

ED. 1623

H M S. P I N A F O R E

or THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR



This score contains all the dialogue

BOOK BY

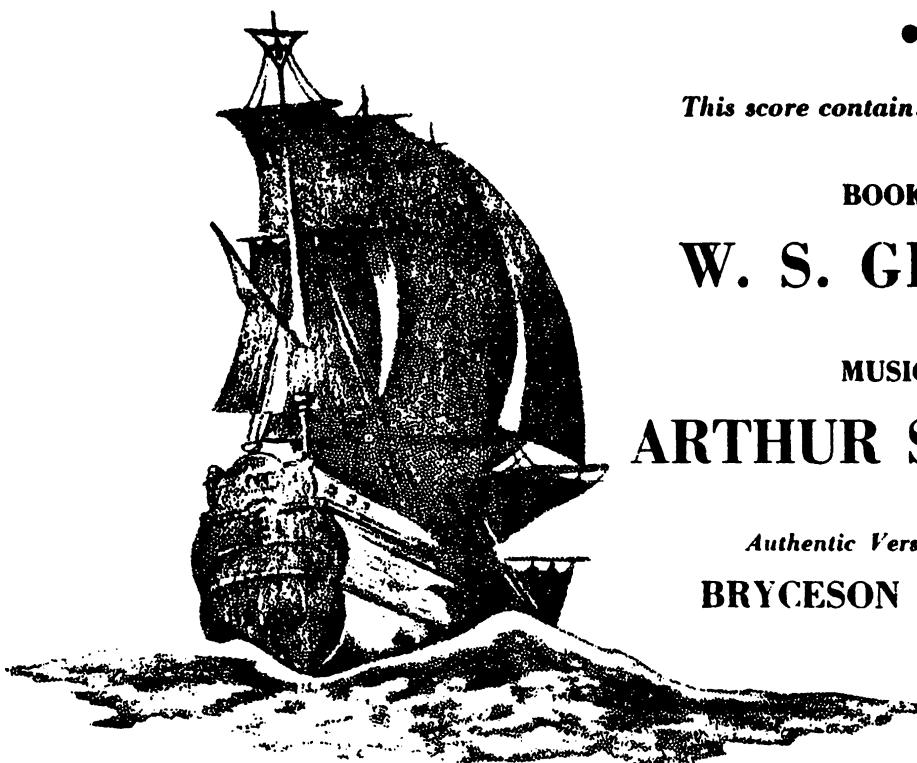
W. S. GILBERT

MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Authentic Version Edited by

BRYCESON TREHARNE



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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B.	<i>First Lord of the Admiralty</i>
CAPTAIN CORCORAN	<i>Commander of H. M. S. Pinafore</i>
RALPH RACKSTRAW	<i>Able Seaman</i>
DICK DEADEYE	<i>Able Seaman</i>
BILL BOBSTAY	<i>Boatswain's Mate</i>
BOB BECKET	<i>Carpenter's Mate</i>
JOSEPHINE	<i>The Captain's Daughter</i>
COUSIN HEBE	<i>Sir Joseph's First Cousin</i>
LITTLE BUTTERCUP	<i>A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman</i>
FIRST LORD'S SISTERS, HIS COUSINS, HIS AUNTS, SAILORS, MARINES, ETC.	

Scene: Quarterdeck of H. M. S. Pinafore, off Portsmouth

ACT I—Noon

ACT II—Night

ARGUMENT

Some time before Act I opens, Ralph has fallen in love with Josephine, the daughter of his commanding officer, Captain Corcoran. Likewise, Little Buttercup, a buxom peddler-woman, has fallen in love with the Captain himself. Class pride, however, stands in the way of the natural inclinations of both the Corcorans to reciprocate Ralph's and Buttercup's affections. The Captain has, in fact, been arranging a marriage between his daughter and Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty, who is of the social class above even the Corcorans.

When Act I opens, the sailors are merrily preparing the ship for Sir Joseph's inspection. The generally happy atmosphere on deck is marred only by Little Buttercup's hints of a dark secret she is hiding, by the misanthropic grumbling of Dick Deadeye, and by the love-lorn plaints of Ralph and Josephine. Sir Joseph appears, attended by a train of ladies (his relatives, who always follow him wherever he goes). He explains how he became Lord of the Admiralty and examines the crew, patronizingly encouraging them to feel that they are everyone's equal, except his. Like the Captain, he is very punctilious, demanding polite diction among the sailors at all times.

Josephine finds him insufferable; and, when Ralph again pleads his suit and finally threatens suicide, she agrees to elope. The act ends with the general rejoicing of the sailors at Ralph's success; only Dick Deadeye croaks his warning that their hopes will be frustrated.

Act II opens with the Captain in despair at the demoralization of his crew and the coldness of his daughter towards Sir Joseph. Little Buttercup tries to comfort him, and prophesies a change in store. But Sir Joseph soon appears and tells the Captain that Josephine has thoroughly discouraged him in his suit; he wishes to call the match off. The Captain suggests that perhaps his daughter feels herself inferior in social rank to Sir Joseph, and urges him to assure her that inequality of social rank should not be considered a barrier to marriage. This Sir Joseph does, not realizing that his words are as applicable to Josephine in relation to Ralph as they are to himself in relation to Josephine. He thinks that she accepts him, whereas actually she is reaffirming her acceptance of Ralph; and they all join in a happy song.

Meanwhile Dick Deadeye has made his way to the Captain, and informs him of the planned elopement of his daughter with Ralph. The Captain thereupon intercepts the elopers; and, when he learns that Josephine was actually running away to marry Ralph, he is so incensed that he cries, "Damme!" Unfortunately, Sir Joseph and his relatives hear him and are horrified at his swearing; Sir Joseph sends him to his cabin in disgrace. But when Sir Joseph also learns from Ralph that Josephine was eloping, he angrily orders Ralph put in irons.

Little Buttercup now comes out with her secret, which solves the whole difficulty: she confesses that many years ago she had charge of nursing and bringing up Ralph and the Captain when they were babies. Inadvertantly, she got them mixed up; so the one who now was Ralph really should be the Captain, and the one now the Captain should be Ralph. This error is immediately rectified. The sudden reversal in the social status of Ralph and the Corcorans removes Sir Joseph as a suitor for Josephine's hand and permits her to marry Ralph, and her father to marry Buttercup. Sir Joseph resigns himself to marrying his cousin, Hebe.

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H. M. S. PINAFORE

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H. M. S. Pinafore
or
The Lass That Loved A Sailor

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Overture

Allegro

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is consistently one flat throughout. The first system starts with a dynamic 'p' and a 6/8 time signature. The second system begins with a dynamic 'f'. The third system features a treble clef change. The fourth system has a bass clef change. The fifth system concludes the score.

Musical score page 2, measures 1-2. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Measure 1 starts with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs. Measure 2 continues with eighth-note pairs.

Musical score page 2, measures 3-4. The top staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The bottom staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. Measure 4 includes dynamic markings: 'ff' (fortissimo) above the top staff and 'ff' (fortissimo) below the bottom staff.

Musical score page 2, measures 5-6. The top staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The bottom staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. Measure 6 ends with a fermata over the top staff.

Musical score page 2, measures 7-8. The top staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The bottom staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. Measure 8 includes dynamic markings: 'rall.' (rallentando) above the top staff and 'bass' (bassoon) below the bottom staff.

Andante

Musical score page 2, measures 9-10. The top staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The bottom staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. Measure 10 includes dynamic markings: 'pp' (pianissimo) above the top staff and 'col pedale' (with pedal) below the bottom staff.

Musical score page 2, measures 11-12. The top staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The bottom staff shows eighth-note pairs followed by sixteenth-note pairs.

Musical score for two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in 2/4 time with a key signature of four flats. Measures 3 and 4 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords.

Allegro vivace

Musical score for two staves. The top staff starts with a dynamic of *f*. Measures 5 and 6 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords. Measure 5 includes fingerings above the notes: 3 4 3 2 over the first two measures, and 1 4 over the next two. Measure 6 includes fingerings below the notes: 3 2 3 1 over the first two measures, and 4 3 1 over the next two.

Musical score for two staves. Measures 7 and 8 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords.

Musical score for two staves. Measures 9 and 10 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords.

Musical score for two staves. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note chords.

1 2 3 2 1 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 1 3 2 1

ff ff ff

34261



A handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of five staves. The score is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The music includes various dynamics such as *f*, *p*, *mf*, and *mf*. Measure 1 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo of $\frac{8}{8}$. Measure 2 changes to a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Measures 3 and 4 show a transition with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo of $\frac{8}{8}$. Measures 5 through 8 feature eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 9 through 12 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 13 through 16 continue the sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 17 through 20 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 21 through 24 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 25 through 28 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 29 through 32 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 33 through 36 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 37 through 40 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 41 through 44 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 45 through 48 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 49 through 52 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 53 through 56 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 57 through 60 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 61 through 64 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 65 through 68 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 69 through 72 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 73 through 76 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 77 through 80 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 81 through 84 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 85 through 88 show sixteenth-note patterns in the bass clef staff. Measures 89 through 92 show eighth-note patterns in the bass clef staff.

ACT I

No. 1 Introduction and Opening Chorus—(Sailors) “We sail the ocean blue”

SCENE:—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.*

Allegretto pesante

p

staccato

con ggra

cresc.

cresc. molto

ff

con ggra

sforz.

BASSES

We sail the o-cean

blue, And our sau- cy ship's a beau-ty; We're so-ber men and true, And at-

TENORS

When the balls whis-tle free O'er the bright blue sea, We

ten-tive to our du - ty. When the balls whis-tle free O'er the bright blue sea, We

stand to our guns all day; When at an-chor we ride On the Ports-mouthtide, We've

stand to our guns all day; When at an-chor we ride On the Ports-mouthtide, We've

plen-ty of time for play. A-hoy! A-hoy! A-hoy! A-

plen-ty of time for play. The balls whis-tle free

hoy! 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.

con grata

 ff We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're
 ff We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're

ff
 so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty. Our
 so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty. Our

8

8

A musical score for a two-part vocal piece, likely for soprano and basso continuo. The score consists of three systems of music.
 System 1: Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "sau - cy ship's a beau-ty, We're at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We're sau - cy ship's a beau-ty, We're at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We're". The bass part includes a dynamic marking "ff" and a performance instruction "con gva". Measure numbers 8 and "con gr..." are indicated below the bass staff.
 System 2: Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - - cean" (repeated). The bass part includes measure number 8.
 System 3: Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "blue." (repeated). The bass part includes a dynamic marking "rall.".

(Enter Buttercup, with large basket on her arm.)

No. 2 Recitative and Aria—(Buttercup)
"I'm called Little Buttercup"

RECIT.

Hail, man-o'-war's men, safe-guards of your na-tion,

Here is an end, at last, of all pri - va - tion;

You've got your pay-spare all you can af-ford To wel-come Little But-ter-cup on board.

ARIA
Allegretto

I'm
called Little But-ter-cup, dear Little But-ter-cup, Though I could never tell why, But

still I'm called But-ter-cup, poor Lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet Lit-tle But-ter-cup I!

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, and ex - cel - lent jack - y, I've scis-sors, and watch - es, and

knives; I've rib-bons and la-ces to set off the fa-ces Of pret-ty young

sweet-hearts and wives. I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've tea and I've

cof - fee, Soft ' tom-my and suc - cu-lent chops; I've

rall.

chick-en-s and co-nies, and pret-ty po-lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent pep-per-mint

rall.

a tempo

drops. Then buy of your But-ter-cup, dear Lit-tle But-ter-cup,

a tempo

Sail-or-s should nev-er be shy; So buy of your But-ter-cup,

poor Lit-tle But-ter-cup, Come, of your But-ter-cup buy. —

colla voce

BOAT: . . . Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

ALL: . . . Aye! Aye!

