

H.M.S. PINAFORE;
or,
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Written by

W. S. GILBERT

Composed by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE RT. HON SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*)

CAPTAIN CORCORAN (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)

TOM TUCKER (*Midshipmite*)

RALPH RACKSTRAW (*Able Seaman*)

DICK DEADEYE (*Able Seaman*)

BILL BOBSTAY (*Boatswain*)

BOB BECKET (*Boatswain's Mate – Carpenter*)

JOSEPHINE (*the Captain's Daughter*)

HEBE (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)

MRS. CRIPPS (LITTLE BUTTERCUP) (*A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.

SCENE: Quarter-deck of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, off Portsmouth

ACT I. – Noon. ACT II. – Night

First produced at the Opera Comique on May 25, 1878.

H.M.S. Pinafore

45 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 Deadeye?
BUT. It's not a nice name.
50 DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?
BUT. You are certainly plain.
DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?
BUT. You are rather triangular.
DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't
55 you?
ALL. We do!
DICK. There!
BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's feelings, but
you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character –
60 now can you?
DICK. No.
BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?
DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like
the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature – I am resigned.

65 RECITATIVE.

BUT. But, tell me – who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?
BOAT. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet –
Ralph Rackstraw!
70 BUT. Ralph! That name! Remorse! Remorse!

(Enter RALPH.)

MADRIGAL – RALPH.

The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
75 And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"
ALL. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"
The lowly vale
80 For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

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

85 RECITATIVE.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!
I love – and love, alas, above my station!

90 BUT. *(aside)*. He loves – and loves a lass above his station!

ALL *(aside)*. Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station! *[Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP.]*

BALLAD – RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,

Act I

95 A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
 To do her menial's duty.

ALL. To do her menial's duty.

100 A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
 And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine
105 A world of wealth is sighing.

ALL. A world of wealth is sighing!

Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught
 (For love had been his tutor);
110 Oh, pity, pity me –
Our captain's daughter she,
 And I that lowly suitor!

ALL. And he that lowly suitor!

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy captain's child won't
115 have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?
ALL. No, no.
DICK. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.
ALL (*recoiling from him*). Shame! Shame!

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

RALPH. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails 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!

125 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.

(*Enter CAPTAIN CORCORAN.*)

130 RECITATIVE.

CAPT. My gallant crew, good morning.
ALL (*saluting*). Sir, good morning!
CAPT. I hope you're all quite well.
ALL (*as before*). Quite well; and you, sir?
135 CAPT. I am in reasonable health, and happy
To meet you all once more.
ALL (*as before*). You do us proud, sir!

SONG – CAPTAIN.

CAPT. I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*;
140 ALL. And a right good captain, too!
CAPT. You're very, very good,
 And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.
ALL. We're very, very good,
145 And be it understood,

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CAPT. He commands a right good crew.
Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a selvagee;
150 I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!
ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
155 ALL. What, *never*?
CAPT. Hardly ever!
ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the *Pinafore*!

160 CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all –
ALL. And with you we're quite content.
CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

165 ALL. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it's only right
To return the compliment.

CAPT. Bad language or abuse,
170 I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D –

175 ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, *never*?
CAPT. Well, hardly ever!
ALL. Hardly ever swears a big, big D –
180 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the *Pinafore*!

[*After song exeunt all but CAPTAIN.*

(*Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.*)

RECITATIVE.

185 BUT. Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me – fear not – I am a mother!

CAPT. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry –
190 My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

195 BUT. (*with emotion*). Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
I go – Farewell! [Exit.]

CAPT. (*looking after her*). A plump and pleasing person! [Exit.]

Act I

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

200

BALLAD – JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
205 Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

205

Sad is the hour when sets the sun –
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
210 Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

210

(Enter CAPTAIN.)

215 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 – reverence –
venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is
already given.

220

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!

225

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 permitting myself to think
tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps*.)

230

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

235

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.

240

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

JOS. My own thoughtful father!

[Exit JOSEPHINE. CAPTAIN remains and ascends the poop-deck.

BARCAROLLE. (*invisible*) – SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES.

245

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
250 Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

250

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

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

255 Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauties,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duties.
We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty.
260 We're sober, sober men and true
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

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

REL. Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.
SAILORS. Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
270 All the ladies love the shipping.
REL. Sailors sprightly
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely.
SAILORS. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.
275 CAPT. *(from poop)*. Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
ALL. Hurray! hurray! hurray!

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE.)

