

## **Utopia, Limited Lyrics**

### **ACT I**

#### **Overture**

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

#### **Chorus**

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

#### **Phylla**

The song of birds  
In ivied towers;  
The rippling play  
Of waterway;  
The lowing herds;  
The breath of flowers;

The languid loves

Of turtle doves –

### **Chorus**

The song of birds etc.

### **All**

These simple joys are all at hand

Upon thy shores,

O Lazyland!

*March. Enter Guards, escorting SCAPHIO and PHANTIS*

### **All**

O make way for the Wise Men!

They are prizemen –

Double-first in the world's university!

For though lovely this island,

(Which is *my* land,)

She has no one to match them in *her* city.

They're the pride of Utopia –

Cornucopia

Is each in his mental fertility.

O they never make blunder,

And no wonder,

For they're triumphs of infallibility!

So make way etc.

**Scaphio**

In every mental lore,

**Phantis**

– tal lore,

**Scaphio**

(The statement smacks of vanity),

**Phantis**

We claim to rank before

**Scaphio**

– before

**Phantis**

The wisest of humanity.

**Scaphio**

As gifts of head and heart

**Phantis**

– and heart

**Scaphio**

We're wasted on 'utility,'

**Phantis**

We're 'cast' to play a part

**Scaphio**

– a part

**Phantis**

Of great responsibility.

**Scaphio**

Our duty is to spy

**Phantis**

– to spy

**Scaphio**

Upon our King's illicities,

**Phantis**

And keep a watchful eye

**Scaphio**

– ful eye

**Phantis**

On all his eccentricities.

**Both**

If ever a trick he tries – he tries

That savours of rascality,  
At our decree he dies – he dies  
Without the least formality.

**Scaphio**

We fear no rude rebuff,

**Phantis**

– rebuff,

**Scaphio**

Or newspaper publicity,

**Phantis**

Our word is quite enough,

**Scaphio**

– enough,

**Phantis**

The rest is electricity.

**Scaphio**

A pound of dynamite

**Phantis**

– amite

**Scaphio**

Explodes in his auriculars;

**Phantis**

It's not a pleasant sight –

**Scaphio**

– sant sight –

**Phantis**

We'll spare you the particulars.

**Scaphio**

Its force all men confess,

**Phantis**

– confess,

**Scaphio**

The King needs no admonishing –

**Phantis**

We may say its success

**Scaphio**

– success

**Phantis**

Is something quite astonishing.

**Both**

Our despot it imbues – imbues

With virtues quite delectable:

He minds his P's and Q's, – and Q's, –

And keeps himself respectable.

**Scaphio**

Of a tyrant polite

**Phantis**

He's a paragon quite.

**Scaphio**

He's as modest and mild

**Phantis**

In his ways as a child;

**Scaphio**

And no one e'er met

With an autocrat, yet,

**Phantis**

So delightfully bland

To the least in the land!

**Both**

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

**Chorus**

O make way for the Wise Men!  
They are prizemen –  
Double-first in the world's university!  
For though lovely this island,  
(Which is *my* land,)  
She has no one to match them in *her* city.

**Scaphio**

Let all your doubts take wing –  
Our influence is great.  
If Paramount our King  
Presumes to hesitate,  
Put on the screw,  
And caution him  
That he will rue  
Disaster grim  
That must ensue  
To life and limb,  
Should he pooh-pooh  
This harmless whim.



**Phantis**

This harmless whim,

**Scaphio**

This harmless whim,

**Both**

It is as I/you say, a harmless whim,

A harmless whim.

**Phantis** (*dancing*)

Observe this dance

Which I employ,

When I, by chance,

Go mad with joy.

What sentiment

Does this express?

What sentiment does this express?

*PHANTIS continues his dance while SCAPHIO vainly endeavours to discover its meaning.*

Supreme content

And happiness!

**Both**

Of course it does,

Of course it does –

Supreme content and happiness!

**Phantis**

Your friendly aid conferred,

I need no longer pine.

I've but to speak the word,

And lo! the maid is mine!

I do not choose

To be denied.

Or wish to lose

A lovely bride –

If to refuse

The King decide,

The Royal shoes

Then woe betide!

**Scaphio**

Then woe betide!

**Phantis**

Then woe betide!

**Both**

The Royal shoes then woe betide!

Then woe betide!

**Scaphio** (*dancing*)

This step to use

I condescend

Whene'er I choose

To serve a friend.