BUT: . . . Red, am I? and round—and rosy! Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT: . . . No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter Dick Deadeye. He pushes through sailors, and comes down.)

DICK: . . . I've thought it often. (All recoil from him.)

BUT: . . . Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT: . . . Don't take no heed of him; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK: . . . I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it. Dick Deadeye.

BUT: . . . It's not a nice name.

DICK: . . . I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT: . . . You are certainly plain.

DICK: . . . And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT: . . . You are rather triangular.

DICK: . . . Ha! Ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

ALL: . . . We do!

DICK: . . . There!

BOAT: . . . Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK: . . . No.

BOAT: . . . It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK: . . . It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I'm resigned.

No. 2a Recitative—(Buttercup and Boatswain)

BUTTERCUP (*looking down hatchway*)

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

BOATSWAIN BUTTERCUP

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

(Enter Ralph from hatchway.)

No. 3 Madrigal—(Ralph and Chorus of Sailors)
“The nightingale”

Andante RALPH

The

night - in - gale Sighed for the moon's bright ray, And

told his tale— In his own mel - o - dious way. He

CHORUS
TENORS
pp

RALPH

sang, "Ah, well - a - day!"

BASSES

He sang, "Ah, well - a - day!"

The

dim.

low - ly vale For the moun - tain vain - ly sighed,

To his

hum - ble wail The e - cho-ing hills re - plied.

They

CHORUS

pp

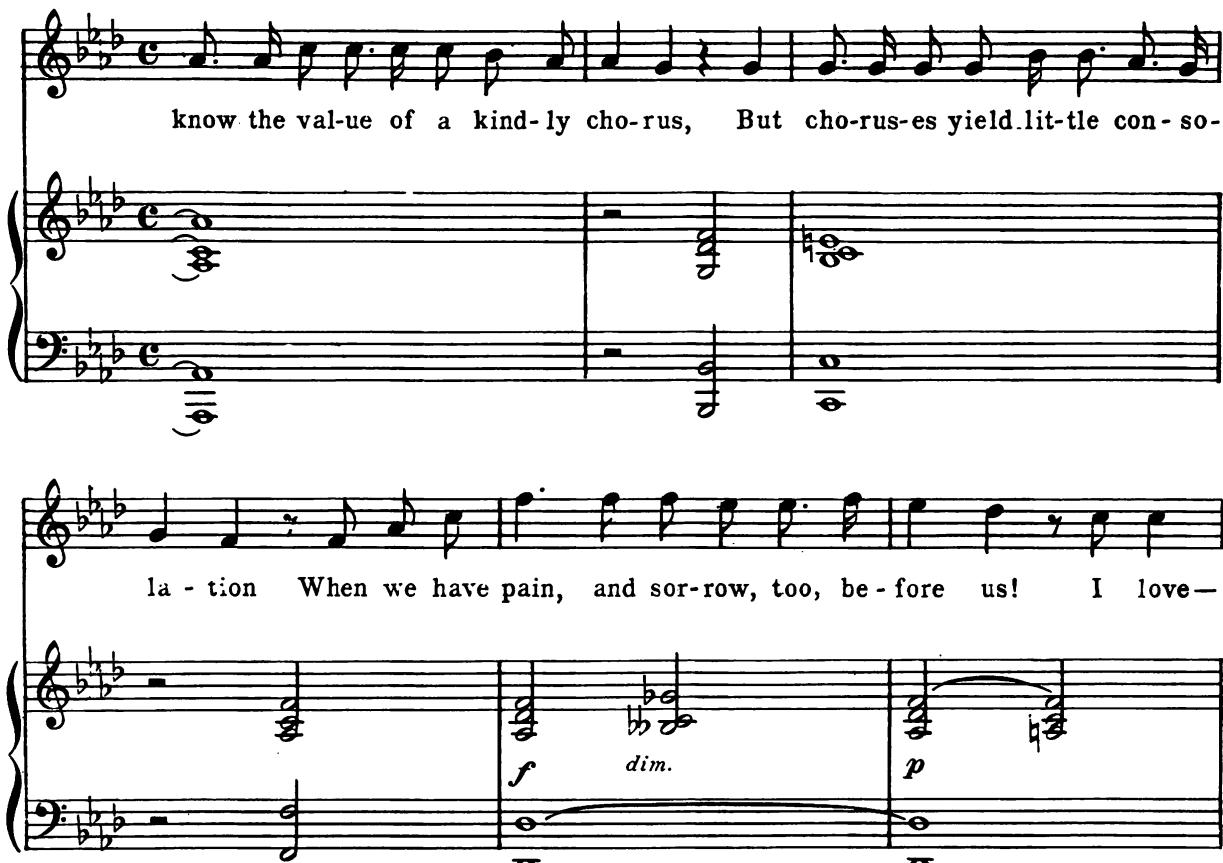
RECIT. RALPH

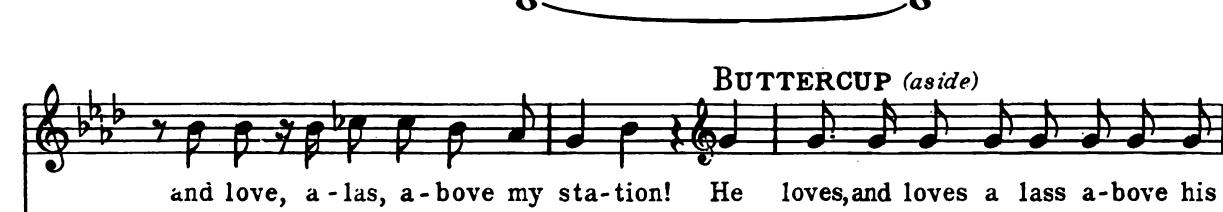
sang, "Ah, well - a - day!"

They sang, "Ah, well - a - day!"

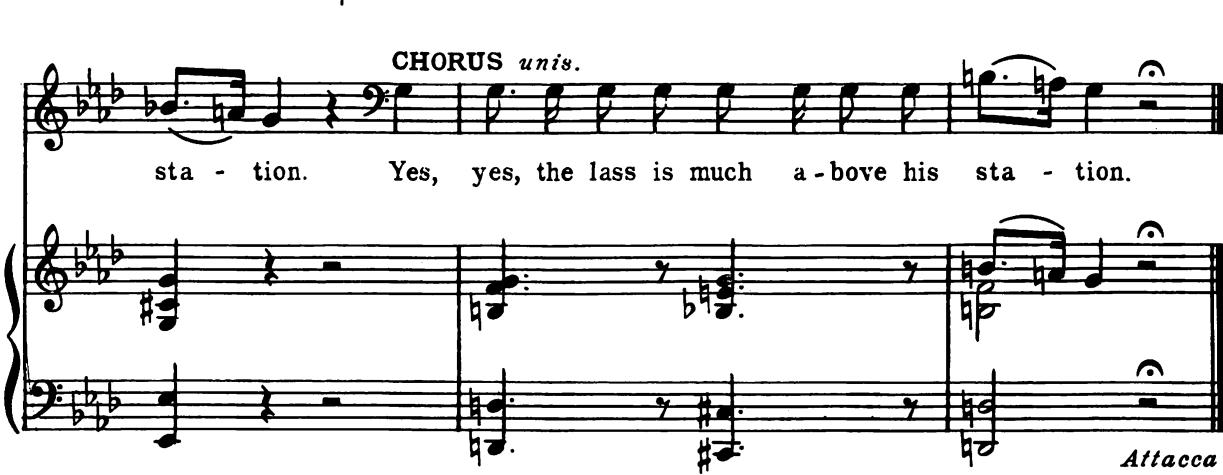
I

dim.

know the val-ue of a kind-ly cho-rus, But cho-rus-es yield lit-tle con-so-


 la - tion When we have pain, and sor-row, too, be - fore us! I love-


BUTTERCUP (aside)


CHORUS unis.


No. 3a Ballad—(Ralph and Chorus of Sailors)
 “A maiden fair to see”

Andante moderato

RALPH

A

maid-en fair to see, The pearl of min-strel-sy, A bud of blush-ing beau-ty; For

p

CHORUS

whom proud no-bles sigh, And with each oth-er vie To do her me-nial's du - ty. To

p

RALPH

do her me-nial's du - ty. A suit - or, low - ly born, With

pp

hope-less pas-sion torn, And poor, be-yond de-ny-ing, Has

dared for her to pine, At whose ex-alt-ed shrine A world of wealth is

CHORUS.

sigh-ing. A world of wealth is sigh-ing. RALPH

Un-learn-ed he in aught Save

that which love has taught (For love had been his tu-tor); Oh,

pit - y, pit - y me - Our cap-tain's daugh-ter, she; And I, that low - ly
 suit - or! Oh, pit - y, pit - y me - Our captain's daughter, she; And I, that low - ly
CHORUS OF MEN
TENORS
 And he, and he, that low - ly
BASSES
 And he, and he, that low - ly
 suit - or!
 suit - or!
 suit - or!

(Exit Buttercup.)

BOAT: . . . Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

ALL: . . . No, no!

DICK: . . . No, no, captain's daughters don't marry foremast hands.

ALL. . . . (recoiling from him): Shame! shame!

BOAT: . . . Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'

RALPH: . . . But it's a strange anomaly that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarterdeck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck or his slacks on the main deck.

ALL: . . . Aye! aye!

DICK: . . . Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH: . . . Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder. (All shudder.)

BOAT: . . . My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

(Enter Captain Corcoran.)

No. 4 Recit. and Song—(Captain Corcoran and Chorus of Sailors) “My gallant crew”

Allegretto

RECIT. CAPTAIN C.

My gal-lant crew, good morn-ing!

I

CHORUS. TENORS & BASSES
(Saluting)

Sir, good morn-ing!

hope you're all quite well. I am in
(As before)
 Quite well, and you, sir?

rea - son - a - ble health, and hap - py To meet you all once more.

CHORUS
(As before)

You do us proud, sir!

CAPTAIN C.

1. I

am the cap-tain of the Pin - a - sore!
do my best to sat - is - fy you all—

CHORUS OF MEN

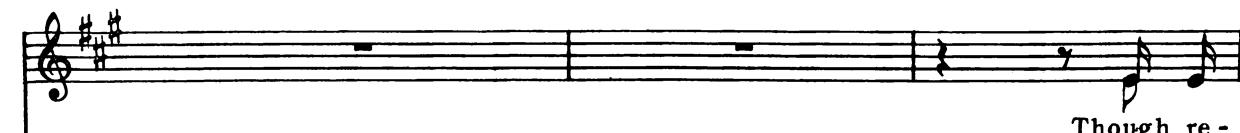
And a right good cap - tain,
And with you we're quite con -

You're ver - y, ver - y good, And, be it un - der - stood, I com -
You're ex-ceed-ing-ly po-lite, And I think it on - ly right To re -

too!

mand a — right good crew.
turn the — com - pli - ment.

