Utopia, Limited

or The Flowers of Progress

Book by W.S. Gilbert

Music by Arthur Sullivan

An Original Comic Opera in Two Acts

Piano and Vocal Score

Typeset by Larry Byler
# Utopia, Limited

## OR, THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS

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Upon our sea-girt land.................................

There’s a little group of isles beyond the wave....
Introduction
(Instrumental)

Dialogue and lyrics by: Sir William S. Gilbert
Music by: Sir Arthur Sullivan
\( \text{\textit{p} a \text{\textit{a tempo}}} \)

\( \text{\textit{p subito}} \)

\( \text{\textit{mp}} \)

\( \text{\textit{cresc.}} \)
SCENE. -- A Utopian Palm Grove in the 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, lying lazily about the stage and thoroughly enjoying themselves in lotus-eating fashion.

No. 1. In lazy languor motionless

Phylla and Women

Andante espressivo
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 Lazy land! In lazy languor

motion-less, We lie and dream of nothing-ness.
Phylla:

The song of birds in ivied towers;

The rippling play of wa-ter-way;

The low-ing herds;

The breath of flowers;

The lan-guid loves of tur-tle doves.

Women:

The song of birds in
Phylla:

The ivied towers;
The rippling play of waterway;

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

Women: These simple joys are
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—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 glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilized nations!

Salata: Then 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 favored 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 tongue?

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 to His Majesty, 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 overmastered 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 day and night 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, and it then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite--allow me. (Presenting a cracker which CALYNX pulls.) Thank you--and, as some compensation to my wounded feelings, I reign in his stead.

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 day and night 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, and it then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite--allow me. (Presenting a cracker which CALYNX pulls.) Thank you--and, as some compensation to 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 power.

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

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 may 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 immoralties! Under the circumstances I really think I am justified in exclaiming "Lalabalele molola lililah kalabalale poo!" (All horrified.) I don't care--the occasion demands it. (Exit TARARA)
No. 2. O make way for the Wise Men!

Chorus:

Allegretto pesante

(March. Enter Guard, escorting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS)

Chorus:

O make way for the Wise Men! They are prize-men, Double - first in the world's un - ver-si-ty!

For tho' love-ly this is-land (Which is my land), She has no one to match them in her ci-ty. They're the pride of U - to-pia. Cor-nu-co-pia is each in his men-tal fer -
tili
ty
O they neve
r make blun
der, And no won
der, For they're tri
umphs of

infal
bili
ty!
So make way for the Wise Men! They are prize-men. Dou
ble-

cresc.

first in the world's uni
ver
sity!
For tho' love
ly this
is
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my land), She has no one to match them in her ci
ty.

D
No. 2a. In every mental lore
Scaphio, Phantis, and Chorus

Scaphio:

mf 1. In every mental lore

Phantis: Sca:
lore, (The statement smacks of vanity), We claim to rank before, The

Phan: Sca:

wisest of humanity, As gifts of head and heart, We're wasted on "u-

Sca: Phan:
rest is electricity, A pound of dynamite, Ex-plodes in his au-

E
We're "cast" to play a part—part of great responsibility. Our peculiar: It's not a pleasant sight. We'll spare you the particulars. It's our duty to spy: To spy upon our King's iniquities: And keep a watchful eye: On all his eccentricities: If ever a trick he tries, he tries: That savours of rascality: And our minds: He decreed: He dies, he dies: With the least for-
We spectacle. Of a tyrant polite He's a paragon quite. He's as modest and mild In his ways as a child; And no one e'er met With an autocrat, yet, So delightfully bland To the least in the land, So delightfully bland To the
least in the land, So bland, so bland!

make way for the Wise Men! They are prizemen Double first in the world's uni-

ver-si-ty!

For though love-ly this is-land (Which is my land), She has no one to match them in her ci-ty.

(Exeunt all but SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.)
Scaphio: Phantis, you are not in your customary exuberant spirits. What is wrong?
Phantis: Scaphio, I think you once told me that you have never loved?
Scaphio: 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, oh, 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 accumulated fervor 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 the woman who approaches within measurable distance of it. All are opaque—opaque—opaque!
Phantis: 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 as I am—eternally racked with doubting agonies! Scaphio, the Princess Zara returns from England today!
Scaphio: My poor boy, I see it all.
Phantis: 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.
Scaphio: Now tell me, is your affection requited?
Phantis: I do not know—I am not sure. Sometimes I think it is, and then come these torturing doubts! I feel sure that she does not regard me with absolute indifference, for she could never look at me without having to go to bed with a sick headache.
Scaphio: That is surely something. Come, take heart, boy! you are young and beautiful. What more could maiden want?
Phantis: Ah! Scaphio, remember she returns from a land where every youth is as a young Greek god, and where such beauty as I can boast is seen at every turn.
Scaphio: Be of good cheer! Marry her, boy, if so your fancy wills, and be sure that love will come.
Phantis: (overjoyed) Then you will assist me in this?
Scaphio: 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.
Phantis: Now I may hope, indeed! Scaphio, you have placed me on the very pinnacle of human joy!
No. 3. Let all your doubts take wing

Scaphio and Phantis

Allegro moderato

Scaphio: 1. Let all your doubts take wing
Our influence is great.

Phantis: If paramount our King presume to hesitate,
I've but to speak the word, and lo! the maid is mine!

Let all your doubts take wing,
Our influence is great.

If paramount our King presume to hesitate,
I've but to speak the word, and lo! the maid is mine!

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If paramount our King presume to hesitate,
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Let all your doubts take wing,
life and limb, Should he pooh-pooh This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This harm-less whim, This
King de-cide, The Royal shoes Then woe be-tide! Then woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide, Then

(Ph.)

(Sc.)

Both

harm-less whim, This harm-less whim. It is as you I say, A harm-less whim, A harm-less whim.
woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide! The Royal shoes Then woe be-tide, Then woe be-tide!

(Ph.)

Phantis: Ob-serve this dance Which I em-ploy
Scaphio: This step to use I con-de-scend

When
I, by chance, 
e'er I choose 
Go mad with joy. 
To serve a friend. 
What sen-ti-ment 
Does 
What it im-plies 
Now 
this ex-press? 
try to guess; 
What sen-ti-ment Does this ex-press? 
What it im-plies Now try to guess. 

1. (PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO 
2. (SCAPHIO PHANTIS vainly endeavors to discover its meaning.)
Phantis: Supreme content and happiness! Of course it does, Of
Scaphio: It typifies Unselfishness! Of course it does, Of

Of course it does Supreme content And happiness! Of course it does, Of course it does It's

course it does It typifies Unselfishness! Of course it does, Of course it does Un-

hap - pi - ness!
sel - fish - ness!

Phantis: 2. Your

(Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS)
No. 4. Quaff the nectar

Women

(March. Enter KING PARAMOUNT, attended by guards and nobles, and preceded by girls dancing before him).
nec - tar, cull the ro - ses. Gather
fruit and flow'rs in plen - ty! For our
no long - er po - ses. Sing the
King
songs of 19th century! La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Far, far, far, far, far, far, far!

Wake the lute that sets us lilt ing.

Dance a
Welcome to each comer; Day by day

Our year is witting, Sing the sunny songs of summer! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la! Sing the sunny songs of summer!
No. 4a. A King of autocratic power we

King Paramount and Chorus

King:

Piu lento e pesante

1. A

King of au - to - crat - ic pow - er we, A des - pot whose ty - ran - nic will is law, Whose
pen - dous when we rouse our - selves to strike, Re - sist - less when our ty - rant thun - der peals. We

rule is par - a - mount o'er land and sea, A Pre - sence of un - ut - ter - a - ble awe! But
of - ten won - der what ob - struc - tion's like, And how a con - tra - dic - ted mon - arch feels! 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.

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

Women:

Men:

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

Women:

Men:
Recit. King:

My subjects all, It is your wish emphatic That all Utopia shall henceforth be

modell'd Up on that glorious country called Great Britain To

a tempo Andante

Chorus:

which some add but others do not Ireland.

It is!
That being so, as you insist upon it, we have arranged that our two younger daughters, who have been "finished" by an English Lady, a grave and good and gracious English Lady, shall daily be exhibited in public, that all may learn what, from the English standpoint, is looked upon as maidenly perfection!
(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.)

Women: p

How fair! how modest! how discreet! How bashfully demure! See how they

Men: p

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

Eng-lish and how pure! How Eng-lish and how pure!

