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H. M. S. PINAFORE

SULLIVAN

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SCENE AFTER RUMFORD'S DEATH

BOAT: Ave little Rutherford, and well called, the roughest, the roundest, and the wisest beauty of all.

ALL: aye, aye.

DICK: ...for you all date on my name

ALL: We do!  
....

SCENE AFTER RALPH'S DEATH

BOAT: have by this to see to a good ship for me. Will you, please?

ALL: No, no.

Ralph:.... whether he holds to the end of his life or  
his slacks on the way out.

ALL: Aye, aye.

SCENE WITH SIR JOE, CAPTAIN AND BOAT

RALPH: A better doesn't walk the deck, you know.

ALL: Aye, aye

SCENE AFTER SIR JOE'S DEATH

RALPH: IS it not your duty to follow him?

ALL: WELL SPoken, WELL SPoken.

DICK: ...equalities out of the question.

ALL: HORRIBLE HORRIBLE

RALPH: ...of the honest love of my fellow

ALL: Aye, aye

ALPH: Have I not been in the boat with you for the last year?

ALL: Aye, aye

ALPH: Do you approve of my doing this?

ALL: WE DO.

STILL SCENE WITH SIR JOE'S DEATH

ALPH: ...the bluest job that ever appeared  
orth fellow's trustful brow.

ALL MEN AND WOMEN: VERY PRETTY, VERY PRETTY.

FR

Ca

No



FRC

Cal  
No.

## Poses

- 1st - heron } long
- 2 - heron } w/out girl
- 3 - half heron - w/girl
- 4 heron (attitude) ↓ ↓
- 5 - heron "
- 6 - heron (customary attitude)
- 7 - heron (attitude)
- 8 - heron "
- 9 - Full hero presentational eyes (page long)
- 10 - quarter audience turn - heron
- 11 - Biggie final presentational

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1889

# H. M. S. PINAFORE

OR,

## THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

AN

Entirely Original Nautical Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

### W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

### ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:

C. H. DITSON & CO.

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225477

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FI  
C  
N

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. ....	<i>First Lord of the Admiralty.</i>
Capt. Corcoran .....	<i>Commanding 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>
Tom Tucker .....	<i>Midshipmate.</i>
Sergeant of Marines.	
Josephine .....	<i>The Captain's Daughter.</i>
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

## "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

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# H. M. S. "PINAFORE" OR THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

## ACT I.

**SCENE**—Quarter-deck of H. M. S. "Pinafore." View of Portsmouth in distance. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.

### No. 1. INTRODUCTION.

#### ALLEGRETTO PESANTE

**Piano.**

*f* *f*

*con 8va*

*p* 3 3 3 3

F  
C  
7

The first system of music consists of seven measures. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accidentals, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the beginning of the seventh measure.

The second system contains seven measures. The right hand continues the melodic development with slurs and various accidentals. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. A *staccato* marking is placed above the right hand in the eighth measure.

The third system spans seven measures. The right hand has a more active melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment features chords and moving lines. Dynamic markings include *cre.* (crescendo) in the eighth measure and *cre. molto* (crescendo molto) in the tenth measure.

The fourth system consists of seven measures. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and a *8va* (octave) marking above the final measure. The left hand accompaniment is characterized by dense chordal textures. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the eighth measure.

The fifth system contains seven measures. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and a *8va* (octave) marking above the first measure. The left hand accompaniment features dense chordal textures. A dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) is present in the final measure.

OPENING CHORUS.

BASSI. *f*

Musical notation for Basses, first system, showing a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

We sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty; We're sober men and true, And at -

Piano accompaniment for the first system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar pattern.

TENORI.

Musical notation for Tenors, first system, showing a single staff with a treble clef. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

When the balls whistle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns all

Musical notation for Basses, second system, showing a single staff with a treble clef. The melody continues from the first system.

- tive to our du-ty; When the balls whistle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns all

Piano accompaniment for the second system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar pattern.

Musical notation for Tenors, second system, showing a single staff with a treble clef. The melody continues from the first system.

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Portsmouth tide, We've plen - ty of time for play, A - hoy! A -

Musical notation for Basses, third system, showing a single staff with a treble clef. The melody continues from the first system.

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Portsmouth tide, We've plen - ty of time for play.

Piano accompaniment for the third system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar pattern.

- hoy! Ahoy! A - hoy! We stand to our guns, to our guns all  
The balls whistle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns, to our guns all

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

*con 8va.*

beauty; We're so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our  
beauty; We're so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our

*8va*

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

*f*

*Sra*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand staff with chords and a left-hand staff with a bass line. A dynamic marking of *f* is present. The word *Sra* is written below the bass line of the piano part.

so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - cean blue.  
so - (ber) men and true, We sail the o - - - cean blue.

*Sra*

Detailed description: This system contains the second two systems of music. The first system has two vocal staves with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand staff and a left-hand staff. The word *Sra* is written below the bass line of the piano part.

Detailed description: This system contains the piano accompaniment for the third system of music, consisting of a right-hand staff and a left-hand staff.

# I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

No. 2. RECITATIVE & SONG. Mrs. Cripps.

(Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with a large basket on her arm.)

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

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

*f*

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

*p* *attacca*

ALLEGRETTO

*f*

SONG. MRS. CRIPPS.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear little But-ter-cup, Though I could never tell why,

*p*

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

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel-lent jacky; I've scissors and watches and knives.

I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces of pretty young sweet-hearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee, Soft tommy and suc - cu-lent chops.

*rall.*

I've chickens and conies, And pretty po - lo - nies, And ex - cellent peppermint drops.....

*rall.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical phrase. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo marking 'rall.' is placed above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I've chickens and conies, And pretty po - lo - nies, And ex - cellent peppermint drops.....'

*a tempo*

..... Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear little But - ter - cup, Sailors should never be shy—

*a tempo*

Detailed description: This system contains the second musical phrase. The tempo marking 'a tempo' is placed above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '..... Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear little But - ter - cup, Sailors should never be shy—'

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy.....

*colla voce*

*con 8va*

Detailed description: This system contains the third musical phrase. The tempo marking 'colla voce' is placed below the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy.....'. Below the piano part, the instruction 'con 8va' is written with a wavy line indicating an octave shift.

Detailed description: This system contains the final musical phrase, which is a piano accompaniment. It continues the harmonic structure from the previous system, ending with a final cadence. The piano part is written in a grand staff.

**BOAT.** Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for your'e the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spit-head.

**BUT.** Red, am I? and round, and rosy! May be; 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.)*

**DICK.** I have 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 Dead-eye!

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

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

**BUT.** You're 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?

**BOAT.** Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creatur'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's human nature. I'm resigned

**No. 2a. RECITATIVE. Little Buttercup & Boatswain.**

**LITTLE BUTTERCUP. RECIT.**

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

**BOATSWAIN.**

**LITTLE BUTTERCUP.**

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

*sf* *attacca*

**THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.**

**No. 3.**

**SCENA—RALPH & CHORUS.**

*(Enter RALPH.)*

**ANDANTE.**

**Piano.** *p*

RALPH.

The Nightingale sigh'd for the moon's bright ray, *tr...* And

told his tale in his own me-lo-dious way. *tr.....* He sang Ah, well - a-

TENORS. CHORUS. *pp* BASSES. *p* *f* *dim.*

- day! He sang Ah, well a - day. The lowly vale for the moun - tain vainly

sighed; *tr.....* To his humble wail the ech - o-ing hills re-plied,

CHORUS.

RALPH.

*tr.....* And sang Ah, well - a - day! *pp* and sang Ah, well a - day. I

*f* *dim.* *f* *Sya*

know the value of a kindly chorus, But cho-rus-es yield little con-so-la-tion When we have

*Sya*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (*Aside.*)

pain and sorrow too, be-fore us! I love, and love, a-las! above my station, He

*f* *dim.* *p*

CHORUS. *Unis.* (*Aside.*)

loves, and loves a lass above his sta-tion! Yes, yes, the lass is much above his sta-tion!

# A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

ARIA.

RALPH.

*Andante moderato.*

A maiden fair to see, The pearl of minstrelsy, A

*Ped.* *p*

CHORUS.

bud of blushing beauty, For whom proud nobles sigh, And with each other vie, To do her menial's du - ty, To

*p*

*con 8va*

RALPH.

do her menial's du - ty. A suitor lowly born, With hopeless passion torn, And poor beyond con - cealing, Hath

*pp* *8va*

CHORUS.

RALPH.

dar'd for her to pine, At whose exalted shrine A world of wealth is kneeling, A world of wealth is kneeling. Un -

*p* *pp*

- learned he in aught, Save that which love hath taught, For Love hath been his tutor. Oh, pity, pity me! Our captain's daughter, she, and

*rall.* *rall.*

*con 8va*

I that low-ly suitor! Oh, pity, pity me, our captain's daughter, she, And I that low - ly sui - tor.

CHORUS OF MEN.

*pp* TENORS.

And he, and he that low - ly sui - tor.

*pp* BASSES.

And he, and he that low - ly sui - tor.

*pp*

*con 8va.*

(Exit LITTLE 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?

DICK. No, no, captain's daughters don't marry fore-mast jacks.

ALL (Recoiling from him.) Shame! Shame!

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

RALPH. But it's strange that the daughter of a man who nails from the quarter deck 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.

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.

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.

## MY GALLANT CREW.

No. 4.

RECIT., SONG & CHORUS — Capt. C.

RECIT. CAPT. C.

My gallant crew, good

*ALLEGRETTO*

CAPT. C. morning! I hope you're all quite well. I am in

CHORUS. TENORS & BASSES. (Saluting.) CHORUS.

Sir, good morning! Quite well; and you sir?

*Sra Sra Sra Sra*

reasonable health, And happy to meet you all once more. CHORUS.  
 You do us proud, Sir!

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "reasonable health, And happy to meet you all once more." followed by a "CHORUS." section with the lyrics "You do us proud, Sir!". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *p* and *f*.

The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the chorus. It features a treble clef with a *f* dynamic marking and a bass clef. Below the staves, there are markings for "con 8va" (concerto octave) with wavy lines indicating the octave shift.

CAPT. C.

1. I am the captain of the Pin - a - fore.  
 do my best to sat - is - fy you all. CHORUS OF MEN.

The third system contains the vocal line for "CAPT. C." in the treble clef. The lyrics are "1. I am the captain of the Pin - a - fore. do my best to sat - is - fy you all." followed by "CHORUS OF MEN." in the bass clef.

- 1. And a
- 2. And with

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment for the third system. It includes a treble clef with a *p* dynamic marking and a bass clef with an "8va" marking. The piano part features a *f* dynamic marking in the final measure.

CAPT. C.

You're ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it understood, I com -  
 You're ex - ceed - ing - ly po - lite, And I think it only right, To re -

right good cap - tain, too!  
 you we're quite con - tent!