We're ver - y, ver - y good, And,
We're ex-ceed-ing - ly po - lite, And he



Though re -
Bad

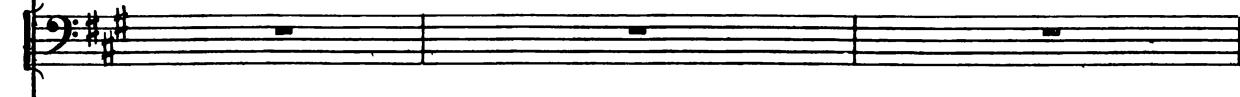
be it un-der-stood, He com-mands a right good crew.
thinks it on-ly right To re-turn the com-pli-ment.



la-ted to a peer, I can hand, reef, and steer, Or ship a sel-va-
lan-gage or a-buse, I nev-er, nev-er use, What-ev-er the e-mer-gen-



gee; I am nev-er known to quail At the fu-ry of a gale, And I'm
cy; Though "bother it" I may— Oc-ca-sion-al-ly say, I



never, never sick at sea!
never use a big, big D—

No, never!
No, never!

What, never?
What, never?

What,
What,

TENORS

Hard-ly ev-er! Hard-ly ev-er! He's hard-ly ev - er sick at
Hard-ly ev-er! Hard-ly ev-er swears a big, big

BASSES

nev-er?
nev-er? He's hard-ly ev - er sick at
Hard-ly ev-er swears a big, big

sea! Then give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the
D—!

sea! Give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the

dim. p

hard - y cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore!* Then give three cheers, and
^{2nd}
_{verse}
_(well-bred)
_{only}

hard - y cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore!* Then give three cheers, and
^{2nd}
_{verse}
_(well-bred)
_{only}

(Pause second verse only.)

one cheer more, For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore!*
 one cheer more, For the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore!*

2nd verse

ff

1 CAPT. C. 2

2.I

(Exeunt all but Captain. Enter Buttercup.)

No. 4a Recit.—(Buttercup and Captain Corcoran)

BUTTERCUP

Sir, you are sad! The si-lent e - lo-quen^ce Of yonder tear, that trembles on your eye-lash,

Pro-claims a sor-row far more deep than common; Con-fide in me—fear not—I am a moth-er!

CAPTAIN C.

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

My daugh-ter, Jo-se-phine, the fair-est flower That ev- er blos-somed on an-ces-tral

tim - ber, Is sought in mar-riage by Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, Our Ad-mi-ral-ty's First

Lord, but for some rea-son She does not seem to tac-kle kind-ly

BUTTERCUP (with emotion)

to it. 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

(Exit Buttercup.) CAPTAIN C. (looking after her. Exit.)

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

segue

No. 5 Ballad—(Josephine)
 “Sorry her lot”

(Enter Josephine, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.)

Andante

Sor-ry her

lot — who loves too well, Heav-y the heart — that hopes but

vain - ly, Sad — are the sighs that own the spell Ut-tered by

eyes — that speak too plain - ly. Sorry her lot — who

rall.

loves too well, Heav-y the heart that hopes but vain - ly.

Un poco animato

Heavy the sorrow that bows — the head When love is a -
cresc.

p live — and hope — is dead! When love is a - live and
cresc.

dim.

f *colla voce* *p*

hope — is dead!

Andante

Sad is the hour — when sets the sun — Dark is the

night — to earth's poor daugh - ters, When — to the ark the

wea - ried one Flies from the emp - ty waste of wa - ters.

Sad is the hour— when sets the sun— Dark is the night to earth's poor

Un poco animato

rall.

daugh - ters. Heav - y the sor - row that bows — the

rall. p

cresc.

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

cresc.

f

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

dim. p

colla voce

(Enter Captain.)

CAPT.: . . . My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best today, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOSEPHINE: Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem — reverence — venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT.: . . . (aside): It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

JOSEPHINE: No, father — the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT.: . . . Impossible!

JOSEPHINE: Yes, it is true — too true.

CAPT.: . . . A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOSEPHINE: I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (Weeps.)

CAPT.: . . . Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter — I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

JOSEPHINE: Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father: I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT.: . . . You are my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin — take this, his photograph, with you — it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

JOSEPHINE: My own thoughtful father!

(Exit Josephine. Captain remains and ascends the poop-deck.)

No. 6 Barcarolle — (Sir Joseph's Female Relatives, off-stage) “Over the bright blue sea”

CHORUS
SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS

Andantino

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Chorus (Sopranos & Contraltos) and the bottom staff is for the Bassoon. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is Andantino. The vocal line begins with a forte dynamic (F) followed by a piano dynamic (P). The lyrics 'O - ver the bright blue sea ____ Comes Sir' are written below the vocal line. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The bassoon part consists of sustained notes with grace notes. Dynamics include crescendo (cresc.) and piano (piano).

Jo - - seph Por-ter, K. C. B.; Wher - ev - - er he may

go, — Bang - bang, the loud nine-pound-ers go!

Shout _ o'er the bright blue sea _ For Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, K. C.

B. Shout o'er the bright blue sea _ For Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, K. C.

B. For Sir Jo-seph Por-ter, K. C. B. —

(During No. 6, the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.)

No. 7—(Chorus of Sailors and Sir Joseph's Female Relatives)
"Sir Joseph's barge is seen"

Allegretto come Ima

TENORS

p

Sir Jo-seph's barge is seen, And its crowd of blush-ing

BASSES

Sir Jo-seph's barge is seen, And its crowd of blush-ing

pp staccato

beau - ty, We hope he'll find us clean, And at - ten - tive to our

beau - ty, We hope he'll find us clean, And at - ten - tive to our

du - ty. We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

du - ty. We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

cresc.

beau-ty, We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our
cresc.

beau-ty, We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our

cresc.

du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and true. ————— We're smart and so - ber
du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and true. ————— We're smart and so - ber

cresc. molto

men, And quite de-void of fe - ar, In - all the Roy - al N. None
men, And quite de-void of fe - ar, In - all the Roy - al N. None

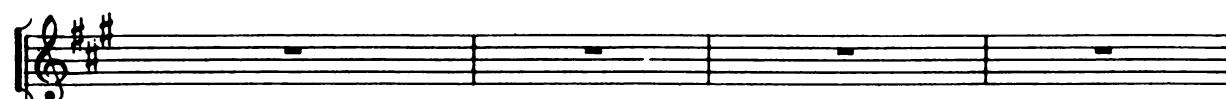


are so smart as we are.

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

(Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

p



dance around stage.)

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

SOPHS. & ALTOS

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

Gai- ly-

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

trip - ping, Light - ly— skip - ping, Flock the— maid - ens to — the—

Musical score for two voices in G major, common time. The lyrics are "are so smart as we are." (Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They

ship - ping; Gai - ly trip - ping, Light - ly skip - ping, Flock the -

maid - ens to - the ship - ping.

TENORS & BASSES

Flags, and guns, and pen-nants dip - ping, All the

Sail - ors - spright - ly, Al - ways

la - dies love the ship - ping.

right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po - lite - ly.

TENORS & BASSES

La - dies who can smile so bright - ly Sail - ors wel - come

SOPS. & ALTOS

Sail - ors spright - ly, Al - ways

most po - lite - ly, wel-come most po - lite - ly.

right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po - lite - ly.

Gai - ly— trip - ping, Light - ly— skip - ping, Flock the

TENORS

We're smart and so - ber men, And

BASSES

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

maid - ens to the ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, Light - ly
 quite de - void of fe - ar, In all the Roy - al
 maid - ens to the ship - ping, Gai - ly trip - ping, Light - ly

skip - ping, Flock the maid - ens to the ship; Sail - ors
N. None are so smart as we are; La - dies
skip - ping, Flock the maid - ens to the ship; La - dies

spright - ly, Al - ways right - ly Wel - come la - dies so po - lite
who can smile so bright - ly Sail - ors wel - come most po - lite
who can smile so bright - ly Sail - ors wel - come most po - lite

p

TENORS & BASSES -

p

ly,

ly,

1 3 5 *2 3* *4 3 4 2*

so po-lite - ly. *Gai - ly* *trip-ping,* *Light-ly*

most po-lite - ly. *Gai - ly* *trip-ping,* *Light-ly*

pp

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

skip - ping, Sail - ors al - ways wel - come la - dries most po - lite - ly.

dim.

cresc. *f* *p*

skip - ping, Sail - ors al - ways wel - come la - dries most po - lite - ly.

p

No. 8-(Capt. Corcoran, Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, and Chorus)
"Now give three cheers"

Moderato
CAPTAIN C.

The musical score consists of several staves of music. The first staff (bass clef) has lyrics: "Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-ray!" followed by "CHORUS" and three repetitions of "Hur-ray!". The second staff (treble clef) starts with a dynamic *mf*. The third staff (bass clef) continues the "Hur-ray!" chant. The fourth staff (treble clef) has lyrics: "ray! Hur-ray!" followed by "Vivace SIR JOSEPH". The fifth staff (bass clef) continues the "Hur-ray!" chant. The sixth staff (treble clef) has lyrics: "ray! Hur-ray! Vivace" followed by a stage direction: "Enter Sir Joseph with Cousin Hebe. (ad lib until voice)". The seventh staff (bass clef) continues the "Hur-ray!" chant. The eighth staff (treble clef) has lyrics: "sea, The rul-er of the Queen's Na-vee, Whose praise Great Brit-ain loud- ly chants: And" followed by "HEBE". The ninth staff (bass clef) continues the "Hur-ray!" chant.

we are his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!

SOPHS. & ALTOS

And we are his sis-ters and his

TENORS & BASSES

And they are his sis-ters and his

cresc.

His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!

cous-ins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!

cous-ins and his aunts, His sis - ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!

SIR JOSEPH

When at an-chor here I ride, My bo - som swells with

COUSIN HEBE

pride, And I snap my fin-gers at a foe-man's taunts. And so do his sis-ters and his

cous-ins and his aunts! His
SOPHS. & ALTOS
And so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts! His
TENORS & BASSES
And so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts! His
cresc.

SIR JOSEPH
sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts! But
sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!
sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts!

COUSIN HEBE
when the breez-es blow, I gen-er-al-ly go be - low, And
seek the se- clu-sion that a ca-bin grants! And so do his sis-ters and his

cousins' and his aunts,
 SOPHS. & ALTOS

And

And so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts, And
 TENORS & BASSES

And

cresc.
 so do his sis-ters and his cou-sins and his aunts, His sis-ters and his cou-sins, Whom he

cresc.

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

cresc.

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

cresc.

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

No. 9 Song—(Sir Joseph and Chorus)
 “When I was a lad”

Allegro non troppo



SIR JOSEPH

1. When
2. As



I was a lad I served a term As of - fice boy to an at -
 of - fice boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a



tor - ney's firm, I cleaned the win-dows and I swept the floor, And I
 jun - ior clerk. I served the wris ts with a smile so bland, And I



pol - ished up the han - dle of the big front door.
 cop - ied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

CHORUS

He
He
He
He

I
I

pol - ished up the han - dle of the big front door.
 cop - ied all the let -ters in a big round hand.

pol - ished up the han - dle of the big front door.
 cop - ied all the let -ters in a big round hand.

polished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That now I am the ruler of the
 cop - ied all the let -ters in a hand so free, That now I am the ruler of the

p

Queen's Na - vee.
Queen's Na - vee.

He pol - ished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a hand so free, That

He pol - ished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a hand so free, That

SIR JOSEPH

3. In
4. Of

now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.

now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.

serv - ing writs I made such a name That an ar - ti - cled clerk I —
leg - al knowl - edge I ac - quired such a grip That they took me in - to the

soon be - came; I wore clean col - lars and a bran' new suit For the
part - ner - ship, And that jun - ior part - ner - ship, I ween, Was the

pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute.
on - ly ship that I ev - er had seen.

CHORUS

For the
Was the

For the
Was the

pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute.
on - ly ship he ev - er had seen.

pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute.
on - ly ship he ev - er had seen.

pass ex - am - in - a - tion did so well for me That
 that kind of ship so suit - ed me me That

now I am the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.