280 SONG – SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.
COUSIN HEBE. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
285 REL. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL. And they are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
SIR JOSEPH. When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
290 And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
SIR JOSEPH. But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
295 And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!
COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

300 SONG – SIR JOSEPH.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.

Act I

305 CHORUS. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
SIR J. And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
He polished up the handle of the big front door.
SIR J. I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
CHORUS. He polished, etc.

310 SIR J. As office boy I made such a mark
That they 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 big round hand –
CHORUS. He copied all the letters in a big round hand –
SIR J. I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
315 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
CHORUS. He copied, etc.

SIR J. In serving writs I made such a name
That an articulated clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand new suit
320 For the pass examination at the Institute.
CHORUS. For the pass examination at the Institute.
SIR J. That pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
CHORUS. That pass examination, etc.

325 SIR J. 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.
CHORUS. Was the only ship that he ever had seen.
330 SIR J. But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
CHORUS. But that kind of ship, etc.

SIR J. I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
335 I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
CHORUS. He never thought of thinking for himself at all.
SIR J. I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
340 CHORUS. He thought so little, etc.

SIR J. 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,
345 CHORUS. Be careful to be guided by this golden rule –
SIR J. 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 to your desks, etc.

350 SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOSEPH (*examining a very small midshipman*). A British sailor is a splendid
fellow, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.
355 CAPT. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

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

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

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

360 CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never*?

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

SIR JOSEPH. Don't patronise them, sir – pray, don't patronise them.

365 CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

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

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

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

(DICK *comes forward*.)

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

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

375 SIR JOSEPH (*sternly*). If what?

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

SIR JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (RALPH *steps forward*.)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

380 RALPH. Yes, your honour.

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

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

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

RALPH. No, your honour.

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

390 RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. Aye; Aye!

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

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

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

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

BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

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

BOAT. If you *please*, your honour.

405 CAPT. What!

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

CAPT. (*stamping his foot impatiently*). If you *please*!

[*Exit*.]

SIR JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas
The expression, "if you please",
410 A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

Act I

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
ALL And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
415 And his aunts!

[*Exeunt* SIR JOSEPH and RELATIVES.]

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

420 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.

425 ALL (*recoiling*). Horrible! horrible!

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

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

430 ALL. Aye, aye!

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

ALL. Aye, Aye!

435 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.*

440 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 state of mind. [Exit DICK.]

GLEE – RALPH, BOATSWAIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, and CHORUS.

445 A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

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

CHORUS. His nose should pant, etc.

455 His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

460 His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude – (*pose*).

CHORUS. His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All dance off excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

(*Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin.*)

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

470 RALPH. Aye, lady – no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

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

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

480 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!

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

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

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

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!

DUET – JOSEPHINE *and* RALPH.

500 JOS. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing.
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
(*Aside.*) I’d laugh my rank to scorn
505 In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

RALPH. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
510 You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,
And you, proud maiden, are
515 My captain’s daughter!
(*Aside.*) My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

Act I

520 [Repeat refrain, ensemble, then exit JOSEPHINE into cabin.

RALPH. (*Recit.*) Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!

525 (*Calling off.*) Messmates, ahoy!
Come here! Come here!

(*Enter SAILORS, HEBE, RELATIVES, and BUTTERCUP.*)

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
530 Now tell us, pray,
Without delay,
What does she say –
What cheer, what cheer?

RALPH (*to COUSIN HEBE*).
535 The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble gift, my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL. Oh, cruel one.

540 DICK. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS *and* RELATIVES.

545 Shall { we } submit? Are { we } but slaves?
{ they } { they }
Love comes alike to high and low –
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No! No!

DICK. You must submit, you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!
550 You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all – I told you so!

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

555 CHORUS. Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking;
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

(*During Chorus BOATSWAIN has loaded pistol, which he hands to RALPH.*)

560 RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you –
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

(*Enter JOSEPHINE on deck.*)

565 JOS. Ah! stay your hand – I love you!
ALL. Ah! stay your hand – she loves you!

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RALPH (*incredulously*). Loves me?
JOS. Loves you!
ALL. Yes, yes – ah, yes, she loves you!

570 ENSEMBLE – JOSEPHINE, HEBE *and* RALPH.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
For now the sky is all serene;
The god of day – the orb of love –
575 Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { I } find the maiden coy,
580 { We } { I'll } murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays!

DICK DEADEYE.

585 He thinks he's won his Josephine,
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
May end their ill-assorted love
Which now is all ablaze.

590 Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ
To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways.

[*Exit* DICK.]

JOS. This very night,
HEBE. With bated breath
595 RALPH. And muffled oar –
JOS. Without a light,
HEBE. As still as death,
RALPH. We'll steal ashore.