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

CHORUS.

We're ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it understood, He com -  
 We're ex - ceed - ing - ly po - lite, And he thinks it on - ly right To re -

CAPT. C.

Tho' re - la - ted to a peer, I can hand, reef and steer, Or  
 Bad language or a - buse I never, ne - ver use, What

- mands a right good crew.  
 - turn the com - pli - ment.

ship a sel - va - gee ; I am nev-er known to quail At the fu - ry of a gale, And I'm  
 ev - er the e - mer - gen - cy ; Though "bother it !" I may.... Oc - ca - sion - al - ly say, I

CAPT. C.

ne - ver, ne - ver sick at sea! No, never!  
 ne - ver use a big, big D! No, never!

CHORUS.

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

CAPT. C.

TENORS.

*dim.*

Hardly ever! He's hardly ev - er sick at sea. } Then  
 Hardly ever! Hardly ev - er swears a big, big D! }

BASSES.

never? He's hardly ev - er sick at sea. }  
 never? Hardly ev - er swears a big, big D! }

*dim.*

give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the har - dy captain of the Pin - a - fore! Then

Give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the har - dy captain of the Pin - a - fore! Then

*p* *f*

*p* *f*

*p* *f*

con 8va.~

(Pause in second verse only.)

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

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

*f*

*f*

8va.~

con 8va.

	1st time. CAPT. C.	2nd time.
--	--------------------	-----------

2nd verse. I

con 8va.~

8va.~

(After Song, exeunt all but CAPTAIN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

No. 4a. RECIT., Little Buttercup & Capt. Corcoran.

*LITTLE BUTTERCUP. XB*

Voice.

Piano.

Piano.

*CAPT. C.*

Voice.

Piano.

Voice.

Piano.

But for some rea-son she does not seem to tac-kle kind-ly to it.

BUTTERCUP. (*With emotion.*)

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

*Tempo moderato*

anguish of a heart that loves but vain-ly! But see! here comes your

(Exit.)

CAPT. C. (*Looking after her.*)

most attractive daughter; I go,— fare-well! A plump and pleasing per-son.

*Segue aria.*

(Miss JOSEPHINE twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.)

# SONG. SORRY HER LOT.

No. 5.

ANDANTE.

JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot... who loves too well, Heavy the

heart that hopes but vain - ly; Sad.. are the sighs that own the spell Utter'd by eyes.. that speak too

plain - ly. Sorry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vain - ly.

*rall.*

From "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

*Un poco animato.*

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows.... the head, When love is a - live.... and

*Un poco animato.*

*p* *cres.*

hope is dead, When love is a - live and hope..... is dead.

*f* *dim.*

*f* *colla voce* *p*

Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Sad is the

*p*

night, to earth's poor daughters, When to the ark the wearied one Flies from the emp - ty waste of

*rall.*

wa - ters. Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Sad is the night to earth's poor daughters.

*rall.*

*Un poco animato.*

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows... the head, When love is a - live.... and

*Un poco animato.*

*cres.*

hope is dead, When love is a - live and hope... and hope is dead.

*f* *dim. p*

*colla voce* *p*

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

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick! I can esteem—re-  
verence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but, oh, I can-  
not 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?

JOS. 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!

JOS. Yes, it is true—too true!

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. 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 permit-  
ting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love

him! I love him!

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this matter 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 soci-  
ety would never pardon.

JOS. 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 ad-  
miring crowd of female relatives 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.

JOS. My own thoughtful father!

(*Embrace and exit. CAPTAIN remains.*)

# OVER THE BRIGHT BLUE SEA.

No. 6. CHORUS OF WOMEN. (Behind the Scenes.)

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS. *p*

*ANDANTINO.* 0 - ver the bright blue sea.... Comes Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B., Wher -

*cres.* *f*

- o - ver he may go.... Bang, bang the loud nine-pounders go; Shout o'er the bright blue

*f*

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

*p* *f* *p*

Joseph Por - ter, K. C. B., For Sir Joseph Por - ter, K. C. B.....

*dim.* *p* *pp*

(During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.)

# WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE.

No. 7.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

BASSES. *p*

Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And his crowd of blushing beauty; We hope he'll find us

*Allegretto come 1ma.*

*pp Staccato.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first vocal line for Basses and the first system of piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a 2/4 time signature. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble.

*p* TENORS.

We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a  
clean, And at - ten - tive to our duty; We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

Detailed description: This system contains the first vocal line for Tenors and the second system of piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time.

*cres.*

beauty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and  
beauty; We're so - ber, so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty, So - ber, so - ber men and

*cres.*

*cres. molto.*

Detailed description: This system contains the second vocal line for Basses and Tenors and the third system of piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'cres.' and 'cres. molto.'.

... We're smart and so-ber men. And quite de-void of fe-ar. In all the Boy-a

Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. (They dance round stage.)

N. None are so smart as we are.

*p* *p*

SOPRANOS.  
Gai-ly tripping, light-ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping; Gai-ly tripping, light-

skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping. Sail-ors  
TENORS & BASSES.

Flags, and guns, and pennants dipping, All the ladies love the shipping.

sprightly, al-ways right-ly Wel-come la - dies so po - lite - ly.

Ladies who can smile so brightly, Sailors welcome

Sailors sprightly al - ways right-ly Wel-come la - dies so po-

most po - lite-ly, welcome most po-lite - ly.

SOPRANOS.  
- lite - ly. Gai-ly trip-ping, light-ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping, Gai-ly

TENORS.  
We're smart and so-ber men, And quite devoid of fe - ar, In

BASSES.  
Gai-ly trip-ping, lightly skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping, Gai-ly

trip-ping, light-ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the ship; Sailors sprightly always right-ly Welcome

all the roy - al N. None are so smart as we are; Ladies who can smile so brightly, Sailors

trip -ping, light- ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the ship; Sailors who can smile so brightly, Sailors

*Legato.*

*Legato.*

*Legato.*

*mf*

*dim.*  
 la - dies so po - lite ly,  
*dim.*  
 welcome most po - lite ly,

so po - lite - ly. *pp* Gai - ly tripping, lightly *cres.* skipping, Sailors always welcome  
 most po - lite - ly. *pp* Gai - ly tripping, lightly *cres.* skipping, Sailors always welcome

*dim.*  
 ladies most po - lite ly.  
*f* *p*  
 ladies most po - lite ly.

# NOW GIVE THREE CHEERS.

No. 8. Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, Boatswain & Chorus.

CAPTAIN C. (*From Poop.*)

(*Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE.*)

*a tempo.*

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

CHORUS. *f* SOPRANO.

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

*f* BASS.

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

*Moderato.*

*mf*

*f a tempo.*

SIR J. PORTER. (*Advancing to front of stage.*)

*Vivace.*

I am the mon - arch of the sea, The ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee, Whose

*Vivace.*

*p*

COUSIN HEBE.

praise great Bri - tain loud - ly chants; And we are his sis - ters and his cous - ins and his aunts.

His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

TENORS & BASSES.

And they are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

SIR J. PORTER.

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

COUSIN HEBE.

pride, And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

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

TENORS & BASSES.

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

*cres.* *f*

SIR J. PORTER.

But when the breez - es blow, I gen - er - al - ly go be -

*p* *dim.* *pp*

COUSIN HEBE.

- low. And seek the se - clusion that a cab - in grants. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

*cres.* *f*

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

SOPRANOS.

*cres.* *f*

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

TENORS & BASSES.

*cres.* *f*

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

*cres.* *f*

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

*f*

*Attacca.*

# SONG. WHEN I WAS A LAD.

No. 9.

Sir J. Porter &amp; Chorus.

*Allegro non troppo.*

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

SIR J. PORTER.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. The piano part includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 1. When I was a lad I serv'd a term As 2. As of - fice boy I made such a mark That they

of - fice boy to an Attorney's firm. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I polished up the handle of the  
gave me the post of a junior clerk. I served the writs with a smile so bland, And I copied all the letters in a

Piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes, matching the style of the introduction.

big front door. I polish'd up the han - dle so  
 big round hand. I cop - ied all the let - ters in a

**CHORUS.**  
 He pol - ish'd up the handle of the big front door.  
 He cop - ied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

He pol - ish'd up the handle of the big front door. 0  
 He cop - ied all the let - ters in a big round hand. 0

*f* *p*

care - ful - lee, That now I am the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.  
 hand so free, And now I am the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.

*f*  
 He pol - ished up the han - dle so  
 He cop - ied all the let - ters in a

*f*  
 He pol - ished up the han - dle so  
 He cop - ied all the let - ters in a

*f*

care - ful - lee, That now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.  
hand so free, And now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

care - ful - lee, That now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.  
hand so free, And now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

3 In serving writs I made such a name  
That an artied clerk I soon became ;  
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit  
For the pass examination at the Institute.  
And that pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

4 Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,  
That they took me into the partnership,  
And that junior partnership I ween  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.  
But that kind of ship so suited me,  
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

5. I grew so rich, that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament ;  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
I thought so little they rewarded me,  
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

6. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule,—  
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee

CHORUS.—Stick close. &c.

SIR JOS. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.  
 CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.  
 SIR JOS. (*Examining a very small midshipman.*) A British sailor  
 is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.  
 CAPT. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.  
 SIR JOS. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.  
 CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.  
 SIR JOS. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's  
 greatness, Captain Corcoran.  
 CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.  
 SIR JOS. No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?  
 CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph!  
 SIR JOS. What, never!  
 CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew,  
 and do their work thoroughly without it.  
 SIR JOS. (*Reproving.*) Don't patronize them, Sir, pray don't  
 patronize them.  
 CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.  
 SIR JOS. 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 JOS. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran.  
 Desire that splendid seaman to step forward,  
 CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.  
 SIR JOS. (*Sternly.*) If what?  
 CAPT. I beg your pardon—  
 SIR JOS. If you please.  
 CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (*RALPH steps forward.*)  
 SIR JOS. You're a remarkably fine fellow.  
 RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOS. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.  
 RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor,  
 though I say it who shouldn't.  
 SIR JOS. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can  
 you dance a hornpipe?  
 RALPH. No, your honor.  
 SIR JOS. 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 don't walk the deck, your honor.  
 ALL. Hear!  
 SIR JOS. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your command-  
 ing officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit.  
 Can you sing?  
 RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.  
 SIR JOS. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him M.S. 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. 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 honor?  
 CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.  
 BOAT. If you please, your honor.  
 CAPT. What!  
 SIR JOS. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.  
 CAPT. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you please.

## FOR I HOLD THAT ON THE SEAS.

No. 9a.

(Exit for Ladies.)

SIR JOSEPH.