That pass ex-am - in - a - tion did so
 But that kind of ship so

That pass ex-am - in - a - tion did so
 But that kind of ship so

well for he That now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
 suit - ed he

well for he That now he is the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
 suit - ed he

SIR JOSEPH

5. I grew so rich that I was sent By a
 6. Now lands-men all, who - ev-er you may be, If you



pock - et want to bor - ough rise - in - to the Par - lia - ment. I
 to the top of the tree, If your

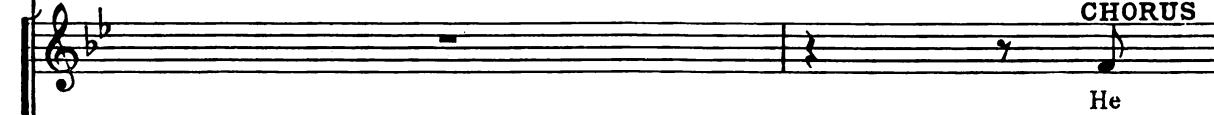
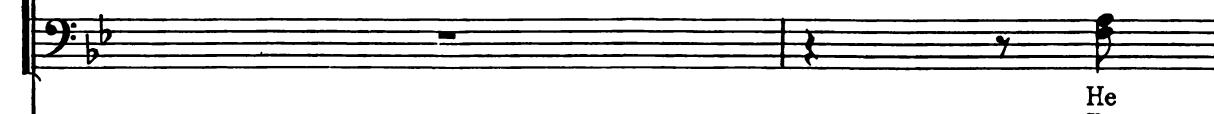


al - ways soul is - n't vot - ed fet - tered at to my an par - ty's of - fice call, stool, And I Be



nev - er care - ful thought to be guid - ed think - ing by for this my - self gold - en at. rule -

CHORUS

He
BeHe
Be

I
Stick

nev - er thought of think - ing for him - self at all.
care - ful to be guid - ed by this gold - en rule -

nev - er thought of think - ing for him - self at all.
care - ful to be guid - ed by this gold - en rule -

thought so lit - tle, they re - ward - ed to me, By
close to your desks and nev - er go to sea, And you

mak - ing me the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
all may be rul - ers of the Queen's Na - vee.

He
Stick

He
Stick

thought so lit - tle, they re - ward - ed he, By
 close to your desks and nev - er go to sea, And you
 thought so lit - tle, they re - ward - ed he, By
 close to your desks and nev - er go to sea, And you

mak - ing him the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
 all may be rul - ers of the Queen's Na - vee.

mak - ing him the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
 all may be rul - ers of the Queen's Na - vee.

Queen's Na - vee.

Queen's Na - vee.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT.: . . . It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . (examining a very small midshipman): A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT.: . . . A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT.: . . . Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT.: . . . So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . No bullying, I trust—no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT.: . . . Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . What, never?

CAPT.: . . . Well! hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT.: . . . Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . That you are their Captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT.: . . . I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward:

(Dick comes forward.)

SIR JOSEPH: . . . No, no, the other splendid seaman.

CAPT.: . . . Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front—march!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . (sternly): If what?

CAPT.: . . . I beg your pardon—I don't think I understand you.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . If you please.

CAPT.: . . . Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (Ralph steps forward.)

SIR JOSEPH: . . . You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH: . . . Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH: . . . There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH: . . . No, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your Captain treat you, eh?

RALPH: . . . A better Captain doesn't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL: . . . Aye! Aye!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he doesn't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH: . . . I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT.: . . . Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*Crossing.*) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT: . . . Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

CAPT.: . . . If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT: . . . If you please, your honour.

CAPT.: . . . What!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

CAPT.: . . . (stampings his foot impatiently): If you please! (Exit.)

No. 9a—(Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, Female Relatives and Sailors)
"For I hold that on the seas"

55

Vivace

SIR JOSEPH

For I hold that on the seas The ex-

pression "if you please" A par - ticular - ly gen - tle - man - ly

COUSIN HEBE

tone im - plants. And so do his sis - ters and his cou - ins and his aunts.

SOPHS. & ALTOS

And

TENORS & BASSES

And

so do his sis -ters and his cou - ins and his aunts! His sis -ters and his cou - ins, Whom he

so do his sis -ters and his cou - ins and his aunts! His sis -ters and his cou - ins, Whom he

cresc.

(Exeunt Sir Joseph and Relatives.)

BOAT: . . . Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman, courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH: . . . True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his; and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL: . . . Well spoke! Well spoke!

DICK: . . . You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL: . . . (recoiling): Horrible! Horrible!

BOAT: . . . Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! That's what I am— shocked!

RALPH: . . . Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

ALL: . . . Aye, aye!

RALPH: . . . Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and limbs like another?

ALL: . . . Aye, aye!

RALPH: . . . True, I lack birth—

BOAT: . . . You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH: . . . Well said— I had forgotten that. Messmates — what do you say? Do you approve my determination?

ALL: . . . We do.

DICK: . . . I don't.

BOAT: . . . What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

No. 10 Glee—(Ralph, Boat swain, Carpenter's Mate, and Chorus of Sailors)
"A British tar"

Moderato

RALPH

1. A Brit - ish tar is a soar - ing soul, As
 2. His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His

BOATSWAIN

1. A Brit - ish tar is a soar-ing soul, As
 2. His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His

CARPENTER

1. A Brit - ish tar is a soar-ing soul, As
 2. His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His

Chorus (4 parts)

free as a moun - tain bird; His en - er - get - ic fist Should be
 brow with scorn be - wrung; He nev - er should bow down To a

free as a moun - tain bird; His en - er - get - ic fist Should be
 brow with scorn be - wrung; He nev - er should bow down To a

free as a moun - tain bird; His en - er - get - ic fist Should be
 brow with scorn be - wrung; He nev - er should bow down To a

read-y to re-sist A dic-ta-to-ri-al word.
dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the tang of a ty-rant tongue.

read-y to re-sist A dic-ta-to-ri-al word. His
dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the tang of a ty-rant tongue. His

read-y to re-sist A dic-ta-to-ri-al word. His nose should
dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the tang of a ty-rant tongue. His foot should

and his lip should curl,
and his throat should growl,
and his and his

nose should pant,
foot should stamp, His cheeks should flame,
His hair should twirl,

pant, stamp, and his lip _____ should curl, His cheeks should
and his throat _____ should growl, His hair should

brow should furl,
face should scowl, and his heart should glow, And his
and his breast pro-trude, And

His bo-som should heave,
His eyes should flash, And his
And

flame, and his brow should furl, And his bo-som should heave, and his heart should
twirl, and his face should scowl, And his eyes— should flash, and his breast pro -

TENORS

rall.

fist be ev - er ready for a knock - down blow.
this should be his cus-tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His His

BASSES

rall.

fist be ev - er ready for a knock - down blow. His His
this should be his cus-tom - a - ry at *rall.* ti - tude. His His

glow, And his fist ev - er ready for a knock - down
trude, And this his cus-tom - a - ry at - ti -

p

*Più vivace**cresc.*

nose should pant, and his lip should curl, His cheek should flame, and his
foot should stamp, and his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, and his

cresc.
nose should pant, and his lip should curl, His cheek should flame, and his
foot should stamp, and his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, and his

blow.
tude.

*Piu vivace**cresc.*

brow should furl, His bo - som should heave, and his heart should glow, And his
face should scowl, His eyes should flash, and his breast pro - trude, And

brow should furl, His bo - som should heave, and his heart should glow, And his
face should scowl, His eyes should flash, and his breast pro - trude, And

cresc.

1

fist be ev-er ready for a knock-down blow.
this should be his cus-tom-a - ry

fist be ev-er ready fo a knock-down blow.
this should be his cus-tom-a - ry

2 1 3 2 5 4 3

at - ti - tude, his at - ti -
at - ti - tude, his at - ti -
at - ti - tude, his at - ti -
tude, his at - ti - tude, his at - ti -
tude, his at - ti - tude,

2

f

(All dance off except Ralph, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.)



(Enter Josephine from cabin.)

JOSEPHINE. It is useless— Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. (Sees Ralph.) Ralph Rackstraw! (Overcome by emotion.)

RALPH. . . . Aye, lady— no other than poor Rackstraw!

JOSEPHINE. (aside): How my heart beats! (Aloud.) And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. . . . I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady— rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences— thither by subjective emotions— wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope— plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOSEPHINE. Perfectly. (Aside.) His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared— but no, the thought is madness! (Aloud.) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. . . . (aside): I will— one. (Aloud.) Josephine!

JOSEPHINE. (indignantly): Sir!

RALPH. . . . Aye; even though Jove's armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOSEPHINE. Sir, this audacity! (Aside.) Oh, my heart, my beating heart. (Aloud.) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (Aside.) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (Crossing, aloud.) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. . . . I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand: I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken, and I wait your word.

JOSEPHINE. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank— they should be lowered before your captain's daughter.

No. 11 Duet—(Josephine and Ralph)
"Refrain, audacious tar"

Allegro con brio

JOSEPHINE

Re-frain, au - da-cious

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

are, And whom ad - dress - ing! Re - train, 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, Re - mem-ber what you are, I'd

Un poco più lento

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

p

cresc. *dim.*

born Or I more low - ly! I'd laugh my rank to scorn In u - nion

mf *dim.*

p *ritard.*

ho - ly, Were he more high-ly born Or I more low-ly! **Tempo I**

colla voce *pp* *ff*

RALPH.

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

speak, and I o - bey, It is - my du - ty! I

f

am the low-liest tar that, sails the wa - ter, And you, proud maid-en, are My
 cap-tain's daugh-ter; Proud la - dy, have your way, You speak, and I o -

(aside) *Un poco più lento*
 bey. My heart, with an-guish torn, Bows down be -

fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a - dore her, My
 heart, with an - guish torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a -

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JOSEPHINE

Tempo I

dore her. Re - frain, au - da - cious tar, Your suit from

più lento

press-ing!

RALPH

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

i'd più lento

laugh my rank to scorn In u - nion ho - ly, Were he morehigh-ly born Or
heart, with an-guish torn, Bowsdown be-fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet

I more low - ly.

I a - dore her.

(Exit Josephine into cabin.)

No. 12 Finale—(ACT I)
 “Can I survive this overbearing?”

Allegretto moderato

RALPH RECIT.

Can I sur-vive this o-ver-bear-ing? Or live a life of maddes-

pair-ing? My prof-fer'd love despis'd, re-ject-ed? No, no, it's not to be ex-

pect-ed!

RALPH (Enter Sailors, Hebe, Relatives, and Buttercup)

Allegro con brio Mess-mates, a-hoy! Come here! Come here!

f a tempo Segue Finale ff

ff SOPS. & ALTOS

Aye, aye, my boy, What cheer, what cheer? Now tell us, pray, With-out de-

TENORS & BASSES

Aye, aye, my boy, What cheer, what cheer? Now tell us, pray, With-out de-

The

lay, What does she say? What cheer, what cheer?

lay, What does she say? What cheer, what cheer?

maid-en treats my suit with scorn, Re-jects my hum-ble

gift, my la-dy. She says I am ig-no-bly born, And

cuts my hopes a-drift, my la-dy.

Oh! cru-el one! oh! cru-el one!

Oh! cru-el one! oh! cru-el one!

