Poster for the American production restored by Adam Cuerden, courtesy of the Gilbert and Sullivan Archive

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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 nursemaws" 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).
- 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.

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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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UTOPIA LIMITED;

OR,

THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING PARAMOUNT THE FIRST (King of Utopia)
SCAPHIO (Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court)
PHANTIS
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 (her Younger Sisters)
THE PRINCESS KALYBA
THE LADY SOPHY (their English Gouvernante)

SALATA
MELENE (Utopian Maidens)
PHYLLA

ACT I.—A UTOPIAN PALM GROVE.

ACT II.—THRON ROOM IN KING PARAMOUNT’S PALACE.
UTOPIA, LIMITED
OR, THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS

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ACT I.


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If you think that when banded in unity
Oh Zara + A tenor all singer above
Words of love too loudly spoken
Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses
This ceremonious our wish displays + Eagle high
With fury deep we burn
If you think that when banded in unity
With wily brain upon the spot
A wonderful joy our eyes to bless
Then I may sing and play
Oh, would some demon power
When but a maid of fifteen year
Ah, Lady Sophy, then you love me
Oh, rapture unrestrained
Upon our sea-girt land
There’s a little group of isles beyond the wave
Ah! gallant soldier brave and true (Chappell)
Introduction
(Instrumental)

Dialogue and lyrics by: Sir William S. Gilbert
Music by: Sir Arthur Sullivan

Allegro moderato
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, PHYLRA, 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

Andante espressivo

Women:

In lazy languor motionless,

We
lie and dream of nothingness; For visions come From poppydom Direct at our command: Or, delicate alternate, In open idleness we live, With lyre and lute And


silver flute, The life of Lazy land! In lazy languor

motion-less, We lie and dream of nothingness.
Phylla:

The song of birds in ivied towers; The rippling play of

wa ter-way; The low ing herds; The breath of flowers; The

lan guid loves of turtle doves.

Women:

The song of birds in
Phylla:

The ivied towers; The rippling play of waterway;

lowing herds; The breath of flowers; The languid loves of turtle doves.

Women:

These simple joys are
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 falalah!

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" newspaper).

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 "Lalabalele molola lililah kallalale poo!" (All horrified.) I don't care--the occasion demands it. (Exit Tarara)
Chorus:

O make way for the Wise Men! They are prize-men, Double first in the world's uni-verse-ty!

For tho' love-ly this is-land (Which is my land), She has no one to match them in her ci-ty. They're the pride of U-to-pia. Cor-nu-co-pia is each in his men-tal fer-

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

Chorus

(March. Enter Guard, escorting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS)
tili - ty

O they nev-er make blun-der, And no won-der, For they're tri-umphs of in-fal - li - bili-ty! So make way for the Wise Men! They are prize-men. Dou-ble-
cresc.
cresc.

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.

For they nev-er make blun-der, And no won-der, For they're tri-umphs of in-fal - li - bili-ty!
No. 2a. In every mental lore

Scaphio, Phantis, and Chorus

1. In every mental lore

Scaphio:

Phantis:

Sca:

Phan:

Sca:

Phan:

Sca:

Phan:
Phan:

"til-i-ty," We're "cast" to play a part—a part Of great re-son-si-bil-i-ty. Our

ri-cu-lars; It's not a plea-sant sight—asant sight We'll spare you the par-tic-u-lars. It's

Phan:

ri-cu-lars; It's not a plea-sant sight—asant sight We'll spare you the par-tic-u-lars. It's

Sca:

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-

Phan:

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

Both:

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-
Chorus:

At least in the land, So bland, so bland! O

make way for the Wise Men! They are prize-men Double-first in the world's uni-

ver-si-ty!

For though lovely this island (Which is

my land), She has no one to match them in her ci-ty.

(Exeunt all but SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.)
(Phantis is pensive.)

