H. M. S.
PINAFORE

OR

The Lass that loved a Sailor

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Gilbert and Sullivan Archive Edition
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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

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

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

ACT I. NOON         ACT II. NIGHT
INDEX

Act I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>OVERTURE</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 OPENING CHORUS</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 RECIT. &amp; SONG</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Mrs Cripps)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2a RECIT.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Mrs. Cripps &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boatswain’s Mate)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 SCENA</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ralph &amp; Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 RECIT. SONG &amp;</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHORUS (Captain</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corcoran)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4a RECIT.</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Mrs. Cripps &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Corcoran)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 SONG</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josephine)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 CHORUS OF</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOMEN (behind</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the scenes)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 CHORUS OF</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAILORS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 SCENE</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Sir Joseph,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Corcoran,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousin Hebe &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 SONG</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Sir Joseph &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9a EXIT FOR</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADIES (Sir</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph, Cousin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebe &amp; Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 TRIO &amp; CHORUS</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ralph,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenter’s Mate</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; Boatswain’s</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mate)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 DUET</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josephine &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 FINALE</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Ralph, Deadeye,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousin Hebe,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josephine &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ENTR’ACTE

Act II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13 SONG</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Captain Corcoran)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 DUET</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Mrs. Cripps &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Corcoran)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 SCENA</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josephine)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 TRIO</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Josephine,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Corcoran,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Joseph)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 DUET</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Captain Corcoran</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; Deadeye)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 SOLI &amp; CHORUS</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 OCTET &amp; CHORUS</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 LEGEND</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Mrs Cripps &amp;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 FINALE</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Allegro vivace
blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty; We're sober men and true, and at-

When the whistle free o'er the bright blue sea We tentative to our duty. When the whistle free o'er the bright blue sea We stand to our guns all day. When at anchor we ride at the Portsmouth tide, We've stand to our guns all day. When at anchor we ride at the Portsmouth tide, We've

The balls whistle free

We stand to our guns, to our guns all day.
O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns, to our guns all day.

We sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty We're
We sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty We're
sober men and true, and attentive to our duty, our saucy ship's a beauty, we're attentive to our duty, we're sober men and true, we sail the ocean blue.
No. 2

RECIT. & SONG - (Mrs. Cripps.)

Mrs. Cripps (Recit.)

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

PIANO

You've got your pay, spare all you can afford
To welcome little Butter-cup on board.

attacca.

SONG - (Mrs. Cripps.)

Allegretto

I'm called little Butter-cup, Dear little Butter-cup. Tho' I could never tell why;

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

I've snuff and tobacco, And excellent jack-y; I've scissors and watches and knives.

I've ribbons and laces To set off the faces Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've tre- ckle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee. Soft tom-my and succu-lent chops;
chickens and conies, And pretty polonies, And excellent peppermint drops_ Then buy of your Butter-cup, Dear little Butter-cup, Sailors should never be shy. So buy of your Butter-cup, Poor little Butter-cup, Come, of your Butter-cup buy.
No. 2a

RECID. (Mrs Cripps & Boatswain's Mate)

Mrs. Cripps (Recit.)

But tell me who's the youth whose falling feet With difficulty bear him on his course?

PIANO

Boatswain

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

Mrs. Cripps.

No. 3

SCENA (Ralph & Chorus)

5 Ralph.

The

PIANO

nightingale Sigh'd for the moon's bright ray, And
told his tale in his own melodious way. He sang, "Ah, well-a-

Chorus (Tenors) (Basses)
day!" He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!" The lowly vale For the

mourn- tain vainly sighed, To his humble wail The

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

Mrs. Cripps
Chorus (unison)

attacca.
Andante moderato

maiden fair to see, The pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blushing beauty, For

whom proud nobles sigh, And with each other vie To do her menial's duty. To

do her menial's duty. A suitor, lowly born, With
ho\-pess\-less pas\-sion torn, And poor bey-
ond de-
ny\-ing, Has
dared for her to pine, At whose ex-al-
ted shrine A world of wealth is
sigh\-ing. A world of wealth is sigh\-ing. Un-
learn\-ed he in aught Save
that which love has taught, (For love had been his tu-
tor;) Oh,
75
pity, pity me, Our captain's daughter, she, And I that lowly

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

Chorus (Tenors)

And he, and he, that lowly

(Basses)

And he, and he, that lowly

82
suitor.

suitor.

suitor.
No. 4  

RECIT. & SONG (Captain Corcoran & Chorus)

Allegretto

Captain (Recit.)

