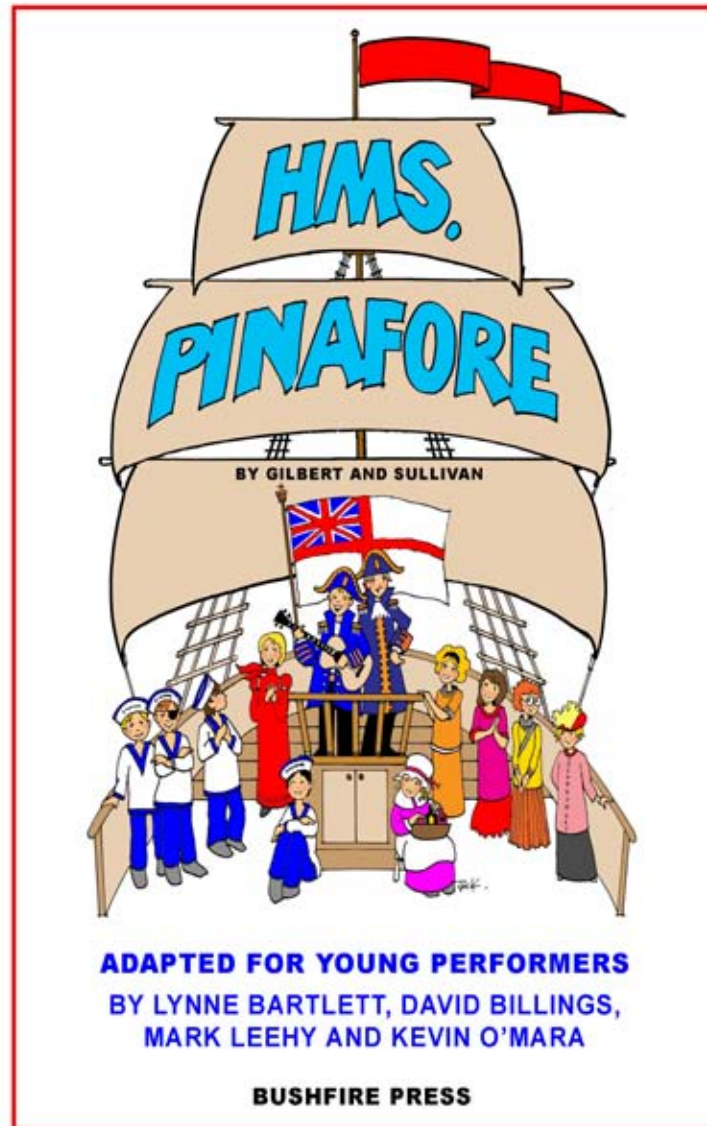


HMS Pinafore



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Bushfire Press

H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Libretto by William S. Gilbert

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

Adapted for younger performers

by

Lynne Bartlett, David Billings, Mark Leehy & Kevin O'Mara

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Production notes

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Rt. Hon Sir Joseph Porter, KBC - *First Lord of the Admiralty*

Captain Corcoran - *Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*

Boatswain (Bosun)

Ralph Rackstraw (*pronounced 'Rafe'*) - *Able Seaman*

Dick Deadeye - *Able Seaman*

Josephine - *the Captain's Daughter*

Hebe - *Sir Joseph Porter's First Cousin*

Mrs Cripps (Little Buttercup) - *A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*

CHORUS

Ladies (First Lord's Sisters, Cousins & Aunts)

Sailors

SETTING

QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, *OFF PORTSMOUTH*

ACT I.— *Noon*

ACT II.— *Night*

TIME

1878

Synopsis

The action takes place on the Quarterdeck of 'H.M.S. Pinafore', 1878.

Act 1

It is noon in the harbor at Portsmouth, and HMS Pinafore, a ship in Her Majesty's navy, is anchored. Sailors are busy scrubbing the decks for the expected arrival of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty.

Little Buttercup, a bumboat* woman, comes aboard to sell to the sailors her stock of little luxuries.

Ralph Rackstraw, a handsome and accomplished sailor, appears – in a forlorn mood. He tells his messmates that he is in love with the Captain's daughter, Josephine. Dick Deadeye, the embodiment of the ugly truth, reminds the starry-eyed seaman that Captain's daughters don't marry foremast hands!