What it implies

Now try to guess;

What it implies now try to guess –

*SCAPHIO continues his dance while PHANTIS vainly endeavours to discover its meaning.*

It typifies

Unselfishness!

### **Both**

Of course it does,

Of course it does –

It typifies unselfishness!

*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*

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

### **Chorus**

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Quaff the nectar – cull the roses –

Gather fruit and flowers in plenty!

For our King no longer poses –

Sing the songs of *far niente*!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Wake the lute that sets us lilting,

Dance a welcome to each comer;

Day by day our year is wilting –

Sing the sunny songs of summer!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Sing the sunny songs of summer!

### **King**

A King of autocratic power we –

A despot whose tyrannic will is law,

Whose rule is paramount o'er land and sea,

A presence of unutterable awe!

But though the awe that I inspire

Must shrivel with imperial fire

All foes whom it may chance to touch,

To judge by what I see and hear,

It does not seem to interfere

With popular enjoyment, much.

### **Chorus**

No, no – it does not interfere

With our enjoyment much

### **King**

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

### **Chorus**

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

### **King**

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

### **All**

It is!

### **King**

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

*(tenderly)* 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!  
Come hither, daughters!

*Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA. They are twins, about fifteen years old; they are very modest and demure in appearance, dress, and manner.*

### **Chorus**

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

### **Nekaya and Kalyba**

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

### **Nekaya**

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

**Kalyba**

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

**Nekaya**

Which is an awkward time because  
It cuts into our lunch.

**Both**

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

**Nekaya**

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

**Kalyba**

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

**Nekaya**

(Which competition still defies) –

**Kalyba**

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

**Nekaya**

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

**Kalyba**

And we do all the rest!

**Both**

Oh, maids of high and low degree, etc.

*Enter LADY SOPHY – an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanour and dress. She is led on by the KING who expresses great regard and admiration for her.*



### **Lady Sophy**

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

### **Lady Sophy**

Bold-faced ranger  
(Perfect stranger)  
Meets two well-behaved young ladies.  
He's attractive,  
Young and active –  
Each a little bit afraid is.  
Youth advances,  
At his glances  
To their danger they awaken;  
They repel him  
As they tell him  
He is very much mistaken.  
Very, very much mistaken.  
Though they speak to him politely,  
Please observe they're sneering slightly,  
Just to show he's acting vainly.  
This is Virtue saying plainly,  
'Go away, young bachelor,  
We are not what you take us for!'  
When addressed impertinently,  
English ladies answer gently,  
'Go away young bachelor,

We are not what you take us for!’

### **Chorus**

When addressed impertinently,

English ladies answer gently,

‘Go away young bachelor,

We are not what you take us for!’

### **Lady Sophy**

As he gazes,

Hat he raises,

Enters into conversation.

Makes excuses –

This produces

Interesting agitation.

He, with daring,

Undespairing,

Gives his card – his rank discloses –

Little heeding

This proceeding,

They turn up their little noses.

Yes, their little, little noses.

Pray observe this lesson vital –

When a man of rank and title

His position first discloses,

Always cock your little noses.

When at home, let all the class

Try this in the looking glass.

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

### **Chorus**

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

### **Lady Sophy**

His intentions  
Then he mentions.  
Something definite to go on –  
Makes recitals  
Of his titles,  
Hints at settlements, and so on.  
Smiling sweetly,  
They discreetly,  
Ask for further evidences.  
Thus invited,  
He, delighted,  
Gives the usual references.  
Don't forget the references.  
This is business. Each is fluttered  
When the offer's fairly uttered.  
'Which of them has his affection?'

He declines to make selection.  
Do they quarrel for his dross?  
Not a bit of it – they toss.  
Ah, pray observe this cogent moral –  
English ladies never quarrel.  
When a doubt they come across,  
English ladies always toss.

### **Chorus**

We'll observe this cogent moral –  
English ladies never quarrel.  
When a doubt they come across,  
English ladies always toss.

### **Lady Sophy**

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

### **Chorus**

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

*Exeunt LADY SOPHY and the two Princesses, followed by Chorus. The KING is left alone.  
Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*

### **King**

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

### **King/Scaphio/Phantis**

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

### **King**

You grow up, and you discover  
What it is to be a lover.  
Some young lady is selected –

Poor, perhaps, but well-connected,  
Whom you hail (for love is blind)  
As the Queen of fairy kind.  
Though she's plain – perhaps unsightly,  
Makes her face up – laces tightly,  
In her form your fancy traces  
All the gifts of all the graces.  
Rivals none the maiden woo,  
So you take her, she takes you!