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

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

Phantis: 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!
No. 3. Let all your doubts take wing

Scaphio and Phantis

Allegro moderato

Scaphio: 1. Let all your doubts take wing
Phantis: friend-ly aid con-ferred,
Our in-flu-ence is great.
If Para-mount our King
Presume to hes-i-tate,
Put pine.
I've but to speak the word, And lo!
the maid is mine! I

on the screw, And cau-tion him
That he will rue
Dis-as-ter grim
That must en-sue
To do not choose
To be de-nied, Or wish to lose
A love-ly bride
If to re-fuse
The
life and limb, Should he pooh-pooh This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This King de-cide, The Ro-y-al shoes Then woe be-tide! Then woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide, Then

Both

harm-less whim, This harm-less whim. It is as you say, A harm-less whim, A harm-less whim. woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide! The Ro-y-al shoes Then woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide!

Phantis: Ob-serve this dance Which I em-ploy When
Scaphio: This step to use I con-de-scend When
I, by chance,  
Go mad with joy.  
What sentiment  
Does e'er I choose  
To serve a friend.  
What it implies  
Now goes this express?  
What sentiment Does this express?  
Now try to guess.  
What it implies Now try to guess.

1. (PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO vainly endeavors to discover its meaning.)
Phantis: Supreme content and happiness! Of course it does, Of

Scaphio: It typifies Unselfishness! Of course it does, Of

Both hap - pi - ness! Of course it does Supreme content And hap - pi - ness! Of course it does, Of course it does It's course it does It typifies Unselfishness! Of course it does, Of course it does Un-

hap - pi - ness!
sel - fish - ness!

Phantis: 2. Your

(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).
Nectar, cull the roses. Gather

Fruit and flow'rs in plenty! For our

King no longer posses. Sing the
songs of nineteenth!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Wake the lute that sets us lilt ing.
Dance a
welcome to each com- er;
Day by day our year is wilt- ing, Sing the sun- ny songs of
summer! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

- 27 -
la! Sing the sunny songs of summer!
No. 4a. A King of autocratic power we

King Paramount and Chorus

King:

Piu lento e pesante

1. A

King of au-to-cratic pow-er we, A des-pot whose ty-ran-nic will is law, Whose
pen-dous when we rouse our-selves to strike, Re-sist-less when our ty-rant thun-der peals. We

rule is par-a-mount o'er land and sea, A Pre-sence of un-ut-ter-a-ble awe! But
of-ten won-der what ob-struc-tion's like, And how a con-tra-dic-ted mon-arch feels! But
though the awe that I inspire, Must shrivel with imperial fire, All foes whom it may chance to touch, To judge by what I see and hear, It does not seem to interfere With popular enjoyment much.

Women: No, no it does not interfere. With our enjoyment much.

Men: No, no what thwart-ed mon-arch feels, You'll never, never know.
Recit. King:

My subjects all, it is your wish emphatic That all Utopia shall henceforth be

modell'd Up on that glorious country called Great Britain To

a tempo Andante

Chorus:

which some add but others do not Ireland.

It is!
Recit. King:

That being so, as you insist upon it, We have arranged that our two younger daughters, Who have been "finished" by an English Lady, Shall daily be exhibited in public, That all may learn what, from the English standpoint, Is looked upon as maidenly perfection!

A grave and good and gracious English Lady, Shall daily be exhibited in public, That all may learn what, from the English standpoint, Is looked upon as maidenly perfection!
Come hither daughters!

(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.)

Women: p

How fair! how modest! how discreet! How bashfully demure! See how they

Men: p

How fair! how modest! how discreet! How bashfully demure! See how they
blush, as they've been taught, At this publicity unsought! How blush, as they've been taught, At this publicity unsought! How

Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure! Eng - lish and how pure! How Eng - lish and how pure!