Allegretto moderato
No. 4b. Although of native maids the cream

Nekaya and Kalyba

(1) Nekaya and Kalyba:
(2) Nekaya:

Although of native maids the cream, We're brought up on the English scheme. The 
And as we stand like clock-work toys, A lecturer whom papa employs Pro-

(1) Nekaya:
(2) Kalyba:

best of all For great and small Who mod-est a-dore. For English girls are good as gold, Ex-
Who and Est ways And guile-less char-acter. Our well-known blush our down-cast eyes Our 

(2) Nekaya:
Kalyba:

treme-ly mod-est (so we're told), De-mure-ly coy Di-vine-ly cold And we are that and more. To 
fa-mous look of mild sur-prise (Which com-pe-ti-tion still de-fies) Our ce-le-brat-ed "Sir!!!" Then 

"Sir!!!" To
please pa-pa who ar-gues thus "All girls should mould them-selves on us Be-cause we are, By all the crowd take down our looks In pock-et mem-o-ran-dum books. To di-ag-nose Our

(2) Nekaya:

fur-longs far, The best of all the bunch" We show our-selves to loud ap-plause From mod-est pose The Ko-daks do their best: If ev-i-dence you would pos-sess Of

(2) Kalyba:

ten to four with-out a pause Which is an awk-ward time be-cause It cuts in-to our what is maid-en bash-ful-ness, You on-ly need a but-ton press And we do all the

Both:

lunch. Oh - - maids of high and low de-gree, Whose so-cial code is rath-er free, Please look at us,
Lady Sophy:

This morn-ing we pro-pose to il-lu-strate A course of maid-en
court-ship, from the start To the tri-umphant mat-ri-mo-nial fin-ish.

(Enter LADY SOPHY -- an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanor 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.)
No. 4c. Bold-fac'd ranger

Lady Sophy and Chorus
(Through the following song, the two Princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by LADY SOPHY.)

Lady Sophy:

1. Bold-fac'd ranger (Per-fect stran-ger) Meets two
2. As he gaz-es, Hat he rais-es, En-ters
3. His in-ten-tions Then he men-tions. Some-thing

well-be-haved young la-dies. He's at-trec-tive, Young and ac-tive En-ter-
in- to con-ver-sa-tion. Makes ex-cus-es This pro-duces In-ter-
de-fin-ite to go on. Makes re-ci-tals Of his ti-tles, Hints at

lit-tle bit a-fraid is. Youth ad-va-nces. At his glan-ces, To their
est-ing ag-i-ta-tion. He, with dar-ing, Un-des-pair-ing. Gives his
set-tle-ments, and so on. Smil-ing sweet-ly, They, dis-creet-ly, Ask for
danger they awaken. They repel him. As they tell him. He is

card his rank. discloses. Little heed ing. This proceed ing. They turn

further ev i dences. Thus invit ed. He, de light ed. Gives the

very much mis taken. Ve ry, ve ry much mis taken.

up their lit tle nos es. Yes, their lit tle, lit tle nos es.

us ual re fer en ces. (Don't for get the re fer en ces.)

Though they speak to him pol itely. Please ob serve they're sneering

Pray ob serve this les son vi tal. When a man of rank and

This is busi ness. Each is fluter'd. When the of fer's fairly

slightly Just to show he's act ing vain ly. This is Vir tue say ing

ti tle His po si tion first dis close s. Al ways cock your lit tle

ut tered: "Which of them has his af fec tion?" He de clines to make se
(1st verse) 
plainly: “Go away, young bachelor. We are not what you take us for!”

(2nd verse) 
noses. When at home, let all the class Try this in the looking glass.

(3rd verse) 
lection. Do they quarrel for his dross? Not a bit of it. They toss! Ah!

When addressed impertinently, English ladies answer
English girls of well-bred notions, Shun all unhears'd e-

Please observe this cogent moral. Eng-lish la-dies never

P

English girls of highest class. Prac-tice them be-fore the

When a doubt they come across. Eng-lish la-dies al-ways

gently: “Go away, young bach-e-lor. We are not what you take us for!”

mo-tions. Eng-lish girls of high-est class. Prac-tice them be-fore the

quar-rel. When a doubt they come a-cross. Eng-lish la-dies al-ways
for! glass. toss.

Women:
1. Eng-lish la-dies an-swer gen-tly, When ad-dress'd im-per-ti-
2. Eng-lish girls of well-bred no-tions Shun all un-re-hears'd e-
3. We'll ob-serve this co-gent mor-al Eng-lish la-dies nev-er

Men:
1. Eng-lish la-dies an-swer gen-tly, When ad-dress'd im-per-ti-
2. Eng-lish girls of well-bred no-tions Shun all un-re-hears'd e-
3. We'll ob-serve this co-gent mor-al Eng-lish la-dies nev-er

nent-ly: “Go a-way, young bach-e-lor, We're not what you take us for!”
mo-tions. Eng-lish girls of high-est class Prac-tice them be-fore the glass.
quarrel. When a doubt they come a-cross Eng-lish la-dies al-ways

nent-ly: “Go a-way, young bach-e-lor, We're not what you take us for!”
mo-tions. Eng-lish girls of high-est class Prac-tice them be-fore the glass.
quarrel. When a doubt they come a-cross Eng-lish la-dies al-ways
Lady Sophy:
The lecture's ended. In ten minutes' space

(Twill be repeated in the marketplace!)

(Exit LADY SOPHY, followed by NEKAYA and KALYBA.)

Tempo I.
Women: 3
Quaff the nectar, cull the roses, Bashful girls will soon be plenty!

Maid who thus at fifteen posers Ought to be divine at twenty!

Men: 3
Quaff the nectar, cull the roses, Bashful girls will soon be plenty!

Maid who thus at fifteen posers Ought to be divine at twenty!

(Exeunt all but KING.)
King: I requested Scaphio and Phantis to be so good as to favor me with an audience this morning. (Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.) Oh, here they are!

Scaphio: 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 your 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.

Phantis: Yes--bizarre, is it not?

King: Most quaint. But then it's a quaint world.

Phantis: Teems with quiet fun. I often think what a lucky thing it is that you are blessed with such a keen sense of humor!

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--well, it's one of the funniest things that have come within the scope of my experience.

Scaphio: Besides, apart from that, they have a quiet humor 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) And then the stinging little paragraphs about our Royal goings-on with our Royal Second Housemaid--delicately sub-acid, are they not?

Scaphio: My dear King, in that kind of thing no one can hold a candle to you.

Phantis: 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!

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 humor--but I confess I do not quite see where it comes in, in this particular instance. It's so horribly personal!

Scaphio: Personal? Yes, of course it's personal--but consider the antithetical humor of the situation.

King: Yes. I--I don't think I've quite grasped that.

Scaphio: 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 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 sure 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.

Phantis: Teems with quiet fun.

King: Yes. Properly considered, what a farce life is, to be sure!
No. 5. First you're born

King, Scaphio, and Phantis

Allegro con brio

1. First you're born and I'll be bound you Find a dozen strangers round you.
2. You grow up and you discover What it is to be a lover.
3. Ten years later Time progresses Sours your temper, thins your tresses.

"Hal-lo," cries the new-born baby, "Where's my parents? Which may they be?"
Some young lady is selected Poor, perhaps, but well-connected,
Fancy, then, her chain relaxes; Rates are facts and so are taxes.

Awkward silence no reply Puzzled baby wonders why!
Whom you hail (for Love is blind) As the Queen of fairy kind.
Fairy Queen's no longer young Fairy Queen has got a tongue.
Father rises, bows politely._
Mother smiles (but not too brightly)._ Doctor mum-bles
Though she's plain, perhaps un-sightly;_ Makes her face up-laces tightly; In her form your
Twins have prob-ably in-trud-ed_ Quite un-bid-den_ just as you did_ They're a source of

like a dumb thing N well but-sy mix-ing some-thing._
fan- cy tra-ces All the gifts of all the gra-ces. Ri-vals none the mai-den woo, So
care and trou-ble Just as you were on-ly dou-ble. Comes at last the fi-nal stroke_

(1 & 2) All:
(3) King:

You're de-ci-ded ly _ de trop_ Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Time's tee-to-tum,
you take her and she takes you! _ Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Joke be-gin-ning
Time has had his lit-tle joke! _ Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Dai-ly driv-en

If you spin it, Gives its quo-tum Once a min-ute. I'll go bail You hit the nail, And
Nev-er cea-ses, Till your in-ning Time re-leas-es. On your way you blind-ly stray, And
(Wife as dro-ver) Ill you've thriv-en Ne'er in clo-ver. Last-ly, when Three-score and ten (And
if you fail The deuce is in it!
not till then), The joke increases!