Vivace.  
 f  
 For I hold that on the seas The ex-pression "if you

COUSIN HERB.

please? A par-tic-u-lar-ly gentle-man-ly tone im-plants. And so do his sis-ters, and his

cousins and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins, Whom he

TENORS & BASSES.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins, Whom he

*cres.*

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

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

(*Exeunt* CAPTAIN, 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 crew 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.** Hurrah!

**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 ears 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 creature to a proper frame of mind.

## ADMIRAL'S SONG.

Composed for the use of the Royal Navy.

No. 10. TRIO & CHORUS.— Ralph, Boatswain & Boatswain's Mate.

*Moderato.*

**RALPH.**

1. A Bri - tish tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird; His  
2. His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He

**BOATSWAIN.**

1. A Bri - tish tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird; His  
2. His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He

**BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.**

en - er - get - ic fist Should be ready to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word;  
nev - er should bow down To a dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue;

en - er - get - ic fist Should be ready to re - sist A dic - ta - to - rial word; His  
nev - er should bow down To a dom - i - neer - ing frown, Or the tang of a ty - rant tongue; His

His nose should  
His foot should

And his lip should curl, And his brow should furl,  
 And his throat should growl, And his face should scowl,  
 nose should pant, His cheeks should flame, His  
 foot should stamp, His hair should twirl, His

pant, stamp, And his lips..... should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should  
 And his throat..... should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should

And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev-er read-y For a  
 And his breast pro-trude, And this should be his Cus-tom-a-ry  
 bo-som should heave, And his fist be ev-er read-y For a  
 eyes should flash, And this should be his Cus-tom-a-ry

furl, And his bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist ev er  
 scowl, And his eyes should flash, And his breast pro trude, And this his

rall. CHORUS. Sop. *Piu vivace.* cres.

knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his  
 at-ti-tude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his  
 knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his  
 at-ti-tude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his

ready for a knock-down blow.  
 Custom-a-ry at-ti-tude.

*Piu vivace.*  
 p  
 cres.

brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er ready For a face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry

brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er ready For a face should scowl. His eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry

*cres.*

knock-down blow.  
at - ti - tude.

knock-down blow.  
at - ti - tude.

*Vivace.*  
*f*

(All exeunt excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against the bulwark.)  
(Enter JOSEPHINE.)

Jos. It is useless — Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, self-willed, 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 horn-pipe on the cabin table. (Sees RALPH. Ralph Rackstraw! (Overcome by emotion.)

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

Jos. (Aside.) How my heart beats! (Aloud.) And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady — rich only in unrest. In me there meet a combination of elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither and thither — wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope — plunged the next into the darkness of despair, I am but a living embodiment of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. 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!

Jos. (Indignantly.) Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armory were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

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

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately. Give me hope, or drive me to despair. I have spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. 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!

## REFRAIN, AUDACIOUS TAR.

No. II.

LOVERS' DUET.—Josephine & Ralph.

*Allegro con brio.*

*f* JOSEPHINE.

Refrain, au - dacious tar, Your suit from  
press - ing; Re - mem - ber what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing. Re -  
frain, audacious tar, Your suit from pressing; Remember what you are, And whom addressing, Re - frain, audacious

*p (aside), Un poco  $\text{rit.}$  lento.*

tar, Re mem - ber what you are. I'd laugh my rank to

*cres.*

scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high - ly born Or I more low - ly, I'd

*dim. p ritard.*

laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.

*mf dim. colla voce. pp*

**RALPH.**

*Tempo 1mo.*

Proud la - dy, have you way, Un - feel - ing

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

am the lowliest tar that ploughs the wa - ter, And you, proud maiden, are my captain's daughter; Proud la - dy, have your

way; You speak, and I o - bey. My heart, with an - guish

*p (aside.) Un poco piu lento.*

torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, yet I a - dore her, My

*cres.*

*dim.* *p* *rit.* *tempo mo. f* JOSEPHINE.

heart, with anguish torn, Bows down be - fore her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a - dore her. Re - frain, au - da - cious

*mf* *dim.* *colla voce.* *f*

*ppiu lento.* JOSEPHINE.

tar, Your suit from press - ing. *f* RALPH. *ppiu lento.* I'd laugh my rank to

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feeling beau - ty! My heart with anguish

*ppiu lento.*

*rit.* *pp*

scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.

*rit.* *pp*

torn, Bows down be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a - dore her.

*pp* *rit.* *p*

# CAN I SURVIVE THIS OVERBEARING?

No. 12.

Finale.

(Exit JOSEPHINE.) RALPH. RECIT.

Can I survive this o-ver-bearing? Or live a life of mad de-spair-ing! My

*Allegretto Moderato.*

*fp*

proffer'd love despis'd, re-ject-ed! No, no, it's not to be ex-pect-ed!

*f a tempo. Segue Finale.*

RALPH. (Calling off.)

(Enter SAILORS, HEBE and RELATIVES.)

Mesmates a-hoy! come here! come here!

*ff* SOPRANOS.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

TENORS & BASSES.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

*Allegro con brio.*

*ff*

RALPH. (To Cousin HEBE.)

The mai - den treats my  
 Come, tell us pray, without delay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

Come, tell us pray, without delay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

suit with scorn, Re - jects my hum - ble love, my lady, She says I am ig - no - bly born, And

DEADEYE.

cuts my hope a - drift, my lady. She spurns my love! O -

**f** CHORUS.  
 Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!  
 Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!

*f* COUSIN HERB.

Shall they submit? are they but slaves?  
*f* BOATSWAIN.  
- ho! O-ho! I told you so! I told you so!  
Shall we submit? are we but slaves?  
*f* CHORUS.  
Shall we submit? are we but slaves?  
*f*

*Musical notation includes treble and bass staves for voices and piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like *f* and *ff*.*

Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan-nia's sai-lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in-sult?  
Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan-nia's sai-lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in-sult?  
Love comes a-like to high and low— Bri-tan-nia's sai-lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in-sult?

*Musical notation includes treble and bass staves for voices and piano accompaniment.*

DRAMA.

You must sub-mit, you are but slaves; A la-dy she! O-ho! O-ho! You low-ly

No! no!

No! no!

*p* *fp* *p* *fp*

(Goes off.) SOPRANOS.

toilers of the waves, She spurns you all, I told you so! Shall they submit? are they but slaves!

TENORS & BASSES.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves!

*p* *pp* *cres.*

COUSIN HEBE.

Shall they submit? are they but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri-

BOATSWAIN.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri-

DEADEYE.

You must sub-mit, you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O -

SOPRANOS.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri-

TENORS & BASSES.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri-

Accompanying piano music for the first system.

DEADEYE.

- ho! O-ho! O-ho! She spurns you all, She spurns you all, I told you so!

COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS.

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

Accompanying piano music for the second system.

BOATSWAIN & BASS.

Accompanying piano music for the third system.

RALPH. (*Drawing a pistol.*)

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

*p* CHORUS. (*Turning away weeping.*)

gone, oh, prithee, tell The maid that, as I died, I lov'd her well ! Of life, a - las, his leave he's

Of life, a - las, his leave he's

(*During CHORUS he has loaded pistol.*)

tak - ing, For ah ! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone, we'll sure - ly

tak - ing, For ah ! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone, we'll sure - ly

that as he died, he lov'd her well.

RALPH.

tell The maid, as he died, he lov'd her well. Be warn'd, my

The first system of music includes a vocal line for Ralph and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "tell The maid, as he died, he lov'd her well. Be warn'd, my". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with various chords and melodic lines.

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

The second system of music includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "mess-mates all Who love in rank a - bove you— For Jo - sephine I fall!". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of chords.

(Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.) Tutti. CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

JOSEPHINE. RECIT.

Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

TENORS & BASSES.

Ah! stay your hand! she loves you!

The third system of music features a recitative for Josephine and a chorus response. Josephine's line is "Ah! stay your hand! I love you!". The chorus response is "Ah! stay your hand! she loves you!". The piano accompaniment is minimal, with some chords.

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. SOPRANOS.

TENORS & BASSES.

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

The fourth system of music features a dialogue between Ralph and Josephine/Sopranos. The lyrics are: "Loves me! Loves you! Yes! Yes! Ah yes! she loves you! ....". The piano accompaniment includes some chords and a melodic line.

JOSEPHINE. *Allegro vivace.*

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud-ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the

## COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud-ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the

## RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud-ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the :

*p* *Allegro vivace.*

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze. With woo-ing words and

I'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai - den coy, He'll  
H'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the mai - den coy, He'll  
lov - ing song, I'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if I find the mai - den coy, I'll :

*p*

mur - mur forth de - eo - rous joy In drea - - - my roun - de - lays!  
mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy In drea - - - my roun - de - lays!  
mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy In drea - - - my roun - de - lays!

*f*

## DEAFYR.

He thinks he's won his Jo - sephine, But tho' the sky seems now se - rene, A frown - ing thunder-bolt a -