Allegretto moderato

p
Although of native maids the cream

Nekaya and Kalyba

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

[Music notation]

Although of native maids the cream, We're brought up on the English scheme The
And as we stand like clock-work toys, A lecture whom pa-pa-ern-ploys Pro-

(1) Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:

best of all For great and small Who mod-est ways And guile-less char-ac-ter. For Eng-lish girls are good as gold, Ex-

treme-ly mod-est (so we're told), De-mure-ly coy Di-vine-ly cold And we are that and more. To

(2) Nekaya:
Kalyba:

famous look of mild sur-prize (Which com-pet-ition still de-fies) Our ce-le-brat-ed "Sir!!!" Then
please pa-pa who argues 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 Ours

(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

(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. Oh - maids of high and low de-gree, Whose so-cial code is rath-er free, Please look at us,
Lady Sophy: Recit.

This morning we propose to illustrate A course of maiden courtship, from the start To the triumphant matrimo

(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.)

and you will see What good young ladies ought to be!

(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.)

1. 2. 3. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Vers 2.0   10 Oct 2011
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.)

Lady Sophy:

1. Bold-fac'd ranger (Per-fect stran-ger) Meets two
2. As he gaz-es, Hat he rais-es, En-ters
3. His in-ten-tions Then he men-tions. Some-thing

well-be-haved young la-dies. He's at-trac-tive, Young and ac-tive__ Each a
in-to con-ver-sa-tion. Makes ex-cus-es__ This pro-duces In-ter-
de-fin-ite to go on.__ Makes re-ci-tals Of his ti-tles, Hints at

lit-tle bit a-fraid is. Youth ad- vances. At his glan-ces, To their
es-ting agi-ta-tion. He, with dar-ing, Un-des-pair-ing. Gives his
set-tle-ments, and so on. Smil-ing sweet-ly, They, dis-cret-ly, Ask for
danger they awaken. They repel him. As they tell him He is
card his rank discloses. Little heed ing. This proceeding. They turn
further ev idences: Thus in vited. He, de light ed. Gives the

ev ery much mis taken. Very, very much mis taken.
up their little nos es. Yes, their little, little nos es.
us ual refer ences. (Don't forget the refer ences.)

Though they speak to him polite ly. Please observe they're sneering
Pray observe this lesson vital. When a man of rank and
This is business. Each is fluter'd. When the offer's fairly

slight ly. Just to show he's acting vainly. This is Virtue saying

title His position first discloses. Always cock your little
ut ered: "Which of them has his affection?" He declines to make se-
(1st verse) plainly: "Go away, young bachelor. We are not what you take us for!"

(2nd verse) noses. When at home, let all the class Try this in the looking glass.

(3rd verse) lesson. Do they quarrel for his dross? Not a bit of it They toss! Ah!

When addressed impertinently, English ladies answer

Please observe this cogent moral.

English girls of well-bred notions Shun all unhears'd e-

Gent-ly: "Go away, young bachelor. We are not what you take us for!"

Eng-lish girls of high-est class Prac-tice them be fore the quarrel. When a doubt they come a-cross Eng-lish la-dies al-ways
For glass, toss.

Women:
1. English ladies answer gently, When addressed imperatively
2. English girls of well-bred notions Shun all unrehearsed ears
3. We'll observe this cogent moral Eng-lish ladies never

Men:
1. English ladies answer gently, When addressed imperatively
2. English girls of well-bred notions Shun all unrehearsed ears
3. We'll observe this cogent moral Eng-lish ladies never

Quartet:
1 & 2. "Go away, young bachelor, We're not what you take us for!" Eng-lish girls of high-est class Prac-tice them be-fore the glass.

Quarrel. When a doubt they come a-cross, Eng-lish la-dies al-ways
Lady Sophy:

The lecture's ended.

In ten minutes' space

(Twill be repeated in the marketplace!

(Exit LADY SOPHY, followed by NEKAYA and KALYBA.)
Women:

Quaff the nectar, cull the roses, Bashful girls will soon be plenty!

Maid who thus at fifteen posèes Ought to be divine at twenty!

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

Allegro con brio

1. First you're born and I'll be bound you find a dozen strangers round you.
2. You grow up and you discover what it is to be a lover.
3. Ten years later. Time progresses. Sours your temper, thins your tresses.

"Hallo," cries the new-born baby. "Where's my parents? Which may they be?"
Some young lady is selected. Poor, perhaps, but well-connected.
Fancy, then, her chain relaxes; Rates are facts and so are taxes.