The Captain arrives to inspect his crew. The gentleman captain sings that he never uses bad language and is never sick at sea - well, 'hardly ever'.

The Captain's daughter, Josephine, arrives. She is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph, but it seems that she has no enthusiasm for the union - secretly, she is in love with the lowly sailor, Ralph. It also seems that Little Buttercup has a romantic interest in the Captain and harbors a secret about Ralph!

Finally, Sir Joseph arrives attended by the Ladies (his many 'sisters and his cousins and his aunts'), among whom is his cousin Hebe. He explains that he rose to the top post in the Navy by sticking close to his desk and never going to sea. He also encourages the Captain to follow his orders to his crew with the phrase 'if you please.' After all, 'a British sailor is any man's equal'. He even presents the crew with a song that he himself has composed to celebrate the courage and character of the British Sailor. Sir Joseph and the Captain retire below decks to discuss the proposed marriage.

Ralph finds Josephine alone on deck and declares his love for her and his willingness to try to fit in with middle-class society. Although she secretly loves him, and finds his argument compelling, she rejects him - she is a dutiful daughter and cannot forget that they are from 'different ranks'. But when Ralph threatens suicide, she relents and declares her love for him. They plot to elope that very night – assisted by the sailors, sisters, cousins and aunts. Dick Deadeye warns the pair of the impropriety of their plan.

**A bumboat is a small boat that takes supplies to moored ships. The name comes from a Dutch word for 'canoe'.*

Act II

That evening, Captain Corcoran sings to the moon of his troubles, accompanying himself with a guitar (or mandolin, banjo or ukulele). Little Buttercup comes to him and reveals her affection for him. He sadly tells her that, because of his rank, he can never be more to her than a friend. But Buttercup tells him she has gipsy blood and knows that a change is in store for him.

Sir Joseph returns, informing the Captain that Josephine is not accepting his proposal. The Captain suggests that she may be dazzled by his exalted rank and that he should assure her that 'love levels all ranks'. When Josephine hears this argument, she notes that Sir Joseph has just stated the justification for her to marry Ralph!

Dick Deadeye finds the Captain alone and reveals the planned elopement. Together they lie in wait for tiptoeing party to arrive. The Captain reveals himself and becomes so agitated that he actually swears: 'Damme!' which is overheard by Sir Joseph Porter. Sir Joseph is shocked and orders the Captain to go to his cabin.

Sir Joseph learns that Ralph and Josephine love one another and orders the sailor to the dungeon (the brig). Little Buttercup suddenly discloses her long-concealed secret: Buttercup had been a 'baby farmer'* in her youth, and, as their foster mother, she had accidentally exchanged the Captain (who actually came from a poor family) and Ralph (who actually came from a 'patrician' or well-to-do family) while they were both babies.

Sir Joseph calls for Ralph and the Captain - who have now changed uniforms and positions. Since the Captain is now a mere sailor, Sir Joseph feels that he can no longer marry Josephine and consents to let her marry Ralph. The former Captain is now free to marry dear Little Buttercup, and Sir Joseph agrees to marry his longtime admirer, cousin Hebe. All ends happily.

* *'Baby farmer' was an expression used to describe women who fostered orphans or ran crèches.*

Staging

The show can be staged in two acts, with an intermission, or (as the running time is approximately 60 minutes) can be performed straight through, without an intermission. In the latter case, the *Entre'acte music* can be used to strike the set of Act 1 and bring on the set for Act 2.

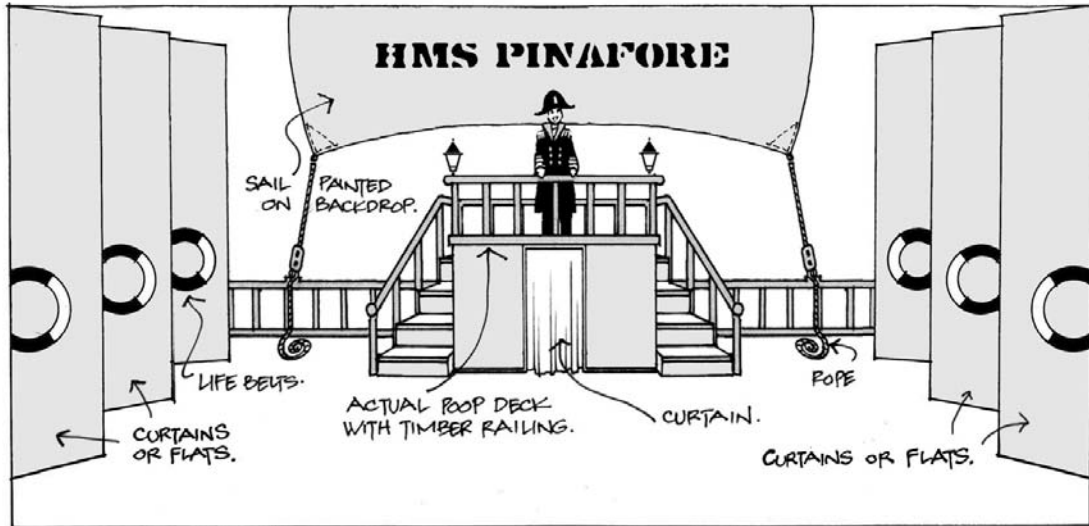
This adaptation is intended to faithfully represent the original intent of Gilbert & Sullivan. Changes have been made to original dialogue, melodies, keys and arrangements only to enable the work to be done by young performers.

HMS Pinafore is a timeless social satire of everything from the ruling classes and institutions (and any kind of class system) to patriotism, politicians and the public service, ... and the heroic (and sometimes pompous) nature of serious opera. It is over-the-top and we encourage you to perform it that way. Be melodramatic, be outrageous ... and have as much fun as possible!

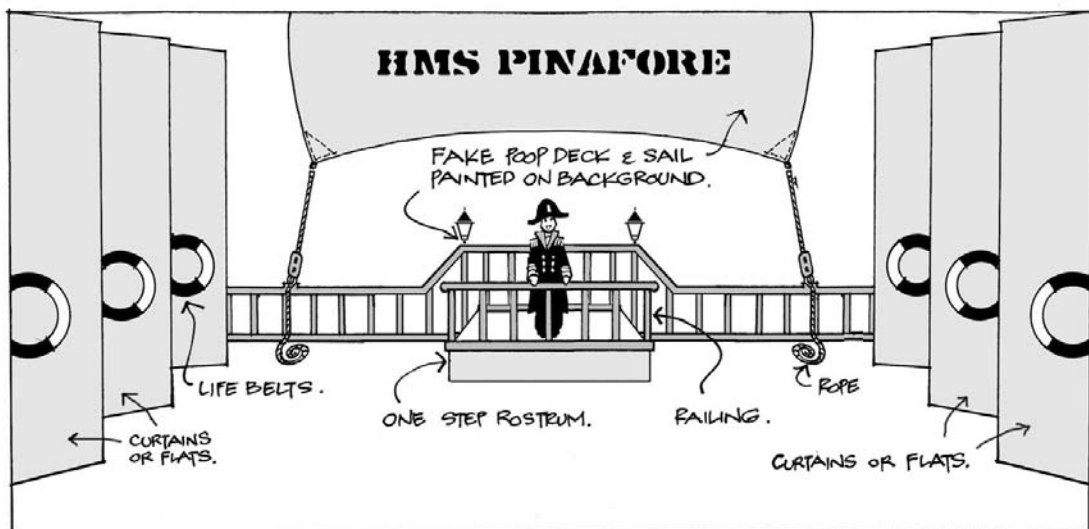
The set

There is one basic set – the deck of the ship *HMS Pinafore*.

The deck can be represented with a poopdeck above the cabin entrance – the *hatchway*. In this case, entrances and exits can be made through the hatchway (as indicated in the script).



Alternately, a simpler set can be used, without the hatchway. If using this style of set, the actors will not be able to enter or exit through the hatchway and may, instead, make their entrances and exits upstage PS or OP. These changes will need to be made in the script.



Props

Act 1:

Ropes, cleaning gear, buckets & mops for Sailors, basket of goodies for Buttercup; small basket & flowers for Josephine; photograph of Sir Joseph for Captain; sheets of music for Sir Joseph; recorder; pistol for Boatswain

Act 2:

Cat-o'-nine-tails for the Captain; Cloak for the captain; suitcase for Josephine

Songs, Musical Pieces & FX

Act 1

Overture

We sail the Ocean Blue – Sailors

Poor Little Buttercup – Buttercup

Madrigal – Ralph & Sailors

FX: bosun's whistle

Fanfare

The Captain of the Pinafore – Captain & Sailors

Josephine's Lament – Josephine & Sailors

Entry of Sailors & Ladies

Ladies Love the Shipping – Relatives & Sailors

FX: bosun's whistle

Monarch of the Sea (Sir Joseph's Song) - Sir Joseph, Hebe, Ladies, Sailors

Ruler Of The Queen's Navy - Sir Joseph & All

Playout

Glee! - Ralph, Boatswain, Boatswain's Mate & Chorus

Recorder note #1

Recorder note #2

Recitative: Refrain, Audacious Tar (Stings Nos. 1 & 2) - Josephine & Ralph

Recitative: Mess Mates, Ahoy! (Sting #3) - Ralph, Sailors, Hebe & Relatives

Recitative: Ah! Stay Your Hand! (Sting #4) - Josephine, Ralph, Sailors

Recitative: This Very Night - Josephine, Hebe, Bosun, Ralph

Recitative: Forebear (Sting #5) - Dick

Act 1 Finale - All

Act 2

Entr'acte (use for intermission or overture to Act 2 – unless a break is not used)

Fair Moon to Thee I Sing - Captain

Duet: Things Are Seldom What They Seem – Buttercup & Captain (with Sailors and Relatives)

Scena – Josephine (spoken)

Trio: Ring the Merry Bells - First Lord, Captain, Josephine & Company

Duet: The Merry Maiden And The Tar – Captain & Dick Deadeye

He Is an Englishman – Bosun and company

Recitative: Hold! Before we get too stressed (Sting #6) - Buttercup

Many Years Ago - Buttercup & Company

Finale – All

Curtain: We sail the Ocean Blue – Company

Music

The double CD contains vocal demonstrations and instrumental backing tracks for rehearsal/performance.

Soloists

If strong soloists are not available, the lead can be strengthened by adding the chorus. Eg - for *Monarch of the Sea*, the Sailors could join in for the whole song.

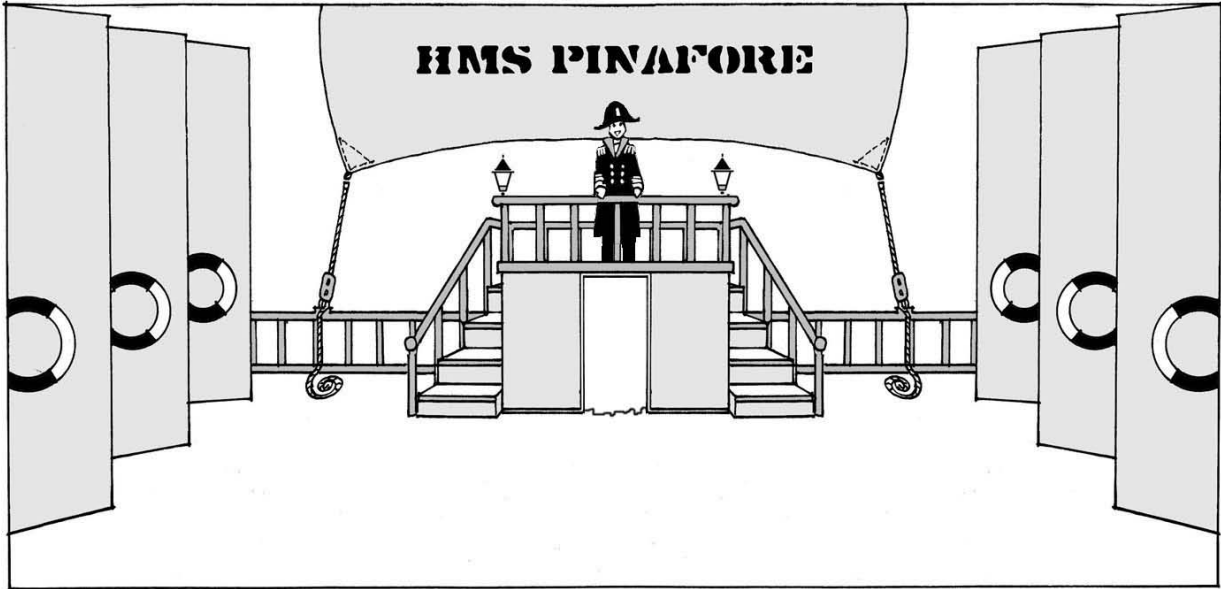
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H.M.S. PINAFORE
or
The Lass that Loved a Sailor

ACT I

Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore



Lights down, curtain closed

MUSIC: OVERTURE

OVERTURE ENDS

Curtain opens, lights up

*Instrumental introduction for **We Sail the Ocean Blue** begins.*

Enter SAILORS, led by BOATSWAIN (BOSUN).

They begin cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, swabbing deck etc under his direction.

After about a minute, when the music begins to build,

BOSUN calls out 'Right, lads, form up' and SAILORS take up position to sing.

SONG: WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE (Sailors)

We sail the ocean blue
And our saucy ship's a beauty
We're sober men and true
And attentive to our duty
When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea
We stand to our guns all day
When at anchor we ride
On the Portsmouth tide
We've plenty of time for play

Group 1 Ahoy! Ahoy!
Group 2 The balls whistle free
Group 1 Ahoy! Ahoy
Group 2 O'er the bright blue sea
All We stand to our guns
To our guns all day

We sail the ocean blue
And our saucy ship's a beauty
We're sober men and true
And attentive to our duty

Our saucy ship's a beauty
Attentive to our duty
We're sober men and true
We sail the ocean blue

SONG ENDS

ENTER LITTLE BUTTERCUP, PS, *with large basket on her arm.*

BUT (*in a loud voice*):

Hail, men-o'-war's men - safeguards of your nation - welcome home!
You've got your pay - spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

BUTTERCUP *mingles as she sings*

SONG: POOR LITTLE BUTTERCUP (Buttercup & Sailors)

BUT: I'm called Little Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup
Though I could never tell why
But still I'm called Buttercup - poor little Buttercup
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

She may take items out of basket as she names them

Spoken I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky*
I've scissors, and watches, and knives
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee
Soft tommy* and succulent chops
I've chickens and conies*, and pretty polonies*
And excellent peppermint drops

Sung Then buy of your Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup
Sailors should never be shy
So, buy of your Buttercup - poor Little Buttercup
Come! Of your Buttercup buy!

SAILORS & BUT: Then buy of your Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup
Sailors should never be shy
So, buy of your Buttercup - poor Little Buttercup
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

SONG ENDS

**Jacky - beef jerky; soft tommy - bread; conies - rabbits; polonies - cured sausages (like salami)*

BOSUN *escorts* BUTTERCUP *to* MID CENTRE STAGE.

BOS: Aye, Little Buttercup - and well called - for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

BUT: Red, am I? And round - and rosy! Maybe, for I have aged well!

SAILORS (*agreeing*): Yes - VERY well!

BUT (*melodramatically*): But hark ye, my merry friend - have you ever thought that beneath a happy exterior there sometimes lurks a great sadness?

BOS: No, lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

ENTER DICK DEADEYE, OP.

He pushes through sailors, and comes forward, DOWN OP.

DICK: *I have thought it often. (All recoil from him.)*

BUT (*to* DICK): Yes, you look like it! (*To* BOSUN) What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOS: Don't take no heed of *him*; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK (*to audience*): I say - it's a beast of a name, ain't it - Dick Deadeye?

BUT (*walking forward, DOWNSTAGE CENTRE*): It's not a nice name.

DICK: I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT: You are certainly plain.

DICK (*coming to front of stage*): Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it. (*To* SAILORS) you all hate me, don't you?

ALL: We do!

DICK (*to audience*): There!

BOS: Well, Dick, we don't want to hurt your feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character - now can you?

DICK: No.

RALPH ENTERS *through hatchway, sighing, melodramatically, hand on heart etc.*

BUT: Tell me - who's that sad lad?

BOS: That is the smartest lad in all the fleet - Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT (*melodramatically, to audience, moving downstage*): Oh! That name! Remorse! Remorse!

RALPH *moves* DOWN CENTRE.

SAILORS *flank him as he sings.*

BUTTERCUP *watches sadly from the side.*

DICK *remains where he is, arms folded, ignoring the song.*

SONG: MADRIGAL (Ralph & Sailors)

RALPH: La la-la-la
 la la, la la-la-la

SAILORS: La la-la-la
 la la, la la-la-la

RALPH: I sing 'Ah well-a-day'

SAILORS: He sings 'Ah well-a-day'

RALPH: Doo doo-doo-doo
 Doo doo, doo doo-be-doo

SAILORS: Doo doo-doo-doo
 Doo doo, doo doo-be-doo

RALPH: I sing 'Ah well-a-day'

SAILORS: He sings 'Ah well-a-day'

Music continues as underscore.

RALPH (*spoken*): I love - and love, alas, above my station!

BUT (*aside*): He loves - and loves a lass above his station!

ALL (*sung*): Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station!

SONG ENDS

EXIT BUTTERCUP PS.

SAILORS *go back to their jobs around the stage.*

BOS (*coming to RALPH*): Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy captain's daughter won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. (*To SAILORS*) Will she, lads?

ALL: No, no.

DICK (*to audience*): Told ya so - captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.

ALL (*to DICK*): Shame! shame!

BOS: Dick Deadeye, don't rub it in!

RALPH: But it's strange that the daughter of a man of privilege may not love a man who is common.
For, after all, a man is but a man.

FX: BOSUN'S WHISTLE

BOS: My lads, our gallant captain! Let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman
deserves.

MUSIC: FANFARE

ENTER CAPTAIN CORCORAN, *through the hatchway, to the fanfare.*
He ascends the poop deck and addresses the crew, who have moved into 2 columns.

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

SONG: THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE (Captain & Sailors)

During the intro, SAILORS salute and stand at ease.

CAPT: I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*
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
And be it understood
He commands a right good crew
CAPT: Though related to a peer
I can competently steer
A ship quite easily
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!
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!*
Give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the Captain of the *Pinafore!*

CAPT: I do my best to satisfy you all
ALL: And with you we are quite content

CAPT: You're exceedingly polite
And I think it only right
To return the compliment

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

CAPT: Bad language or abuse
I never, never use
Whatever the emergency
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say
I never use a big, big D*

ALL: What, never?

CAPT: No, never!

ALL: What, *never?*

CAPT: Hardly ever!

ALL: Hardly ever swears a big, big D
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the well-bred Captain of the *Pinafore!*
Give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the Captain of the *Pinafore!*

**The 'big, big D' refers to the word 'damn', which was most improper in those days.*

SONG ENDS

ALL EXIT *either side during playout - except the CAPTAIN.*

ENTER BUTTERCUP, PS.

BUT: Sir, you are sad! Your eyes reveal a deep sorrow. Confide in me - fear not - I am a mother!

CAPT (*coming down to her*): Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry. My daughter, Josephine, is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter, our Admiralty's First Lord.

BUT: Oh.

CAPT: But for some reason ... she does not seem to take kindly to it.

BUT (*with emotion*): Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well the anguish of a heart that loves but vainly! (*Looks UPSTAGE PS*) But see, here comes your most attractive daughter. I go - Farewell!

EXIT BUTTERCUP DOWNSTAGE PS.

CAPT (*looking after her*): A plump and pleasing person!

EXIT CAPTAIN *through hatchway*.

ENTER JOSEPHINE UPSTAGE PS.

She is twining some flowers, which she carries in a small basket.

SONG: JOSEPHINE'S LAMENT (Josephine & Sailors)

JOSEPHINE *moves* CENTRE STAGE.

SAILORS ENTER, *slowly, during the song, looking concerned for her.*

JOS: Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!
When love is alive and hope is dead!

JOSEPHINE *bursts into tears, as SAILORS finish the song.*

SAILORS: Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!
When love is alive and hope is dead!

SAILORS EXIT *as* SONG ENDS.

ENTER CAPTAIN *through hatchway*.

CAPT (*coming to JOSEPHINE*): My child, I grieve to see that you are sad. You should look your best today. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOS: Ah, father, Sir Joseph, is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT (*aside, moving OP*): It is then as I feared. (*Moving back to JOSEPHINE*) Given? And to whom?

JOS: Oh, pity me, Father, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT: Impossible!

JOS: Yes, it is true - too true.

CAPT: A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS: But I love him! I love him! I love him! (*Weeps.*)

CAPT (*escorting her PS*): Come, my child, let us talk this over. I attach little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A common sailor may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would make ... errors of speech ... that society would never pardon.

JOS: Oh, father - I have thought of this. But fear not - I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud ... though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT: You *are* my daughter after all. (*Looking PS*) But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, with the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that go wherever he goes. Retire to your cabin - (*giving her a photograph of SIR JOSEPH*) take his photograph, with you - it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

JOS: My own thoughtful father! (*She looks at photograph, then to audience visibly displeased*) Yuck!

EXIT JOSEPHINE *through hatchway.*

CAPTAIN *remains and ascends the poop deck.*

MUSIC: ENTRY OF SAILORS & LADIES (Relatives & Sailors)

ENTER SAILORS, *either side, dancing.*

They dance freely around stage.

ENTER SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES (*the LADIES*), PS.

They dance around stage.

The SAILORS engage the LADIES in dance.

MUSIC ENDS

SAILORS *stand where they are and watch as LADIES come FORWARD to sing.*

SONG: LADIES LOVE THE SHIPPING

LADIES *come forward during intro.*

LADIES: Gaily tripping
 Lightly skipping
 Flock the maidens to the shipping

 Gaily tripping
 Lightly skipping
 Flock the maidens to the shipping

Dance - LADIES skip around each other in pairs.

LADIES *move to either side as SAILORS come to CENTRE and sing.*

SAILORS: Ladies who can smile so brightly
 Sailors welcome most politely

 Ladies who can smile so brightly
 Sailors welcome most politely

SAILORS *and LADIES swing around each other in pairs.*

SONG ENDS

CAPT (*from poop*): Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way: Hip Hip!

ALL: Hurray! hurray! hurray!

FX: BOSUN'S WHISTLE

LADIES *line up* PS.

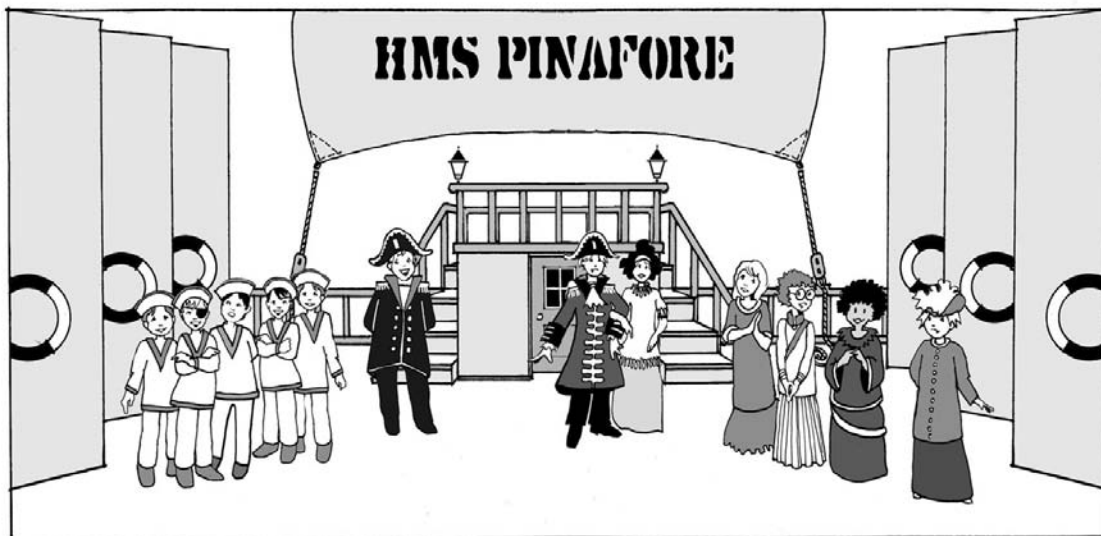
SAILORS *line up* OP.

NOTE: *it is important that RALPH and DICK are side by side in the line.*

CAPTAIN *descends from poop deck to join SAILORS at top of line.*

ENTER SIR JOSEPH *with* COUSIN HEBE, UPSTAGE PS.

They move to the CENTRE.



*There are 8 bars of intro music to allow adequate time.
If there is time left over, SIR JOSEPH can inspect the crew.*

SONG : MONARCH OF THE SEA [Sir Joseph's Song] (Sir Joseph, Hebe, Ladies, Sailors)

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!

LADIES: And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL: His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

SIR JOSEPH: When at anchor here I ride
My bosom swells with pride
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts (*snaps fingers*)

COUSIN HEBE: And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts (*snap fingers*)!

LADIES: And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts (*snap fingers*)!

ALL: His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

SIR JOSEPH: But when the breezes blow
I generally go below
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants

COUSIN HEBE: And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!
LADIES: 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!

