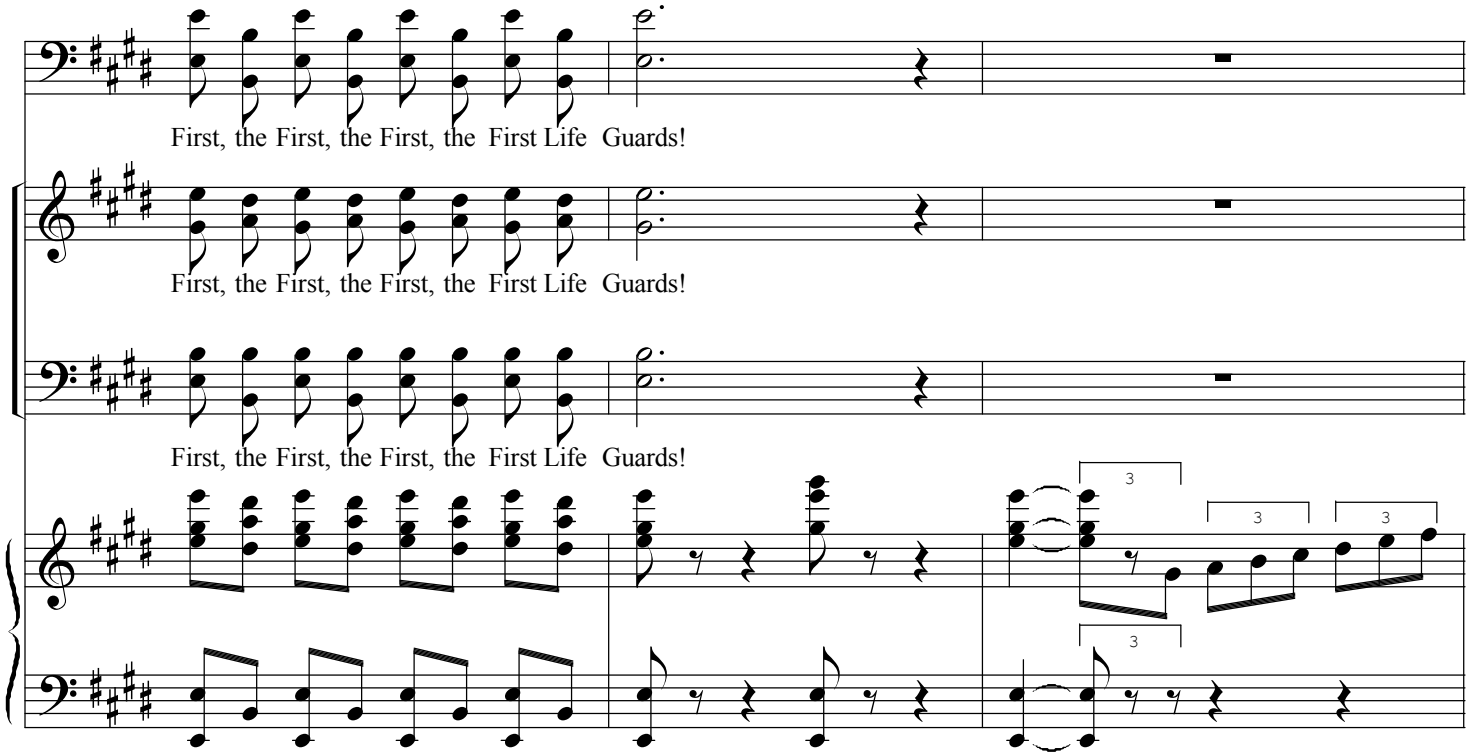
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus



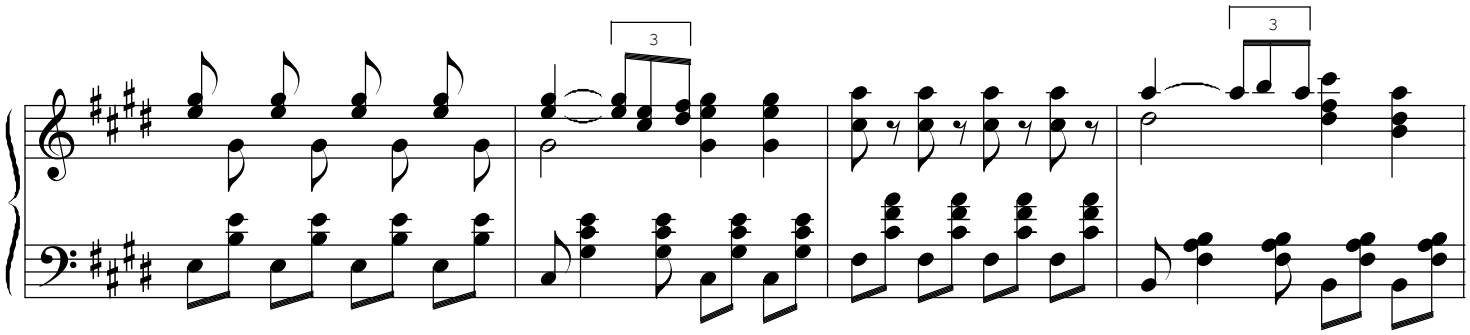

Du - ty!
Women:
f
Tan - tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra - ra!
Men:
f
Tan-tan - ta-ra-ra-ra - ra!
The
Trum - pet call of Prin - cess Za - ra!
M
f
ff
Fitzbattleaxe:
And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
Troopers:
And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.
That's trump call and we're all trump cards.


Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when your eyes be - hold Your be - lov'd Prin -
Fitzbattleaxe:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un - told, when my eyes be - hold My be - lov'd Prin -
Troopers:
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards!
Nek. & Kal. with soprano
They're her es - cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
They're her es - cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
f
cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi - ness!
cess; And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi - ness!
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
They're her es - cort the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
They're her es - cort the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ff

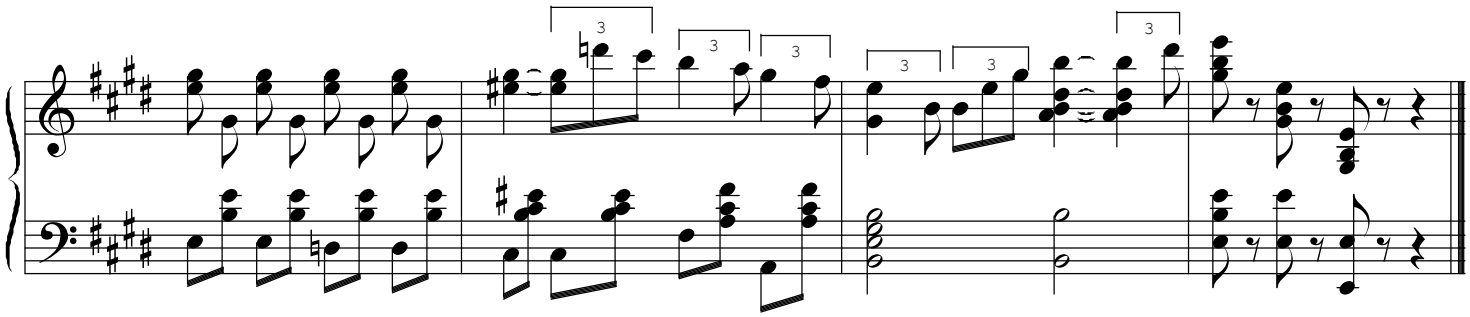

And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra ra! Tan-tan - ta - ra -
ness, In thejoy of our hap - pi - ness!
ness, In thejoy of our hap - pi - ness!
ra! Tan - ta - ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
ra! Tan - ta - ra ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the



(Exeunt KING *and* ZARA *in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction.*



Enter, at back, SCAPHIO *and* PHANTIS*, who watch* ZARA *as she goes off.)*



*(*SCAPHIO *is seated, shaking violently, and obviously under the influence of some strong emotion.)*

Phantis: There—tell me, Scaphio, is she not beautiful? Can you wonder that I love her so passionately?

Scaphio: No. She is extraordinarily—miraculously lovely! Good heavens, what a singularly beautiful girl!

Phantis: I knew you would say so!

Scaphio: What exquisite charm of manner! What surprising delicacy of gesture! Why, she's a goddess! a very goddess!

Phantis: *(rather taken aback)* Yes—she's—she's an attractive girl.

Scaphio: Attractive? Why, you must be blind!—She's entrancing—enthralling—intoxicating! *(Aside)* God bless my heart, what's the matter with me?

Phantis: *(alarmed)* Yes. You—you promised to help me to get her father's consent, you know.

Scaphio: Promised! Yes, but the convulsion has come, my good boy! It is she—my ideal! Why, what's this? *(Staggering)* Phantis! Stop me—I'm going mad—mad with the love of her!

Phantis: Scaphio, compose yourself, I beg. The girl is perfectly opaque! Besides, remember—each of us is helpless without the other. You can't succeed without my consent, you know.

Scaphio: And you dare to threaten? Oh, ungrateful! When you came to me, palsied with love for this girl, and implored my assistance, did I not unhesitatingly promise it? And this is the return you make? Out of my sight, ingrate! *(Aside)* Dear! dear! what is the matter with me?

(Enter CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE *and* ZARA*)*

Zara: Dear me. I'm afraid we are interrupting a *tete-a-tete*.

Scaphio: *(breathlessly)* No, no. You come very appropriately. To be brief, we—we love you—this man and I—madly—passionately!

Zara: Sir!

Scaphio: And we don't know how we are to settle which of us is to marry you.

Fitz.: Zara, this is very awkward.

Scaphio: *(very much overcome)* I—I am paralyzed by the singular radiance of your extraordinary loveliness. I know I am incoherent. I never was like this before—it shall not occur again. I—shall be fluent, presently.

Zara: *(aside)* Oh, dear, Captain Fitzbattleaxe, what *is* to be done?

Fitz.: *(aside)* Leave it to me—I'll manage it. *(Aloud)* It's a common situation. Why not settle it in the English fashion?

Both: The English fashion? What is that?

Fitz.: It's very simple. In England, when two gentlemen are in love with the same lady, and until it is settled which gentleman is to blow out the brains of the other, it is provided, by the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act, that the lady shall be entrusted to an officer of Household Cavalry as stakeholder, who is bound to hand her over to the survivor (on the Tontine principle) in a good condition of substantial and decorative repair.

Scaphio: Reasonable wear and tear and damages by fire excepted?

Fitz.: Exactly.

Phantis: Well, that seems very reasonable. *(To* SCAPHIO*)* What do you say—Shall we entrust her to this officer of Household Cavalry? It will give us time.

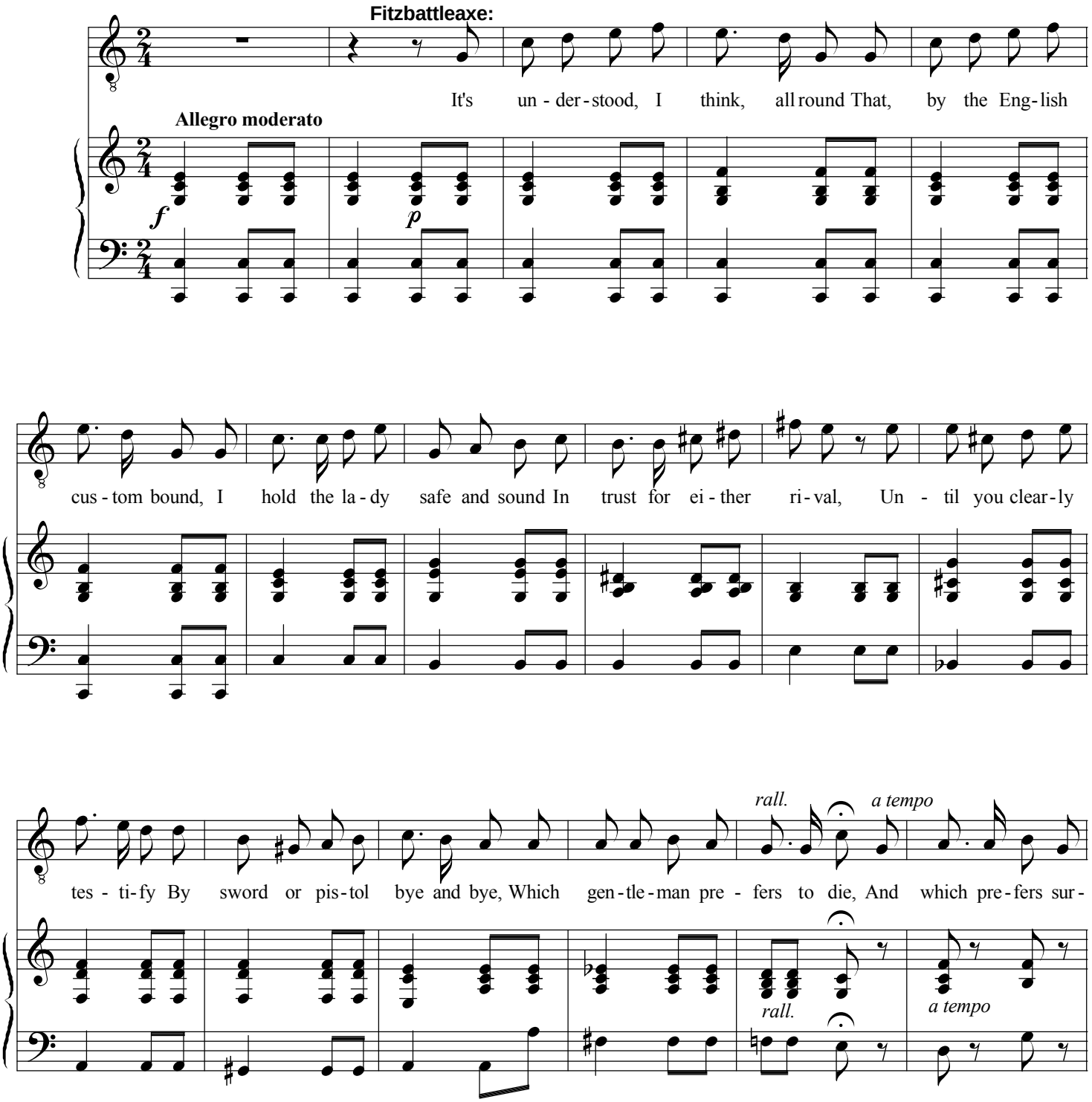
Scaphio: *(trembling violently)* I—I am not at present in a condition to think it out coolly—but if he *is* an officer of Household Cavalry, and if the Princess consents—

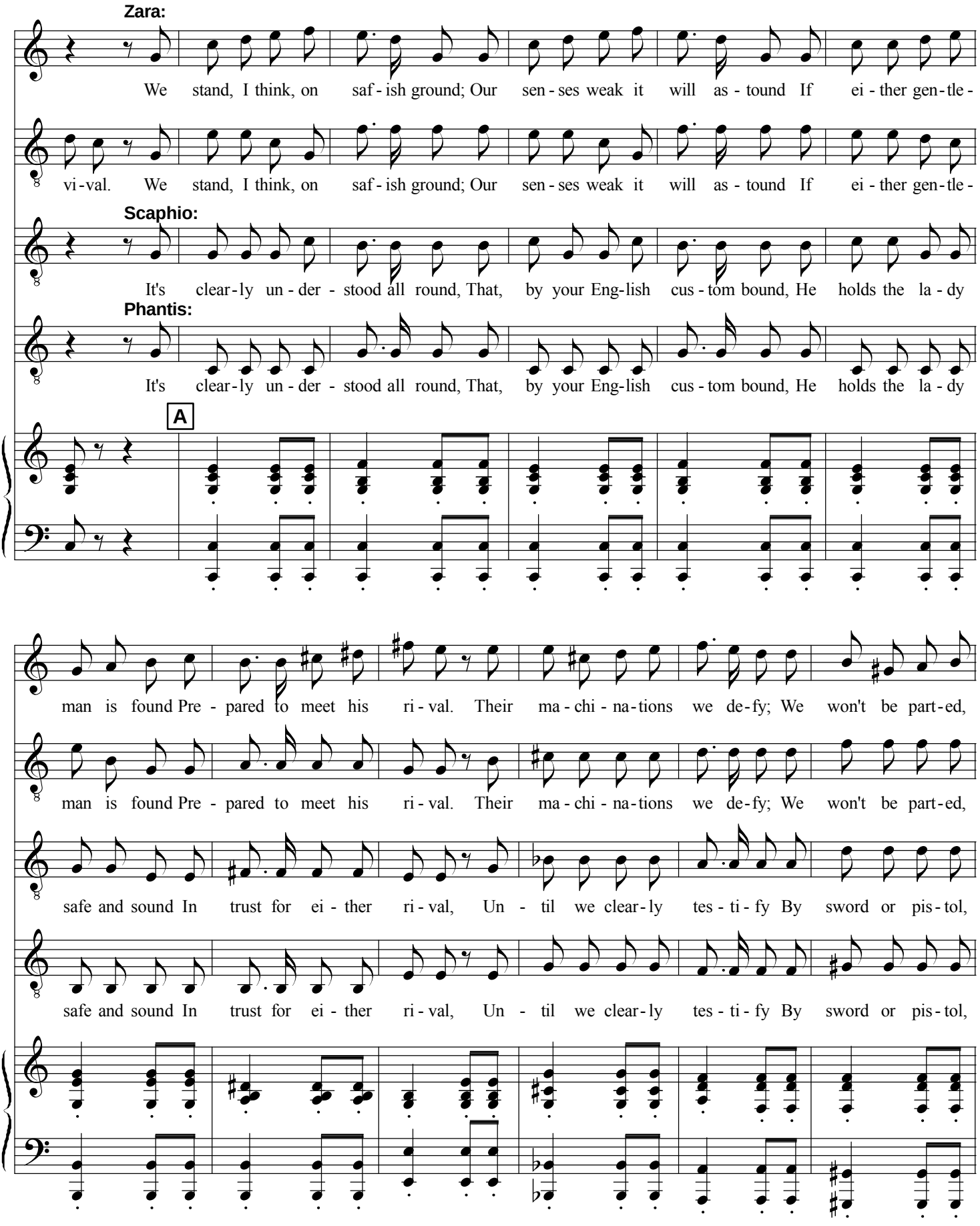
Zara: Alas, dear sirs, I have no alternative—under the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act!

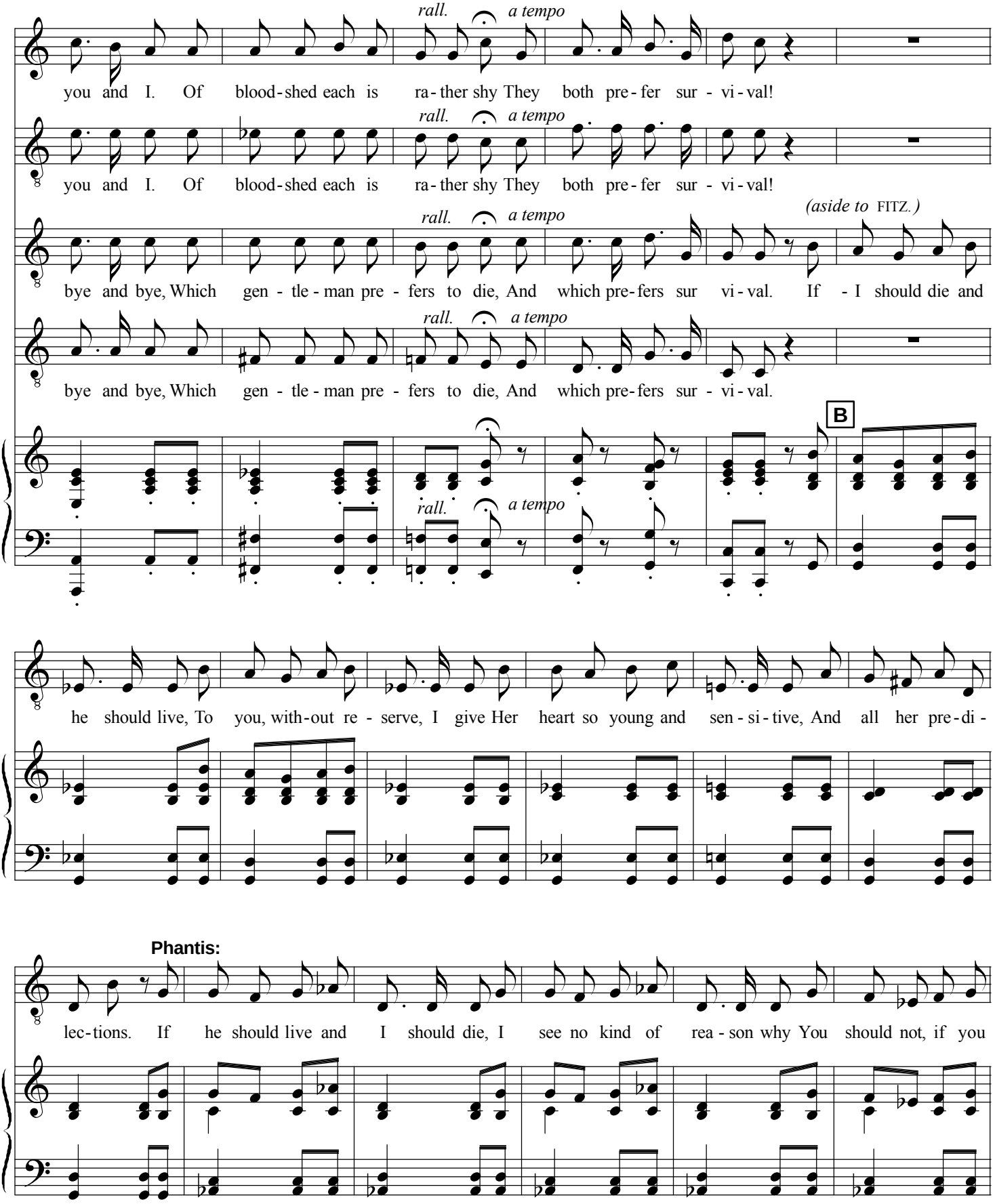
Fitz.: Good—then that's settled.

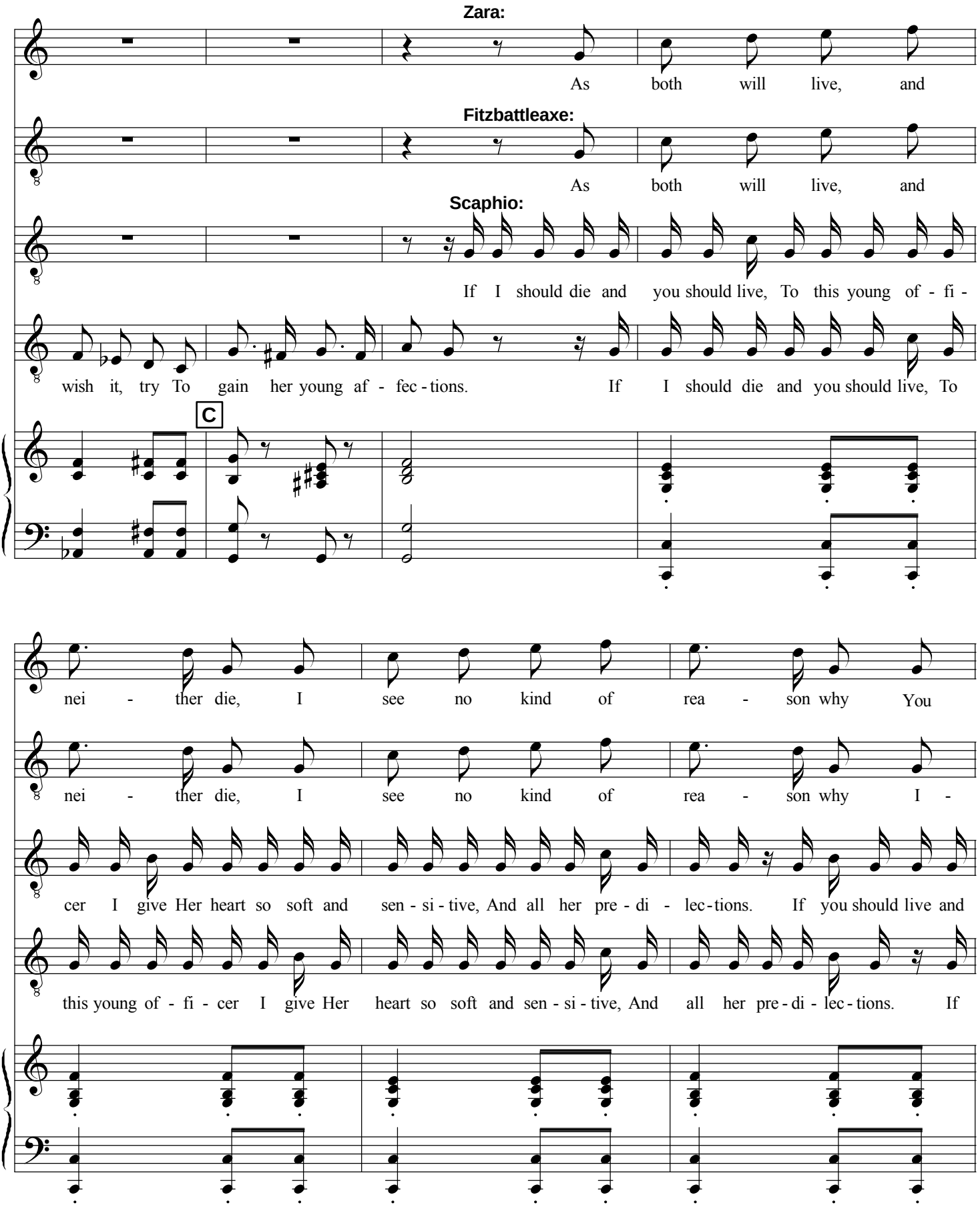
No. 9. It's understood, I think, all round

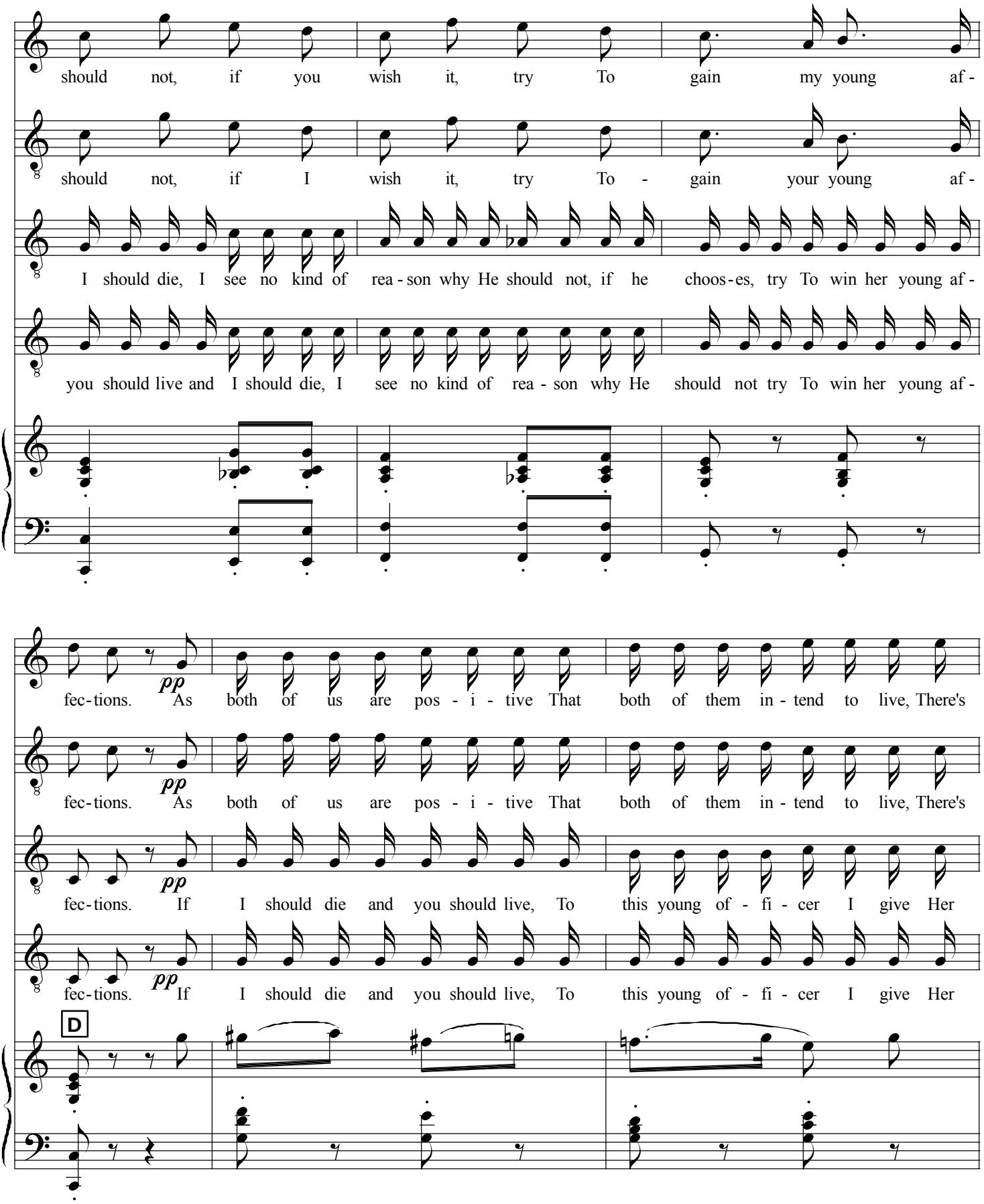
Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Scaphio, and Phantis