Awkward silence no reply. Puzzled baby wonders why!
Whom you hail (for Love is blind) As the Queen of fairy kind.
Fairy Queen's no longer young. Fairy Queen has got a tongue.
Father rises, bows politely. Mother smiles (but not too brightly). Doctor mumbles
Though she's plain, perhaps unsightly. Makes her face up laces tightly. In her form your
Twins have probably intruded. Quite unbidden just as you did. They're a source of

like a dumb thing. Nurse is busy mixing something. Every symptom tends to show
funny traces. All the gifts of all the graces. Rivals none the maiden woo. So
care and trouble. Just as you were. only double. Comes at last the final stroke.

(1 & 2) All:
(3) King:

You're decided. You take her and she takes you! Time has had his little joke! Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Time's teetotum, Joke beginning

Dally driv'en

If you spin it, gives its quo'tum. Once a minute, I'll go bail. You hit the nail, And
Never ceases, till your inning. Time re-leas'es. On your way you blindly stray, And
(Wife as drover) Ill you've thri'ven. Ne'er in clo-ver. Last ly, when Three-score and ten (And

And
if you fail The deuce is in it!
not till then), The joke is over!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Daily driven (Wife as drover) Ill you've thriven

Ne'er in clo-ver. Last-ly, when Three-score and ten (And not till then) The joke is over!

(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 Peep 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 Peep), 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 fermentation. 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

King:

Andante allegretto

Subjected to your heavenly gaze

(Literary phrase),

My brain is turned completely, Ob-

serve me now. No Monarch, I vow, Was ever so far afflicted! I'm pleased with that po-

e-tical phrase, "A heavenly gaze".

But tho' you put it
neatly, Say what you will, Those para-graphs still Remain un-con-tradic-ted. Come,

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-
peals to me most strongly. To treat this pest as you suggest would pain my Majesty.

Lady Sophy: great-ly! This writer lies! Yes, bother his eyes! He lives, you say? In a

King: sort of a way. Then have him shot. Decid-edly not. Or crush him flat. I

Lady Sophy: O royal Rex, My blame-less sex Abhors such con-duct shad-y. You

King: can-not do that. O royal Rex, Her blame-less sex Abhors such con-duct shad-y. I

Lady Sophy: O royal Rex, My blame-less sex Abhors such con-duct shad-y. You
plead in vain, You nev-er will gain Respect-a-ble Eng-lish la-dy!

plead in vain, I nev-er will gain Respect-a-ble Eng-lish la-dy!

Respect-a-ble Eng-lish la-dy!

(Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.)
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.

Allegro con brio
Women:

Oh maiden rich in Girton lore, That wisdom which we prized before, We

do confess is nothingness, And rather less perhaps than more. On each of us thy

learning shed. On calculus may we be fed. And teach us please to speak with ease all

languages alive and dead! On each of us thy learning shed.
Zara: Five years have flown since I took wing. Time flies, and his foot-step ne'er retards.

Troopers: I'm the eldest daughter of your king. And

Tempo I.

we are the escort, First Life Guards!

On the royal yacht, When the waves were white, In a

helmet hot And a tunic tight, And our great big boots, We defied the storm: For we're not recruits, And his uniform A
well-drill'd troop-er ne'er dis-cards. And we are her es-cort: First Life Guards!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!

And we are the escort: First Life Guards!

These gen-tle-men I pre-sent to you, The pride and boast of their bar-rack yards.

They've tak-en, O, such care of me! For
Tempo I.

When the tempest rose, And the ship went so

Do you suppose we were ill? No, no! Tho' a qualmish lot, In a tunic tight, And a

helmet hot, And a breastplate bright (Which a well-drill'd troop'er ne'er discards), We

stood as the escort: First Life Guards!

The
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!

We stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!

Chorus:

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!

We stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!

Chorus:

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!

We stood as the es-cort: First Life Guards!
Zara:
Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!
Trumpet call of Princess Zara!