600 JOS. A clergyman
RALPH. Shall make us one
BOAT. At half-past ten,
JOS. And then we can
RALPH. Return, for none
BOAT. Can part them then!
605 ALL. This very night, etc.

(*DICK appears at hatchway.*)

DICK. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned;
610 She is a lady – you a foremast hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

ALL. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!
Back, vermin, back,
You shock us!

[*Exit* DICK.]

615 Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride

Act I

Who casts all thought of rank aside –
Who gives up home and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true!

JOSEPHINE, HEBE *and* RELATIVES.

620

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

625

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

SAILORS.

630

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

ENSEMBLE.

635

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude – (*pose*).

GENERAL DANCE.

640

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

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

SONG – CAPTAIN.

5 Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived hitherto
10 Free from the breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew –
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
15 Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
20 Either at sixes or at sevens?

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

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

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

30 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 seem to have turned against me!

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

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

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

40 CAPT. Destinies?

BUT. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye – be prepared!

DUET – LITTLE BUTTERCUP *and* CAPTAIN.

45 BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock’s feathers.

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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!

105 (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!

110 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.

115 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.

120 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.

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

(Enter JOSEPHINE from cabin. SIR JOSEPH and CAPTAIN retire.)

SCENA – JOSEPHINE.

130 The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.
135 On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
140 And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
145 With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!
A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
150 Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart—
No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart

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205 SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water –
JOS. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
210 With the man who owns her love!

JOS. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit the jurisdiction;
Ablly have you played your part;
215 You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. *and*
SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of { *my* } lordship
220 { *his* }
With a humble captain's child!
For a humble captain's daughter –
For a gallant captain's daughter –
And a lord who rules the water –
And a *tar* who ploughs the water!
225 (*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden.

CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board-ship –
JOS. For the union of a maiden –
CAPT. *and* SIR JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.
ALL. Rend with songs the air above
230 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 glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable.

235 [Exit SIR JOSEPH.]

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

240 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?

245 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!

DUET – CAPTAIN *and* DICK DEADEYE.

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,
250 Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
255 Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are;
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Act II

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing,
260 Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
265 Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar. (*Producing a "cat".*)

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

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

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled – foiled – foiled!

*Enter Crew on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN meeting JOSEPHINE,
who enters from cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by
LITTLE BUTTERCUP.*

275 ENSEMBLE – SAILORS.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.
280 (*CAPTAIN stamps. – Chord.*)

ALL (*much alarmed*). Goodness me –
Why, what was that?

DICK. Silent be,
It was the cat!

285 ALL (*reassured*). It was – it was the cat!
CAPT. (*producing cat-o'-nine-tails*). They're right, it was the cat!

ALL. Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
290 To unite the happy pair!
(*Stamp as before, and Chord.*)

ALL. Goodness me,
Why, what was that?

DICK. Silent be,
295 Again the cat!

ALL. It was again that cat!
CAPT. (*aside*). They're right, it was the cat!
CAPT. (*throwing off cloak*). Hold! (*All start.*)

300 Pretty daughter of mine,
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going
With these sons of the brine,
For my excellent crew,
Though foes they could thump any,
305 Are scarcely fit company,
My daughter, for you.

CREW. Now, hark at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We are scarcely fit company

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- 310 For a lady like you!
RALPH. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your matchless girl,
A fact well known to all my messmates here!
- 315 CAPT. Oh, horror!
RALPH and JOS. { I, } humble, poor, and lowly born,
{ He, } The meanest in the port division –
The butt of epauletted scorn –
The mark of quarter-deck derision –
- 320 { Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes
{ Has } Above the dust to which you'd mould { me }
{ } { him }
In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
{ I am } is an Englishman – behold { me! }
{ He is } { him! }
- ALL. He is an Englishman!
- 325 BOAT. He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!
- 330 ALL. That he is an Englishman!
BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!
- 335 ALL. Or perhaps Itali-an!
BOAT. But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!
- ALL. For in spite of all temptations, etc.
- 340 CAPT. (*trying to repress his anger*).
In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,
Why damme, it's too bad!
- (*During this, COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.*)
- 350 ALL (*shocked*). Oh!
CAPT. Yes, damme, it's too bad!
ALL. Oh!
CAPT. and DICK DEADEYE. Yes, damme, it s too bad.
- (*During this, SIR JOSEPH has appeared on poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad language.*)
- 355 HEBE. Did you hear him – did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him – don't go near him –
He is swearing – he is swearing!