### **King/Scaphio/Phantis**

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

### **King**

Ten years later – Time progresses –  
Sours your temper – thins your tresses;  
Fancy, then, her chain relaxes;  
Rates are facts and so are taxes.  
Fairy Queen's no longer young –  
Fairy Queen has got a tongue.

Twins have probably intruded –  
Quite unbidden – just as you did –  
They're a source of care and trouble –  
Just as you were – only double.  
Comes at last the final stroke –  
Time has had his little joke!  
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Daily driven  
(Wife as drover)  
Ill you've thriven –  
Ne'er in clover:  
Lastly, when  
Three-score and ten  
(And not till then,)  
The joke is over!

**King/Scaphio/Phantis**

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Daily driven etc.

*Exeunt SCAPHIO and PHANTIS. Manet KING. Enter LADY SOPHY.*

**King**

Subjected to your heavenly gaze  
(Poetical phrase),  
My brain is turned completely.  
Observe me now,  
No Monarch, I vow,

Was ever so far afflicted!

**Lady Sophy**

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

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

**King**

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

**Lady Sophy**

This writer lies!



**King**

Yes, bother his eyes!

**Lady Sophy**

He lives, you say?

**King**

In a sort of a way.

**Lady Sophy**

Then have him shot.

**King**

Decidedly not.

**Lady Sophy**

Or crush him flat.

**King**

I cannot do that.

**Both**

O royal Rex,

My/Her blameless sex

Abhors such conduct shady.

You/I plead in vain,

You/I never will gain

Respectable English Lady!

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

*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.*

### **Ladies Chorus**

Oh, maiden, rich

In Girton lore,

That wisdom which

We prized before,

We do confess

Is nothingness,

And rather less,

Perhaps, than more.

On each of us

Thy learning shed.

On calculus

May we be fed.

And teach us, please,

To speak with ease

All languages,

Alive and dead!

On each of us thy learning shed.

### **Zara**

Five years have flown since I took wing –

Time flies, and his footstep ne'er retards –

I'm the eldest daughter of your king.

### **Troopers**

And we are 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 well-drilled trooper ne'er discards –

And we are the escort – First Life Guards! etc.

### **Zara**

These gentlemen I present to you,

The pride and boast of their barrack-yards;

They've taken oh such care of me!

### **Troopers**

For we are the escort – First Life Guards!

When the tempest rose,

And the ship went so –

Do you suppose

We were ill? No, no!

Though a qualmish lot

In a tunic tight,

And a helmet hot,  
And a breastplate bright  
(Which a well-drilled trooper ne'er discards),  
We stood as the escort – First Life Guards! etc.

### **Chorus**

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

### **Zara**

Tantantarara-rara-rara!

### **Fitzbattleaxe**

Trumpet call of Princess Zara!

### **Chorus**

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

### **Troopers**

And we are the escort – First Life Guards!

### **Zara & Fitzbattleaxe**

Oh! The hours are gold,  
And the joys untold,  
When your/my eyes behold  
Your/my beloved Princess;

### **Chorus Women:**

They're her escort, etc.

### **Troopers:**

And the years will seem

First Life Guards, etc.

But a brief day dream,

In our happiness!

And the years will seem

But a brief day dream,

In the joy extreme

Of our happiness!

In the joy of our Happiness!

### **Zara**

Ah! gallant soldier, brave and true

In tented field and tourney,

I grieve to have occasioned you

So very long a journey.

A British soldier gives up all –

His home and island beauty –

When summoned by the trumpet-call

Of Regimental Duty!

### **Zara & Fitzbattleaxe**

Oh my joy, my pride,

My delight to hide,

Let us sing, aside,

What in truth we feel.

Let us whisper low

Of our love's glad glow,

Lest the truth we show

We would fain conceal.

### **Men:**

A British Soldier gives up all –

His home and island beauty –

When summoned by the trumpet call

Of Regimental Duty!

### **Women:**

Knightsbridge nursemaids – serving fairies –

Stars of proud Belgravian airies;

At stern duty's call you leave them,  
Tho' you know how that must grieve them!