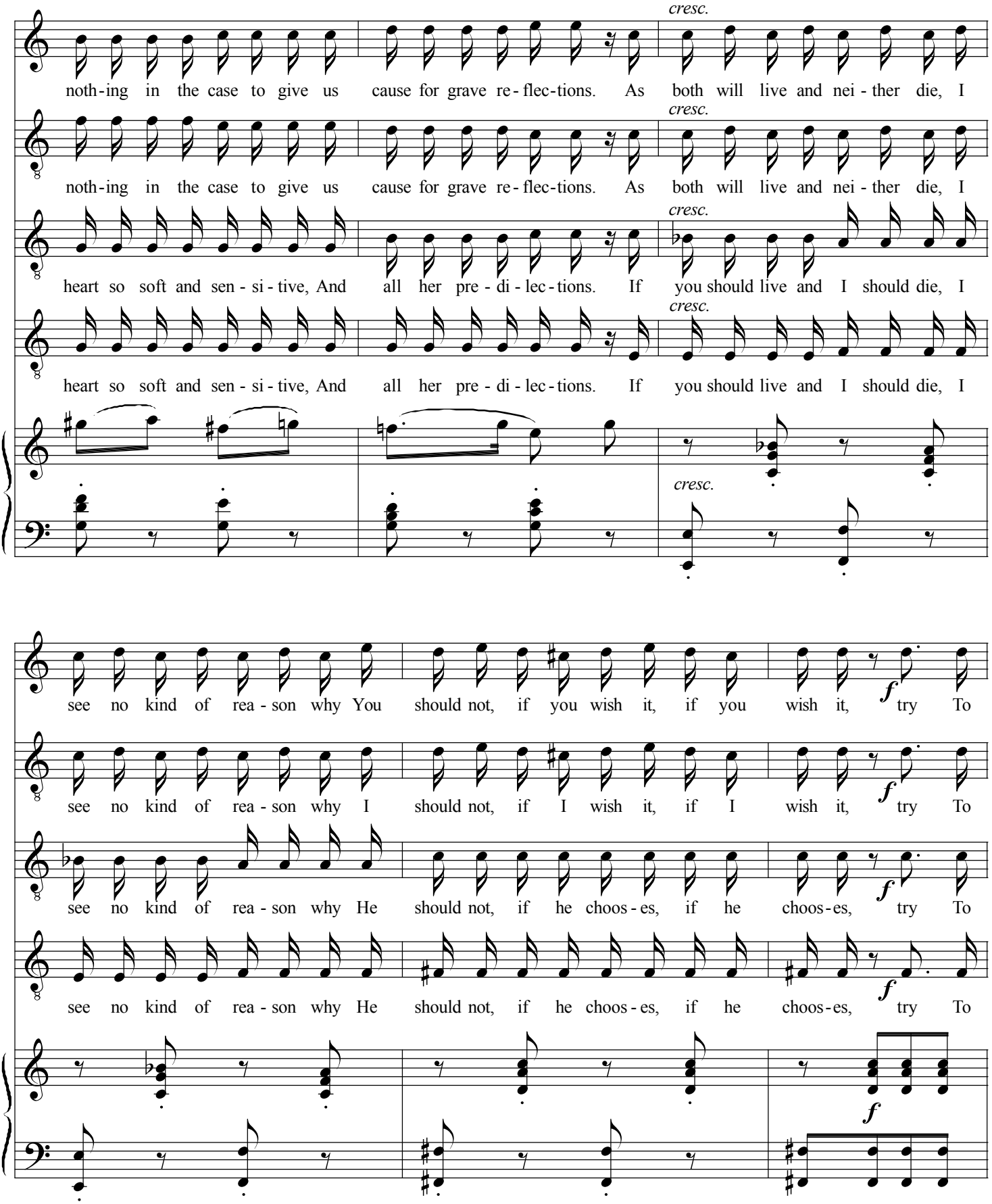


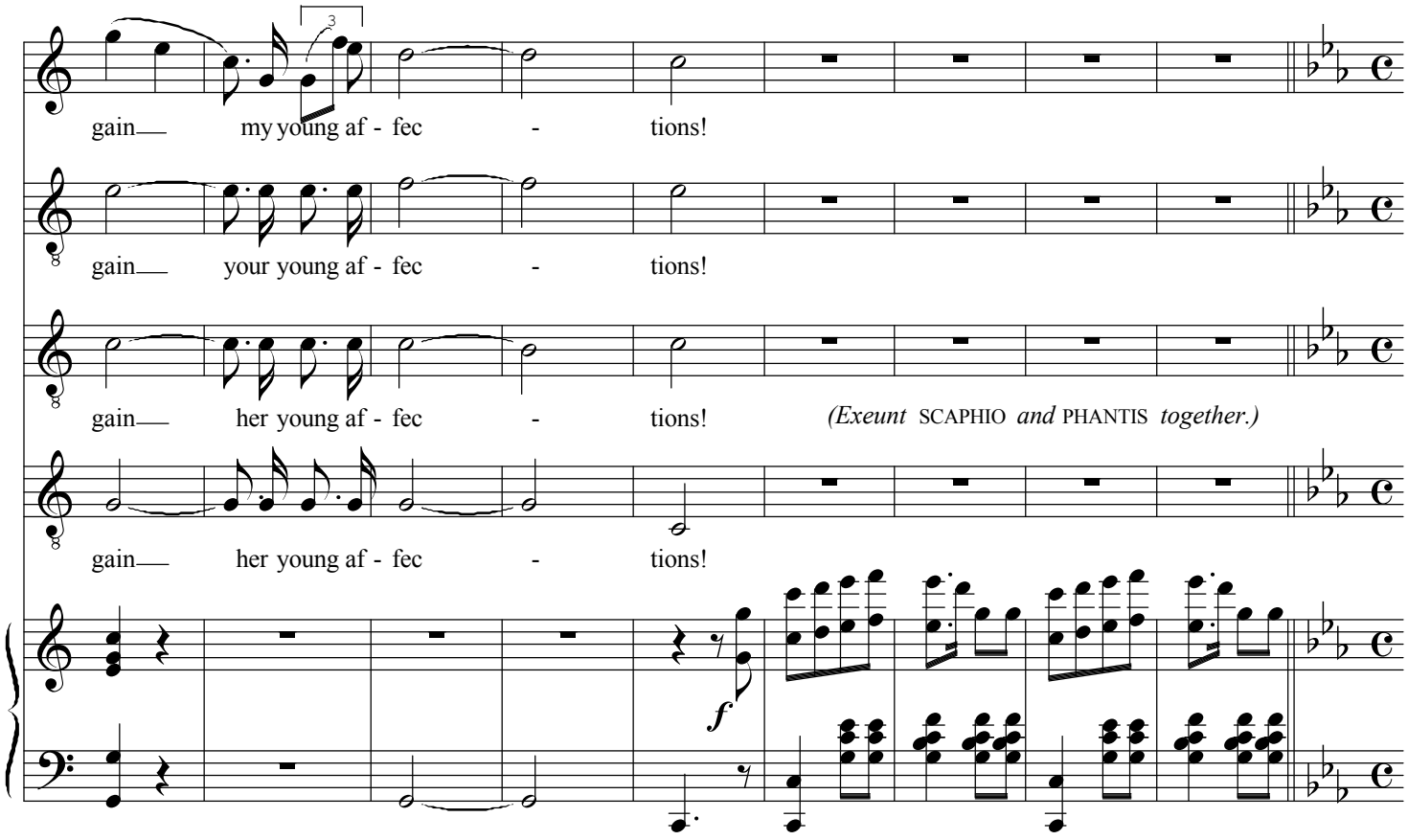

Zara:
We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle -
vi - val. We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle -
Scaphio:
It's clear - ly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy
Phantis:
It's clear - ly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy
A
man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed,
man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed,
safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,
safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,


rall.
a tempo
you and I. Of blood-shed each is ra-ther shy They both pre-fer sur-vi-val!
rall.
a tempo
you and I. Of blood-shed each is ra-ther shy They both pre-fer sur-vi-val!
rall.
a tempo
(aside to FITZ.)
bye and bye, Which gen-tle-man pre-fers to die, And which pre-fers sur vi-val. If - I should die and
rall.
a tempo
bye and bye, Which gen-tle-man pre-fers to die, And which pre-fers sur-vi-val.
B
rall.
a tempo
he should live, To you, with-out re-serve, I give Her heart so young and sen-si-tive, And all her pre-di-
Phantis:
lec-tions. If he should live and I should die, I see no kind of rea-son why You should not, if you


Zara:
As both will live, and
Fitzbattleaxe:
As both will live, and
Scaphio:
If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi -
wish it, try To gain her young af - fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To
C
nei - ther die, I see no kind of rea - son why You
nei - ther die, I see no kind of rea - son why I -
cer I give Her heart so soft and sen - si - tive, And all her pre - di - lec - tions. If you should live and
this young of - fi - cer I give Her heart so soft and sen - si - tive, And all her pre - di - lec - tions. If

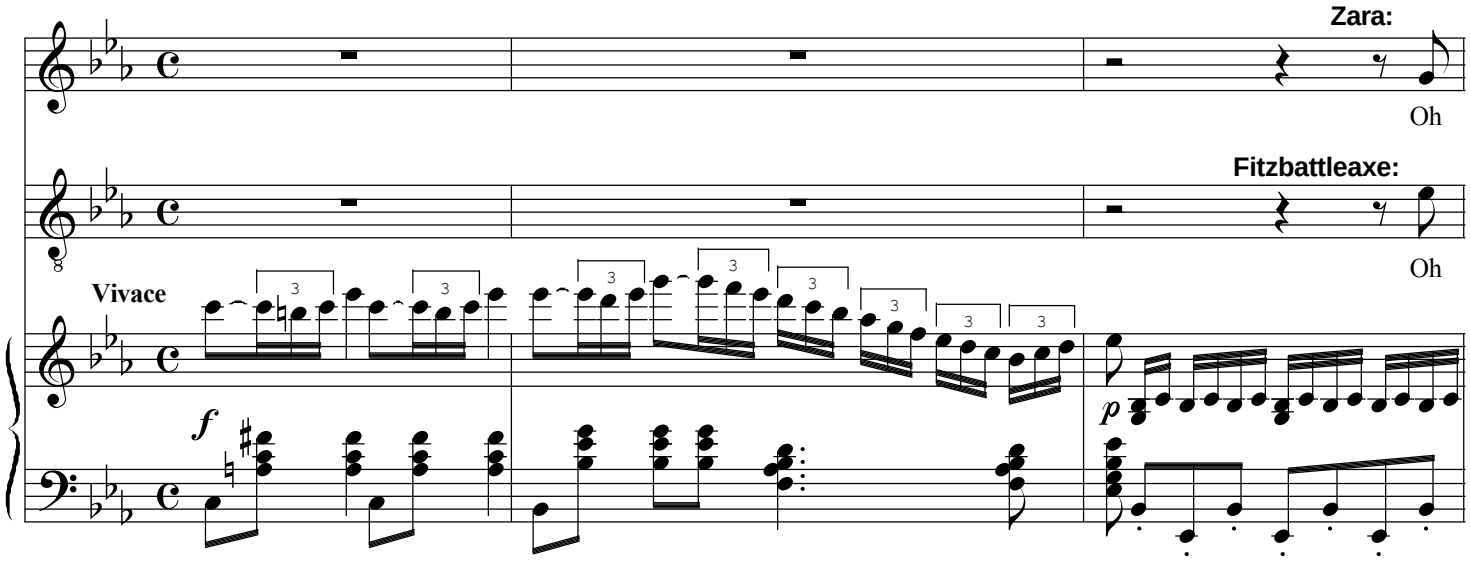

should not, if you wish it, try To gain my young af-
should not, if I wish it, try To - gain your young af-
I should die, I see no kind of rea - son why He should not, if he choos - es, try To win her young af-
you should live and I should die, I see no kind of rea - son why He should not try To win her young af-
pp
fec - tions. As both of us are pos - i - tive That both of them in - tend to live, There's
fec - tions. As both of us are pos - i - tive That both of them in - tend to live, There's
fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi - cer I give Her
fec - tions. If I should die and you should live, To this young of - fi - cer I give Her
D

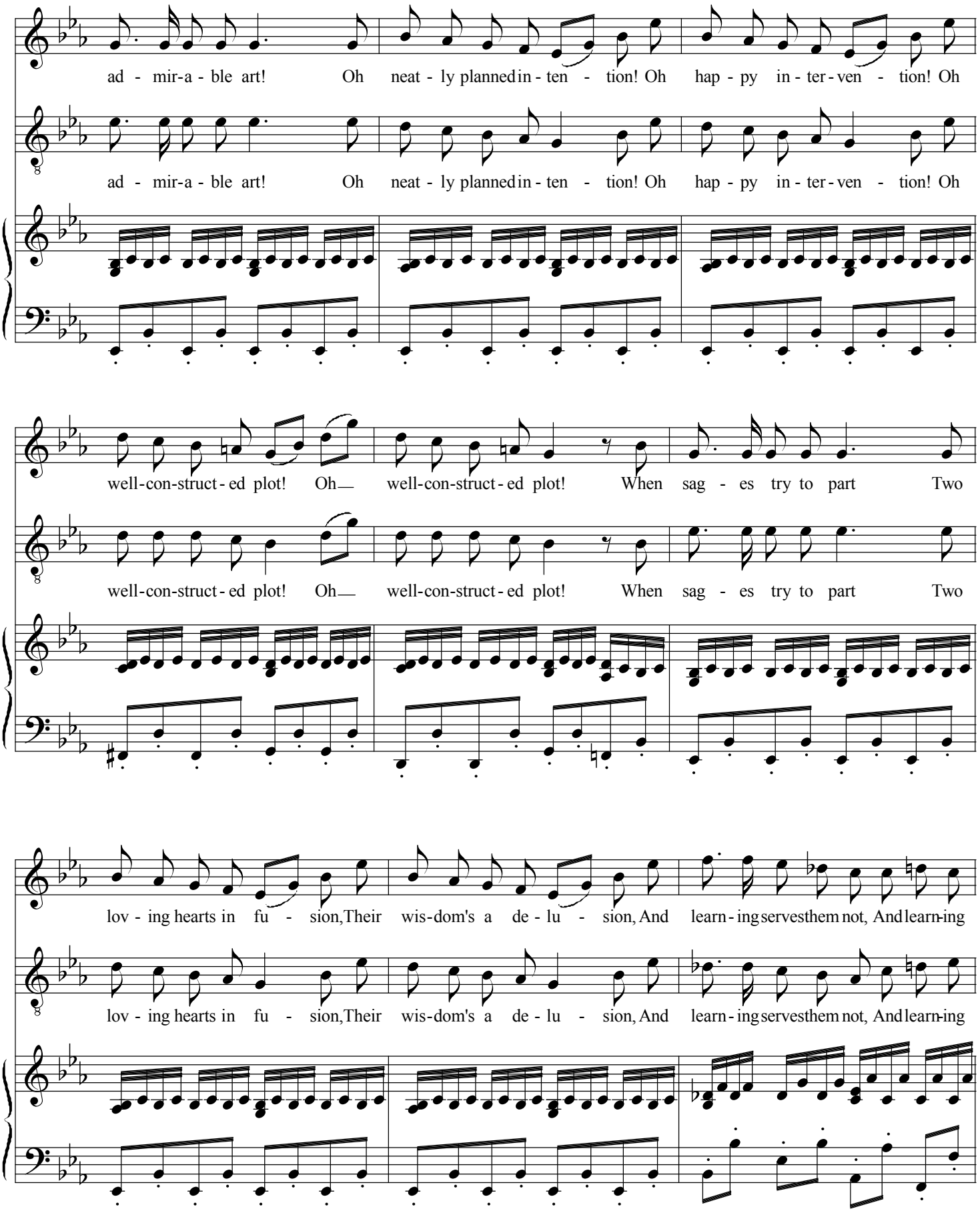

cresc.
noth-ing in the case to give us cause for grave re-flec-tions. As both will live and nei-ther die, I
heart so soft and sen-si-tive, And all her pre-di-lec-tions. If you should live and I should die, I
see no kind of rea-son why You should not, if you wish it, if you wish it, try To
see no kind of rea-son why I should not, if I wish it, if I wish it, try To
see no kind of rea-son why He should not, if he choos-es, if he choos-es, try To
f

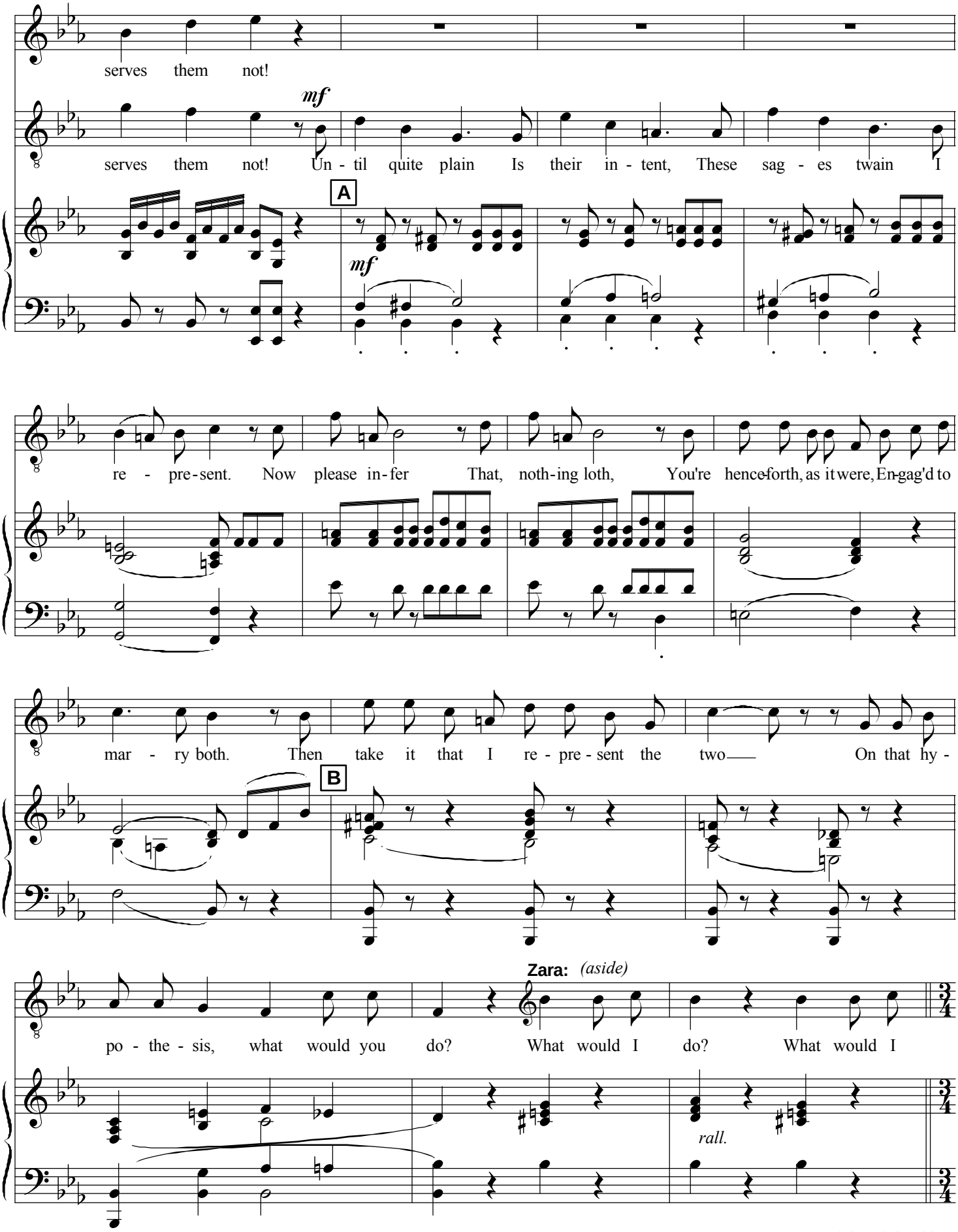


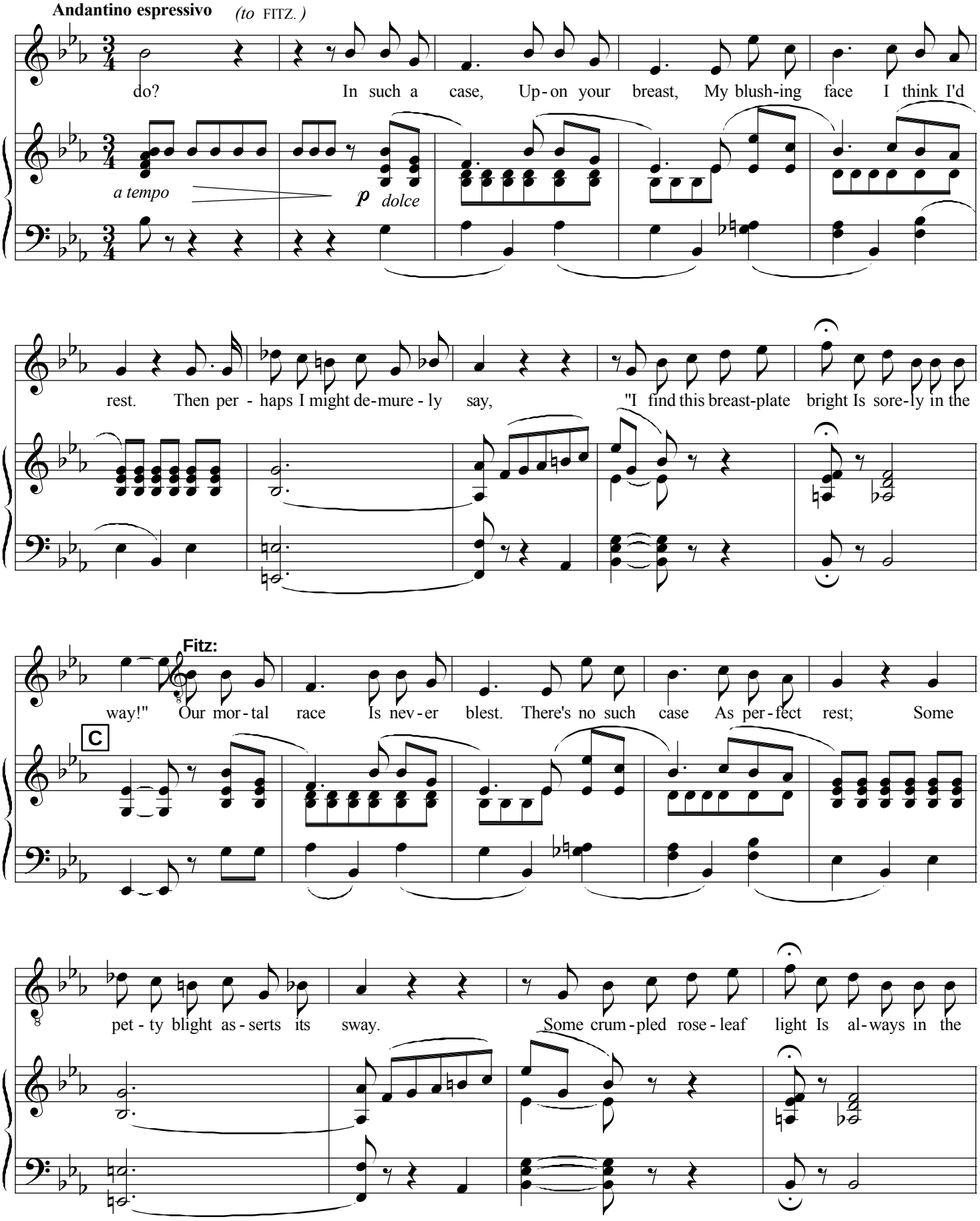
No. 10. Oh admirable art!

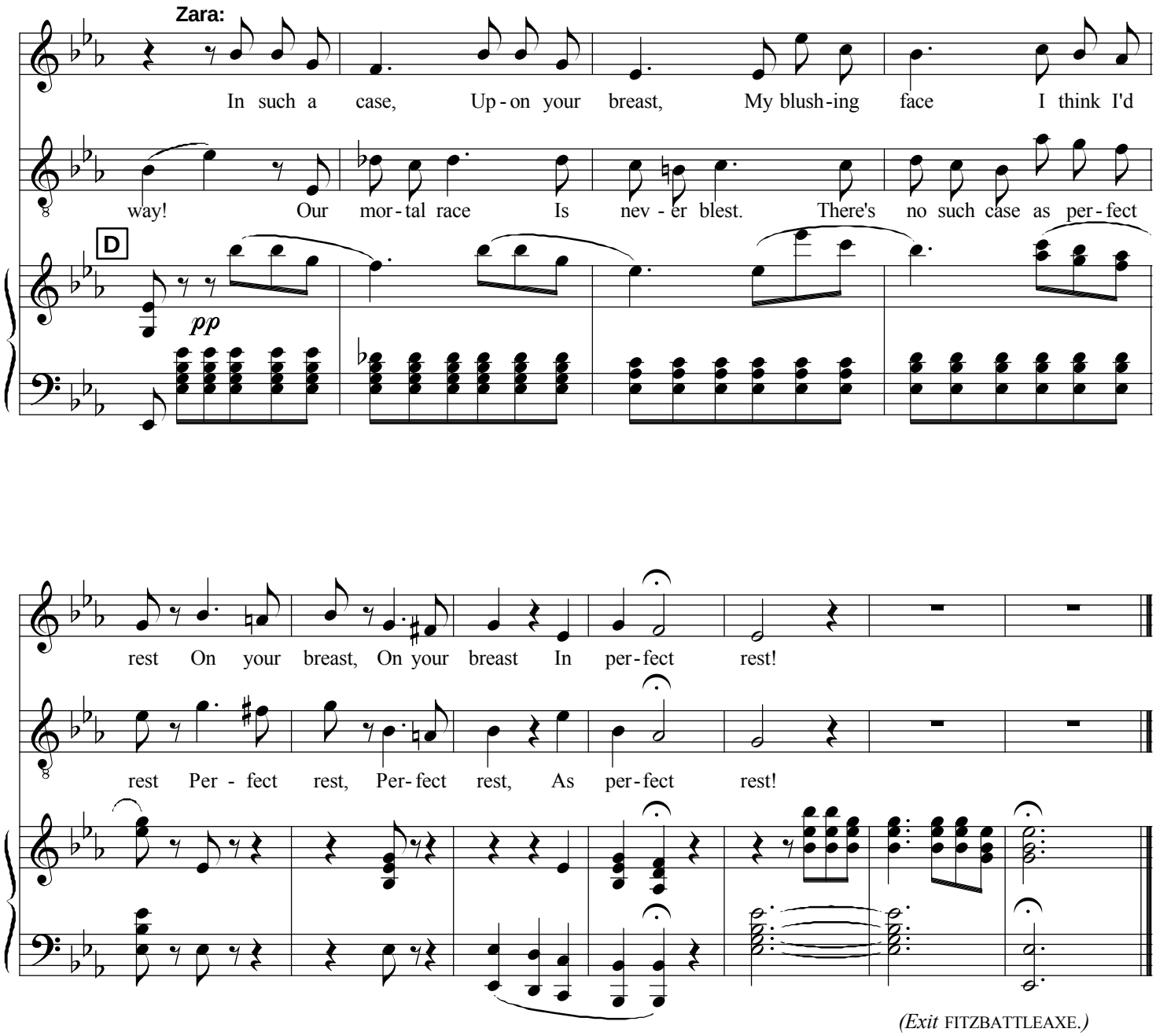
Zara and Capt. Fitzbattleaxe




ad - mir-a - ble art! Oh neat - ly planned in - ten - tion! Oh hap - py in - ter - ven - tion! Oh
ad - mir-a - ble art! Oh neat - ly planned in - ten - tion! Oh hap - py in - ter - ven - tion! Oh
well-con-struct-ed plot! Oh— well-con-struct-ed plot! When sag - es try to part Two
well-con-struct-ed plot! Oh— well-con-struct-ed plot! When sag - es try to part Two
lov - ing hearts in fu - sion, Their wis-dom's a de - lu - sion, And learn-ing serves them not, And learn-ing
lov - ing hearts in fu - sion, Their wis-dom's a de - lu - sion, And learn-ing serves them not, And learn-ing


serves them not!
mf
serves them not! Un - til quite plain Is their in - tent, These sag - es twain I
A
mf
re - pre-sent. Now please in-fer That, noth-ing loth, You're hence-forth, as it were, En-gag'd to
mar - ry both. Then take it that I re - pre - sent the two On that hy -
B
Zara: (aside)
po - the - sis, what would you do? What would I do? What would I
rall.