*p* *stacc.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, 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A279, B279, C280, D280, E280, F280, G280, A280, B280, C281, D281, E281, F281, G281, A281, B281, C282, D282, E282, F282, G282, A282, B282, C283, D283, E283, F283, G283, A283, B283, C284, D284, E284, F284, G284, A284, B284, C285, D285, E285, F285, G285, A285, B285, C286, D286, E286, F286, G286, A286, B286, C287, D287, E287, F287, G287, A287, B287, C288, D288, E288, F288, G288, A288, B288, C289, D289, E289, F289, G289, A289, B289, C290, D290, E290, F290, G290, A290, B290, C291, D291, E291, F291, G291, A291, B291, C292, D292, E292, F292, G292, A292, B292, C293, D293, E293, F293, G293, A293, B293, C294, D294, E294, F294, G294, A294, B294, C295, D295, E295, F295, G295, A295, B295, C296, D296, E296, F296, G296, A296, B296, C297, D297, E297, F297, G297, A297, B297, C298, D298, E298, F298, G298, A298, B298, C299, D299, E299, F299, G299, A299, B299, C300, D300, E300, F300, G300, A300, B300, C301, D301, E301, F301, G301, A301, B301, C302, D302, E302, F302, G302, A302, B302, C303, D303, E303, F303, G303, A303, B303, C304, D304, E304, F304, G304, A304, B304, C305, D305, E305, F305, G305, A305, B305, C306, D306, E306, F306, G306, A306, B306, C307, D307, E307, F307, G307, A307, B307, C308, D308, E308, F308, G308, A308, B308, C309, D309, E309, F309, G309, A309, B309, C310, D310, E310, F310, G310, A310, B310, C311, D311, E311, F311, G311, A311, B311, C312, D312, E312, F312, G312, A312, B312, C313, D313, E313, F313, G313, A313, B313, C314, D314, E314, F314, G314, A314, B314, C315, D315, E315, F315, G315, A315, B315, C316, D316, E316, F316, G316, A316, B316, C317, D317, E317, F317, G317, A317, B317, C318, D318, E318, F318, G318, A318, B318, C319, D319, E319, F319, G319, A319, B319, C320, D320, E320, F320, G320, A320, B320, C321, D321, E321, F321, G321, A321, B321, C322, D322, E322, F322, G322, A322, B322, C323, D323, E323, F323, G323, A323, B323, C324, D324, E324, F324, G324, A324, B324, C325, D325, E325, F325, G325, A325, B325, C326, D326, E326, F326, G326, A326, B326, C327, D327, E327, F327, G327, A327, B327, C328, D328, E328, F328, G328, A328, B328, C329, D329, E329, F329, G329, A329, B329, C330, D330, E330, F330, G330, A330, B330, C331, D331, E331, F331, G331, A331, B331, C332, D332, E332, F332, G332, A332, B332, C333, D333, E333, F333, G333, A333, B333, C334, D334, E334, F334, G334, A334, B334, C335, D335, E335, F335, G335, A335, B335, C336, D336, E336, F336, G336, A336, B336, C337, D337, E337, F337, G337, A337, B337, C338, D338, E338, F338, G338, A338, B338, C339, D339, E339, F339, G339, A339, B339, C340, D340, E340, F340, G340, A340, B340, C341, D341, E341, F341, G341, A341, B341, C342, D342, E342, F342, G342, A342, B342, C343, D343, E343, F343, G343, A343, B343, C344, D344, E344, F344, G344, A344, B344, C345, D345, E345, F345, G345, A345, B345, C346, D346, E346, F346, G346, A346, B346, C347, D347, E347, F347, G347, A347, B347, C348, D348, E348, F348, G348, A348, B348, C349, D349, E349, F349, G349, A349, B349, C350, D350, E350, F350, G350, A350, B350, C351, D351, E351, F351, G351, A351, B351, C352, D352, E352, F352, G352, A352, B352, C353, D353, E353, F353, G353, A353, B353, C354, D354, E354, F354, G354, A354, B354, C355, D355, E355, F355, G355, A355, B355, C356, D356, E356, F356, G356, A356, B356, C357, D357, E357, F357, G357, A357, B357, C358, D358, E358, F358, G358, A358, B358, C359, D359, E359, F359, G359, A359, B359, C360, D360, E360, F360, G360, A360, B360, C361, D361, E361, F361, G361, A361, B361, C362, D362, E362, F362, G362, A362, B362, C363, D363, E363, F363, G363, A363, B363, C364, D364, E364, F364, G364, A364, B364, C365, D365, E365, F365, G365, A365, B365, C366, D366, E366, F366, G366, A366, B366, C367, D367, E367, F367, G367, A367, B367, C368, D368, E368, F368, G368, A368, B368, C369, D369, E369, F369, G369, A369, B369, C370, D370,

JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The

COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The

RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The

many va - rious ways. Our captain soon, unless I'm wrong, Will be ex -

*f* *sf* *p*

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is

God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is

-tremely down up - on The wick - ed men who art em - ploy, Will be ex - tremely down up - on The wicked

*cres* *cen* *do.* *f*

all a - - - blaze, is all a -

all a - - - blaze, is all a -

all a - - - blaze, is all a -

men, will be extremely down up - on the men In ma-ny various ways, In ma-ny various

*p*

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

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

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

ways, Our captain soon will be extremely down up-on the wicked men in ma-ny various

cres - - - cen - - - do.

- blaze..... This ve - ry night, With -

- blaze..... With ba - ted breath,

- blaze..... And muf - fled oar,

ways.....

*pp staccato.*

- out a light, A cler - gy - man

As still as death

We'll steal a - shore, Shall make us one.

BOATSWAIN.

At

JOSEPHINE. And then we can half - past ten,

BOATSWAIN. Can part them then!

JOSEPHINE. COUSIN HEBE. This ve - ry night, With

RALPH. Re - turn, for none

CHORUS. This ve - ry night, With

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. COUSIN HEBE. RALPH. JOSEPHINE.

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

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar - With - ont a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A -

RALPH. COUSIN HEBE. JOSEPHINE. RALPH. COUSIN HEBE.

oler - gy - man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can

BOATSWAIN. At half - past ten, Can

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

F = Front  
 B = Back  
 P = Parlor

JOSEPHINE.

This ve-ry night, With bated breath And muffled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal ashore. A clergy -  
 part them then! This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

RALPH.

This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -  
 part them then!

DEADEYE.

part them then! This very night, With bated breath And muffled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal ashore. A clergy -  
 This ve - ry night, With ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With -

*sempre p e stacc.*

musical accompaniment for the first system.

- man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none can part us then! A cler - gy  
 - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

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

- man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can part them then! A cler - gy -  
 - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

musical accompaniment for the second system.

- man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can part us then! This ve - ry  
 cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry  
 Shall make us one

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry

- man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can re - turn, for none Can part them then! This ve - ry  
 cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry

*cres.*

night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy

night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -

night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -

night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar—With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -

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

them they none Can part them then!

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

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

(Dick Deadeye appears.)

DEADEYE.

For -

RECIT. Moderata.

- bear, nor car-ry out the scheme you've plann'd, She is a la- dy- you a fore-mast hand! Re-mem-ber she's your

*f* CHORUS. Tutti.

gal-lant cap-tain's daugh-ter, And you the mean-est slave that crawls the wa-ter! Back, ver-min,

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

*Allegro con brio.*

*f*

SOPRANOS.

Let's give three cheers for the sai-lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a-side—Who

TENORS & BASSES. *f*

gives up home and for-tune too, For the hon-est love of a sai-lor true! Tra, la, la, la, la,

la, la,

la, la,

la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la. Let's give three cheers for the sai - lor's bride, Who casts all thought of  
la, la, la.

rank a - side—Who gives up home and for - tune too For the hon - est love of a sai - lor true!

*Seat* *gentle on* *tenor* *light*

JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS. *Vivace*

For a Bri - tish tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain bird, His

TENORS & BASSES. ....

en - er - get - ic fist should be rea - dy 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 - i - neering frown, Or the

tang of a ty - rant tongue.

RALPH, DEAD EYE, BOATSWAIN.

TENORS & BASSES. *Unison.*

His nose should pant and his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame and his

brow should furl, His bo - som should heave and his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er rea - dy for a

*cres.*

SOPRANOS.

RALPH with TENORS.

DEAD EYE & BOATSWAIN with BASSES.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

knock-down-blow. His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His

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

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

JOSEPHINE.

COUSIN HEBE.  
 this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes ..... should dash, his breast.... pro -

RALPH.

DEADEYE.  
 this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes ..... should flash, his breast pro -

BOATSWAIN.

SOPRANOS.  
 this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes ..... should flash, his breast.... pro -

TENORS & BASSES.  
 this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude,

his at - ti - tude, his

- tude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

- tude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

- tude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

at - ti - tude, his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude, his

his

his

his

flash, his breast..... pro - trude, His eyes..... should flash, .....

flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes should flash, should flash,.....

flash, his breast..... pro - trude, His eyes..... should flash, .....

at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude. His eyes,

..... yes, ..... His eyes..... should

should

..... yes, ... .. His eyes

should

..... yes,..... His eyes.....

his eyes should,..... yes,..... His eyes.... should

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

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

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

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

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

*scowl pose*

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl ;

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash, His breast pro - tude, And this should be his

And this his at - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - ti - tude.

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

Sea.....  
f

END OF ACT I—CURTAIN.

ACT II.

*Same Scene. Night. CAPTAIN discovered singing, and accompanying himself on a mandolin. LITTLE BUTTERCUP seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.*

INTRODUCTION.

TEMPO MODERATO.

The first system of the introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains five measures of music, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the fifth measure. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains five measures of music, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the fifth measure.

The second system of the introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music.

The third system of the introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music.

The fourth system of the introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains six measures of music.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar melodic and harmonic textures in both staves.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a *rall.* (rallentando) marking in the treble staff and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, showing further development of the musical themes.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the page with a final cadence in both staves.

# SONG. FAIR MOON.

NO. 13.

Captain Oorcoran.

*MODERATO.*

Piano introduction for 'Fair Moon'. The music is in G major and common time (C). It consists of five measures. The first measure is marked *p* (piano). The second measure is marked *fz* (forzando). The third measure is marked *p*. The fourth and fifth measures are also marked *p*. The piece ends with a fermata over the final note.

CAPTAIN C.

Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is

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

*Sra*

*Sra*

Eith - er at six - es or at sev - ens? I have lived hith - er - to, Free from the breath of

*Sya Sya Sya*

slan - der, be - lov'd by all my crew, A - real - ly pop - u - lar com -

- man - der. But now my kind - ly crew re - bel, My daughter to a tar is

*Sya Sya Sya Sya Sya Sya Sya*

par - tial, Sir Jo - seph storms, and sad to tell, He threatens a court mar - tial!

*cres.* *dim.*

Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is

*Sra*

*pp*

ev - 'ry thing Ei - ther at six - es or at sev - ens! Fair moon, to the I'll sing,

*Sra* *Sra*

*rall.*  
Bright re-gent of the heavens!

*colla voce.* *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! (*Sighing.*) Who is poor little Buttercup, that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet, if he knew—

**CAPT.** 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 accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seemed 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 stanch to me. (*Aside*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such an 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.** (*Change of manner.*) 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. There is a change in store for you.

**CAPT.** A change!

**BUT.** Aye, be prepared.

## DUET. THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.

No. 1.

Little Buttercup and Captain Corcoran.

ALLEGRETTO.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Things are seldom what they seem, Skim milk mas-que-rades as cream,

CAPTAIN C. (*Puzzled.*)

High-lows pass as pa-tent leathers, Jack-daws strut in pea-cock's feathers. Ve-ry true, so they do.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Black sheep dwell in ev-ry fold, All that glit-ters is not gold; Storks turn out be

CAPTAIN C. (*puzzled.*)

be but logs, Bulls are but in-flat-ed frogs. So they be, fre-quently.

The musical score for Captain C. (puzzled.) consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two systems, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Drops the wind and stops the mill, Tur-bot is am-bi-tious brill; Gild the farthing if you will,

The musical score for Little Buttercup. consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two systems, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

*con Sra*CAPTAIN C. (*Puzzled.*)

Yet it is a farth-ing still. Yes, I know, that is so: Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, It is

The musical score for Captain C. (Puzzled.) consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two systems, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part begins with a *con Sra* marking.

*con Sra*

sha-dy, it is sha-dy, I don't see at what you're driving, Mystic la-dy, mystic la-dy.

The musical score for Captain C. (Puzzled.) continues with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two systems, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (Aside.)

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

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

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

-lar re-veal-ing. That is so.