**Fitzbattleaxe**

Such escort duty, as his due,  
To young Lifeguardsman falling  
Completely reconciles him to  
His uneventful calling.  
When soldier seeks Utopian glades  
In charge of Youth and Beauty,  
Then pleasure merely masquerades  
As Regimental Duty!

**Fitzbattleaxe and Troopers**

Tantantarara-rara-rara!  
Trumpet-call of Princess Zara!  
That's trump call, and we're all trump cards  
And we are the escort – First Life Guards!

**Zara & Fitzbattleaxe**

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

**Chorus Women:**

They're her escort, etc.

**Troopers:**

First Life Guards, etc.

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

*Exeunt. SCAPHIO and PHANTIS enter at the back and see ZARA as she goes off.*

*ZARA and CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE re-enter.*

**Fitzbattleaxe**

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

**Scaphio and Phantis**

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

**Zara and Fitzbattleaxe (*aside*)**

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

**Phantis** (*aside to FITZBATTLEAXE*).

If I should die and he should live,  
To you, without reserve, I give  
Her heart so young and sensitive,  
And all her predilections.

**Scaphio** (*aside to FITZBATTLEAXE*).

If he should live and I should die,  
I see no kind of reason why  
You should not, if you wish it, try  
To gain her young affections!

**Scaphio and Phantis** (*angrily to each other*)

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

**Zara and Fitzbattleaxe**

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

*Exit SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.*

**Zara and Fitzbattleaxe**

Oh admirable art!  
Oh neatly-planned intention!  
Oh happy intervention –



Oh well-constructed plot!  
When sages try to part  
Two loving hearts in fusion,  
Their wisdom's a delusion,  
And learning serves them not!

**Fitzbattleaxe**

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

**Zara** (*aside*)

What would I do? What would I do?  
(*to FITZ.*) In such a case,  
Upon your breast,  
My blushing face  
I think I'd rest – (*doing so*)  
Then perhaps I might  
Demurely say –  
'I find this breastplate bright  
Is sorely in the way!'

**Fitzbattleaxe**

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

**Zara**

In such a case, etc.

**Fitzbattleaxe**

Our mortal race, etc.

*Exit FITZBATTLEAXE, Enter KING and CHORUS*

**Chorus**

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

**King**

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

**Chorus**

Oh joy unbounded!

**Scaphio, Tarara, and Phantis** (*aside*)

Why, what *does* this mean?

**Zara**

Attend to me, Utopian populace,  
Ye South Pacific Island viviparians;  
All, in the abstract, types of courtly grace,  
Yet, when compared with Britain's glorious race,  
You're sadly lacking as good humanitarians!

**Chorus**

‘Yes! Contrasted when  
With Englishmen  
We’re sadly lacking as good humanitarians!

**Scaphio, Tarara, and Phantis**

What does this mean?

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

**Zara** (*Presenting CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE*)

When Britain sounds the trump of war  
(And Europe trembles,)  
The army of the conqueror  
In serried ranks assembles;

'Tis then this warrior's eyes and sabre gleam

For our protection –

He represents a military scheme

In all its proud perfection!

### **Chorus**

Yes, yes, yes,

He represents a military scheme

In all its proud perfection!

Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**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 marvellous philologist who'll undertake to show

That 'yes' is but another and a neater form of 'no.'

### **Sir Bailey Barre**

Yes – yes – yes –

'Yes' is but another and a neater form of 'no.'

All preconceived ideas on any subject I can scout,

And demonstrate beyond all possibility of doubt,

That whether you're an honest man or whether you're a thief

Depends on whose solicitor has given me my brief.

**Chorus**

Yes – yes – yes –

That whether you're an honest man or whether you're a thief

Depends on whose solicitor has given him his brief.

Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**SOLO**

**Zara** (*Presenting LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR BLUSHINGTON of the County Council*)

What these may be, Utopians all

Perhaps you'll hardly guess –

They're types of England's physical

And moral cleanliness.

This is a Lord High Chamberlain

Of purity the gauge –

He'll cleanse our Court from moral stain,

And purify our Stage.

**Lord Dramaleigh**

Yes – yes – yes –

Court reputations I revise,

And presentations scrutinize,

New plays I read with jealous eyes,

And purify the Stage.

**Chorus**

Court reputations he'll revise, etc.

**Zara** (*Presenting MR BLUSHINGTON*)

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

**Mr Blushington**

Yes – yes – yes –  
In towns  
I make improvement great  
Which go to swell the County Rate –  
I dwelling houses sanitare  
And purify the Halls!