The joke is over!

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Daily driven (Wife as drover) Ill you've thriven

Ne'er in clover. Last-ly, when Three-score and ten (And not till then) The joke is over!

(Exeunt Scaphio and Phantis.)
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 today; 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 Peep 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. 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 wellnigh 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. As time was getting on it occurred to me that by descending several pegs in the scale 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 Peep), a considerable balance in my favor.

King: (aside) Damn! (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 honor.

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 to 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 fermentation. 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. Subjected to your heavenly gaze

King and Lady Sophy

King:

Andante allegretto

Subjected to your heav'nly gaze

(Poetic phrase),

My brain is turned completely, Ob-

serve me now, No Mon-arch, I vow, Was ev-er so far af-flict-ed! I'm pleased with that po-

e-tic-al phrase,    "A heav-en-ly gaze".

But tho' you put it

Lady Sophy:

But...
neatly, Say what you will, Those para-graphs still Remain un-con-tradicted. Come,
crush me this con-temp-ti-ble worm (A for-ci-ble term), If he's as-sail'd you wrong-ly. The rage dis-play, Which, as you say, Has moved your Maj-es-ty late-ly.

King:
Tho' I ad-mit that for-ci-ble term, "Con-temp-ti-ble worm", Ap-
peals to me most strongly, To treat this pest As you suggest Would pain my Majesty

Lady Sophy: Greatly! This writer lies! Yes, bother his eyes! He lives, you say? In a

sort of a way. Then have him shot. Decidedly not. Or crush him flat. I

Lady Sophy: O royal Rex, My blameless sex Abhors such conduct shady. You

cannot do that. O royal Rex, Her blameless sex Abhors such conduct shady. I
plead in vain, You nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!

plead in vain, I nev - er will gain Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!

Re - spect - a - ble Eng - lish la - dy!

(Dance of repudiation by LADY SOPHY. Exit, followed by KING.)
No. 7. Oh maiden rich in Girton lore

Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

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.

Allegro con brio
Women:

Oh maiden rich in Girton lore, That wisdom which we prized before, We
don 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! On each of us thy learning shed.
Un poco piu lento

Zara:

Five years have flown since I took wing. Time flies, and his foot-step ne'er retards.

I'm the eldest daughter of your king. And of your king. And

Tempo I.

we are the 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
we are her escort: First Life Guards!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards!
And we are the 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! For
Tempo I.

we are the escort: First Life Guards!

When the tempest rose, And the ship went so

Do

you suppose we were ill? No, no! Tho' 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 the escort: First Life Guards!

The
First LifeGuards, the First Life Guards!

We stood as the es-cort: First LifeGuards!

Chorus:

Knights - bridge nurse - maids serving fair-ies, Stars of proud Bel-gra-vian air-ies;

At stern du-ty’s call you leave them, Tho’ you know how that must grieve them!
Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

Tan-tan - ta - ra - ra - ra - ra-ra-ra!

Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys un -

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! For

They're her es - cort the
told, when your eyes behold Your be-lov'd Prin-cess; And the years will seem but a brief day-
we are the es-cort: First Life Guards! First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're her es-cort the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! They're her es-cort the
First Life Guards! First Life Guards! First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the
They're her es-cort the
They're her es-cort the
dream In our hap-pi-ness! And the years will seem But a brief day-
dream In our hap-pi-ness! And the years will seem But a brief day-
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra!
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra!
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra!
First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra!
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
Tan-tan-ta-ra-
(Enter King, Princess Nekaya and Kalyba, and Lady Sophy. As the King enters, the escort present arms.)

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)

Nekaya: Not beautiful.

Kalyba: Nice-looking.

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

Troops: The First Life Guards.
When the tempest rose,
And the ship went so--

(Captain Fitzbattleaxe motions them to be silent. The Troopers place themselves in the four corners of the stage, standing at ease, immovably, 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 criticize 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 be 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.

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 the 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. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true

Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

Zara:

Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true
In1
tent-2ed field1
and

jour-ney. When sol-dier seeks U- topian glades In charge of Youth and

Beau-ty, Then plea-sure mere-ly mas-quer-ades As Reg-i-men-tal
Du-ty!

Men:

Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra!

The Trumpet call of Princess Za-ra!

Fitzbattleaxe:

And we are the escort: First Life Guards!

That's trump call and we're all trump cards.

Women:

Tan-tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra!

That's trump call and we're all trump cards.

Troopers:

And we are the escort: First Life Guards!

That's trump call and we're all trump cards.
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys untold, when your eyes behold Your be-lov'd Prin-

cess; And the years will seem but a brief day-dream In our hap-pi-ness!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es- cort: First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-

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

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

Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys untold, when my eyes behold My be-lov'd Prin-

cess; And the years will seem but a brief day-dream In our hap-

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es-cort: First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

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

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

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-

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

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

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the es-cort: First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her es-cort the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan-tan-ta-ra-

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

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

Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys untold, when your eyes behold Your be-lov'd Prin-

cess; And the years will seem but a brief day-dream In our hap-pi-ness!
And the years will seem But a brief day-dream In the joy extreme Of our happiness, In the joy of our happiness!
(Exeunt KING and ZARA in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction.

Enter, at back, SCAPHIO and PHANTIS, who watch ZARA as she goes off.)
(SCAPHIO is seated, shaking violently, and obviously under the influence of some strong emotion.)

Phantis: There—tell me, Scaphio, is she not beautiful? Can you wonder that I love her so passionately?

Scaphio: No. She is extraordinarily—miraculously lovely! Good heavens, what a singularly beautiful girl!

Phantis: I knew you would say so!

Scaphio: What exquisite charm of manner! What surprising delicacy of gesture! Why, she's a goddess! a very goddess!

Phantis: (rather taken aback) Yes--she's--she's an attractive girl.

Scaphio: Attractive? Why, you must be blind!–She's entrancing--enthralling--intoxicating! (Aside) God bless my heart, what's the matter with me?

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

Scaphio: Promised! Yes, but the convulsion has come, my good boy! It is she--my ideal! Why, what's this? (Staggering) Phantis! Stop me--I'm going mad--mad with the love of her!

Phantis: 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.

Scaphio: 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 CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE and ZARA)

Zara: Dear me. I'm afraid we are interrupting a tete-a-tete.

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

Zara: Sir!

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

Fitz.: Zara, this is very awkward.

Scaphio: (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?

Both: 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.

Scaphio: Reasonable wear and tear and damages by fire excepted?

Fitz.: Exactly.

Phantis: Well, that seems very reasonable. (To SCAPHIO) What do you say--Shall we entrust her to this officer of Household Cavalry? It will give us time.

Scaphio: (trembling violently) I--I am not at present in a condition to think it out coolly--but if he is an officer of Household Cavalry, and if the Princess consents---
Zara: Alas, dear sirs, I have no alternative--under the Rival Admirers' Clauses Consolidation Act!

Fitz.: Good--then that's settled.
No. 9. It's understood, I think, all round

Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Scaphio, and Phantis

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,

Un - til you clearly
tes - ti - fy

By sword or pistol
bye and bye, Which

gentleman prefers to die,
And which prefers sur-

rall.
a tempo
man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle - vi - val. We stand, I think, on saf - ish ground; Our sen - ses weak it will as - tound If ei - ther gen - tle -

It's clearly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy

It's clearly un - der - stood all round, That, by your Eng-lish cus - tom bound, He holds the la - dy

man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed, safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,

man is found Pre - pared to meet his ri - val. Their ma - chi - na - tions we de - fy; We won't be part - ed, safe and sound In trust for ei - ther ri - val, Un - til we clear - ly tes - ti - fy By sword or pis - tol,
Of blood-shed each is rather shy, They both prefer survival!

bye and bye, Which gentleman prefers to die, And which prefers survival. If I should die and

he should live, To you, without reserve, I give Her heart so young and sensitive, And all her predis-

Phantis:

elections. If he should live and I should die, I see no kind of reason why You should not, if you
Zara:
As both will live, and

Fitzbattleaxe:
If I should die and you should live, To
wish it, try to gain her young affection.

If I should die and you should live, To

Scaphio:
both will live, and
I should die and you should live, To

neither die, I see no kind of reason why You

neither die, I see no kind of reason why I-
cer I give Her heart so soft and sen-

tive, And all her pre-
delec-
tions. If you should live and

this young of-
cer I give Her heart so soft and sen-
tive, And all her pre-
delec-
tions. If
should not, if you wish it, try To gain my young affection.