Andantino espressivo
(to FITZ.)
do? In such a case, Up-on your breast, My blush-ing face I think I'd
a tempo
p dolce
rest. Then per - haps I might de-mure - ly say, "I find this breast-plate bright Is sore-ly in the
Fitz:
way!" Our mor-tal race Is nev-er blest. There's no such case As per-fect rest; Some
C
pet - ty blight as - serts its sway. Some crum-pled rose - leaf light Is al-ways in the



(Exit FITZBATTLEAXE.*)*

(Enter KING.*)*

King: My daughter! At last we are alone together.

Zara: Yes, and I'm glad we are, for I want to speak to you very seriously. Do you know this paper?

King: *(aside)* Damn! *(Aloud)* Oh yes—I've—I've seen it. Where in the world did you get this from?

Zara: It was given to me by Lady Sophy—my sisters' governess.

King: *(aside)* Lady Sophy's an angel, but I do sometimes wish she'd mind her own business! *(Aloud)* It's—ha! ha!—it's rather humorous.

Zara: I see nothing humorous in it. I only see that you, the despotic King of this country, are made the subject of the most scandalous insinuations. Why do you permit these things?

King: Well, they appeal to my sense of humor. It's the only really comic paper in Utopia, and I wouldn't be without it for the world.

Zara: If it had any literary merit I could understand it.

King: Oh, it *has* literary merit. Oh, distinctly, it has literary merit.

Zara: My dear father, it's mere ungrammatical twaddle.

King: Oh, it's not ungrammatical. I can't allow that. Unpleasantly personal, perhaps, but written with an epigrammatical point that is very rare nowadays—very rare indeed.

Zara: *(looking at cartoon)* Why do they represent you with such a big nose?

King: *(looking at cartoon)* Eh? Yes, it *is* a big one! Why, the fact is that, in the cartoons of a comic paper, the size of your nose always varies inversely as the square of your popularity. It's the rule.

Zara: Then you must be at a tremendous discount just now! I see a notice of a new piece called "King Tuppence," in which an English tenor has the audacity to personate you on a public stage. I can only say that I am surprised that any English tenor should lend himself to such degrading personalities.

King: Oh, he's not really English. As it happens he's a Utopian, but he calls himself English.

Zara: Calls himself English?

King: Yes. Bless you, they wouldn't listen to any tenor who didn't call himself English.

Zara: And you permit this insolent buffoon to caricature you in a pointless burlesque! My dear father—if you were a free agent, you would never permit these outrages.

King: *(almost in tears)* Zara—I—I admit I am not altogether a free agent. I—I am controlled. I try to make the best of it, but sometimes I find it very difficult—very difficult indeed. Nominally a Despot, I am, between ourselves, the helpless tool of two unscrupulous Wise Men, who insist on my falling in with all their wishes and threaten to denounce me for immediate explosion if I remonstrate! *(Breaks down completely)*

Zara: My poor father! Now listen to me. With a view to remodelling the political and social institutions of Utopia, I have brought with me six Representatives of the principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy, and blameless country which the consensus of European civilization has declared it to be. Place yourself unreservedly in the hands of these gentlemen, and they will reorganize your country on a footing that will enable you to defy your persecutors. They are all now washing their hands after their journey. Shall I introduce them?

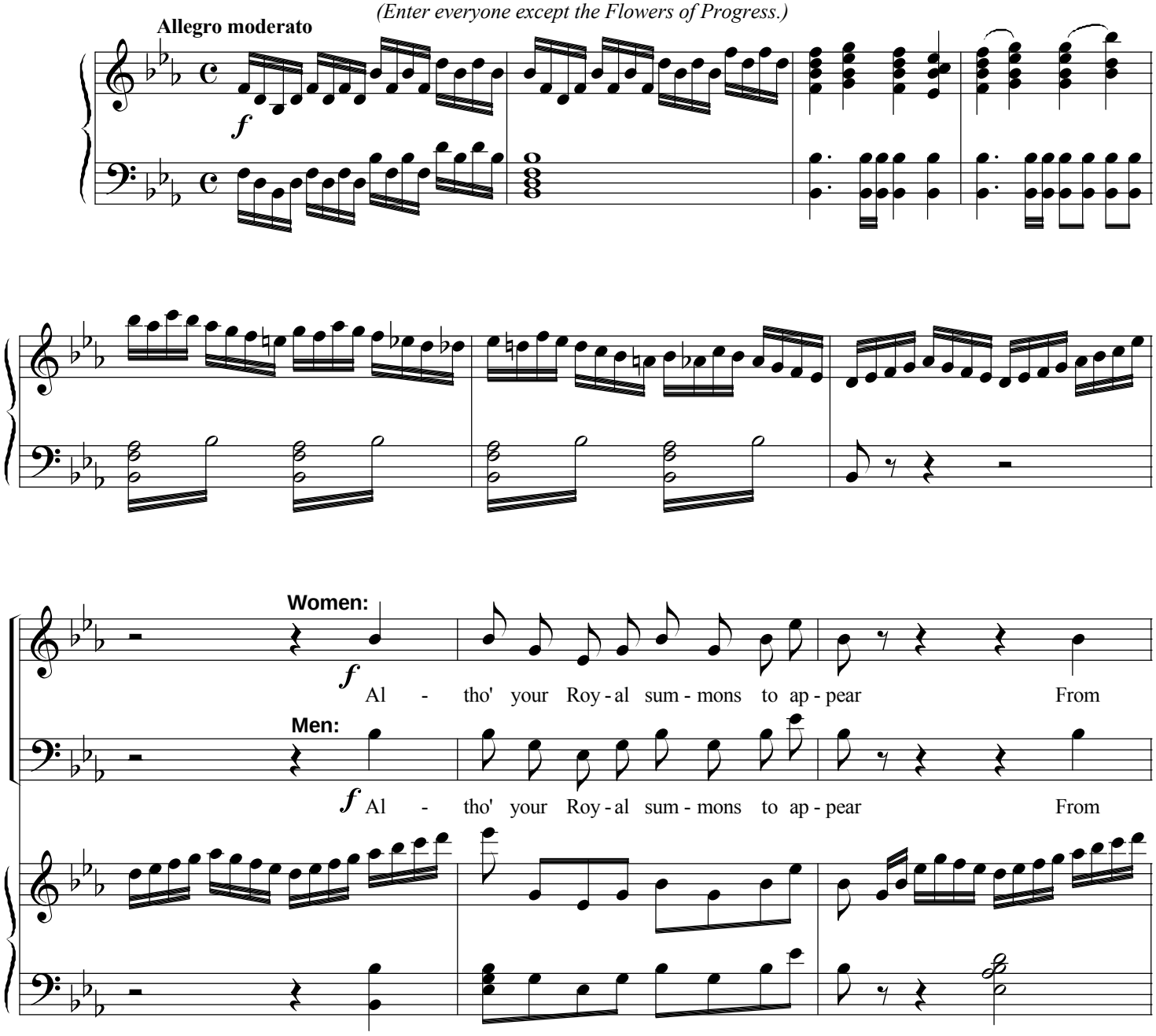
King: My dear Zara, how can I thank you? I will consent to anything that will release me from the abominable tyranny of these two men. *(Calling)* What ho! Without there! *(Enter* CALYNX*)* Summon my Court without an instant's delay! *(Exit* CALYNX*)*

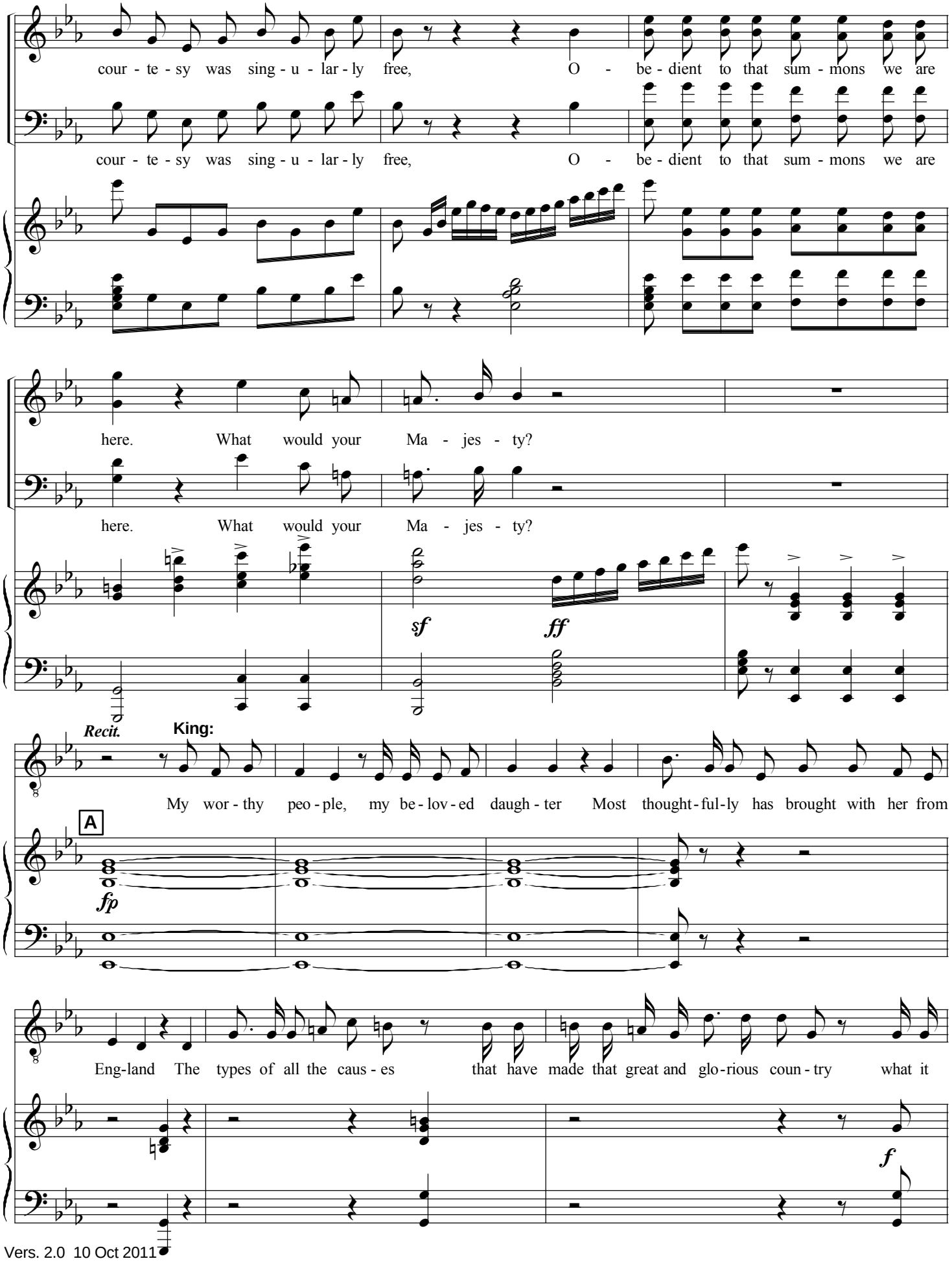
[Note: There is no #11 (in order to match the orchestra parts, which show #11 as “out”). The score continues with #12.]

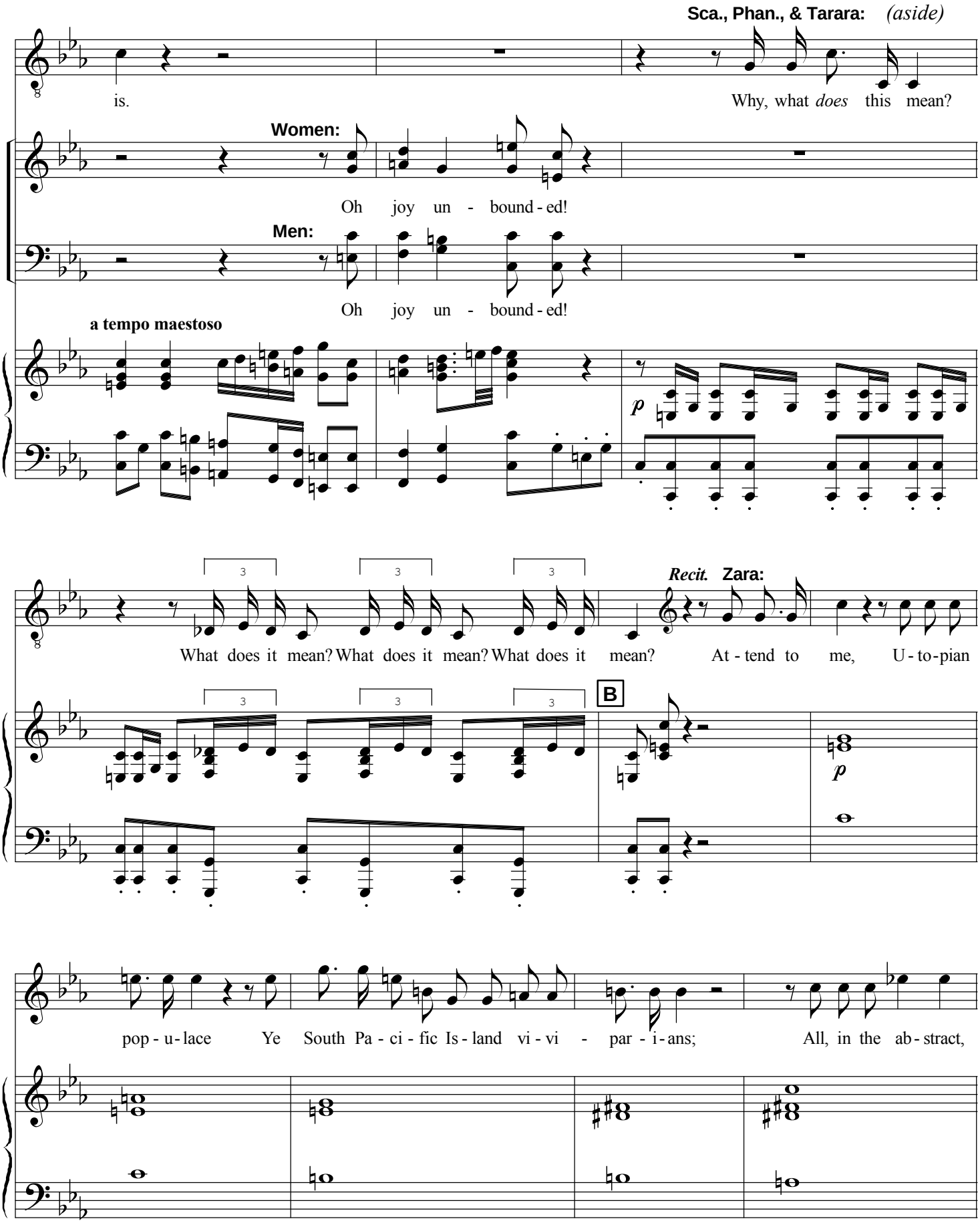
No. 12. Although your Royal summons to appear

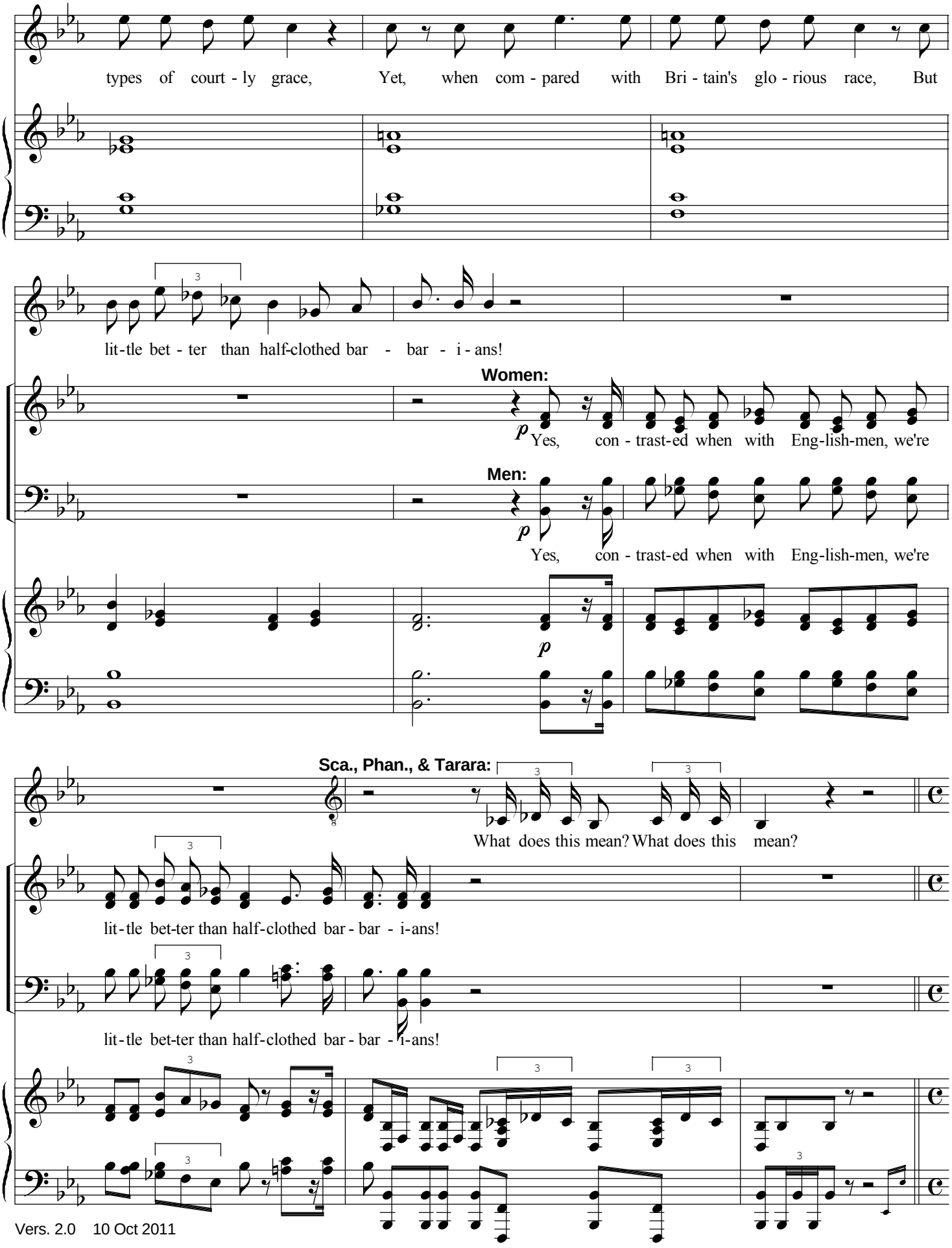
Finale, Act I

(Enter everyone except the Flowers of Progress.)




cour - te - sy was sing - u - lar - ly free, O - be - dient to that sum - mons we are
cour - te - sy was sing - u - lar - ly free, O - be - dient to that sum - mons we are
here. What would your Ma - jes - ty?
here. What would your Ma - jes - ty?
sf
ff
Recit.
King:
My wor - thy peo - ple, my be - lov - ed daugh - ter Most thought - ful - ly has brought with her from
A
fp
Eng-land The types of all the caus - es that have made that great and glo - rious coun - try what it
f


Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)
is.
Why, what does this mean?
Women:
Oh joy un - bound - ed!
Men:
Oh joy un - bound - ed!
a tempo maestoso
p
What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean?
Recit. Zara:
At - tend to me, U - to - pian
B
p
pop - u - lace Ye South Pa - ci - fic Is - land vi - vi - par - i - ans;
All, in the ab - stract,


types of court - ly grace, Yet, when com - pared with Bri - tain's glo - rious race, But
lit-tle bet - ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i - ans!
Women:
p Yes, con - trast-ed when with Eng-lish-men, we're
Men:
p Yes, con - trast-ed when with Eng-lish-men, we're
p
Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
What does this mean? What does this mean?
lit-tle bet-ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i-ans!
lit-tle bet-ter than half-clothed bar - bar - i-ans!