**Chorus**

In towns he makes improvement great, etc.,  
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

**Zara** (*Presenting MR GOLDBURY*)

A Company Promoter this, with special education  
Which teaches what Contango means and also Backwardation –  
To speculators he supplies a grand financial leaven,  
Time was when two were company – but now it must be seven.

**Mr Goldbury**

Yes – yes – yes –

Time was when two were company – but now it must be seven.

Stupendous loans to foreign thrones

I've largely advocated;

In ginger-pops and peppermint-drops

I've freely speculated;

Then mines of gold, of wealth untold,

Successfully I've floated,

And sudden falls in apple-stalls

Occasionally quoted:

And soon or late I always call

For Stock Exchange quotation –

No schemes too great and none too small

For Companification!

**Chorus**

Yes – yes – yes –

No schemes too great and none too small

For Companification!

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

And lastly I present

Great Britain's proudest boast,

Who from the blows

Of foreign foes

Protects her sea-girt coast –

And if you ask him in respectful tone,

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

**Captain Corcoran**

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

**All**

What never?

**Captain Corcoran**

No never!

**All**

What, *never*?

**Captain Corcoran**



Hardly ever!

**All**

Hardly ever run a ship ashore!

Then give three cheers and three cheers more,

For the tar who never runs his ship ashore;

Then give three cheers and three cheers more,

For he never runs his ship ashore!

All hail, all hail,

Ye types of England's power –

Ye heaven-enlightened band!

We bless the day and bless the hour

That brought you to our land.

**King, Zara, Lady Sophy, Fitzbattleaxe:**

Ye wanderers from a mighty State,

Oh teach us how to legislate –

Your/Our lightest word will carry weight

In our/your attentive ears.

**All**

Oh, teach the natives of this land

Who are not quick to understand

Ye wanderers, etc.

**Fitzbattleaxe**

Increase your army!

**Lord Dramaleigh**

Purify your Court!

**Captain Corcoran**

Get up your steam and cut your canvas short!

**Sir Bailey Barre**

To speak on both sides teach your sluggish brains!

**Mr Blushington**

Widen your thoroughfares, and flush your drains!

**Mr Goldbury**

Utopia's much too big for one small head –

I'll float it as a Company Limited!

**King**

A Company Limited?

What may that be?

The term, I rather think, is new to me.

**Chorus**

A Company Limited?

What may that be?

**Scaphio, Phantis, and 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?

### **Mr Goldbury**

Some seven men form an Association,

(If possible, all Peers and Baronets)

They start off with a public declaration

To what extent they mean to pay their debts.

That's called their Capital: if they are wary

They will not quote it at a sum immense.

The figure's immaterial – it may vary

From eighteen million down to eighteenpence.

I should put it rather low;

The good sense of doing so

Will be evident to any debtor.

When it's left to you to say

What amount you mean to pay,

Why, the lower you can put it at, the better.

### **Chorus**

When it's left to you to say etc.

### **Mr Goldbury**

They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,

Quite irrespective of their capital

(It's shady, but it's sanctified by custom);  
Bank, Railway, Loan, or Panama Canal.  
You can't embark on trading too tremendous –  
It's strictly fair, and based on common sense –  
If you succeed, your profits are stupendous –  
And if you fail, pop goes your eighteenpence.  
Make the money-spinner spin!  
For you only stand to win,  
And you'll never with dishonesty be twitted.  
For nobody can know,  
To a million or so,  
To what extent your capital's committed!

### **Chorus**

For nobody can know, etc.

### **Mr Goldbury**

If you come to grief and creditors are craving.  
(For nothing that is planned by mortal head  
Is certain in this Vale of Sorrow – saving  
That one's Liability is Limited) –  
Do you suppose that signifies perdition?  
If so you're but a monetary dunce –  
You merely file a Winding-Up Petition,  
And start another Company at once!  
Though a Rothschild you may be  
In your own capacity,  
As a Company you've come to utter sorrow –

But the Liquidators say,  
'Never mind – you needn't pay,'  
So you start another Company tomorrow!

**Chorus**

But the Liquidators say, etc.

**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.

**Scaphio, Phantis, and Tarara** (*aside to KING*)

You'd best take care –  
Please recollect we have not been consulted!

**King** (*not heeding them*)

And do I understand you that Great Britain  
Upon this Joint Stock principle is governed?

