

MUTINY ON THE PINAFORE

OR

THE FALL AND RISE OF CAPTAIN CORCORAN

A Brand New and Original Nautical Operetta
based on the works of W.S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

by
Fraser Charlton

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Dick Deadeye (*Able Seaman*)BASS
Edward Corcoran (*Able Seaman*) BARITONE
Mrs. Cripps (*Little Buttercup*) (*Bumboat Woman*)MEZZO-SOPRANO
Captain Ralph Rackstraw (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)... TENOR
Josephine (*Edward's daughter; betrothed to Ralph*)SOPRANO
The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*)
..... BARITONE
Lady Hebe Porter (*his Wife*) CONTRALTO
Bill Bobstay (*Boatswain's Mate*) BARITONE
Beth Becket (*his Girlfriend*).....SOPRANO
Simon Staines (*Able Seaman*)NON SINGING
Brian Bates (*Ship's Master*)NON SINGING
Dickette Deadeye.....NON SINGING

Chorus of SAILORS, MARINES, WIVES, and GIRLFRIENDS.

Scene - Quarter-Deck of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, off Portsmouth.

Time - Three months after the events in the opera H.M.S. *Pinafore*.

ACT I. - Noon

ACT II. - The Following Evening.

ACT I

OVERTURE

During the overture enter DICK, followed by EDWARD, BUTTERCUP, JOSEPHINE, RALPH, SIR JOSEPH and HEBE. They act out in mime the story that DICK narrates.

DICK (*Over music*) Once upon a time, there was a proud man called Edward Corcoran (*EDWARD bows*). Edward was captain of the good ship H.M.S. Pinafore, and a more popular captain never walked a deck. He loved, and was loved by, Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman, but, as society would frown upon such an inappropriate match, their love remained undeclared. (*EDWARD and BUTTERCUP exchange longing looks*) The Captain had a beautiful daughter called Josephine who was sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter, the First Lord of the Admiralty, a great and good man, or so he told everybody. (*SIR JOSEPH bows*). However, Josephine was in love with Ralph Rackstraw (*JOSEPHINE and RALPH rush together*), an Able Seaman on her father's ship, and so rejected Sir Joseph's advances. Now, I needn't tell you, a marriage between a captain's daughter and a common sailor is totally unacceptable; even so, the foolish lovers decided to elope. However, their plans were foiled by myself, Dick Deadeye, and Ralph was arrested and sent to the ship's dungeon. Little Buttercup then revealed a long-held secret: when she was a nursery maid she had looked after Ralph and the Captain and had, somehow, managed to muddle them up! So, you see, in reality Ralph was Edward and Edward was Ralph. (*EDWARD and RALPH swap hats*) Sir Joseph had no interest in an Able Seaman's daughter, so he reluctantly agreed to marry his cousin Hebe (*HEBE grabs SIR JOSEPH*), leaving Josephine free to take Ralph (*JOSEPHINE and RALPH rush together*) and Edward of a low enough rank to marry Little Buttercup (*EDWARD and BUTTERCUP join up*). And so everything was sorted out, the *status quo* was preserved and they all lived happily ever after. (*They start to walk off*) Or did they? (*They stop*) The next time we hear about Edward Corcoran is when he is part of an expedition escorting Princess Zara to the island of Utopia (Limited) as one of the Flowers of Progress. But wait! - he is no lowly Able Seaman Corcoran but Captain Sir Edward Corcoran, K.C.B.! (*They look shocked*) How did this common sailor manage not only to regain his former rank but also to be awarded one of the highest honours in the land? This incredible tale, thought to be lost in the mists of time, can now, at last, be revealed. Ladies and gentlemen, we are proud to present 'Mutiny on the Pinafore' or 'The Fall and Rise of Captain Corcoran'!

The overture finishes. The MEN enter. They are lazy, ill-disciplined, drunk and, consequently, very happy.

OPENING CHORUS

Music - "We sail the ocean blue", H.M.S. Pinafore

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're a lazy, work-shy crew,
And neglectful of our duty.
When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea,
We turn and run away;
Back to Blighty we ride
On the homeward tide
To gamble and drink and play!

Enter EDWARD. He is greeted with a cheer.

SONG - EDWARD *and* CHORUS
Music - "Our great Mikado, virtuous man", The Mikado

I once was Captain of this crew,
An officer both brave and true -
 With kindly quip
 I ruled this ship,
 Beloved and well-respected.
When Joseph Porter, KCB,
Informed me, quite decisively,
That Josephine, my progeny,
 For marriage he'd selected

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.
 And I was right,
 And you were right,
And all was right as right could be!

CHORUS

 And you were right,
 And we were right, etc.

This blissful state was not to last -
Before that fateful day was past
 My darling waif
 Eloped with Ralph,
 Her mind with love befuddled.
When Buttercup announced with glee
That I was Ralph, while Ralph was me -
When nursing us in infancy,
 She'd somehow got us muddled!

Imagine, then, my great dismay
When Buttercup was heard to say
 That Captain C
 Was not to be
And all was 'round the other way!

CHORUS

 Captain C,
 Was not to be, etc.

Now, three months later, here you find
That, after all, I do not mind;
 Although I sank
 To lowly rank
 Existence is much better.
I'm free from all the care and strife
Of social climbing in my life -
And Buttercup will be my wife -
 High rank was just a fetter!

And so it's clear, I think you'll say,
That things are better round this way.
 Now I am right,
 And you are right,
And all is right - too-looral-lay!

CHORUS

 For you are right,
 And we are right, etc.

BILL

These past three months at sea have been the happiest that *I've* ever spent in the Navy! No cleaning, no painting, no Midnight watches - just singing, dancing and drinking from cock's crow to sundown! Ice cream when it's warm, hot toddies when it's cold, feather beds, comic papers, Magic Lantern shows... Nothing is too much trouble for Captain Rackstraw!

- EDWARD** Aye, it's a pleasant life, and no mistake. It certainly makes *my* days as Captain seem very dull indeed.
- ALL** It does!
- BILL** Don't take it badly there, Edward. You were a fine Captain, in your way - it's just that you worked us too hard. Now, obviously, only a fool prefers working to lazing around.
- EDWARD** That's true, Bill. Still, I was only trying to do my duty.
- BILL** Exactly! You were doing your duty as *you* saw it. Fortunately, Captain Rackstraw sees it a little bit differently!
- EDWARD** He certainly does! But tell me, messmates, do you *all* prefer your new captain?
- ALL** We do!
- DICK** I don't!
- BILL** No, we didn't think *you* would, Dick Deadeye. Are you never happy with anything?
- DICK** I'm not happy when things aren't as they should be! Sailor's should do the work and their captain should give the orders - it's unnatural the other way round! You know, I wish Ralph and Josephine *had* eloped so that none of this would've happened. Sir Joseph was right - classes don't mix, and that's that!
- ALL** Shame! Shame!
- DICK** You can't fiddle around with society, you know - it's not a variable quantity. Well, *this* state of affairs won't last. No matter how you shake the bottle of Society, it'll always end the same - the dregs at the bottom and the froth at the top.

SONG - DICK *and* CHORUS

Music - "Let a satirist enumerate", The Rose of Persia

- DICK** Let a satirist enumerate a catalogue of crimes
And label them the outcome of our shallow modern times;
But a Punch's punning pencil, in a prehistoric peep,
Would show up human nature just as shallow - or as deep.
It is money more than manners nowadays that makes a man;
And the man may make his money in such manner as he can;
And the more he makes of *it*, the more his friends will make of *him* -
That has *always* been the way since human sharks began to swim!
And cynics may complain
That society is mixed;
But I gather in the main
Its ingredients are fixed;
And Society has always been a sort of 'ginger pop',
The dregs are at the bottom, and the froth is at the top!
- CHORUS** And Society has always, etc.
Now philosophy may frown upon the follies of the Froth -
Where bounce has beaten brains and vulgar shoddy's counted
cloth,
Where sentiment is 'silly', and politeness 'out of date',
And hearts, instead of golden, are a cheap electro-plate;
But a woman is a woman, and a man is but a man,
And froth has always floated ever since the world began;
And the froth of human nature is the feeble-minded mob
Of animated fashion-plates that make the genus 'snob'.
And cynics may complain
That society is mixed;
I am ready to maintain
Its ingredients are fixed;

And the world of men and women is a social 'ginger pop',
The dregs are at the bottom, and the froth is at the top!

BILL Howay, we'll have no more of those revolutionary sentiments, thank you very much, Dick Deadeye. Ralph's the Captain, Edward's an Able Seaman and Sir Joseph's the First Lord of the Admiralty - and nothing anybody can say will change that!

Exit DICK. The MEN disperse and exit to engage in various pleasurable activities.

EDWARD It's a big day for me, you know, Bill. Do you realise that it'll be the first time that I've seen Buttercup since the day I was demoted?

BILL Of course - we were urgently summoned to Kingston, Jamaica the very next day.

EDWARD That's not *entirely* correct, is it Bill? We were urgently summoned to Kingston-upon-Hull.

BILL Aye, well, I was tired, and what with all the excitement I misread the semaphore a bit. That's all - 'twas an honest mistake!

EDWARD An honest mistake that we didn't find out about until we reached Jamaica! It was so embarrassing, turning up unannounced like that.

BILL Still, we got some marvellous rum, didn't we? Just the stuff to toast you and your new bride!

EDWARD I suppose that you're right. Oh, Bill, I'm so impatient to see Buttercup again - when we've docked I'll make arrangements to marry her as soon as I can.

BILL Why don't you ask Captain Rackstraw to do the honours on board the ship? He could marry you in the forecabin.

EDWARD (*Correcting him*) Fo'else.

BILL Well, there's no need to get upset - I was just trying to be helpful!

EDWARD And you were, Bill - it's an excellent idea - I'm sure that Buttercup would love that. Let's go and ask him right away.

Exit BILL and EDWARD. Enter DICK.

DICK I hate this crew - why on Earth do they have to be so horribly cheerful all the time? And look - here comes young Josephine, full of the joys of spring. Am I the only one around here who's not in the throes of advanced ecstasy? Of course, *I* know what's going to happen next. They'll soon be smiling out of the other sides of their faces...

