

**Utopia  
(Limited);**

**or, The Flowers of Progress**

**An Original Comic Opera in Two Acts**

**Written by W. S. Gilbert**

**Composed by Arthur Sullivan**

*First produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday 7th October 1893*

*under the personal direction of the authors*

**Dramatis Personæ**

**KING PARAMOUNT THE FIRST, King of Utopia**

**SCAPHIO and PAHNTIS, Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court**

**TARARA, The Public Exploder**

**CALYNX, The Utopian Vice-Chamberlain**

**IMPORTED FLOWERS OF PROGRESS**

**LORD DRAMALEIGH, A British Lord Chamberlain**

**CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE, First Life Guards**

**CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, K.C.B., of the Royal Navy**

**MR. GOLDBURY, A Company Promoter - afterwards  
Comptroller of the Utopian Household**

**SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.**

**MR. BLUSHINGTON, of the County Council**

**THE PRINCESS ZARA, Eldest Daughter of King Paramount**

**THE PRINCESS NEKAYA**

**THE PRINCESS KALYBA**

**THE LADY SOPHY, Their English Gouvernante**

**SALATA, Utopian Maiden**

**MELENE, Utopian Maiden**

**PHYLLA, Utopian Maiden**

**Chorus:- Utopians, First Life Guards, Guards, Nobles, Dancing Girls, etc.**

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**ACT I. - A Utopian Palm Grove.**

**ACT II. - Throne Room in King Paramount's Palace.**

## Act One<sup>1</sup>

***SCENE:- Gardens of KING PARAMOUNT's Palace, showing a picturesque and luxuriant Tropical landscape, with the sea in the distance. SALATA, MELENE, PHYLLA, and other Maidens discovered, thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotos-eating fashion.***

### **No.1. - CHORUS AND SOLO - (Phylla)**

In lazy languor - motionless,  
We lie and dream of nothingness;  
For visions come  
From Poppydom  
Direct at our command:  
Or, delicate alternative,  
In open idleness we live,  
With lyre and lute  
And silver flute,  
The life of Lazyland!

### **SOLO - Phylla**

The song of birds  
In ivied towers;  
The rippling play  
Of waterway;  
The lowing herds;  
The breath of flowers;  
The languid loves  
Of turtle doves -  
These simple joys are all at hand  
Upon thy shores, O Lazyland!

Chorus. The song of birds  
In ivied towers;  
The rippling play  
Of waterway;

Phylla. The lowing herds;  
The breath of flowers;  
The languid loves  
Of turtle doves -

All. These simple joys are all at hand  
Upon thy shores, O Lazyland!

***Enter CALYNX.***

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<sup>1</sup>Although there is no indication in either Vocal Score or Libretto, the opera commences with a short overture based on the drawing-room music from Act Two.

Calynx. Good news! Great news! His Majesty's eldest daughter, Princess Zara, who left our shores five years since to go to England - the greatest, the most powerful, the wisest country in the world (*he uncovers at the name of England*) - has taken a high degree at Girton, and is on her way home again, having achieved a complete mastery over all the elements that have tended to raise that great and glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilized nations!

Salata. The in a few months Utopia may hope to be completely Anglicized?

Calynx. Absolutely and without a doubt.

Melene. (*lazily.*) We are very well as we are. Life without a care - every want supplied by a kind and fatherly monarch, who, despot though he be, has no other thought than to make his people happy - what have we to gain by the great change that is in store for us?

Salata. What have we to gain? English institutions, English tastes, and oh, English fashions!

Calynx. England has made herself what she is because, in that favoured land, every one has to think for himself. Here we have no need to think, because our monarch anticipates all our wants, and our political opinions are formed for us by the journals to which we subscribe. Oh, think how much more brilliant this dialogue would have been, if we had been accustomed to exercise our reflective powers! They say that in England the conversation of the very meanest is a coruscation of impromptu epigram!

*Enter TARARA in a great rage.*

Tarara. Lalabalele talala! Callabale lalabalica falahle!

Calynx. (*horrified.*) Stop - stop, I beg!

*All the ladies close their ears.*

Tarara. Callamalala galalate! Caritalla lalabalee kallalale poo!

Ladies. Oh, stop him! stop him!

Calynx. My Lord, I'm surprised at you. Are you not aware that His Majesty, in his despotic acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people, has ordered that the Utopian language shall be banished from his court, and that all communications shall henceforward be made in the English language?

Tarara. Yes, I'm perfectly aware of it, although - (*suddenly presenting an explosive "cracker"*). Stop - allow me.

Calynx. (*pulls it.*) Now, what's that for?

Tarara. Why, I've recently been appointed Public Exploder, and as I'm constitutionally nervous, I must accustom myself by degrees to the startling nature of my duties. Thank you. I was about to say that although, as Public Exploder, I am next in succession to the throne, I nevertheless do my best to fall in with the royal decree. But when I am over-mastered by an indignant sense of overwhelming wrong, as I am now, I slip into my native tongue without knowing it. I am told that in the language of that great and pure nation, strong expressions do not exist, consequently when I want to let off steam I have no alternative but to say, "Lalabalele molola lililah kallalale poo!"

Calynx. But what is your grievance?

Tarara. This - by our constitution we are governed by a Despot who, although in theory, absolute - is, in practice, nothing of the kind - being watched night and day by two Wise Men whose duty it is, on his very first lapse from political or social propriety, to denounce him to me, the Public Exploder - allow me *(presenting a cracker which CALYNX pulls)* thank you - and it then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite, and, as some compensation for my wounded feelings, I reign in his stead.

Calynx. Yes. After many unhappy experiments in the direction of an ideal Republic, it was found that what may be described as a Despotism tempered by Dynamite provides, on the whole, the most satisfactory description of ruler - an autocrat who dares not abuse his autocratic powers.

Tarara. That's the theory - but in practice, how does it act? Now, do you ever happen to see the Palace Peeper? *(producing a newspaper)*.

Calynx. Never even heard of the journal.

Tarara. I'm not surprised, because His Majesty's agents always buy up the whole edition; but I have an aunt in the publishing department and she has supplied me with a copy. Well, it actually teems with circumstantially convincing details of the King's abominable immoralities! If this high-class journal is to be believed, His Majesty is one of the most Heliogabalian profligates that ever disgraced an autocratic throne! And *do* these Wise Men denounce him to me? Not a bit of it! They wink at his immoralities! Under the circumstances I really think I am justified in exclaiming "Lalabalele molola lililah kalabalele poo!" *(all horrified.)* I don't care - **I don't care**<sup>2</sup> - the occasion demands it. "**Lalabalele molola lililah kalabalele poo!**"

***Exit TARARA.***

***March. Enter Guards, escorting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.***

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<sup>2</sup>The passages shown in blue in this speech are traditional additions which do not appear in any edition of the libretto.

## No.2. - CHORUS

O make way for the Wise Men!  
The are prizemen -  
Double-first in the world's university!  
For though lovely this island,  
(Which is *my* land,)  
She has no one to match them in *her* city.  
They're the pride of Utopia -  
Cornucopia  
Is each in his mental fertility.  
O they never make blunder,  
And no wonder,  
For they're triumphs of infallibility!

## No.2a. - DUET - (Scaphio and Phantis) with Chorus

Sca. In every mental lore,  
Phan. - tal lore,  
Sca. (The statement smacks of vanity),  
Phan. We claim to rank before  
Sca. - before  
Phan. The wisest of humanity.  
Sca. As gifts of head and heart  
Phan. - and heart  
Sca. We're wasted on "utility,"  
Phan. We're "cast" to play a part  
Sca. - a part  
Phan. Of great responsibility.  
Sca. Our duty is to spy  
Phan. - to spy  
Sca. Upon our King's illicities,  
Phan. And keep a watchful eye  
Sca. - ful eye  
Phan. On all his eccentricities.

Both.            If ever a trick he tries - he tries  
                     That savours of rascality,  
                     At our decree he dies - he dies  
                     Without the least formality.

Sca.             We fear no rude rebuff,

Phan.           - rebuff,

Sca.             Or newspaper publicity,

Phan.           Our word is quite enough,

Sca.             - enough,

Phan.           The rest is electricity.

Sca.             A pound of dynamite

Phan.           - amite

Sca.             Explodes in his auriculars;

Phan.           It's not a pleasant sight -

Sca.             - sant sight -<sup>3</sup>

Phan.           We'll spare you the particulars.

Sca.             It's force all men confess,

Phan.           - confess,

Sca.             The King needs no admonishing -

Phan.           We may say its success

Sca.             - success

Phan.           Is something quite astonishing.

Both.           Our despot it imbues - imbues  
                     With virtues quite delectable:  
                     He minds his P's and Q's, - and Q's, -  
                     And keeps himself respectable.

Sca.             Of a tyrant polite

Phan.           He's a paragon quite.

Sca.             He's as modest and mild

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<sup>3</sup>This is sometimes sung as "You're right!"

Phan. In his ways as a child;

Sca. And no one e'er met  
With an autocrat, yet,

Phan. So delightfully bland  
To the least in the land!

Both. So delightfully bland  
To the least in the land!  
So bland!  
So bland!

Chorus. O make way for the Wise Men!  
The are prizemen -  
Double-first in the world's university!  
For though lovely this island,  
(Which is *my* land,)  
She has no one to match them in *her* city.<sup>4</sup>  
They're the pride of Utopia -  
Cornucopia  
Is each in his mental fertility.  
O they never make blunder,  
And no wonder,  
For they're triumphs of infallibility!

***Exeunt all but SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. PHANTIS is pensive.***

Sca. Phantis, you are not in your customary exuberant spirits. What is wrong?

Phan.<sup>5</sup> Nothing - nothing - a little passing anxiety, that's all.

Sca. Why, what have we to be anxious about? Are not all our little secret commercial ventures doing tremendously? Our time bargains, our betting-office, our cheap wine business, our Army clothing concern, our Matrimonial agency, our Advertising office, our Roulette tables, our Exchange and Mart?

Phan. Hush - pray be careful! If it should ever be known that these are our speculations, and that we have compelled the King to place his Royal authority and influence at our disposal for their advancement, we should be ruined!

Sca. As for our Society paper - why its circulation has increased ten-fold since we compelled His Majesty to contribute every week a couple of pages of disreputable attacks on his own moral character! As to our theatre, why since we insisted on his writing a grossly personal Comic Opera, in which he is held up, nightly, to the scorn and contempt of overwhelming thousands, we have played to double prices.

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<sup>4</sup>Although not shown in the score, this passage is sometimes included to allow time for the chorus to exit by repeating bars 9 - 20 on page 10 of the vocal score.

<sup>5</sup>The following speeches typed in blue were pruned by Gilbert during the rehearsal period and then dropped altogether soon after the opening night.

Phan. Your keen commercial instincts have been invaluable to us; but my anxiety has nothing to do with our unacknowledged business ventures. Scaphio, I think you once told me that you had never loved?

Sca. Never! I have often marvelled at the fairy influence which weaves its rosy web about the faculties of the greatest and wisest of our race; but I thank Heaven I have never been subjected to its singular fascination. For, O Phantis! there is that within me that tells me that when my time *does* come, the convulsion will be tremendous! When *I* love, it will be with the fervour of sixty-six years! But I have an ideal - a semi-transparent Being, filled with an inorganic pink jelly - and I have never yet seen a woman who approaches within measurable distance of it. All are opaque - opaque - opaque!

Phan. Keep that ideal firmly before you, and love not until you find her. Though but fifty-five, I am an old campaigner in the battle-fields of Love; and, believe me, it is better to be as you are, heart-free and happy, than I am - eternally racked with doubting agonies! Scaphio, the Princess Zara returns from England to-day!

Sca. My poor boy, I see it all.

Phan. Oh! Scaphio, she is so beautiful. Ah! you smile, for you have never seen her. She sailed for England three months before you took office.

Sca. Now tell me, is your affection requited?

Phan. I do not know - I am not sure. Sometimes I think it is, and then come these torturing doubts! I feel sure she does not regard me with complete indifference, for she could never look at me without having to go to bed with a sick headache.

Sca. That is surely something. Come, take heart, boy! you are young and beautiful. What more could maiden want?

Phan. Ah! Scaphio, remember, she returns from a land where every youth is as a young Greek god, and where such poor beauty as I can boast is seen at every turn.

Sca. Be of good cheer! Marry her, boy, if so your fancy wills, and be sure that love will come.

Phan. (*overjoyed*). Then you will assist me in this?

Sca. Why, surely! Silly one, what have you to fear? We have but to say the word, and her father must consent. Is he not our very slave? Come, take heart. I cannot bear to see you sad.

Phan. Now I may hope, indeed! Scaphio, you have placed me on the very pinnacle of human joy!

### **No.3. - DUET - with Dance - (Scaphio and Phantis)**

Sca. Let all your doubts take wing -  
Our influence is great.  
If Paramount our King

Presumes to hesitate,  
Put on the screw,  
And caution him  
That he will rue  
Disaster grim  
That must ensue  
To life and limb,  
Should he pooh-pooh  
This harmless whim.

Phan. This harmless whim,

Sca. This harmless whim,

Phan. This harmless whim,

Sca. This harmless whim.

Both. It is as I/you say, a harmless whim,  
A harmless whim.

Phan. *(dancing)*. Observe this dance  
Which I employ,  
When I, by chance,  
Go mad with joy.  
What sentiment  
Does this express?  
What sentiment  
Does this express?

*PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO vainly endeavours to discover it's meaning.*

Supreme content  
And happiness!

Both. Of course it does,  
Of course it does -  
Supreme content and happiness!  
Of course it does,  
Of course it does -  
It's happiness!

Phan. Your friendly aid conferred,  
I need no longer pine.  
I've but to speak the word,  
And lo! the maid is mine!  
I do not choose  
To be denied.  
Or wish to lose  
A lovely bride -

If to refuse  
The King decide,  
The Royal shoes  
Then woe betide!

Sca. Then woe betide!

Phan. Then woe betide!

Sca. Then woe betide!

Phan. Then woe betide!

Both. The Royal shoes then woe betide!  
Then woe betide!

Sca. *(dancing.)* This step to use  
I condescend  
Whene'er I choose  
To serve a friend.  
What it implies  
Now try to guess;  
What it implies  
Now try to guess;

*SCAPHIO continues his dance while PHANTIS vainly endeavours to discover it's meaning.*

It typifies  
Unselfishness!

Both. Of course it does,  
Of course it does -  
It typifies unselfishness!  
Of course it does,  
Of course it does -  
Unselfishness!

*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*

*March. Enter KING PARAMOUNT, attended by guards and nobles, and preceded by girls dancing before him.*

#### **No.4. - CHORUS WITH SOLOS**

Quaff the nectar - cull the roses -  
Gather fruit and flowers in plenty!  
For our King no longer poses -  
Sing the songs of *far niente!*  
Wake the lute that sets us lilting,  
Dance a welcome to each comer;  
Day by day our year is wilting -  
Sing the sunny songs of summer!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Sing the sunny songs of summer!

**No.4a. - SONG - (King with Chorus)**

A King of autocratic power we -  
A despot whose tyrannic will is law,  
Whose rule is paramount o'er land and sea,  
A presence of unutterable awe!  
But though the awe that I inspire  
Must shrivel with imperial fire  
All foes whom it may chance to touch,  
To judge by what I see and hear,  
It does not seem to interfere  
With popular enjoyment, much.

Chorus. No, no - it does not interfere  
With our enjoyment much.

King.<sup>6</sup> Stupendous when we rouse ourselves to strike -  
Resistless when our tyrant thunder peals -  
We often wonder what obstruction's like,  
And how a thwarted monarch feels!  
But as it is our Royal whim  
Our Royal sails to set and trim  
To suit whatever winds may blow,  
What buffets contradiction deals,  
And how a thwarted monarch feels,  
We probably shall never know.

Chorus. No, no - what thwarted monarch feels  
You'll never, never know.

**RECIT - (King)**

My subjects all, it is your wish emphatic  
That all Utopia shall henceforth be modelled  
Upon that glorious country called Great Britain -  
To which some add - but others do not - Ireland.

All. It is!

King. That being so, as you insist upon it,  
We have arranged that our two younger daughters  
Who have been "finished" by an English Lady -

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<sup>6</sup>Although this verse still appears in the vocal score and some editions of the libretto, it was cut during early performances at the Savoy and has not always appeared in amateur or professional performances since, either on stage or in recordings.

*(tenderly)* A grave, and good, and gracious English Lady -  
Shall daily be exhibited in public,  
That all may learn what, from the English stand-point,  
Is looked upon as maidenly perfection!  
Come hither, daughters!

*Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA. They are twins, about fifteen years old; they are very modest and demure in their appearance, dress, and manner. They stand with their hands folded and their eyes cast down.*

### CHORUS

How fair! how modest! how discreet!  
How bashfully demure!  
See how they blush, as they've been taught,  
At this publicity unsought!  
How English and how pure!  
How English and how pure!

### No.4b. - DUET - Nekaya and Kalyba)<sup>7</sup>

Both. Although of native maids the cream,  
We're brought up on the English scheme -  
The best of all  
For great and small  
Who modesty adore.

Nek. For English girls are good as gold,  
Extremely modest (so we're told),  
Demurely coy - divinely cold -

Kal. And we are that - and more.  
To please papa, who argues thus -  
All girls should mould themselves on us  
Because we are,  
By furlongs far  
The best of all the bunch,  
We show ourselves to loud applause  
From ten to four without a pause -

Nek. Which is an awkward hour because  
It cuts into our lunch.

Both. Oh, maids of high and low degree,  
Whose social code is rather free,  
Please look at us and you will see  
What good young ladies ought to be!

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<sup>7</sup>There is a violin obligato played under the vocal line of this number by the leader of the orchestra. It is not shown in the Chappel or Kalmus vocal score.

Nek. And as we stand, like clockwork toys,  
 A lecturer whom papa employs  
 Proceeds to praise  
 Our modest ways  
 And guileless character -

Kal. Our well-known blush - our downcast eyes -  
 Our famous look of mild surprise

Nek. (Which competition still defies) -

Kal. Our celebrated "Sir!!"  
 Then all the crowd take down our looks  
 In pocket memorandum books.  
 To diagnose  
 Our modest pose  
 The Kodaks do their best:

Nek. If evidence you would possess  
 Of what is maiden bashfulness,  
 You only need a button press -

Kal. And we do all the rest!

Both. Oh, maids of high and low degree,  
 Whose social code is rather free,  
 Please look at us and you will see  
 What good young ladies ought to be!

*Enter LADY SOPHY - an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanour and dress. She carries a lecturer's wand in her hand. She is led on by the KING who expresses great regard and admiration for her.*

**RECIT - (Lady Sophy)**

This morning we propose to illustrate  
 A course of maiden courtship, from the start  
 To the triumphant matrimonial finish.

*Through the following song the two princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by LADY SOPHY.*

**No.4c. - VALSE SONG - (Lady Sophy with Chorus)<sup>8</sup>**

Bold-faced ranger  
 (Perfect stranger)  
 Meets two well-behaved young ladies.  
 He's attractive,  
 Young and active -

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<sup>8</sup>For the D'Oyly Carte revival of 1975 this song was reduced to one verse by combining elements of all three. The song is performed in its entirety on the subsequent recording.

Each a little bit afraid is.  
Youth advances,  
At his glances  
To their danger they awaken;  
They repel him  
As they tell him  
He is very much mistaken.  
Very, very much mistaken.

Though they speak to him politely,  
Please observe they're sneering slightly,  
Just to show he's acting vainly.  
This is Virtue saying plainly,  
"Go away, young bachelor,  
We are not what you take us for!"  
When addressed impertinently,  
English ladies answer gently,  
"Go away young bachelor,  
We are not what you take us for!"

Chorus. When addressed impertinently,  
English ladies answer gently,  
"Go away young bachelor,  
We are not what you take us for!"

Lady S. As he gazes,  
Hat he raises,  
Enters into conversation.  
Makes excuses -  
This produces  
Interesting agitation.  
He, with daring,  
Undesparing,  
Gives his card - his rank discloses -  
Little heeding  
This proceeding,  
They turn up their little noses.  
Yes, their little, little noses.

Pray observe this lesson vital -  
When a man of rank and title  
His position first discloses,  
Always cock your little noses.  
When at home, let all the class  
Try this in the looking-glass.  
English girls of well-bred notions,  
Shun all unrehearsed emotions,  
English girls of highest class  
Practise them before the glass.

Chorus. English girls of well-bred notions,  
Shun all unrehearsed emotions,  
English girls of highest class  
Practise them before the glass.

Lady S. His intentions  
The he mentions.  
Something definite to go on -  
Makes recitals  
Of his titles,  
Hints at settlements, and so on.  
Smiling sweetly,  
They discreetly,  
Ask for further evidences.  
Thus invited,  
He, delighted,  
Gives the usual references.  
Don't forget the references.

This is business. Each is fluttered  
When the offer's fairly uttered.  
"Which of them has his affection?"  
He declines to make selection.  
Do they quarrel for his dross?  
Not a bit of it - they toss.  
Pray observe this cogent moral -  
English ladies never quarrel.  
When a doubt they come across,  
English ladies always toss.

Chorus. Pray observe this cogent moral -  
English ladies never quarrel.  
When a doubt they come across,  
English ladies always toss.

### **RECIT - (Lady Sophy)**

The lecture's ended. In ten minutes' space  
'Twill be repeated in the market place!

### **CHORUS**

Quaff the nectar - cull the roses -  
Bashful girls will soon be plenty!  
Maid who thus at fifteen poses  
Ought to be divine at twenty!

***Exeunt LADY SOPHY and the two Princesses, followed by Chorus. Manent KING, SCAPHIO, and PHANTIS, who re-enter as the previous scene finishes.***

- Sca. Your Majesty wished to speak with us, I believe. You - you needn't keep your crown on, on our account you know.
- King. I beg you pardon (*removes it*). I always forget that! Odd, the notion of a King not being allowed to wear one of his own crowns in the presence of two of his own subjects.
- Phan. Yes - bizarre, is it not?
- King. Most quaint. But then it's a quaint world.
- Phan. Teems with quiet fun. I often think what a lucky thing it is that you are blessed with such a keen sense of humour!
- King. Do you know, I find it invaluable. Do what I will, I *cannot* help looking at the humorous side of things - for, properly considered, everything has its humorous side - even the Palace Peeper (*producing it*). See here - "Another Royal Scandal," by Junius Junior. "How long is this to last?" by Senex Senior. "Ribald Royalty," by Mercury Major. "Where is the Public Exploder?" by Mephistopheles Minor. When I reflect that all these outrageous attacks on my morality are written by me, at your command - why, it's one of the funniest things that have come within the scope of my experience.
- Sca. Besides, apart from that, they have a quiet humour of their own which is simply irresistible.
- King. (*gratified*). Not bad, I think. Biting, trenchant sarcasm - the rapier, not the bludgeon - that's my line. But then it's so easy - I'm such a good subject - a bad King but a good Subject - ha! ha! - a capital heading for next week's leading article! (*makes a note*). An then the stinging little paragraphs about our Royal goings-on with our Royal Second Housemaid - delicately sub-acid, are they not?
- Sca. My dear King, in that kind of thing no one can hold a candle to you.
- King.<sup>9</sup> (*doubtfully*). Yes - yes. You refer, of course, to the literary quality of the paragraphs?
- Sca. Oh, of course -
- King. Because the essence of the joke lies in the fact that instead of being the abominable profligate they suggest, I'm one of the most fastidiously respectable persons in my whole dominions!
- Phan. But the crowning joke is the Comic Opera you've written for us- "King Tuppence, or A Good deal less than Half a Sovereign" - in which the celebrated English tenor, Mr. Wilkinson, burlesques your personal appearance and gives grotesque imitations of your Royal peculiarities. It's immense!

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<sup>9</sup>The text shown in blue was deleted soon after the opening night.

- King. Ye - es - That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Now I've not the least doubt but that even *that* has its humorous side, too - if one could only see it. As a rule, I'm pretty quick at detecting latent humour - but I confess I do *not* quite see where it comes in, in this particular instance. It's so horribly personal!
- Sca. Personal? Yes, of course it's personal - but consider the antithetical humour of the situation.
- King. Yes. I - I don't think I've quite grasped that.
- Sca. No? you surprise me. Why consider. During the day thousands tremble at your frown, during the night (from 8 to 11) thousands roar at it. During the day your most arbitrary decrees pronouncements are received by your subjects with abject submission - during the night, they shout with joy at your most terrible decrees. It's not every monarch who enjoys the privilege of undoing by night all the despotic absurdities he's committed during the day.
- King. Of course! now I see it! Thank you very much. I was certain it had its humorous side, and it was very dull of me not to have seen it before. But, as I said just now, it's a quaint world!
- Phan. Teems with quiet fun.
- King. Yes. Properly considered, what a farce life is, to be sure!

**No.5. - SONG - (King, with Scaphio and Phantis)**

First you're born - and I'll be bound you  
 Find a dozen strangers round you.  
 "Hallo," cries the new-born baby,  
 "Where's my parents? which may they be?"  
 Awkward silence - no reply -  
 Puzzled baby wonders why!  
 Father rises, bows politely -  
 Mother smiles, (but not too brightly) -  
 Doctor mumbles like a dumb thing -  
 Nurse is busy mixing something. -  
 Ev'ry symptom tends to show  
 You're decidedly *de trop* -

- All. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
 Time's teetotum  
 If you spin it  
 Gives its quotum  
 Once a minute.  
 I'll go bail  
 You hit the nail,  
 And if you fail  
 The deuce is in it!

King. You grow up, and you discover  
What it is to be a lover.  
Some young lady is selected -  
Poor, perhaps, but well-connected,  
Whom you hail (for love is blind)  
As the Queen of fairy kind.  
Though she's plain - perhaps unsightly,  
Makes her face up - laces tightly,  
In her form your fancy traces  
All the gifts of all the graces.  
Rivals none the maiden woo,  
So you take her and she takes you!

All. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Joke beginning,  
Never ceases,  
Till your inning  
Time releases,  
On your way  
You blindly stray,  
And day by day  
The joke increases!

King. Ten years later - Time progresses -  
Sours your temper - thins your tresses;  
Fancy, then, her chain relaxes;  
Rates are facts and so are taxes.  
Fairy Queen's no longer young -  
Fairy Queen has got a tongue.  
Twins have probably intruded -  
Quite unbidden - just as you did -  
They're a source of care and trouble -  
Just as you were - only double.  
Comes at last the final stroke -  
Time has had his little joke!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Daily driven  
(Wife as drover)  
Ill you've thriven -  
Ne'er in clover:  
Lastly, when  
Three-score and ten  
(And not till then,)  
The joke is over!