Fitzbattleaxe:
And

Troopers:
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.

Chorus:
That's trump call and they're all trump cards.

Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un-

Fitzbattleaxe:
we are the escort: First Life Guards!

Troopers:
we are the escort: First Life Guards!

Chorus:
They're her escort the

Nek. & Kal. with Soprano
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! For
told, when your eyes be - hold Your 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 - cout the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra!

First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra!

First, the First Life - Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra!

They’re - her es - cort the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're - her es - cout the

And the years will seem But a brief day -
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 -

And the years will seem But a brief day -
dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -
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dream In our hap - pi - ness! And the years will seem But a brief day -

And the years will seem But a brief day -
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 -

And the years will seem But a brief day -

(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

Zara:

Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true
In tented field and tourney,
I grieve to have occasion'd you
So very long a journey,

Fitzbattleaxe:

When soldier seeks Utopian glades
In charge of Youth and Beauty,
Then pleasure merely masquerades
As Regimen...
Duty!


The Trumpet call of Princess Zara!

Fitzbattleaxe: And we are the escort: First Life Guards!

Troopers: And we are the escort: First Life Guards!

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!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es - cort: First Life Guards! 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!

They're her es - cort the First Life Guards! Tan-tan - ta - ra -

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 -

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

ra! ______ Tan - ta - ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the

ra! ______ Tan - ta - ra! The First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the

ra! ______ Tan - ta - 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

Fitzbattleaxe:

Allegro moderato

It's understood, I think, all round That, by the English
custom bound, I hold the lady safe and sound In trust for either rival, Until you clearly
tes-ti-fy By sword or pistol bye and bye, Which gentleman prefers to die, And which prefers sur-

rall. a tempo rall. a tempo
Zara:

We stand, I think, on safe and sound 

in trust for either rival, until we clearly testify 

by sword or pistol, 

We stand, I think, on safe and sound 

in trust for either rival, until we clearly testify 

by sword or pistol, 

man is found prepared to meet his rival. 

Their machinations we defy; 

man is found prepared to meet his rival. 

Their machinations we defy; 

Phantis:

We stand, I think, on safe and sound 

in trust for either rival, until we clearly testify 

by sword or pistol, 

It's clearly understood all round, That, 

by your English custom bound, He holds the lady 

It's clearly understood all round, That, 

by your English custom bound, He holds the lady 

Scaphio:

We stand, I think, on safe and sound 

in trust for either rival, until we clearly testify 

by sword or pistol, 

It's clearly understood all round, That, 

by your English custom bound, He holds the lady 

It's clearly understood all round, That, 

by your English custom bound, He holds the lady
you and I. Of blood-shed each is rather shy They both prefer survival!
bye and bye, Which gentleman prefers to die, And which prefers survival. If I should die and
he should live, To you, without reserve, I give Her heart so young and sensitive, And all her pre-
Phantis:
lec-tions. If he should live and I should die, I see no kind of reason 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 officer I give Her heart so soft and sensitive, And all her predilections. If you should live and

neither die, I see no kind of reason why You

neither die, I see no kind of reason 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 affections. As both of us are positive That both of them intend to live, There's

should not, if I wish it, try To gain your young affections. If I should die and you should live, To this young officer I give Her

I should die, I see no kind of reason why He should not, if he chooses, try To win her young affections. If I should die and you should live, To this young officer I give Her

I should die, I see no kind of reason why He should not try To win her young affections. If I should die and you should live, To this young officer I give Her
nothing in the case to give us cause for grave reflections. As both will live and neither die, I

heart so soft and sensitive, And all her predilections. If you should live and I should die, I

see no kind of reason why You should not, if you wish it, if you wish it, try To

see no kind of reason why I should not, if I wish it, if I wish it, try To

see no kind of reason why He should not, if he chooses, if he chooses, try To
gain my young af - fec - tions!
gain your young af - fec - tions!

(Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS together.)
gain her young af - fec - tions!