Exit DICK. Enter JOSEPHINE. She is thrilled by the prospect of her approaching marriage to RALPH.

ARIA - JOSEPHINE

Music - "Oh, happy young heart!", The Sorcerer

Oh, happy young heart!
Comes thy young lord a-wooing
With joy in his eyes,
And pride in his breast -
Make much of thy prize,
For he is the best
That ever came a-suing.
Yet - yet we must part,
 Young heart!
Yet - yet we must part!
Oh, merry young heart,
Bright are the days of thy wooing!

But happier far
The days untried -
No sorrow can mar,
When love has tied
The knot there's no undoing.
Then, never to part,
 Young heart!
Then, never to part!

Enter RALPH. His clothes are dirty and crumpled.

- RALPH** Josephine, my love, why were you not at breakfast with the others?
- JOSEPHINE** I couldn't eat this morning, Ralph, of all mornings! We'll be docking at Portsmouth any moment, and Sir Joseph and Hebe will be awaiting us there with details of our wedding. Three months of anticipation has almost been too much for me.
- RALPH** If only Bill hadn't misread that semaphore we might have been spared such frustration. Still, I suppose it was my fault, really - we *were* rather liberal with the grog that night, weren't we?
- JOSEPHINE** Never mind, dear - the delay has only sharpened my resolve. Your behaviour since you took over command has confirmed my belief that you are the kindest, sweetest and most generous man there is!
- RALPH** Well, Josephine, all I do is treat my men as I would like to be treated myself. Anyway, they've been so awfully nice to me since my elevation. You never hear a complaint when I offer to cook for them, scrub for them and see to all their needs!
- JOSEPHINE** That's true. The common man is open to more revolutionary ideas than is often supposed.
- RALPH** He is!
- JOSEPHINE** It's funny, Ralph - I would have gladly sacrificed wealth and rank to have been your bride, and yet, as things are now, you are the one who is lowering himself to marry!
- RALPH** Do not look at it that way, Josephine - just as you would have given up everything for me, so I would for you. My new title means nothing to me.
- JOSEPHINE** But are you sure that your elevated rank won't turn your head? You won't go off seeking High Society beauties, will you? Can a captain *really* marry the daughter of one of his crew?
- RALPH** Hush, my love, do not fear - I have never loved anyone but you, and never will. Ever since your image first travelled from my retinae to my occipital cortex via my optic nerves, there has only been one cognomen inscribed upon my myocardium. Dissect my pericardial sac and the nature of these hieroglyphs would indeed be plain, for they spell one name, and one name only - Josephine Corcoran.
- JOSEPHINE** Oh Ralph, you say the *sweetest* things!

DUET - RALPH *and* JOSEPHINE

Music - "None shall part us", Iolanthe

- JOSEPHINE** None shall part us from each other,
 One in life and death are we:
All in all to one another -
 I to thou and thou to me!
- BOTH** Thou the tree and I the flower -
 Thou the idol; I the throng -
Thou the day and I the hour -
 Thou the singer: I the song!

RALPH All in all since that fond meeting
When, in joy, I woke to find
Mine the heart within thee beating,
Mine the love that heart enshrined!

BOTH Thou the stream and I the willow -
Thou the sculptor; I the clay -
Thou the ocean; I the billow -
Thou the sunrise; I the day!

Enter BILL.

BILL Excuse me, er, sorry to interrupt like, but we are just coming into dock.
Permission to weigh anchor, sir?

JOSEPHINE *Drop anchor.*

BILL Drop anchor, aye.

RALPH Jolly nice of you to ask, Bill! (*Aside*) They're so polite, aren't they? (*To BILL*)
Permission granted. Now, my dear, Sir Joseph will be here any minute - we'd
better get ready.

JOSEPHINE Of course. I'll go and check that the refreshments are all in order. You don't
think that he's bringing his sisters, cousins and aunts again, do you?

RALPH Since he married Cousin Hebe, I should say - definitely not!

*Exeunt RALPH & JOSEPHINE. A few MEN wander on in a desultory
fashion and half-heartedly follow BILL's orders.*

BILL Right men - prepare for docking. Slack the fore-sheet, in with the studding-
booms, mount the royals, lower the futtock shrouds. Heave a-head,
messmates! (*Looking off*) Come on lads, look lively, I think I can see Sir Joseph
and his relatives all ready to board... (*He looks more closely*) Just a minute -
those aren't relatives! They're women!

MEN (*On- and off-stage*) Women?

*With a shout, the remaining MEN (including DICK) rush onto the
stage and excitedly engage in frantic nautical activity. BILL exits to
look for EDWARD. Enter the WOMEN, the wives, girlfriends and, er,
'consorts' of the crew.*

SCENA - BUTTERCUP, BETH and CHORUS

Music - "Here we are at the risk of our lives", The Gondoliers

When a ship returns to dock
To the harbour we will flock!
So from the quay to welcome thee
Come the pretty young girls you see!

BETH Though our patience is strong,
Curiosity's stronger -
We waited for long,
Till we couldn't wait longer.

BUTTERCUP It's imprudent, we know
But we like your society!
The men here are slow,
And we *do* like variety!

CHORUS So when a ship returns to dock
To the harbour we will flock!
So from the quay to welcome thee
Come the pretty young girls you see!

Enter EDWARD and BILL.

EDWARD Buttercup!
BUTTERCUP Edward!
BETH William!
BILL My Betty!

BUTTERCUP and BETH

BUTTERCUP How are you, my darling Eddie?
BETH Did you miss me, little Billy?
BUTTERCUP Has the sea been calm and steady?
BETH Did it toss you willy-nilly?
BUTTERCUP Did you always do your duty
In the islands of Jamaica?
BETH Did you miss your Portsmouth beauty?
Were you tempted to forsake her?
BUTTERCUP Were there palm trees and bananas?
BETH Were the snakes and lizards frightening?
BUTTERCUP Were you nibbled by piranhas?
BETH Were there storms with lots of lightening?
BUTTERCUP Did your messmates treat you fairly?
Were you looked on as a lackey?
BETH Did you tipple only rarely?
Did you smoke that funny baccy?
BOTH We shall both go on requesting
Till you tell us, never doubt it;
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!

CHORUS They will both go on requesting, etc.

BUTTERCUP How are things now Ralph's commanding?
BETH Is it strange that he's your master?
BUTTERCUP Is he haughty and demanding?
BETH Has it all been a disaster?
BUTTERCUP Do you suffer like a martyr?
Are you scrubbing, mopping, painting?
BETH Does he beat you like a Tartar?
Does he work you till you're fainting?
BUTTERCUP Or perhaps he's ineffective?
BETH Is he cowardly and quiet?
BUTTERCUP Is the discipline defective?
BETH Are you all just running riot?
BUTTERCUP Are there any plans you're making?
Are you ready for our wedding?
BETH It's a big step that he's taking -
(*Aside*) Is he looking where he's treading?
BOTH We shall both go on requesting
Till you tell us, never doubt it;
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!

CHORUS They will both go on requesting, etc.

The WOMEN pair up with appropriate MEN.

BUTTERCUP (*To BILL*) Permission to come aboard, bo'sun?

BILL Permission granted, Little Buttercup! Women are always welcome here!

MEN They are!

EDWARD You'll not find a jollier crew than that of the Pinafore, Buttercup, but a man's never truly happy without a woman by his side. It's so good to see you all again!

BETH Well, how was Jamaica? Did you see any active service?

- BILL** Not as such, my love. Very quiet, as it turned out.
- EDWARD** Yes, and we all know why *that* was. Bill thought that we'd been called to Kingston, *Jamaica*, when...
- BILL** Really, Edward, there's no need to trouble the ladies with boring details. We should be offering our guests some tea.
- BETH** Yes, that would be lovely. Where's the galley - we'll get started at once!
- BILL** Ye don't need to do that any more - watch this. (*Shouts off*) Captain Rackstraw! We've got visitors!
- Enter RALPH, partially dressed in his best clothes.*
- RALPH** (*Off*) Sir Joseph, you've arrived early... (*On*) Why, if it isn't Little Buttercup! And Beth! (*He embraces them*) How are you?
- BUTTERCUP** We're very well, Ralph - or, should I say, Captain Rackstraw.
- RALPH** Oh, don't bother about formalities - this lot never do. How is business?
- BUTTERCUP** It's going very well, thank you...
- BILL** Well, we can't stand about here chatting all day. Don't you think that we should be offering these ladies some refreshments?
- RALPH** Of course - how dreadful of me. I'll go and put the kettle on, and I think Josephine has baked some cakes that you could have. I'll call you when it's ready. (*Exits*)
- BUTTERCUP** Well, I've never seen a Captain like *that* before! You've got him right under the thumb.
- DICK** (*Suddenly appearing*) Aye, it t'aint right, tis it?
- BUTTERCUP** Ugh, Dick Deadeye - I see *you* haven't changed, then.
- BETH** Ugly and objectionable - you always know where you are with Dick!
- DICK** Enjoy it while you can, everyone - when Sir Joseph arrives *he* won't put up with this nonsense.
- EDWARD** Be off with you, Dick Deadeye - a Captain may do what he likes on board his own ship, and the Admiralty can't do a thing about it.
- DICK** Aye, well, we'll see, we'll see... (*Exit DICK*)
- EDWARD** Now, I have a surprise for you Buttercup - I have just arranged with Captain Rackstraw for him to marry us on board the Pinafore this very afternoon!
- BUTTERCUP** This afternoon?
- EDWARD** Well, I've waited three months and I can't wait a moment longer!
- BUTTERCUP** Oh, Edward, that's wonderful!
- EDWARD** I knew you'd be pleased. Oh, I almost forgot - do you have a dress?
- BUTTERCUP** Oh yes - Beth and I have it all finished now. I've got my Grandmother's wedding ring, too. Do *you* have a best man?
- EDWARD** Well, I did think that Bill could do it.
- BILL** (*Horried*) What? Me? Get away, I can't do that - I'd have to give a speech!
- EDWARD** Good - I'll take that as a 'yes'. Well, that's that settled, then.
- The dinner gong is heard, along with a cry of 'Tea up!'.*
- BUTTERCUP** He really *is* efficient, isn't he?
- Everyone drifts off to tea except BILL, who sits pensively, and BETH.*
- BETH** Come along, Bill, don't you want any tea?