Act II

SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
360 My amazement – my surprise –
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!
CAPT. My lord – one word – the facts are not before you
The word was injudicious, I allow –
365 But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant too, I vow!
SIR JOSEPH. I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
370 Is wholly indefensible.
Go, ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!
[Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.]
375 ALL. This is the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!
SIR JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong,
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!
380 HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.
ALL. For he is an Englishman, etc.
SIR JOSEPH. Now, tell me, my fine fellow – for you *are* a fine fellow –
RALPH. Yes, your honour.
SIR JOSEPH. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you
385 had given him no cause for annoyance.
RALPH. Please your honour, 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.
390 RALPH. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the
quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor
fellow's wildest hopes.
(Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH'S arms.)
JOS. Darling! (SIR JOSEPH horrified.)
395 RALPH. She is the figurehead of my ship of life – the bright beacon that guides me
into my port of happiness – that the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but
worthy fellow's trusting brow!
ALL. Very pretty, very pretty!
SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (Two Marines
400 seize him and handcuff him.)
JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.
SIR JOSEPH. Pray, don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his
affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?
ALL. We have!
405 DICK. They have!
SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTET.

RALPH. Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!
410 For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

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- JOS. I will atone.
In the meantime farewell!
And all alone
415 Rejoice in your dungeon cell!
- SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.
- 420 BOATSWAIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, DICK DEADEYE, *and* COUSIN HEBE.
He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well!
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!
- 425 BUT. (*mysteriously*). But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.
- 430 ALL. For crime unknown
He goes to a dungeon cell!
[RALPH *is led off in custody.*]
- SIR JOSEPH. My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express.
435 My amazement, my surprise,
Again you may discover from my eyes.
- ALL. How terrible the aspect of his eyes!
- BUT. Hold! Ere upon your loss
You lay much stress,
440 A long-concealèd crime
I would confess.
- SONG – BUTTERCUP.
A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
445 As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.
- ALL. Now this is most alarming!
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.
- 450 BUT. Two tender babes I nussed:
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.
- 455 ALL (*explaining to each other*). Now, this is the position:
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.
- BUT. Oh, bitter is my cup!
460 However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,

Act II

And not a creature knew it!
ALL. However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
465 Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.
BUT. In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother,
The well born babe was Ralph –
Your captain was the other!!!
470 ALL. They left their foster-mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.
SIR JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were
475 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, officially!
SIR JOSEPH. And very well you have conveyed it, Miss Buttercup.
BUT. Aye! aye! yer 'onour.
480 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
485 RALPH.) Captain Rackstraw, desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.
RALPH. Corcoran. Three paces to the front – march!
CAPT. If what?
RALPH. If what? I don't think I understand you.
CAPT. If you please.
490 SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.
RALPH. Oh! If you please. (CAPTAIN steps forward.)
SIR JOSEPH (to CAPTAIN). You are an extremely fine fellow.
CAPT. Yes, your honour.
SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.
495 CAPT. So it seems, your honour.
SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a
marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.
CAPT. Don't say that, your honour – love levels all ranks.
SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as
500 that. (Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.) Here – take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.
RALPH and JOS. Oh bliss, oh rapture!
CAPT. and BUT. Oh rapture, oh bliss!
SIR JOSEPH. Sad my lot and sorry,
What shall I do? I cannot live alone!
505 HEBE. Fear nothing – while I live I'll not desert you.
I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.
SIR JOSEPH. No, don't do that.
HEBE. Yes, but indeed I'd rather –
SIR JOSEPH (resigned). Oh, very well then.
510 To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,
Three loving pairs on the same day united!

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QUARTET. – JOSEPHINE, HEBE, RALPH, *and* DEADEYE.

515 Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The god of day – the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

520 With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { he finds } the maiden coy,
 { I find }
We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelay.

525 CAPT. For he's the Captain of the *Pinafore*.
ALL. And a right good captain too!
CAPT. And though before my fall
I was captain of you all,
I'm a member of the crew.

ALL. And though before his fall, etc.

530 CAPT. I shall marry with a wife,
In my humble rank of life! (*turning to* BUT.)
And you, my own, are she –
I must wander to and fro;
But wherever I may go,
I shall never be untrue to thee!

535 ALL. What, never?
CAPT. No, never!
ALL. What, *never!*
CAPT. Well, hardly ever!
ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

540 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the former Captain of the *Pinafore*.

BUT. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

545 ALL. For he loves, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee (*to* HEBE),
I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants,

550 HEBE. Then good-bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts,
Especially your cousins,
Whom you reckon up by dozens,
Your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts!

555 ALL. Then goodbye, etc.
For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN