

RUTH: Oh, Frederic, what shall you do? Piracy is all you've ever known!

FRED: Ruth, I am a man now. It is time to find my way in the world.

RUTH: But you'll need help – and I cannot leave the pirates! You know they all depend on me to manage things. Who will care for you?

FRED: Hmm – a wife! Yes – I shall become respectable.

RUTH: A wife...respectability...oh Frederic, you are but a lad! [pinches cheek, tickles]

FRED: Please, Ruth.

RUTH: Very well, but I shall remain a pirate, and find others to take your place – fare thee well, my boy! (exits)

FRED: Ah me. How shall I begin my new life? [music begins] Who's that?

RUTH: Well, how'd you do? I will be brief: we have come to recruit your wards.

MAJOR: Recruit? As sailors?

RUTH: Aye!

MABEL: No – as pirates – these are the legendary Pirates of Penzance!

RUTH/PIRATES: Aaarrgggh!

MABEL/WARDS: Help us, Papa, help us!

MAJOR: [aside] Aha! The Pirates of Penzance...I've heard all about them. [to Ruth] My good woman, d'you mean to tell me that you would deliberately rob me of my children, and leave me all alone?

RUTH: Yes.

MAJOR: And me, a lonely orphan boy [sniff]

RUTH: You – an orphan – no!

MAJOR: Yes! [a sob]

RUTH: Yes?[Major weeping, nods] Oh no!

RUTH: Then, my poor man, you may keep your wards. The Pirates of Penzance take pity on orphans.

MAJOR: [aside to audience] I know.

## Allegro pesante

## Ruth

R

1. When  
2. I

6

R

6 Fred - 'ric was a lit - tle lad he proved so brave and dar - ing, His—  
was a stu - pid nurs - 'ry - maid, on break - ers al - ways steer - ing, And I

10

R

10 fa - ther thought he'd 'pren - tice him to some ca - reer sea - far - ing. I—  
did not catch the word a - right, through be - ing hard of hear - ing. Mis -

14

R

14 was, a - las! his nurs - 'ry - maid, and so it fell to my lot To  
tak - ing my in - struc - tions, which with - in my brain did gy - rate, I

18

R

take and bind the— prom-ising boy ap - pren - tice to a pi - lot. A  
took and bound this— prom-ising boy ap - pren - tice to a pi - rate. A

22

R

life not bad for a har - dy lad, though— sure - ly not a high lot, Though  
sad mis - take it was to make, and— doom him to a vile lot.\* I

*p*

\*(Pirates: Aaargh!)

26

R

I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pi - lot!  
bound him to a pi - rate- you!- in - stead of to a pi - lot!

30