My gallant crew, good morning!

I hope you're all quite well.

Chorus (Tenors & Basses)

Sir, good morning!

Quite well, and

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

you, sir?
Chorus

You do us proud, sir!

1. I am the captain of the Pinafore!

You're doing my best to satisfy you all,_

You're expecting a right good captain too!

2. And with you we're quite content.

very, very good, And be it understood, I command a right good

ceedingly polite, And I think it only right To return the compliments.
35
We're very, very good, And, be it understood He com-
We're exceedingly polite, And he thinks it only right To re-

38
Tho' related to a peer, I can
Bad language or abuse, I
mands a right good crew.
turn the compliment.

41
hand, reef, and steer, Or ship a salvage;
never, never use, What ever the emergency.

Though
ne- ver known to quail  At the fur- ry of a gale  And I'm ne- ver, ne- ver sick at "bo- ther it," I may Oc- ca- sion- al- ly say,  I ne- ver use a big, big

sea!  D!  Chorus  No, ne- ver!  No, ne- ver!  Hard- ly  Hard- ly

What, ne- ver?  What, ne- ver?  What, ne- ver?

e- ver!  e- ver!  Tenors  He's hard- ly e- ver swears a big, big sea!  Then give three cheers and

He's hard- ly e- ver swears a big, big sea!  Give three cheers and
one cheer more, For the {1.hardy} captain of the Pin-a-fore! Then

give three cheers and one cheer more, For the captain of the Pin-a-fore.
No. 4a

RECIT. (Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran)

Mrs. Cripps

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

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

Captain

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

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

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

Mrs. Cripps

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

Tempo moderato

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

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

Segue
No. 5

SONG (Josephine)

Andante

Josephine

Sor-ry her

PIANO

lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vain-ly,

Sad are the sighs that own the spell Ut-tered by eyes that speak too plain-ly,

6

10
Sorry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.

Un poco animato

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

live and hope is dead! When love is a - live and

hope is dead!
Sad is the hour when sets the sun; Dark is the

night to earth's poor daughters,

wearied one Flies from the empty waste of waters.

Sad is the hour when sets the sun; Dark is the
Un poco animato

daughters. Heav - y the sor - row that

cresc.
bows the head When love is a-

cresc.

dim. p

live and hope is dead! When love is a-
colla voce

live And hope is dead.
No. 6

CHORUS OF WOMEN (Behind the Scenes)

Andantino

Sopranos & Contraltos
cresc.

Over the bright blue sea

Comes Sir

Joseph Porter K. C. B.,

Where ever he may go

Bang, band the loud nine pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea For Sir

Joseph Porter K. C. B.

Shout o'er the bright blue sea For Sir

Joseph Porter K. C. B.

Joseph Porter K. C. B.
No. 7  
CHORUS OF SAILORS

Allegretto come primo  Basses  
Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And its crowd of blushing

pp staccato  

We

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

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

We sail, we sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty, We're
Sober, sober men and true, And attentive to our duty. Sober, sober men and true, And attentive to our duty. Sober, sober men and true, And quite devoid of fear. In true. We're smart and sober men, And quite devoid of fear. In true. We're smart and sober men, And quite devoid of fear. In all the Royal N. None are so smart as we are. In all the Royal N. None are so smart as we are.
trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the maidens to the ship-ping; Gai-ly

trip-ping, Light-ly skip-ping, Flock the maidens to the

Gai-ly

Sops. & Conts.
ship-ping.

Sailors_

Tenors & Basses

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

spright-ly, Al-ways_right-ly Wel-come la-dies so po-lite-ly.

Tenors & Basses

La-dies who can smile so bright-ly Sailors wel-come most po-lite-ly, welcome most po-
Sailors sprightly, Always righty Welcome ladies so politely.

We're smart and sober men, And
tenors

Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the

Basses

Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the

Maidens to the shipping. Gaily tripping, Lightly skipping, Flock the

Quite devoid of fear, In all the Royal N. None

Maidens to the shipping, Gaily tripping, Lightly shipping, Flock the
Legato
mai-dens to the ship; Sai-lors spright-ly, Al-ways right-ly Wel-come

Legato
are so smart as we are; La-dies who can smile so bright-ly Sai-lors

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

dim.
la-dies so po-lite

dim.
welcome most po-lite

dim.
welcome most po-lite
Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Hur-ray!

I am the monarch of the sea, The ruler of the Queen's navy, Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants: And...
cousins and his aunts.

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

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

cresc.

Sir Joseph

But

sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

f

p

when the breezes blow, I generally go below.

p

Seek the seclusion that a cabin grants. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

Hebe
cou-sins and his aunts,

And so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts. And

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cresc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cresc.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts, His sis-ters and his cousins; Whom he

reck-ons up by doz-ens and his aunts.

reck-ons up by doz-ens and his aunts.

reck-ons up by doz-ens and his aunts.

Attacca
Allegro non troppo

I was a lad I served a term As office boy to an Attorney's firm, I
of - fice boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a junior clerk. I

cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I polished up the handle of the
served the writs with a smile so bland, And I copied all the letters in a
big front door.  
big round hand.

**Chorus**

He polished up the handle of the big front door.  
He copied all the letters in a big round hand.  
He polished up the handle of the big front door.  
He copied all the letters in a big round hand.  

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

Queen's Navee!  
Queen's Navee!  

**Chorus**

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

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

bran' new suit For the pass examin ation at the Insti tute. ship I ween Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
5. I grew so rich that I was sent By a pocket borough into Parliament I always voted at my party's call And I want to rise to the top of the tree, If your soul isn't fretted to an office stool, Be ever thought of thinking for myself at all. Careful to be guided by this golden rule.

6. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be, If you He never thought of thinking for himself Be careful to be guided by this

He never thought of thinking for himself Be careful to be guided by this
I thought so little, they rewarded me, By self at all.
golden rule.

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

He thought so little, they rewarded he, By Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, And you

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

Vivace

Sir Joseph

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

Chorus.

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

And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, his sisters, and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts!
No. 10  TRIO & CHORUS (Ralph, Boatswain's Mate & Carpenter's Mate)

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

2. His eyes should flash with an in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung;
   He never should bow down To a domineering frown, Or the

---

Note: The musical notation and text are provided as is, with no additional processing required.
knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His
attitude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His

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

ready for a knock-down blow.
customary attitude.

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

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

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

heart should glow, And his fist be ever ready For a knock-down blow.
breast protrude, And this should be his customary
Allegro con brio

Re-frain, au-da-cious

Josephine

Re-frain, au-da-cious

tar, Your suit from press-ing, Re-mem-ber what you

are, And whom ad-dress-ing Re-frain, au-da-cious tar, Your

suit from press-ing, Re-mem-ber what you are, And whom ad-dress-ing Re-
Proud lady, have your way, Unfeeling beauty! You speak and I obey, It is my duty! I am the lowliest tar that sails the water, And you, proud maiden, are my captain’s daughter; Proud lady, have your way.
way, You speak, and I obey. My heart, with anguish torn Bows down before her; She laughs my love to scorn; Yet I adore her, My heart with anguish torn, Bows down before her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I adore her. Refrain audacious tar, your suit from Josephine.
Più lento

press-ing!

Proud la-dy, have your way, Un feel-ing beau-ty! My

I'd

laugh my rank to scorn In u-nion ho-ly, Were he more high-ly born_ Or

heart with an-guish torn, Bows down be-fore her; She laughs my love to scorn_ Yet

67

p

72

rit.  pp

rit.  pp

I more low-ly.

I a-dore her.
No. 12

FINALE. ACT I

Allegretto moderato

Ralph (recit.)

Can I survive this over-bearing? Or live a life of mad despair?

Allegro con brio

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

Sops & Conts.


Tenors & Basses.

The maiden treats my suit with scorn, Re-

cheer, what cheer?

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

bly born, And

cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

Oh! cruel one! oh! cruel one!