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

-lar re-veal-ing. Yes, I know. Tho' I'm a - ny - thing but cle-ver, I could talk like

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

that for - e - ver. Once a cat was killed by care, On - ly brave deserve the fair. Ve - ry true; so they do

CAPTAIN C.

Wink is of-ten good as nod, Spoils the child, who spares the rod; Thirsty lambs run fox - v dangers,

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

CAPTAIN C.

Dogs are found in ma - ny mangers. Frequent-lee! I a - gree. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,

*con Sra*

Worn out garments show new patches; On - ly count the chick that hatches, Men are grown-up catchy catches,

*con Sra*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Yes, I know that is so, Tho' to catch my drift he's striving, I'll dis - sem - ble! I'll dis -

- semble! When he sees at what I'm driv - ing, Let him tremble, Let him tremble!

*Ensemble.*  
LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Tho' a mys - tic tone I borrow, He will learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and  
CAPTAIN C.

Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and

The first system of the musical score for 'Little Buttercup'. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Tho' a mys - tic tone I borrow, He will learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and' for Captain C., and 'Tho' a mys - tic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the truth with sor - row ; Here to - day and' for the other voice.

gone to-morrow. That is so. I'll dis-sem-ble, I'll dis-sem-ble, Let him

gone to-morrow. Yes, I know. Tho' a mystic tone you borrow, I shall learn the

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'gone to-morrow. That is so. I'll dis-sem-ble, I'll dis-sem-ble, Let him' and 'gone to-morrow. Yes, I know. Tho' a mystic tone you borrow, I shall learn the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

tremble ! Let him tremble ! Let him tremble ! Yes, I know, that is so.

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

*A tempo.*

*pp* *f*

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'tremble ! Let him tremble ! Let him tremble ! Yes, I know, that is so.' and 'truth to-morrow, Here to-day and gone to-morrow, Yes, I know, that is so.'. The system concludes with the instruction '*A tempo.*' and dynamic markings '*pp*' and '*f*'.

(At the end, exit LITTLE 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 upon 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. FIRST LORD retires up and watches her.)

# THE HOURS CREEP ON A-PACE.

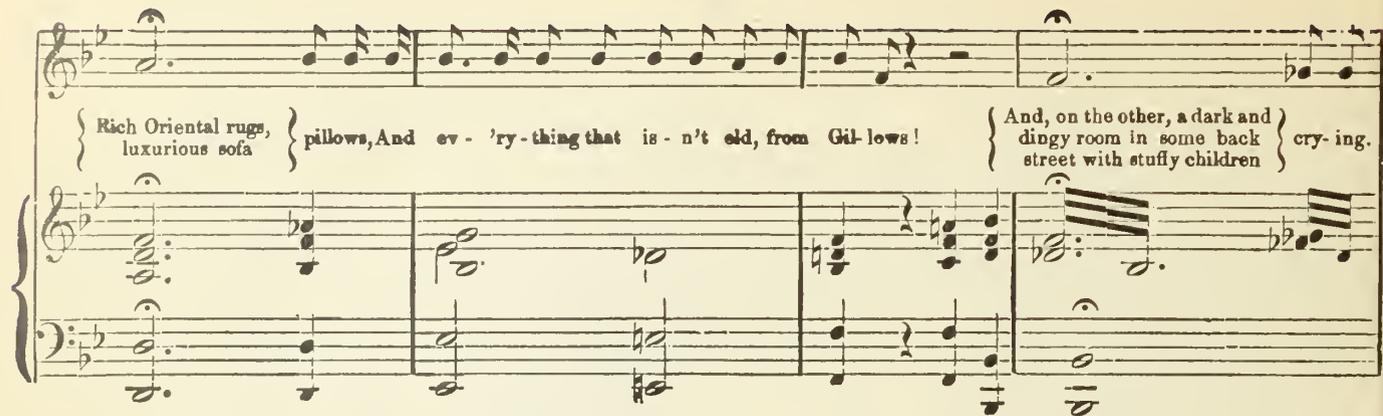
No. 15.

SCENA—Josephine,

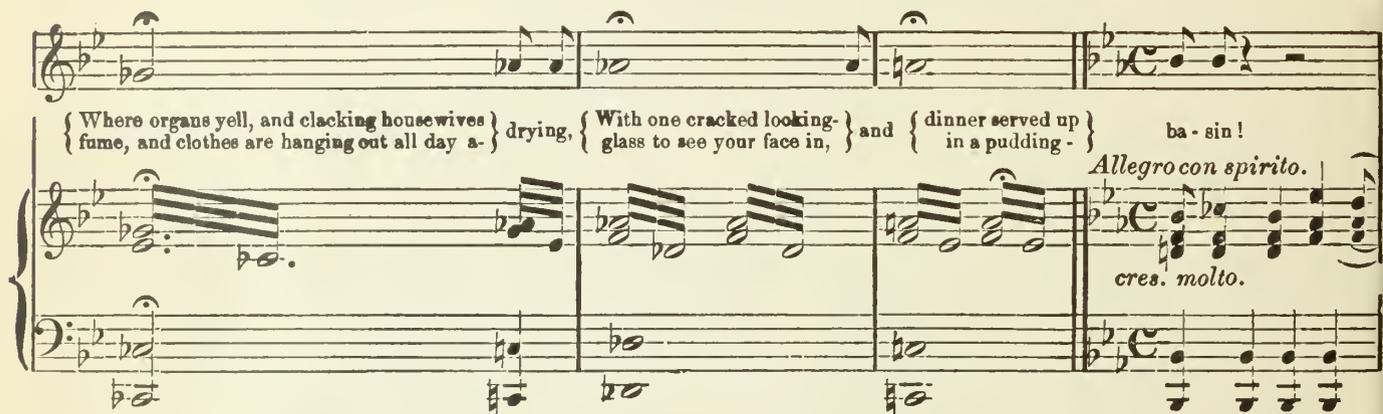
*ANDANTE.* The hours creep on a-pace, My guilty heart is quaking; Oh, that I might re-

- trace The step that I am tak-ing. It's fol-ly it were easy to be shewing; What I am giving up, and whither

go - - ing! { On the one hand papa's luxurious home, } brasses, { Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, } glasses, }  
 hung with ancestral armour and old } rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-



Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa } pillows, 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 } cry-ing.

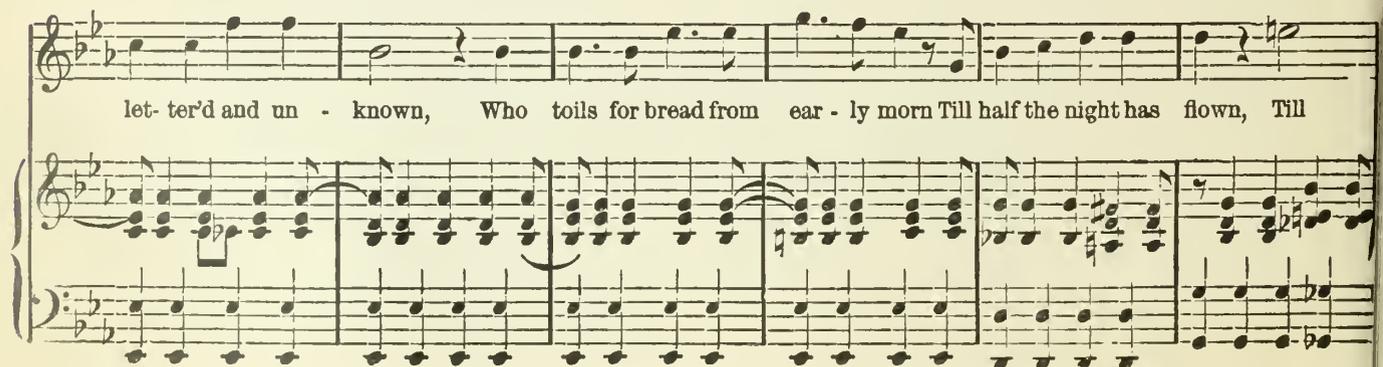


{ Where organs yell, and clacking housewives } fume, and clothes are hanging out all day a- } drying, { With one cracked looking- } glass to see your face in, } and { dinner served up } in a pudding - } ba - sin!

*Allegro con spirito.*  
*cres. molto.*



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



let-ter'd 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 impart, No wealth of house or land; No

*cres.* fortune, save his trus-ty heart, And honest, brown right hand, his trus-ty heart, and brown right hand; And yet he is so *p*

*cres.* *f* *p*

wondrous fair, That love for one so passing rare, So peerless in his man-ly beauty, Were lit-tle else than solemn du-ty, Were

*p*

*rallentando,* *ad lib.*

lit-tle else than so-lemn du-ty! Oh god of love and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o-

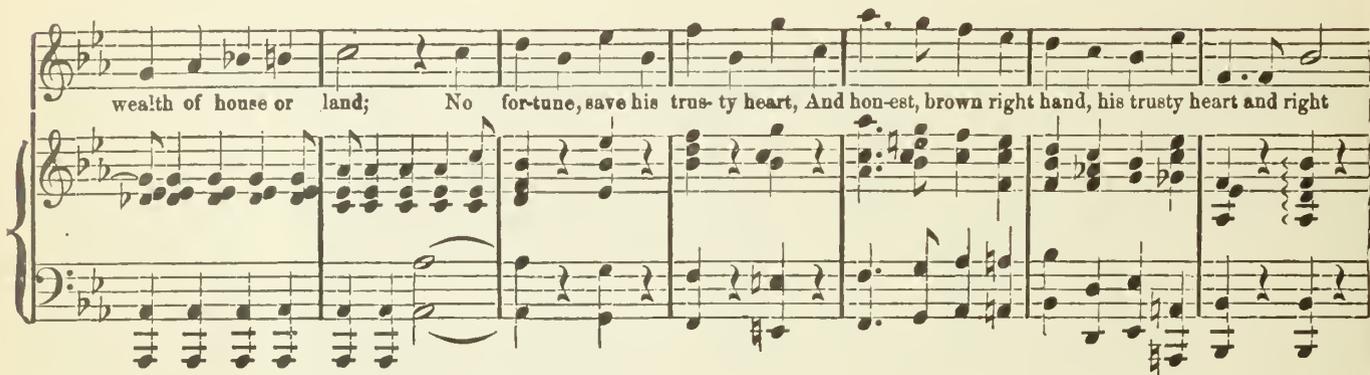
*rall.* *p*

-bey! A sim-ple sai-lor, low-ly born, Un-let-ter'd and un-known, No gold-en rank can he impart, No

