

KING: Yes, Frederic, from today you rank as a full-blown member of our pirate band.

RUTH & PIRATES: Hurrah!

FREDERIC: My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Unfortunately, I cannot accept your offer.

KING: What do you mean?

FREDERIC: Today I am 21 and no longer your apprentice. Therefore, today I leave you all forever.

KING: But, never has there been a youth more skilled in the pirate ways!

FREDERIC: Yes, I know – I have done my best for you – and, why? It was my duty under my indentures, and, I am the slave of duty! When I was only 8 years old I was promised to your band – to learn, to serve – and I have done that – though it was never meant to be. You see, it all began as an error.

KING: An error? What error?

FREDERIC: Never mind. I must not tell you. [looks at Ruth] It wouldn't be polite.

RUTH: Nay, dear master, the secret has been weighing heavily on my mind – better have it out at once.

RUTH: So, I've stood by Frederic all these years and become a pirate meself – working alongside you rascals.

PIRATES: Aaarrgggh!

FRED: Aye, dear Ruth, and a merry band we've been! Nevertheless, today my life as a pirate is over! [to pirates] As friends, I love each one of you with an affection unspeakable; but as pirates, I look upon you with absolute disgust!

RUTH/KING/  
PIRATES: (sharp intake of breath)

FRED: Furthermore, as I am no longer a pirate but a law-abiding citizen, I feel it is now my duty to devote myself, heart and soul, to your extermination.

KING: Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you. Always follow your conscience.

RUTH: But, lad, how sorely you'll be missed! Indeed, I do not know if we can go on without you - why, one of you is worth ten of them.

KING & PIRATES: Aaarrgggh!

FRED: It need not be true. Since I am still a pirate for an hour or two, it is my duty to tell you what I believe: the Pirates of Penzance are simply too tender-hearted! Why, you never attack a ship with orphans onboard.

KING: Of course not! We are all orphans ourselves, and know what it is!

PIRATES: Aaarrgggh!

FRED: Yes, but everyone has learned that, and what is the result? Each ship we capture is filled with sailors claiming to be orphans, so we always let them go! Bad practice for pirates.

RUTH: [to King and Pirates] Do you see how clever he is about these matters? Oh, Frederic, do not leave us!

PIRATES: Oh Frederic, do not leave us!

FRED: I must...but, why don't all of you come with me? By my honor, join me in civilization! [to King] Take my hand!

KING: I'll gladly take your hand – but only as a fond farewell.

FRED: But...

KING: No, Frederic, I shall live and die a Pirate King!

MABEL: What a beautiful spot! I wonder where we are? Well, no matter – we are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. I'm going to take off my shoes and stockings and paddle!

**Allegro**

**Frederic**  
*recit.*

**Mabel**

Stop, mad-am, pray. A man!

**Frederic**

{ I had intended Not to intrude myself } but a-larm - ing cos - tume; { But, under these peculiar circumstances, It is my }  
upon your notice In this effective bounded duty to inform you That your proceedings will

**Mabel**

**Frederic**

not be un - wit - nessed. But who are you, sir? Speak! I am a pi - rate!

**Mabel**

**Frederic**

A pi - rate! Heav - ens! Please, oh do not shun me! This

16 **Andante moderato**

F 8  
eve-ning I have quit my old pro - fes - sion; if you would help me lads and gen - tle

16  
*p*

19  
F 8  
las - ses, oh gen-'rous friends, be sym-pa-thet - ic list - 'ners, I, sore at heart,

19

23  
F M  
I, sore at heart, now beg your kind as - sis - tance. How pit - i - ful his tale! How

23

**Mabel**

27  
M  
rare his beau - ty! How pit - i - ful his tale! How rare his beau - ty!

27

**Andante** **Frederic**

F

Oh, is there not one

5

maid-en here Who does not feel the mor-al beau-ty Of mak-ing sad-ness

9

dis-ap-pear by prom-is-ing her lov-ing du-ty? She would now give up

13

will-ing-ly All mat-ri-mo-nial am-bi-tion, To res-cue such a

17  
F 8  
one as I From his un - for - tu - nate po - si - tion, From

20  
F 8  
*rall.* his po - si - tion, To *a tempo* res - cue such a one as I From  
*a tempo*  
*pp dolce*

24  
F 8  
his un - for - tu - nate po - si - tion? *p* A - las, there's not one

28  
F 8  
mad - en here Who seems to feel the mor - al beau - ty Of

31  
F 8  
mak - ing sad - ness dis - ap - pear by prom - is - ing her lov - ing du -

35  
F 8  
ty! Not one? No, no - not one! Not

35  
p

Mabel

38  
F M 8  
one? No, no! Yes, one! 'Tis Ma - bel! Yes, 'tis

38  
f

41  
M  
Ma - - - - - bel!

41  
rall.