DICK

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

COUSIN HEBE

Shall they sub-mit? Are they but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low—Bri-

BOATSWAIN

Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low—Bri-

CHORUS

Shall they sub-mit? Are they but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low—Bri-

Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low—Bri-

Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low—Bri-

tan-nia's sail-ors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to in-sult?

tan-nia's sail-ors rule the waves, And shall we stoop to in-sult?

tan-nia's sail-ors rule the waves, And shall they stoop to in-sult? No! no!

tan-nia's sail-ors rule the waves, And shall we stoop to in-sult? No! no!

DICK

DICK's part consists of two staves. The top staff is in bass clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. It features eighth-note patterns and dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *fp*. The lyrics are: "You must sub-mit, you are but slaves; A la-dy she! O-ho! O-ho! You low-ly". The bottom staff is also in B-flat key signature but with a different tempo or key, indicated by a different clef and a different time signature. It has dynamic markings *p* and *fp*.

CHORUS

The CHORUS section includes three staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "toil-ers of the waves, She spurns you all—It told you so! Shall they sub-mit?". The middle staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Shall we sub-mit?". The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with dynamic markings *p* and *pp*, and a crescendo instruction "cresc.". There are slurs and grace notes throughout.

COUSIN HEBE

COUSIN HEBE's part consists of two staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Shall they sub-mit? Are they but slaves?". The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves?".

BOATSWAIN

BOATSWAIN's part consists of two staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves?". The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves?".

DICK

DICK's part continues with two staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "You must sub-mit, you are but slaves? Shall they sub-mit? Are they but slaves?". The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Are they but slaves? Shall they sub-mit? Are they but slaves?".

DICK's part continues with two staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Are we but slaves? Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves?". The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with lyrics: "Are we but slaves? Shall we sub-mit? Are we but slaves?".

DICK's part concludes with two staves. The top staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with a dynamic marking *f*. The bottom staff is in B-flat key signature and common time, with a dynamic marking *p*.

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan - nia's sail - ors

 Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan - nia's sail - ors

 slaves; A la-dy she! O - ho! O - ho! O - ho!

 Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan - nia's sail - ors

 Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan - nia's sail - ors

DICK

 She spurns you all; She spurns you all—I told you so!

Cousin Hebe

 rule the waves, And shall they stoop to in-sult? No! no!

Boatswain with Bass

 rule the waves, And shall we stoop to in-sult? No! no!

RALPH Un poco più lento

My friends, my leave of life I'm tak - ing, For oh, my heart, my heart is

break-ing; When I am gone, oh prithee, tell Thè maid that, as I died, I loved her

CHORUS (turning away, weeping)

well! Of life, a - las! his leave he's tak - ing, For
p Of life, a - las! his leave he's tak - ing, For

ah! his faith-ful heart is break - ing. When he is gone we'll sure - ly
ah! his faith-ful heart is break - ing. When he is gone we'll sure - ly

(During Chorus. Boatswain loads pistol and hands it to Ralph.)

that, as he died, he loved her well! RALPH

tell The maid, as he died, he loved her well! Be warned, my
tell The maid, as he died, he loved her well!

mess-mates all Who love in rank a - bove you— For Jo-sephine I

(Puts pistol to his head.

All the sailors stop their ears. Enter Josephine, on deck.)

Tutti. CHORUS
SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS

JOSEPHINE. RECIT.

fall!

Ah! stay your hand! I love you! TENORS & BASSES
Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!

RALPH JOSEPHINE SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS

TENORS & BASSES

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

Allegro vivace

JOSEPHINE



COUSIN HEBE



RALPH



Allegro vivace

Musical score for the ensemble, showing three melodic lines in a treble clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time. The vocal parts are Josephine, Cousin Hebe, and Ralph.

now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has

now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has

now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has

Musical score for the ensemble, showing three melodic lines in a treble clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time. The vocal parts are Josephine, Cousin Hebe, and Ralph.

hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze.

hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze.

hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky is all a - blaze. With

Musical score for the ensemble, showing three melodic lines in a treble clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time. The vocal parts are Josephine, Cousin Hebe, and Ralph.

We'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And *p*
 We'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And *p*
 woo-ing words and lov - ing song, We'll chase the lag - ging hours a-long, And *p*

if we find the maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de-cor - ous joy In
 if we find the maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de-cor - ous joy In
 if I find the maid - en coy, I'll mur - mur forth de-cor - ous joy In

p

dream - - - - y roun - de - lays!

dream - - - - y roun - de - lays!

dream - - - - y roun - de - lays! DICK

He thinks he's

p stacc.

won his Jo - seph - ine, But tho' the sky is now se -

rene, A frown-ing thun - der-bolt a - bove May end their ill - as-sort-ed

love Which now is all a - blaze. Our cap - tain, ere the

p

day is gone, Will be ex - tremely down up - on The wick-ed men who

art em - ploy To make his Jo - seph - ine less coy In man-y va - rious

cresc.

JOSEPHINE

COUSIN HEBE Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - fore - seen, For

RALPH Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - fore - seen, For

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un - fore - seen, For

ways. Our cap-tain

sforzando *pianissimo*

now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the
now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the
now the sky is all se - rene, The god of day, the
soon, un-less I'm wrong, Will be ex-treme - ly down up -

orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The
orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The
orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove. The
on The wick-ed men who art em - ploy, Will be ex -

crescendo *scen*

sky is all
 sky is all
 sky is all
 tremely down up on The wicked men, will be ex-treme-ly down up-
 do

a - - - blaze, is all a -
 a - - - blaze, is all a -
 a - - - blaze, is all a -
 on the men In man-y va-rious ways, In man-y va-rious

blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is
 blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is
 ways, Our cap-tain soon will be ex-treme-ly down up on The

cre -

all, is all a - blaze.

all, is all a - blaze.

all, is all a - blaze. (Exit Dick.)

wick-ed men In man-y va-rious ways.

- scen - do

JOSEPHINE *p*

This ver - y night,

HEBE

With ba - ted breath,

RALPH

And

Exactly the same time

pp staccato

With - out a light,

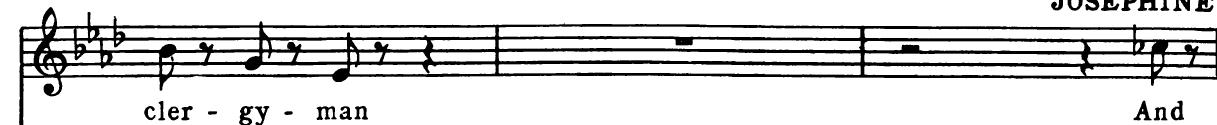
A

As still as death,

muf-fled oar-

We'll steal a - shore.

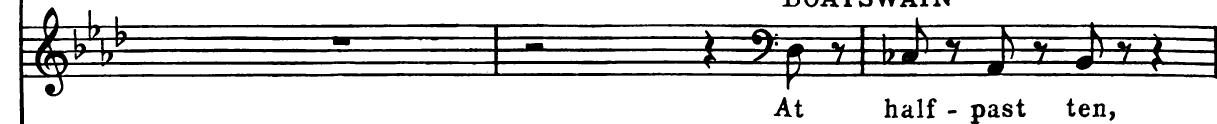
JOSEPHINE



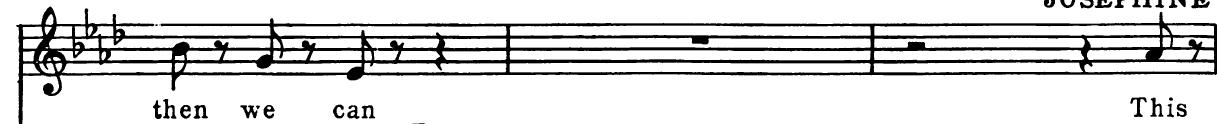
RALPH



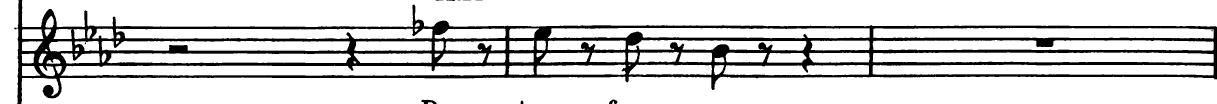
BOATSWAIN



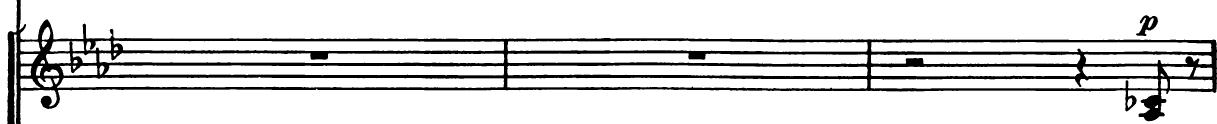
JOSEPHINE



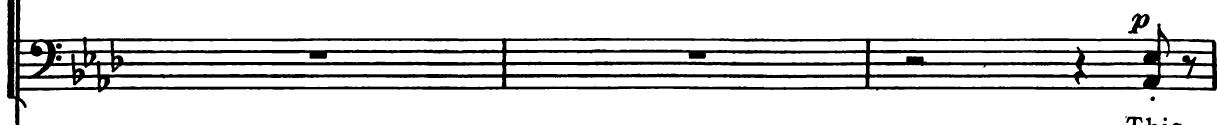
RALPH



BOATSWAIN

*p*

CHORUS This

p

COUSIN HEBE

RALPH

JOSEPHINE

ver - y night, With ba - ted breath, And muf - fled oar- With -

ver - y night, With ba - ted breath, And muf - fled oar- With -

ver - y night, With ba - ted breath, And muf - fled oar- With -

COUSIN HEBE

RALPH

JOSEPHINE

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

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

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

RALPH

COUSIN HEBE

JOSEPHINE

cler - gy - man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And

BOATSWAIN

At half - past ten,

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And

JOSEPHINE

then we can

This ver - y

BUTTERCUP

HEBE & BUT.

RALPH

Can part them then. This

pp

Re - turn, for none BOATSWAIN

This

CARPENTER

pp

This

then they can Re - turn, for none Can part them then! This ver - y

pp

then they can Re - turn, for none Can part them then! This

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

H.&B. ver - y night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With -

R. ver - y night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With -

B. ver - y night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With -

C. ver - y night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With -

nigh t, With bated breath And muffled oar, Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A clergy-

ver - y night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar—With -

sempre p e stacc.

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

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

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

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

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

man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then they can Return, for none Can part them then! A cler-gy-

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

J. man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none Can part us then! This very
H.&B. cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This very
R. cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This very
B. cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This very
C. cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This very
man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Return, for none Can part them then! This very
cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This very
{ cresc. } ff

J. night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
H.&B. night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
R. night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
B. night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
C. night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-
night, With bated breath And muffled oar Without a light, As still as death, We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-

J. man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none.

H.&B. man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none.

R. man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none, none.

B. man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none.

C. man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none.

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none,

man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none, none,

J. part us then!

H.&B. part them then!

R. part us then!

B. none Can part them then!

C. none Can part them then!

none Can part them then!

none Can part them then!

2 3 1 2 4 3 2 1 2 1 2 3

(Dick appears)



at hatchway) DICK RECIT.

Moderato

For - bear, nor car - ry out the scheme you've planned, She is a

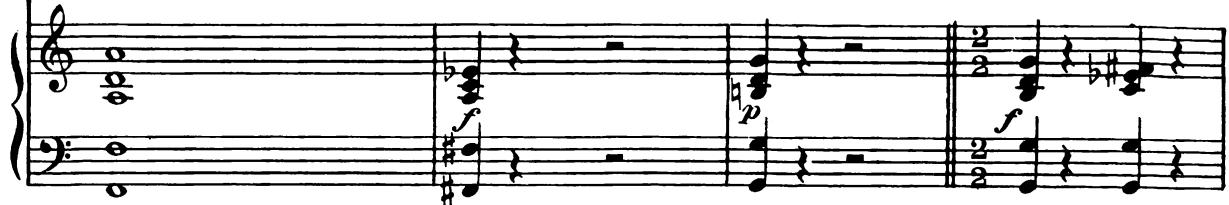


la - dy — you a fore-mast hand! Re - mem-ber, she's your gallant cap-tain's daughter,



Allegro
CHORUS. Tutti

And you, the mean-est slave that crawls the wa - ter! Back, ver - min,



(Exit Dick.)

back, Nor mock us! Back, ver - min, back, You shock us!



Allegro con brio

ff

CHORUS *ff*

Let's give three cheers for the sail-or's bride, Who
 Let's give three cheers for the sail-or's bride, Who

casts all thought of rank a-side—And gives up home and for-tune, too, For the
 casts all thought of rank a-side—And gives up home and for-tune, too, For the

la, la,
 hon - est love of a sail-or true! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 hon - est love of a sail-or true! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano and bass clef, both in G major (one sharp) and common time. The piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics "la, la, land" are repeated in a call-and-response pattern between the two voices.

give three cheers for the sail - or's bride, Who casts all thought of rank a - side—And
 give three cheers for the sail - or's bride, Who casts all thought of rank a - side—And

gives up home and for-tune, too, For the hon - est love of a sail - or true!
 gives up home and for-tune, too, For the hon - est love of a sail - or true!

JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE,BUTTERCUP
Vivace

SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS UNISON

For a Brit-ishtar is a soar-ing soul As

free as a moun-tain bird; His en-er-get-ic fist should be read-y to re-sist A

dic - ta - to - rial word! His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His

brow with scorn be wrung; He nev-er should bow down to a dom-in-eer-ing frown, Or the

tang of a ty - rant 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

cresc.

heart should glow, And his fist be ev- er read- y for a knock-down blow.

SOPS. & ALTOS

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

RALPH with TENORS

BOATSWAIN & CARPENTER with 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 pro-trude, And

hair should twirl, and his face should scowl, His eyes should flash, and his breast pro-trude, And

JOSEPHINE

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, His eyes _____ should

COUSIN HEBE

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, His eyes _____ should

RALPH

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, His eyes _____ should

BOATSWAIN

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, His eyes _____ should

CARPENTER

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, His eyes _____ should

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, his

this should be his cus-tom-a - ry at - ti - tude, his

J. flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes _____

H. flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes _____

R. flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes _____

B. flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes _____

C. flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes _____

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude,

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude,

J. should flash, his
H. should flash, his
R. should flash, his
B. should flash, his
C. should flash, his
his cus-tom-a-ry at - ti - tude,
his cus-tom-a-ry at - ti - tude,

Stringendo

J. eyes _____ should flash, his breast _____ pro -
H. eyes _____ should flash, his breast _____ pro -
R. eyes _____ should flash, his breast _____ pro -
B. eyes _____ should flash, his breast _____ pro -
C. eyes _____ should flash, his breast _____ pro -
his at - ti - tude, his
his at - ti - tude, his
Stringendo

J. trude, His eyes — should
H. trude, His eyes — should
R. trude, His eyes should flash, should
B. trude, His eyes — should
C. trude, His eyes — should *ff*
at - ti - tude. His *ff*
at - ti - tude. His Più vivo

J. *ff* flash, *sf* yes,
H. flash, *sf* yes,
R. flash, *sf* yes,
B. flash, *sf* yes,
C. flash, *sf* yes,
eyes, his eyes, *sf* yes,
eyes, his eyes, *sf* yes,
ff *sf*

J. His eyes — should flash,
H. His eyes — should flash,
R. His eyes should flash,
B. His eyes should flash,
C. His eyes should flash,
His eyes — should flash,
His eyes should flash,
His eyes —

J. His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
H. His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
R. His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
B. His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
C. His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,
His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

J. His hair should twirl and his face, his face should

H. His hair should twirl and his face, his face should

R. His hair should twirl and his face, his face should

B. His hair should twirl and his face, his face should

C. His hair should twirl and his face, his face should

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl, His

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl, His

J. scowl;

H. scowl;

R. scowl;

B. scowl;

C. scowl;

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

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

(Pose)

J. And this his at - - ti - tude.

H. And this his at - - ti - tude.

R. And this his at - - ti - tude.

B. And this his at - - ti - tude.

C. And this his at - - ti - tude.

cus-tom-a-ry at - - ti - tude.

cus-tom-a-ry at - - ti - tude.

(All dance.)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I

Entr'acte

Tempo moderato

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff is for the bass voice, and the middle six staves are for the piano. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (indicated by a single sharp sign). The tempo is marked as 'Tempo moderato'. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with various dynamics such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'p' (piano), and 'rall.' (rallentando). The piano parts feature harmonic progressions and sustained notes.

ACT II

No. 13 Song—(Captain Corcoran)
“Fair moon, to thee I sing”

(*Same Scene. Night. Moonlight. Captain discoverd singing, and accompanying himself on a guitar. Little Buttercup, seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.*)

Moderato

CAPTAIN C.

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

Say, why is ev'-ry-thing Ei-ther at six-es or at sev - ens?

Say, why is ev'-ry - thing Ei-ther at six-es or at sev-en-s? I have

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with dynamics (p, f, p a tempo) and a tempo marking of 'Moderato'. The second system begins with the vocal entry 'Fair moon, to thee I sing, Bright re-gent of the heavens,' followed by piano chords. The third system begins with 'Say, why is ev'-ry-thing Ei-ther at six-es or at sev - ens?' followed by piano chords. The fourth system continues the melody with the lyrics 'Say, why is ev'-ry - thing Ei-ther at six-es or at sev-en-s? I have' and concludes with piano chords.

mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing,
 Bright re-gent of the heav - ens, Say, why is
 ev - 'ry - thing Ei - ther at six - es or at sev - ens?
 Fair moon, to thee I sing, — Bright re-gent of the
 heavens!

dim. *pp* *rall.* *colla voce*
a tempo *p*

BUT: How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew— if he only knew!

CAPT. (coming down): Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT: True, dear captain— but the recollection of your sad, pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT: Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accus-tomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT: Oh, no— do not say “all,” dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT: True, for you are staunch to me. (Aside.) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (Aloud.) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT: I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty— and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT: Destinies!

BUT: There is a change in store for you!

CAPT: A change!

BUT: Aye— be prepared!

No. 14 Duet— (Buttercup and Captain Corcoran) “Things are seldom what they seem”

Allegro

BUTTERCUP

Things are sel-dom what they seem,

Skim milk mas-que-rades as cream; High-lows pass as pa-tent leath-ers;

CAPTAIN C. (*puzzled*)

Jack-daws strut in pea-cock's feathers. Ver-y true, So they do.

BUTTERCUP

Black sheep dwell in ev-'ry fold, All that glit-ters is not gold;

Storks turn out to be but logs, Bulls are but in-flat-ed frogs.

CAPTAIN C. (*puzzled*)

BUTTERCUP

So they be, Fre-quent-lee. Drops the wind and

stops the mill, Tur-bot is am-bi-tious brill; Gild the far-thing if you will,

CAPTAIN C. (*puzzled*)

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

Tho' to catch your drift I'm striv-ing, It is sha-dy— it is sha-dy;

I don't see at what you're driv-ing, Mystic la-dy— mystic la - dy.

BUTTERCUP (*aside*)

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

CAPTAIN C. (*aside*)

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

la - dy's deal - ing In o - rac - u - lar re - veal - ing.
 la - dy's deal - ing In o - rac - u - lar re - veal - ing.

That is so!

CAPTAIN C.

Yes, I know— Tho' I'm an - y -

thing but clev-er, I could talk like that for - ev-er; Once a cat was

BUTTERCUP

killed by care, On - ly brave de - serve the fair. Ver - y true,

CAPTAIN C.

So they do. Wink is of - ten good as nod

Spoils the child who spares the rod; Thrist-y lambs run fox - y dan-gers,

BUTTERCUP

CAPTAIN C.

Dogs are found in man - y man-gers. Fre-quent-lee, I a-gree. Paw of cat the

chest-nut snatches, Worn-out gar-ments show new patches; On - ly count the

BUTTERCUP

chick that hatch-es, Men are grown-up catch-y catch-ies. Yes, I know, That is so,

(aside)

Tho' to catch my drift he's striv-ing, I'll dis-sem-ble — I'll dis-sem-ble!

When he sees at what I'm driv-ing, Let him trem-ble — let him trem-ble!

BUTTERCUP

Tho' a mys - tic tone I __ bor - row, He will learn the

CAPTAIN C.

Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the

truth with sor - row; Here to - day and gone to - mor - row.

truth with sor - row; Here to - day and gone to - mor - row.

That is so! I'll dis-sem-ble, I'll dis-
 Yes, I know. Tho' a mys-tic tone you bor-row,
 sem-ble, Let him trem-ble! Let him trem-ble! Let him
 I shall learn the truth with sor-row; Here to-day and
 trem-ble! Yes, I know, That is so!
 gone to-mor-row, Yes, I know, That is so!

a tempo
pp *f* *a tempo* *ff*

(Exit Buttercup, melodramatically.)

CAPT.: . . . Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell.

(Enter Sir Joseph.)

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT.: . . . She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT.: . . . Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . She naturally would be.

CAPT.: . . . But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . You think it does?

CAPT.: . . . I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT.: . . . See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look up on your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(Enter Josephine from cabin. Sir Joseph and Captain retire.)

No. 15 Scena—(Josephine) “The hours creep on apace”

Andante

The hours creep on a pace,
My
guilt-y heart is quak-ing! Oh, that I might re - trace The step that I am

tak-ing. Its fol-ly it were ea-sy to be show-ing: What I am giv-ing

up, and whith-er go - ing. {On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,

{Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white," Venetian finger-glasses, {Rich Oriental rugs,
luxurious sofa, { pil-lows And

ev- 'ry-thing that is-n'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 a- } dry-ing, { With one cracked looking-glass
to see your face in, } And

Allegro con spirito

dinner served up } in a pudding - bas-in!

cresc. molto

A sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un -

iet - tered and un - known, Who toils for bread from

ear - ly morn Till half the night has flown, Till

half the night has flown! No gold-en rank can he im-part, No
 wealth of house or land, No for-tune, save his trust-y heart, And
 hon - est, brown right hand, his trust - y heart, and brown right hand! And
 yet he is so won-drous fair, That love for one so pass-ing rare, So
 peer-less in his man-ly beau-ty, Were lit-tle else than sol-emn du - ty, Were

lit - tle else than sol - emn du - - ty! Oh, god of
rall.
ad lib. love, and god of rea - son, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o - b - e - y! A
a tempo
 sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un - let - tered and un - known. No
 gold - en rank can he im - part, No wealth of house or land, No
 for - tune, save his trust - y heart, And hon - est, brown righthand, his trust - y heart and right

cresc.

hand! Oh, god of love, and god of rea-son, say, Which of you

p

cresc.

twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart o-

mf

bey, God of love, god of rea-son, god of rea-son, god of love, say, _____

p

cresc.

f

fz

Which shall my poor heart o-bey! Oh,

fz

fz

fz

ff

god of love, and god of rea-son, say, Oh, god of love, and god of rea-son,

mf

ff

(Sir Joseph and Captain enter.)

SIR JOSEPH:...Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

JOSEPHINE:Oh, then your lordship is of the opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH:...I am officially of that opinion.