*a tempo.*

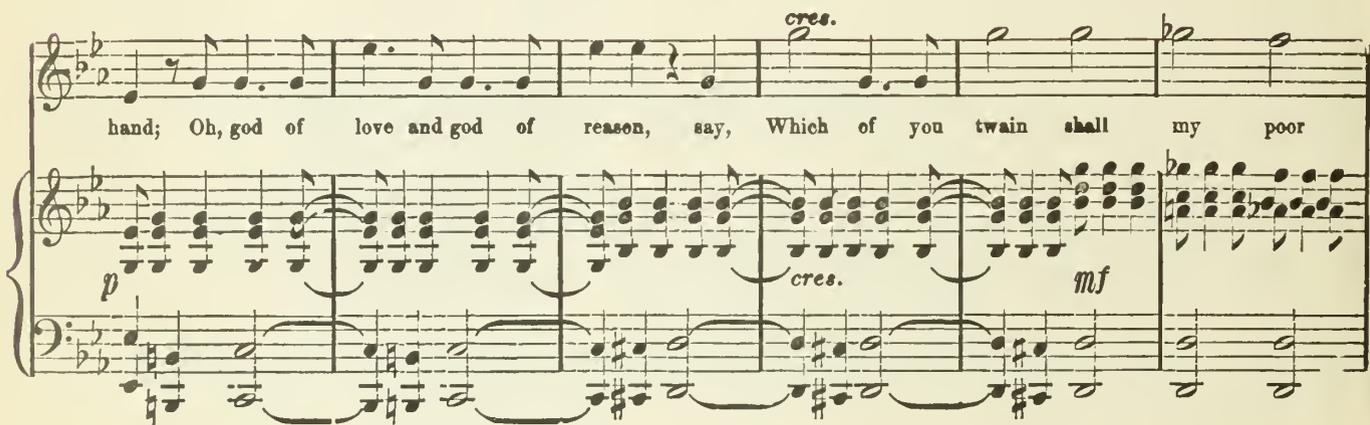


wealth of house or land; No for-tune, save his trus-ty heart, And hon-est, brown right hand, his trusty heart and right



hand; Oh, god of love and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor

*p* *cres.* *mf*



heart, my poor heart o-bey, God of love, god of rea-son, god of rea-son

*cres.*



god of love, say,..... Which shall my poor heart o - bey! Oh,

*fz fz fz fz*

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

*mf*

twain shall my poor heart..... o - bey, my heart o - bey, Which shall my

heart..... o - bey.  
heart,.... my heart o - - bey.

**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 attributed to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

**Jos.** Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank.

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

**Jos.** 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.

**Jos.** 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.

(CAPTAIN has entered; during this speech he comes down.)

## BELL TRIO.

### No. 16. Josephine, Captain Corcoran, and Sir J. Porter.

*ALLEGRO VIVACE.*

*Josephine.* 3. Nev - er mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore I ad - mit the ju - ris - dic - tion ; Ably  
*Captain C.* 1. Never mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore, Tho' his Lordship's station's mighty, Tho' stu -  
*Sir J. P.* 2. Nev - er mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore, Tho' your nautical re - la - tion In my

have you play'd your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tions To my hes - i - tat - ing heart.  
 - pen - dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and flighty, And her for - tune poor and plain—  
 set could scarce - ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the low - er mid - dle class—

CAPTAIN C. and SIR J. PORTER. (every time.)

Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship, Bend the air with warbling wild, For the u - nion

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

CAPTAIN C.

CAPTAIN C. (each verse.)

JOSEPHINE.  
(each verse.)

SIR J. PORTER.

of his Lordship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child. For a hum - ble cap - tain's daughter, For a  
of my Lordship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child.

The second system of music features three vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are arranged in a three-part setting. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as 'sf' (sforzando) and 'p' (piano). The key signature remains three sharps and the time signature is 2/4.

SIR J. PORTER. (each verse.)

JOSEPHINE.

gallant captain's daughter And a Lord that rules the water. And a tar that ploughs the water.

The third system of music continues the three-part vocal setting with piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings like 'p' and 'sf'. The key signature is three sharps and the time signature is 2/4.

JOSEPHINE. 1st and 2d verses.

Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,  
CAPT. C. & SIR J. PORTER.  
Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,

This block contains the first two verses of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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

This block contains the third verse of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

*f* 3d verse.

Let the air with joy be la - den, For the u - nion of a maid - en,  
CAPTAIN C. & SIR J. PORTER.  
*f*  
Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship,

This block contains the third verse of the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are split across two lines.

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,  
For her u - nion with his Lordship, Rend with songs the air a - bove For the man who owns her love,

*f*

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.....

(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 happy 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 DEAD EYE 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!

# THE MERRY MAIDEN AND THE TAR.

No. 17.

DUET—Captain Corcoran and Deadeye.

DEADEYE.

1. Kind Captain, I've important information—Sing hey, the gallant Captain that you are—

A - bout a certain intimate relation, Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The merry, merry maiden, The merry, merry maiden, Sing hey, the merry

DEADEYE.

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

maid - en and the tar.

maid en and the tar.

The first system of the score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are "maid - en and the tar." The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

CAPTAIN C.

2. Good fel-low, in con-undrums you are speak - ing— Sing hey, the sil - ly sail - or that you are—

The second system of the score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are "2. Good fel-low, in con-undrums you are speak - ing— Sing hey, the sil - ly sail - or that you are—". A handwritten word "Motto" is written above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff.

The answers to them vainly am I seek - ing, Sing hey, the merry maid - en and the tar.

The third system of the score continues with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are "The answers to them vainly am I seek - ing, Sing hey, the merry maid - en and the tar." The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff.

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

maid - en and the tar.  
maid - en and the tar.

**DEADEYE,**

3. Kind Captain, your young lady is a sigh - ing, Sing hey, the gal - lant Cap - tain that you are—

This very night with Backstraw to be fly - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry maid - en and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

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

DEADEYE.

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

maid - en and the tar.

maid - en and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

4. Good fellow, you have giv - en time - ly warn - ing— Sing hey, the thoughtful sail - or that you are—

I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morn - - ing, Sing hey, the cat - o' - nine - tails and the tar.

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

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

- nine - tails and the tar.

- 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.*) Ensemble.

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. The CAPTAIN, shrouded in his boat-cloak, takes stage, unnoticed.*

ENSEMBLE.

# CAREFULLY ON TIP-TOE STEALING.

No. 18.

SOLI and CHORUS.

*pp* TENORS & BASSES.

*MODERATO.*

Care - ful - ly on tip - toe steal - ing, Breathing

gent - ly as we may, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will

(CAPTAIN stamps.)--Chord.

DEADEYE.

soft - ly creep a - way. Goodness me! why, what was that? Si - lent

CHORUS OF MEN.  
(Reassured.)

CAPT. C.

Producing out-o'-nine-tails.

be, it was the cat! It was, it was the cat! They're

*cres.* *p*

*pp* CHORUS OF MEN.

right, it was the cat! Pull a - shore in fash - ion

*dim.* *pp*

stea - dy, Hy - men will de - fra<sup>v</sup> the fare, For a cler - gy - man is

(Stamp as before, and chord.)

rea - dy To u - nite the hap - py pair. Good - ness me! why, what was

DEADEYE.

CHORUS OF MEN.

that! Si - lent be, a - gain the cat! It was a - gain the

JOSEPHINE.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

RALPH.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

cat! They're right. it was the cat! with cau - tion

DEADEYE.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel- ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel- ing, They will soft - ly creep a - way, Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

CHORUS.  
TENORS.

We will steal a - way, Ev - 'ry step, ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

BASSES.

*rall.*  
feel - ing, We will steal a - - - way.

*rall.*  
feel - ing, They will soft - ly steal a - way.

*rall.*  
feel - ing, We will soft - ly steal a - way.

*accel.*

# HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN.

No. 18a.

SOLO, DUET and CHORUS.

CAPTAIN C. (*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)

Hold!..... Pretty daugh - ter of mine, I in - sist up - on knowing

Where you may be go - ing With these sons of the brine; For my ex - cellent crew, Tho'

*con Sra.*

CHORUS OF MEN.

foes they could thump a - ny, Are scarcely fit com - pany, My daughter, for you. Now, hark at that, do! Tho'

RALPH. *p*

foes we could thump a-ny, We're scarce-ly fit com - pa-ny For a la - dy like you! Proud

*con sra*

of - ficer, that haughty lip un - curl! Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer, For I have

CAPTAIN C.

dar'd to love your match - less girl, A fact well known to all my mess-mates here! Oh,

JOSEPHINE. *p*

hor-ror! He, RALPH. humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

I, RALPH. humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

port di - vi - sion — The butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn — The mark of quar - ter -

port di - vi - sion — The butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn — The mark of quar - ter -

-deck de - ri - sion, Has dar'd to raise his worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to

-deck de - ri - sion, Have dar'd to raise my worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to

*cres.*

which you'd mould him, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, He is an

which you'd mould me, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, I am an

*f*

BOATSWAIN.

Eng - - lish - man. be-hold him! He

CHORUS. TENORS.

Eng - - lish - man, be-hold me! He is an Eng - - - lish - man!

BASSES. *ff*

He is an Eng - - - lish - man!

is an English-man, For... he himself has said it, And it's great-ly to his cred-it, That he

*fz* *a tempo. p*

*con Sra*

is an Eng-lish - man! For he might have been a

That he is an Eng - lish - man!

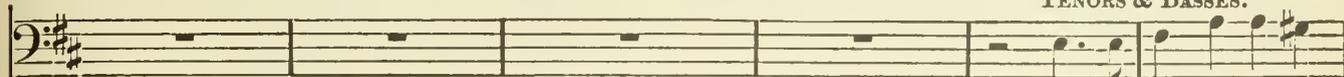
*f* *p*

*con Sra* *con Sra*



Roosian, A French, or Turk, or Proosian, Or perhaps, I - tal - i - an!

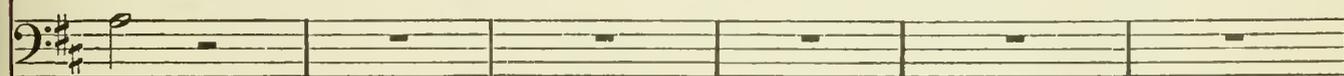
TENORS & BASSES.