(Enter all the Flowers of Progress led by FITZBATTLEAXE.*)*

Allegro marziale

C

ff

Zara: *(presenting* CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE*)*

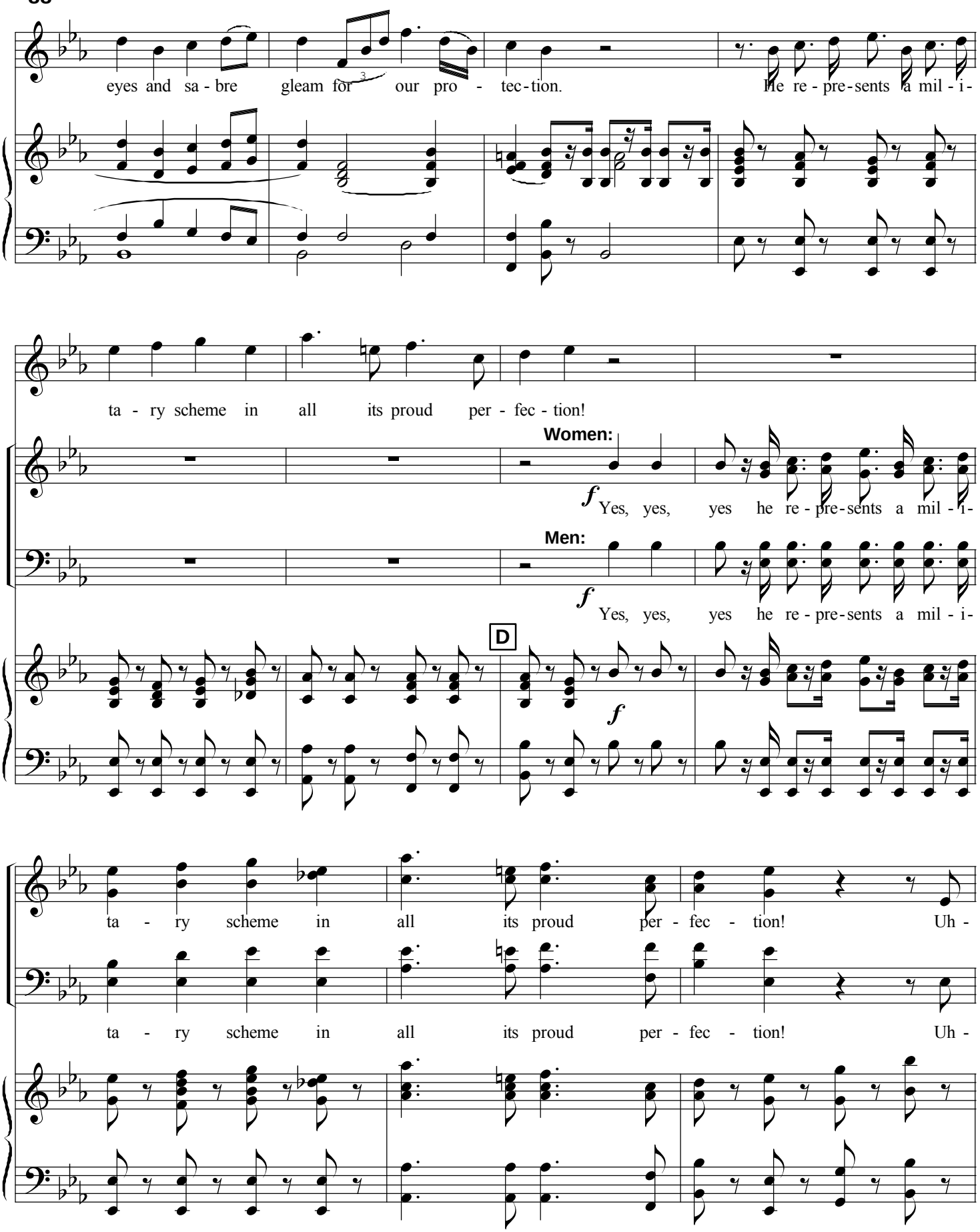
f

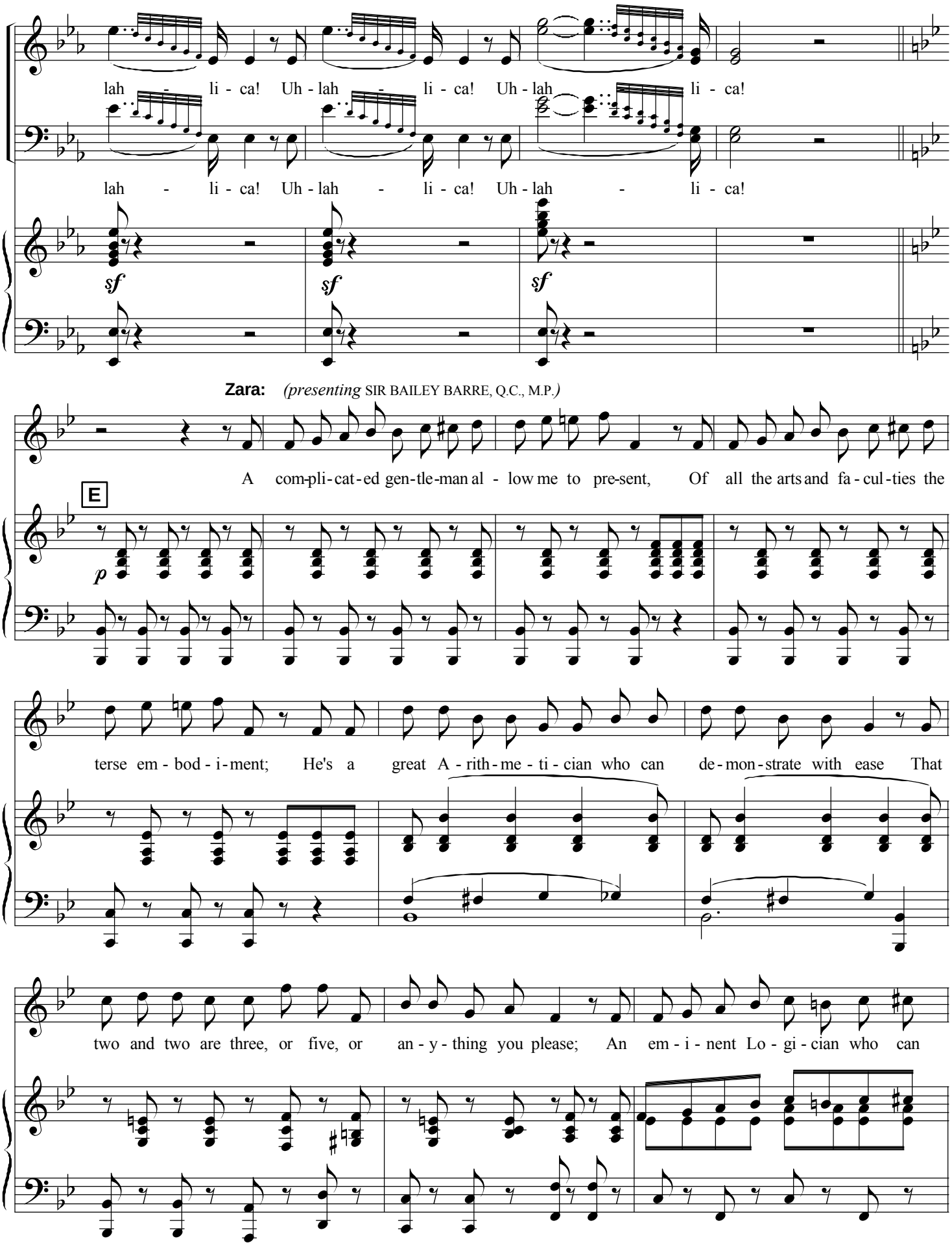
When Bri-tain sounds the trump of

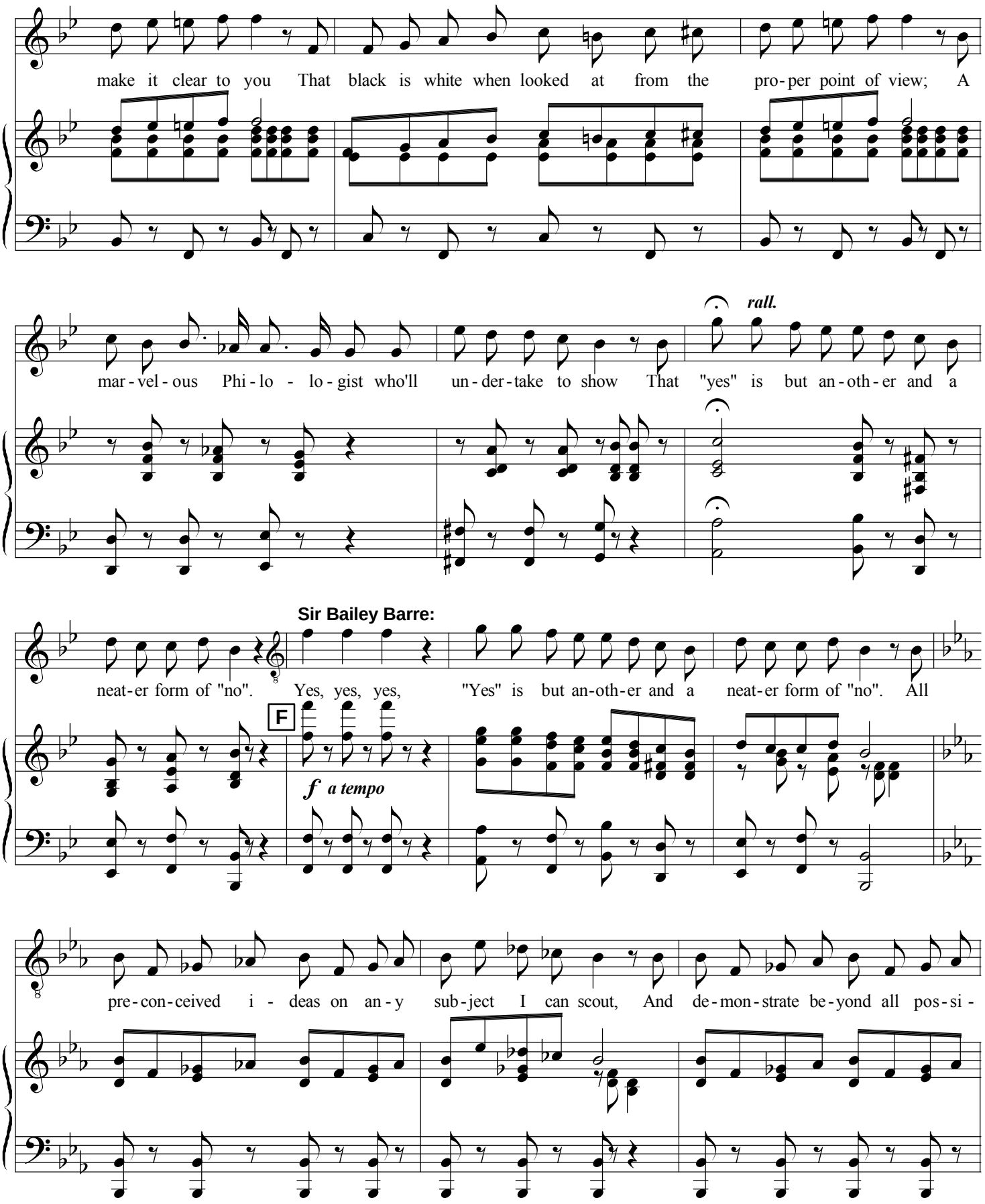
p

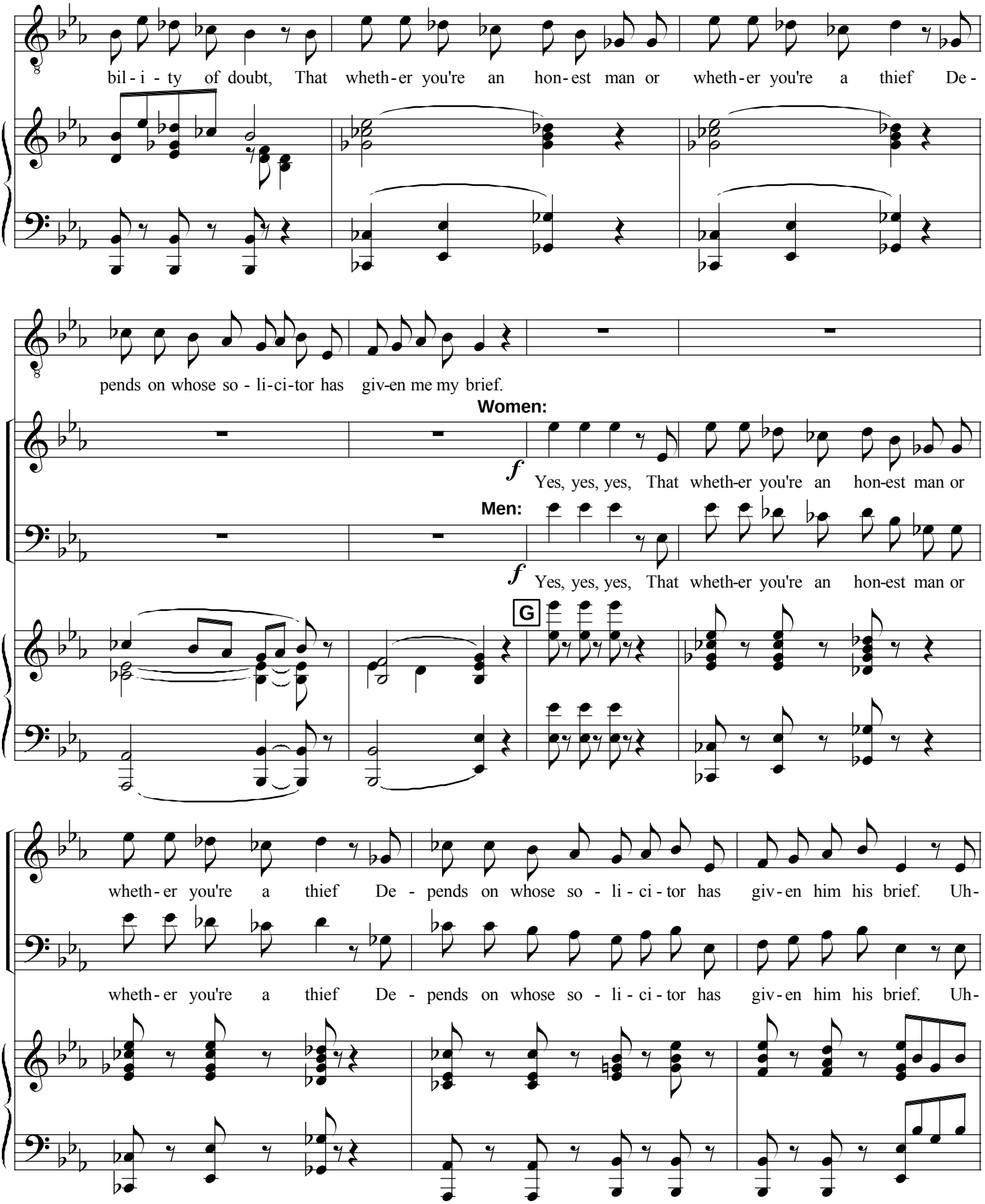
war (and Eu - rope trem - bles), The ar - my of the con - que-

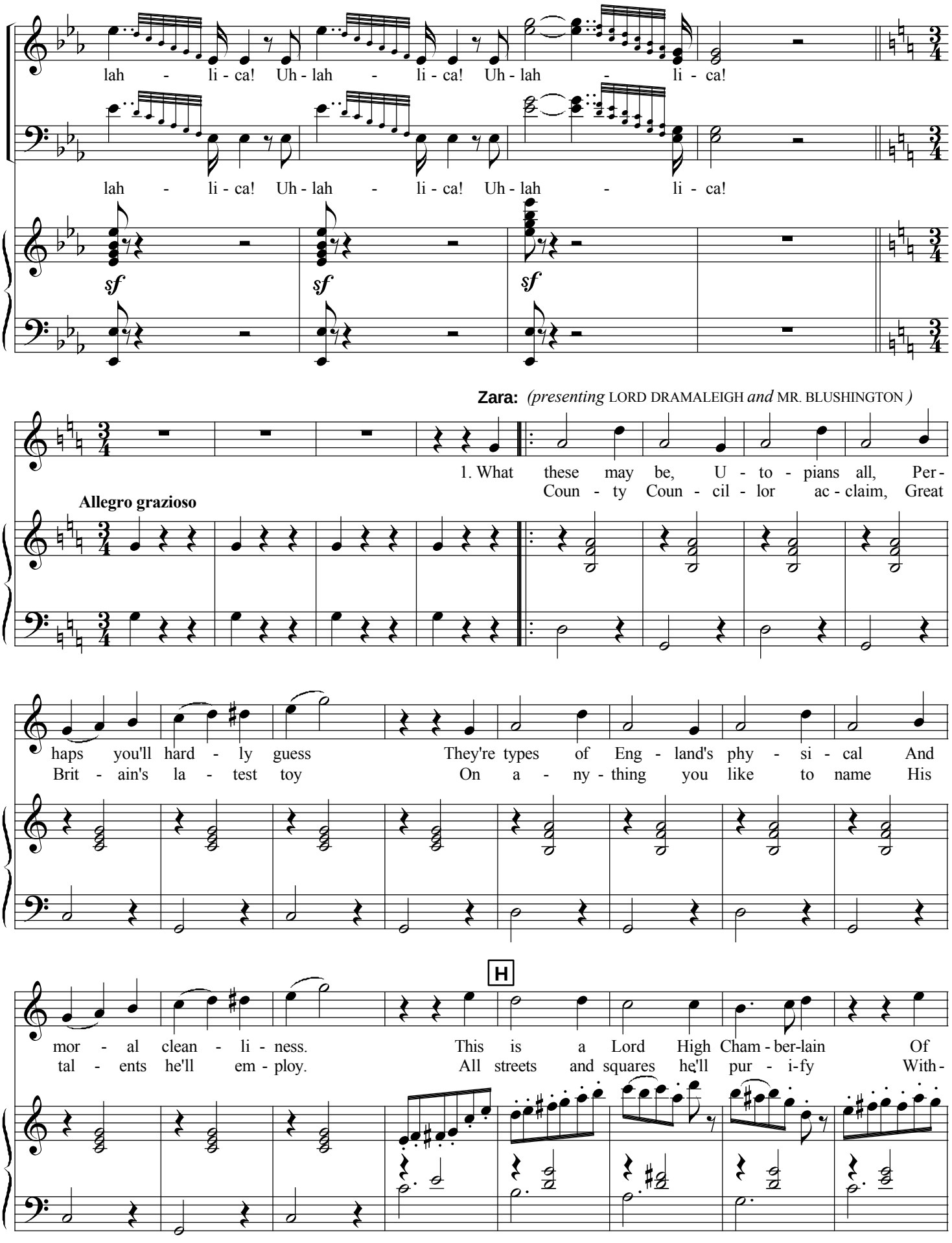
ror in ser - ried ranks as - sem - bles. 'Tis then this war - rior's

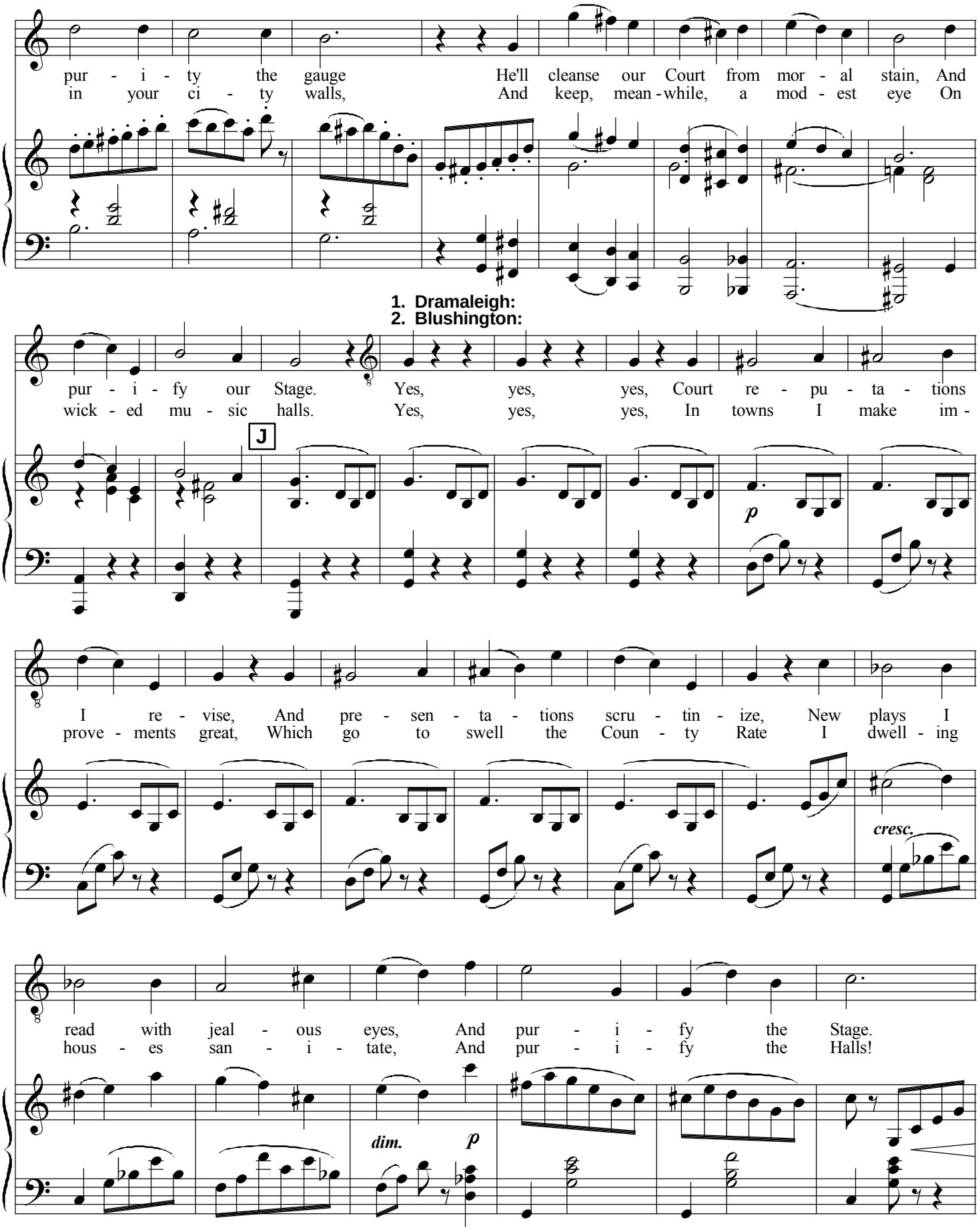

eyes and sa - bre gleam for our pro - tec-tion. He re - pre-sents a mil - i-
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion!
Women:
f Yes, yes, yes he re - pre-sents a mil - i-
Men:
f Yes, yes, yes he re - pre-sents a mil - i-
D
f
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion! Uh -
ta - ry scheme in all its proud per - fec - tion! Uh -

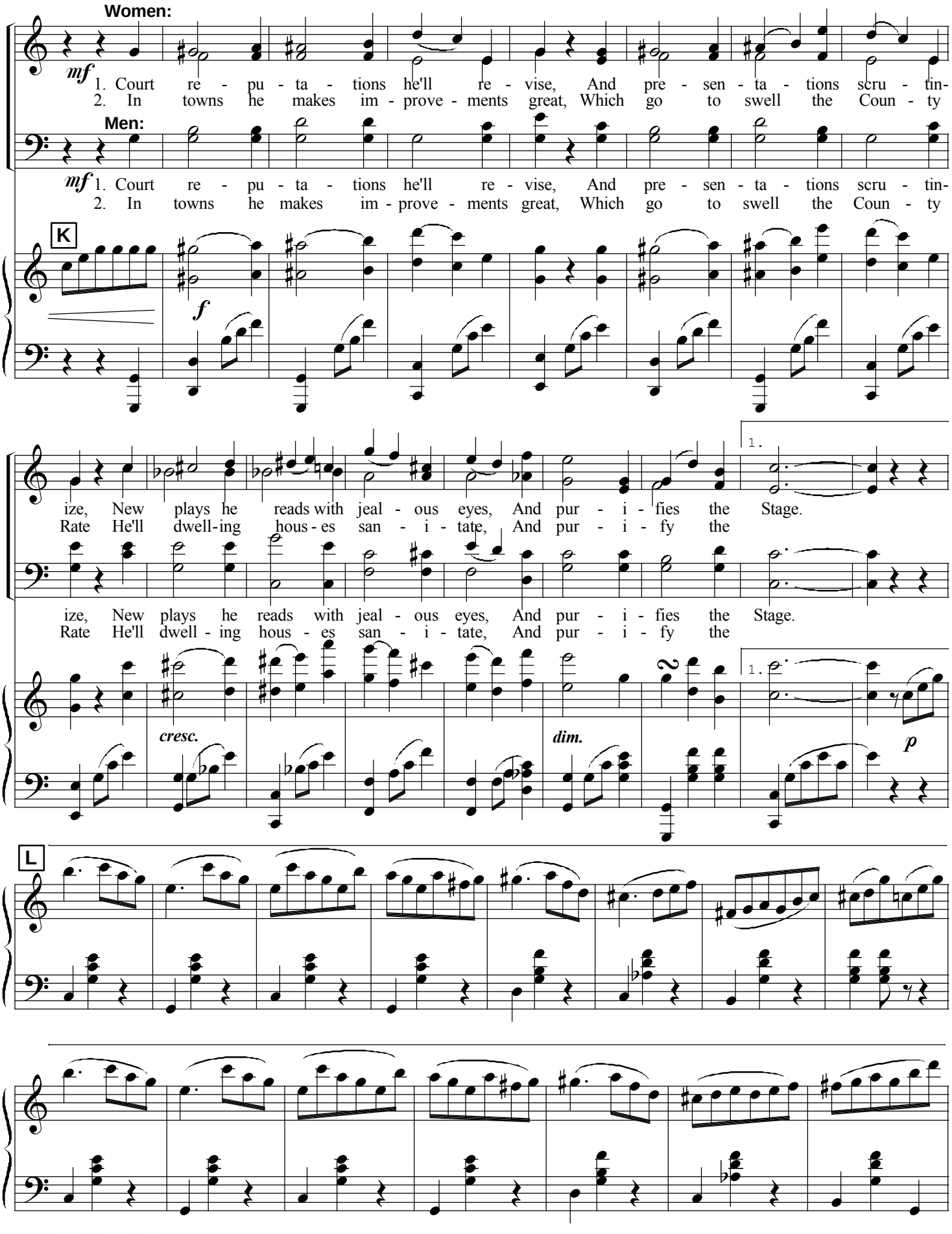

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah li - ca!
lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca!
sf
sf
sf
Zara: (presenting SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.)
A com-pli-cat-ed gen-tle-man al - low me to pre-sent, Of all the arts and fa - cul - ties the
E
p
terse em - bod - i - ment; He's a great A - rith - me - ti - cian who can de - mon - strate with ease That
two and two are three, or five, or an - y - thing you please; An em - i - nent Lo - gi - cian who can


make it clear to you That black is white when looked at from the pro-per point of view; A
rall.
mar-vel-ous Phi-lo - lo-gist who'll un-der-take to show That "yes" is but an-oth-er and a
Sir Bailey Barre:
neat-er form of "no". Yes, yes, yes, "Yes" is but an-oth-er and a neat-er form of "no". All
F
f a tempo
pre-con-ceived i - deas on an-y sub-ject I can scout, And de-mon-strate be-yond all pos-si -


bil - i - ty of doubt, That wheth - er you're an hon - est man or wheth - er you're a thief De -
pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en me my brief.
Women:
f
Yes, yes, yes, That wheth-er you're an hon-est man or
Men:
f
Yes, yes, yes, That wheth-er you're an hon-est man or
G
wheth - er you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh -
wheth - er you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh -


lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca!
lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca!
sf
sf
sf
Zara: (presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. BLUSHINGTON)
1. What these may be, U - to - pians all, Per -
Coun - ty Coun - cil - lor ac - claim, Great
Allegro grazioso
haps you'll hard - ly guess They're types of Eng - land's phy - si - cal And
Brit - ain's la - test toy On a - ny - thing you like to name His
H
mor - al clean - li - ness. This is a Lord High Cham - ber-lain Of
tal - ents he'll em - ploy. All streets and squares he'll pur - i-fy With -


pur - i - ty the gauge
in your ci - ty walls,
He'll cleanse our Court from mor - al stain, And
And keep, mean - while, a mod - est eye On
1. Dramaleigh:
2. Blushington:
pur - i - fy our Stage.
wick - ed mu - sic halls.
Yes, yes, yes, Court re - pu - ta - tions
Yes, yes, yes, In towns I make im -
J
p
I re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin - ize, New plays I
prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty Rate I dwell - ing
cresc.
read with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fy the Stage.
hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the Halls!
dim.
p


Women:
mf
1. Court re - pu - ta - tions he'll re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin-
2. In towns he makes im - prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty
Men:
mf
1. Court re - pu - ta - tions he'll re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin-
2. In towns he makes im - prove - ments great, Which go to swell the Coun - ty
K
f
ize, New plays he reads with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fies the Stage.
Rate He'll dwell-ing hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the
1.
ize, New plays he reads with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fies the Stage.
Rate He'll dwell - ing hous - es san - i - tate, And pur - i - fy the
cresc.
dim.
p
L

Zara:

2. This

Women:

Halls! Uh -

Men:

Halls! Uh -

f

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh lah - - - li - ca!

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - - - li - ca!

sf *sf* *sf*

Allegro vivace

f

p *sempre staccato*

Zara: *(presenting* MR. GOLDBURY*)*

A Com - pa - ny Pro - mot - er this, with spe - cial ed - u - ca - tion Which teach - es what Con -

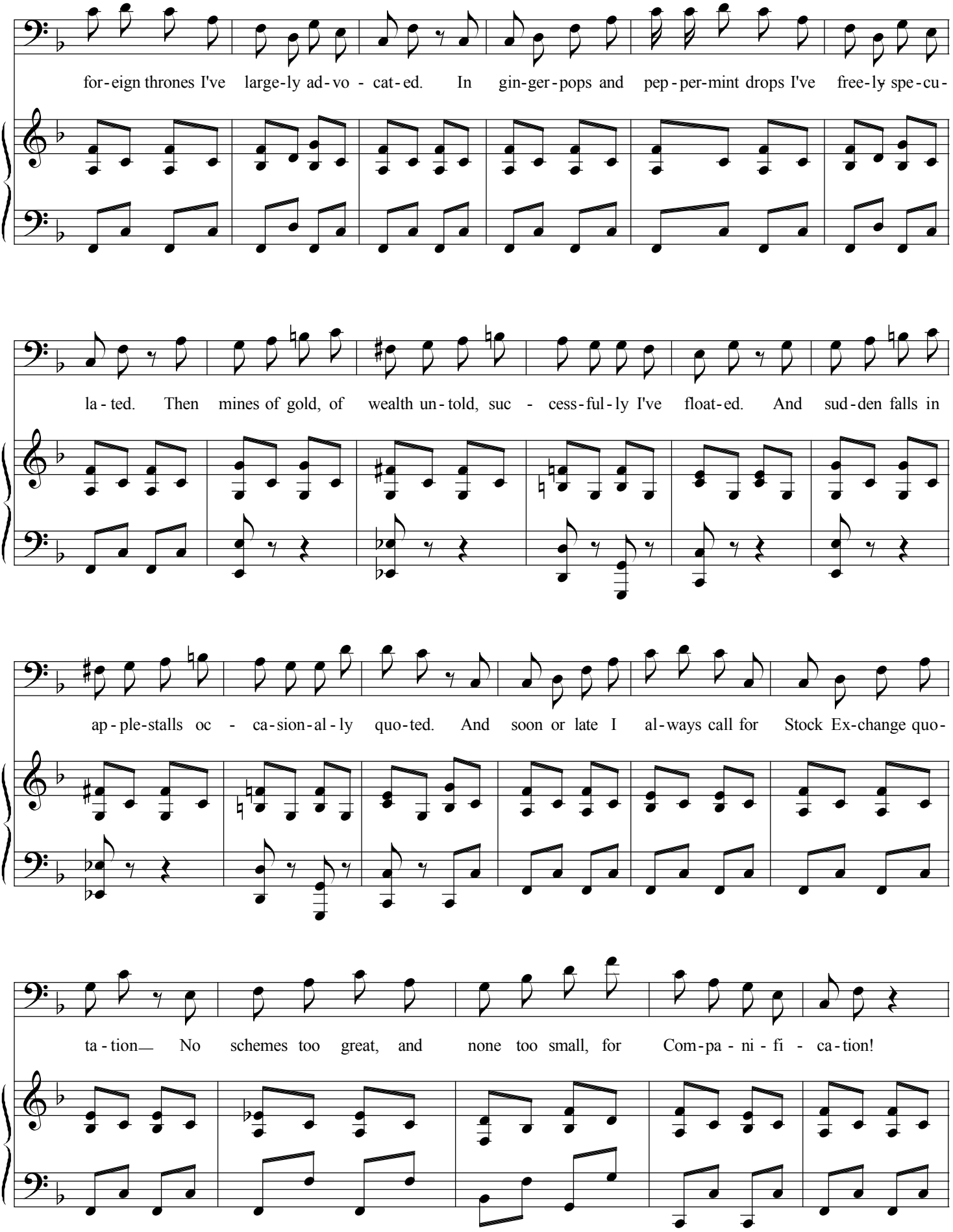
tan - go means and al - so Back - ward - a - tion. To spe - cu - la - tors he sup - plies a grand fi - nan - cial