I should die, I see no kind of reason why He should not, if he chooses, try To win her young affection.

Both of us are positive that both of them intend to live, There's this young officer I give Her affection.

If I should die and you should live, To this young officer I give Her affection.
nothing in the case to give us cause for grave reflections. As both will live and neither die, I

heart so soft and sensitive, And all her predilections. If you should live and I should die, I

see no kind of reason why You should not, if you wish it, if you wish it, try To

see no kind of reason why I should not, if I wish it, if I wish it, try To

see no kind of reason why He should not, if he chooses, if he chooses, try To

both will live and neither die, I

you should live and I should die, I

No. 10. Oh admirable art!

Zara and Capt. Fitzbattleaxe

Zara:

Oh

Fitzbattleaxe:

Oh

Vivace
admirable art! Oh neatly planned intention! Oh happy intervention! Oh

well-constructed plot! Oh well-constructed plot! When sagas try to part Two

loving hearts in fusion, Their wisdom's a delusion, And learning serves them not, And learning
serves them not! Until quite plain Is their intent, These sag es twain I

re - pre-sent. Now please infer That, nothing loth, You're henceforth, as it were, En-gag'd to

mar - ry both. Then take it that I re - pre - sent the two On that hy-

po - the - sis, what would you do? What would I do? What would I
Andantino espressivo

In such a case, Up-on your breast, My blushing face I think I'd

a tempo

rest. Then perhaps I might demurely say, "I find this breast-plate bright Is sore-ly in the

Fitz:

way!" Our mortal race Is nev-er blest. There's no such case As perfect rest; Some

petty blight asserts its sway. Some crumpled rose-leaf light Is al-ways in the
Zara:

In such a way! Our mortal race is never blest. There's no such case as perfect

rest On your breast, On your breast In perfect rest!

rest Perfect rest, Perfect rest, As perfect rest!

(Exit FITZBATTLEAXE.)
(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) Damn! (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 sisters' 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 humor. 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 nowadays--very rare indeed.

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

King: (looking at cartoon) Eh? Yes, it is a big one! 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 insolent buffoon to caricature you in a pointless burlesque! My dear father--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 all 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?

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 CAlanx) Summon my Court without an instant's delay! (Exit CAlanx)

[Note: There is no #11 (in order to match the orchestra parts, which show #11 as "out"). The score continues with #12.]
No. 12. Although your Royal summons to appear

Finale, Act I

(Enter everyone except the Flowers of Progress.)

tho' your Roy-al sum-mons to ap-pear
From cour-te-sy was sing-u-lar-ly free,
Recit. King:

My worth-y peo-ple, my be-lov-ed daugh-ter Most thought-ful-ly has brought with her from Eng-land The types of all the caus-es that have made that great and glo-rious coun-try what it
Sca., Phan., & Tarara: (aside)

is.

Why, what does this mean?

Women:

Oh joy un-bound-ed!

Men:

Oh joy un-bound-ed!

a tempo maestoso

Recit. Zara:

What does it mean? What does it mean? What does it mean? Attend to me, U-topian pop-u-lace Ye South Pa-ci-fic Is-land vi-vi-par-i-ans; All, in the ab-stract,
types of courtly grace. Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race, but
little better than half-clothed barbarians!

Women:
Yes, contrasted when with English-men, we're

Men:
Yes, contrasted when with English-men, we're

Sca., Phan., & Tarara:
What does she mean? What does she mean?
little better than half-clothed barbarians!

lit- tle bet- ter than half-clothed bar- bar - i- ans!
Allegro marziale

(Zara: (presenting CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE)

When Bri-tain sounds the trump of war (and Eu-rope trem-bles), The ar-my of the con-que-

ror in ser-ried ranks as-sem-bles. Tis then this war-rior's

(Enter all the Flowers of Progress led by FITZBATTLEAXE.)
eyes and sabre gleam for our protection.

He represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Women:
Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Men:
Yes, yes, yes he represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection!

Uh...

Uh...
Zara: (presenting SIR BAILEY BARRE, Q.C., M.P.)

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 marvelous Philologist who'll undertake to show That "yes" is but another and a neatier form of "no". All pre-conceived ideas on any subject I can scout, And demonstrate beyond all possibility...
Pianist - i- ty of doubt, That wheth - er you're an hon - est man or wheth - er you're a thief De-

pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en me my brief. Uh-

Women: Yes, yes, yes, That wheth - er you're an hon - est man or

Men: Yes, yes, yes, That wheth - er you're an hon - est man or

Whether you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh-

Whether you're a thief De - pends on whose so - li - ci - tor has giv - en him his brief. Uh-
Zara: (presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR. BLUSHINGTON)

1. What these may be, U- to -pians all, Per -
Coun -ty Coun -cil -lor ac -claim, Great

haps you'll hard -ly guess They're types of Eng - land's phy -si -cal And
Brit -ain's la - test toy On a - ny -thing you like to name His

mor -tal clean - li -ness. This is a Lord High Cham - ber-lain Of

tal -ents he'll em -ploy.
pur - i - ty the gauge in your ci - ty walls, He'll cleanse our Court from mor - al stain, And
and keep, mean - while, a mod - est eye On
wick - ed mu - sic halls. Yes, yes, yes, Court re - pu - ta - 

I re - vise, And pre - sen - ta - tions scru - tin - ize, New plays I
dwel - ling read with jeal - ous eyes, And pur - i - fy the Stage.

1. Dramaleigh:

2. Blushington:
Women:

1. Court reputations he'll revise, And presentations scrutinize.
2. In towns he makes improvements great, Which go to swell the County.

Men:

1. Court reputations he'll revise, And presentations scrutinize.
2. In towns he makes improvements great, Which go to swell the County.

Rate of...
Zara: 

1. 

2. This

Women: 

Halls! 

Uh -

Men: 

Halls! 

Uh -

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh lah - - - li - ca! 

lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - li - ca! Uh - lah - - - li - ca! 

sf 

sf 

sf 

sf 

f 

sf 

p sempre staccato
A Company Promoter this, with special education Which teaches what Company, but now it must be seven.

Yes, yes, Time was when two were company, but now it must be seven. Stupendous loans to
Women:

Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!

Men:

Yes, yes, yes, No schemes too great, and none too small, for Com-pa-ni-fi-ca-tion!

Zara: (presenting CAPT. SIR EDWARD CORCORAN, R.N.)

And last-ly I pre-sent Great Britain's proud-est boast,
Who, from the blows of for-eign foes, Pro-tects her sea-girt coast.

And if you ask him in re-spect-ful

sempre p
He'll show you how you may protect your own!

Capt. Corcoran: (No. 12b.)

I'm Cap-tain Cor-cor-an, K. C. B. I'll teach you how we rule the sea, And ter-ri-fy the sim-ple Gaul, And how the Sax-on and the Celt their Eu-robe-shak-ing
blows have dealt With Max-im gun and Nor-den-felt (or will when the oc-ca-sion calls). If
sail-or-like you’d play your cards, Un-bend your sails and low’r your yards. Un-
step your masts, you’ll nev-er want ’em more. Though we’re no long-er hearts of oak, Yet
we can steer and we can stoke, And thanks to coal and thanks to coke, We ne-ver run a ship a-
Men:

What, nev-er?  
What, nev-er?  
What, nev-er?  

Women:

What, nev-er!  
(Well), Hard-ly ev-er!

What, nev-er?  

ev-er run a ship a-shore! Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For the
tar who nev-er runs his ship a-shore. Then give three cheers and three cheers more, For he

Un poco piu vivo
never runs his ship a-shore! All hail, all hail, ye

never runs his ship a-shore! All hail, all hail, ye

types of England's power Ye heav'n enlight'ned

types of England's power Ye heav'n enlight'ned

band! We bless the day and bless the hour that

band! We bless the day and bless the hour that
brought you to our land.

Zara:
Ye wan-d'ers from a might-y

Lady Sophy:
Ye wan-d'ers from a might-y

Fitzbattleaxe:
Ye wan-d'ers from a might-y

King:
Ye wan-d'ers from a might-y State,

Allegretto non troppo
Oh, teach us how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight in our attentive ears.
Women:

Oh, teach the natives of this land

Men:

Oh, teach the natives of this land

(Who are not quick to understand)

Ye wan'd'ers from a mighty State, Oh teach us

(Who are not quick to understand)

We wan'd'ers from a mighty State, Will teach them

(Who are not quick to understand)

Ye wan'd'ers from a mighty State, Oh teach us
how to legislate. Your lightest word will carry weight, will carry weight.

Zara only:
In our attentive ears.

In our attentive ears.
In your attentive ears.
In our attentive ears.
Allegro moderato

Increase your army!

Fitzbattleaxe:

Dramaleigh:

Purify your Court!

Capt. Corcoran:

Get up your steam and cut your canvas short!

Barre:

Blushtong: speak on both sides teach your slug-gish brains!

Widen your thorough-fares, and

Goldbury:

flush your drains! Utopia's much too big for one small head. I'll float it as a Com-pa-ny
King: Lim-ited! A Com-pa-ny Lim-i-ted? What may that be? The term, I ra-ther think, is new to me.

Women: A Com-pa-ny Lim-i-ted? What may that be?

Men: A Com-pa-ny Lim-i-ted? 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?
Goldbury:

1. Some seven men form an Association,
2. They then proceed to trade with all who'll
3. If you come to grief, and creditors are

action, (If possible, all Peers and Barons).
trust 'em, Quite irreligious of their capital.
craving (For no-thing that is planned by mortal head)

start off with a public declaration,
sha-dy, but it's sanctified by custom;
in this Vale of Sorrow saving that one's Liability is Limit
debts. That's called their Capital: if they are wary They will not al. You can't embark on trading too tremendous It's strictly ted), Do you suppose that signifies perdition? If so, you're quote it at a sum immense. The figure's immaterial, It may fair, and based on common sense. If you succeed, your pro fits are stu but a monetary dunce. You merely file a Wind-up Pe varying from eighteen million down to eighteen pence. I should put it rather pen-dous And if you fail, pop goes your eighteen pence. Make the mon-ey-spin-ner ti-tion, And start another Company at once! Though a Rothschild you may low; The good sense of doing so will be evident at once to any debt-or. spin! For you only stand to win, And you'll never with dis-honesty be twit-ted. be In your own ca-pac-i-ty, As a Company you've come to utter sor-row.
When it's left to you to say, What amount you mean to pay, Why, the lower you can
For nobody can know, To a million or so, To what extent your
But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't pay." So you start another

put it at the better.
capital's committed!
Company tomorrow!

1. When it's left to you to say, What amount you mean to
2. For nobody can know, To a million or so
3. But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't

Women:

1. When it's left to you to say, What amount you mean to
2. For nobody can know, To a million or so
3. But the Liquidators say, "Never mind you needn't

Men:
last verse  

pay, Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.  
so, To what extent your capital's committed!  
pay." So you start another Company tomorrow.

1. and 2.

pay, Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.  
so, To what extent your capital's committed!  
pay." So you start another Company tomorrow.

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. You'd best take

(aside to King)

Recit. King: (not heeding them)

care. Please re-collect, we have not been consulted! And do I understand you that Great

Goldbury:

Britain Upon this Joint-Stock principle is governed? We haven't come to

that exactly, but we're tending rapidly in that direction. The
date's not distant.

We will be before you! We'll go down to Posterity renowned as the first sov'reign in Christendom who register'd his Crown and Country under the Joint Stock Company's Act of Sixty Two!

Allegro molto vivace

Women:

Men:

f Uh - la - li - ca!

f Uh - la - li - ca!
King:

Hence forward of a verity, With Fame ourselves we link. We'll for ward of a ver-i-ty, With Fame our-selves we link. We'll

Scaphio & Phantis (aside to KING)

go down to Poster-i-ty of sov'-reigns all the pink! If you've the mad te-mer-i-ty our wish-es thus to blink, You'll

Tarara: (correcting them)

go down to Poster-i-ty much ear-li-er than you think! He'll go up to Poster-i-ty if I in-flict the blow! He'll go

(angrily)

tarara: (explaining)

down to Poster-i-ty. We think we ought to know! He'll go up, blown up with dy-na-mite! He'll go
Tarara:

(apologetically)

Up, up, up, up!

up, of course he will, you're right, you're right! Up, up, up, up!

Zara:

Who love with all sincerity, their lives may safely

link.

Fitz:

And as for our Posterity, we

Sca., Phan., & Tarara:

If he has the temerity our wishes thus to blink, He'll go up to Pos-
Who love
don't care what they think!
Who love
ter-i-ty much ear-lier than they think! He'll go up
ter-i-ty much ear-lier than they think! He'll go up,
love,

Who love

love,

Who love

Nekaya & Kalyba:

Who love

up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up, he'll go up. If he has the temerity our

Women:

(Lady Sophy with Altos) Hence-forward of a verity with

Men: (Sir Bailey Barre with Tenors)

(King, Goldbury, Dramaleigh, Blushington, Corcoran with Baritones) Hence-forward of a verity with
with all sincerity, their lives may safely link. And as

with all sincerity, their lives may safely link. And as

with all sincerity, their lives may safely link. And as

wishes thus to blink, He'll go up to Posterity much earlier than they think! If he has the temerity our fame ourselves we link, And go down to Posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! Hence forward of a verity with

down to Posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! Hence forward of a verity with

fame ourselves we link, And go down to Posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! Hence forward of a verity with
for our posterity, we don't care what they think!

for our posterity, we don't care what they think!

for our posterity, we don't care what they think!

wishes thus to blink, He'll go up to posterity much earlier than they think! He'll go up to posterity much

fame ourselves we link. He'll go down to posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! He'll go down to posterity of

fame ourselves we link. He'll go down to posterity of sov'reigns all the pink! He'll go down to posterity of
earlier than they think! Much

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

sov'- reigns all the pink! Of

dear to Pos.

Who love.
ter-i-ty, He'll go up to Pos-ter-i-ty much ear-lier than they think!

who love. Let's

who love. Let's

who love. Let's

all the pink! Let's

all the pink! Let's

Let's
(Zara, Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos)

seal this mer-can-tile pact, The step we ne'er shall rue. It gives what-ev-er we

(Fitz. with Tenors) (Sca., Phan., & Tarara with Baritones)

lack'd, The state-ment's strictly true. All hail, as-ton-ish-ing Fact! All hail, In-

ven-tion new: The Joint-Stock Compa-ny's Act of Parlia-ment Six-ty Two! Let's
Two! The Act of Sixty Two!

End of Act I
ACT II

SCENE -- Throne Room in the Palace. Night. FITZBATTLEAXE discovered singing to ZARA.

No. 13. Recit: Oh, Zara, my beloved one
Song: A tenor all singers above

Captain Fitzbattleaxe

Allegretto a la serenata

---

Oh, Zara, my beloved one, bear with me! Ah, do not laugh at my attempted C! Recit.
Note: The image contains a musical score with text lyrics.

The lyrics read:

pent not, mock-ing maid, thy girl - hood's choice. The fer- vor of my love af-fects my voice!

1. A ten-or, all sing-ers a-bove, (This does-n't ad-mit of a sing, if my fer-vor were mock, It's eas-y e-nough if you're

question), Should keep him-self qui-et, At-tend to his di-et, And care-ful-ly nurse his di-ges-tion. But act-ing. But when one's e-mo-tion is born of de-vo-tion, You must-n't be ov-er-ex-act-ing. One

when he is mad-ly in love, It's cer-tain to tell on his sing-ing. You ought to be firm as a rock To ven-ture a shake in vi-bra-to. When
can’t do chromatics With proper emphatics When anguish your bosom is wringing! When disfavor's excepted Keep cool and collected Or never attempt agitated. But, of

tracted with worries in plenty, And his pulse is a hundred and twenty, And his course, when his tongue is of leather, And his lips appear past ed together, And his

flat-tering bosom the slave of mistrust is, A tenor can’t do himself justice. Now observe... Ah-sensitive palate as dry as a crust is, A tenor can’t do himself justice. Now observe... Ah-

You see, 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 an engagement (putting her hand in his), you have that already!

Fitz.: How good and wise you are! How unerringly your practiced 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 marvelously 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 remodeled the sister-services—and upon so sound a basis that the South Pacific trembles at the name of Utopia!

Zara: How clever of you!

Fitz.: Clever? Not a bit. It's easy as possible when the Admiralty and Horse Guards are 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 changes 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.: Marvelous 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 candlelight! 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?

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!

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**No. 14. Words of love too loudly spoken**

*Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe*

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(Fitz.) Let the love too loudly spoken Ring their own untime ly knell; Lovers vows are rudi ly bro ken, Soft the song of Phil o mel. Whis per sweet ly, whis per tell their art less sto ry In a whis per'd vi re lay. False is he whose vows al-
slowly. Hour by hour and day by day; Sweet and low as accents holy Are the
luring. Make the listening echoes ring; Sweet and low when all enduring, Are the

notes of lover's lay! p Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and
songs that lovers sing! p Sweet and low, sweet and low, Sweet and

Sweet

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!
low when all enduring, Are the songs that lovers sing, Are the songs that lovers

low as accents holy Are the notes of lover's lay, Are the notes of lover's lay!
low when all enduring, Are the songs that lovers sing, Are the songs that lovers
(Enter King dressed as Field-Marshal.)

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 humor than I have, but the First Statutory Cabinet Council of Utopia Limited must be conducted with dignity and impressiveness. 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 time to make our half-yearly report in the interval. I am necessarily unfamiliar with the forms of an English Cabinet Council--perhaps the 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 stage like Christy Minstrels. King sits center, Lord Dramaleigh on his left, Mr. Goldbury on his right, Captain Corcoran left of Lord Dramaleigh, Captain Fitzbattleaxe right of Mr. Goldbury, Mr. Blushington extreme right, Sir Bailey Barre extreme left.)

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 practice at the Court of St. James's?

Lord D.: Well, it is in accordance with the practice at the Court of St. James's Hall.

King: Oh! it seems odd, but never mind.
No. 15. Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses

King Paramount with Six Flowers of Progress

Allegro con brio

King:

1. So-ci-e-ty has quite for-sak-en all her wick-ed cour-ses, Which
2. Our ci-ty we have beau-ti-fied, we've done it wil-ly nil-ly, And
3. Our Peer-age we've re-mod-ell'd on an in-tel-lect-u-al ba-sis, Which

Flowers of Progress:

emp-ties our po-lice courts and a-bol-ishes di-vor-ces. Di-vorce is near-ly
all that is n't Bel-grave Square is Strand and Pic-ca-dil-ly. We have n't an-y
cer-tain-ly is rough on our he-red-i-ta-ry ra-ces. We are go-ing to re-
King:

V &

ob - so - lete in Eng - land.
slum - mer - ies in Eng - land!
mod - el it in Eng - land.

No tol - er - ance we show to un - de -
We have solv'd the la - bour ques - tion with dis -
The Brew - ers and the Cot - ton Lords no

serv - ing rank and splen - dour;
For the high - er his po - si - tion is, the great - er the of -
crim - i - na - tion pol - ish'd,
So pov - er - ty is ob - so - lete and hun - ger is a -
long - er seek ad - mis - sion,
And Lit - er - ar - y Mer - it meets with prop - er re - cog -

Flowers of Progress:

fend - er. That's a max - im that is prev - a - lent in Eng - land.
bol - ish'd. We are go - ing to a - bol - ish it in Eng - land.
ni - tion. As Lit - er - ar - y Mer - it does in Eng - land.

Who

No

The

Who

J
peer - ess at our Chamberlain our knows but we may count among our intellectual chickens Like you, an Earl of

cept - ed by the lower middle classes. Each shady dame, whatever be her a - tion and indelicate sug - gestion; No piece is toler - ated if it's Thack - eray and p'rap's a Duke of Dickens. Lord Fildes and Vis - count Mil - lais (when they

rank, is bow'd out neatly. cos - tum'd in - dis creetly.} In short, this hap - py coun - try has been come) we'll wel - come sweetly.
Anglicized completely, completely, completely!

Mr. Blush. & Lord Dram.:

Sir B. Barre:

Cap. Fitz.:

Mr. Goldbury:

Capt. Corcoran:

It really is surprising What a thorough Anglicizing We have brought about, Utopia's quite an...
du - ti - ful - ly of - fer to our moth - er - land! It

In her en - ter - pris - ing move - ments, She is Eng - land with im - prove - ments, Which we

En - ter - pris - ing move - ments, She is Eng - land with im - prove - ments, Which we

1, 2.

It

moth - er - land!
(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 bedrooms 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 favor to enter at once.

(Enter all the Royal Household, including (besides the Lord Chamberlain) the Vice-Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord Steward, the Comptroller of the Household, the Lord-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 Honor), LADY SOPHY, and the Ladies-in-Waiting.)
No. 16. Entrance of Court
(Instrumental)
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 embrace all the debutantes. (LADY SOPHY much shocked.)

King: What--must I really?

Lord D.: Absolutely indispensable.

King: 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.

(Enter the ladies attending the Drawing-Room. They give their cards to the Groom-in-Waiting, who passes them to the Lord-in-Waiting, who passes them to the Vice-Chamberlain, who passes them to the Lord Chamberlain, who reads the names to the KING as each lady approaches. The ladies curtsey in succession to the KING and the three Princesses, and pass out. When all the presentations have been accomplished, the KING, Princesses, and LADY SOPHY come forward, and all the ladies re-enter.)
No. 17. Drawing room music
(Instrumental)

Allegretto moderato à la Gavotte

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p a tempo

p subito

p subito

mp
No. 18. Recit: This ceremonial our wish displays

Song: Eagle high

King Paramount and Ensemble

RECIT.  King:

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

nobly fail!

Allegretto moderato
Zara, Nek., & Kal. with Sopranos:

Eagle high in cloud-land soaring. Sparrow twit't'ring on a reed. Tiger

Lady Sophy with Altos:

Eagle high in cloud-land soaring. Sparrow twit't'ring on a reed. Tiger

Fitz., Barre, Dram., & Blush. with Tenors:

Eagle high in cloud-land soaring. Sparrow twit't'ring on a reed. Tiger

King, Corcoran, & Gold. with Bass/Bar:

Eagle high in cloud-land soaring. Sparrow twit't'ring on a reed. Tiger

in the jungle roaring. Fright'en'd fawn in grass-y mead. Let the

in the jungle roaring. Fright'en'd fawn in grass-y mead. Let the

in the jungle roaring. Fright'en'd fawn in grass-y mead. Let the

in the jungle roaring. Fright'en'd fawn in grass-y mead. Let the
ea-gle, not the sparrow, Be the object of your arrow. Fix the

tiger with your eye, Pass the fawn in pity by.

- 145 -
Zara, Nek., & Kal.:

Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Lady Sophy:

Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Capt. Fitzbattleaxe:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Sir B. Barre:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Lord D. & Mr. Blush.:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

King:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Mr. Gold. & Capt. Cor.:

Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Sopranos:

Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Altos:

Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Tenors:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry then will crown the day Glo - ry glo - ry a - ny - way!

Bass/Bar.:
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
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day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
day, crown the day. Glo - ry then will crown the day, crown the day, crown the
(Processional. Exeunt all)
No. 19. With fury deep we burn

Scaphio and Phantis (with King)

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

Allegro agitato

With fury deep we burn! We do! We fume with smother'd rage! We do! These

English-men who rule supreme Their undertaking they redeem By stifling ev'ry harmless scheme In
which we both engage. They do! In which we both engage. We think it is our turn. We do! We think our turn has come. We do! These Englishmen they must prepare To seek at once their native air. The King, as heretofore we swear, Shall be beneath our thumb! He shall! Shall be beneath our thumb! He shall! 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,
Gentlemen, gentlemen--really! This unseemly display of energy within the Royal precincts is altogether unpardonable. Pray, what do you complain of?

(furiously) What do we complain of? Why, through the innovations introduced by the Flowers of Progress all our harmless schemes for making a 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!

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

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! Now, the editor of a scurrilous paper can stand a good deal--he takes a private thrashing as a matter of course--it's considered in his salary--but no gentleman likes to be publicly flogged.

Naturally. I shouldn't like it myself.

Then our Burlesque Theater is absolutely ruined!

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

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?

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.

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.

You probably know that we've contracted to supply the entire nation with a complete English outfit. But perhaps you do not know that, when we send in our bills, our customers plead liability limited to a declared capital of eighteenpence, and apply to be dealt with under the Winding-up Act--as in England?

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.

Are we to understand that we are defied?

That is the idea I intended to convey.

Defied! We are defied!
No. 20. If you think that when banded in unity

King, Scaphio, and Phantis

If you think that when banded in unity, We may both be defied with impiety, You are sadly misled of a verity! If you value repose and tranquility, You'll revert to a state of docility, Or prepare to regret your temerity!

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!

When

e'er 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:
It means complete indifference. Of course it does. Of course it does. It means complete indifference. ...in-difference in-difference in-difference! As we've a dance for ev'ry mood, With pas de trois we will conclude. What this may mean you all may guess. It typifies re-
Phantis:  
(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?

Scaphio:  
Do? Raise a Revolution, repeal the Act of Sixty-Two, reconvert him into an individual, and insist on 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.

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

Tarara:  
Naturally.

Scaphio:  
Then 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 plot at once to bring the people about his ears.

Tarara:  
A plot?

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

Tarara:  
(Feeling) No, I think not. No. There's one on my dressing-table.
No. 21. With wily brain upon the spot

Tarara, Phantis, and Scaphio

Tarara:

With wily brain upon the spot

Scaphio:

Phantis:

With wily brain upon the spot

Andante misterioso

With wily brain upon the spot

on the spot A private plot we'll plan, The most ingenious private plot Since private plots be-

on the spot A private plot we'll plan, The most ingenious private plot Since private plots be-

on the spot A private plot we'll plan, The most ingenious private plot Since private plots be-
gan. 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.

Allegro con brio

Scaphio:

I think we ought_ (whispers)
Such bosh I nev-er heard! 
Ah! hap-py thought! (whispers)

How utter-ly dash’d ab-surd!
I’ll tell you

Why, what put

I’ve got it now_ (whispers)

that in your head?

(whispers)
Tarara & Phantis:  
Oh, take him away to bed! Oh, put him to bed! Oh, put him to bed! What! put me to bed? Yes, certainly put him to bed! But, bless me, don't you see—Do listen to me, I pray—It certainly seems to me—Bah! this is the only way! It's rubbish absurd you growl! You talk ridiculous stuff! You're a driving barn-door owl! You're a va-pid and vain old muff! You're a vain old

Phantis:

Tarara & Phantis:

Scaphio:

Phantis:

Tarara:

Scaphio:

Phantis:
Tarara:

You're talking ridiculous stuff! Ridiculous, ridiculous, ridiculous stuff!

Scaphio:

You're a driveling barn-door owl! A driveling, driveling, driveling barn-door owl!

(All, coming down to audience)

R Tarara, Phantis, & Scaphio:

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 tapiser, We'll presently hit on a
cap-i-tal plot!

Scaphio:
Sup-pose we all_ (whispers)

Phantis:
Now

there I think you're right. Then we might all_ (whispers)

Tarara:
That's true we cer-tain-ly might. I'll tell you what_ (whispers)
We will if we possibly can. Then

on the spot—(whispers)

vo! a capital plan! That's exceedingly neat and new! Exceedingly new and neat! I

fan-cy that that will do. It's certainly very complete. Well done, you sly old sap! Bra-
you cunning old mole! You very ingenious chap! You intellectual, intellectual...

Brovo! You cunning old mole, You cunning, you cunning, you cunning old chap!

You very ingenious, you very ingenious, ingenious, ingenious chap!

At length a capital plan we've got. We...
won't say how and we won't say what. It's safe in my nod-dle, Now off we will tod-dle, And
sly-ly de-vel-op this cap-i-tal plot! At last a cap-i-tal plan we've got. We won't say how and we
won't say what. It's safe in my nod-dle, Now off we will tod-dle, And sly-ly de-vel-op this cap-i-tal plot!

(Business. Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS in one direction, and TARARA in the other.)
(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 use of the rouge-pot, it was, on the whole, a meritorious affair?

Goldbury: My dear Dramaleigh, it redounds infinitely to your credit.

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

Goldbury: 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.

Goldbury: Pretty little maids, the King's youngest daughters, but timid.

Lord D.: That'll wear off. Young.

Goldbury: 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.)

Nekaya: 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.


Nekaya: 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.

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

Kalyba: It's calculated to turn our heads.

Nekaya: Attractive girls cannot be too particular.

Kalyba: Oh pray, pray do not take advantage of our unprotected innocence.

Goldbury: Pray be reassured--you are in no danger whatever.

Lord D.: But may I ask--is this extreme delicacy--this shrinking sensitiveness--a general characteristic of Utopian young ladies?

Nekaya: Oh no; we are crack specimens.

Kalyba: We are the pick of the basket. Would you mind not coming quite so near? Thank you.

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

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

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

Goldbury: But, my dear young ladies---

Kalyba: Oh, don't! You musn't. It's too affectionate.

Nekaya: It really does unsettle us.
Goldbury: 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 favorable a light as when she gives her own blameless impulses full play!

Nekaya and Kalyba: Oh, you shocking story!

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

No. 22. A wonderful joy our eyes to bless

Mr. Goldbury

Goldbury: 1. A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,

Allegro con spirito

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

eyes to bless, In her magnificently, Is an English girl of even stone two, And

stretch-es her limbs. She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims. She plays, she sings, she dances too. From

five foot ten in her dancing shoe!

The small hours come, and on she pounds. The

ten or eleven till all is blue!

At ball or drum till small hours come,
“field” tails off and the muff's dim-ish. Over the hedges and brooks she bounds, Straight as a crow from (Cha-per-on's fan con-ceals her yawn-ing), She'll waltz a-way like a tee-to-tum, And never go home till find to finish. At crick-et her kin will lose or win— She and her maids on day-light's dawning. Lawn-ten-nis may share her fav-ors fair, Her eyes a-dance and her grass and clo-ver, Ele-ven maids out, ele-ven maids in, And per-haps an oc-ca-sion-al cheeks a-glowng— Down comes her hair, but what does she care? It's all her own, and it's "maid-en o-ver"! Oh! worth the show-ing! Ah! J 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
Engl - ish girl!
1. Her soul is sweet as the
ocean air, For prud - er - y knows no hav - en there. To find mock mod - es - ty, please ap - ply To the
con - scious blush and the down - cast eye. Rich in the things con - tent - ment brings, In ev - ry pure en-
joy-ment weal-thy, Blithe as a beau-ti-ful bird she sings, For bo-dy and mind are hale and heal-thy.

Her eyes they thrill with right good-will. Her heart is light as a float-ing fea-ther, As pure and bright as the moun-tain rill That leaps and laughs in the High-land hea-ther!

Ah! Go search the world and search the sea, Then come you home and
No. 23. Then I may sing and play

_Nekaya, Kalyba, Lord Dramaleigh & Mr. Goldbury_

_Nekaya:__

**Allegro**

Then I may sing and play? You may! And
I may laugh and shout? No doubt! These maxims you endorse? Of course! You won't exclaim "Oh fie!" Not I! Then I may sing and play, And I may laugh and shout, You won't exclaim "Oh fie!" Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! What ever you are be that: What -
ever you say be true: Straight-forwardly act Be honest in fact Be nobody else but

Lord Dramaleigh:

when it is ripe, You'll then be a type of a capital English girl!
Nekaya:
Oh, sweet surprise, oh, dear delight, To find it undisputed quite,

Kalyba:
Oh, sweet surprise, oh, dear delight, To find it undisputed quite,

Lord Dramaleigh:
Oh, sweet surprise, oh, dear delight, To find it undisputed quite,

Mr. Goldbury:
Oh, sweet surprise, oh, dear delight, To find it undisputed quite,

All musty, fusty rules despite, That Art is wrong and Nature right!

Art is wrong and Nature right!
Oh, sweet surprise, oh, dear delight, To find it undisputed quite, undisputed quite,

All musty, fusty rules despite, That Art is wrong and Nature right! right!

Nature right! right!
When happy I, with laughter glad I'll wake the echoes
to join my song, and make it grand.

When happy I, with laughter glad I'll wake the echoes
to join my song, and make it grand.

fairly, And only sigh when I am sad. And that will be but rarely! 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

Nekaya:

Kalyba:
Nekaya:
It needn't be a hymn one!

Lord Dramaleigh:
It needn't be a hymn one!

Mr. Goldbury:
No, no! no, no! It needn't be a hymn one!

Nekaya:
It needn't be a hymn one!

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, fussy rules despite, That Art is wrong and Nature right!

(Art, and off)
No. 24. Recit: Oh would some demon pow'r... Song: When but a maid of fifteen year

Lady Sophy

Lady Sophy: Recit.

Oh, would some demon pow'r the gift impart
To quell my over conscientious heart
Un-speak the oaths that never had been spoken,
And break the vow that never shall be broken!

1. When but a maid of fifteen year,
2. Each morning I pursued my game (An

Un-sought un-plight-ed,
Short pet-ti-coat-ed and, I fear,
Still short-er ear-ly ris-er);
For spot-less mon-archs I became
An ad-ver-
sighted. I made a vow, one early spring, That only to some spotless king, Who

tis'er. But all in vain I search'd each land, So, king-less, to my native strand Re-

proof of blameless life could bring, I'd be united. For I had read, not long before, Of
turn'd a little older, and A good deal wiser! I learnt that spotless King and Prince Have

blameless kings in fairy lore, And thought the race still flourished here. I was a maid of fifteen
disappeared some ages since. E'en Parmount's angelic grace Is but a mask on Nature's

year! Well, well. Well, well. I was a maid of fifteen year!

face! Ah, me! Ah, me! Is but a
No. 25. Ah, Lady Sophy, then you love me!

King and Lady Sophy

King: Recit.

Ah, Lady Sophy, then you love me! For so you sing— No, no, by the stars that shine above me, Degraded King! For while these rumours, thro' the city bruited, Re-

Lady Sophy: Producing Palace Peeper

Attacca No. 25
main un-contradict-ed, un-refuted, The object thou of my aversion rooted

pul-sive thing!

King: Recit.

Allegro non poco agitato

par-agraphs were written and contributed by me!

By you? No, no! Yes, yes. I swear, by me!

I, caught in Sca-phio's ruthless toil, Contributed the lot!
Lady Sophy: And that is why you did not boil the author on the spot! And that is why I did not boil the author on the spot.

King: Boil the author on the spot! I couldn't think why you did not boil the author on the spot! Boil him on the spot! I thought you would boil the author on the spot.

Lady Sophy: spot! I could-n't think why you did not boil The au-thor on the spot! Boil him on the spot! I thought you would boil the author on the spot.

Both: spot! I thought you would boil the author on the spot.

No. 25a. Oh rapture unrestrained

King and Lady Sophy

Lady Sophy:

1. Oh

Allegro vivace

(King, verse 2)
rap-ture un-re-strain'd Of a can-did re-traction! For my sov-er-eign has
skies are blue a-bove, And the earth is red and ros-al, Now the la-dy of my

design'd A con-vinc-ing ex-pla-na-tion And the clouds that gath-er'd o'er All have
love Has ac-cept-ed my pro-pos-al! For that as-in-or-um pons I have

van-ish'd in the dis-tance, And of Kings of fai-ry lore One, at least, is in ex-
cross'd with-out as-sist-ance, And of prud-ish par-a-gons One, at least, is in ex-

The end! Of Kings of fai-ry lore One, at least, is in ex-
The end! Of prud-ish par-a-gons One, at least, is in ex-

1. King:

ist-ence! Of Kings of fai-ry lore One, at least, is in ex-
ist-ence! Of prud-ish par-a-gons One, at least, is in ex-

2. Oh the
Lady Sophy:

The clouds, the clouds, the clouds that gath-er’d o’er

King:

Have van-ish’d, have van-ish’d, van-ish’d in the dis-tance, All have van-ish’d, all have

van-ish’d, have van-ish’d, have van-ish’d in the dis-tance, All have van-ish’d, all have

van-ish’d, all have van-ish’d, van-ish’d, van-ish’d in the dis-tance!

van-ish’d, all have van-ish’d, van-ish’d, van-ish’d in the dis-tance!

van-ish’d, all have van-ish’d, van-ish’d, van-ish’d in the dis-tance!
(KING and LADY SOPHY dance gracefully. While this is going on LORD DRAMALEIGH enters unobserved with NEKAY A and MR. GOLDBURY with KALYBA. Then enter ZARA and CAPT. FITZBATTLEAXE. The two girls direct ZARA’s attention to the KING and LADY SOPHY, who are still dancing affectionately together.)

(At this point the KING kisses LADY SOPHY, which causes the Princesses to make an exclamation. The KING and LADY SOPHY are at first much confused at being detected, but eventually throw off all reserve, and the four couples break into a wild Tarantella.)
No. 25b. Tarantella

(Instrumental)
No. 26. Upon our sea-girt land

Chorus

Men:

on our sea-girt land, At our en-force’d com-mand, Re-form has laid her hand like some re-morse-less o-gress. And

made us dark-ly rue The deeds she dared to do. And all is ow-ing to those hat-ed Flowers of Pro-gress!

Women:

Flowers of Pro-gress!
No. 26a. (Trumpet flourish)

(Enter KING, his three daughters, LADY SOPHY, and the Flowers of Progress.)

King: What means this most unmannerly irruption? Is this your gratitude for boons conferred?
Scaphio: 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 reconstructed and remodeled upon so irresistible a basis that all the neighboring nations have disarmed--and War's impossible! Your County Councillor has passed such drastic Sanitary laws that all the doctors dwindle, starve, and die! The laws, remodeled 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, demands that these detested Flowers of Progress be sent about their business, and affairs restored to their original complexion!

King: (to ZARA) My daughter, this is a very unpleasant state of things. What is to be done?
Zara: I don't know--I don't understand it. 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, 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 measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party has done; 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 Navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity!

All: Ulahlica! Ulahlica!
Phantis: (aside) Baffled!
Scaphio: But an hour will come!
King: Your hour has come already--away with them, and let them wait my will! (SCAPHIO and PHANTIS are led off in custody.) From this moment Government by Party is 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. 27. There's a little group
of isles beyond the wave
Finale, Act II

Allegro maestoso

1. There's a little group of isles beyond the wave. So tiny, you might almost wonder
may we copy all her maxims wise. And imitate her virtues and her
where it is. That nation is the bravest of the brave, and cowards are the rarest of all
charities; And may we, by degrees, acclimate Here Parliamenterry peculiarities.
rarities. The proudest nations kneel at her command; She

...
ter-
ri-
fies all for-
eign born rap-
scal-
li-
on;
And holds the peace of Eu-
ro-
pae in her
gen-
er-
ate com-
plete-
lies;
Great Bri-
tain is that mon-
arch-
y sub-

hand With half a score in-
vin-
ci-
ble bat-\ntal-
i-
on,
 fieldValue
lime, To which some add (but oth-
ers do not)
Ire-
land.

Women (incl. Principals):

Such, at least, is the tale Which is

Men (incl. Principals):

Such, at least, is the tale Which is

borne on the gale From the is-
land which dwells in the sea.

borne on the gale From the is-
land which dwells in the sea.

Let us hope, for her sake, That she

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 borne on the gale!

Nekaya and Kalyba:

borne on the gale!

Nekaya and Kalyba:

borne on the gale!

End of Opera
Appendix I. Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true
(Chappell version, but with playout)

Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, Troopers and Chorus

Ah! gal-lant sol-dier, brave and true In tent-ed field and
tour-ney, I grieve to have oc-ca-sion’d you So ve-ry long a
jour-ney. A Brit-ish sol-dier gives up all— His home and is-
beau-ty— When sum-mon’d by the trum-pet-call Of Re-gi-men-tal
Du-ty!

Fitzbattleaxe: Oh my joy, my pride, My de-light to hide, Let us

Women: Knights-bridge nurse-maids—serving fair-ies—

A Brit-ish sol-dier gives up all—His

Men: sing, a-side, What in truth we feel. Let us whis-per low—Of our

Stars of proud Bel-gra-vian air-ies; At stern du-ty’s

home and is-land beau-ty—When sum-moned by the
love's glad glow, Lest the truth we show We would fain conceal.

call you leave them, Tho' you know how that must grieve them!

trumpet-call Of Regimental Duty!

Fitzbattleaxe:

Such escort duty as his due, To young Life-guardsman

falling, Completely reconciles him to His uneventful
- A4 -

Calling. When soldier seeks Utopian glades In charge of Youth and

Beauty. Then pleasure merely masquerades As Regimental

Duty!

Women:

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

Men:

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

The Trumpet call of Princess Zara!
Fitzbattleaxe:
And we are the escort—First Life Guards!

Troopers:
And we are the escort—First Life Guards!

That's trump call and we're all trump cards.

That's trump call and we're all trump cards.

Zara:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys untranslated, when your eyes behold Your belov'd Prin-

Fitzbattleaxe:
Oh! the hours are gold, And the joys untranslated, when my eyes behold My belov'd Prin-

Troopers:
First Life Guards, the First Life Guards! And we are the escort—First Life Guards!

Nek. & Kal. with Sopranos:
They're her escort—the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her escort—the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!

They're her escort—the First Life Guards! First Life Guards!
And the years will seem but a brief day - dream In our hap - pi - ness!

First Life Guards, the First Life Guards, the First, the First Life Guards! Tan - tan - ta - ra -

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

And the years will seem But a brief day - dream In the joy ex - treme Of our hap - pi - ra!

Tan - tan - ta - ra!

Tan - tan - ta - ra!

Tan - tan - ta - ra!
(Exeunt KING and ZARA in one direction, Lifeguardsmen and crowd in opposite direction.

Enter, at back, SCAPHIO and PHANTIS, who watch ZARA as she goes off.)