BILL Aye, aye... What was that?
BETH Are you coming?
BILL Sorry, love, I was just thinking.
BETH I *thought* something was wrong. Tell me all about it.
BILL Well, I was worrying about my speech, and Edward's wedding to Buttercup... and that.
BETH And *what*?
BILL Well, it just set me thinking - they've only been courting a few months and they're getting married already! I mean to say, how long have *we* been seeing each other?
BETH I'm not sure. I would say *about* two years, five months and six days. Approximately.
BILL Aye, that'll be about right. Anyway, I was saying to myself... Er, how shall I put it... Er, Beth?
BETH Yes, Bill?
BILL Suppose - just suppose, mind - that a man has been seeing a woman for quite some time...
BETH (*Realising his game*) About two and a half years?
BILL About that, yes... Well, I, er, have a *friend* in that position.
BETH I see.
BILL Aye, well, you see, what I want to know is; what on Earth should he do about it?
BETH This *friend*?
BILL Aye - this *friend*.
BETH You know, Bill, I'm not sure. You'll have to tell me more about him.

DUET - BETH and BILL

Music - "I know a youth", Ruddigore

BILL I know a youth who loves a little maid -
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)
Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid -
(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)

BETH I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,
(Hey, but she's waiting and her will grows weak!)
She dare not say what she knows is the truth -
(Hey, but she wishes that her youth would speak!)

BILL Poor little man!
BETH Poor little maid!
BILL Poor little man!
BETH Poor little maid!

BOTH Now tell me pray, and tell me true,
What in the world should the (young man) do?
(maiden)

BILL I know the youth has a wedding as his aim,
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)
How can he know that the maiden feels the same?
(Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)

BETH She's very proud and she's very prim,
(Hey, but she's waiting and her will grows weak!)
Still, I believe that the maid loves him -
(Hey, but she wishes that her youth would speak!)

BILL Poor little man!

BETH Poor little maid!

BILL Poor little man!

BETH Poor little maid!

BOTH Now tell me pray, and tell me true,
What in the world should the (young man) do?
(maiden)

BETH If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day -
(Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

BILL If I were the maid I would meet the youth half way -
(Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)

BETH If I were the youth I would go ahead and ask -
(Hey, but she's waiting and her will grows weak!)

BILL If I were the maid I would help him in the task -
(For I really do believe the youth's intends to speak!)

BETH Poor little man!

BILL Poor little maid!

BETH Poor little man!

BILL Poor little maid!

BOTH I thank you, miss/sir, for your counsel true;
I'll tell that youth/maid what he/she ought to do!

After song, BILL goes and stands and thinks for a moment.

BETH Bill?

BILL Yes, Beth?

BETH Is there something you want to ask me?

BILL No, Beth.

BETH I think that there *is* something you want to ask me, Bill.

BILL Oh yes, I think there is.

BETH Well, what is it then?

BILL Er. (*Looks around nervously*) Beth, will you, you know, will you marry me?

BETH Oh, Bill, this is all so sudden and unexpected - I don't know what to say!
(*Thinks*) Oh, go on, then!

Delighted, they rush into each other's arms. Their embrace is truncated, however, by the fanfare that indicates the arrival of SIR JOSEPH. The MEN and WOMEN rush back on to prepare to welcome him.

CHORUS and DUET - SIR JOSEPH and HEBE

Music - "Behold the Lord High Executioner", The Mikado

Behold the First Lord of the Adm'ralty!
A personage of noble rank and title -
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital!

Defer, defer,
To the First Lord of the Adm'ralty!

Enter SIR JOSEPH and HEBE preceded by two or so MARINES. In the following duet, HEBE interjects her lines much to her husband's increasing annoyance.

SIR JOSEPH From a youth, naïve and pale,
HEBE By a set of curious chances,
SIR JOSEPH To the Lord of steam and sail
HEBE On his own recognizances;
SIR JOSEPH Wafted by a favouring gale
HEBE As one sometimes is in trances,
SIR JOSEPH To a height that few can scale,
HEBE Save by long and weary dances;
SIR JOSEPH Surely never had a male
HEBE Under such-like circumstances
SIR JOSEPH So adventurous a tale,
HEBE Which may rank with most romances.

CHORUS Defer, defer,
To the First Lord of the Adm'ralty, etc.

SONG - SIR JOSEPH

Music - "I am the very model of a modern Major-General", The Pirates of Penzance

I am the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister,
My principles are flexible, my goals are often sinister.
My destiny in politics was one that you could never doubt,
For I'm the only person that I possibly could care about.
I am an idle fellow, so I've have found this life to be a boon -
I never need to get to Parliament before the crack of noon,
And if a Bill's so hard that I can't understand chink at all,
The whips'll tell me what to vote so I don't need to think at all!

ALL The whips'll tell him what, etc.

SIR JOSEPH When dealing with policemen, if I'm threatened with a minor fine
The charges quickly vanish when I've given the Masonic sign.
My principles are flexible, my goals are often sinister,
I am the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.

ALL His principles are flexible, his goals are often sinister,
He is the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.

SIR JOSEPH Lobbyists and pressure groups all find me quite embraceable -
I'll speak up in their favour if the banknotes are untraceable.
I used to represent a town, but don't know what became of it -
Mind you, I never went there, and I don't know what's the name of it.
Promoted to the Admiralty, although I'd never been to sea,
I don't know 'port' from 'starboard' and the 'futtocks' sound quite rude to me!
I chair a few committees, but I generally miss a lot.
And at campaigning time it's not just *babies* that I kiss a lot!

ALL And at campaigning time, etc.

SIR JOSEPH I give reports to parliament, I give advice to industry -
I also give out contracts, for a rather more substantial fee.
My principles are flexible, my goals are often sinister,
I am the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.

ALL His principles are flexible, his goals are often sinister,
He is the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.

- SIR JOSEPH** Although my life in politics is really rather flourishing
There are still certain areas in desperate need of nourishing:
When is it that I'm telling lies, and when committing 'perjury'?
And will someone please tell me why an MP has a 'surgery'?
Why is it that in House debates I'm shouted down when'er I speak?
And why do confidential memos always seem to spring a 'leak'?
Why do I give promotions to incompetents who moan enough?
And get you in the House of Lords providing that you loan enough!*
- ALL** And ask you any question, etc.
- SIR JOSEPH** A cad, a cheat, a scandal-monger, more than often very drunk,
I must admit I'm really quite amazed by just how low I've sunk!
My principles are flexible, my goals are often sinister,
I am the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.
- ALL** His principles are flexible, his goals are often sinister,
He is the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister.
- RALPH** Welcome aboard, Sir Joseph. I trust I find you well?
- SIR JOSEPH** Passing fair, Captain Rackstraw, passing fair. Yourself?
- RALPH** I confess I am in rude health, Sir Joseph. Did your wedding proceed as planned.
- SIR JOSEPH** Oh yes. Hebe and I have now been married for three months.
- HEBE** Three happy, happy months!
- SIR JOSEPH** Three months. In fact, we have just returned from an extended visit to her mother's.
- HEBE** My dear, dear mother!
- SIR JOSEPH** Her mother. A woman of striking countenance, a most forceful personality and considerable physical strength for her age.
- RALPH** Well, I am sure that she must be a charming lady to have raised such a charming daughter. After all, they do say that a daughter grows to become her mother.
- SIR JOSEPH** (*Thinks*) Moving swiftly on, Captain Rackstraw, would you call your crew to attention so that I can inspect them.
- RALPH** They *are* at attention, Sir Joseph.
- SIR JOSEPH** Are they, indeed? Well, Captain Rackstraw, standards of discipline have certainly deteriorated around here. (*Inspects a sailor*) This one has his shirt buttons hanging off!
- RALPH** I am sorry, Sir Joseph - I meant to get around to that last night.
- HEBE** You meant to get around to it? Do you mean to say that they do not mend their own uniforms?
- RALPH** It is a tedious job, Lady Porter, and too often ends in personal injury. I felt beholden to take the duty upon myself.
- SIR JOSEPH** There is something very wrong here, Captain Rackstraw, very wrong indeed. (*Inspecting STAINES*) Look at the hair on this one! Tell me, do you consider yourself an aesthete, sir? The next thing we know you'll be prancing around with a lily writing poetry!
- STAINES** Actually, I *do* write poetry, your honour...
- SIR JOSEPH** I do not wish to know that. Get you hair cut or I'll have you up before a Court Martial!

* A topical joke in November 2006 that may need to be updated! Contact me and I'll do a new one to suit.

- RALPH** Sir Joseph, is that not a little harsh?
- SIR JOSEPH** Harsh? Harsh? Captain Rackstraw, have you become possessed with a mission to turn the British Navy into some sort of floating comic opera?
- RALPH** No, Sir Joseph, I...
- SIR JOSEPH** I have no desire to hear your excuses, Captain Rackstraw. Your actions speak loudly enough as it is.
- RALPH** They are not excuses, sir...
- HEBE** (*Going to a seaman*) Joseph, this one is asleep! Captain Rackstraw, is the poor man ill?
- RALPH** I must apologise, Lady Porter. I'm afraid that he had a late night poker session with some of the other men, and wasn't able to take a lie-in because of your early arrival.
- HEBE** *Lie-in?* I cannot believe my ears, Captain Rackstraw. Your men are not on holiday - they are members of the British Navy, the bulwarks of the Empire! They should follow my Joseph's example - early to bed and up with the cock! Isn't that right, dear.
- SIR JOSEPH** Oh yes.
- RALPH** I will do my best to enforce that, madam.
- SIR JOSEPH** See that you do, Captain Rackstraw, see that you do. Now, where is Corcoran? (*Sees him*) Ah! Desire that splendid seaman to step forward (*Indicating EDWARD*).
- RALPH** Edward Corcoran, would you be so good as to come forward, if you please?
- EDWARD** Sir! (*Takes three paces forward*)
- SIR JOSEPH** Tell me, Able Seaman Corcoran, how are you adapting to your change in position?
- EDWARD** Very well, sir. It's an easy life, all things considered.
- MEN** Hear, hear!
- SIR JOSEPH** And you don't object to taking orders from your former underling?
- EDWARD** No, sir. Besides, we tend to give *him* orders most of the time.
- SIR JOSEPH** Do you, indeed? And does he follow them?
- EDWARD** Without exception, your honour.
- SIR JOSEPH** Oh dear, something is *dreadfully* wrong here! Do you observe *no* distinctions of rank at all, Captain Rackstraw?
- RALPH** Well, Sir Joseph, as you said yourself, a British Sailor is any man's equal.
- HEBE** Excepting his.
- RALPH** Excepting yours.
- SIR JOSEPH** I am aware of that, Captain Rackstraw, but this is taking things too far - a great deal too far.
- RALPH** But, Sir Joseph, I don't think...
- SIR JOSEPH** *That* much is distressingly apparent! Dismiss your crew - we must talk alone.
- RALPH** Certainly, Sir Joseph. Men - do you think you could leave us alone for a bit? Thanks awfully.
- Exeunt ALL except RALPH, SIR JOSEPH, JOSEPHINE, HEBE and DICK.*
- HEBE** Look at the slovenly creatures, Joseph. Dirty, untidy and ill-disciplined - one would almost think that they were French!