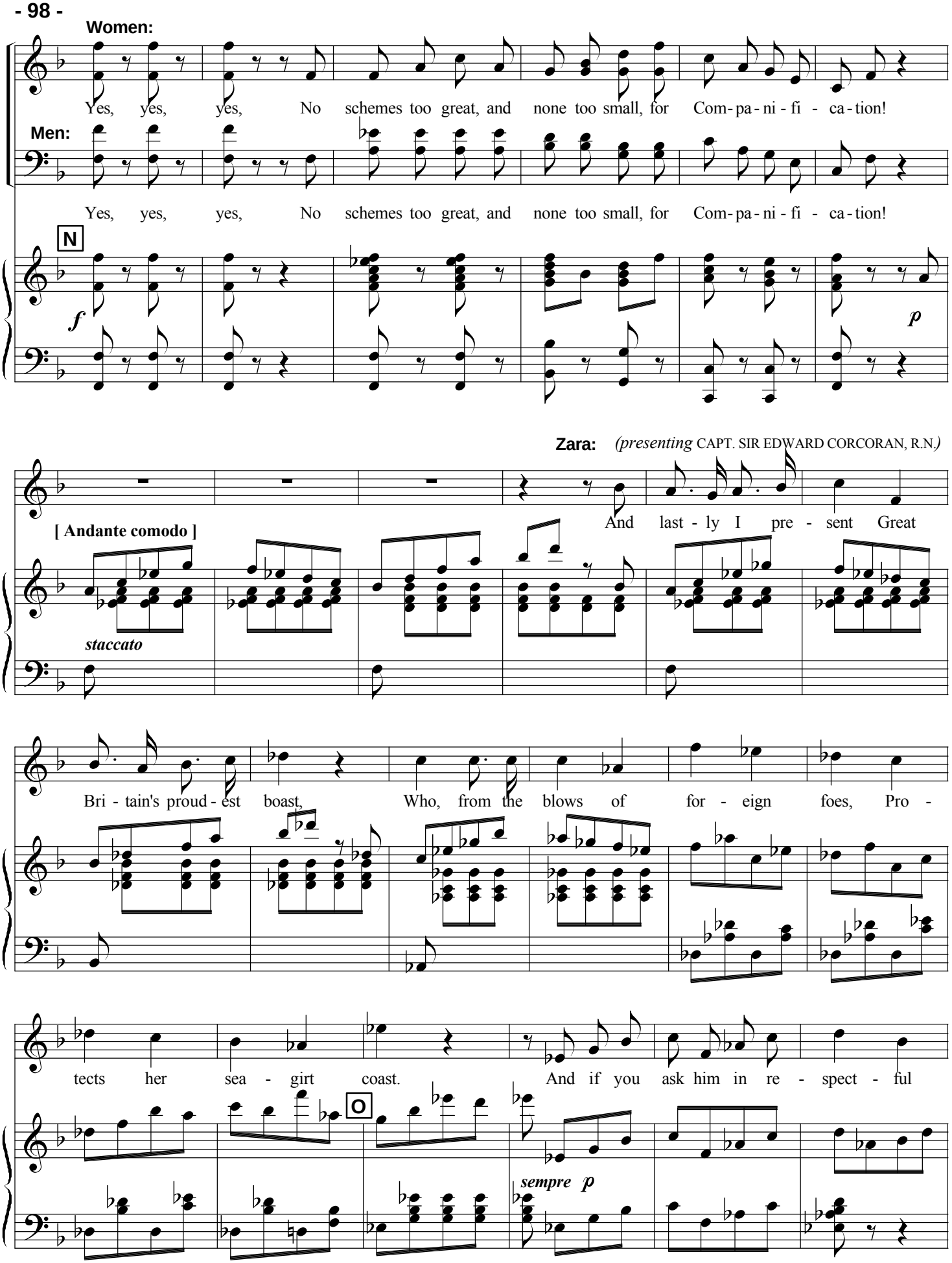
Goldbury:

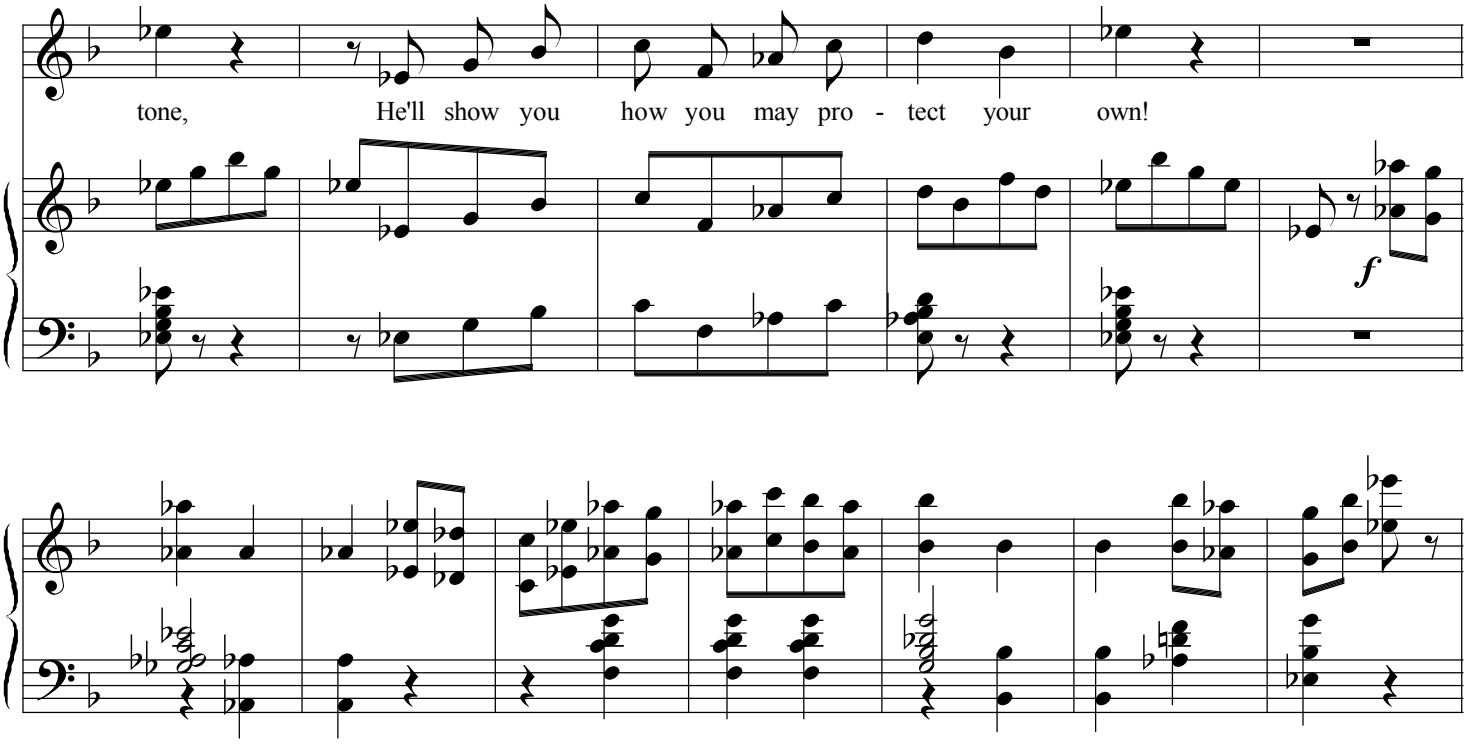
lea - ven, Time was when *two* were com - pa - ny, but now it must be sev - en. Yes, yes,

M

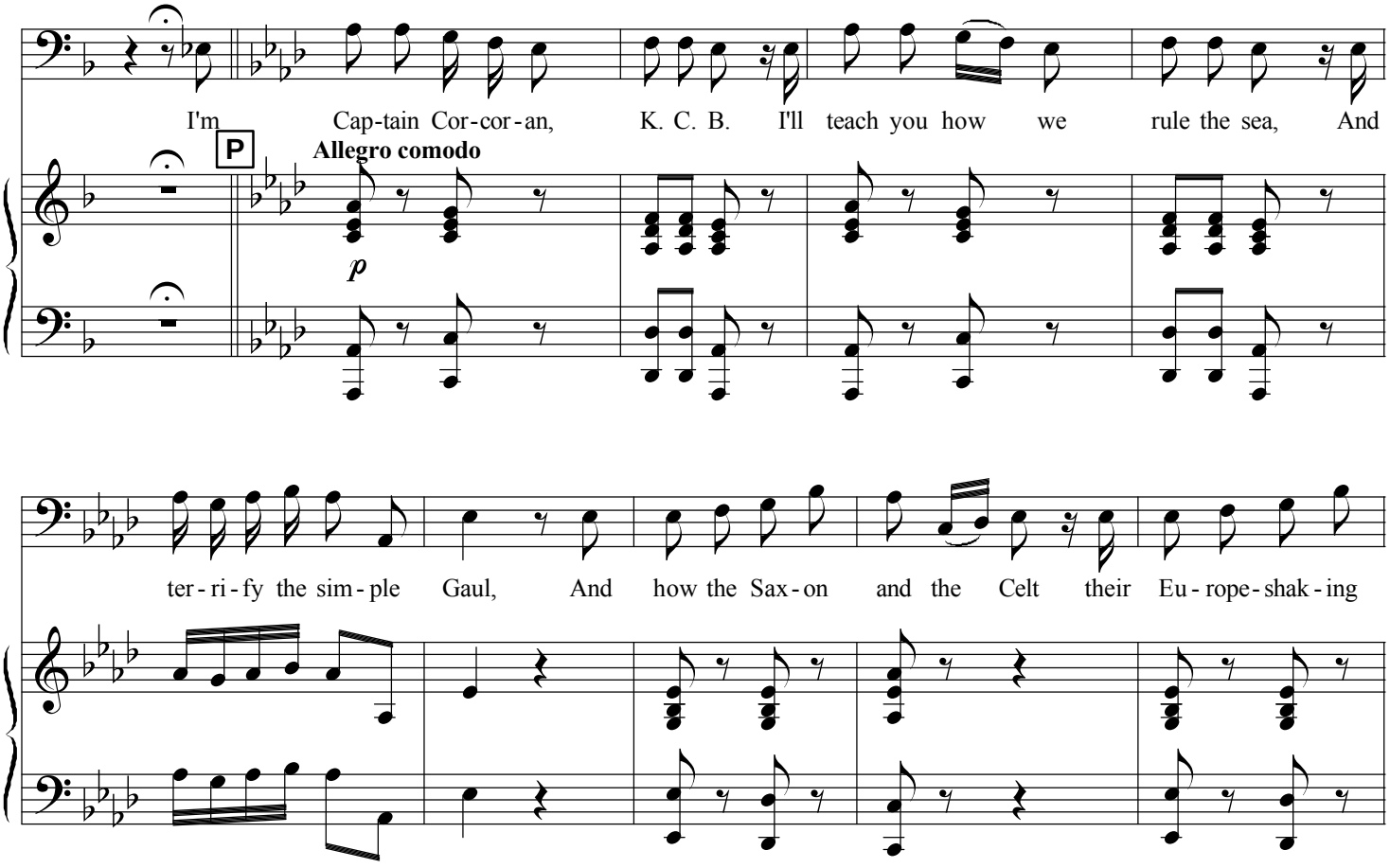
yes, Time was when *two* were com - pa - ny, but now it must be sev - en. Stu - pen - dous loans to

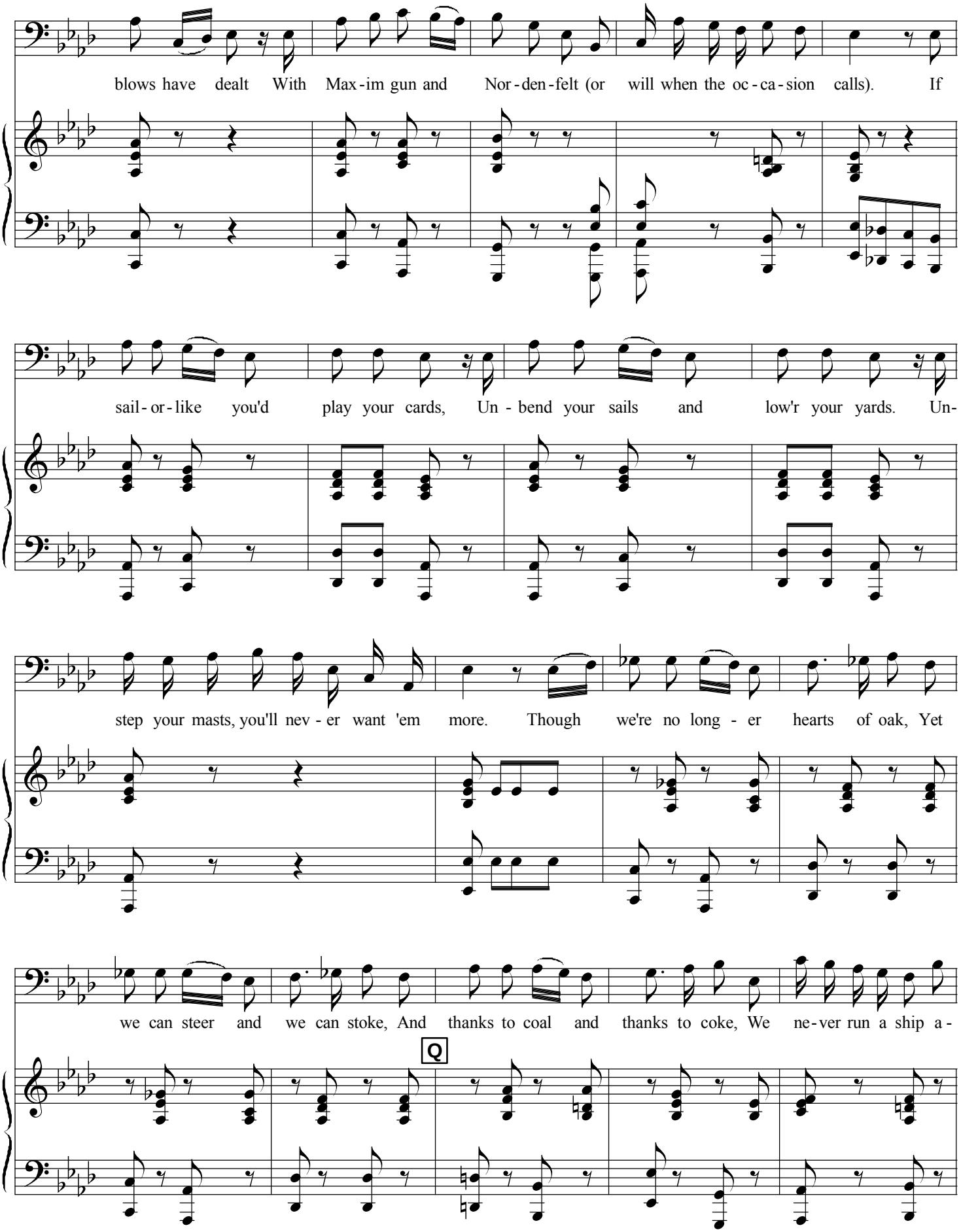

for-eign thrones I've large-ly ad-vo - cat-ed. In gin-ger-pops and pep-per-mint drops I've free-ly spe-cu-
la-ted. Then mines of gold, of wealth un-told, suc - cess-ful-ly I've float-ed. And sud-den falls in
ap-ple-stalls oc - ca-sion-al-ly quo-ted. And soon or late I al-ways call for Stock Ex-change quo-
ta-tion— No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa - ni - fi - ca-tion!

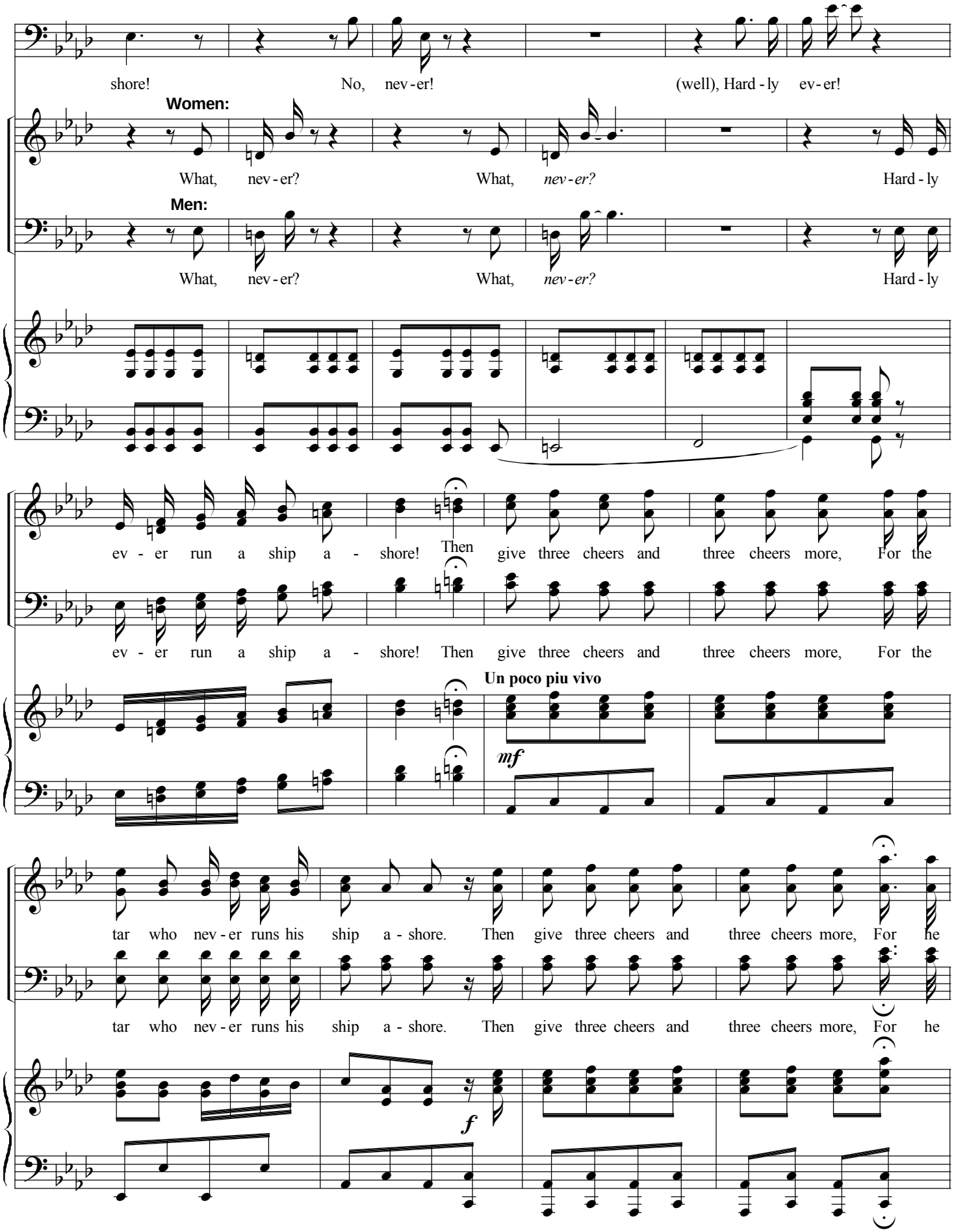

Women:
Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!
Men:
Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!
N
f
p
Zara: (presenting CAPT. SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.)
And last-ly I pre-sent Great
[Andante comodo]
staccato
Bri-tain's proud-est boast, Who, from the blows of for-eign foes, Pro-
tects her sea-girt coast. And if you ask him in re-spect-ful
O
sempre p

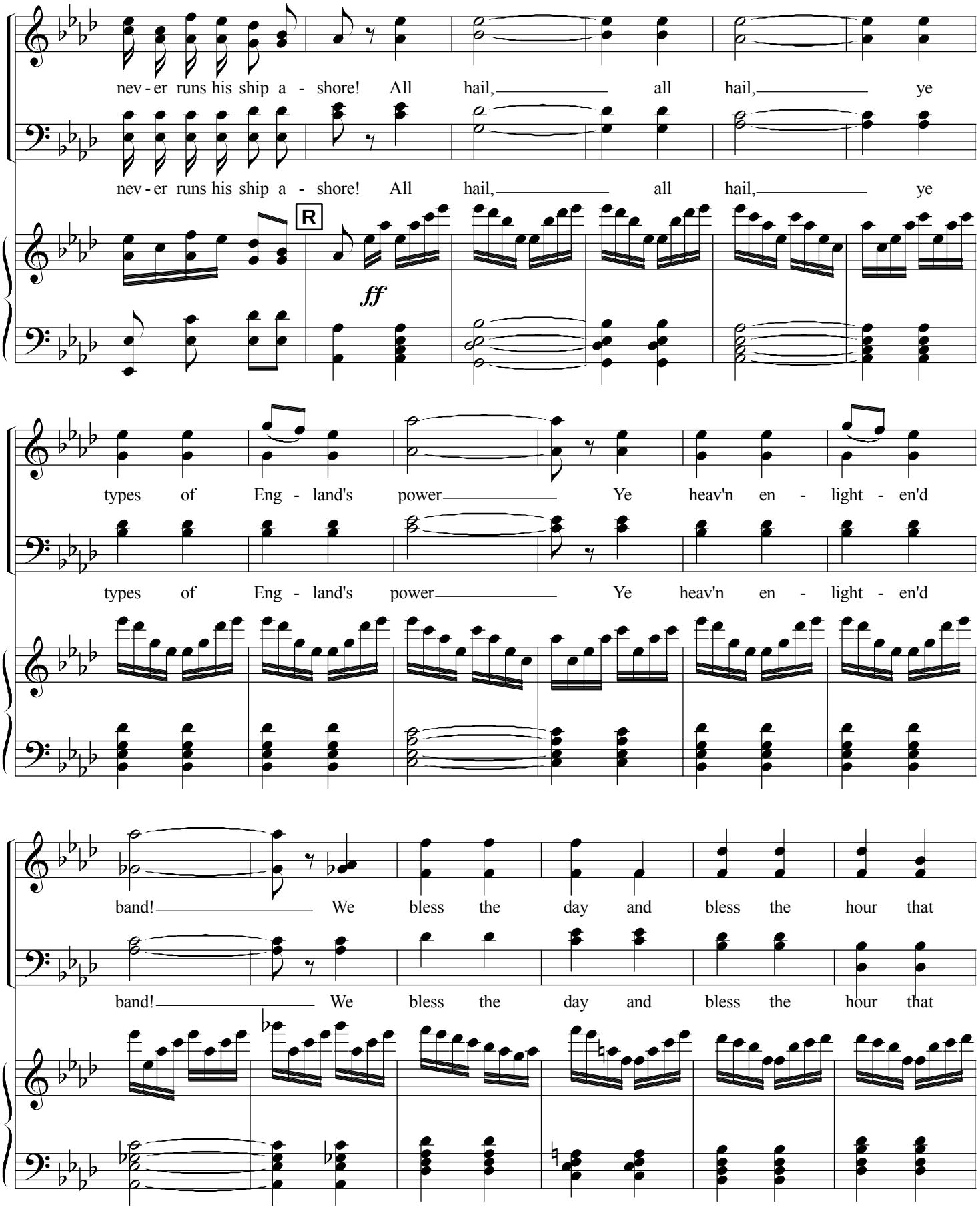


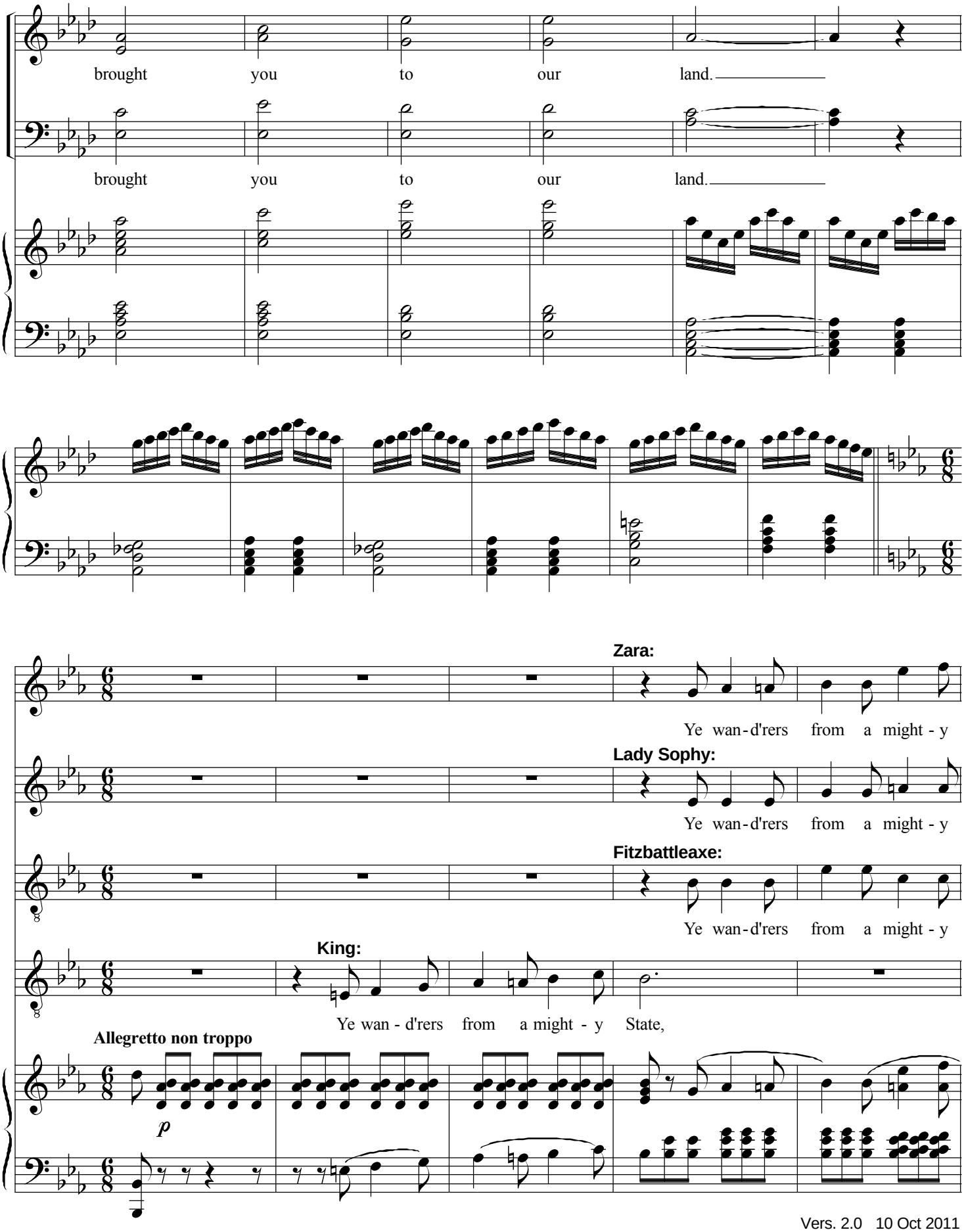
Capt. Corcoran:

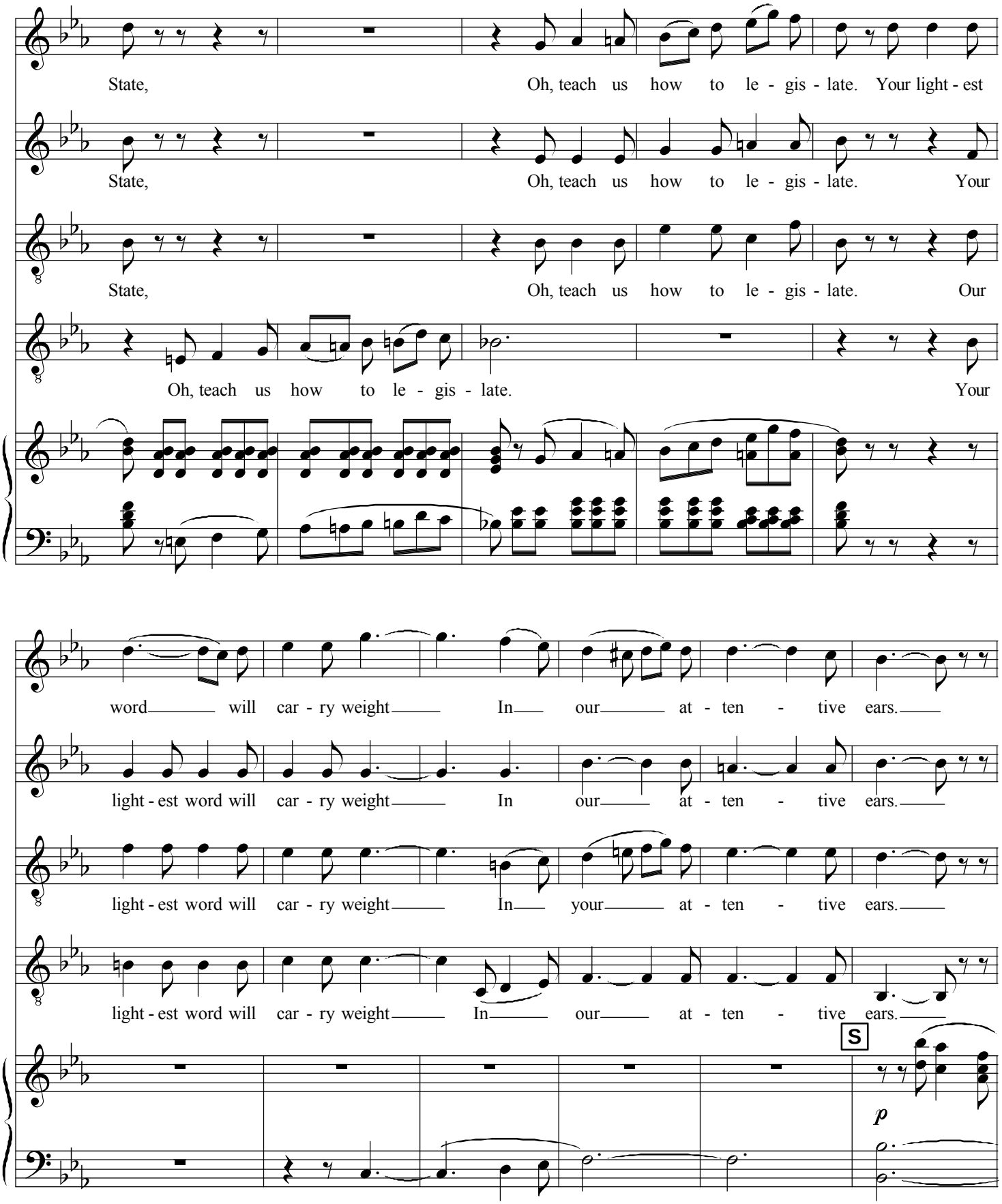


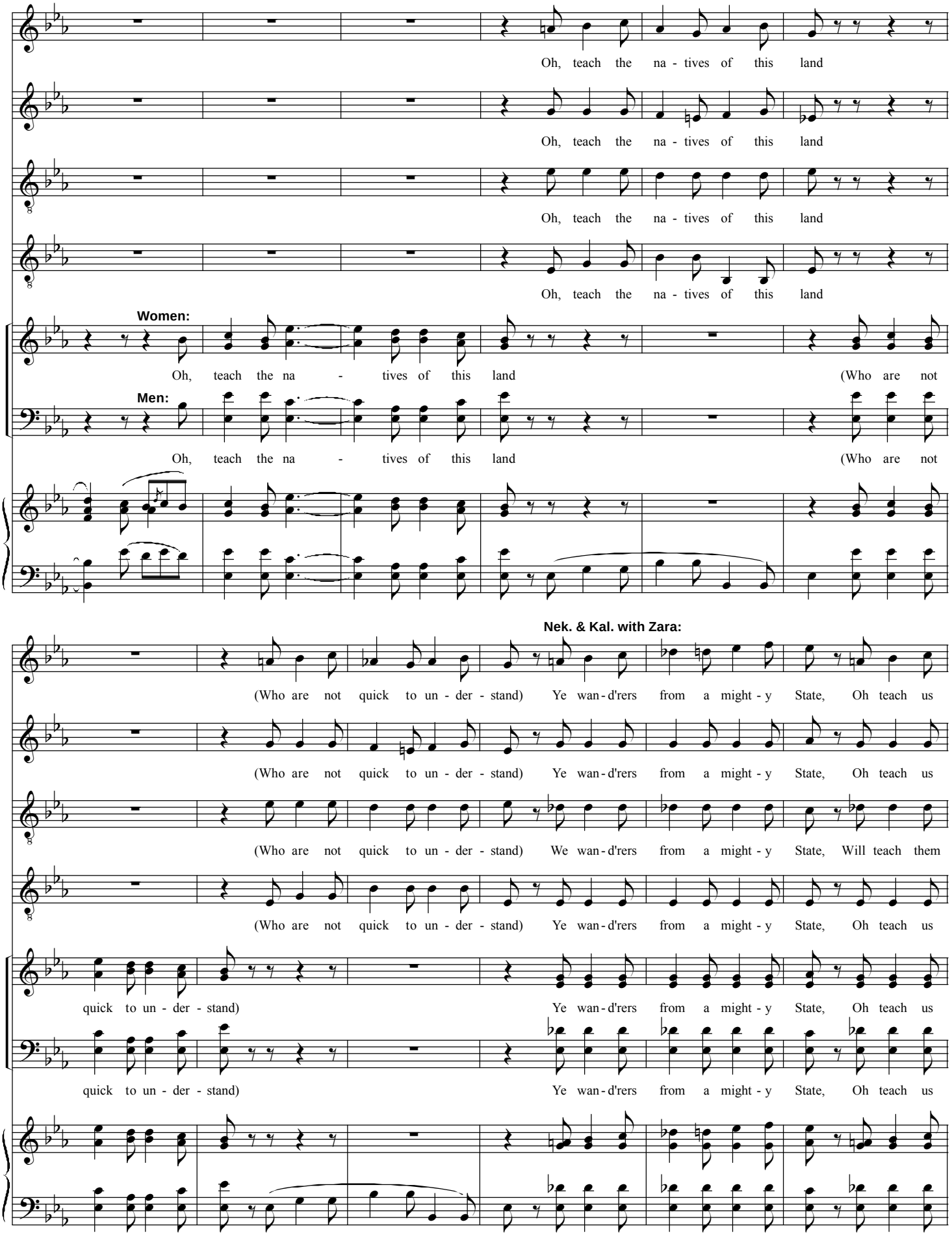

blows have dealt With Max-im gun and Nor-den-felt (or will when the oc-ca-sion calls). If
sail-or-like you'd play your cards, Un-bend your sails and low'r your yards. Un-
step your masts, you'll nev-er want 'em more. Though we're no long-er hearts of oak, Yet
we can steer and we can stoke, And thanks to coal and thanks to coke, We ne-ver run a ship a-
Q

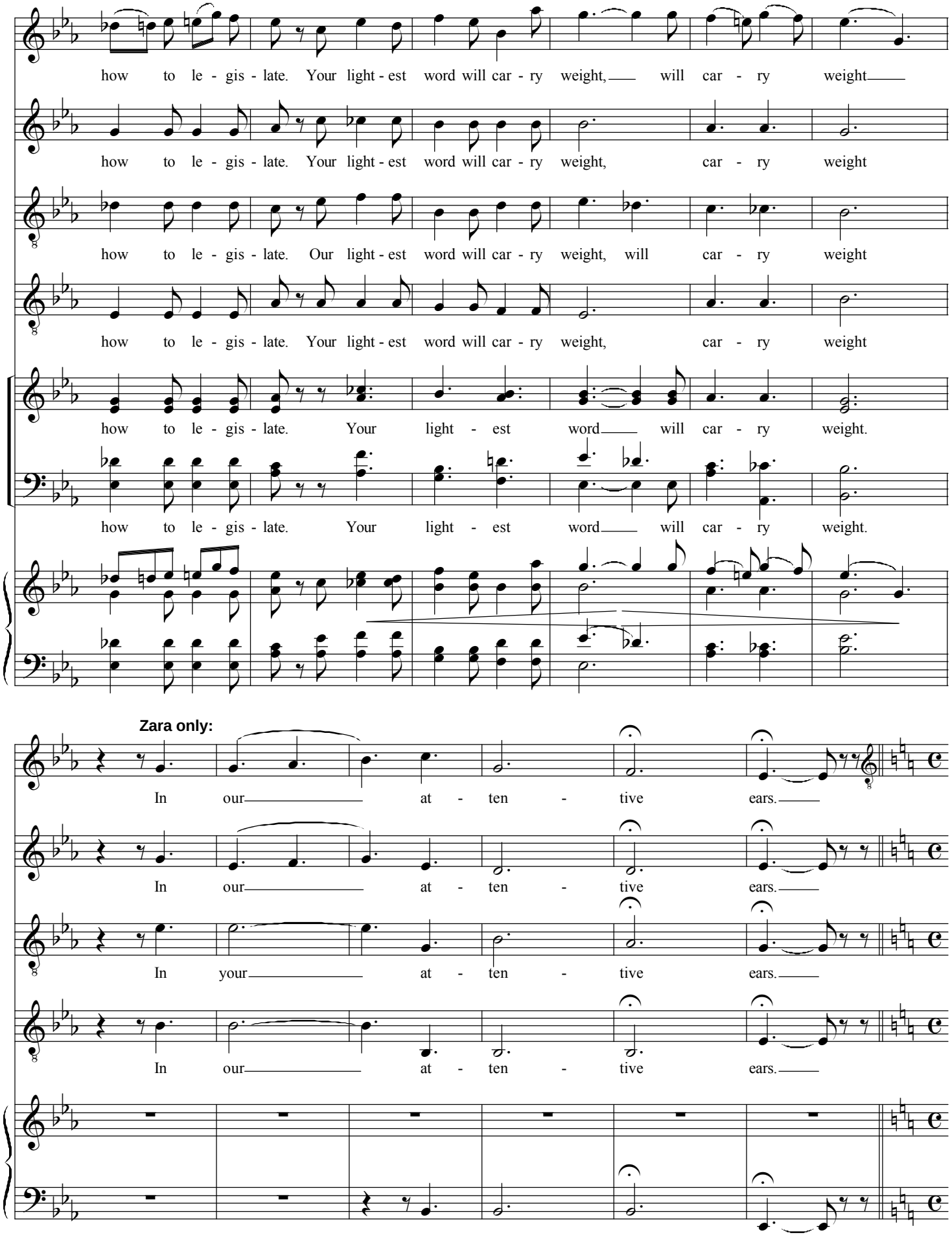

shore! No, nev-er! (well), Hard-ly ev-er!
Women:
What, nev-er? What, nev-er? Hard-ly
Men:
What, nev-er? What, nev-er? Hard-ly
ev-er run a ship a-shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
ev-er run a ship a-shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
Un poco piu vivo
mf
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he
f

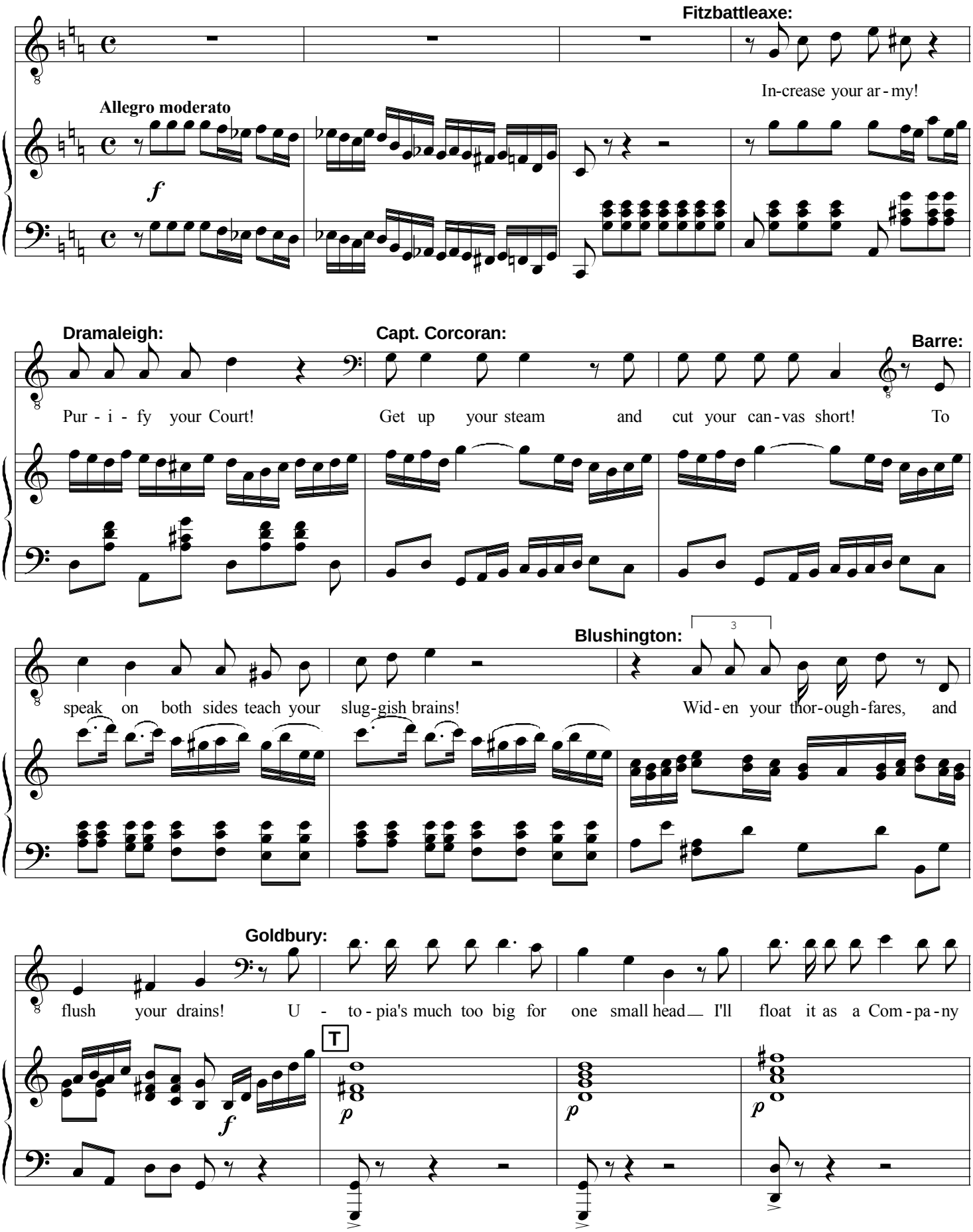

nev - er runs his ship a - shore! All hail, all hail, ye
nev - er runs his ship a - shore! All hail, all hail, ye
R
ff
types of Eng - land's power Ye heav'n en - light - en'd
types of Eng - land's power Ye heav'n en - light - en'd
band! We bless the day and bless the hour that
band! We bless the day and bless the hour that

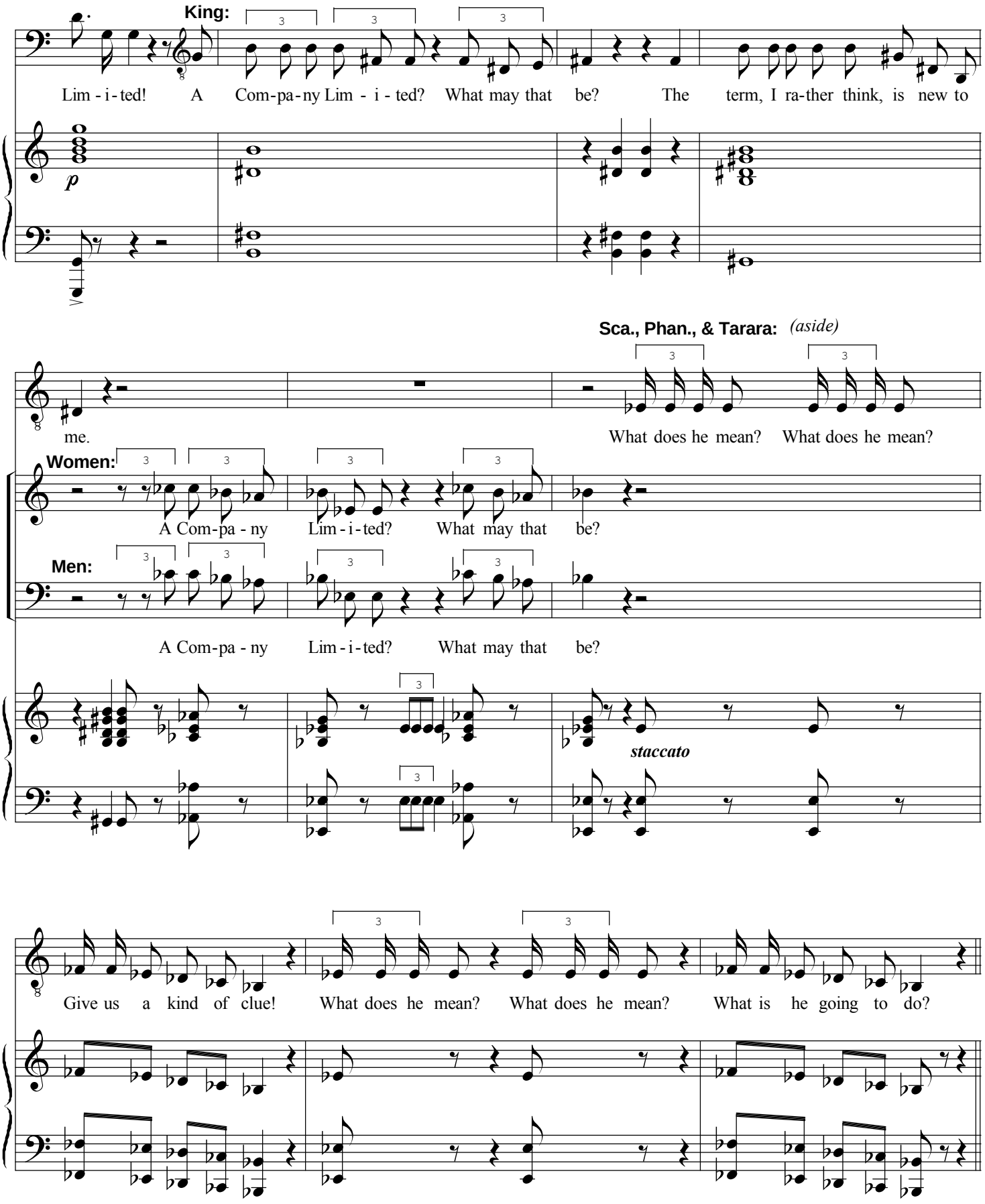

brought you to our land.
brought you to our land.
Zara:
Ye wan-d'rers from a might-y
Lady Sophy:
Ye wan-d'rers from a might-y
Fitzbattleaxe:
Ye wan-d'rers from a might-y
King:
Ye wan-d'rers from a might-y State,
Allegretto non troppo
p

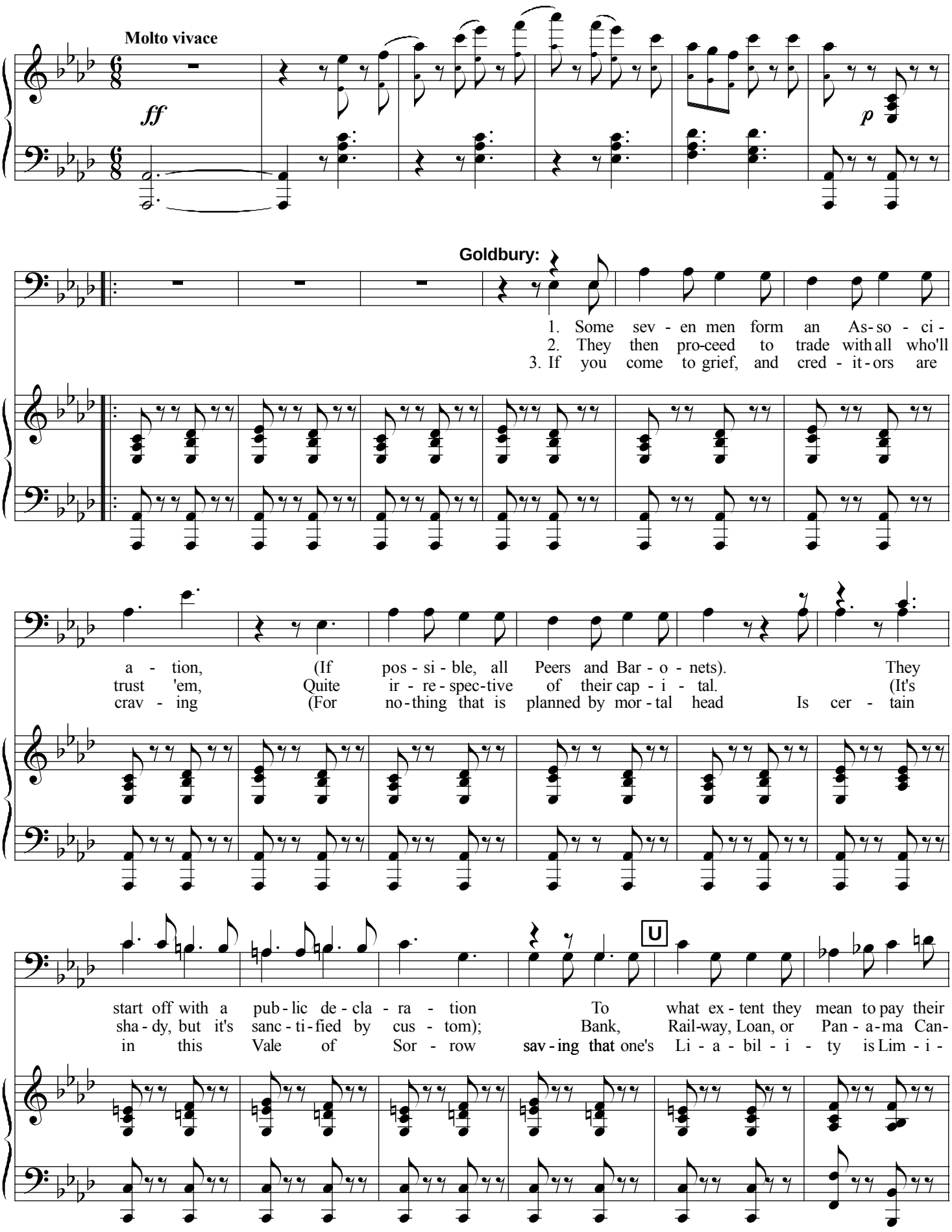

State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your light - est
State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your
State, Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Our
Oh, teach us how to le - gis - late. Your
word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In your at - ten - tive ears.
light - est word will car - ry weight In our at - ten - tive ears.
S
p

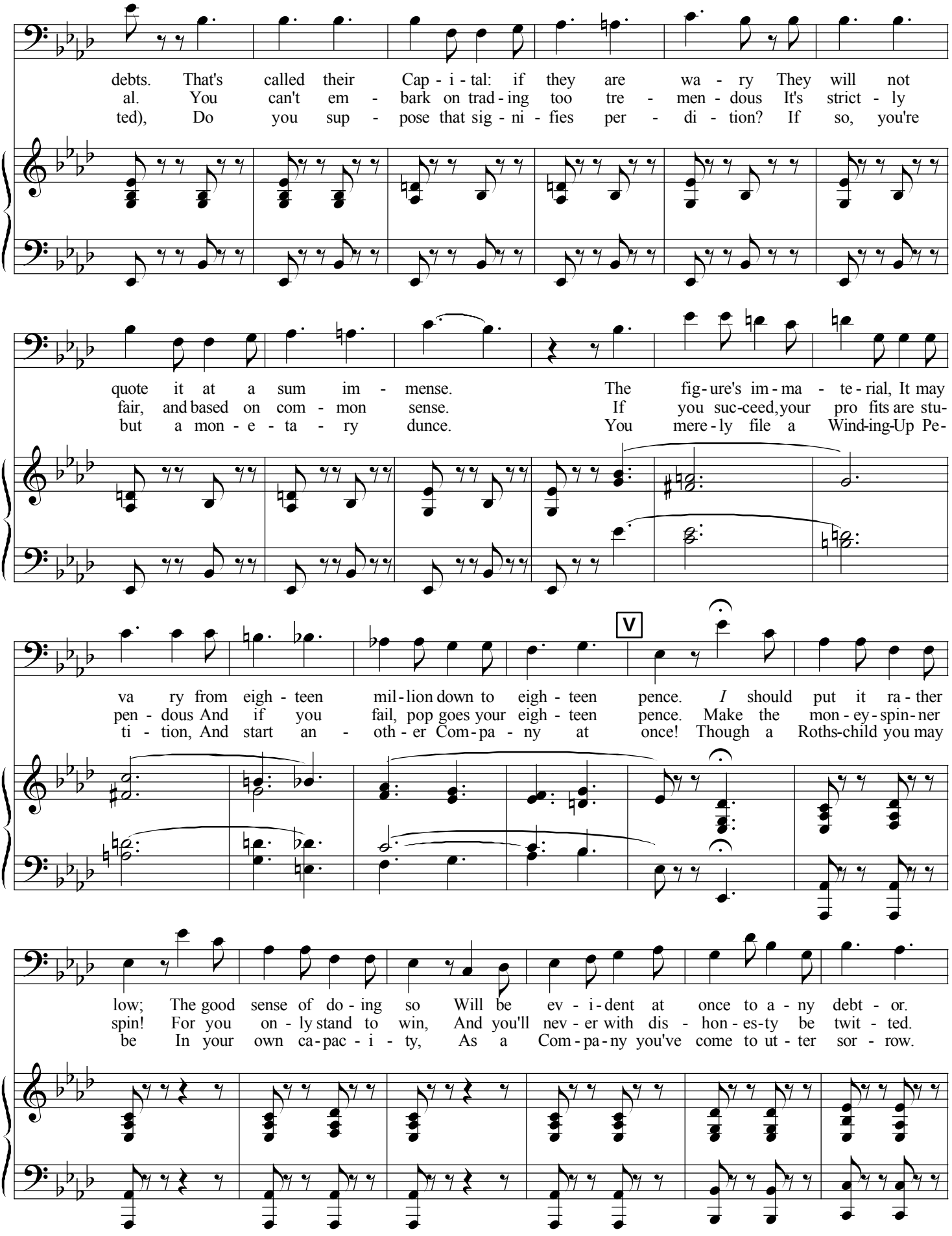

Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land
Women:
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land (Who are not
Men:
Oh, teach the na - tives of this land (Who are not
Nek. & Kal. with Zara:
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) We wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Will teach them
(Who are not quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us
quick to un - der - stand) Ye wan - d'rers from a might - y State, Oh teach us

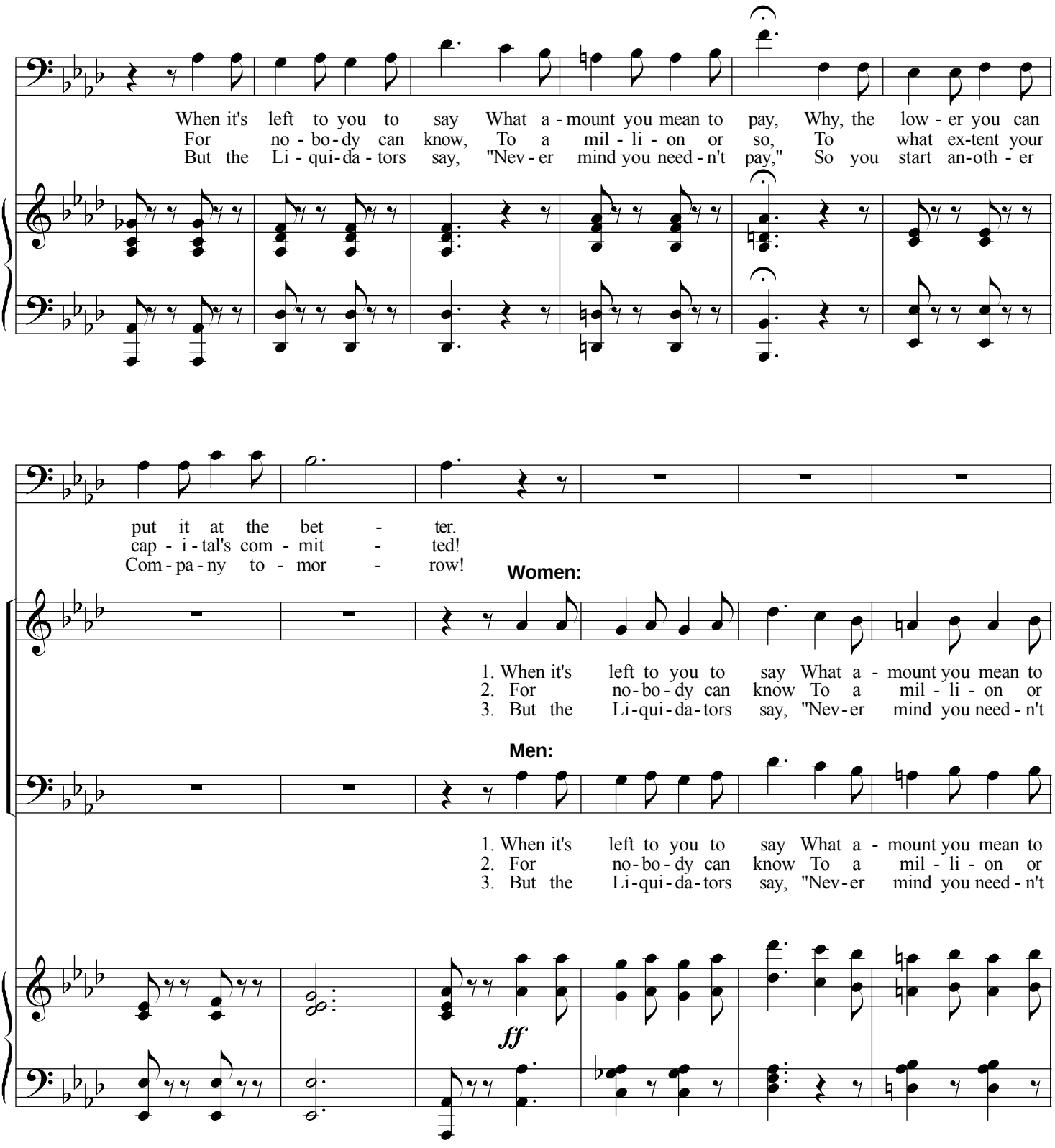

how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, will car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Our light - est word will car - ry weight, will car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight, car - ry weight
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight.
how to le - gis - late. Your light - est word will car - ry weight.
Zara only:
In our at - ten - tive ears.
In our at - ten - tive ears.
In your at - ten - tive ears.
In our at - ten - tive ears.

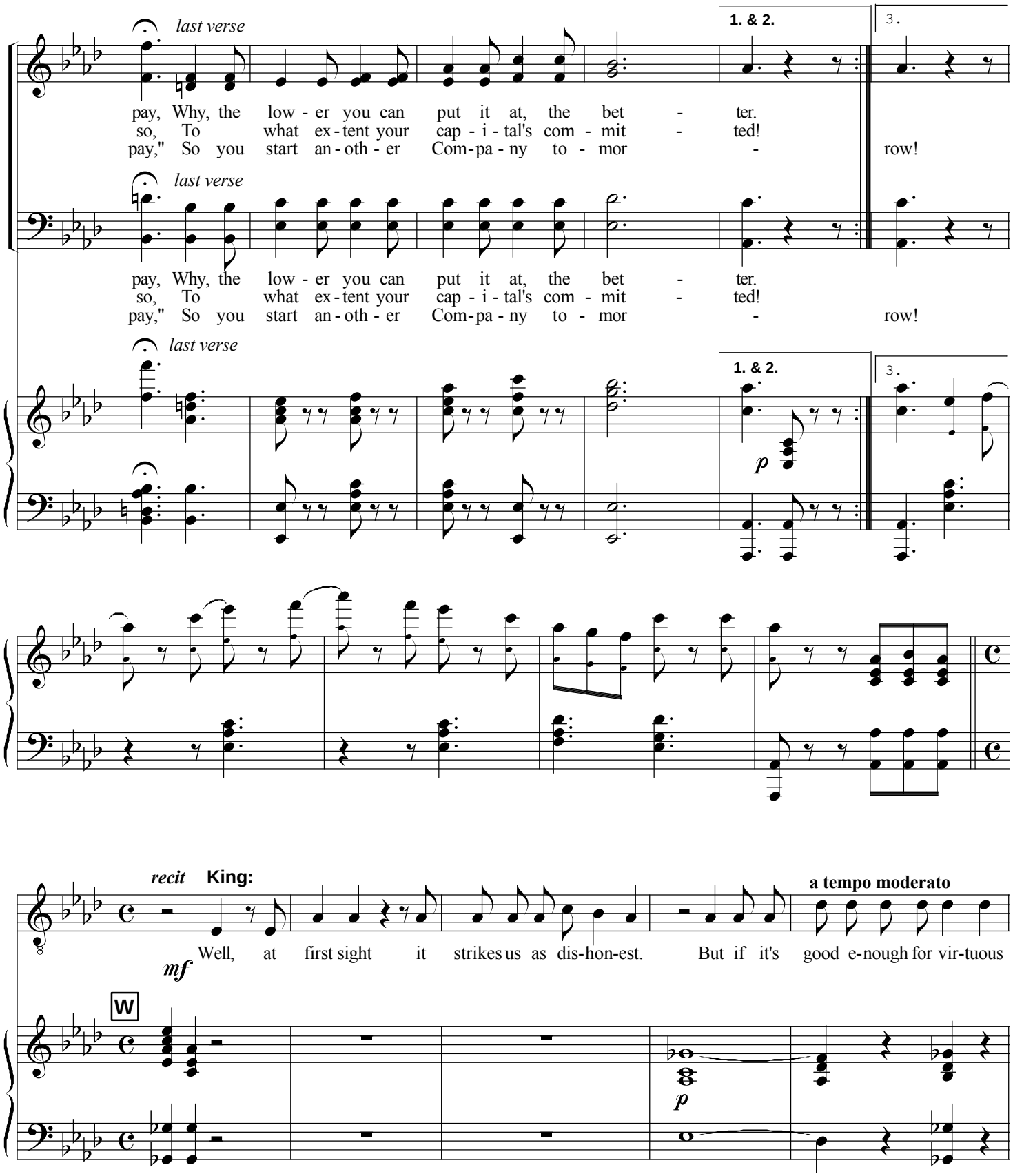

Fitzbattleaxe:
In-crease your ar - my!
Allegro moderato
f
Dramaleigh:
Capt. Corcoran:
Barre:
Pur - i - fy your Court!
Get up your steam and cut your can - vas short!
To
Blushington:
3
speak on both sides teach your slug - gish brains!
Wid - en your thor - ough - fares, and
Goldbury:
flush your drains!
U - to - pia's much too big for one small head
I'll float it as a Com - pa - ny
T
f
p
p
p

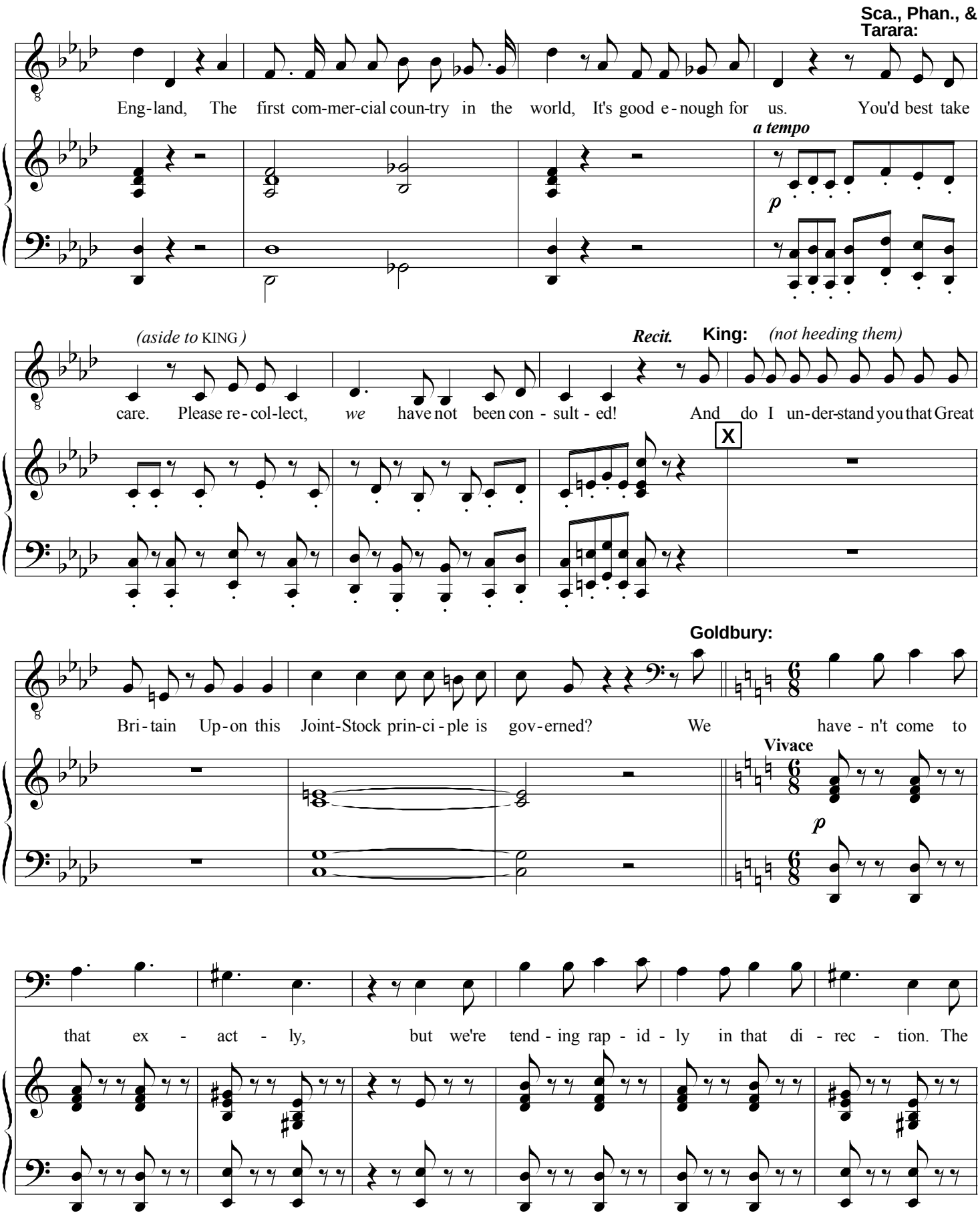

King:
Lim - i - ted! A Com-pa-ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be? The term, I ra-ther think, is new to
p
Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)
me.
What does he mean? What does he mean?
Women:
A Com-pa - ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be?
Men:
A Com-pa - ny Lim - i - ted? What may that be?
staccato
Give us a kind of clue! What does he mean? What does he mean? What is he going to do?

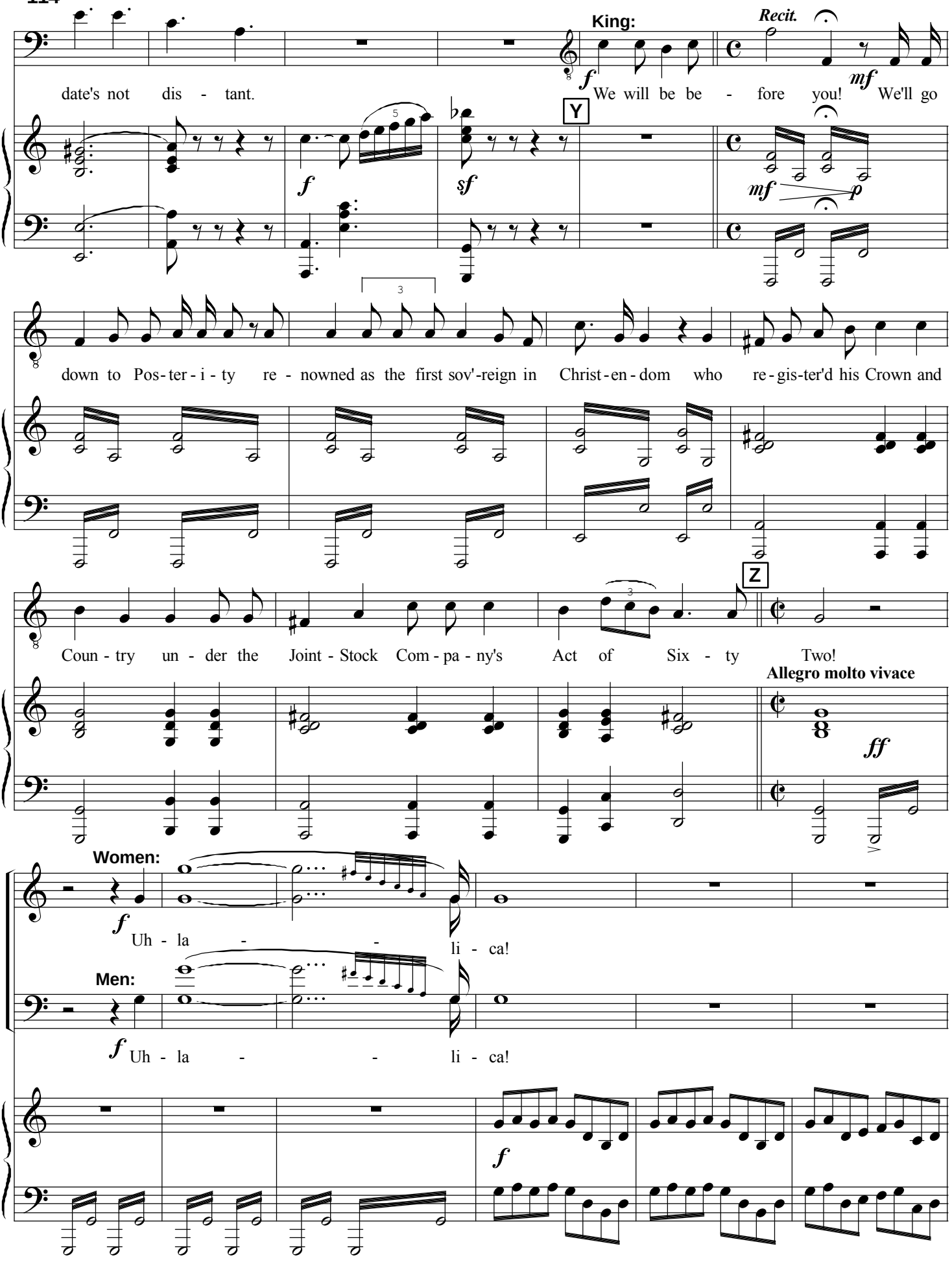

Molto vivace
ff
p
Goldbury:
1. Some sev - en men form an As - so - ci -
2. They then pro-ceed to trade with all who'll
3. If you come to grief, and cred - it - ors are
a - tion, (If pos - si - ble, all Peers and Bar - o - nets). They
trust 'em, Quite ir - re - spec - tive of their cap - i - tal. (It's
crav - ing (For no - thing that is planned by mor - tal head Is cer - tain
U
start off with a pub - lic de - cla - ra - tion To what ex - tent they mean to pay their
sha - dy, but it's sanc - ti - fied by cus - tom); Bank, Rail-way, Loan, or Pan - a - ma Can-
in this Vale of Sor - row sav - ing that one's Li - a - bil - i - ty is Lim - i -

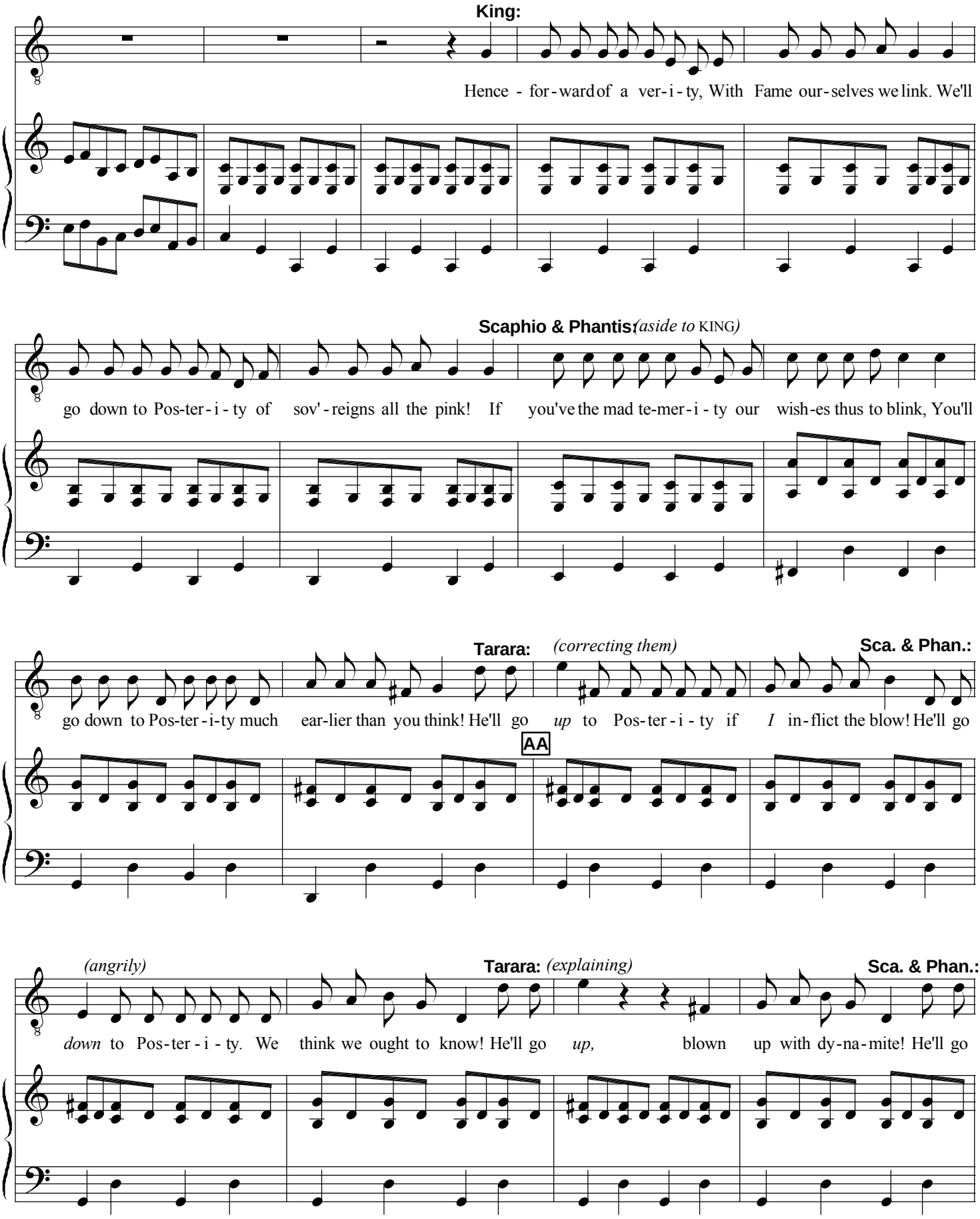

debts. That's called their Cap - i - tal: if they are wa - ry They will not
al. You can't em - bark on trad - ing too tre - men - dous It's strict - ly
ted), Do you sup - pose that sig - ni - fies per - di - tion? If so, you're
quote it at a sum im - mense. The fig - ure's im - ma - te - rial, It may
fair, and based on com - mon sense. If you suc-ceed, your pro fits are stu-
but a mon - e - ta - ry dunce. You mere - ly file a Wind-ing-Up Pe-
V
va ry from eigh - teen mil - lion down to eigh - teen pence. I should put it ra - ther
pen - dous And if you fail, pop goes your eigh - teen pence. Make the mon - ey - spin - ner
ti - tion, And start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny at once! Though a Roths-child you may
low; The good sense of do - ing so Will be ev - i - dent at once to a - ny debt - or.
spin! For you on - ly stand to win, And you'll nev - er with dis - hon - es - ty be twit - ted.
be In your own ca - pac - i - ty, As a Com - pa - ny you've come to ut - ter sor - row.

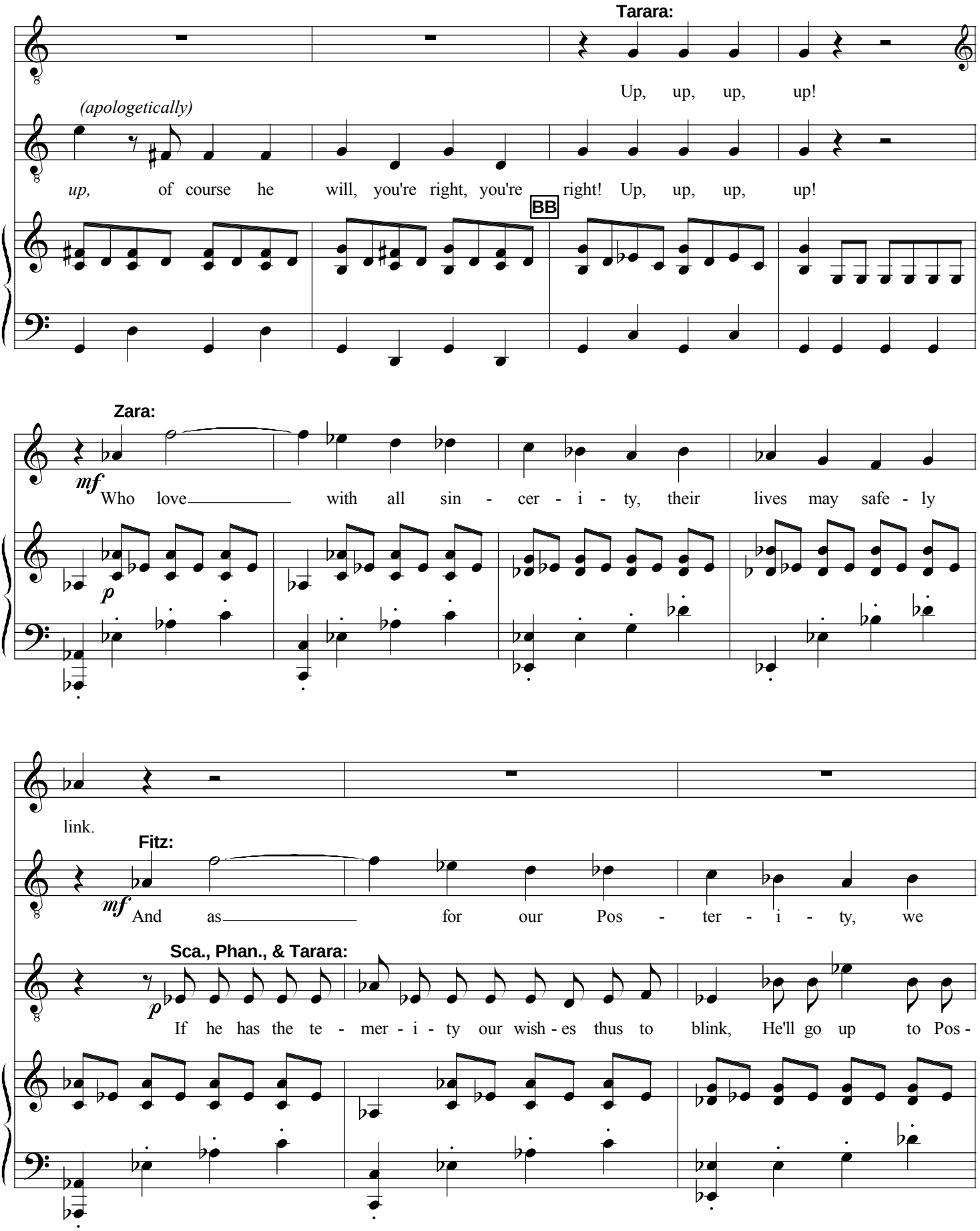

When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to pay, Why, the low - er you can
For no - bo - dy can know, To a mil - li - on or so, To what ex-tent your
But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't pay," So you start an-oth - er
put it at the bet - ter.
cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
Women:
1. When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to
2. For no - bo - dy can know To a mil - li - on or
3. But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't
Men:
1. When it's left to you to say What a - mount you mean to
2. For no - bo - dy can know To a mil - li - on or
3. But the Li - qui - da - tors say, "Nev - er mind you need - n't
ff

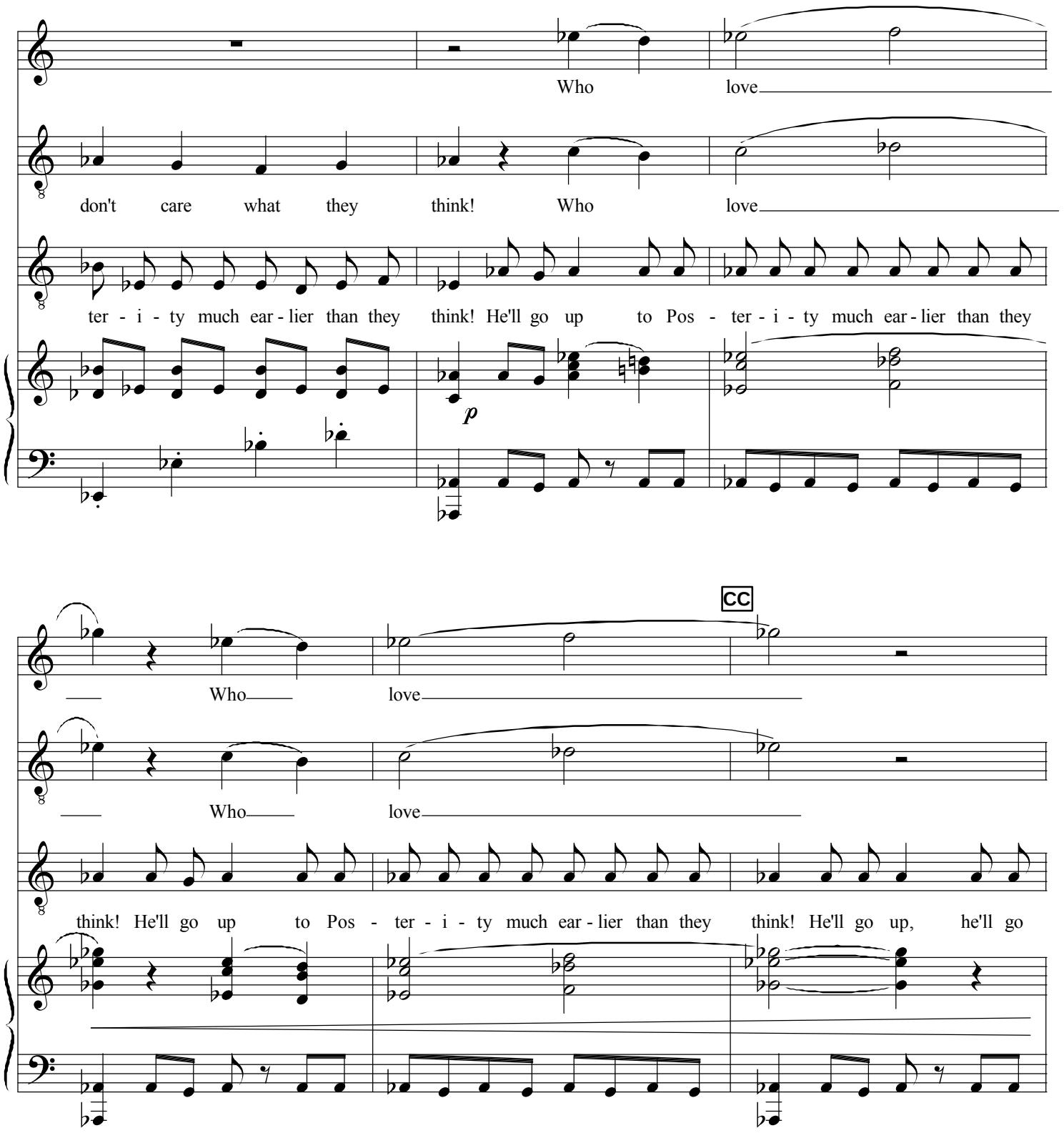

last verse
1. & 2.
3.
pay, Why, the low - er you can put it at, the bet - ter.
so, To what ex - tent your cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
pay," So you start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
last verse
pay, Why, the low - er you can put it at, the bet - ter.
so, To what ex - tent your cap - i - tal's com - mit - ted!
pay," So you start an - oth - er Com - pa - ny to - mor - row!
last verse
1. & 2.
3.
p
recit King:
a tempo moderato
Well, at first sight it strikes us as dis-hon-est. But if it's good e-nough for vir-tuous
mf
W
p

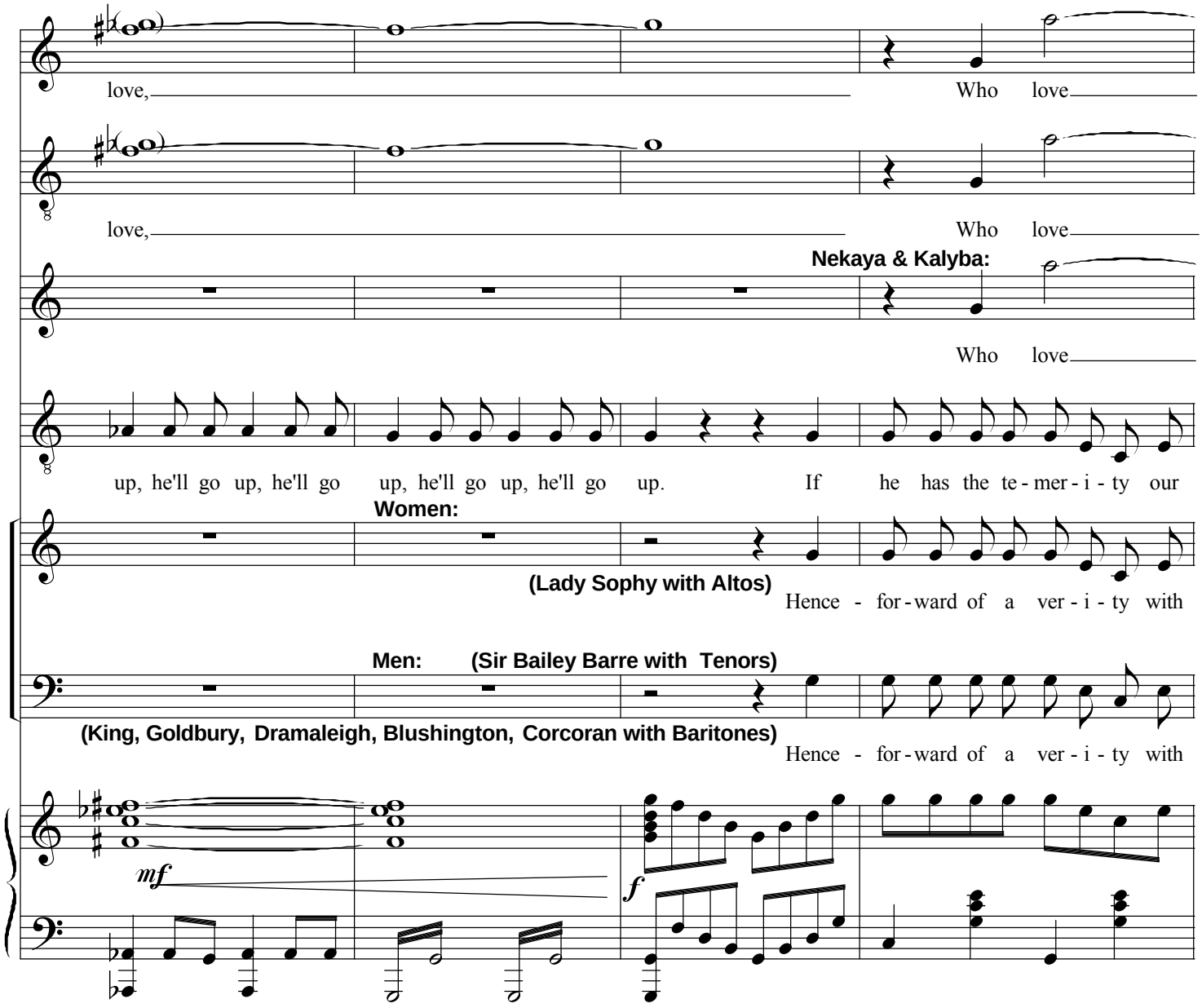

Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
Eng-land, The first com-mer-cial coun-try in the world, It's good e-nough for us. You'd best take
a tempo
p
(aside to KING)
Recit.
King: (not heeding them)
care. Please re-col-lect, we have not been con-sult-ed! And do I un-der-stand you that Great
X
Goldbury:
Bri-tain Up-on this Joint-Stock prin-ci-ple is gov-erned? We have-n't come to
Vivace
p
that ex-act-ly, but we're tend-ing rap-id-ly in that di-rec-tion. The

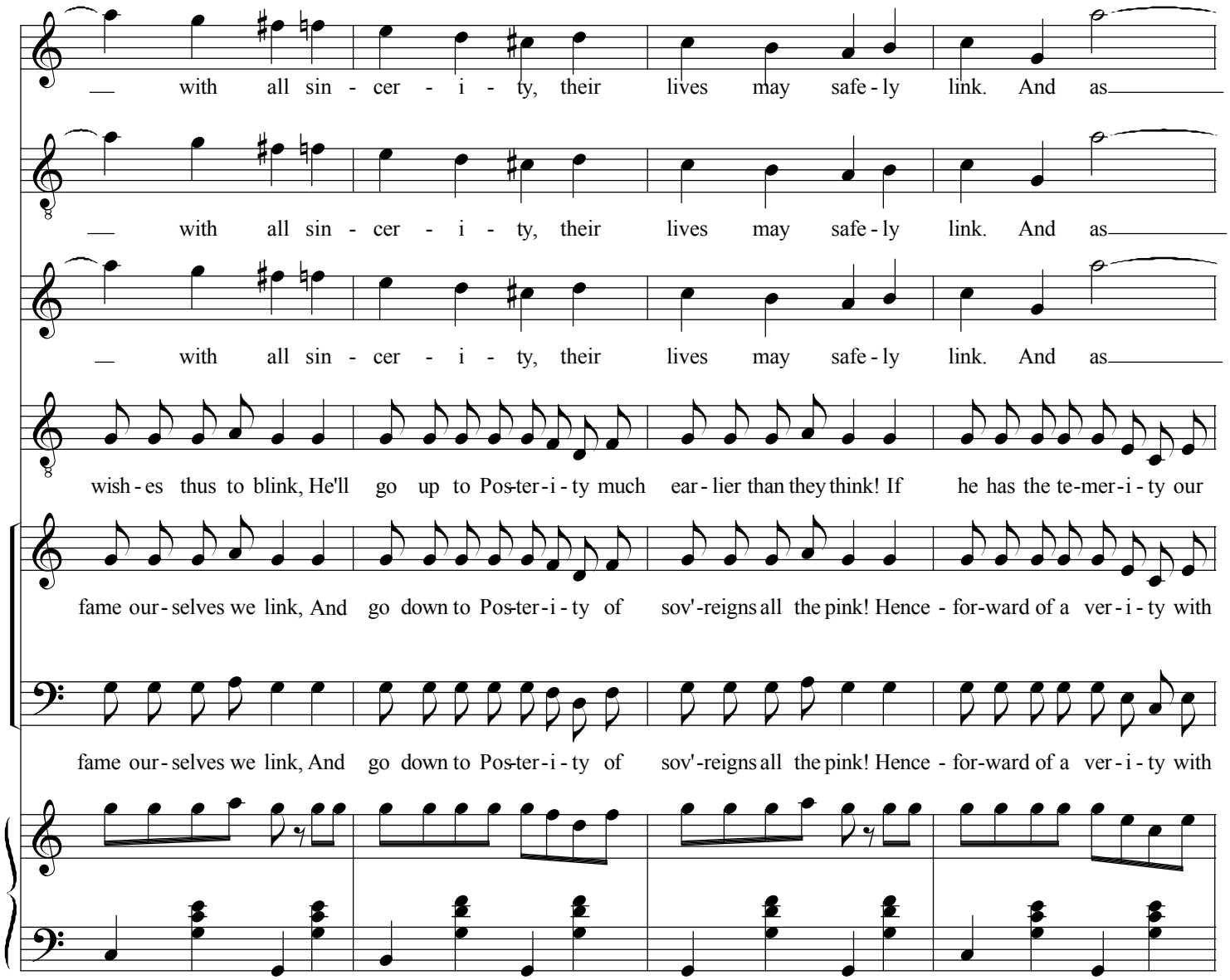

King:
Recit.
date's not dis - tant.
We will be be - fore you!
We'll go
Y
down to Pos - ter - i - ty re - nowned as the first sov'-reign in Christ - en - dom who re - gis-ter'd his Crown and
Z
Coun - try un - der the Joint - Stock Com - pa - ny's Act of Six - ty Two!
Allegro molto vivace
Women:
Uh - la - - li - ca!
Men:
Uh - la - - li - ca!

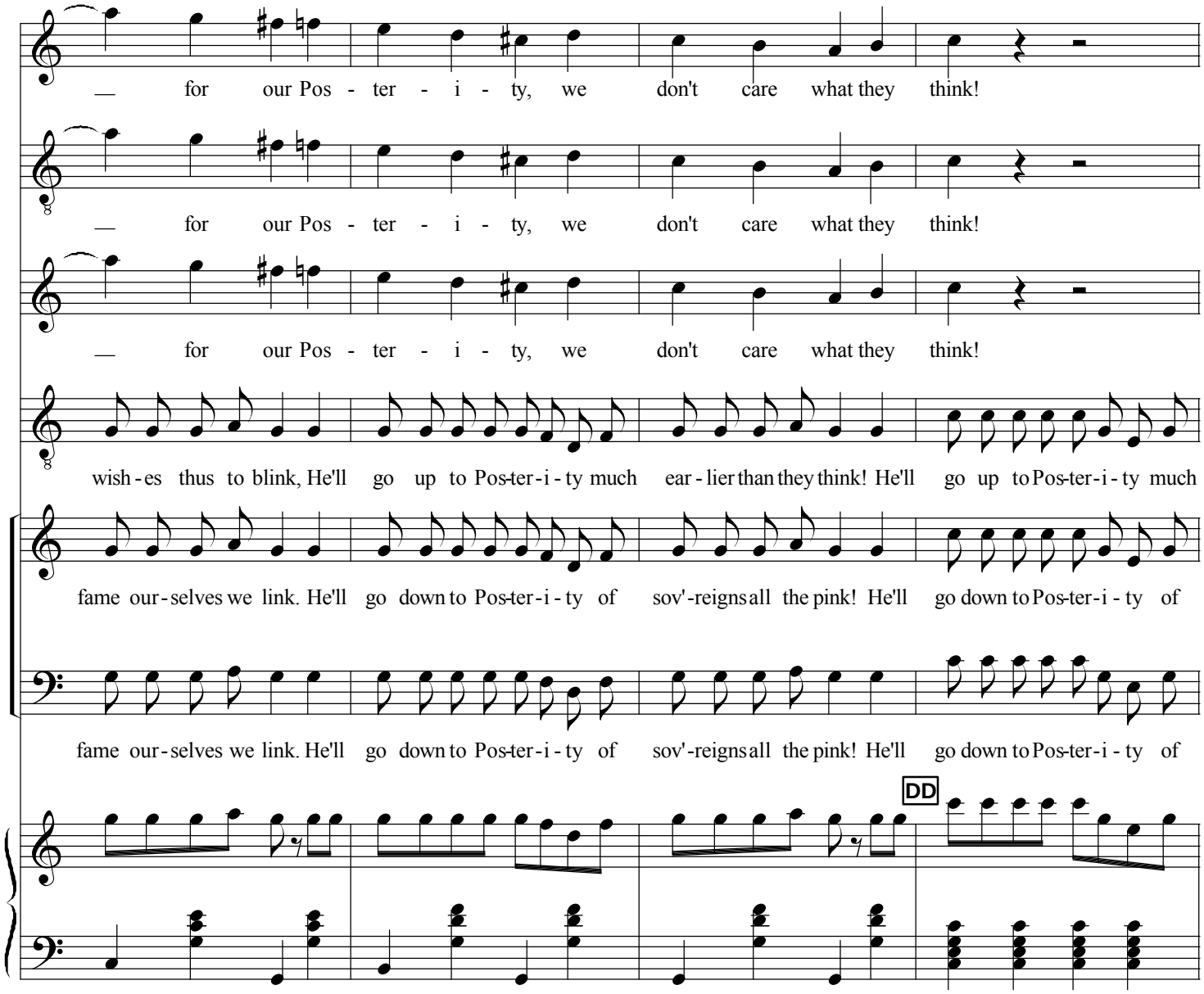

King:
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty, With Fame our - selves we link. We'll
Scaphio & Phantis: (aside to KING)
go down to Pos-ter - i - ty of sov' - reigns all the pink! If you've the mad te-mer - i - ty our wish-es thus to blink, You'll
Tarara: (correcting them)
Sca. & Phan.:
go down to Pos-ter - i-ty much ear-lier than you think! He'll go up to Pos-ter - i - ty if I in - flict the blow! He'll go
AA
(angrily)
Tarara: (explaining)
Sca. & Phan.:
down to Pos-ter - i - ty. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dy-na-mite! He'll go

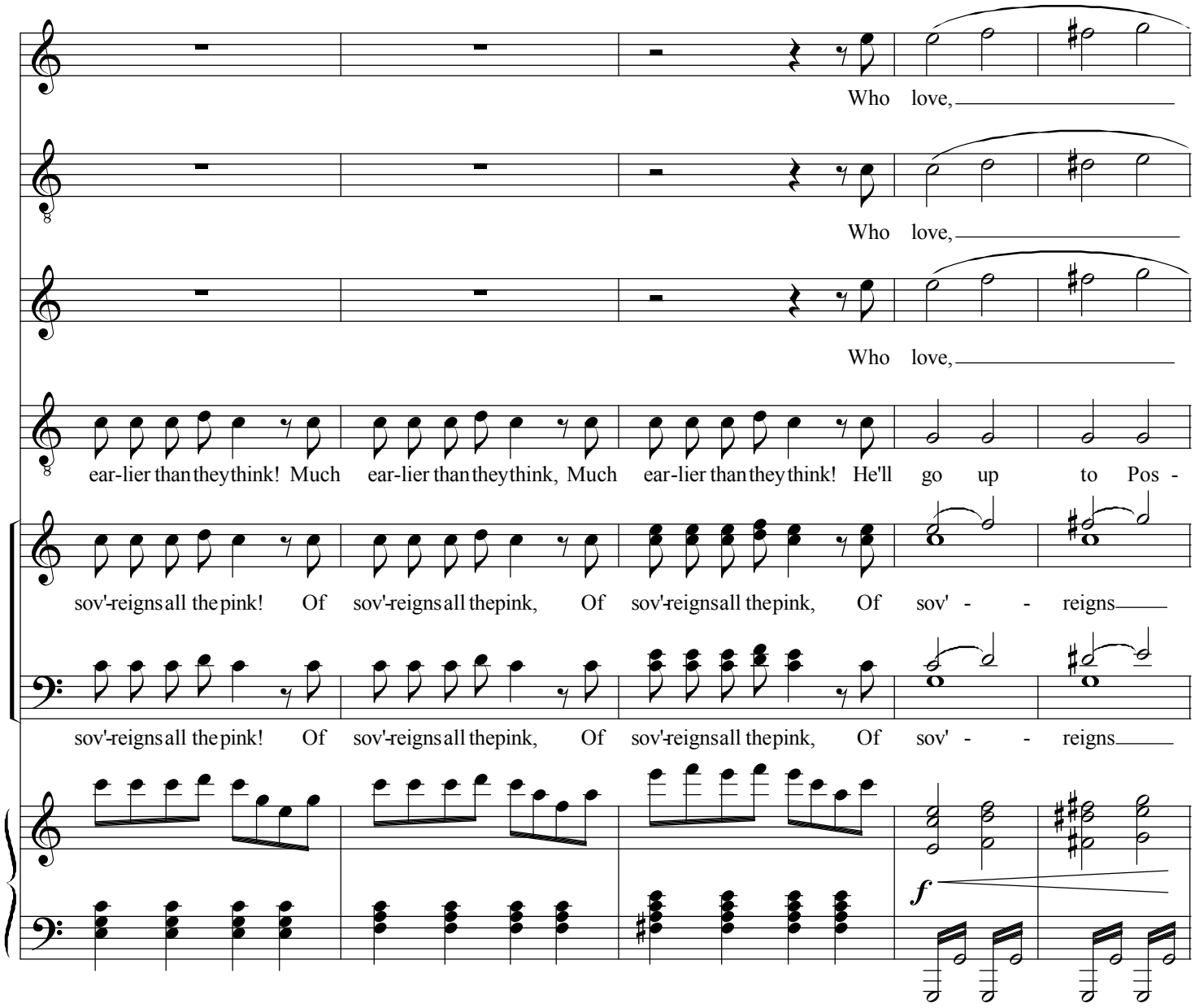

Tarara:
Up, up, up, up!
(apologetically)
up, of course he will, you're right, you're right! Up, up, up, up!
BB
Zara:
mf
Who love with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly
p
link.
Fitz:
mf
And as for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we
Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
p
If he has the te - mer - i - ty our wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos -

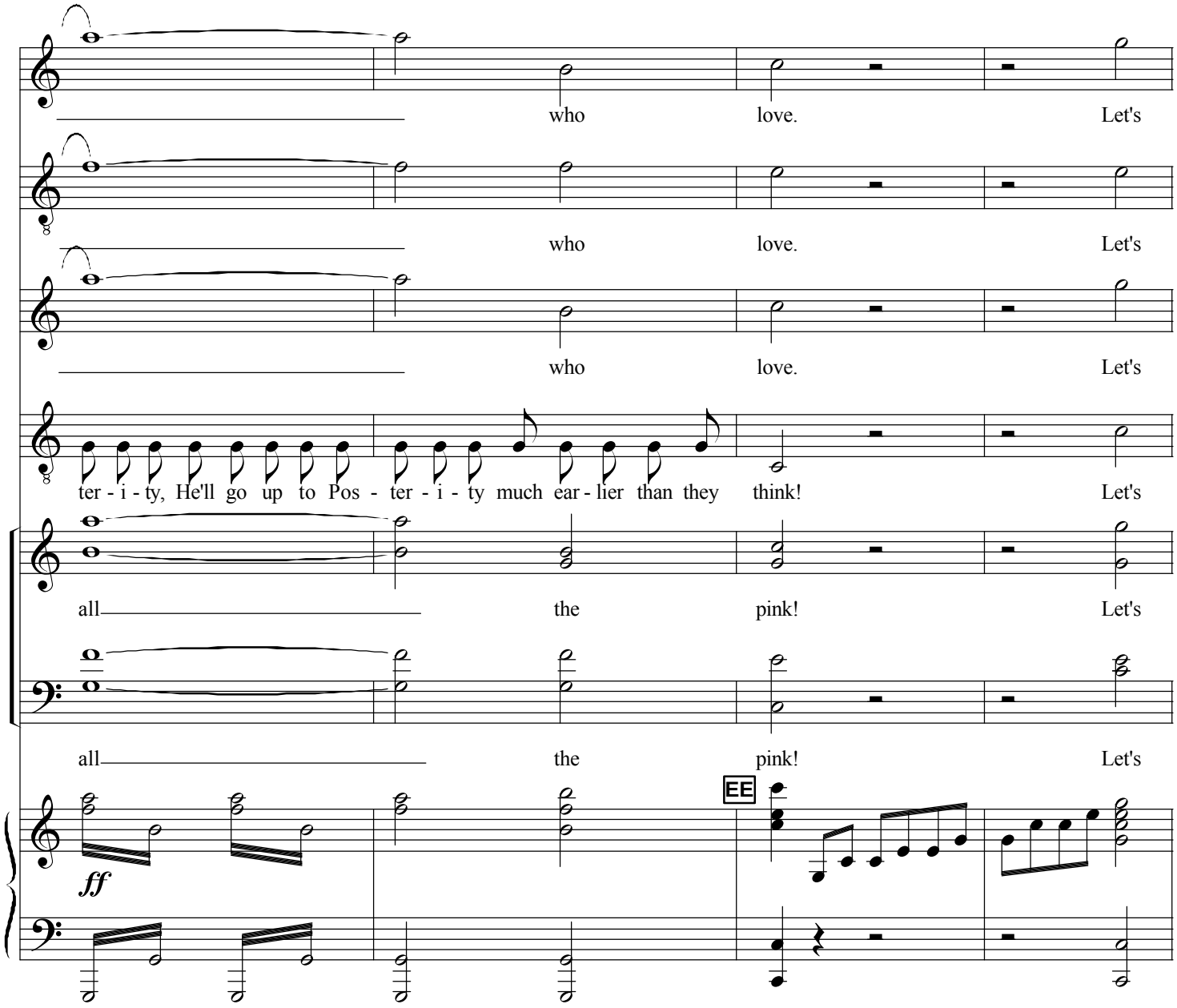

Who love
don't care what they think! Who love
ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they
p
CC
Who love
Who love
think! He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up, he'll go

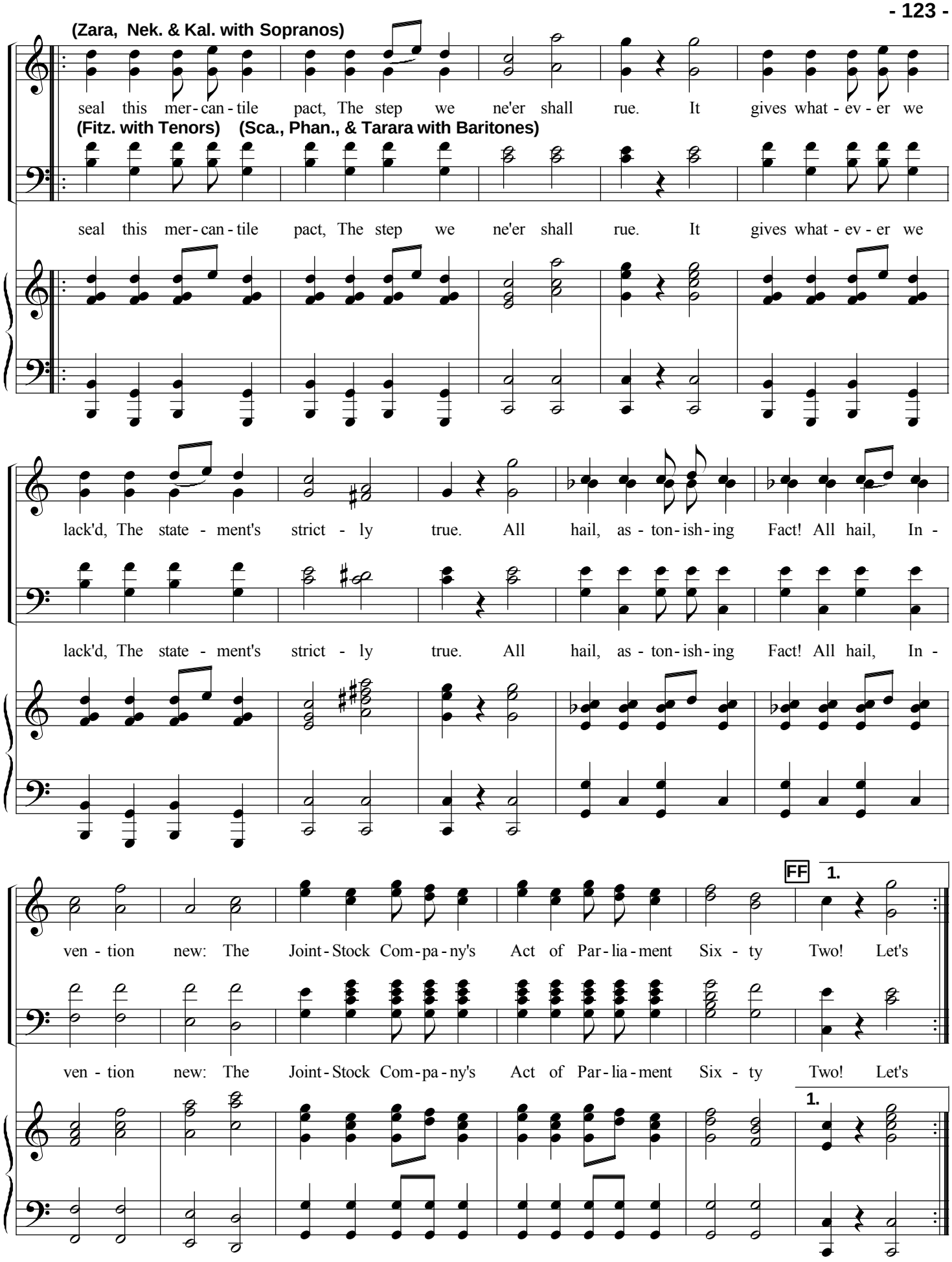

love,
Who love
love,
Who love
Nekaya & Kalyba:
Who love
up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up.
If he has the te - mer - i - ty our
Women:
(Lady Sophy with Altos)
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty with
Men:
(Sir Bailey Barre with Tenors)
(King, Goldbury, Dramaleigh, Blushington, Corcoran with Baritones)
Hence - for - ward of a ver - i - ty with
mf
f

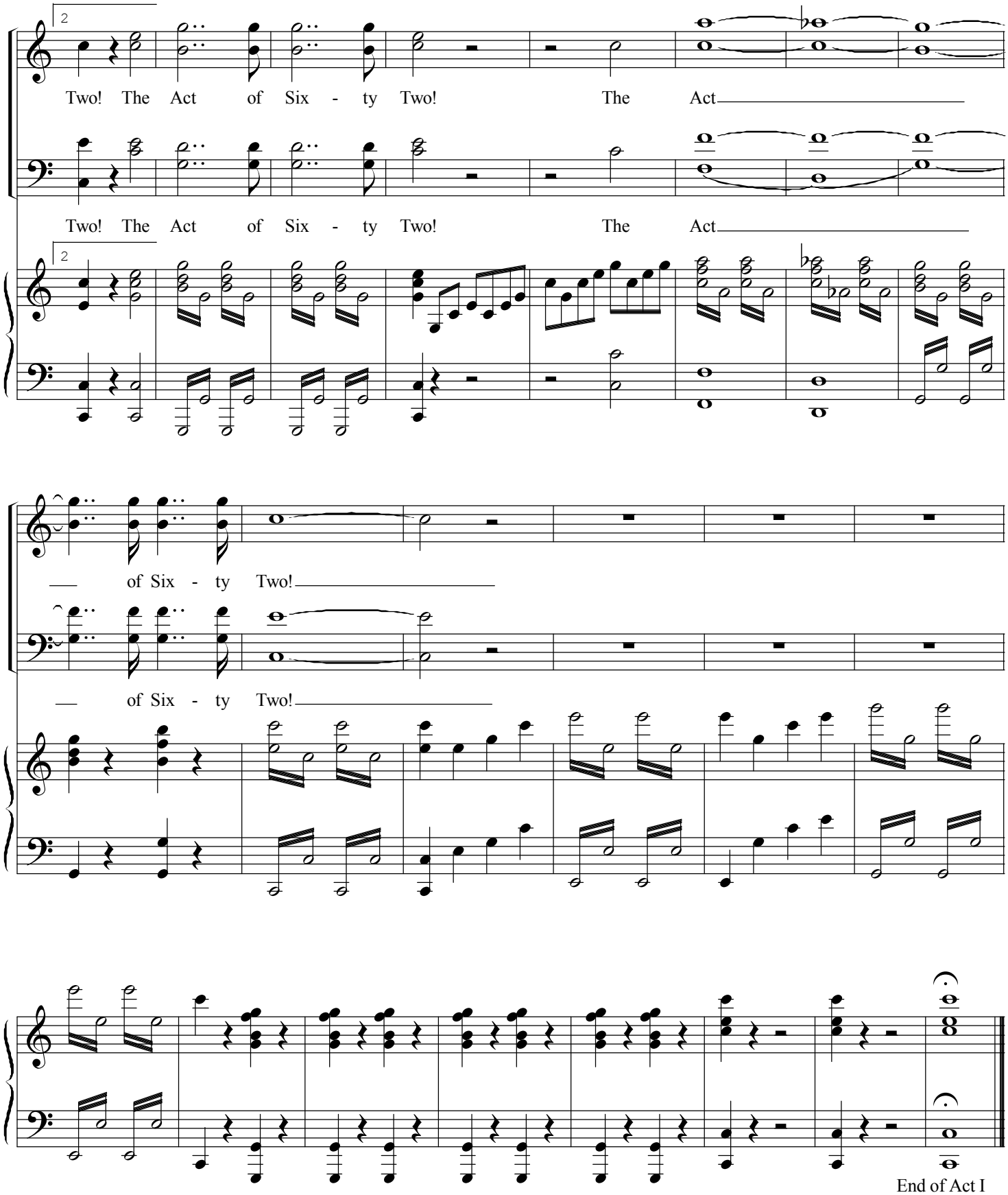

with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
with all sin - cer - i - ty, their lives may safe - ly link. And as
wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much ear - lier than they think! If he has the te-mer-i - ty our
fame our - selves we link, And go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! Hence - for-ward of a ver - i - ty with
fame our - selves we link, And go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! Hence - for-ward of a ver - i - ty with


for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
for our Pos - ter - i - ty, we don't care what they think!
wish - es thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much ear - lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos-ter-i - ty much
fame our - selves we link. He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of
fame our - selves we link. He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Pos-ter-i - ty of
DD


Who love,
Who love,
Who love,
ear-lier than they think! Much ear-lier than they think, Much ear-lier than they think! He'll go up to Pos -
sov'-reigns all the pink! Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov' - - reigns
sov'-reigns all the pink! Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov'-reigns all the pink, Of sov' - - reigns
f


who love. Let's
who love. Let's
who love. Let's
ter - i - ty, He'll go up to Pos - ter - i - ty much ear - lier than they think! Let's
all the pink! Let's
all the pink! Let's
EE
ff


(Zara, Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos)
seal this mer-can-tile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what-ev-er we
(Fitz. with Tenors) (Sca., Phan., & Tarara with Baritones)
seal this mer-can-tile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what-ev-er we
lack'd, The state-ment's strict-ly true. All hail, as-ton-ish-ing Fact! All hail, In-
lack'd, The state-ment's strict-ly true. All hail, as-ton-ish-ing Fact! All hail, In-
FF
1.
ven-tion new: The Joint-Stock Com-pa-ny's Act of Par-lia-ment Six-ty Two! Let's
ven-tion new: The Joint-Stock Com-pa-ny's Act of Par-lia-ment Six-ty Two! Let's
1.


2
Two! The Act of Six - ty Two! The Act
Two! The Act of Six - ty Two! The Act
2
of Six - ty Two!
of Six - ty Two!
End of Act I