All.<sup>10</sup> Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Daily driven  
(Wife as drover)  
Ill you've thriven -  
Ne'er in clover:  
Lastly, when  
Three-score and ten  
(And not till then,)  
The joke is over!

***Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. Manet KING.***

King. (*putting on his crown again.*) It's all very well. I always like to look on the humorous side of things; but I do *not* think I ought to be required to write libels on my own moral character. Naturally, I see the joke of it - anybody would - but Zara's coming home to-day; she's no longer a child, and I confess I should *not* like her to see my Opera - though it's uncommonly well written; and I should be sorry if the Palace Peeper got into her hands - though it's certainly smart - very smart indeed. It is almost a pity that I have to buy up the whole edition, because it's really too good to be lost. Besides, one never knows; a copy might leak out, and that would be very confusing, although, of course, great fun. And Lady Sophy - that blameless type of perfect womanhood! Great Heavens, what would *she* say if the Second Housemaid business happened to meet *her* pure blue eye!

***Enter LADY SOPHY.***

Lady S. My Monarch is soliloquizing. I will withdraw (*going.*)

King. No - pray don't go. Now I'll give you fifty chances, and you won't guess whom I was thinking of.

Lady S. Alas, sir, I know too well. Ah! King, it's an old, old story, and I'm well nigh weary of it! Be warned in time - from my heart I pity you, but I am not for you! (*going.*)

King. But hear what I have to say.

Lady S. It is useless. Listen. In the course of a long and adventurous career in the principal European Courts, it has been revealed to me that I unconsciously exercise a weird and supernatural fascination over all Crowned Heads. So irresistible is this singular property, that there is not a European Monarch who has not implored me, with tears in his eyes, to quit his kingdom, and take my fatal charms elsewhere.<sup>11</sup> *As there is not a civilized king who is sufficiently single to realize my ideal of Abstract Respectability, I extended my sphere of action to the Islands of the South Pacific - only to discover that the monarchs of those favoured climes are at least as lax in their domestic arrangements as the worst of their European brethren. As time was getting on it occurred to me that by descending several pegs in the scale*

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<sup>10</sup>Although not indicated in the Chappel or Kalmus Vocal Score, bars 2 - 3 on page 33 are repeated between bars 11 and 12 on the same page.

<sup>11</sup>The text shown in blue was deleted after the first few performances.

of Respectability I might qualify your Majesty for my hand. Actuated by this humane motive and happening to possess Respectability enough for Six, I consented to confer Respectability enough for Four upon your two younger daughters - but although I have, alas, only Respectability enough for Two left, there is still, as I gather from the public press of this country (*producing the Palace Peeper*), a considerable balance in my favour.

King. (*aside.*) Da - ! (*aloud.*) May I ask how you came by this?

Lady S. It was handed to me by the officer who holds the position of Public Exploder to your Imperial Majesty.

King. And surely, Lady Sophy, surely you are not so unjust as to place any faith in the irresponsible gabble of the Society press!

Lady S. (*referring to paper.*) I read on the authority of Senex Senior that your Majesty was seen dancing with your Second Housemaid on the Oriental Platform of the Tivoli Gardens. That is untrue?

King. Absolutely. Our Second Housemaid has only one leg.

Lady S. (*suspiciously.*) How do you know that?

King. Common report, I give you my honour.

Lady S. It may be so. I further read - and the statement is vouched for by no less an authority than Mephistopheles Minor - that your Majesty indulges in a bath of hot rum-punch every morning. I trust I do not lay myself open to the charge of displaying an indelicate curiosity as the mysteries of the royal dressing-room when I ask if there is any foundation for this statement?

King. None whatever. When our medical adviser exhibits rum-punch it is as a draught, not as a fomentation. As to our bath, our valet plays the garden hose upon us every morning.

Lady S. (*shocked.*) Oh, pray - pray spare me these unseemly details. Well, you are a Despot - have you taken steps to slay this scribbler?

King. Well, no - I have *not* gone so far as that. After all, it's the poor devil's living, you know.

Lady S. It is the poor devil's living that surprises me. If this man lies, there is no recognized punishment that is sufficiently terrible for him.

King. That's precisely it. I - I am waiting until a punishment is discovered that will exactly meet the enormity of the case. I am in constant communication with the Mikado of Japan, who is a leading authority on such points; and, moreover, I have the ground plans and sectional elevations of several capital punishments in my desk at this moment. Oh, Lady Sophy, as you are powerful, be merciful!

**No.6. - DUET - (Lady Sophy and King).**

King.            Subjected to your heavenly gaze  
                    (Poetical phrase),  
                    My brain is turned completely.  
                    Observe me now,  
                    No Monarch, I vow,  
                    Was ever so far afflicted!

Lady S.        I'm pleased with that poetical phrase,  
                    "A heavenly gaze,"  
                    But though you put it neatly,  
                    Say what you will,  
                    These paragraphs still  
                    Remain uncontradicted.

                    Come crush me this contemptible worm  
                    (A forcible term),  
                    If he assails you wrongly.  
                    The rage display,  
                    Which, as you say,  
                    Has moved your Majesty lately.

King.            Though I admit that forcible term,  
                    "Contemptible worm,"  
                    Appeals to me most strongly,  
                    To treat this pest  
                    As you suggest  
                    Would pain my Majesty greatly!

Lady S.        This writer lies!

King.            Yes, bother his eyes!

Lady S.        He lives, you say?

King.            In a sort of a way.

Lady S.        Then have him shot.

King.            Decidedly not.

Lady S.        Or crush him flat.

King.            I cannot do that.

Lady S.        O royal Rex,  
                    My blameless sex  
                    Abhors such conduct shady.  
                    You plead in vain,  
                    You never will gain  
                    Respectable English Lady!

King.            O royal Rex,  
                    Her blameless sex  
                    Abhors such conduct shady.  
                    I plead in vain,  
                    I never will gain  
                    Respectable English Lady!

*Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.*

*March. Enter all the Court, heralding the arrival of the PRINCESS ZARA, who enters, escorted by CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE and four troopers, all in the full uniform of the First Life Guards.*

**No.7. - CHORUS - with SOLOS - (Zara, Captain Fitzbattleaxe, & Four Troopers).**

Oh, maiden, rich  
In Girton lore,  
That wisdom which  
We prized before,  
We do confess  
Is nothingness,  
And rather less,  
Perhaps, than more.  
On each of us  
Thy learning shed.  
On calculus  
May we be fed.  
And teach us, please,  
To speak with ease  
All languages,  
Alive and dead!

**SOLO - (Princess and Chorus).**

Zara. Five years have flown since I took wing -  
Time flies, and his footstep ne'er retards -  
I'm the eldest daughter of your king.

Troopers. And we are her escort - First Life Guards!  
On the royal yacht,  
When the waves were white,  
In a helmet hot  
And a tunic tight,  
And our great big boots,  
We defied the storm:  
For we're not recruits,  
And his uniform  
A well-drilled trooper ne'er discards -  
And we are her escort - First Life Guards!  
The First Life Guards,  
The First Life Guards!  
And we are her escort - First Life Guards!

Zara.           These gentlemen I present to you,  
The pride and boast of their barrack-yards;  
They've taken O such care of me!

Troopers.       For we are her escort - First Life Guards!  
When the tempest rose,  
And the ship went *so* -  
Do you suppose  
We were ill? No, no!  
Though a qualmish lot  
In a tunic tight,  
And a helmet hot,  
And a breastplate bright  
(Which a well-drilled trooper ne'er discards),  
We stood as her escort - First Life Guards!  
The First Life Guards,  
The First Life Guards!  
And we are her escort - First Life Guards!

### **FULL CHORUS.**

Knightsbridge nursemaids - serving fairies -  
Stars of proud Belgravian airies;  
At stern duty's call you leave them,  
Though you know how that must grieve them!

Zara.           Tantantarara-rara-rara!

Fitz.           Trumpet call of Princess Zara!

Chorus.       That's trump-call, and they're all trump cards -

Troopers.       And we are her escort - First Life Guards!

Zara & Fitz.

Oh! The hours are gold,

And the joys untold,  
When your/my eyes  
behold

Your/my beloved  
Princess;

And the years will seem  
But a brief day dream,  
In our happiness!

And the years will seem  
But a brief day dream,  
In the joy extreme  
Of our happiness!  
In the joy of our  
Happiness!

Troopers.

First Life Guards, the  
First

Life Guards! For we  
are the escort -

First

Life Guards!

First

Life Guards, the First

Life Guards, the First

the First Life Guards!

Tantanta-ra-ra -----

-----!

Tantanta-ra-ra -----

-----!

Tantanta-ra-ra!

Tan-ta-

ra! The First

Life Guards,

The First Life Guards,

The First, The First

Chorus.

They're her

es -

- cort - The First

Life Guards!

First

Life Guards!

They're

her es -

cort - the First

the First Life Guards!

Tantanta-ra-ra -----

-----!

Tantanta-ra-ra -----

-----!

Tantanta-ra-ra!

Tan-ta-

ra! The First

Life Guards,

The First Life Guards,

The First, The First

Troopers.

The First, The First  
Life Guards!

Chorus.

The First, The First  
Life Guards!

***Enter KING, PRINCESSES NEKAYA and KALYBA, and LADY SOPHY.***

King. Zara! My beloved daughter! Why, how well you look, and how lovely you have grown! *(embraces her).*

Zara. My dear father! *(embracing him).* And my two beautiful little sisters! *(embracing them).*

Nek. Not beautiful.

Kal. Nice looking.

Zara. But first let me present to you the English warrior who commands my escort, and who has taken such care of me during the voyage - Captain Fitzbattleaxe!

Troopers.<sup>12</sup> When the tempest rose,  
And the ship went *so* -  
Do you suppose  
We were ill? No ---

***CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE motions them to be silent. The Troopers are now standing in the four corners of the stage, immovable as if on sentry. Each is surrounded by an admiring group of young ladies, of whom they take no notice.***

King. *(to CAPT. FITZ).* Sir, you come from a country where every virtue flourishes. We trust that you will not criticise too severely such shortcomings as you may detect in our semi-barbarous society.

Fitz. *(looking at ZARA).* Sir, I have eyes for nothing but the blameless and the beautiful.

King. We thank you - he is really very polite! *(LADY SOPHY, who has been greatly scandalized by the attentions paid to the Lifeguardsmen by the young ladies, marches the PRINCESSES NEKAYA and KALYBA towards an exit.)* Lady Sophy, do not leave us.

Lady S. Sir, your children are young, and, so far, innocent. If they are to remain so, it is necessary that they are at once removed from the contamination of their present disgraceful surroundings. *(She marches them off.)*

King. *(whose attention has thus been called to the proceedings of the young ladies - aside.)* Dear, dear! They really shouldn't. *(Aloud.)* Captain Fitzbattleaxe -

Fitz. Sir.

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<sup>12</sup>Although this is not included in the band parts the orchestra should pick up from the trumpet call VSP. 41 bar 9.

King. Your Troopers appear to be receiving a troublesome amount of attention from those young ladies. I know how strict you English soldiers are, and I should be extremely distressed if anything occurred to shock their puritanical British sensitiveness.

Fitz. Oh, I don't think there's any chance of that.

King. You think not? They won't be offended?

Fitz. Oh no! They are quite hardened to it. They get a good deal of that sort of thing, standing sentry at Horse Guards.

King. It's English, is it?

Fitz. It's particularly English.

King. Then, of course, it's all right. Pray proceed, ladies, it's particularly English. Come, my daughter, for we have much to say to each other.

Zara. Farewell, Captain Fitzbattleaxe! I cannot thank you too emphatically for the devoted care with which you have watched over me during our long and eventful voyage.

**No.8. - CHORUS WITH SOLOS - (Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe)**

Zara. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true  
 In tented field and tourney,  
 I grieve to have occasioned you  
 So very long a journey.

<sup>13</sup> A British soldier gives up all -  
 His home and island beauty -  
 When summoned by the trumpet-call  
 Of Regimental Duty!

<p>Zara &amp; Fitz.</p> <p>Oh my joy, my pride,          My delight to hide,          Let us sing, aside,          What in truth we feel.          Let us whisper low          Of our love's glad glow,          Lest the truth we show          We would fain conceal.</p>	<p>Men.</p> <p>A British Soldier          Gives up all -          His home and is -          land beauty -          When summoned by          the trumpet call Of Re -          gimental          Duty!</p>	<p>Ladies.</p> <p>Knightsbridge nursemaids          Serving fairies -          Stars of proud Bel -          gravian          aires; At stern duty's          call you leave them, Tho'          You know how that          must grieve them!</p>
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<sup>13</sup>The section typed in blue was deleted soon after the opening, reducing this number by half. The band parts however are still complete.

Fitz. Such escort duty, as his due,  
To young Lifeguardsman falling  
Completely reconciles him to  
His uneventful calling.

When soldier seeks Utopian glades  
In charge of Youth and Beauty,  
Then pleasure merely masquerades  
As Regimental Duty!

Fitz and Troopers.

And we are the escort - First Life Guards!

Zara & Fitz.

Oh! The hours are gold,  
And the joys untold,  
When your/my eyes  
behold  
Your/my beloved  
Princess;  
And the years will seem  
But a brief day dream,  
In our happiness!  
And the years will seem  
But a brief day dream,  
In the joy extreme  
Of our happiness!  
In the joy  
Of our happiness!

Troopers.

First Life Guards, the  
First  
Life Guards! For we  
are the escort -  
First  
Life Guards!  
First  
Life Guards, the First  
Life Guards, the First  
the First Life Guards!  
Tantanta-ra!  
Tantanta-ra -----  
-----!  
Tantanta-ra-ra!  
Tan-ta-  
ra! The  
First Life Guards,  
The First Life Guards,  
The First, The First,  
The First,  
The First Life Guards!

Chorus.

They're her  
es -  
- cort - The First  
Life Guards!  
First  
Life Guards!  
They're  
her es -  
cort - the First  
the First Life Guards!  
Tantanta-ra!  
Tantanta-ra -----  
-----!  
Tantanta-ra-ra!  
Tan-ta-  
ra! The  
First Life Guards,  
The First Life Guards,  
The First, The First,  
The First,  
The First Life Guards!

***Exeunt<sup>14</sup> KING and PRINCESS in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction. Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. SCAPHIO is seated, shaking violently, and obviously under the influence of some strong emotion.***

Phan. There - tell me Scaphio, is she not beautiful? Can you wonder that I love her so passionately?

<sup>14</sup>The band parts include 8 bars of exit music not shown in the Chappel or Kalmus vocal score.

Sca. No. She is extraordinarily - miraculously lovely! Good heavens! what a singularly beautiful girl!

Phan. I knew you would say so!

Sca. What exquisite charm of manner! What surprising delicacy of gesture! Why she's a goddess! a very goddess!

Phan. *(rather taken back)*. Yes - she's - she's an attractive girl.

Sca. Attractive? Why you must be blind! - She's entrancing - entralling! Her walk - her smile - her play of feature! What eyes - what lips! Why it's bewildering - dazzling - intoxicating! *(aside)*. God bless my heart; what's the matter with me?

Phan. *(alarmed)*. Yes. You - you promised to help me to get her father's consent, you know.

Sca. Promised! Yes, but the convulsion has come, my good boy! It is she - my ideal! My ideal, did I say?

Phan. *(much disconcerted)*. Yes, you said so.

Sca. The I lied, for by all that's dazzling I had no conception that the world contained such transcendental loveliness! Why, what's this? *(staggering.)* Phantis! Stop me - I'm going mad - mad with the love of her! What an eye! what an ear! what shoulders!

Phan. Scaphio, compose yourself, I beg. The girl is perfectly opaque! Besides, remember - each of us is helpless without the other. You can't succeed without my consent, you know.

Sca. And you dare to threaten? Oh ungrateful! When you came to me, palsied with love for this girl, and implored my assistance, did I not unhesitatingly promise it? And this is the return you make? Out of my sight, ingrate! *(Aside)* Dear! dear! what is the matter with me?

***Enter CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE and ZARA.***

Zara. Dear me. I'm afraid we are interrupting a *tête-à-tête*.

Sca. *(breathlessly)*. No, no. You come very appropriately. To be brief, we - we love you - this man and I - madly - passionately!

Zara. Sir!

Sca. And we don't know how we are to settle which of us is to marry you.

Fitz. Zara, this is very awkward.

Sca. *(very much overcome)*. I - I am paralyzed by the singular radiance of your extraordinary loveliness. I know I am incoherent. I never was like this before - It shall not occur again. I - shall be fluent, presently.

Zara. *(aside)*. Oh, dear Captain Fitzbattleaxe, what *is* to be done?

Fitz. *(aside)*. Leave it to me - I'll manage it. *(aloud)*. It's a common situation. Why not settle it in the English fashion?

Sca. & Phan. The English fashion? What is that?

Fitz. It's very simple. In England, when two gentlemen are in love with the same lady, and until it is settled which gentleman is to blow out the brains of the other, it is provided, by the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act, that the lady shall be entrusted to an officer of Household Cavalry as stakeholder, who is bound to hand her over to the survivor (on the Tontine principle) in a good condition of substantial and decorative repair.

Sca. Reasonable wear and tear and damage by fire excepted?

Fitz. Exactly.

Phan. Well, that seems very reasonable. <sup>15</sup>But why is an officer of Household Cavalry selected for this delicate duty?

Fitz. Why the officers of Household Cavalry are a very exclusive body, and do not consider a lady worthy of matrimonial consideration until she has acquired at least sixty-two years of unblemished experience in the very highest ranks of English society. If she comes out of this ordeal unscathed she is - well, she is eligible, but even then the officers of Household Cavalry are not very keen about it.

Phan. Why, bless my heart, in Utopia we scarcely look at a girl over eighteen.

Fitz. Ah, it's a tropical country, you see. We cold Northerners - you know -

Phan. Ah, true. *(To SCAPHIO.)* Well, what do you say - Shall we entrust her to this cold Northerner? It will give us time.

Sca. *(trembling violently)*. I - I am not at present in a condition to think it out coolly - but if he is a very cold Northerner, and if the Princess consents -

Zara. Alas, dear sirs, I have no alternative - under the Rival Admirers Causes Consolidation Act!

Fitz. Good - then that's settled.

### **No.9. - QUARTET - (Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Scaphio, & Phantis)**

Fitz. It's understood, I think, all round  
That, by the English custom bound,  
I hold the lady safe and sound  
In trust for either rival,  
Until you clearly testify  
By sword or pistol, by and bye,

---

<sup>15</sup>The text typed in blue were deleted before the opening.

Which gentleman prefers to die,  
And which prefers survival.

Sca. and Phan.

It's clearly understood all round,  
That, by your English custom bound,  
He holds the lady safe and sound  
In trust for either rival,  
Until we clearly testify  
By sword or pistol, by and bye,  
Which gentleman prefers to die,  
And which prefers survival.

Zara and Fitz. *(aside.)*

We stand, I think, on selfish ground;  
Our senses weak it will astound  
If either gentleman is found  
Prepared to meet his rival.  
Their machinations we defy;  
We won't be parted, you and I -  
Of bloodshed each is rather shy -  
They both prefer survival!

Phan. *(aside to FITZ.)* If I should die and he should live,  
To you, without reserve, I give  
Her heart so young and sensitive,  
And all her predilections.

Sca. *(aside to FITZ.)* If he should live and I should die,  
I see no kind of reason why  
You should not, if you wish it, try  
To gain her young affections!

Sca. and Phan. *(angrily to each other.)*

If I should die and you should live,  
To this young officer I give  
Her heart so young and sensitive.  
And all her predilections.  
If you should live and I should die,  
I see no kind of reason why  
He should not, if he chooses, try  
To win her young affections.

If I should die and you should live,  
To this young officer I give  
Her heart so young and sensitive.  
And all her predilections.  
If you should live and I should die,  
I see no kind of reason why  
He should not, if he chooses, try  
To win her young affections.

Zara and Fitz. *(aside.)*

As both will live  
and neither die  
I see no kind  
of reason why  
You/I should not if  
you/I wish it, try  
To gain my/your  
Young affections!

As noth of us are positive  
That both of them intend to live,  
There's nothing in the case to give  
Us cause for grave reflections.  
As both will live and neither die  
I see no kind of reason why  
You/I should not if you/I wish it, try  
To gain my/your young affections!

*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS together.*

**No.10. - DUET - (Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe)**

Both. Oh admirable art!  
Oh neatly-planned intention!  
Oh happy intervention -  
Oh well-constructed plot -  
Oh well-constructed plot!  
When sages try to part  
Two loving hearts in fusion,  
Their wisdom's a delusion,  
And learning serves them not -  
And learning serves them not!

Fitz. Until quite plain  
Is their intent,  
These sages twain  
I represent.  
Now please infer  
That, nothing loth,  
You're henceforth, as it were,  
Engaged to marry both -  
Now take it that I represent the two -  
On that hypothesis, what would you do?

Zara. *(aside)*. What would I do? What would I do?

Zara. In such a case,  
Upon your breast,  
My blushing face  
I think I'd rest - *(doing so)*.  
Then perhaps I might  
Demurely say -  
"I find this breastplate bright  
Is sorely in the way!"

16 *That is, supposing it were true  
That I'm engaged to both - and both were you!*

Fitz. Our mortal race  
Is never blest -  
There's no such case  
As perfect rest;  
Some petty blight  
Asserts its sway -  
Some crumpled roseleaf light  
Is always in the way!

---

<sup>16</sup>It is unlikely that these two lines were actually set by Sullivan.

Zara. In such a case,  
Upon your breast,  
My blushing face  
I think I'd rest -  
On your breast,  
On your breast  
In perfect rest!

Fitz. Our mortal race  
Is never blest -  
There's no such case  
As perfect rest -  
Perfect rest,  
Perfect rest,  
As perfect rest!

***Exit FITZBATTLEAXE. Manet ZARA.***

Zara.<sup>17</sup> Poor, trusting, simple-minded, and affectionate old gentlemen! I'm really sorry for them! How strange it is that when the flower of a man's youth has faded, he seems to lose all charm in a woman's eyes; and how true are the words of my expurgated Juvenal

*" - Festinat decurrere velox  
Flosculus, angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ  
Portio!*

Ah, if we could only make up our minds to invest our stock of youth on commercial principles instead of squandering it at the outset, old age would be as extinct at the Dodo!

**SONG - (Zara)**

Youth is a boon avowed -  
A gift of priceless worth  
To rich and poor allowed -  
With which all men at birth -  
The lowly and the proud -  
Are equally endowed.  
But sorrow comes anon,  
For Man's a prodigal  
Who madly lives upon  
His little capital.  
As this, alas, goes on  
Till every penny's gone:  
He finds himself, at Life's concluding stage,  
With no Youth left to comfort his old age!

Ah, dame improvident,

---

<sup>17</sup>This dialogue was retained well into the initial run. The aria that follows was performed on the first night only.

If you, in very sooth  
In infancy had lent  
Your Capital of Youth  
At four or five per cent. -  
(As Nature doubtless meant),  
Resolved, within your breast,  
To do as others do  
Who Capital invest,  
And live a lifetime through,  
With modest comfort blest,  
Upon the interest -  
You might be still in girlhood's mid-career  
A merry madcap maid of fourscore year!

*Enter KING.*

King. My daughter! At last we are alone together.

Zara. Yes, and I'm glad we are, for I want to speak to you very seriously. Do you know this paper?

King. *(aside)*. Da -! *(Aloud.)* Oh, yes - I've - I've seen it. Where in the world did you get this from?

Zara. It was given to me by Lady Sophy - my sister's governess.

King. *(aside)*. Lady Sophy's an angel, but I do sometimes wish she'd mind her own business! *(Aloud)*. It's - ha! ha! - it's rather humorous.

Zara. I see nothing humorous in it. I only see that you, the despotic King of this country, are made the subject of the most scandalous insinuations. Why do you permit these things?

King. Well, they appeal to my sense of humour. It's the only really comic paper in Utopia, and I wouldn't be without it for the world.

Zara. If it had any literary merit I could understand it.

King. Oh, it *has* literary merit. Oh, distinctly, it has literary merit.

Zara. My dear father, it's mere ungrammatical twaddle.

King. Oh, it's not ungrammatical. I can't allow that. Unpleasantly personal, perhaps, but written with an epigrammatical point that is very rare now-a-days - very rare indeed.

Zara. *(looking at cartoon)*. Why do they represent you with such a big nose?

King. Why, the fact is that, in the cartoons of a comic paper, the size of your nose always varies inversely as the square of your popularity. It's the rule.

Zara. Then you must be at a tremendous discount, just now! I see a notice of a new piece called "King Tuppence," in which an English tenor has the audacity to personate you on a public stage. I can only say that I am surprised that any English tenor should lend himself to such degrading personalities.

King. Oh, he's not really English. As it happens he's a Utopian, but he calls himself English.

Zara. Calls himself English?

King. Yes. Bless you, they wouldn't listen to any tenor who didn't call himself English.

Zara. And you permit this buffoon to caricature you in a pointless burlesque!

King.<sup>18</sup> Oh, it's not pointless - it's very smartly written. If it were pointless, I wouldn't allow it, but the piece really has very remarkable literary merit. Now listen - this gets a double encore. (*Sings.*)

Oh, I'm a kind of King -  
A sort of Despot bold -  
An utterly insignificant thing  
Who does whatever he's told -  
Oh, cruel is my lot,  
My fate unkind I call -  
For I'm a Kingly Never Mind What  
A Royal Nothing at All!

***Breaks down, and sinks sobbing into a chair.***

Zara. My dear father - there's something wrong here. If you were a free agent, you would never permit these outrages.

King. (*almost in tears*). Zara - I - I admit I am not altogether a free agent. I - I am controlled. I try to make the best of it, but sometimes I find it very difficult - very difficult indeed. Nominally a Despot, I am, between ourselves, the helpless tool of two unscrupulous Wise Men, who insist on my falling in with their wishes and threaten to denounce me for immediate explosion if I remonstrate!

***Breaks down completely.***

Zara. My poor father! Now listen to me. With a view to remodelling the political and social institutions of Utopia, I have brought with me six Representatives of the principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy and blameless country which the consensus of European civilization has declared it to be. Place yourself unreservedly in the hands of these gentlemen, and they will reorganize your country on a footing that will enable you to defy your persecutors. They are all now washing their hands after their journey. Shall I introduce them?

---

<sup>18</sup>This line and the verse were deleted sometime during the rehearsal period. The verse fits to the tune of 'Old King Cole'.

King. My dear Zara, how can I thank you? I will consent to anything that will release me from the abominable tyranny of these two men. *(Calling.)* What ho! Without there! *(Enter CALYNX.)* Summon my court without an instant's delay! *(Exit CALYNX.)* <sup>19</sup>Six did you say?

Zara. Yes. I had intended to bring a seventh - a British Admiral in his own iron-clad - typical of England's naval supremacy - but unhappily he ran his ship aground at the mouth of the Thouser and I was obliged to leave him there.

King. Bless my heart that's very unlucky! I should like to have seen a British Admiral in his own iron-clad.

*Enter Everyone, except the Flowers of Progress.*

### **No.11. - FINALE ACT I**<sup>20</sup>

Chorus. Although your Royal summons to appear  
From courtesy was singularly free,  
Obedient to that summons we are here -  
What would your Majesty?

#### **RECIT. - King.**

My worthy people, my beloved daughter  
Most thoughtfully has brought with her from England  
The types of all the causes that have made  
That great and glorious country what it is.

Chorus. Oh joy unbounded!

Sca., Tar., and Phan. Why, what *does* this mean?  
What does this mean,  
What does this mean,  
What does this mean?

#### **RECIT. - Zara.**

Attend to me, Utopian populace,  
Ye South Pacific Island viviparians;  
All, in the abstract, types of courtly grace,  
Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race,  
But little better than half-clothed barbarians!

#### **CHORUS.**

---

<sup>19</sup>The remaining dialogue preceding the Finale, was cut during the rehearsal period, for political reasons. The British vessel, HMS *Victoria*, had recently been sunk during manoeuvres off Tripoli.

<sup>20</sup>The orchestral introduction to the Finale is reduced in the band parts by the omission of bars 2, 4, 6 and 8 from VSP 60.

Yes,  
Contrasted when  
With Englishmen,  
We're little better than half-clothed barbarians!

Sca., Tar., and Phan. What does this mean,  
What does this mean?

*Enter all the Flowers of Progress, led by FITZBATTLEAXE.*

**SOLO - Zara.**

*Presenting CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE.*

When Britain sounds the trump of war  
(And Europe trembles,)  
The army of the conqueror  
In serried ranks assembles;  
'Tis then this warrior's eyes and sabre gleam  
For our protection -  
He represents a military scheme  
In all it's proud perfection!

Chorus. Yes, yes, yes,  
He represents a military scheme  
In all it's proud perfection!  
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**SOLO - Zara.**

*Presenting SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C.*

A complicated gentleman allow me to present,  
Of all the arts and faculties the terse embodiment,  
He's a great arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease  
That two and two are three, or five, or anything you please; An eminent  
logician who can make it clear to you  
That black is white - when looked at from the proper point of view;  
A marvellous philologist who'll undertake to show  
That "yes" is but another and a neater form of "no."

Sir. Bailey. Yes - yes - yes -  
"Yes" is but another and a neater form of "no."  
All preconceived ideas on any subject I can scout,  
And demonstrate beyond all possibility of doubt,  
That whether you're an honest man or whether you're a thief  
Depends on whose solicitor has given me my brief.

Chorus. Yes - yes - yes -  
That whether you're an honest man or whether you're a thief  
Depends on whose solicitor has given him his brief.  
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**SOLO - Zara.**

***Presenting Lord Chamberlain and County Councillor.***

What these may be, Utopians all  
Perhaps you'll hardly guess -  
They're types of England's physical  
And moral cleanliness.  
This is a Lord High Chamberlain  
Of purity the gauge -  
He'll cleanse our Court from moral stain,  
And purify our Stage.

Lord Dram. Yes - yes - yes -  
Court reputations I revise,  
And presentations scrutinize,  
New plays I read with jealous eyes,  
And purify the Stage.

Chorus. Court reputations he'll revise,  
And presentations scrutinize,  
New plays he reads with jealous eyes,  
And purifies the Stage.

Zara. This County Councillor acclaim,  
Great Britain's latest toy -  
On anything you like to name  
His talents he'll employ -  
All streets and squares he'll purify  
Within your city walls,  
And keep meanwhile a modest eye  
On wicked music halls.

Mr. Blush. Yes - yes - yes -  
In towns I make improvement great Which go to swell the County Rate -  
I dwelling houses sanitize  
And purify the Halls!

Chorus. Yes - yes - yes -  
In towns he makes improvement great Which go to swell the County Rate -  
He'll dwelling houses sanitize  
And purify the Halls!  
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**SOLO - Zara.**

***Presenting MR. GOLDBURY.***

A Company Promoter this, with special education  
Which teaches what Contango means and also Backwardation -

To speculators he supplies a grand financial leaven,  
Time was when *two* were company - but now it must be seven.

Mr. Gold. Yes - yes - yes -  
Time was when *two* were company - but now it must be seven.  
Stupendous loans to foreign thrones  
I've largely advocated;  
In ginger-pops and peppermint-drops  
I've freely speculated;  
Then mines of gold, of wealth untold,  
Successfully I've floated,  
And sudden falls in apple-stalls  
Occasionally quoted:  
And soon or late I always call  
For Stock Exchange quotation -  
No schemes too great and none too small  
For Companification!

Chorus. Yes - yes - yes -  
No schemes too great and none too small  
For Companification!

Zara. (*Presenting CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.*)

And lastly I present  
Great Britain's proudest boast,  
Who from the blows  
Of foreign foes  
Protects her sea-girt coast -  
And if you ask him in respectful tone,  
He'll show you how you may protect your own!

Capt. C. I'm Captain Corcoran, K.C.B.,  
I'll teach you how we rule the sea,  
And terrify the simple Gaul.  
And how the Saxon and the Celt  
Their Europe-shaking blows have dealt  
With Maxim gun and Nordenfelt  
(Or will, when the occasion calls)  
If sailor-like you'd play your cards  
Unbend your sails, and lower your yards,  
Unstep your masts - you'll never want 'em more.  
Though we're no longer hearts of oak,  
Yet we can steer and we can stoke,  
And, thanks to coal, and thanks to coke,  
We never run a ship ashore!

All. What never?

Capt. C. No never!

All. What, *never*?  
Capt. C. Hardly ever!  
All. Hardly ever run a ship ashore!  
Then give three cheers and three cheers more,  
For the tar who never runs his ship ashore;  
Then give three cheers and three cheers more,  
For he never runs his ship ashore!

Chorus. All hail, all hail,  
Ye types of England's power -  
Ye heaven-enlightened band!  
We bless the day and bless the hour  
That brought you to our land.

### QUARTETTE.

King. Ye wanderers from a mighty State  
Zara, Lady S. & Fitz. Ye wanderers from a mighty State  
King. Oh teach us how to legislate -  
Zara, Lady S. & Fitz. Oh teach us how to legislate -  
The Four. Your/Our lightest word will carry weight  
In our/your attentive ears.  
Chorus. Oh teach the natives of this land  
The Four. Oh teach the natives of this land  
Chorus. (Who are not quick to understand)  
The Four. (Who are not quick to understand)  
All. Ye wanderers from a mighty State  
Oh teach us how to legislate -  
Your lightest word will carry weight,  
Will carry weight.  
Fitz. Increase your army!  
Lord D. Purify your Court!  
Capt. C. Get up your steam and cut your canvas short!  
Sir. Bailey To speak on both sides teach your sluggish brains!  
Mr. Blush. Widen your thoroughfares, and flush your drains!

Mr. Gold. Utopia's much too big for one small head -  
I'll float it as a Company Limited!

King. A Company Limited? What may that be?  
The term, I rather think, is new to me.

Chorus. A Company Limited?  
What may that be?

Sca., Phan., & Tarara. *(aside.)*  
What does he mean? What does he mean?  
Give us a kind of clue!  
What does he mean? What does he mean?  
What is he going to do?

### **SONG - Mr. Goldbury.**

Some seven men form an Association,  
(If possible, all Peers and Baronets)  
They start off with a public declaration  
To what extent they mean to pay their debts.  
That's called their Capital: if they are wary  
They will not quote it at a sum immense.  
The figure's immaterial - it may vary  
From eighteen million down to eighteenpence.

*I* should put it rather low;  
The good sense of doing so  
Will be evident to any debtor.  
When it's left to you to say  
What amount you mean to pay,  
Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.

Chorus. When it's left to you to say  
What amount you mean to pay,  
Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.

Mr. Gold. They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,  
Quite irrespective of their capital  
(It's shady, but it's sanctified by custom);  
Bank, Railway, Loan, or Panama Canal.  
You can't embark on trading too tremendous -  
It's strictly fair, and based on common sense -  
If you succeed, your profits are stupendous -  
And if you fail, pop goes your eighteenpence.  
Make the money-spinner spin!  
For you only stand to win,  
And you'll never with dishonesty be twitted.  
For nobody can know,

To a million or so,  
To what extent your capital's committed!

Chorus. No, nobody can know,  
To a million or so,  
To what extent your capital's committed!

Mr. Gold. If you come to grief and creditors are craving.  
(For nothing that is planned by mortal head  
Is certain in this Vale of Sorrow - saving  
That one's Liability is Limited) -  
Do you suppose that signifies perdition?  
If so you're but a monetary dunce -  
You merely file a Winding-Up Petition,  
And start another Company at once!  
Though a Rothschild you may be  
In your own capacity,  
As a Company you've come to utter sorrow -  
But the Liquidators say,  
"Never mind - you needn't pay,"  
So you start another Company tomorrow!

Chorus. But the Liquidators say,  
"Never mind - you needn't pay,"  
So you start another Company tomorrow!

### RECIT.

King. Well, at first sight it strikes us as dishonest,  
But if it's good enough for virtuous England -  
The first commercial country in the world -  
It's good enough for us.

Sca., Phan. and Tarara. (*aside to KING.*)  
You'd best take care -  
Please recollect *we* have not been consulted!

King. (*not heeding them.*) And do I understand you that Great Britain  
Upon this Joint Stock principle is governed?

Mr. Gold. We haven't come to that, exactly - but  
We're tending rapidly in that direction.  
The date's not distant.

King. (*enthusiastically.*) We will be before you!  
We'll go down to Posterity renowned  
As the First Sovereign in Christendom  
Who registered his Crown and Country under  
The Joint Stock Company's Act of Sixty-Two!

All. Ulahlica!

**SOLO - King.**

Henceforward, of a verity,  
With fame Ourselves we link -  
We'll go down to Posterity  
Of sovereigns all the pink!

Sca., Phan. and Tarara. (*aside to KING.*)  
If you've the mad temerity  
Our wishes thus to blink,  
You'll go down to Posterity  
Much earlier than you think!

Tarara. (*correcting them*). He'll go *up* to Posterity,  
If *I* inflict the blow!

Sca. and Phan. (*angrily*). He'll go *down* to Posterity,  
We think we ought to know!

Tarara. (*explaining*) He'll go *up* -  
Blown up with dynamite!

Sca. and Phan. (*apologetically*). He'll go *up* -  
Of course he will you're right!

The Three. Up, up, up, up!

Zara. Who love with all sincerity,  
Their lives may safely link;

Sca., Phan. and Tarara.  
  
If he has the mad temerity  
Our wishes thus to blink,  
He'll go up to Posterity  
Much earlier than they think!

He'll go up to Posterity  
Much earlier than they think!  
He'll go up to Posterity  
Murch earlier than they think!  
He'll go up, he'll go up,  
He'll go up, he'll go up,  
He'll go up, he'll go up!

Fitz.  
  
And as for  
our Posterity -  
We don't care  
what they think!

Zara and Fitz.

Who  
love,  
Who  
love,  
Love ----  
-----  
-----

Zara, Fitz, Nek, Kal.

Who love  
----- with all  
sincerity, Their  
lives may safe -  
ly link;  
And as –  
for our  
Posterity - We  
don't care what  
they think!

Sca., Phan. and Tarara.

If he has the mad temerity  
Our wishes thus to blink,  
He'll go up to Posterity  
Much earlier than they  
think!  
If he has the mad temerity  
Our wishes thus to blink,  
He'll go up to Posterity  
Much earlier than they  
think!

The Rest.

Henceforward, of a verity,  
With fame ourselves we  
link -  
And go down to Posterity  
Of sovereigns all the pink!  
Henceforward, of a verity,  
With fame ourselves we  
link -  
And go down to Posterity  
Of sovereigns all the pink!

Zara and Fitz

Sca., Phan. and Tarara.

The Rest.

Much earlier than they  
think!

Of sovereigns all the pink!

Much earlier than they  
think!

Of sovereigns all the pink!

Much earlier than they  
think!

Of sovereigns all the pink!

He'll go up to Posterity,

Of sovereigns -----

He'll go up to Posterity

all

Much earlier than they  
think!

the pink!

Who love

who love.

All.

Let's seal this mercantile pact  
The step we ne'er shall rue -  
It gives whatever we lacked -  
The statement's strictly true.  
All hail, astonishing Fact!  
All hail, Invention new -  
The Joint Stock Company's Act of Parliament  
Sixty-Two!

21

Let's seal this mercantile pact  
The step we ne'er shall rue -  
It gives whatever we lacked -  
The statement's strictly true.  
All hail, astonishing Fact!  
All hail, Invention new -  
The Joint Stock Company's Act of Parliament  
Sixty-Two!

The Act of Sixty-Two!

The Act of Sixty-Two!

*Wild dance. TARARA, SCAPHIO and PHANTIS working together at one side of the stage. LADY SOPHY, NEKAYA, KALYBA (the two girls with their eyes bandaged) dancing primly together on the opposite side.*

**CURTAIN**

**End of Act I.**

---

<sup>21</sup>This repeat is occasionally not performed although the band parts are complete.

## Act Two

***SCENE:- Pavilion in the Palace, enclosed by curtains. Night. FITZBATTLEAXE discovered, singing to ZARA.***

### **No.12. - RECIT. & SONG - (Captain Fitzbattleaxe)**

Oh, Zara, my beloved one, bear with me!  
Ah do not laugh at my attempted C!  
Repent not, mocking maid, thy girlhood's choice -  
The fervour of my love affects my voice!

### **SONG - Fitzbattleaxe.**

A tenor, all singers above,  
(This doesn't admit of a question),  
Should keep himself quiet,  
Attend to his diet  
And carefully nurse his digestion:  
But when he is madly in love  
It's certain to tell on his singing -  
You can't do chromatics  
With proper emphatics  
When anguish your bosom is wringing!  
When distracted with worries in plenty,  
And his pulse is a hundred and twenty,  
And his fluttering bosom the slave of mistrust is,  
A tenor can't do himself justice!  
*(spoken.)* Now observe - *(sings a high note)*,  
You see, I can't do myself justice!

I could sing, if my fervour were mock,  
It's easy enough if you're acting -  
But when one's emotion  
Is born of devotion  
You mustn't be over-exacting.  
One ought to be firm as a rock  
To venture a shake in *vibrato*,  
When fervour's expected  
Keep cool and collected  
Or never attempt *agitato*.  
But, of course, when his tongue is of leather,  
And his lips appear pasted together,  
And his sensitive palate as dry as a crust is,  
A tenor can't do himself justice.  
*(spoken.)* Now observe - *(sings a cadence)*,  
It's no use - I can't do myself justice!

- Zara. Why, Arthur, what *does* it matter? When the higher qualities of the heart are all that can be desired, the higher notes of the voice are matters of comparative insignificance. Who thinks slightingly of the cocoanut because it is husky? Besides (*demurely*) you are not singing for and engagement, (*putting her hand in his*) you have that already!
- Fitz. How good and wise you are! How unerringly your practised brain winnows the wheat from the chaff - the material from the merely incidental!
- Zara. My Girton training Arthur. At Girton all is wheat, and idle chaff is never heard within its walls! But tell me, is not all working marvellously well? Have not our Flowers of Progress more than justified their name?
- Fitz. We have indeed done our best. Captain Corcoran and I have, in concert, thoroughly remodelled the sister-services - and upon so sound a basis that the South Pacific<sup>22</sup> trembles at the name of Utopia!
- Zara. Now clever of you!
- Fitz. Clever? not a bit. It's as easy as possible when the Admiralty and Horse Guards and not there to interfere. And so with the others. Freed from the trammels imposed upon them by idle Acts of Parliament, all have given their natural talents full play and introduced reforms which, even in England, were never dreamt of!
- Zara. But perhaps the most beneficent change of all has been effected by Mr. Goldbury who, discarding the exploded theory that some strange magic lies hidden in the number Seven, has applied the Limited Liability principle to individuals, and every man, woman, and child is now a Company Limited with liability restricted to the amount of his declared Capital! There is not a christened baby in Utopia who has not already issued his little Prospectus!
- Fitz. Marvellous is the power of a Civilization which can transmute, by a word, a Limited Income into an Income (*Limited*).
- Zara. Reform has not stopped here - it has been applied even to the costume of our people. Discarding their own barbaric dress, the natives of our land have unanimously adopted the tasteful fashions of England in all their rich entirety. Scaphio and Phantis have undertaken a contract to supply the whole of Utopia with clothing designed upon the most approved English models - and the first Drawing Room under the new state of things is to be held here this evening.
- Fitz. But Drawing Rooms are always held in the afternoon.
- Zara. Ah, we've improved upon that. We all look so much better by candle-light! And when I tell you, dearest, that my court train has just arrived, you will understand that I am longing to go and try it on.
- Fitz. Then we must part?

---

<sup>22</sup>For the 1975 D'Oyly Carte revival which was set vaguely in the Arabian Seas, 'South Pacific' was changed to 'Orient'. Similar changes were made throughout the opera.

Zara. Necessarily for a time.

Fitz. Just as I wanted to tell you, with all the passionate enthusiasm of my nature, how deeply, how devotedly I love you!

Zara. Hush! Are these the accents of a heart that really feels? True love does not indulge in declamation, its voice is sweet, and soft, and low. The west wind whispers when he woos the poplars!

**No.13. - DUET - (Zara & Captain Fitzbattleaxe)<sup>23</sup>**

Zara. Words of love too loudly spoken  
Ring their own untimely knell;  
Noisy vows are rudely broken,  
Soft the song of Philomel.  
Whisper sweetly, whisper slowly,  
Hour by hour and day by day;  
Sweet and low as accents holy  
Are the notes of lover's lay!

Both. Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Sweet and low as accents holy  
Are the notes of lover's lay,  
Are the notes of lover's lay!

Fitz. Let the conqueror, flushed with glory,  
Bid his noisy clarions bray;  
Lovers tell their artless story  
In a whispered roundelay.  
False is he whose vows alluring  
Make the listening echos ring;  
Sweet and low when all-enduring,  
Are the songs that lovers sing!

Both. Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Sweet and low when all-enduring,  
Are the songs that lovers sing,  
Are the songs that lovers sing!

**No.13. - DUET - (Zara & Captain Fitzbattleaxe) - ORIGINAL**

Zara. Words of love too loudly spoken  
Ring their own untimely knell;  
Noisy vows are rudely broken,  
Soft the song of Philomel.

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<sup>23</sup>Gilbert's original version of this song is given in blue. Although never professionally performed in this version, this is how it was performed by St. David's Players in Exeter in 1984.

Tis a truth needs no refutation,  
Always whisper when you woo.  
Sweet and low the ringdoves tootle;  
Sweetly let us tootle too.

Both. Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Sweet and low the ringdoves tootle;  
Sweetly let us tootle too,  
Sweetly let us tootle too.

Fitz. Let the conqueror, flushed with glory,  
Bid his noisy clarions bray;  
Lovers tell their artless story  
In a whispered roundelay.  
Let him shout his pæan brutal  
Who proclaims a conquest new;  
Sweet and low the ringdoves tootle;  
Sweetly let us tootle too.

Both. Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Sweet and low the ringdoves tootle;  
Sweetly let us tootle too,  
Sweetly let us tootle too.

***Exit ZARA. Enter KING, dressed as a Field Marshal with his hair still in ringlets.***

King. To a Monarch who has been accustomed to the uncontrolled use of his limbs, the costume of a British Field Marshal is, perhaps, at first, a little cramping. Are you sure that this is all right? It's not a practical joke, is it? No one has a keener sense of humour than I have, but the First Statutory Cabinet Council of Utopia (*Limited*) must be conducted with dignity and impressiveness.

Fitz.<sup>24</sup> Your Majesty's hair is a little longer, perhaps, than according to strict regulation it should be. If you would permit me to send for the Court Barber -

King. No, no! We draw the line at that. No liberties with a Monarch's toilette. We have placed our Royal body, arms, and legs at your entire disposal - and a pretty figure of fun you've made of us - but we still retain absolute control over our Royal *chevelure*. Now, where are the other five who signed the Articles of Association?

Fitz. Sir, they are here.

***Enter LORD DRAMALEIGH, CAPTAIN CORCORAN, SIR BAILEY BARRE, MR. BLUSHINGTON and MR. GOLDBURY from different entrances.***

King. Oh! (*addressing them.*) Gentlemen, our daughter holds her first Drawing Room in half an hour, and we shall have to make our half yearly report in the interval. I am necessarily unfamiliar with the forms of an English Cabinet Council - perhaps the

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<sup>24</sup>The dialogue typed in blue was deleted during the rehearsal period.

Lord Chamberlain will kindly put us in the way of doing the thing properly, and with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion.

Lord D. Certainly - nothing simpler. Kindly bring your chairs forward - his Majesty will, of course, preside.

*They range their chairs across the stage like Christy Minstrels. KING sits C., LORD DRAMALEIGH on his L., MR. GOLDBURY on his R., CAPTAIN CORCORAN L. of LORD DRAMALEIGH, CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE R. of MR. GOLDBURY, MR. BLUSHINGTON extreme R., SIR BAILEY BARRE extreme L.*

King. Like this?

Lord D. Like this.

King. We take your word for it that this is all right. You are not making fun of us? This is in accordance with the practise at the Court of St. James's?

Lord D. It is in accordance with the practise at the Court of St. James's Hall.

King. Oh! it seems odd, but never mind.

**No.14. - SONG - (King) with Chorus of Six Flowers of Progress - (Mr. Blush., Lord Dram., Sir B. Barre., Cap. Fitz., Mr. Gold., & Cap. Cor.)**

King. Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses,  
Which empties our police courts and abolishes divorces.

Chorus. Divorce is nearly obsolete in England.

King. No tolerance we show to undeserving rank and splendour;  
For the higher his position is, the greater the offender.

Chorus. That's a maxim that is prevalent in England.

King. No peeress at our Drawing Room before the Presence passes  
Who wouldn't be accepted by the lower-middle classes.  
Each shady dame, whatever be her rank, is bowed out neatly.

Chorus. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely,  
Completely, completely!  
It really is surprising  
What a thorough Anglicizing  
We have brought about - Utopia's quite another land;  
In her enterprising movements,  
She is England - with improvements,  
Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

King. Our city we have beautified - we've done it willy-nilly -  
And all that isn't Belgrave Square is Strand and Piccadilly.

Chorus. We haven't any slummeries in England!

King. We have solved the labour question with discrimination polished,  
So poverty is obsolete and hunger is abolished -

Chorus. We are going to abolish it in England!

King. The Chamberlain our native stage has purged, beyond a question,  
Of "risky" situation and indelicate suggestion;  
No piece is tolerated if it's costumed indiscreetly -

Chorus. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely,  
Completely, completely!  
It really is surprising  
What a thorough Anglicizing  
We have brought about - Utopia's quite another land;  
In her enterprising movements,  
She is England - with improvements,  
Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

King. Our Peerage we've remodelled on an intellectual basis,  
Which certainly is rough on our hereditary races -

Chorus. We are going to remodel it in England.

King. The Brewers and the Cotton Lords no longer seek admission,  
And Literary Merit meets with proper recognition -

Chorus. As literary merit does in England!

King. Who knows but we may count among our intellectual chickens  
Like you, and Earl of Thackery and p'r'aps a Duke of Dickens -  
Lord Fildes and Viscount Millais (when they come) we'll welcome sweetly -

Chorus. In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely,  
Completely, completely!  
It really is surprising  
What a thorough Anglicizing  
We have brought about - Utopia's quite another land;  
In her enterprising movements,  
She is England - with improvements,  
Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

It really is surprising  
What a thorough Anglicizing  
We have undergone - Utopia's quite another land;  
In her enterprising movements,  
She is England - with improvements,  
Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>25</sup> Although not indicated in the Vocal Score or the Band Parts, in some productions the introductory bars 1 - 8 on VSP. 100 are repeated at the end of this number as a ploy. Also

*At the end all rise and replace their chairs.*

King. Now then, for our First Drawing Room. Where are the Princesses? What an extraordinary thing it is that since European looking-glasses have been supplied to the Royal bed-rooms my daughters are invariably late!

Lord D. Sir, their Royal Highnesses await your pleasure in the Ante-Room.

King. Oh. Then request them to do us the favour to enter at once.

### **No.15. - ENTRANCE OF THE COURT**

*MARCH. - Enter all the Royal Household, including (besides the Lord Chamberlain (LORD DRAMALEIGH)) the Vice-Chamberlain (CALYNX), The Master of the Horse, the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord Steward, the Comptroller of the Household (MR. GOLDBURY), the Lord-in-Waiting, the Groom-in-Waiting, the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, the Gold and Silver Stick, and the Gentlemen Ushers. Then enter the three Princesses (their trains carried by Pages of Honour,) LADY SOPHY, and the Ladies-in-Waiting.*

King. My daughters, we are about to attempt a very solemn ceremonial, so no giggling, if you please. Now, my Lord Chamberlain, we are ready.

Lord D. Then, ladies and gentlemen, places if you please. His Majesty will take his place in front of the throne, and will be so obliging as to kiss all the *débutantes*.

*LADY SOPHY, much shocked, again blindfolds the young Princesses.*

King. What - must I really?

Lord D. Absolutely indispensable.

King. *(aside.)* More jam for the Palace Peeper!

*The KING takes his place in front of the throne, the PRINCESS ZARA on his left. The two younger Princesses on the left of ZARA.*

King. Now, is every one in his place?

Lord D. Every one is in his place.

King. Then let the revels commence.

### **No.16. - DRAWING ROOM MUSIC**

*The ladies to be presented then enter - give their cards to the Lord-in-Waiting, who passes them on to CALYNX, who passes them to LORD DRAMALEIGH, who reads the names to the KING as each lady approaches. The ladies curtsy in succession to the KING and the Three Princesses, and pass out, re-entering afterwards. When all the presentations have been accomplished the KING, Princesses, and LADY SOPHY come forward.*

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not indicated in the stage direction for this number is the fact that each of the characters plays an instrument throughout this number. The Spoons, Bones, Violin, etc. are traditional, as is the KING's Banjo.

**No.17. - RECIT - (King) & CHORUS (Unaccompanied)**

This ceremonial our wish displays  
To copy all Great Britain's courtly ways.  
Though lofty aims catastrophe entail,  
We'll gloriously succeed or nobly fail!

**SEXTETTE - (King, Princess Zara, Princesses Nekaya and Kalyba, Lady Sophy, Fitzbattleaxe, and Chorus**

Eagle high in cloudland soaring -  
Sparrow twittering on a reed -  
Tiger in the jungle roaring -  
Frightened fawn in grassy mead -  
Let the eagle, not the sparrow,  
Be the object of your arrow -  
Fix the tiger with your eye -  
Pass the fawn in pity by.

King and Tenors.      Glory, glory,

All.                      Glory then will crown the day -  
Glory, glory anyway,  
Glory, glory anyway,  
Glory, glory anyway!  
Glory still will crown the day -  
Crown the day -  
Glory then will crown the day -  
Crown the day -  
Crown the day,  
Glory then will crown the day -  
Crown the day -  
Crown the day,

Ladies.                Glory -

All.                      Glory then will crown the day!

*They Exeunt all.*

*Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS, now dressed as judges in red and ermine robes and undress wigs. They come down stage melodramatically - working together.*

**No.18. - DUET - (Scaphio & Phantis)**

Sca.                    With fury deep we burn -

Phan.                 We do -

Sca.                    We fume with smothered rage.

Phan.                 We do -

Sca.            These Englishmen who rule supreme  
                  Their undertaking they redeem  
                  By stifling every harmless scheme  
                  In which we both engage -

Phan.          They do -

Sca.            In which we both engage.

Phan.          We think it is our turn -

Sca.            We do -

Phan.          We think our turn has come -

Sca.            We do -

Phan.          These Englishmen they must prepare  
                  To seek at once their native air -  
                  The King as heretofore we swear  
                  Shall be beneath our thumb -

Sca.            He shall -

Phan.          Shall be beneath our thumb

Sca.            He shall -

Both.          For this mustn't be, and this won't do,  
                  If you'll back me, then I'll back you;  
                  No, this won't do, no, this mustn't be,  
                  No, this mustn't be, no, this won't do -

*Enter the KING.*

King.          No, this won't do!

King.          Gentlemen, gentlemen - really! This unseemly display of energy within the Royal Precincts is altogether unpardonable. Pray what do you complain of?

Sca. (*furiously.*) What do we complain of? Why, through the innovations introduced by the Flowers of Progress all our harmless schemes making provision for our old age are ruined. Our Matrimonial Agency is at a standstill. Our Cheap Sherry business is in bankruptcy. Our Army Clothing contracts are paralyzed, and even our Society Paper, the *Palace Peeper*, is practically defunct!

King.          Defunct? Is that so? Dear, dear, I am truly sorry.

Sca.            Are you aware that Sir Bailey Barre has introduced a law of libel by which all editors of scurrilous newspapers are publicly flogged - as in England? And six of our editors have resigned in succession!

Phan.          Then our Burlesque Theatre is absolutely ruined!

King. Dear me. Well, theatrical property is not what it was.

Phan. Are you aware that the Lord Chamberlain, who has his own views as to the best means of elevating the national drama, has declined to license any play that is not in blank verse and three hundred years old - as in England?

Sca. And as if that wasn't enough, the County Councillor has ordered a four-foot wall to be built up right across the proscenium, in case of fire - as in England.

Phan. It's so hard on the company - who are liable to be roasted alive - and this has to be met by enormously increased salaries - as in England.

King. Really, gentlemen, this is very irregular. If you will be so good as to formulate a detailed list of your grievances in writing, addressed to the Secretary of Utopia (*Limited*), they will be laid before the Board, in due course, at their next monthly meeting.

Sca. Are we to understand that we are defied?

King. That is the idea I intended to convey.

Phan. Defied! We are defied!

Sca. (*furiously.*) Take care - you know our powers. Trifle with us, and you die!

**No.19. - TRIO - (King, Scaphio, & Phantis)**

Sca. If you think that when banded in unity,  
We may both be defied with impunity,  
You are sadly misled of a verity!

Phan. If you value repose and tranquillity,  
You'll revert to a state of docility,  
Or prepare to regret your temerity!

King. If my speech is unduly refractory  
You will find it a course satisfactory  
At an early Board meeting to show it up.  
Though if proper excuse you can trump any,  
You may *wind* up a Limited Company,  
You cannot conveniently *blow* it up!

***SCAPHIO and PHANTIS thoroughly baffled.***

King. (*dancing quietly.*) Whene're I chance to baffle you  
I, also, dance a step or two -  
Of this now guess the hidden sense -  
Of this now guess the hidden sense:

***SCAPHIO and PHANTIS consider the question as KING continues dancing quietly - they give it up.***

King. It means - complete indifference!

Sca. and Phan. Of course it does -  
Of course it does -  
It means complete indifference -

King. Indifference -  
Indifference -  
Indifference!

***KING dances quietly. SCAPHIO and PHANTIS dance furiously.***

Sca. and Phan. As we've a dance for every mood  
With *pas de trois* we will conclude.  
What this may mean you all may guess -  
It typifies remorselessness -  
Remorselessness -  
Remorselessness -

King. It means unruffled cheerfulness!

Sca. and Phan.

Remorselessness - remorselessness -  
It typifies remorselessness!

King.

It means unruffled cheerfulness -  
It means unruffled cheerfulness!

***KING dances off placidly as SCAPHIO and PHANTIS dance furiously.***

Phan. (*breathless.*) He's right - we are helpless! He's no longer a human being - he's a Corporation, and so long as he confines himself to his Articles of Association we can't touch him! What are we to do?

Sca. Do? Raise a Revolution, repeal the Act of Sixty-Two, reconvert hi into an individual, and insist upon his immediate explosion! (*TARARA enters.*) Tarara, come here; you're the very man we want.

Tarara. Certainly, allow me. (*Offers a cracker to each, they snatch them away impatiently.*) That's rude.

Sca. We have no time for idle forms. You wish to succeed to the throne?

Tarara. Naturally.

Sca. The you won't unless you join us. The King has defied us, and, as matters stand, we are helpless. So are you. We must devise some cunning plot at once to bring the people about his ears.

Tarara. A plot?

Phan. Yes, a plot of superhuman subtlety. Have you such a thing about you?

Tarara. (*feeling.*) No, I think not. There's one on my dressing-table.

Sca. We can't wait - we must concoct one at once, and put it into execution without delay. There's not a moment to spare.

**No.20. - TRIO - (Tarara, Phantis, & Scaphio)**

With wily brain upon the spot  
A private plot we'll plan,  
The most ingenious private plot  
Since private plots began.  
That's understood. So far we've got  
And striking while the iron's hot,  
We'll now determine like a shot  
The details of this private plot.

Sca. I think we ought - (*whispers*).

Phan. and Tar. Such bosh I never heard.

Phan. Ah! Happy thought! - (*whispers*).

Sca. and Tar. How utterly dashed absurd!

Tar. I'll tell you how - (*whispers*).

Sca. and Phan. Why, what put that in your head?

Sca. I've got it now - (*whispers*).

Phan. and Tar. Oh, take him away to bed!

Phan. Oh, put him to bed!

Tar. Oh, put him to bed!

Sca. What! put *me* to bed?

Phan. and Tar. Yes, certainly put him to bed!

Sca. But, bless me, don't you see -

Phan. Do listen to me, I pray -

Tar. It certainly seems to me -

Sca. Bah - this is the only way!

Phan. It's rubbish absurd you growl!

Tar. You talk ridiculous stuff!

Sca. You're a drivelling barndoor owl!

Phan. You're a vapid and vain old muff!  
You're a vain old muff!

Scaphio.	Tarara.	Phantis.
You're a drivelling barndoor owl!	You're talking ridi -	
drivelling, drivelling, drivelling barndoor owl!	culous stuff! Ridiculous, ridiculous, ridiculous stuff!	You're a vapid and vain old muff, a vain old muff!

*All coming down to audience.*

All. So far we haven't quite solved the plot -  
They're not a very ingenious lot -  
But don't be unhappy,  
It's still on the *tapis*,  
We'll presently hit on a capital plot!

Sca. Suppose we all - (*whispers*).

Phan. Now *there* I think you're right.  
Then we might all - (*whispers*).

Tar. That's true - we certainly might.  
I'll tell you what - (*whispers*).

Sca. We will if we possibly can.  
Then on the spot - (*whispers*).

Phan. and Tar. Bravo! a capital plan!

Sca. That's exceedingly neat and new!

Phan. Exceeding new and neat!

Tar. I fancy that that will do.

Sca. It's certainly very complete.

Phan. Well done, you sly old sap!

Tar. Bravo, you cunning old mole!

Sca. You very ingenious chap!

Phan. You intellectual, intellectual soul!

Scaphio.	Tarara.	Phantis.
You very ingenious chap, You very ingenious, ingenious, ingenious chap!	Bravo! You cunning old mole! You cunning, you cun- ing, you cunning old mole!	You intellectual, lectual,  lectual soul!

*All, coming down, and addressing the audience.*

All. At last a capital plan we've got;  
We won't say how and we won't say what;  
It's safe in my noddle -  
Now off we will toddle,  
And slyly develop this capital plot!

At length a capital plan we've got;  
We won't say how and we won't say what;  
It's safe in my noddle -  
Now off we will toddle,  
And slyly develop this capital plot!

*Business. Exeunt all.*

*Enter LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. GOLDBURY.*

Lord D. Well, what do you think of our first South Pacific Drawing Room? Allowing for a slight difficulty with the trains, and a little want of familiarity with the rouge-pot, it was, on the whole, a meritorious affair?

Mr. Gold. My dear Dramaleigh, it redounds infinitely to your credit/

Lord D. One or two judicious innovations, I think?

Mr. Gold. Admirable. The cup of tea and the plate of mixed biscuits were a cheap and effective inspiration.

Lord D. Yes - my idea, entirely. Never been done before.

Mr. Gold. Pretty little maids, the King's youngest daughters, but shy.

Lord D. That'll wear off. Young.

Mr. Gold. *That'll* wear off. Ha! here they come, by George! And without the Dragon! What can they have done with her?

*Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA, timidly.*

Nek. Oh, if you please Lady Sophy has sent us in here, because Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe are going on, in the garden, in a manner which no well conducted young ladies ought to witness.

Lord D. Indeed, we are very much obliged to her Ladyship.

Kal. Are you? I wonder why.

Nek. Don't tell us if it's rude.

Lord D. Rude? Not at all. We are obliged to Lady Sophy because she has afforded us the pleasure of seeing you.

Nek. I don't think you ought to talk to us like that.

Kal. It's certain to turn our heads.

Mr. Gold. Pray be reassured - you are in no danger whatever. But may I ask - is this extreme delicacy - this shrinking sensitiveness - a general characteristic of Utopian young ladies?

Kal. Oh no; we are crack specimens.

Nek. We are the pick of the basket.

Kal. *Would* you mind not coming quite so near? Thank you. Unfortunately, most young ladies are sadly lacking in that demure propriety which is so generally admired in us. *Would* you stand a little further off, please?

Nek. And please don't look at us like that; it unsettles us.

Kal. And we don't like it. At least, we *do* like it; but it's wrong.

Nek. *We* have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being educated by a most refined and easily-shocked English lady, on the very strictest English principles.

Mr. Gold. But my dear young ladies -

Kal. Oh don't! You mustn't. It's too affectionate.

Nek. It really does unsettle us.

Mr. Gold. Are you really under the impression that English girls are so ridiculously demure? Why, an English girl of the highest type is the best, the most beautiful, the bravest, and the brightest creature that Heaven has conferred upon this world of ours. She is frank, open-hearted and fearless, and never shows in so favourable a light as when she gives her own blameless impulses full play!

Nek. and Kal. Oh, you shocking story!

Mr. Gold. Not at all. I'm speaking the strict truth. I'll tell you all about her.

### **No.21. - SONG - (Mr. Goldbury)<sup>26</sup>**

A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,  
In her magnificent comeliness,  
Is an English girl of eleven stone two,  
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe!  
She follows the hounds, and on she pounds -  
The "field" tails off and the muffs diminish -  
Over the hedges and brooks she bounds  
Straight as a crow, from find to finish.  
At cricket her kin will lose or win -  
She and her maids, on grass and clover,  
Eleven maids - eleven maids in -  
And perhaps an occasional "maiden over"!

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<sup>26</sup>For the 1975 D'Oyly Carte production, the second verse of this song was omitted.

Oh! Go search the world and search the sea,  
Then come you home and sing with me,  
There's no such gold and no such pearl  
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

With a ten mile spin she stretches her limbs,  
She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims -  
She plays, she sings, she dances, too,  
From ten or eleven till all is blue!  
At ball or drum, till small hours come,  
(Chaperon's fan conceals her yawning)  
She'll waltz away like a teetotum,  
And never go home till daylight's dawning.  
Lawn tennis may share her favours fair -  
Her eyes a-dance and her cheeks a-glowing -  
Down comes her hair, but what does she care?  
It's all her own and it's worth the showing!

Oh! Go search the world and search the sea,  
Then come you home and sing with me,  
There's no such gold and no such pearl  
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

Her soul is sweet as the mountain air,  
For prudery knows no haven there;  
To find mock modest, please apply  
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.  
Rich in the things contentment brings,  
In every pure enjoyment wealthy;  
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,  
For body and mind are hale and healthy.  
Her eyes they thrill with right goodwill -  
Her heart is light as a floating feather -  
As pure and bright as the mountain rill  
That leaps and laughs in the Highland heather!

Ah! Go search the world and search the sea,  
Then come you home and sing with me,  
There's no such gold and no such pearl  
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

**No.22. - QUARTET - (Nekaya, Kalyba, Lord Dramaleigh, & Mr.  
Goldbury)**

Nek. Then I may sing and play?  
Lord D. You may!  
Kal. And I may laugh and shout?

Mr. Gold. No doubt!

Nek. These maxims you endorse?

Lord D. Of course!

Kal. You won't exclaim "Oh fie!"

Mr. Gold. Not I!

Nek. and Kal. Then I may sing and play,  
And I may laugh and shout,  
You won't exclaim "Oh fie"!

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Gold. Whatever you are - be that:  
Whatever you say - be true:  
Straightforwardly act -  
Be honest - in fact  
Be nobody else but *you*.

Lord D. Give every answer pat -  
Your character true unfurl;  
And when it is ripe,  
You'll then be a type  
Of a capital English girl!

All. Oh sweet surprise - oh dear delight  
To find it undisputed quite -  
All musty, fusty rules despite,  
That Art is wrong and Nature right!

Oh sweet surprise - oh dear delight  
To find it undisputed quite -  
All musty, fusty rules despite,  
That Art is wrong and Nature right!

Nek. When happy I,  
With laughter glad  
I'll wake the echos fairly,  
And only sigh  
When I am sad -  
And that will be but rarely!

Kal. I'll row and fish,  
And gallop, soon -  
No longer be a prim one -  
And when I wish  
To hum a tune,  
It needn't be a hymn one!

Nek. and Kal. No, no!  
No, no!

All. It needn't be a hymn one!

*(dancing).* Oh sweet surprise - oh dear delight  
To find it undisputed quite -  
All musty, fusty rules despite,  
That Art is wrong and Nature right!

Oh sweet surprise - oh dear delight  
To find it undisputed quite -  
All musty, fusty rules despite,  
That Art is wrong and Nature right!

*Dance and off.*

*Enter LADY SOPHY.*

**No.23. - RECIT. & SONG - (Lady Sophy)**

Oh, would some demon power the gift impart  
To quell my over-conscientious heart -  
Unspeak the oaths that never had been spoken,  
And break the vows that never shall be broken!

**SONG - (Lady Sophy)<sup>27</sup>**

When but a maid of fifteen year,  
Unsought - unpledged -  
Short petticoated - and, I fear,  
Still shorter- sighted -  
I mad a vow, one early spring,  
That only to some spotless king  
Who proof or blameless life could bring,  
I'd be united.  
For I had read not long before,  
Of blameless kings in fairy lore,  
And thought the race still flourished here -  
I was a maid of fifteen year!  
Well, well -  
Well, well -  
I was a maid of fifteen year!

*The KING enters and overhears this verse.*

Each morning I pursued my game  
(An early riser);  
For spotless monarchs I became

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<sup>27</sup>The D'Oyly Carte production of 1975 reduced this song to one verse by combining elements of both.

An advertiser!  
But all in vain I searched each land,  
So, kingless, to my native strand  
Returned, a little older, and  
A good deal wiser!  
I learnt that spotless King and Prince  
Have disappeared some ages since -  
E'en Paramount's angelic grace  
Is but a mask on Nature's face!  
Ah, me!  
Ah, me!  
Is but a mask on Nature's face!  
On Nature's face!

***KING comes forward.***

**No.24. - RECIT. - (King & Lady Sophy)**

King. Ah, Lady Sophy - then you love me!  
For so you sing -

Lady S. (*indignant and surprised*). No, no, by the stars that shine above me,  
Degraded King! (*Producing "Palace Peeper."*)  
For while these rumours, through the city bruited,  
Remain uncontradicted, unrefuted,  
The object thou of my aversion rooted,  
Repulsive thing!

King. Be just - the time is now at hand  
When truth may published be,  
These paragraphs were written and  
Contributed by me!

Lady S. By you? No, no!

King. Yes, yes, I swear, by me!  
I, caught in Scaphio's ruthless toil,  
Contributed the lot!

Lady S. And *that* is why you did not boil  
The author on the spot!

King. And *that* is why I did not boil  
The author on the spot!

Lady S. I *couldn't* think why you did not boil  
The author on the spot!

King.<sup>28</sup> (*spoken*). I knew very well why I did not -

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<sup>28</sup> Although not printed in any edition of the libretto, this line is often included in performance.

Both. Boil him on the spot!

**No.24a. - DUET - (King & Lady Sophy)**

Lady S. Oh rapture unrestrained  
Of a candid retractation!  
For my sovereign has deigned  
A convincing explanation -  
And the clouds that gathered o'er,  
All have vanished in the distance,  
And of Kings of fairy lore  
One, at least, is in existence!  
And of Kings of fairy lore  
One, at least, is in existence!

King. Oh, the skies are blue above,  
And the earth is red and rosal,  
Now the lady of my love  
Has accepted my proposal!  
For that *asinorum pons*  
I have crossed without assistance,  
And of prudish paragons  
One, at least, is in existence!  
And of prudish paragons  
One, at least, is in existence!

Lady S. The clouds,

King. The clouds,

Lady S. The clouds,

King. The clouds,

Lady S. The clouds,

Both. That gathered o'er,

King. Have vanish'd,

Lady S. Have vanish'd

King. Have vanish'd,

Lady S. Have vanish'd

King. Have -

Both. vanish'd in the distance,  
All have vanish'd, all have vanish'd,  
All have vanish'd, vanish'd, vanish'd in the distance!

<sup>29</sup> *KING and SOPHY dance gracefully - during this LORD DRAMALEIGH enters with NEKAYA and MR. GOLDBURY with KALYBA from opposite entrances. They are much amused and join, unobserved, in the dance. Then ZARA and CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE enter C. and join, also unobserved. The KING and LADY SOPHY are suddenly aware of the presence of the others. They are taken aback for the moment - then, throwing off all reserve, they join in a Tarantella and all go off in couples at different entrances.*<sup>30</sup>

### **No.24b. - TARANTELLA**

*Enter excitedly TARARA, meeting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*<sup>31</sup>

Sca. Well - how works the plot? Have you done our bidding? Have you explained to the happy and contented populace the nature of their wrongs, and the desperate consequences that must ensue if they are not rectified?

Tarara. I have explained nothing. I have done better - I have made an affidavit that what they supposed to be happiness was really unspeakable misery - and they are furious! You know you can't help believing an affidavit.

Sca. Of course - an admirable thought! Ha! they come!

*Enter all the male Chorus, in great excitement, from various entrances, followed by the female Chorus.*

### **No.25. - CHORUS**

Men. Upon our sea-girt land  
At our enforced command  
Reform has laid his hand  
Like some remorseless ogress -  
And made us darkly rue  
The deeds she dared to do -  
And all is owing to  
Those hated Flowers of Progress.

Ladies. So down with them!  
Down with them!

All. Reform's a hated ogress.

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<sup>29</sup>This stage direction changed a number of times during the original production as the Tarantella was removed from performance and then reinstated.

<sup>30</sup>During performances when the Tarantella was not used, presumably the KING and LADY SOPHY remained on stage during the chorus number, the remaining characters entering after the chorus had concluded.

<sup>31</sup>This dialogue was performed during early performances. Presumably it was spoken over the 'Graceful Dance' when the 'Tarantella' was omitted, and after the exit of the principals when the 'Tarantella' was performed.

Ladies.           Down with them!  
                       Down with them!

<sup>32</sup>Men.            Down with the Flowers of Progress!

Ladies.           Down with the Flowers of Progress!

Men.              Down with the Flowers of Progress!

Ladies.           Down with the Flowers of Progress!

Men.              Down with them!

All.               Down with them!  
                       Down with them!  
                       Down with them!  
                       Down with the Flowers of Progress!

*Flourish.* <sup>32</sup> *Enter KING, his three daughters, LADY SOPHY, and the FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.*

King.<sup>33</sup>        What means this unmannerly irruption?  
                       Is this your gratitude for boons conferred?

Sca.            Boons? Bah! A fico for such boons say we!  
                       These boons have brought Utopia to a standstill!  
                       Our pride and boast - the Army and the Navy -  
                       Have both been re-constructed and re-modelled  
                       On so irresistible a basis  
                       That all the neighbouring nations have disarmed -  
                       And War's impossible! Your County Councillor  
                       Has passed such drastic Sanitary laws  
                       That all the doctors dwindle, starve, and die!  
<sup>34</sup>Commerce is stagnant. Every man is now  
                       A Company Limited, and when he's dunned,  
                       Winds himself up, and then begins afresh!  
                       The laws, re-modelled by Sir Bailey Barre,  
                       Have quite extinguished crime and litigation:  
                       The lawyers starve, and all the jails are let  
                       As model lodgings for the working classes!  
                       In short -  
                       Utopia, swamped by dull Prosperity

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<sup>32</sup>Whether the "Flourish" is included in the current band parts is not known. It was certainly included on the recording made by the Lyric Theatre Company of Washington during the early 1970's.

<sup>33</sup>For some reason these two speeches are written in blank verse.

<sup>34</sup>This passage was deleted before the opening.

<sup>35</sup> Stifled with benefits, all English born,  
Demands that these detested Flowers of Progress  
Be sent about their business, and affairs  
Restored to their original complexion!

King. *(to people.)* Is this your will?

All. It is - it is. Down with the Flowers of Progress!

King. *(to ZARA.)* My daughter, this is a very unpleasant state of things. What is to be done?

Zara. I don't know - there's something wrong. I don't understand it.

King. Is everything at a standstill in England? Is there no litigation there? no bankruptcy?  
no poverty? no squalor? no crime? no sickness?

Zara. Plenty; it's the most prosperous country in the world! We must have omitted  
something.

King. Omitted something? Yes, that's all very well, but -

***SIR BAILEY BARRE whispers to ZARA.***

Zara. *(suddenly.)* Of course! Now I remember! Why, I had forgotten the most important,  
the most vital, the most essential element of all!

King. And that is? -

Zara. Government by Party! Introduce that great and glorious element - at once the  
bulwark and foundation of England's greatness - and all will be well! No political  
measure will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party  
has done; inexperienced civilians will govern your Army and your Navy; no social  
reforms will be attempted, because out of vice, squalor, and drunkenness no  
political capital is to be made; and while grouse is to be shot, and foxes worried to  
death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be  
sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the  
Army and the Navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity!

All. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Phan. *(aside.)* Baffled!

Sca. But an hour *will* come!

King. Your hour has come already - away with them, and let them wait my will!  
*(SCAPHIO and PHANTIS are handcuffed.)* Tarara, you deserve some  
compensation in exchange for the privilege of blowing us up and succeeding to the  
throne, so we appoint you Perpetual Chief Inspector of Explosives, under 38 and  
39 Vic., cap. 17, s. 62. *(TARARA immediately pulls out a cracker, and putting on  
his spectacles, proceeds to inspect it.)* From this moment Government by party is

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<sup>35</sup> All blue text on this page was deleted during the original production.

adopted, with all its attendant blessings; and henceforward Utopia will no longer be a Monarchy (Limited), but, what is a great deal better, a Limited Monarchy!

## **No.26. - FINALE ACT II**

Zara.           There's a little group of isles beyond the wave,  
So tiny you might almost wonder where it is;  
That nation is the bravest of the brave,  
And cowards are the rarest of all rarities:  
The proudest nations kneel at her command;  
She terrifies all foreign-born rascallions,  
And holds the peace of Europe in her hand,  
With half a score invincible battalions.

All.            Such at least is the tale  
Which is born on the gale  
From the island that dwells in the sea -  
Let us hope for her sake  
That she makes no mistake,  
That she's all she professes to be!

King.          Oh, may we copy all her maxims wise,  
And imitate her virtues and her charities,  
And may we by degrees acclimatize  
Her Parliamentary peculiarities!  
By doing so we shall, in course of time,  
Regenerate completely our entire land;  
Great Britain is that monarchy sublime,  
To which some add (but others do not) Ireland.

All.<sup>36</sup>         Such at least is the tale  
Which is born on the gale  
From the island that dwells in the sea -  
Let us hope for her sake  
That she makes no mistake,  
That she's all she professes to be!  
Such at least is the tale  
Which is born on the gale!

**CURTAIN.**

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<sup>36</sup>Gilbert originally intended that the second verse chorus should be thus:-

Such at least is our view,  
If it prove to be true  
We shall rise to the top of the tree -  
But supposing instead  
That we've all been misled,  
What a kettle of fish there will be!  
What a kettle of fish there will be!