Or perhaps, I - tal - i -

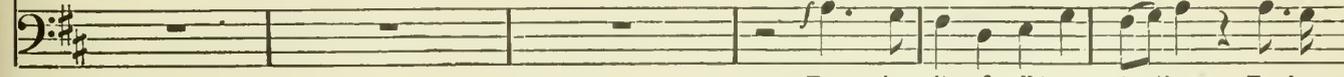


But in spite of all temp-tations To be-long to oth-er nations, He remains an English-

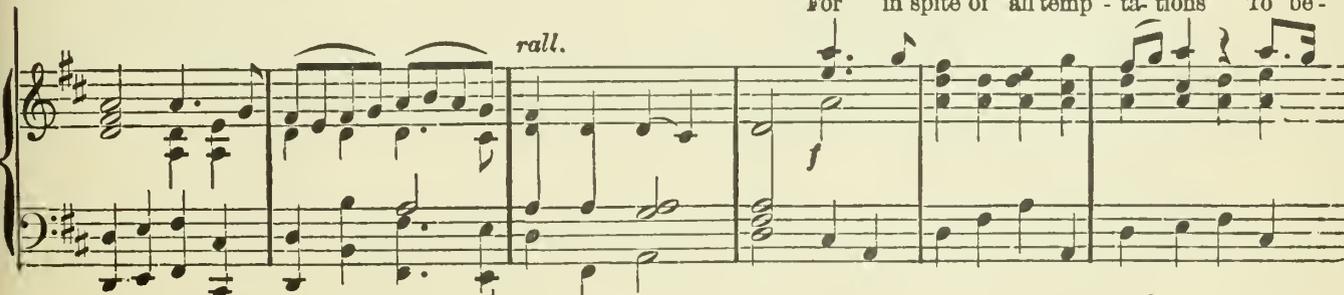


- man! He re- mains an Eng - lish-man!

CHORUS OF MEN.



For in spite of all temp - ta - tions To be -



con Sra

*rall.*

He re - mains an Eng - lishman!

-long to oth - er na - tions, He remains an Englishman! He re - mains an Eng - - - lishman!

*8va*

*con 8va*

CAPTAIN C. (*Trying to repress his anger. During this, COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.*)

In ut - tering a rep-ro-bation To a-ny British tar, I try to speak with

*Moderato.*

mod - e - ration, But you have gone too far. I'm ve - ry sor - ry to dis-par-age A

(During this SIR JOSEPH has appeared on deck. He is horrified at the bad language.)

bum - ble fore - mast lad, But to seek your cap - tain's child in marriage, Why, dam-me, it's too

*con 8va*

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

DEADEYE.

SOPRANOS.

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

TENORS & BASSES.

Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh!

*f f f f p*

*con 8va*

hear him— did you hear him? Oh, the mon - ster o - ver - bearing! Don't go  
*pp* CHORUS.  
He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said dam - me,  
He said dam - me, he said damme, Yes, he said

SIR J. PORTER,  
*(who has come down*

near him— don't go near him— He is swearing— he is swearing! My  
He said damme, He said damme, Yes, damme.  
damme, damme, damme, damme, damme, Yes, damme,

pain and my dis-tress, I find it is not ea - sy to ex-press; My a-maze - ment — my sur

*Moderato.*

*p*

**CAPTAIN C**

-prise—You may learn from the ex-pres-sion of my eyes! My lord— one word — the facts are not before you! The

*con Sra*

word was in - ju - di - cious, I al - low, But hear my ex - pla - na - tion, I implore you, And

*con Sra*

**SIR J. PORTER.**

you will be in - dignant too, I vow! I will hear of no de - fence; Attempt none, if you're

*con Sra*

sen-si-ble. That word of e-vil sense, Is whol-ly in-de-fens-ible. Go, ri-bald, get you

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'sen-si-ble. That word of e-vil sense, Is whol-ly in-de-fens-ible. Go, ri-bald, get you'. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a low octave and a treble line with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking 'fz' is present in the piano part.

(Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.)

hence To your cabin with ce-ler-i-ty. This is the con-se-quence of ill-ad-vised as-per-i-ty!

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are 'hence To your cabin with ce-ler-i-ty. This is the con-se-quence of ill-ad-vised as-per-i-ty!'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

SIR J. PORTER.

*stringendo molto.*

Thus all shall learn, ere long, To re-

*p* SOPRANOS.  
This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-peri-ty!

*p* TENORS & BASSES.  
This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-peri-ty!

The third system of music features four vocal parts and piano accompaniment. At the top is Sir J. Porter's part with the lyrics 'Thus all shall learn, ere long, To re-'. Below are the parts for Sopranos and Tenors & Basses, both with the lyrics 'This is the con-se-quence Of ill-advised as-peri-ty!'. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. A dynamic marking 'p' is used for the vocal parts, and 'stringendo molto' is indicated at the end of the system.

COUSIN HEBE. *sempre stringendo.*

fain from language strong. For I haven't a-ny sympa-thy for ill-bred taunts! No more have his sisters, and his

*stringendo molto.* *sempre stringendo.*

cousins, and his aunts.

*cres.* *vivace.*

No more have his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, No more have his sisters, and his

No more have his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, No more have his sisters, and his

*vivace.*

cou-sins, and his aunts, His cou-sins, and his sis-ters, And his sis-ters, and his cou-sins, and his

cou-sins, and his aunts, His cou-sins, and his sis-ters, And his sis-ters, and his cou-sins, and his

aunts!..... For he is an Eng - lish - man!.... And he him - self has

aunts!..... For he is an Eng - lish - man!.... And he him - self has

And it's That he

said it, And it's great - ly to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man,

said it, And it's great - ly to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man,

That he is an *rall.*

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

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

*rall.*

*con Sra.*

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

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

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 honor, it was thus wise. You see I'm only a topman; a mere foremast hand—

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the fokele as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. (*Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH's arms. SIR JOSEPH horrified.*) She's

the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness!

ALL. Very pretty.

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

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Away with him! I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

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

# FAREWELL, MY OWN.

No. 19.

OCTETT & CHORUS.

RALPH.

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

*Allegretto moderato.*

JOSEPHINE.

-known I go to a dun - geon cell. I will a - tone; In the meantime, farewell!

SIR J. PORTER.

And all a - lone Rejoice in your dun - geon cell! A bone a bone, ... I'll

pick with this sal - lor fell;      Let him be shown at once to his dun geon cell.

COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

DEADEYE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

BOATSWAIN.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (*Mysteriously.*)

But when is known The secret I have to tell,      Wide will be thrown The door of his dungeon cell.

*cres.*

(All repeat respective verses, ensemble. At the end, RALPH is led off in custody.)

*mf* JOSEPHINE. *cres.* *molto.*  
 Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell! And all a - lone Rejoice in your dun - geon, your dun - geon cell!

*mf* COUSIN HEBE. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! Let him be shown At once to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

*mf* BUTTERCUP. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

*mf* RALPH. *cres.* *molto.*  
 Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell! For crime unknown I go to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

*mf* SIR J. PORTER. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! Let him be shown At once to his dun - geon, his dun - geon cell!

*mf* DEADEYE. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

*mf* BOATSWAIN. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

*mf* BOATSWAIN'S-MATE. *cres.* *molto.*  
 He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

*p* CHORUS. SOPRANOS. *cres.* *molto.*  
 For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

*p* TENORS & BASSES. *cres.* *molto.*  
 For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

*trem. trem.* *f*

SIE J PORTER.

My pain and my distress, A-gain it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a - mazement, my sur

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

- prise, Again you may dis-cov - er from my eyes! Hold!

CHORUS. *p*

How ter - ri - ble the aspect of his eyes!

How ter - ri - ble the aspect of his eyes! ....

Ere up - on your loss you lay much stress, A long - conceal - ed crime I would confess!

**SIR JOSEPH.** Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt. You, whom I honored by seeking in marriage; the daughter of a Captain in the Royal Navy!

**BUT.** Hold! I have something to say to that!

**SIR JOS.** You?

**BUT.** Yes, I!

# BABY FARMING SONG.

No. 20.

Little Buttercup & Chorus.

*tremolo.*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a tremolo effect on the right hand, with a melody of eighth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

**LITTLE BUTTERCUP.**

The vocal line for 'Little Buttercup' is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp. The melody is simple and catchy, consisting of eighth and quarter notes.

1. A ma-ny years a - go, When I was young and charming, As some of you may know, I

The piano accompaniment for 'Little Buttercup' is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp. It features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

prac - tis'd ba - by farming.

**SOPRANOS.**

The soprano vocal line is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp. The melody is simple and catchy, consisting of eighth and quarter notes.

Now this is most a - larming! When she was young and charming, She

**TENORS & BASSES.**

The tenor and bass vocal line is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp. The melody is simple and catchy, consisting of eighth and quarter notes.

Now this is most a - larming! When she was young and charming, She

The piano accompaniment for the chorus is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp. It features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Two ten - der babes I nuss'd,

prac - tis'd ba - by farming, A ma - ny years a - go!

prao - tis'd ba - by farming, A ma - ny years a - go!

One was of low con - di - tion, The oth - er up - per - crust, A reg - u - lar pa - trician.

ALL. (*Explaining to each other.*)

Now

Now

*cres.* *p*

this is the po-si-tion,— One was of low con-dition, The o-ther a pa-trician, A

this is the po-si-tion,— One was of low con-dition, The o-ther a pa-trician, A

*cres.*

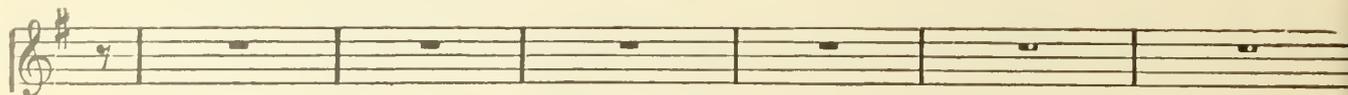
LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

ma-ny years a-go! 2. Oh, bit-ter is my

ma-ny years a-go!

*p*

cup! How-ev-er could I do it! I mix'd those children up, And not a creature knew it!



SOPRANOS.

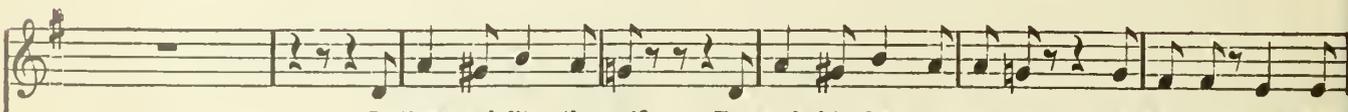
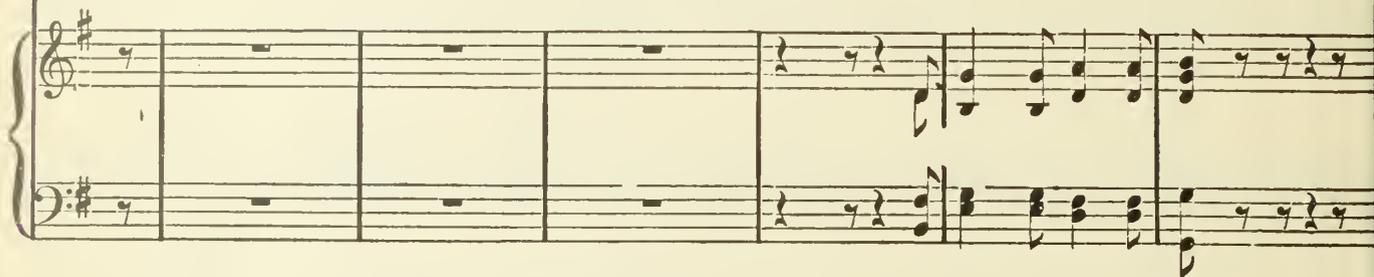


How - ev - er could you do it! Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al-though no creature knew it, So

TENORS & BASSES.