**Mr Goldbury**

We haven't come to that, exactly – but  
We're heading rapidly in that direction.  
The date's not distant.

**King** (*enthusiastically*)

We will be before you!

We'll go down to Posterity renowned  
As the First Sovereign in Christendom  
Who registered his Crown and Country under  
The Joint Stock Company's Act of Sixty-Two!

**All**

Ulahlica!

**King**

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

**Scaphio, Phantis, and Tarara** (*aside to KING*)

If you've the mad temerity  
Our wishes thus to blink,  
You'll go down to Posterity  
Much earlier than you think!

**Tarara** (*correcting them*)

He'll go *up* to Posterity,  
If I inflict the blow!

**Scaphio and Phantis** (*angrily*)

He'll go *down* to Posterity,  
We think we ought to know!

**Tarara** (*explaining*)

He'll go *up* –

Blown up with dynamite!

**Scaphio and Phantis** (*apologetically*)

He'll go *up* –

Of course he will you're right!

**The Three**

Up, up, up, up!

**Zara and Fitzbattleaxe,  
Sophy,**

**Nekaya and Kalyba**

Who love with all sincerity,

Their lives may safely link;  
ourselves we link

And as for our posterity –  
posterity

We don't care what they think!  
sovereigns all the pink!

**Scaphio, Phantis.**

**and Tarara**

If he has the temerity

Our wishes thus to blink

He'll go up to posterity

Much earlier than they think!

**King, Lady**

**Flowers, and Chorus**

Henceforward of a verity

With fame

And go down to

Of

**All**

Let's seal this mercantile pact

The step we ne'er shall rue –

It gives whatever we lacked –

The statement's strictly true.

All hail, astonishing Fact!

All hail, Invention new –

The Joint Stock Company's Act

Of Parliament Sixty-Two!

The Act of Sixty-Two!

The Act of Sixty-Two!

*End of Act I.*

*ACT II*

*SCENE: Pavilion in the Palace. Night. FITZBATTLEAXE discovered, singing to ZARA*

**Captain Fitzbattleaxe**

Oh, Zara, my beloved one, bear with me!

Ah do not laugh at my attempted C!

Repent not, mocking maid, thy girlhood's choice –

The fervour of my love affects my voice!

A tenor, all singers above,

(This doesn't admit of a question),

Should keep himself quiet,

Attend to his diet

And carefully nurse his digestion:

But when he is madly in love

It's certain to tell on his singing –

You can't do chromatics

With proper emphatics

When anguish your bosom is wringing!

When distracted with worries in plenty,



And his pulse is a hundred and twenty,  
And his fluttering bosom the slave of mistrust is,  
A tenor can't do himself justice!  
(spoken) Now observe – (sings a high note) Ah!  
You see, I can't do myself justice!

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

### **Zara**

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

Whisper sweetly, whisper slowly,  
Hour by hour and day by day;  
Sweet and low as accents holy  
Are the notes of lover's lay!

### **Zara and Fitzbattleaxe**

Sweet and low, etc.

### **Fitzbattleaxe**

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

### **Both**

Sweet and low, etc.

### **King**

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

### **Flowers of Progress**

Divorce is nearly obsolete in England.

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

That's a maxim that is prevalent in England.

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

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

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

We haven't any slummeries in England!

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

We are going to abolish it in England!

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

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

**King**

Our Peerage we've remodeled on an intellectual basis,  
Which certainly is rough on our hereditary races –

**Flowers of Progress**

We are going to remodel it in England.

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

As literary merit does in England!

**King**

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

**Flowers of Progress**

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

**ENTRANCE OF THE COURT**

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

**DRAWING ROOM MUSIC**

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

### **King**

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

### **King, Princess Zara, Princesses Nekaya, Princess Kalyba, Lady Sophy, Fitzbattleaxe, and Chorus**

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

### **King and Tenors**

Glory, glory,

### **All**

Glory then will crown the day –  
Glory, glory anyway! etc.,

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

**Scaphio**

With fury deep we burn –

**Phantis**

We do –

**Scaphio**

We fume with smothered rage.

**Phantis**

We do –

**Scaphio**

These Englishmen who rule supreme

Their undertaking they redeem

By stifling every harmless scheme

In which we both engage –

**Phantis**

They do –

**Scaphio**

In which we both engage.