JOSEPHINE:.That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH:...Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

JOSEPHINE:.I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

No. 16 Trio—(Josephine, Captain, and Sir Joseph)
 “Never mind the why and wherefore”

Allegro vivace

The musical score consists of four staves of music in 2/4 time, key signature of two sharps, and dynamic markings such as *f*, *s*, and *p*. The vocal parts are labeled as follows:

- Captain:** 1. Nev - er mind the why and where-fore, Love can
- Sir Joseph:** 2. Nev - er mind the why and where-fore, Love can
- Josephine:** 3. Nev - er mind the why and where-fore, Love can

Below the vocal parts, the lyrics continue across the staves:

lev-el ranks, and there-fore, Though his Lord-ship's station's might - y, Though stu -
 lev-el ranks, and there-fore, Though your nau - ti - cal re - la - tion In my
 lev-el ranks, and there-fore I ad - mit the jur - is - dic - tion; Ab - ly

pen-dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and flight - y, And her
 set could scarce - ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the
 have you played your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tion To my

CAPTAIN C. & SIR JOSEPH (*each verse*)

for - tune poor - and plain -
low - er mid - dle class -
hes - i - tat - ing heart.

Ring the mer - ry

bells on board - ship, Rend the air with warb - ling wild, For the u - nion

of his Lord - ship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child, For a hum - ble cap - tain's

JOSEPHINE (*each verse*) SIR JOSEPH (*each verse*)

daugh - ter, For a gal - lant cap - tain's daugh - ter, And a Lord who rules the

JOSEPHINE (aside)

1 JOSEPHINE 1st &

wa - ter, And a tar who ploughs the wa - ter.

Let the air with
CAPTAIN & SIR

Let the air with

1 & 2

2nd Verses

joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the u - nion

JOSEPH

joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the u - nion

of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.

of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.

JOSEPHINE 3rd Verse



Let the air with joy be la - den,

CAPTAIN & SIR JOSEPH



Ring the mer - ry bells on board - ship,

For the u - nion of a maid-en,

For her u - nion with his Lord - ship,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns

her love.

her love.

(Exit Josephine)

CAPT.: . . . Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit Sir Joseph.*)

CAPT.: . . . At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (*During this speech Dick Deadeye has entered.*)

DICK: . . . Captain.

CAPT.: . . . Deadeye! You here? Don't! (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK: . . . Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT.: . . . What would you with me?

DICK (*mysteriously*): I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT.: . . . Indeed! Do you propose to leave the Navy then?

DICK: . . . No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

**No. 17 Duet—(Captain and Dick Deadeye)
“Kind Captain, I’ve important information”**

DICK

1. Kind Cap-tain, I've im - por - tant in - for -
ma - tion, Sing hey, the kind com-mand-er that you are,

A - bout a cer - tain in - ti - mate re - la - - tion, Sing

CAPTAIN

The
hey, the mer - ry maid - en and the tar.

mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, Sing

The
mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry

hey, the mer - ry maid - en and the tar.

maid - en, The maid - en and the tar.

CAPTAIN

2. Good

A musical score for a piano-vocal duet. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a rest followed by a melodic line. The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring harmonic chords. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time.

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

The musical score continues with two staves. The vocal line begins with eighth-note pairs. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and some eighth-note patterns.

sail - or that you are, The an - swer to them vainly I am

The musical score continues with two staves. The vocal line features eighth-note pairs. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and some eighth-note patterns.

seek - - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry maid - en and the

The musical score concludes with two staves. The vocal line begins with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and some eighth-note patterns.

tar. The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The
 The mer - ry, mer - ry
 mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, Sing hey, the mer - ry maid - en
 maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The maid - en
 and the tar.
 and the tar.

DICK

3. Kind Cap - tain,your young la - dy is a - sigh -

ing, Sing hey, the sim - ple cap - tain that you are,

This ver - y night with Rack-straw to be fly - - ing; Sing

CAPTAIN

The
hey, the mer - ry maid - en and the tar.

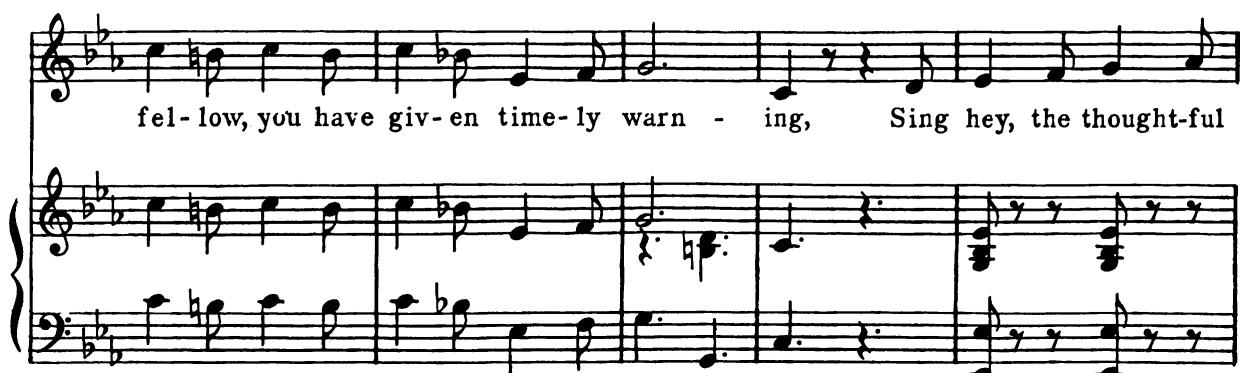
mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The

DICK

The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry



CAPTAIN



(Producing a

morn - ing, Sing hey, the cat - o'-nine - tails and the tar.

"cat."

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

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

nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar!

mer - ry cat, The mer - ry cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar!

CAPT: . . . Dick Deadeye — I thank you for your warning — I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise — So! (*Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK: . . . Ha, ha! They are foiled — foiled — foiled!

(Enter Crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain meeting Josephine, who enters from Cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessaries, and accompanied by Little Buttercup.)

No. 18 Soli and Chorus “Carefully on tiptoe stealing”

Moderato

CHORUS OF SAILORS

pp

Care-ful - ly on tip - toe

steal - ing, Breath-ing gen - tly as we may, Ev - 'ry

(Captain stamps.)

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

DICK

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

CHORUS

CAPTAIN
p(aside)

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

JOSEPHINE

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

RALPH

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

right,

it was the cat!

with cau - tion

DICK

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel - ing, We will soft - ly steal a - way, Ev - 'ry
 feel - ing, We will soft - ly steal a - way, Ev - 'ry
 feel - ing, They will soft - ly steal a - way, Ev - 'ry
 feel - ing, They will soft - ly steal a - way, Ev - 'ry
TENORS
 We will steal a - way, Ev - 'ry step, ev - 'ry
BASSES
 We will steal a - way, Ev - 'ry step, ev - 'ry

pp

step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will steal
 step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will steal
 step with cau - tion feel - ing, They will soft -
 step with cau - tion feel - ing, They will soft -
 step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will soft -
 step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will soft -

pp

step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will soft -

rall.

a - - - way.

rall.

a - - - way.

rall.

- ly steal a - way. CAPTAIN (*throwing off cloak*) Hold! _____

rall.

- ly steal a - way.

rall.

- ly steal a - way.

rall.

- ly steal a - way.

Allegro

1 2 5 3 1 2 4 3 1 3 5 4

ff accel. *ff*

(All start.) Vivace

Pret-ty daugh-ter of mine, I in-sist up-on know-ing

p

Where you may be go - ing With these sons of the brine. For my

ex - cel-lent crew, Though foes they could thump an-y, Are scarce-ly fit com-pa-ny, My

CHORUS

daugh-ter, for you. Now, hark at that, do! Though foes we could thump an-y, We're

RALPH

scarce-ly fit com-pa-ny For a la - dy like you! **Proud**

off - i - cer, that haught - y lip un - curl! Vain

man, sup-press that su - per - cil - ious sneer, For I have

dared to love your match less girl, A

CAPTAIN

fact well known to all my mess - mates here! Oh, hor - ror!

JOSEPHINE *p*

He, *RALPH* hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

I, hum - ble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

port div - i - sion—The butt of e - pau - let - - ted scorn— The
 port div - i - sion—The butt of e - pau - let - - ted scorn— The

mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion—Has dared to raise his
 mark of quar - ter - deck de - ri - sion—Have dared to raise my

worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould him, In
 worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to which you'd mould me, In

man - hood's glor - ious pride to rise, He is an
 man - hood's glor - ious pride to rise, I am an

Eng - - lish - man, be - hold him!
 Eng - - lish - man, be - hold me!

TENORS *ff*

CHORUS

BASSES *ff*

He is an

BOATSWAIN

He is an Eng - lish - man! For

Eng - - lish - man!

Eng - - lish - man!

fz

Moderato

he him-self has said it, And it's great-ly to his cred-it, That he
p stacc.

is an Eng - lish - man! For he
f
 That he is an Eng - lish - man!
f
 That he is an Eng - lish - man!

might have been a Roo-sian. A French, or Turk, or Proo-sian, Or per-haps I-tal - i -
f
p

an! **TENORS & BASSES** But in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be -
 Or per -haps I - tal - i - an!

p

long to oth - er na - tions, He re-mains an Eng - lish - man! He re-

rall.

mains an Eng - lish - man!

CHORUS OF MEN

f a tempo

For in spite of all temp -

rall.

f a tempo

ta - tions To be-long to oth - er na - tions, He re-mains an Eng - lish -

He re - mains an Eng - lish - man!

rall.

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

rall.

CAPTAIN (*trying to repress his anger*) (*During this, enter Cousin Hebe and*

Musical score for the Captain's first part. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "In ut - ter-ing a re - pro - ba - tion To an - y Brit - ish". The dynamic is marked with a 'p' (piano).

Female Relatives.)

Musical score for the Female Relatives' part. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "tar, I try to speak with mod - e - ra - tion, But".

Continuation of the musical score for the Female Relatives' part. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "you have gone too far. I'm ver - y sor - ry".

Continuation of the musical score for the Female Relatives' part. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "to dis - par - age A hum - ble fore - mast lad, But to".

Final continuation of the musical score for the Female Relatives' part. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "seek your cap - tain's child in mar-riage—Why, dam - me, it's too".

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

SOPHS. & ALTOS *ff* Yes,
 Oh! *ff* Oh!

TENORS & BASSES *ff* Oh! *ff* Oh!

COUSIN HEBE
 dam - me, it's too bad! Did you
 dam - me, it's too bad!

f

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,

p

Bearing! Don't go near him— don't go near him— He is
 he said dam-me, he said dam-me, he said dam-me,
 Yes, he said dam-me, dam-me, dam-me, dam-me,

SIR JOSEPH (*who has appeared on*

swear-ing — he is swear-ing! My pain and my dis -
 Yes, dam-me.
 dam-me, Yes, dam-me.

Moderato

p

the poop-deck)

tress, I find it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a -

8

maze - ment, my sur - prise, You may learn from the ex - pres - sion of my

CAPTAIN

eyes! My lord — one word — the facts are not be-fore you, The

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

SIR JOSEPH

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

hear of no de - fense, At - tempt none if you're sen - si - ble. That

word of e - vil sense, Is whol - ly in - de - fen - s. - ble.

Go, ri - bald, get you hence To your ca - bin with ce - le - ri - ty.

(Exit Captain,

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

disgraced, followed by Josephine.)