SIR JOSEPH Perish the thought, Hebe! Captain Rackstraw, this is an intolerable situation. What on Earth possessed you to allow your crew to treat you as a servant?

RALPH But Sir Joseph, I consider each crew member to be my friend and, therefore, my equal. Their happiness is everything to me.

SIR JOSEPH But this dissolution of rank - it cannot work. I'm afraid that certain conventions must always be observed. Social levelling is an experiment that has already been tried, and it failed then, too. I'll tell you all about it...

HEBE No, *I'll* tell you all about it!

SIR JOSEPH No, *she'll* tell you all about it!

SONG - HEBE

Music - "There lived a King", The Gondoliers

HEBE There lived a King, as I've been told,
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
 And twenty times as mellow.
Good-temper triumphed in his face,
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race
 And every wretched fellow.
When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
 Must be content with toddy.

ALL With toddy, must be content with toddy.

HEBE He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
 Promoted everybody.

ALL Now, that's the kind of King for me -
He wished all men as rich as he,
So to the top of every tree
 Promoted everybody!

HEBE Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats -
 In point of fact, too many.
Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
 And Dukes were three a penny.
On every side Field-Marsals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords-Lieutenant deemed,
With Admirals the ocean teemed
 All round his wide dominions.

ALL With Admirals all round his wide dominions.

HEBE And party leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in every street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
 Their various opinions.

ALL Now that's a sight you couldn't beat -
Two Party Leaders in each street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
 Their various opinions.

- HEBE** That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
 If he had been acuter.
The end is easily foretold,
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
 You long for simple pewter.
When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care -
 Up goes the price of shoddy.
- ALL** Of shoddy, up goes the price of shoddy.
- HEBE** In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When every one is somebodee,
 The no one's anybody!
- ALL** Now that's as plain as plain can be,
To this conclusion we agree -
When every one is somebodee,
 The no one's anybody!
- RALPH** Heavens, I had never thought of it like that before!
- SIR JOSEPH** That much was abundantly obvious, Captain Rackstraw. Pray, think on't.
- RALPH** I will, Sir Joseph, I will.
- HEBE** And now to more pleasant matters. Josephine, my dear, the arrangements for your wedding have been finalised, and the church has been booked for this Saturday.
- JOSEPHINE** That's wonderful, Lady Porter! It is very kind of you to arrange everything so swiftly.
- SIR JOSEPH** Not at all. My wife is anxious that everyone should experience as much married life as possible.
- HEBE** Happy, happy married life!
- SIR JOSEPH** Married life.
- JOSEPHINE** Is there anything left for me to do?
- HEBE** Let me see... The catering has been arranged and the invitations have all been sent. Did you order a dress?
- JOSEPHINE** No - there was no time. However, I have made one myself during the voyage which will do just as well. Oh, Lady Porter, I shall be so proud to walk down the aisle with my father by my side!
- SIR JOSEPH** Ah, yes, your father... Tell me, is he still set on marrying the bumboat woman?
- RALPH** Absolutely. In fact, their wedding is to take place this afternoon onboard ship and I shall be carrying out the ceremony myself. You would be most welcome to attend.
- HEBE** I think not. Able Seamen and bumboat women are hardly our set, are they my dear?
- SIR JOSEPH** Not if you say so, dear.
- JOSEPHINE** Of course not. Our relative ranks have changed so much lately that I can hardly remember who is above whom any more!
- HEBE** I suppose that it can be a little confusing.
- DICK** (*Coming forward*) Aye, like I always say, it's a queer world!

SIR JOSEPH Your misshapen crewman is correct, Captain Rackstraw - it is a strange world.
But then, who would have it any other way?

**QUINTET - SIR JOSEPH, HEBE, JOSEPHINE,
RALPH and DICK**

Music - "Try we lifelong", The Gondoliers

ALL Try we life-long, we can never
Straighten out life's tangled skein,
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
Guess and guess and guess again?
RALPH Life's a pudding full of plums,
HEBE Care's a canker that benumbs.
ALL Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes!

Set aside the dull enigma,
We shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind o stigma -
Dance we to another tune!

RALPH String the lyre and fill the cup,
HEBE Lest on sorry we should sup.
ALL String the lyre and fill the cup,
Lest on sorry we should sup.
Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,
Hands across and down the middle -
Life's perhaps the only riddle
That we shrink from giving up!

Exeunt ALL except DICK.

DICK And so Sir Joseph and Captain Rackstraw went their separate ways - Sir Joseph to his cabin and the Captain to perform the marriage ceremony of Edward Corcoran and Little Buttercup. Here come the revellers now, happy and full of drink, blissfully unaware of the unpleasant events that are about to occur...

Enter MEN and WOMEN in a jolly mood.

**FINALE ACT I
CHORUS**

Music - "Hark, the hour of ten is sounding", Trial by Jury

Comes the couple newly plighted,
All that's wrong has now been righted -
Buttercup to Ed's united,
Joined in wedlock true
Wed by Rackstraw here on boardship -
On our rather long and broad ship -
In the presence of his Lordship
And this gallant crew!

Enter EDWARD and BUTTERCUP.

BETH *(Over music)* Pray silence for the Best Man!

BILL, under protestation, is forced up on to a chair to deliver his Best Man's speech to an expectant crowd.

SONG - BILL and CHORUS

Music - "Accustomed as I am", The Zoo

Ladies and gentlemen
CHORUS Hear! Hear!
BILL Accustomed as I am to public - ah -
CHORUS Speaking.
BILL Thank you, speaking,
I feel over - ah - over - ah -
CHORUS Over-power'd?
BILL Thank you, no - over-whelmed
Upon this ah - this - ah -
CHORUS Occasion?
BILL Thank you, occasion, ah - ah -
And I also feel that - ah - ah - -
That my - ah - my - ah - that your feelings - ah -
That they - ah
CHORUS Feel.
BILL Thank you.
If you could - ah - if you could - ah
CHORUS Feel.
BILL Thank you, if you could feel as I feel - ah - ah
CHORUS Hear, hear!
BILL Thank you - I - ah -
CHORUS Hear, hear!
BILL I - ah - I - ah - I - ah - Thank you.
CHORUS Hear, Hear!

Enter RALPH, SIR JOSEPH, HEBE, JOSEPHINE and MARINES.

RECIT. - EDWARD, SIR JOSEPH *and* CHORUS

Music - "My pain and my distress", H.M.S. Pinafore

SIR JOSEPH What is this dreadful noise
That threatens to disturb my equipoise?
My irritation won't disguise -
EDWARD You can see in the expression of my eyes!
Sir Joseph P., pray shake the hand before you
Let goodwill and forgiveness rule the day!
So join with us, be merry I implore you,
Wish me luck and send me on my way!
SIR JOSEPH I will not shake the hand
Of a vulgar Able Seaman
I'll make you understand
Equality's a demon.
The partnership that you present
Is almost desecration;
This Holy state is really meant
For men of higher station.
ALL This Holy state is really meant
For men of higher station.

**SONG - EDWARD, SIR JOSEPH, HEBE, JOSEPHINE
and CHORUS**

Music - "Go away, madam", Iolanthe

EDWARD You're a snob, sir,
It's a job, sir,
That the mob, sir,
Doesn't rise!

You may sneer, sir,
You may jeer, sir,
But I fear, sir,
That's unwise.

If you mock, sir,
At the flock, sir,
Then don't shock, sir,
If they fight!

So beware, sir,
Best take care, sir,
For I swear, sir,
They just might!

ALL You're a snob, sir, etc.

HEBE Do not dare to offer warning -
Such presumption meets with scorning!
This disrespect, to which you're partial,
May result in a Court Martial!

JOSEPHINE Disrespect, to which he's partial,
May result in a Court Martial!

ALL You're a snob, sir, etc.

At the climax of the music, EDWARD can contain his indignation no longer and decks SIR JOSEPH with a single punch. There is a shocked silence before SIR JOSEPH speaks.

ENSEMBLE

Music - "I am a broken-hearted troubadour", Patience

SIR JOSEPH Edward, your funeral bell you rang -
You've struck a senior - for this you'll hang!

BUTTERCUP Hang him! He said he'd hang him!

DICK Yes, yes - he said he'd hang him
And harangue him!

WOMEN Oh, disaster!

SAILORS He'll hang him! Horror!

RALPH & JOSEPHINE He'll hang him! Horror!

EDWARD He'll hang me! Horror! Horror! Horror!

ALL Oh, list while we our grief confess
That words imperfectly express.
Thine ears, oh Mercy, do not close
To Edward's most distracting woes!

**EDWARD &
SIR JOSEPH** My rage I barely can express -
This insult now demands redress!

MEN Now is not this ridiculous, etc.

SIR JOSEPH (*Over music*) Seize that man! Take him to the dungeon!

The MARINES rush forward and drag EDWARD apart from BUTTERCUP. General dismay.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

The following evening. In complete contrast to Act I, the MEN are discovered in frantic activity, cleaning, painting, scrubbing, etc. SIR JOSEPH, HEBE and RALPH watch over them, scolding them if they seem to be slacking. The WOMEN have also been forced to work.