Zara and Capt. Fitzbattleaxe

No. 10. Oh admirable art!
admirable art! Oh neatly planned intention! Oh happy intervention! Oh admirable art! Oh neatly planned intention! Oh happy intervention! Oh

well-constructed plot! Oh well-constructed plot! When sagas try to part Two

well-constructed plot! Oh well-constructed plot! When sagas try to part Two

loving hearts in fusion, Their wisdom's a delusion, And learning servest them not, And learning

loving hearts in fusion, Their wisdom's a delusion, And learning servest them not, And learning
serves them not! Until quite plain Is their intent, These sagés twain I
re-present. Now please infer That, nothing loth, You're henceforth, as it were, En-gág'd to
marry both. Then take it that I re-present the two. On that hy-
pothesis, what would you do? What would I do? What would I
Andantino espressivo

In such a case, Upon your breast, My blushing face I think I'd

rest. Then perhaps I might demurely say, "I find this breast-plate bright Is sorely in the

Fitz:

way!" Our mortal race Is never blest. There's no such case As perfect rest; Some

petty blight asserts its sway. Some crumpled rose-leaf light Is always in the
In such a case, Up-on your breast, My blushing face I think I'd
way! Our mortal race Is never blest. There's no such case as perfect
rest On your breast, On your breast In perfect rest!
rest Per-fect rest, Per-fect rest, As per-fect rest!

(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.)
courte-\-sy was sing-\-u-\-lar-ly free, O-\-be-\-dient to that sum-\-mons we are

courte-\-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?

Recit.

King:

My wor-\-thy peo-\-ple, my be-\-lov-\-ed daugh-\-ter Most thought-\-ful-ly has brought with her from

Eng-land The types of all the caus-\-es that have made that great and glo-\-rious coun-\-try what it
Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)

Women: Why, what does this mean?

Men: Oh joy unbounded!

a tempo maestoso

Recit. Zara:

What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean? Attend to me, Utopian populace Ye South Pacific Island viviparians; All, in the abstract,
types of courtly grace, Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race, But

Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race, But little better than half-clothed barbarians!

Women: Yes, contrasted when with English-men, we're

Men: Yes, contrasted when with English-men, we're

Sca., Phan., & Tarara: What does this mean? What does this mean?

little better than half-clothed barbarians!

little better than half-clothed barbarians!
(Enter all the Flowers of Progress led by FITZBATTLEAXE.)

Zara: (presenting CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE)

When Brit-ain sounds the trump of

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 sabre gleam for our protection.
He represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Women:
Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Men:
Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Women:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Men:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Women:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Men:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Women:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Men:

Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!
A complicated gentleman allow me to present, Of all the arts and faculties the

terse embodiment; He's a great Arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease That
two and two are three, or five, or anything you please; An eminent Logician who can
make it clear to you That black is white when looked at from the proper point of view; A marvelous Philologist who'll undertake to show That "yes" is but another and a neater form of "no". All preconceived ideas on any subject I can scout, And demonstrate beyond all possibility...
bility of doubt, That whether you're an honest man or whether you're a thief Depends on whose solicitor has given me my brief.

Women:

Yes, yes, yes, That whether you're an honest man or

Men:

Yes, yes, yes, That whether you're an honest man or

whether you're a thief Depends on whose solicitor has given him his brief. Uh-

whether you're a thief Depends on whose solicitor has given 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!

Zara: (presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. BLUSHINGTON)

Allegro grazioso

1. What these may be, U - to - pians all, Per-
Coun - ty Coun - cil - lor ae - claim, Great

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

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-

Vers. 2.0   10 Oct 2011
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

pur-i-fy our Stage.
wick-ed mu-sic halls.
Yes, yes, yes, Court re-pu-ta-tions
In towns I make im-

I re-visit, And pre-sen-ta-tions scru-tin-ize,
Rate I dwell-ing
New plays I

read with jeal-ous eyes, And pur-i-fy the Stage.
hous-es san-i-tate, And pur-i-fy the Halls!
Women:
1. Court reputations he'll revise, And presentations scrutiny.
2. In towns he makes improvements great, Which go to swell the County.

Men:
1. Court reputations he'll revise, And presentations scrutiny.
2. In towns he makes improvements great, Which go to swell the County.

ize, New plays he reads with jealous eyes, And purifies the Stage.
Rate He'll dwelling houses sanitation, And purify the
2. This

Zara:

Women:

Halls! Uh-

Men:

Halls! Uh-

lah-licá! Uh-lah-licá! Uh-lah-licá!

lah-licá! Uh-lah-licá! Uh-lah-licá!

Allegro vivace

Vers. 2.0 10 Oct 2011
A Company Promoter this, with special education Which teaches what Company, but now it must be seven.

Yes, yes, Time was when two were company, but now it must be seven. Stupendous loans to
foreign thrones I've largely advocated. In ginger-pops and pepper-mint drops I've freely speculated. Then mines of gold, of wealth untold, successfully I've floated. And sudden falls in apple-stalls occasionally quoted. And soon or late I always call for Stock Exchange quotation... No schemes too great, and none too small, for Company!
Women:

Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pan-fi-ca-tion!

Men:

Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pan-fi-ca-tion!

Zara: (presenting CAPT. SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.)

[ Andante comodo ]

And last-ly I present Great staccato

Britain'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

Vers 2.0   10 Oct 2011
He'll show you how you may protect your own!

Capt. Corcoran:

I'll teach you how we rule the sea, And terrify the simple Gaul, And how the Saxon and the Celt their Europe-shaking...
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-
Women: No, nev-er! (well), Hard-ly ev-er!


ev-er run a ship a-shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he
ne'er runs his ship a-shore! All hail, all hail, ye
types of England's power Ye heav'n enlight'en'd

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,
Oh, teach us how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight. In our attentive ears.

State,

Oh, teach us how to legislate. Our lightest word will carry weight. In your attentive ears.
Oh, teach the natives of this land

(Who are not quick to understand) Ye wan'd'ers from a mighty State, Oh teach us

(Who are not quick to understand) We wan'd'ers from a mighty State, Will teach them

quick to understand)
how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight,

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight,

how to legislate. Our lightest word will carry weight,

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight,

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight,

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight.

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight.

how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight.

Zara only:

In our attentive ears.

In our attentive ears.

In your attentive ears.

In our attentive ears.

In our attentive ears.
Lim-i-ted! A Com-pa-ny Lim-i-ted? What may that be? The term, I ra-ther think, is new to me.

What does he mean? What does he mean?

A Com-pa-ny Lim-i-ted? What may that be?

Give us a kind of clue! What does he mean? What does he mean? What is he going to do?
Some seven men form an Association,
They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,
If you come to grief, and creditors are ailing,
(If possible, all Peers and Barons.
Quite irrevocative of their capital,
(For nothing that is planned by mortal head is certain to start off with a public declaration.
To what extent they mean to pay their debts, but it's sanctified by custom;
In this Vale of Sorrow saving that one's liability is limited.

Molto vivace

Goldbury:

1. Some seven men form an Association,
2. They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,
3. If you come to grief, and creditors are ailing,
(If possible, all Peers and Barons.
Quite irrevocative of their capital,
(For nothing that is planned by mortal head is certain to start off with a public declaration.
To what extent they mean to pay their debts, but it's sanctified by custom;
In this Vale of Sorrow saving that one's liability is limited.

Vers 2.0  10 Oct 2011
debts. That's called their Capital: if they are wary They will not al. You can't embark on trading too tremendous It's strictly tied), Do you suppose that signifies perdition? If so, you're

quote it at a sum immense. The figure's immaterial, It may fair, and based on common sense. If you succeed, your profits are stu

but a monetary dunces. You merely file a Wind-ing-Up Pe-

va ry from eighteen million down to eighteen pence. I should put it rather pen dous And if you fail, pop goes your eighteen pence. Make the mon ey spin ner ti tion, And start another Company at once! Though a Rothschild you may

low; The good sense of doing so Will be evident at once to any debt or. spin! For you only stand to win, And you'll never with dishonesty be twitted. be In your own capacity, As a Company you've come to utter sorrow.
When it's left to you to say What amount you mean to pay, Why, the lower you can
For nobody can know, To a million or so, To what extent your
But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't pay," So you start another

put it at the better.
capital's committed!
Company tomorrow!

Women:

1. When it's left to you to say What amount you mean to
2. For nobody can know To a million or
3. But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't

Men:

1. When it's left to you to say What amount you mean to
2. For nobody can know To a million or
3. But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't
pay, Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.
so, To what extent your capital's committed!
pay," So you start another company tomorrow!

last verse

Well, at first sight it strikes us as dis-hon-est. But if it's
good enough for vir-tu-ous
England, The first commercial country in the world, It's good enough for us. You'd best take care. Please re-collect, we have not been consulted! And do I understand you that Great Britain Upon this Joint-Stock principle is governed? We haven't come to that exactly, but we're tending rapidly in that direction. The
date's not distant.

We will be before you! We'll go
down to Posterity renowned as the first sov'reign in Christendom who regist'red his Crown and
Country under the Joint Stock Company's Act of Sixty Two!

Allegro molto vivace

Women:

Men:

UH- LA- LICA!

UH- LA- LICA!
King: Hence forward of a verity, With Fame ourselves we link. We'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! He'll go up to Posterity if I inflict the blow! He'll go down to Posterity. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dynamite! He'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! If you've the mad temerity our wishes thus to blink, You'll go down to Posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! If you've the mad temerity our wishes thus to blink, You'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! He'll go up to Posterity if I inflict the blow! He'll go down to Posterity. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dynamite! He'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! If you've the mad temerity our wishes thus to blink, You'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! He'll go up to Posterity if I inflict the blow! He'll go down to Posterity. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dynamite! He'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! If you've the mad temerity our wishes thus to blink, You'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! He'll go up to Posterity if I inflict the blow! He'll go down to Posterity. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dynamite! He'll go down to Posterity much earlier than you think! If you've the mad temerity our wishes thus to blink, You'll go down to Posterity.
Up, up, up, up!

of course he will, you're right, you're right! Up, up, up, up!

Who love with all sincerity, their lives may safely

link.

And as for our Posterity, we

If he has the temerity our wishes thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-
don't care what they think!  Who love

Who love

Think! He'll go up to Posterity much earlier than they think! He'll go up, he'll go
up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up. If he has the temerity our

Women:  (Lady Sophy with Altos)  Hence - forward of a ver - i - ty with

Men:  (Sir Bailey Barre with Tenors)  (King, Goldbury, Dramaleigh, Blushington, Corcoran with Baritones)  Hence - forward of a ver - i - ty with

Nekaya & Kalyba:  Who love

Who love
with all sincerity, their lives may safely link. And as...
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 Post er i ty much ear li er than they think! He'll go up to Post er i ty much

Fame our selves we link. He'll go down to Post er i ty of sov' reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Post er i ty of

Fame our selves we link. He'll go down to Post er i ty of sov' reigns all the pink! He'll go down to Post er i ty of

Don't care what they think! He'll sov'- reigns all the pink! He'll sov'- reigns all the pink!
earlier than they think! Much earlier than they think, Much earlier than they think! He'll go up to Pos-
sov'reigns all the pink! Of ssov'reigns all the pink, Of ssov'reignsall thepink, Of ssov' - reigns__
sov'reigns all the pink! Of ssov'reigns all the pink, Of ssov'reignsall thepink, Of ssov' - reigns__
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
(Zara, Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos)

seal this mer-cantile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what-ev-er we

(Fitz. with Tenors) (Sca., Phan., & Tarara with Baritones)

lack'd, The state-ment's strictly true. All hail, as-ton-ish-ing Fact! All hail, In-

vend-tion new: The Joint-Stock Com-pa-ny's Act of Parlia-ment Six-ty Two! Let's

FF 1.
Two! The Act of Six - ty Two!

Two! The Act of Six - ty Two!

End of Act I