SIR JOSEPH

For Ill

SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS

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

TENORS & BASSES

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

stringendo molto

teach you all, ere long, To re - frain from lan - guage

stringendo molto

HEBE

strong, For I hav - en't an - y sym - pa - thy for ill-bred taunts! No

sempre stringendo

more have his sis - ters, nor his cou - sins, nor his aunts.

CHORUS

No

No

sempre stringendo

cresc.

more have his sis - ters, nor his cou - sins, nor his aunts, No

cresc.

more have his sis - ters, nor his cou - sins, nor his aunts, No

cresc.

virace

more have his sis -ters, nor his cou -cins, nor his aunts, His

more have his sis -ters, nor his cou -cins, nor his aunts, His

virace

cou -cins, nor his sis -ters, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, nor his

cou -cins, nor his sis -ters, Whom he reck - ons up by doz - ens, nor his

aunts! _____ For he is an Eng - lish - man!

aunts! _____ For he is an Eng - lish - man!

And it's

— For he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly

 — For he him - self has said it, And it's great - ly

That he

That he

to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man! __

to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man! __

That he is __ an __ Eng - - - - - lish - man!

That he is — an — Eng - - - - - lish - man!

meli.

(Re-enter Josephine.)

SIR JOSEPH: . . Now, tell me, my fine fellow — for you are a fine fellow —

RALPH: . . Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH: . . Please, your honour, it was thus-wise. You see, I'm only a top-man — a mere foremast hand —

SIR JOSEPH: . . Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a top-man is a very exalted one.

RALPH: . . Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed up-on the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

(Josephine rushes to Ralph's arms.)

JOSEPHINE: Darling! *(Sir Joseph horrified.)*

RALPH: . . She is the figurehead of my ship of life — the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness — the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow.

ALL: . . . Very pretty, very pretty!

SIR JOSEPH: . . Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! *(Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.)*

JOSEPHINE: Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH: . . Pray don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL: . . . We have!

DICK: . . . They have!

SIR JOSEPH: . . Then load him with chains and take him there at once.

No. 19 Octet and Chorus “Farewell, my own!”

Allegretto moderato RALPH

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the voice of Ralph, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a melodic phrase: "Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare-". The lower staff is for the piano, showing a harmonic progression with chords in F# major. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

well! For crime un-known I go to a dun - geon

JOSEPHINE

cell. I will a - tone; In the mean-time, fare-

well! And all a - lone Re-joice in your dun - geon

SIR JOSEPH

cell! — A bone, — a bone — I'll pick with this sail - or

fell; Let him be shown At once to his dun - geon cell.

COUSIN HEBE

p

He'll hear no tone— Of the maid-en he loves so well!

DICK DEADEYE

He'll hear no tone— Of the maid-en he loves so well!

BOATSWAIN

CARPENTER

He'll hear no tone— Of the maid-en he loves so well!

No tel - e - phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

No tel - e - phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

No tel - e - phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

No tel - e - phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!

BUTTERCUP (*mysteriously*)

But when is known— The se-cret I have to tell,

Wide will be thrown The door of his dungeon cell.

mf JOSEPHINE
Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well! And all a -

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

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

mf RALPH
Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare - well! For crime un -

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

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

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

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

CHORUS. SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS

For crime un -

TENORS & BASSES

For crime un -

(Ralph is led off in custody.)

J. lone Re-joice in your dun - geon, your dun - geon cell!

H. shown At once to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

But. known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

R. known I go to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

Sir J. shown At once to his dun - geon, his dun - geon cell!

D. known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

B. known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

C. known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

known He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

trem.

SIR JOSEPH

My pain and my dis-tress A-gain it is not

ea - sy to ex - press; My a-maze - ment, my sur -prise, A-gain you may dis-

cov - er from my eyes!

CHORUS

How ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his

How ter - ri - ble the as - pect of his

BUTTERCUP

Hold! Ere up - on your loss You lay much

eyes!

eyes!

stress, A long con - ceal - ed crime I would con - fess!

No. 20 Song—(Buttercup and Chorus)
 “A many years ago”

BUTTERCUP

tremolo

man-y years a-go, When I was young and charm-ing, As

some of you may know, I prac-tised ba-b-y-

farm-ing.

CHORUS

Now this is most a-larm-ing! When she was young and

Now this is most a-larm-ing! When she was young and

charming, She practised ba - by - farm - ing, A man - y years a -
charming, She practised ba - by - farm - ing, A man - y years a -

BUTTERCUP

Two ten - der babes I nuss'd: One was of low con - di - tion, The
go.
go.

oth - er, up - per crust, A re - gu - lar pa - tri - cian.

Now, this is the po -

Now, this is the po -

cresc.

si - tion: One was of low con - di - tion, The oth - er a pa -
 si - tion: One was of low con - di - tion, The oth - er a pa -
 tri - cian, A man - y years a - go.
 tri - cian, A man - y years a - go.

BUTTERCUP

Oh, bit - ter is my cup! How - e - ver could I
 do it? I mixed those chil - dren up, And not a crea - ture

knew it!
 How - ev - er could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll
 How - ev - er could you do it? Some day, no doubt, you'll
 In
 rue it, Al-though no crea-ture knew it, So man - y years a - go.
 rue it, Al-though no crea-ture knew it, So man - y years a - go.
 time each lit - tle waif For - sook his fos - ter
 moth-er, The well-born babe was Ralph— Your cap - tain was the
cresc.

oth - er!

They left their fos - ter moth - er, The
They left their fos - ter moth - er, The

p

one was Ralph, our broth - er, Our cap - tain was the oth - er, A
one was Ralph, our broth - er, Our cap - tain was the oth - er, A

rall.

man - y years a - go.

rall.

man - y years a - go.

rall.

man - y years a - go.

a tempo

p

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hours — that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT: . . . That is the idea I intended to convey, officially!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . And very well you have conveyed it, Miss Buttercup!

BUT: . . . Aye! Aye! Yer 'onour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Dear me! Let them appear before me at once!

(Ralph enters as Captain; Captain as a common sailor. Josephine rushes to his arms.)

JOSEPHINE: My father — a common sailor!

CAPT.: . . . It is hard, is it not, my dear?

SIR JOSEPH: . . . This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. *(To Ralph.)* Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH: . . . Corcoran. Three paces to the front — march!

CAPT.: . . . If what?

RALPH: . . . I don't understand.

CAPT.: . . . If you please!

RALPH: . . . What!

SIR JOSEPH: Perfectly right. If you *please*.

RALPH: . . . Oh. If you *please*. *(Captain steps forward.)*

SIR JOSEPH: . . . *(to Captain)*: You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPT.: . . . Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT.: . . . So it seems, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT.: . . . Don't say that, your honour — love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . *(handing Josephine to Ralph)*: Here — take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH and JOSEPHINE: . . . Oh bliss, oh rapture!

CAPT. and BUT: . . . Oh rapture, oh bliss!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Sad my lot and sorry, what shall I do? I cannot live alone!

HEBE: . . . Fear nothing — while I live I'll not desert you. I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . No, don't do that.

HEBE: . . . Yes, but indeed I'd rather —

SIR JOSEPH: . . . *(resigned)*: Oh! very well, then!

Tomorrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

No. 21 Finale
“Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen!”

Allegro vivace

JOSEPHINE

Oh joy, oh rap-ture

COUSIN HEBE

Oh joy, oh rap-ture

RALPH

Oh joy, oh rap-ture

DICK

Oh joy, oh rap-ture

Allegro vivace

f

un - fore - seen! The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The god of day, the

un - fore - seen! The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The god of day, the

un - fore - seen! The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The god of day, the

un - fore - seen! The cloud - ed sky is now se - rene, The god of day, the

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high a-bove; The sky is all a -

blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging

blaze. They'll chase the lag-ging

blaze. With woo-ing words and lov-ing song We'll chase the lag-ging

blaze. With woo-ing words They'll chase the lag-ging hours a -

hours a-long, And if he finds the maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de- cresc.
 hours a-long, And if he finds the maid - en coy, They'll mur - mur forth de- cresc.
 hours a-long, And if I find the maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de- cresc.
 long, And if he finds the maid - en coy, They'll mur-mur forth de-

co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2
 co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2
 co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2
 co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2
 co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2
 co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de - 2

lays.
 lays.
 lays. CAPTAIN CHORUS
 lays. For he's the cap-tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, And a
 p
 OF SAILORS CAPTAIN
 right good cap-tain, too! And though be-fore my fall I was
 p
 cap-tain of you all, I'm a mem - ber of the crew. And
 though be-fore his fall He was cap-tain of us all, He's a mem - ber of the

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top three staves are soprano voices, with the first two labeled 'lays.' and the third labeled 'lays.' followed by 'CAPTAIN' and 'CHORUS'. The fourth staff is a bassoon part, starting with 'p' dynamics. The fifth staff is a basso continuo part. The bottom two staves are bass voices, with the first labeled 'OF SAILORS' and 'CAPTAIN', and the second labeled 'CHORUS'. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The music is in 2/4 time, with various key signatures (F major, C major, G major) indicated by sharps and flats.

CAPTAIN

(turning to But.)

crew. I shall mar-ry with a wife, In my hum-ble rank of life! And

you, my own, are she. I must wan-der to and fro, But wher-

ever I may go, I shall nev-er be un-true to thee! What

CAPTAIN

CHORUS

nev - er?

No nev - er!

What nev - er?

CAPTAIN

CHORUS

TENORS

Hard - ly ev - er!

Hard - ly ev - er be un-true to thee. Then

TENORS

p

give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the form - er cap-tain of the
BASSES

give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the form - er cap-tain of the

p

f

Pin - a - fore, Then give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the
 Pin - a - fore, Then give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the

f

BUTTERCUP

cap-tain of the Pin - a - fore. For he

cap-tain of the Pin - a - fore.

p

loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could nev - er tell

why; — But still he loves But-ter-cup, poor lit-tle But-ter-cup,

Tutti. CHORUS

Sweet lit-tie But-ter-cup, aye! For he loves lit-tle But-ter-cup, dear lit-tle

But-ter-cup, Though I could nev-er tell why; But still he loves

SIR Jos.

But-ter-cup, dear lit-tle But-ter-cup, sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup, aye! I'm the

(to Hebe)

mon-arch of the sea, And when I've mar-ried thee, I'll be
stringendo molto

The musical score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows a piano part with bass and treble staves, and a vocal line starting with 'why; —'. The second system begins with 'Sweet lit-tie' and includes a 'Tutti. CHORUS' section. The third system continues with 'But-ter-cup, Though' and concludes with 'But still he loves'. The fourth system is labeled 'SIR Jos.' and continues with 'But-ter-cup, dear lit-tle'. The fifth system concludes with '(to Hebe)' and ends with 'I'll be' followed by a dynamic instruction 'stringendo molto'. The piano part features various chords and bass notes throughout all systems.

COUSIN HEBE

true to the de - vo - tion that my love im - plants, Then good-bye to your sis - ters, and your

cou - sins, and your aunts, Es - pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you

Vivace

TUTTI

reck - on up by doz - ens, Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your

Then good - bye to your sis - ters, and your

Vivace

cou - sins, and your aunts. Es - pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you

cou - sins, and your aunts, Es - pe - cial - ly your cou - sins, Whom you

reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts! _____ For he is an
 reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts! _____ For he is an
 Eng - lish - man! — For he him - self has said it,
 Eng - liish - man! — For he him - self has said it,
 And it's That he
 And it's great - ly to his cred - it. That he
 And it's great - ly to his cred - it, That he

That he is—an—
is an Eng - lish - man! — That he is—an—
is an Eng - lish - man! — That he is—an—
8
Eng - - - - - lish - man!

Eng - - - - - lish - man!

(CURTAIN)