CHORUS

Music - "Strephon's a member of Parliament", Iolanthe

- WOMEN** The Captain's turned into an autocrat
Works his crew without compassion.
Won't engage in friendly chat -
Joseph Porter set the fashion!
Cuts their leisure,
Bans their pleasure
Gives them rum in quarter measure!
All the crew is deep in the blues:
Rackstraw makes us shake in our shoes!
Shake in our shoes!
Shake in our shoes!
Rackstraw makes us shake in our shoes!
- MEN** The Captain's turned into an autocrat!
Discipline is now his passion.
Threatens us with nine-tailed cat
Only gives us half a ration!
Cuts our leisure,
Bans our pleasure
Gives us rum in quarter measure!
Doing anything he may wish:
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!
Kettle of fish!
Kettle of fish!
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!
- DICK** (*Aside*) As you can see, Captain Rackstraw has taken Sir Joseph's message to heart and has turned into quite a martinet! Gone are the days of roses and wine - it's back to Victorian values!
- RALPH** Pay attention, crew! You may stop work now and take five minutes recreation time, after which all ladies will be required to put ashore. We are now going to consider the case of the unfortunate crewman who assaulted Sir Joseph.
- BILL** Permission to speak, sir.
- RALPH** Granted.
- BILL** What are you going to do with Edward, sir?
- SIR JOSEPH** That is a matter for your betters to decide, boatswain (*not pronounced 'bo'sun'*). However, suffice it to say that it shall be necessary to make an example of him.
- HEBE** Quite. Such disrespect and ill-discipline amongst the lower branches of the service must be dealt with most severely. You should all be mindlessly following orders with the love and devotion of a... of a...
- SIR JOSEPH** A husband?
- HEBE** I was actually thinking of a dog, although that example would serve even better.
- RALPH** As we feel that you are all to some extent guilty of the same crime of insubordination, I have decided to cancel all shore leave!
- ALL** No!

RALPH Yes! Any more disobedience and I shall stop all visits from these “ladies”. That is all. Goodnight.

Exit RALPH, SIR JOSEPH and HEBE..

BILL Well, Beth, I dare say you’d better be on your way. We’d be daft to risk offending him any more.

BETH You’re right. Such a change has come over Captain Rackstraw since yesterday!

BILL Aye, you’re not wrong there. No hornpipes, no singing after midnight, no using his cabin for forty winks in the afternoon, and *punishment* if you’re drunk on duty!

BETH It’s an intolerable state of affairs!

DICK Well, *I* say ‘thank goodness’! Things are back the right way ‘round again!

BETH Aye, you *would* say that, Dick Deadeye.

DICK I told you that the old situation wouldn’t last, didn’t I? As soon as Rackstraw realised the ways things should be, it didn’t take him long to set them right! Officers are officers, crew are crew and that’s the end of it. I don’t say that they’re better than us, but someone’s got to be on top!

SONG - DICK *and* CHORUS

Music - “Oh, a monarch who boasts intellectual graces”, The Grand Duke

DICK Oh, a Captain who boasts intellectual graces
Can do, if he likes a good deal in a day -
Put all his companions back into their places,
With plenty of work and with little of play!
Your lofty ideals he swiftly debases:
It’s back to reality wearing grimaces,
For Rackstraw’s the cause of your very long faces -
But wait! on that topic I’ve something to say!
Oh, his rule is despotic and very ascetic,
And all that was colourful turned into grey -
By a pushing young Captain, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS Oh, his rule is despotic, etc.

DICK Observance of class must be called an essential
If orders are given to fight and to die -
If Rackstraw intends to fulfil his potential
He’d better pull rank, and I’ll let you know why:
Society’s structure must be evidential;
Your views and your actions should be consequential;
And now that our Captain has proved his credential
We finally know where his sympathies lie!
Though I do not pretend to be very prophetic,
I fancy I know what you’re going to say -
By a pushing young Captain, of turn energetic,
A very great deal may be done in a day!

CHORUS Oh, it’s simply uncanny, his power prophetic -
It’s perfectly right - we *were* going to say -
By a pushing, etc.

BILL Dick Deadeye, if you keep expressing those incitements to revolution I shan’t be held responsible for the actions of the crew! Now, be off with you - go and plague some other people!

ALL Aye!

DICK It’s all right, I’m going - I’ve got to take our prisoner his supper. Who knows, but it might turn out to be his last. (*Exit DICK*)

BUTTERCUP Oh, to think that my Edward's fate rests in the hands of the Captain and Sir Joseph. What do you suppose they'll do with him.

BILL I cannot say, little Buttercup, but I fear the worst.

BUTTERCUP Do you think I could visit him tonight? There's so much I want to say to him.

BILL Well, prisoners don't usually take their exercise until we're all in bed. If you concealed yourself here you might be able to catch him on his evening walk. Just make sure you're not caught yourself, though.

BUTTERCUP Thank you, Bill, I'll do that.

BETH Come along, girls, it's time we were getting ashore. (*WOMEN and MEN embrace*) Goodbye, Bill - I hope tomorrow brings better news.

BILL So do I, my love, so do I. (*All the WOMEN except BUTTERCUP exit*) Well, Buttercup, we'd best go below decks now. Good luck.

BUTTERCUP Thank you, Bill, I'll try to keep out of harm's way. (*Exit MEN.*) Now, where can I conceal myself... Oh! I hear voices approaching! It may be Sir Joseph's Marines - I'd better hide. (*She conceals herself*)

Enter DICK and EDWARD escorted by the MARINES.

DICK Now, come along Edward, there must be something I can get you - the Captain told me to give you anything you asked for. How about some rum?*

EDWARD No, nothing. I have no desire for alcohol tonight. The only thing I want now is my wife, but I don't suppose you keep *her* in the storeroom.

BUTTERCUP reveals herself, so to speak.

BUTTERCUP No need for that, for here I am! (*She rushes forward and they embrace*)

DICK (*Forcing them apart*) Come on, now - none of that! That's not allowed, you know.

BUTTERCUP Oh, nonsense - we're married now.

DICK You've got a point, there. But just a minute, you're supposed to have gone ashore!

BUTTERCUP I know, Dick, but can't you turn a blind eye for once? Our honeymoon *was* cut rather short.

DICK Oh, very well. I daresay I'll regret this, but you've got five minutes together. Come on, you two. (*Exeunt DICK and MARINES*)

BUTTERCUP At last we are alone. (*She looks into EDWARD's face*) What's wrong, Edward - you look so sad. Have you heard the verdict?

EDWARD I have - it is as I expected. Assaulting a senior officer contravenes the twenty-second Article of War. There is only one punishment.

BUTTERCUP Death?

EDWARD Aye. Tomorrow morning I'm to be hanged from the fore-yard-arm of my own ship. I'm afraid that our marriage is going to be rather a brief one!

BUTTERCUP Oh Edward, this is so unfair. After all these years, to have the cup of happiness dashed from my lips just as I had taken the first sip! Can nothing be done?

EDWARD Nothing - I am resigned to my fate. I broke the law and must pay the penalty. Oh, my love, I am so sorry.

BUTTERCUP Don't apologise, Edward - you acted rightly. I'll always be proud of what you did, whatever the consequences.

* The list was extended by the creator of the role to include such items as cheese & onion crisps, a chicken tikki stottie and the cabin boy!

EDWARD Little Buttercup, I do love you, you know. Why did I allow my stupid pride to stop me saying it before?

BUTTERCUP And why did I believe you to be far above my station? When I think how long I loved you from afar, never daring to speak. Oh, Edward, why did we waste so much time?

BALLAD - BUTTERCUP

Music - "There grew a little flower", Ruddigore

There grew a little flower
 'Neath a great oak tree:
He was greater far in power
 Still she lovèd he:
He was master of the bower
So before him she did cower,
Ever dreaming of an hour
 With the great oak tree!
 Sing hey,
 Lackaday!
 Let the tears fall free
For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree!
BOTH Sing hey,
 Lackaday!, etc.

Said she, 'He'll love me never,
 Will that great oak tree,
For I'm neither rich nor clever,
 And so why should he?
But though fate our fortunes sever,
To be constant I'll endeavour,
Aye, for ever and for ever,
 To my great oak tree!'
BOTH Sing hey,
 Lackaday!, etc.

One day I found, however,
 That my great oak tree
Didn't long for 'rich and clever'
 'Cause he longed for me!
But a chivalrous endeavour
Means our marriage bonds must sever -
I'll be parted now for ever
 From my great oak tree!
BOTH Sing hey,
 Lackaday!, etc.

BUTTERCUP and EDWARD embrace before BUTTERCUP forces herself away and exits in tears.

EDWARD I think that it is time to return to my cell. I seem to have lost my appetite for exercise tonight.

He is about to go when JOSEPHINE rushes on.

JOSEPHINE Father - wait! I have heard the verdict; you are to hang tomorrow. (*Rushing to him*) Oh father!

EDWARD I am sorry that you should see me like this, Josephine - I always tried to make you proud of me. Still, at least I will show you how a gentleman should die.

JOSEPHINE Oh, father, don't talk like that. It's all too horrible! I cannot believe that this is Ralph's doing - he was always such a gentle man. I don't know what Sir Joseph and Hebe have done to him.

EDWARD He is simply doing his duty, my child, as everyone should. I always played by the rules, and I expect him to do the same.

JOSEPHINE Then you are not bitter about this?

EDWARD No, lass. I could have wished for a longer married life, but I have only myself to blame. It's an odd world we live in, Josephine, but, for all its faults, it's good enough for me.

SONG - EDWARD

Music - "I've heard it said", Haddon Hall

I've heard it said,
And it may be read
In many a trusty tome,
How, when augers met
On the parapet
Of the walls of ancient Rome,
As the two passed by,
Each winked an eye
With a candour confidential,
Or stroked his nose -
Which, goodness knows -
But it isn't at all essential.
For every man
Since the world began
Had his idiosyncrasy,
And to lunch off a moan
And to dine on a groan
With a trickling tear for tea -
Well, it may suit you
From your point of view,
But it doesn't at all suit me!
As I don't rejoice
In a deep bass voice -
Well, it doesn't at all suit me.
Tho' the world be bad,
It's the best to be had;
And therefore, Q.E.D.,
Tho' it mayn't suit you
And a chosen few,
It's a good enough world for me.