SONG: RULER OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY (Sir Joseph & All)

*During the intro, SIR JOSEPH moves DOWN CENTRE.
HEBE joins LADIES.*

SIR JOSEPH: When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor
And I polished up the handle of the big front door

ALL: He polished up the handle of the big front door

SIR JOSEPH: I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: He polished up the handle so carefuller
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

*During the chord 'vamps' between verses (2 bars, 8 beats),
SAILORS and LADIES can do bobbing 'oompah' moves
SIR JOSEPH can move anywhere on stage during song.*

SIR JOSEPH: 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

ALL: He copied all the letters in a big round hand

SIR JOSEPH: I copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: He copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Vamping and ompahs

SIR JOSEPH: In serving writs I made such a name
That an articled clerk I soon became
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute

ALL: For the pass examination at the Institute

SIR JOSEPH: And that pass examination did so well for me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: That pass examination did so well for he
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Vamping and oompahs

SIR JOSEPH: Of legal knowledge I gained 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

ALL: The only ship that he ever had seen

SIR JOSEPH: But that kind of ship so suited me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: That kind of ship so suited he
That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Vamping and oompahs

SIR JOSEPH: I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament
I always voted at my party's call
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all

ALL: He never thought of thinking for himself at all

SIR JOSEPH: I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: He thought so little, they rewarded he
By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Vamping and oompahs

SIR JOSEPH: Now landsmen all, whoever you may be
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule

ALL: Be careful to be guided by this golden rule

SIR JOSEPH: Stick close to your desks and never go to sea
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

ALL: Stick close to your desks and never go to sea
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

SONG ENDS

SAILORS *come to attention in their line(s)*.

SIR JOSEPH *moves up and down, inspecting the crew*, CAPTAIN CORCORAN *at his side*.

During this, LADIES can be miming quiet conversation.

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.

CAPT: A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain.

CAPT: Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: No bullying, I trust - no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT: Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: What, *never*?

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

SIR JOSEPH: Don't patronise them, sir.

CAPT: Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: That you are their captain is an accident of birth.

CAPT: Yes, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: An accident that has placed *you* above *them* (*pointing upwards*) and *them* below *you* (*pointing downwards*).

CAPT: Yes, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH (*pointing to RALPH and DICK*): Have that splendid seaman step forward.

DICK steps forward.

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

DICK steps back.

CAPT: Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front - march!

SIR JOSEPH (*sternly*): If what?

CAPT: I beg your pardon - I don't think I understand.

SIR JOSEPH: If you *please*.

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

RALPH *steps forward*.

SIR JOSEPH: You're a remarkably fine fellow.

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 shouldn't say it meself.

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?

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 doesn't deserve it. Now, can you sing?

RALPH: I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH: Then hum this at your leisure. (*Gives him a sheet of music*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine.

RALPH *steps back*.

SAILORS: Hear, hear!

SIR JOSEPH (*taking CAPTAIN aside*): Now, Captain, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT: Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (*To BOSUN*) Bosun, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra rations are served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOS: Beg pardon. If what, Captain?

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

BOS: If you *please*, Captain.

CAPT: What!

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

CAPT (*stamping his foot impatiently*): If you *please!* (*He EXITS through hatchway.*)

SIR JOSEPH: Excellent! (*He follows CAPTAIN.*)

MUSIC: EXIT HEBE *and* LADIES, PS, *to* **PLAYOUT**

SAILORS *salute and hold salute until all are gone.*

When music ends, SAILORS break into groups

DICK *goes* DOWNSTAGE PS.

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

RALPH: True, Bosun, but we are not the very humblest.

BOS: How so?

RALPH: Sir Joseph has explained our true position: a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him? (*He steps aside from the group, DOWNSTAGE OP, lost in thought.*)

ALL: Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK (*stepping forward*): You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL (*to* DICK): Boo! Boo! Horrible! Horrible!

BOS: Dick Deadeye, if you upset this here ship's company too far, I won't be responsible for holdin' 'em back.

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

ALL: Aye, aye!

RALPH: Is not my love as good as another's?

ALL (*a little louder*): Aye, aye!

RALPH: Is not my heart as true as another's?

ALL (*a little louder*): Aye, aye!

RALPH: Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

ALL (*a little louder*): Aye, aye!

RALPH: What do you say? Do you approve of my decision?