How - ev - er could you do it! Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al-though no creature knew it, So



In time each lit - tle waif For-sook his fos - ter - mother; The well-born babe was



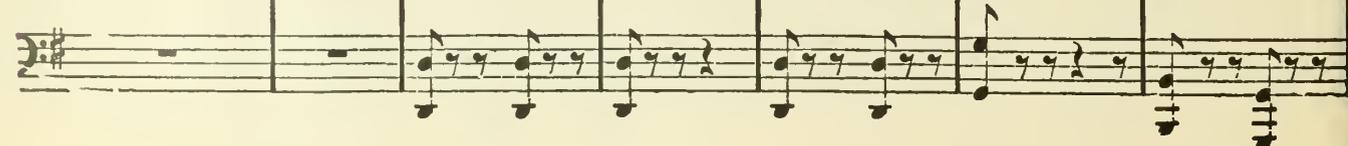
ma - ny years a - go!



ma - ny years a - go!



*cres.*



Ralph— Your cap - tain was the other!

They left their fos - ter - mother, The one was Ralph,our

They left their fos - ter - mother, The one was Ralph,our

*f* *p*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

*p* *rall.*

A ma - ny years a - go!

*cres.* *p* *rall.*

brother, Our captain was the other, A ma - ny years a - go!

*cres.* *p* *rall.*

brother, Our captai' was the other, A ma - ny years a - go!

*a tempo.* *p*

*cres.*

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

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey!

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.)

JOS. 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, come here.

CAPT. If what! If you please!

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.

CAPTAIN. Yes, your honor.

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

CAPT. So it seems, your honor.

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 honor; love levels all ranks.

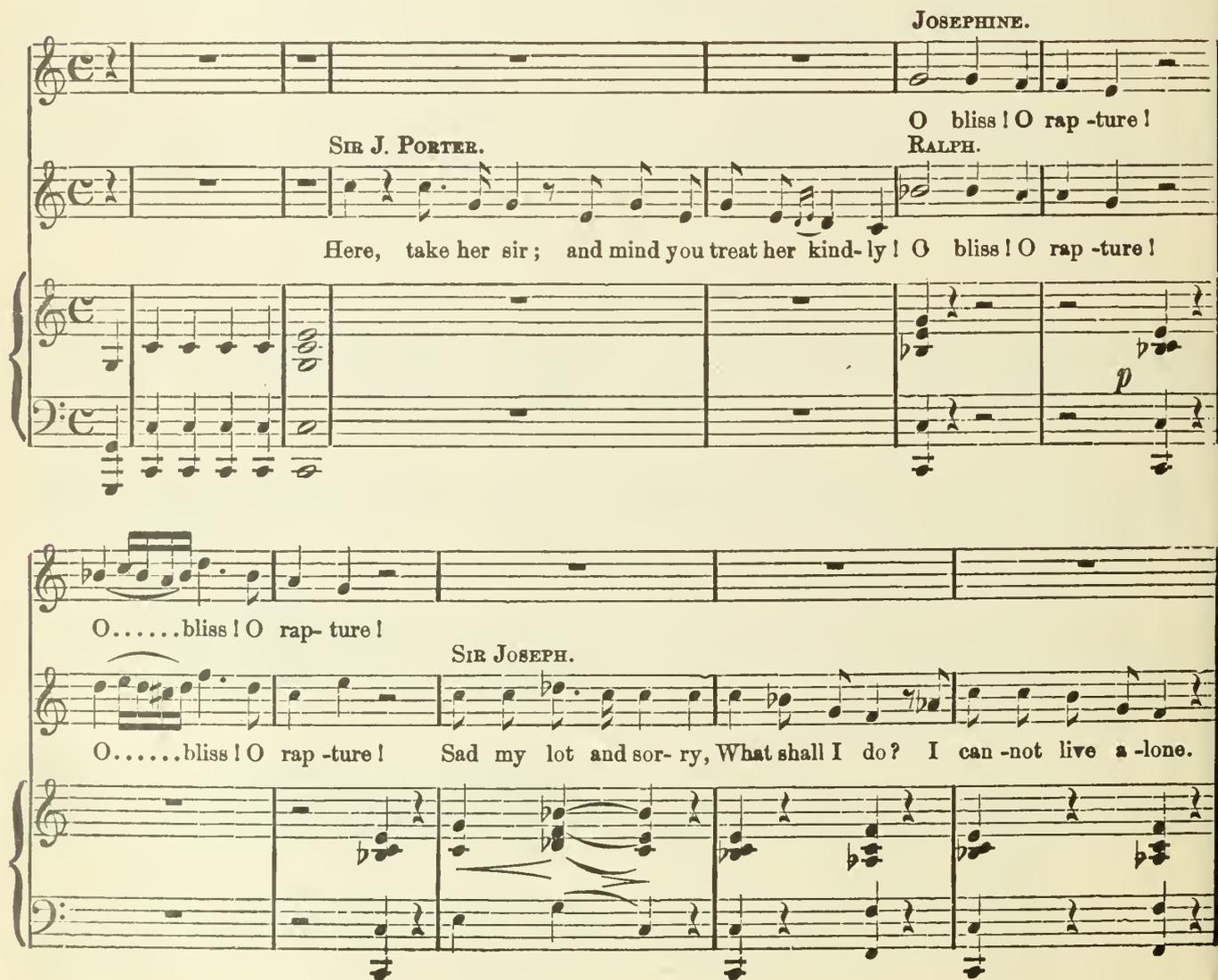
SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.)

## O BLISS! O RAPTURE!

No. 20a.

Recitative.

JOSEPHINE.



SIR J. PORTER. O bliss! O rap-ture!

Here, take her sir; and mind you treat her kind-ly! O bliss! O rap-ture!

SIR JOSEPH. O.....bliss! O rap-ture! Sad my lot and sor-ry, What shall I do? I can-not live a-lone.

CHORUS.

HEBE.

What will he do? He can -not live a-lone. Fear nothing, While I live I'll not de - sert you; I'll

SIR JOSEPH.

HEBE.

soothe and com-fort your de - clin-ing days. No, don't do that. Yes, in - deed, I'd ra - ther.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Resigned.*)

To - mor-row morn our vows shall all be plight-ed, Three lov - ing pairs on the same day r - ni - ted.

## OH JOY, OH RAPTURE.

No. 21.

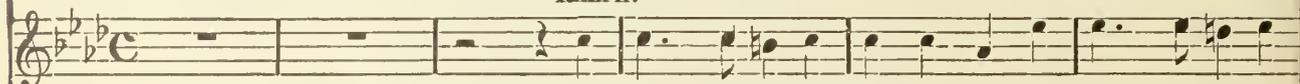
JOSEPHINE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is  
COUSIN HEBE.



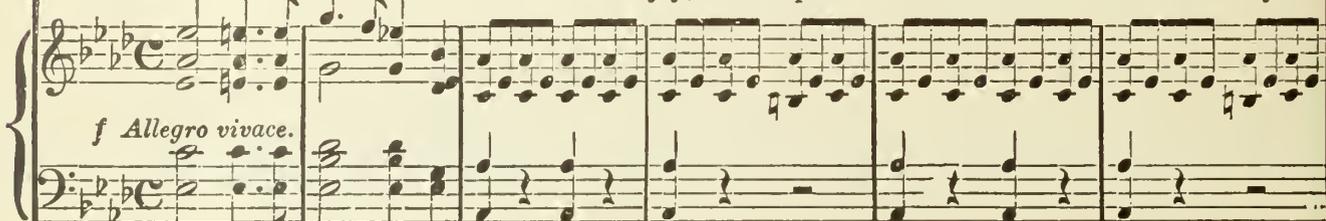
Oh joy, oh rapture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is  
RALPH.



Oh joy, oh rapture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is  
DEADEYE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un-for-seen! The cloud-ed sky is



now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high a-bove; The sky is all a-



now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all a-



now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high a-bove; The sky is all a-



now serene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above; The sky is all a-



blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the

blaze. With wooing words and lov-ing song They'll chase the lagging hours a-long, And if he finds the

blaze. With wooing words They'll chase the lagging hours a - long, And if he finds the

*cres.*  
maid - encoy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -

maid - encoy, They'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -

*cres.*  
maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -

maid - encoy, He'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - y roun - - de - lays, in roun - de -



mar - ry with a wife In my hum - ble rank of life! And you, my own, are she. I must

CHORUS OF MEN.

wan - der to and fro, But where - e - ver I may go, I shall ne - ver be un - true to thee! What,

CAPTAIN C.

CHORUS OF MEN.

CAPTAIN C.

CHORUS OF MEN.

never? No, ne - ver! What never? Hardly e - ver! Hardly e - ver be un - true to

TENORS. only.

thee. Then give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap - tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

Give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap - tain of the *Pin - a - fore*, Then

con 87

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the captain of the *Pinafore* For he

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the captain of the *Pinafore*

*con Sra*

This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why ;

*p*

This system contains the third system of music. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* (piano) and consists of a steady accompaniment with chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

..... But still he loves But-ter-cup, poor lit - tle But -ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But -ter - cup, aye.

This system contains the fourth system of music. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues the accompaniment from the previous system, with chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

**Tutti. CHORUS. f**

For he loves lit - tle Butter-cup, dear lit - tle Butter-cup, Though I could nev - er tel; why;

**SIR J. PORTER.**

But still he loves Butter-cup, dear no - tle Butter-cup, sweet lit - tle Butter-cup, aye! I'm the

monarch of the sea, And when I've mar-ried thee, I'll be true to the de - vo - tion that my  
*Stringendo molto.*

**COUSIN HEBE.**

love implants, Then good - bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts, Es - pe - cial - ly your cousins, Whom you

Tutti. CHORUS. *Vivace.* SOPRANOS.

reck-on up by doz-ens. Then good-bye to your sis-ters, and your cou-sins, and your aunts, Es-

TENORS & BASSES.

Then good-bye to your sis-ters, and your cou-sins, and your aunts, Es-

*Vivace.*

- pe-cial-ly your cou-sins, Whom you reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts!..... For he

- pe-cial-ly your cou-sins, Whom you reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts!..... For he

is an Eng-lish-man!.... For he him-self has said it,

is an Eng-lish-man!.... For he him-self has said it,

And it's

That he

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

*Sra*

That he

- man,.... That he is an Eng - lish - man!

- man,.... That he is an Eng - lish - man!

*Sra*

*Sra*

(Curtain.)