Examples show
That we needn't go
So far as ancient Rome,
For it does occur
Unto me, good sir,
There are humbugs nearer home.
When you style the spheres
A vale of tears,
Don't you rather beg the question?
Remember, bards,
It is on the cards,
It is nothing but indigestion.
For every man,
Since the world began,
Had his little infirmitee,
And is apt to mistake
What is only an ache
For profound philosophee;

He is not the sphinx
He sublimely thinks,
But a man very much like me!
Not a demon fell,
Or an archangel,
But a man very much like me.
Tho' the world be bad, etc.

Over the closing music DICK and the MARINES enter. EDWARD and JOSEPHINE embrace before he is led off. JOSEPHINE collapses in tears.

Enter RALPH, SIR JOSEPH and HEBE.

- RALPH** *(Clears throat)* Josephine, we... I have something to tell you.
- JOSEPHINE** I already know - my father is to be hanged!
- RALPH** No, not that... Well, there is that, but what I wished to discuss was our forthcoming marriage.
- JOSEPHINE** What about it?
- RALPH** Well, Sir Joseph and Lady Porter have pointed out to me that you are the daughter of a common sailor.
- JOSEPHINE** That fact has not escaped me, Ralph.
- HEBE** More than that, though, you are the daughter of a common sailor who is condemned to death.
- JOSEPHINE** Do not remind me!
- RALPH** Well, situated as you are, you are hardly a suitable wife for the captain of one of Her Majesty's ships.
- JOSEPHINE** What?
- SIR JOSEPH** You must appreciate that the discrepancy in your ranks is enormous - far larger than society could ever tolerate.
- HEBE** It is, in point of fact, as large as the gulf that separated you before Ralph and your father exchanged places. What was insurmountable then is still insurmountable now.
- JOSEPHINE** I see. I did wonder that you were allowing it to go ahead. *(To RALPH)* Well, is that what *you* believe, Ralph? Is it?
- RALPH** I... I think that Sir Joseph and Lady Porter are right. We can never wed.
- JOSEPHINE** Ralph, Ralph, what have you become? Is this what you really want? *(RALPH is silent)* Answer me!
- RALPH** *(He looks at SIR JOSEPH and HEBE. Pause)* It is.
- JOSEPHINE** Well, then I suppose it is goodbye. Goodbye, Sir Joseph. Goodbye, Lady Porter. And goodbye, Ralph Rackstraw. I know not why, but I loved you once. *(She exits, barely managing to conceal her tears)*
- SIR JOSEPH** Well, I think that all went rather well, don't you?
- RALPH** I... I suppose so.
- HEBE** I think you did splendidly. You're taking to your new rank like a duck to water. It is obvious that you were born to it!
- SIR JOSEPH** And equally obvious that Edward Corcoran was not. I always suspected that there was something false about that man. You cannot fake good breeding.
- HEBE** That is so true, Joseph.
- RALPH** Now, if you'll excuse me, I will retire to my cabin. It has been a most stressful day.

SIR JOSEPH Of course. Got to be up early, what?

RALPH Hmm?

SIR JOSEPH The hanging! Wouldn't want to miss that, would you?

Exit RALPH, pensively.

HEBE Well, Joseph, we have certainly got this place ship-shape and Bristol fashion again! I'm afraid that Captain Rackstraw had a somewhat underdeveloped sense of the importance of observing rank. Still, we've put him right. A place for everyone, and everyone in their place, that's what I say.

SIR JOSEPH Precisely. If everybody acted as though we were all the same, where would we be?

HEBE Was not that the very philosophy that *you* used to preach?

SIR JOSEPH It was. But my marriage to you has taught me one very important lesson - in every relationship, someone has to be the master!

HEBE And *someone* has to be the servant!

DUET - HEBE and SIR JOSEPH

Music - "As o'er our penny roll we sing", The Grand Duke

HEBE When Eve wed Adam 'neath the Tree
He said, in role of pastor,
If ever they should disagree
That someone was the servant (she),
And someone was the master!
However, there's a problem here -

SIR JOSEPH Well, frankly, that all seems quite clear.

HEBE I think that you have forgotten, dear -
Such thinking breeds disaster! (*Threatening*)

SIR JOSEPH (*Frightened*) That's right - it breeds disaster

BOTH For, though the truth may often vex,
The female is the stronger sex!

SIR JOSEPH And husbands who perchance to moan -

HEBE Will find out that they sleep alone!

SIR JOSEPH They sleep alone?

HEBE They sleep alone!

BOTH Just think of that - they sleep alone!

HEBE So I advise, 'ere it's too late,
That husbands should accept their fate.
For carnal knowledge won't be got
If he's a donkey -

SIR JOSEPH (*Hurriedly*) Which he's *not*!

HEBE Oh no, he's *not*!

SIR JOSEPH Oh no, he's *not*!

BOTH That kind of donkey he is *not*!
So let us be jolly and merry,
And rejoice with a derry down derry,
For a marriage is bliss
When the master's a miss,
And the husband's obedient, very!

HEBE and SIR JOSEPH dance off. Enter BUTTERCUP.

BUTTERCUP I just couldn't stay ashore tonight - I must see Edward again before the morning. He cannot spend his last night in this world alone.

BETH (*Offstage*) Buttercup? Is that you?

BUTTERCUP Oh no! Someone's coming. (*She goes as if to hide*) No - I have done enough hiding today.

Enter BILL and BETH.

- BETH** Buttercup - I thought I recognised your voice!
- BUTTERCUP** Beth, I *am* glad it's you - I thought it was the watch.
- BETH** You're lucky it wasn't. You really should've gone ashore long ago.
- BUTTERCUP** What about you?
- BILL** Aye, her too. However, I don't seem to be able to persuade her to go.
- BETH** No, and I won't until we do something about poor Edward. How can we let them execute him?
- BUTTERCUP** We don't have much choice. They have the law behind them.
- BILL** Aye, she's right enough, you know.
- BETH** Damn the law! What's happening to Edward isn't right, and that's that. If the law won't save him then *we'll* have to do it ourselves.
- BUTTERCUP** But how could we do that?
- BETH** Well, for a start, we'd have to take command of the Pinafore.
- BILL** What? Take over the ship? But Beth, that's... Mutiny!
- BETH** Aye, Bill, it is.
- BUTTERCUP** But we could all hang for that!
- BETH** We could - but Edward'll hang if we don't. So, what do you say - are you with me?

TRIO - BILL, BUTTERCUP *and* BETH

Music - "Alas! I waver to and fro!", The Yeomen of the Guard

- BUTTERCUP** Alas! I waver to and fro!
Dark danger hangs upon the deed!
- ALL** Dark danger hangs upon the deed!
- BETH** The scheme is rash and well may fail,
But ours are not the hearts that quail,
The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale
In hours of need!
- ALL** No, ours are not the hearts that quail,
The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale
In hours of need!
- BILL** My loyalty to him I owe:
Such friends as he cannot be bought!
- BETH & BUT.** Such friends as he cannot be bought!
- BILL** So shall I reckon risks I run
When services are to be done
To save the life of such a one?
Unworthy thought!
- BETH & BUT.** And shall we reckon risks we run
To save the life of such a one?
- ALL** Unworthy thought!
We may succeed - who can foretell?
May heaven help our hope - farewell!

Exeunt. Enter DICK, followed by various members of the crew who assemble a make-shift gallows as he speaks.

DICK

And so the dawn broke, bringing the appointed hour of Edward Corcoran's execution ever closer. Few slept soundly that night - only Sir Joseph and Lady Porter seemed to be untroubled by conscience. Despite some dark mutterings, no rebellion appeared amongst the men, save for the fact that all of them refused to be the hangman, even under threat of Court Martial. Well... nearly all. (*He produces a hangman's hood and puts it on.*) It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it!

CHORUS and SOLO - JOSEPHINE

Music - "The prisoner comes", The Yeomen of the Guard

Over the introduction, the stage fills. The MEN and WOMEN enter first, accompanied by JOSEPHINE. They are followed by a procession consisting of EDWARD, his escort of MARINES, and RALPH.

The prisoner comes to meet his doom:
The rope, the hangman and the tomb.
The funeral bell begins to toll -
May Heaven have mercy on his soul!

SOLO - JOSEPHINE

Oh, Mercy, thou whose smile has shone
So many a captive heart upon;
Pray, listen to the heart that calls -
To-day the very worthiest falls!

EDWARD is offered a cigarette, which he refuses. A hood is placed over his head and he steps up ready to receive the noose when...

BILL (*Spoken*) Now!

The MEN and WOMEN produce concealed weapons and surge forward. The MARINES are attacked, disarmed and bundled off. DICK slips off unnoticed. RALPH is herded on to the scaffold and surrounded. EDWARD is untied.

RECIT. - BUTTERCUP & RALPH

Music - "Young Frederic!", Pirates of Penzance

BUTTERCUP Ralph Rackstraw!

RALPH Who, me?

BUTTERCUP Your life is over!
It's time for us to take control!

RALPH Oh, foolish crewmen,
Why do you do this?

BUTTERCUP You betrayed our mess-mate -
So now you must take his place upon the gallows!

The crowd surges forward in a noisy and threatening manner.

RALPH Have mercy on me! Hear me, ere you slaughter.

BUTTERCUP I do not think we ought to listen to you.
Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so, we will be merciful - say on!

SONG - RALPH

Music - "Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray", Trial by Jury

Oh, everyone, listen, I pray,
Though I own that my conduct is ranging,
Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.

The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,
The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.
Consider the moral, I pray,
Nor bring an old mess-mate to sorrow,
Who finds he's a Seaman to-day,
And finds he's a Captain to-morrow!

ALL Consider the moral, you say, etc.

You cannot eat breakfast all day,
Nor is it the act of a sinner,
When breakfast is taken away
To turn your attention to dinner;
And it's not in the range of belief,
To look upon him as a glutton,
Who, when he is tired of beef,
Determines to tackle the mutton.
But this I am willing to say,
If it will appease your sorrow,
I'll captain this vessel to-day,
And I'll captain another to-morrow!

ALL But this you are willing to say, etc.

BUTTERCUP So you will relinquish you captaincy voluntarily?

RALPH I do - I've never felt comfortable ordering my old friends around. Perhaps it would be better if I resign my command of the Pinafore.

ALL Hurrah!

BETH But who should we appoint in his place?

RALPH I think that there can only be one answer to that question. (*Turning to EDWARD*) Edward Corcoran, are you prepared to resume the post you abandoned so unexpectedly.

EDWARD I am!

RALPH Then I step down willingly. After all, there is only one true Captain of the Pinafore. (*He removes his jacket and hat and gives them to EDWARD.*) Three cheers for Captain Corcoran! Hip hip!

ALL Hurray!

RALPH Hip hip!

ALL Hurray!

RALPH Hip hip...

Before they can respond there is a loud chord!

RECIT. - BETH and SIR JOSEPH

Music - "Hush, hush, not a word!", The Pirates of Penzance

BETH Hush, hush, not a word! I see a light inside!
Sir Joseph Porter comes, your weapons quickly hide! (*They do so*)

WOMEN Yes, yes, Sir Joseph Porter comes!
MEN Yes, yes, Sir Joseph Porter comes!

Enter SIR JOSEPH, followed by DICK.

SIR JOSEPH Yes, yes, Sir Joseph Porter comes!

Enveloped in the warming arms
Of Morpheus I lay;

My conscience soothed with healing balms
Until the break of day.
Caressed and calmed by gentle breeze,
I dreamt of former joys -
When, as I lay at blissful ease,
I thought I heard a noise.

ALL (*Producing weapons*) He thought he heard a noise - ha! ha!

SIR JOSEPH (*Spoken*) Oh dear!

Once more the crowd surges forward and propels their victim on to the scaffold.

TRIO - EDWARD, JOSEPHINE & BUTTERCUP

Music - "Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow", The Grand Duke

EDWARD Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow, thus my life to shatter, O!
My hopes and dreams, my plans and schemes, with carelessness you scatter, O!
You treat my messmates with disdain, as though not worth a smatter, O!
You deprecate my daughter, though unworthy to look at her, O!

ALL Look at her, O!
Look at her, O!
Unworthy to look at her, O!

EDWARD But when compared with other crimes, for which your head we'll batter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of a liberty
Scarcely seems to matter, O!

ALL But when compared, etc.

JOSEPHINE My darling Ralph - that gentle man - you wheedle and your flatter, O!
You obfuscate his simple mind with sophistry and patter, O!
With cunning word and compliment his senses you be-spatter, O!
He's lost his friends, he's lost his wife - especially the latter, O!

ALL The latter, O!
The latter, O!
Especially the latter, O!

JOSEPHINE But even this, compared with deeds that drive me mad as hatter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of a liberty
Scarcely seems to matter, O!

ALL But even this, etc.

BUTTERCUP For O, you nasty snob, you cad, you fount of idle chatter, O!
You've done a deed on which I vow you won't get any fatter, O!
You sentenced Edward C to hang? Mere empty brag and clatter, O!
You can't - you shan't - you don't - you won't - you thing of rag and tatter, O!

ALL Of tatter, O!
Of tatter, O!
You thing of rag and tatter, O!

BUTTERCUP For this you'll suffer agonies like rat in clutch of ratter, O!
This flibberty gibberty
Kind of a liberty
's quite another matter, O!

ALL For this you'll suffer, etc.

SIR JOSEPH You do realise that any assault on me counts as mutiny, if not treason?

BUTTERCUP We do.

SIR JOSEPH And you're prepared to take the consequences, which will almost certainly involve torture and a particularly unpleasant death, if you kill me.

BETH Oh, yes.

SIR JOSEPH Good - just checking. Look, I say, I couldn't offer you money, I suppose?

BETH No, you couldn't. Get your neck in that noose. (*Cheers*)

SIMON Stop - such a death would be too good for him. Let's hang him by the row locks!¹

BILL Simon, don't you mean 'rollocks'?

SIMON No, we couldn't be *that* cruel...

EDWARD No, I have a better idea! I know how we can really teach this land-lubber a lesson. Let him walk the plank! (*General cheers of support*)

BILL Aye! That'll show 'em - appointing an office boy to the Admiralty!

A plank is rapidly produced for SIR JOSEPH to walk. He is led there at sword point.

SIR JOSEPH Rackstraw! Corcoran! Think of the step you are taking! You are sentencing yourselves to death!

EDWARD No, Sir Joseph - we are sentencing *you* to death! (*Cheers*)

Enter HEBE. She rushes forward to protect JOSEPH.

HEBE Stop! You cannot do such a thing to an Officer of State! Desist from your courses or I shall instantly report you to the Police! I think that the Courts would find me an overwhelming witness! (*They pause*)

BUTTERCUP That's a good point. What shall we do?

BETH Why not make the *her* walk the plank with him! She's as much to blame as her husband is! (*General cheers. HEBE is led up to join SIR JOSEPH*)

HEBE No! Put me down! You don't know what you're doing. (*The crowd take no notice*)

SIR JOSEPH (*Who has been wrestling with his conscience during the above*) No! Hold, hold! (*The crowd stop*) I cannot let you carry out this plan! I was prepared to let my secret die with me, but it cannot claim *two* lives. Rackstraw, Corcoran, Buttercup - I am not who you think I am!

BUTTERCUP You're an impostor?

SIR JOSEPH No - well, yes! I *am* the First Lord of the Admiralty, but, by rights, I should not hold the post. I obtained it under false colours. You see, I was swapped in infancy...

ALL Oh no, not again!

SIR JOSEPH It's not what you think. Listen...

SONG - SIR JOSEPH

Music - "When I was a lad", H.M.S. Pinafore

When I was born, at an early age,
To a lowly mother on a lowly wage,
She soon decided that her bouncing boy,
Was a credit to his mother and her pride and joy.

CHORUS A credit to his mother and her pride and joy.

¹ The nautical term 'row locks' is normally pronounced 'rollocks' – but not in this line!

Devoted to my mother and her to me -
I really was happy as a babe could be!

CHORUS Devoted to his mother, etc.

Alas, my bliss was not to last -
The debts soon mounted and the bills came fast,
And so, to keep the wolves at bay,
My mother took in other babes to earn her pay.

CHORUS His mother took in other babes to earn her pay.
She took in other babies so to pay for me
And keep me just as happy as a babe could be!

CHORUS She took in other babies, etc.!

My fortunes came to a pretty pass
When she took in a child from the middle class,
For, conscious of the fee they'd paid,
She gave him double dinners as his wet-nurse maid,

CHORUS She gave him double dinners, etc.
She fed the other baby so much more, did she,
That I wished I was that baby and that he was me!

CHORUS She fed that other baby, etc.

Day by day my jealousy grew
As he got many meals and I got few.
In anger I would gnash my gums -
An action that is guaranteed to fidget mums.

CHORUS An action that is guaranteed, etc.
To tell you all our names I think I ought 'ter -
My family name was 'Corcoran' and his was 'Porter'! (*Sensation*)

CHORUS To tell us all their, etc.

And so, one night, when put abed,
I crept to the crib where he lay his head
In my own cradle I placed the brat -
I climbed into my rival's bed and that was that!

CHORUS He climbed into, etc.
In dress and face so alike were we,
My mother thought that he was me and I was he!

CHORUS In dress and face, etc.

And then, at last, there came the day
When the middle-class parents took their babe away -
They raised me as their son and heir
And gave me all the privileges I could bear!

CHORUS They gave him, etc.
I rose to be the Ruler of the Queen's Navee -
But, in fact, I'm really Corcoran and he is me!

CHORUS He rose to be, etc.

EDWARD Do you mean to say that I am you and you are me?

SIR JOSEPH That is the idea I intended to convey, officially.

EDWARD But that means that you're really an Able Seaman!

SIR JOSEPH And that you're really the First Lord of the Admiralty!

BETH Just a minute - did this all happen *before* or *after* Buttercup got Edward and Ralph mixed up?

SIR JOSEPH Oh, before. (*Thinks*) At least, I think it was. Yes, it *must've* been.

BILL Must it?

DICK Allow me to explain. (*Produces three signs - 'Able Seaman', 'Captain' and 'First Lord' - and hands them out appropriately*). Originally, Ralph was destined to be a Captain, Edward to be the First Lord and Sir Joseph to be an

Able Seaman. Then Sir Joseph and Edward changed places. (*Swap signs.*) Then Edward and Ralph changed places. (*Swap.*) Then Edward and Ralph swapped places back again. (*Swap.*) Now Edward and Sir Joseph are swapping places. (*Swap.*) So everything's back where it started. Clear now?

BILL No.

DICK Oh, never mind. Basically, it means that Edward's now a 'sir' and Sir Joseph's... Well, a Joseph.

HEBE Tell me, husband, is all this true?

SIR JOSEPH I'm afraid so. You've ended up with a rather poor matrimonial deal, I'm afraid.

HEBE What? Just wait till I tell mother! (*She retires*)

SIR JOSEPH Oh dear! Well, Edward, we'd better get all this over with. Perhaps you should kneel. (*EDWARD does so*) Arise, Sir Edward Corcoran, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty!

EDWARD But I don't *want* to be the First Lord of the Admiralty. I'd much rather stay with my ship.

SIR JOSEPH Well, I'm sure that that can be arranged. In which case, arise, Captain Sir Edward Corcoran, K.C.B.! (*He rises*)

BILL Three cheers for Captain Corcoran! Hip, hip!

ALL Hurray!

BILL Hip hip!

ALL Hurray!

BILL Hip hip!

ALL Hurray!

DICK And so, my story ends. Captain Corcoran was restored to his natural place at the helm of H.M.S. Pinafore with Buttercup by his side, only leaving her to travel to Utopia sixteen years later. Josephine forgave Ralph and eventually married him just before he took command of the H.M.S. Semaphore. Sir Joseph resigned himself to his destiny and became Able Seaman Joe Porter, the smartest topman in the Navy. Hebe found the change rather more difficult to adapt to, and went home to her mother, to Joseph's immense satisfaction. But what of Dick Deadeye? Poor, faithful Dick Deadeye, who never failed to do his duty and yet was consistently hated for it? Well, he was destined to spend the rest of his life alone, unappreciated and unloved. Let's face it, who would love a man with a face and figure such as mine. It is my fate, and I am resigned...