Oh! cruel one! oh! cruel one!
Deadeye

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

Hebe

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

Boatswain

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

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

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

38

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

tan-nia's sailors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to insult? No! No!
You must submit you are but slaves, A lady she!
Oh! Oh!
You lowly

toilers of the waves, She spurns you all I told you so!

Chorus

Shall they submit?

Hebe

Boatswain

Deadeye

You must submit, you are but

Are they but slaves?

Shall they submit?

Are we but slaves?

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

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

slaves;

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

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

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

She spurns you all,
rule the waves
And shall they stoop to insult?
No! no!

She spurns you all, I told you so!
rule the waves
And shall they stoop to insult?
No! no!

Cousin Hebe with Altos
Boatswain with Basses
Ralph

Un poco più lento

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

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

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

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

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

Be warn'd, my messmates all who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!

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

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

Josephine

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

Hebe

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

Ralph

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

god of day—the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above, The sky is all a—
god of day—the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above, The sky is all a—
god of day—the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above, The sky is all a—

blaze. We'll chase the lagging hours along, And

blaze. We'll chase the lagging hours along, And

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

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

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

in

in

in

p

and

and

and

He thinks he's

Deadeye

f

p stacc.

won his Josephine, But tho' the sky is now serene, A frowning thunderbolt a-
bove May end their ill-assorted love Which now is all ablaze. Our

124
captain, ere the day is gone, Will be extremely down upon the wicked men who

129
art employ To make his Josephine less coy in many various
cresc.

133
Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen, For now the sky is all serene, The

Our captain soon unless I'm wrong, Will be ex-
God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above, The
tremely down upon The wicked men who art employ, Will be ex-

sky___________ is all a-
sky___________ is all a-
sky___________ is all a-
tremely down upon The wicked men will be extremely down upon them In many various
blaze, is all a-blaze, is all a-blaze, is all a-blaze.
ways.
In many various ways, Our captain soon will

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

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

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

crescendo
This very night,

With bated breath,

Exactly the same time

And muffled oar —

pp staccato

out a light,

A clergyman

As still as death,

We'll steal a-shore.

Shall

And then we can

make us one

Boatswain

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

This very night, with

ba - ted breath, And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death, We'll

ba - ted breath, And muf - fled oar - With - out a light, As still as death They'll
man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none-
man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none-
man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none-
man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none-

part us then!
part them then!
part us then!
part them then!

Can part them then!
Can part them then!
Can part them then!
Can part them then!
Deadeye (recit.)  
Moderato

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

And you, the meanest slave that crawls the water Back, vermin, back, Nor mock us! Back, vermin, back, You shock us!
Allegro con brio

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

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

gives up home and fortune, too, For the honest love of a sailor true! Tra,
gives up home and fortune, too, For the honest love of a sailor true! Tra,
244

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

248

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

252

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

Vivace

For a British tar is a soaring soul As
free as a mountain bird; His energetic fist should be ready to resist A

dictatorial word! His eyes should flash with an inborn fire, His

brow with scorn be wrung; He never should bow down to a domineering frown, Or the

tang of a tyrant tongue. Ralph, Boatswain, Carpenter, Tenors & Basses (unison)

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

Sopranos & Contraltos
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

Tenors & Basses
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

hair should twirl and his face should scowl, His eyes should flash and his breast protrude, And

hair should twirl and his face should scowl, His eyes should flash and his breast protrude, And
this should be his customary attitude, His eyes should flash, his

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

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

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

this should be his customary attitude, His attitude,

this should be his customary attitude, His attitude,
breast pro trude, His eyes should

breast pro trude, His eyes should

breast pro trude, His eyes should

breast pro trude, His eyes should

His at ti tude, his cus to ma ry

His at ti tude, his cus to ma ry
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
flash, his eyes should flash, his breast pro-
at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude, his

trude, His eyes
should flash,

trude, His eyes
should flash,

trude, His eyes
should flash,

Più vivo

at-ti-tude.

His eyes,
should flash,
His foot should stamp and his
should flash,
His foot should stamp and his
should flash,
His foot should stamp and his
should flash,
His foot should stamp and his
His foot should stamp and his
His foot should stamp and his

face, his face should scowl;

face, his face should scowl;

face, his face should scowl;

face, his face should scowl;

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

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

No. 13

SONG (Captain Corcoran)

Moderato

PIANO

Capt. Corcoran

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

Say, why is ev-ry thing Ei-ther at six-es or at se-vens?

Say, why is ev-ry thing Ei-ther at six-es or at se-vens? I have
liv'd hi-ther-to  
Free from the breath of

slander,  
Belov'd by all my crew,

really po-pular com-man-der.  
But now my kind-ly crew re-

bel,

My daugh-ter to a tar is par-
tial,  
Sir

Jo-seph storms, and, sad to tell,  
He threat-ens a court-
cresc.
mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing,

Bright re - gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is ev - ery - thing ei - ther at six - es or at se - vens?

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

colla voce
No. 14

DUET (Mrs. Cripps & Captain Corcoran)

Allegro

Things are seldom what they seem,

Skim milk masque-rades as cream, High- lows pass as patent leathers,

Jack-daws strut in peacock's feathers. Very true, so they do.

Black sheep dwell in ev'ry fold, All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs, Bulls are but inflated frogs

So they be, frequently.

Drops the wind and stops the mill, Turbot is ambitious brill; Gild the far-thing if you will,

Yet it is a far-thing still. Yes, I know, That is so.

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

Mrs. Cripps

Stern conviction's o'er him stealing That the mystic lady's dealing

Captain

Stern conviction's o'er me stealing That the mystic lady's dealing

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

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

Captain

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

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

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

I a--gree. Paw of cat the chest--nut snatches, Worn--out garments

show new patches; On--ly count the chick that hatches, Men are grown up catch--y catchies.
Mrs. Cripps

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

semblable! I'll dissemble! When he sees at what I'm

him tremble—let him tremble!

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

Tho' a mystic tone you borrow, I shall learn the truth with sorrow;
Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
That is so!
Here to-day and gon to-mor-row.
Yes, I know.
I'll dis-semble,
I'll dis-semble,
Let him trem-ble!
Let him
Tho' a mys-tic tone you borrow,
I shall learn the truth with sorrow,
Let him trem-ble!
Yes, I know,
that is so!
Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Yes, I know,
that is so!
No. 15

SCENA (Josephine)

Andante

The hours creep on apace.

My guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retrace.

The step that I am taking;

It's folly it were easy to be showing;

What I am giving up,

and whither going.

On the one hand papa's luxurious home

Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses

7

guilty heart is quaking!

Oh, that I might retrace. The step that I am taking;

It's folly it were easy to be showing;

What I am giving up.

and whither going.
Carved oak, and tapestry from distant Rome

Rare "blue and white", Venetian finger-glasses, Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows, And

Ev-erything that isn't old, from Gil- lows! And, on the other, a dark and dingy room

In some back street with stuffy children crying,

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume, And clothes are hanging out all day drying,

With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in, And

Dinner served up in a pudding basin!

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

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

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

rallentando

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

simple sailor lowly born, unlettered and unknown, no

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

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

say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey, my

Which shall my heart obey Which shall my heart obey

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

Allegro vivace

Josephine (verse 3)

3. Ne- ver mind the why and where-fore, Love can le- vel ranks, and

Captain (verse 1)

1. Ne- ver mind the why and where-fore, Love can le- vel ranks, and

Sir Joseph (verse 2)

2. Ne- ver mind the why and where-fore, Love can le- vel ranks, and

12

3. there-fore I ad- mit the ju- ris- dic- tion; A- bly have you play'd your part, You have
1. there-fore, Tho' his Lord- ship's sta- tion's migh- ty, Tho' stu- pen- dous be his brain, Tho' her
2. there-fore, Tho' your nau- ti- cal re- la- tion In my set could scarcely pass, Tho' you
Lord who rules the water And a tar who ploughs the water.

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

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

Let the air with joy be laden,

Ring the merry bells on board ship

For the union of a maiden

For her union with his Lordship,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air above,

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

DUET (Captain & Deadeye)

[Allegretto]

Kind Captain, I've important information, Sing hey, the kind Commander that you are, About a certain intimate relation, Sing hey, the merry

The merry maiden, The merry, merry

The merry, merry

Deadeye

Piano
mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the
maiden, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mai - den and the

27

good
tar.
tar.
p

32
fellow, in con - un - drums you are speak - ing, Sing hey, the mystic

37
sai - lor that you are, The ans - wer to them vain - ly I am
seek - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, Sing

The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry

hey, the mer - ry mai - den and the tar.

maiden, The mai - den and the tar.

p
Deadeye

Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing, Sing hey, the simple Captain that you are, This very night with

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

Captain

The merry maiden, The tar.
The merry, merry
mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The much too mer - ry mai - den_ and the
mai - den, The mer - ry, mer - ry mai - den, The mai - den_ and the

tar. Good
tar.
fel - low, you have gi - ven time - ly warn - ing, Sing hey, the thought - ful

sai - lor that you are, I'll talk to Mas - ter Rackstraw in the
98
morn - ing
Sing hey, the cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar.

103
The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The
The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails, The mer - rycat, The

108
mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails_ and the tar.
mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails_ and the tar.

112
p
Carefully on tip-toe

stealing, breathing gently as we may,

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

Goodness me! Why, what was that? Silent be, It was the cat! It
was, it was the cat! They're right, it was the cat!
Pull a-shore in fashion steady, Hy- men
will defray the fare, For a clerg- y- man is
ready To unite the happy pair.
Goodness
me, Why, what was that? Si - lent be, A - gain the

p

pp

Chorus Captain

It was a - gain that cat! They're

f"p

p

Josephine Ralph Captain

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion right, it was the cat!

Deadeye

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

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

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

Tenors

Basses
sists upon knowing Where you may be going With these sons of the brine.

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

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

foes we could thump any, We're scarce ly fit company For a lady like you! Proud
of - fi-cer, that haughty lip un - curl!

Vain man, supress that su-per - ci-ous

sneeer,

For I have dared to love your match - less girl,

A

fact well known to all my mess - mates here!

Oh, hor - ror!

Josephine

He,

hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born,

The mean - est in the

Ralph

I,

hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born,

The mean - est in the
port division - The butt of epauletted scorn - The

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

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

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

wormy eyes Above the dust to which you'd mould me, In manhood's glorious
pride to rise
He is an Englishman, be
pride to rise
I am an Englishman, be

hold him!
hold me!
Boatswain

Tenors

He is an Englishman!

Basses

He is an Englishman!

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

Moderato
credit, That he is an Englishman! For he

That he is an Englishman!

That he is an Englishman!

might have been a Russian, A French or Turk or Prussian, Or perhaps Italian!

But in spite of all temptations To be-

Or perhaps Italian!
long to o- ther na- tions, He re- mains an Eng- lish- man! He re-

Chorus
$rall.$

man_ an_ Eng- lish-man! For in spite of all tem-

$\textbf{Boatswain}$

He re- mains an Eng- lish- man! He re- mains an Eng-

$\textbf{Chorus}$

$rall.$
In uttering a reprobation To any British tar, I try to speak with moderation, But you have gone too far. I'm very sorry to disparage A humble foremast lad, But to seek your captain's child in marriage Why damme, it's too
bad! Yes dam-me, it's too bad! Yes, dam-me, it's too bad!

Deadeye

Sopranos & Altos

Yes, dam-me, it's too bad!

Oh!

Tenors & Basses

Oh!

Oh!

Did you hear him—did you hear him? Oh, the mon¬ster o-ver

pp

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

pp

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

He said dam-me,

he said dam-me,

Yes,

Yes,

he said dam-me,

dam-me, dam-me, dam-me,

dam-me, dam-me, Yes,

156

swearing!

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

dam-me.

160

ea-sy to ex-press;

My a-maze-ment, my sur-prise, You may learn from the ex-
pres- sion of my eyes! My lord-

one word-- the facts are not before you, The

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

pla-

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

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

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

Sopranos & Altos.
Sir Joseph
per-i-ty!

For I'll

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

Tenors & Basses

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

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

stringendo molto

Hebe sempre stringendo

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

sempre stringendo
is an Englishman! For he himself has said it, And it's

That he greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman! That he

is an Englishman.
No. 19

OCTETT & CHORUS

Allegréto moderato

Fare- well my own, Light of my life, fare-well!

For crime un-known I go to a dungeon cell.

I will a-tone; In the meantime, fare-well!

And all a-lone Re-joice in your dungeon cell!

Sir Joseph

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

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

phone Communicates with his cell! But when is known The

phone Communicates with his cell!

phone Communicates with his cell!

phone Communicates with his cell!
secret I have to tell, 
Wide will be thrown the door of his dungeon cell.

cresc.

Josephine

Farewell, my own, 
Light of my life, farewell! 
And all a-

Hebe

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
Let him be

Mrs. Cripps

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
For crime un-

Ralph

Farewell, my own, 
Light of my life, farewell! 
For crime un-

Sir Joseph

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
Let him be

Deadeye

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
For crime un-

Boatswain

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
For crime un-

Carpenter

He'll hear no tone 
Of her he loves so well! 
For crime un-

Chorus: Sopranos & Altos

p

For crime un-

Tenors & Basses

p

For crime un-
Jos.
cresc.
molto

lone Rejoice in your dungeon, your dungeon cell!

Heb.
cresc.
molto

shown At once to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Mrs.
cresc.
molto

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Ral.
cresc.
molto

known I go to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Sir J.
cresc.
molto

shown at once to his dungeon, his dungeon cell!

Dead.
cresc.
molto

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Boat.
cresc.
molto

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

Car.
cresc.
molto

known He goes to a dungeon, a dungeon cell!

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

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

maze - ment, my sur - prise Again you may dis - co - ver from my eyes! How

Mrs. Cripps

ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his eyes! Hold! Ere up - on your

loss you lay much stress, A long con - ceal - ed crime I would con - fess!
No. 20

LEGEND (Mrs. Cripps & Chorus)

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

Now this is most alarming! When
she was young and charming, She practis'd baby-farming, A many years a-

Two tender babes I nuss'd. One was of low condition; The go.

other, upper crust, A regular patentian. Now, this is the po-
cresc.
sition, One was of low condition, The other a patrician, A

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

Mrs. Cripps

2. Oh, bitter is my

many years ago.

many years ago.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Josephine

Oh joy, oh rapture

Hebe

Oh joy, oh rapture

Ralph

Oh joy, oh rapture

Deadeye

Oh joy, oh rapture

PIANO

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

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

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

unforeseen! The clouded sky is now serene, The god of day, the
In the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all above;
In the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all above;
In the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all above;
In the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all above;

We'll chase the lagging blaze.
They'll chase the lagging blaze. With wooing words and loving song We'll chase the lagging blaze. With wooing words They'll chase the lagging hours a-
hours a-long, And if he finds the maiden coy, We'll murmur forth de-
cresc.

hours a-long, And if he finds the maiden coy, They'll murmur forth de-
cresc.

long, And if he finds the maiden coy, I'll murmur forth de-
cresc.

hours a-long, And if he finds the maiden coy, They'll murmur forth de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
cresc.

corous joy, In dream - - - y round - de-
lays.  
lays.  Captain  
lays.  For he's the cap-tain of the Pin-a-fore,  Chorus of Men  
lays.  And a right good cap-tain  

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

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

humble rank of life! And you, my own, are she. I must wander to and fro, But wherever I may go, I shall never be untrue to thee!

Chorus of Men

No, never!

What, never? What never?
Captain

Tenors

Basses

Hard-ly e-ver!

Hard-ly e-ver be un-true to thee.

Then

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

Then

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

Then

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

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

For he loves little Butter-cup, dear little Butter-cup,

Though I could never tell why;

But still he loves Butter-cup, poor little

Butter-cup, Sweet little Butter-cup, aye!

For he loves little Butter-cup,

dear little Butter-cup, Though I could never tell why;

But still he loves
Butter-cup, dear little Butter-cup, sweet little Butter-cup, aye! I'm the monarch of the sea, and when I've married thee, I'll be stringendo molto.

True to the devotion that my love implants, then goodbye to your sisters and your cousins, and your aunts, especially your cousins whom you reckon up by dozens.

Tutti

Then good
bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts, Especially your cousins, Whom you
reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts! For he is an
Eng-lish-man! For he him-self has said it,
And its greatly to his credit, That he is an Englishman! That he is an Englishman!