The crowd parts and a woman presents herself – DICKETTE DEADEYE. She is the female double of DICK, complete with hook, eye-patch or whatever.

DICKETTE I wouldn't be so sure...

DICK Neptune's beard - what a beauty! Come to my arms! (*They rush together*)

FINALE

QUARTETTE - JOSEPHINE, BUTTERCUP, RALPH *and* DICK

Music - "Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen", H.M.S. Pinafore

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

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chance the lagging hours along,
And if (he finds) the maiden coy,
 (I find)

We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
 In dreamy roundelay.

EDWARD Once more the Captain of the Pinafore.

ALL And a right good captain too!

EDWARD I have risen from my fall
To be Captain of you all,
From a member of the crew.

ALL He has risen from his fall, etc.

EDWARD I've a station high in life,
I am married with a wife,
I'm free from ball and chain;
As I'm very happy now
There is one thing that I vow -
I shall never, never change again!

ALL What, never?

EDWARD No, never!

ALL What, *never*?

EDWARD Well, hardly ever!

ALL He'll hardly ever change again!

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For our favourite Captain of the Pinafore.

BUTTERCUP Now I'm called 'Lady Buttercup', dear 'Lady Buttercup',
Though I don't understand why;
But it's still 'Lady Buttercup', dear 'Lady Buttercup',
Sweet 'Lady Buttercup' I!

ALL Now she's called, etc.

SIR JOSEPH I was the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
But now I have the lowest job the Navy grants!

HEBE And you haven't any sisters, any cousins, any aunts,
So the relatives, by dozens,
Are *his* (*indicating* EDWARD) sisters, and his cousins!

ALL So you haven't any sisters, any cousins, any aunts,
And the relatives, by dozens,
Are *his* sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

EDWARD is brought forward to receive their tribute.

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

CURTAIN

ORDER OF MUSIC

ACT ONE

- OVERTURE
1. OPENING CHORUS - "We sail the ocean blue" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*)
 2. SONG - "I once was Captain of this crew" (*The Mikado*)..... EDWARD
 3. SONG - "Let a satirist enumerate a catalogue of crimes" (*The Rose of Persia*) DICK
 4. ARIA - "Oh, happy young heart!" (*The Sorcerer*) JOSEPHINE
 5. DUET - "None shall part us" (*Iolanthe*) RALPH & JOSEPHINE
 6. SCENA - "When a ship returns to dock" (*The Gondoliers*) PENNY, SARAH, BUTTERCUP & BETH
 7. DUET - "I know a youth" (*Ruddigore*) BETH & BILL
 8. a. CHORUS & DUET - "Behold the First Lord of the Adm'ralty" SIR JOSEPH & HEBE
b. SONG - "I am the very model of a modern Cabinet Minister" (*The Pirates of Penzance*)..... SIR JOSEPH
 9. SONG - "There lived a King" (*The Gondoliers*) HEBE
 10. QUINTET - "Try we lifelong" (*The Gondoliers*).. SIR JOSEPH, HEBE, JOSEPHINE, RALPH & DICK
 11. FINALE ACT ONE
 - a. CHORUS - "Comes the couple newly plighted" (*Trial by Jury*)
 - b. SONG - "Ladies and gentlemen" (*The Zoo*) BILL & CHORUS
 - c. RECIT. - "What is this dreadful noise" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) SIR JOSEPH, EDWARD & CHORUS
 - d. SONG - "You're a snob, sir" (*Iolanthe*) EDWARD, HEBE, JOSEPHINE & CHORUS
 - e. ENSEMBLE - "Edward, your funeral bell you rang" (*Patience*)

ACT TWO

1. CHORUS - "The Captain's turned into an autocrat" (*Iolanthe*)
2. SONG - "Oh, a Captain who boasts intellectual graces" (*The Grand Duke*)..... DICK
3. BALLAD - "There grew a little flower" (*Ruddigore*) BUTTERCUP & EDWARD
4. SONG - "I've heard it said" (*Haddon Hall*) EDWARD
5. DUET - "When Eve wed Adam 'neath the Tree" (*The Grand Duke*) HEBE & SIR JOSEPH
6. TRIO - "Alas! I waver to and fro!" (*The Yeomen of the Guard*)..... BUTTERCUP, BETH & BILL
7. CHORUS & SOLO "The prisoner comes" (*The Yeomen of the Guard*) JOSEPHINE
8. a. RECIT. - "Ralph Rackstraw!" BUTTERCUP & RALPH
b. SONG - "Oh, everyone, listen, I pray" (*Trial by Jury*)..... RALPH
9. a. RECIT. - "Hush, hush, not a word!" (*The Pirates of Penzance*) BETH & SIR JOSEPH
b. TRIO - "Well, you're a pretty kind of fellow" (*The Grand Duke*)..... EDWARD, BUTTERCUP & JOSEPHINE
10. SONG - "When I was born, at an early age" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*) SIR JOSEPH
11. FINALE ACT TWO - "Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen" (*H.M.S. Pinafore*)

*The title in brackets indicates the show from which the music was taken.
"The Rose of Persia" is by Sullivan & Hood, "The Zoo" is by Sullivan & Rowe,
"Haddon Hall" is by Sullivan & Grundy; all the other operas are by Gilbert & Sullivan.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Spend some time in the company of Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts (in person or on line), and, at some point, the question will arise: 'Was Captain Sir Edward Corcoran in *Utopia, Ltd.* the same person as Captain Corcoran in *HMS Pinafore*?' In support of them being the same is that Edward Corcoran sings the familiar 'What, never? No, never!', which is his catchphrase from the earlier show. On the other hand, at the end of *Pinafore* Captain Corcoran is demoted to Able Seaman. It could be Ralph Rackstraw reverting to his true name – but why would he use the catchphrase? There is a similar objection to it being another person called Corcoran.

But what if it is Captain Corcoran? How did he not only become a Captain again, but also gain a knighthood? *That* is the question I sought to answer with this show. Looking down the list of *Dramatis Personae* for *Pinafore*, I realised that there was a 'Sir' there – Sir Joseph Porter. Perhaps Corcoran had been swapped with *him* in infancy, as well as Ralph? I also wanted some action, as that always goes down well, and the romantic problems of the first show had been resolved by the end. 'Mutiny on the Bounty' has continued to be popular – so why not 'Mutiny on the Pinafore'?

As this was a direct sequel, I wanted it to fit in well with the canon of the Savoy Operas, and so, like Gilbert, I went back to the *Bab Ballads* to find some inspiration. Which I did, drawing on *General John*, *Captain Reece*, *The Martinet* and *The Baby's Vengeance*. I also called on the classic melodrama by Douglas Jerrold *Black Ey'd Susan* (an inspiration for *HMS Pinafore*) for the plot device of having a sailor commended to death for assaulting a senior officer. In both dialogue and song. As there was quite a bit of scene-setting to do, I decided to use a narrator again, like in my first show, 'Wicked Waxworks'. Dick Deadeye was the obvious choice, as he is outside the main action, and often provided a Greek chorus-like role in *Pinafore*. I also wanted to give his story arc an ending, which I have also felt a regrettable omission from his original appearance.

I decided not to introduce any new characters to the main plot, although I brought in some local women as the female chorus, as I presumed that the sisters, cousins and aunts would have been sent away; it also allowed me to build up the character of Bill Bobstay. Otherwise, it was an opportunity to see what happened next for the well-loved characters from *Pinafore* in a way that would be make dramatic sense and give opportunities for comedy. The ending mirrors *Pinafore*: crisis – revelation – resolution – and the same closing song!

Most of the songs were completely re-written, and I was also pleased to put in a few obscurities, from lesser-known G&S as well as *The Zoo*, *Haddon Hall* and *The Rose of Persia*. I also slipped in some rather naughty jokes (which should, of course, be delivered as if unaware of the alternative meaning), and added a tribute to Victor Lewis-Smith which hardly anyone has ever spotted!

The only significant change that I made to the libretto after the first production was turning the dialogue when Edward is rescued into recitative. It originally went:

EDWARD is offered a cigarette, which he refuses. A hood is placed over his head and he steps up ready to receive the noose when...

BILL (Spoken)

Now!

The MEN and WOMEN produce concealed weapons and surge forward. The MARINES are attacked, disarmed and bundled off. DICK slips off unnoticed. RALPH is herded on to the scaffold and surrounded. EDWARD is untied.

RALPH

Stop, all of you, stop! Don't you realise that this is mutiny? You could all be hanged for this!

BUTTERCUP

You've pushed us too far, Ralph Rackstraw. Prepare to take Edward's place on the gallows!

The crowd surges forward in a noisy and threatening manner.

RALPH

Stop, I beg you, stop! (The crowd takes no notice) Wait! I'm prepared to make you an offer!

BETH (Motioning for them to hold) Oh yes? Well, let's hear it then. I'm warning you, though - it had better be a good one!

RALPH It is! Let me explain...

..and into Ralph's song. The recit. made the transition much smoother, and kept the music going, making it closer to the pattern of Act 2 of *HMS Pinafore*.

Also, the person who originally played Bill was from Newcastle, so I re-wrote his lines into broad Geordie, the local accent (which my parents also spoke with – but not their children!) Once the show was exported (first to New Zealand), I turned these into conventional English, but we still used the original when it was revived in Newcastle in 2006. It's available on request! Incidentally, I originally used the term 'weigh anchor' when I should have used 'drop anchor' (p6). When this was pointed out by the director in New Zealand, I turned it into a joke!

It's been a pleasure to have had so many productions of 'Mutiny' performed, and it seems to be a pretty robust and reliable show (not unlike the original!) I hope that it stands up as a loving tribute to one of the greatest operas ever written, a chance to spend a bit more time with well-loved characters. It would be wonderful to have it played in the same year, and with the same cast, as *HMS Pinafore*, but that hasn't happened... yet!

31st May 2022