**Phantis**

We think it is our turn –

**Scaphio**

We do –

**Phantis**

We think our turn has come –

**Scaphio**

We do –

**Phantis**

These Englishmen, they must prepare

To seek at once their native air –

The King, as heretofore, we swear,

Shall be beneath our thumb –

**Scaphio**

He shall –

**Phantis**

Shall be beneath our thumb

**Scaphio**

He shall –

**Both**



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

*Enter the KING.*

**King**

No, this won't do!

**Scaphio**

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

**Phantis**

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

**King**

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

*SCAPHIO and PHANTIS thoroughly baffled.*

**King** *(dancing quietly)*

Whene'er I chance to baffle you

I, also, dance a step or two –

Of this now guess the hidden sense:

*SCAPHIO and PHANTIS consider the question as KING continues dancing – they give up.*

**King**

It means – complete indifference!

**Scaphio and Phantis**

Of course it does –

Of course it does –

It means complete indifference –

**King**

Indifference –

Indifference –

Indifference!

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

**Scaphio and Phantis**

As we've a dance for every mood

With *pas de trois* we will conclude.

What this may mean you all may guess –

It typifies remorselessness –

Remorselessness –

Remorselessness –

### **King**

It means unruffled cheerfulness!

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

### **Scaphio, Phantis, and Tarara**

With wily brain upon the spot

A private plot we'll plan,

The most ingenious private plot

Since private plots began.

That's understood. So far we've got

And striking while the iron's hot,

We'll now determine like a shot

The details of this private plot.

### **Scaphio**

I think we ought – (*whispers*)

### **Phantis and Tarara**

Such bosh I never heard.

### **Phantis**

Ah! Happy thought! – (*whispers*)

**Scaphio and Tarara**

How utterly dashed absurd!

**Tarara**

*I'll tell you how – (whispers)*

**Scaphio and Phantis**

Why, what put that in your head?

**Scaphio**

*I've got it now – (whispers)*

**Phantis and Tarara**

Oh, take him away to bed!

**Phantis**

Oh, put him to bed!

**Tarara**

Oh, put him to bed!

**Scaphio**

What! put *me* to bed?

**Phantis and Tarara**

Yes, certainly put him to bed!

**Scaphio**

But, bless me, don't you see –

**Phantis**

Do listen to me, I pray –

**Tarara**

It certainly seems to me –

**Scaphio**

Bah – this is the only way!

**Phantis**

It's rubbish absurd you growl!

**Tarara**

You talk ridiculous stuff!

**Scaphio**

You're a drivelling barndoor owl!

**Phantis**

You're a vapid and vain old muff!

You're a vain old muff!

**All**

So far we haven't quite solved the plot –

They're not a very ingenious lot –  
But don't be unhappy, It's still on the *tapis*,  
We'll presently hit on a capital plot!

**Scaphio**

Suppose we all – (*whispers*)

**Phantis**

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

**Tarara**

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

**Scaphio**

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

**Phantis and Tarara**

Bravo! a capital plan!

**Scaphio**

That's exceedingly neat and new!

**Phantis**

Exceeding new and neat!

**Tarara**

I fancy that that will do.

**Scaphio**

It's certainly very complete.

**Phantis**

Well done, you sly old sap!

**Tarara**

Bravo, you cunning old mole!

**Scaphio**

You very ingenious chap!

**Phantis**

You intellectual, intellectual soul!

**All**

At last a capital plan we've got;

We won't say how and we won't say what;

It's safe in my noddle –

Now off we will toddle,

And slyly develop this capital plot!

*Exeunt all. Enter LORD DRAMALEIGH and MR GOLDBURY. Enter NEKAYA and KALYBA, timidly.*

### **Mr Goldbury**

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

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

With a ten-mile spin she stretches her limbs,  
She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims –  
She plays, she sings, she dances, too,  
From ten or eleven till all is blue!  
At ball or drum, till small hours come,  
(Chaperon's fan conceals her yawning)  
She'll waltz away like a teetotum,  
And never go home till daylight's dawning.  
Lawn tennis may share her favours fair –



Her eyes a-dance and her cheeks a-glowing –  
Down comes her hair, but what does she care?  
It's all her own and it's worth the showing!

Ah! Go search the world, etc.

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

Ah! Go search the world etc.

### **Nekaya**

Then I may sing and play?

### **Lord Dramaleigh**

You may!

### **Kalyba**

And I may laugh and shout?

**Mr Goldbury**

No doubt!

**Nekaya**

These maxims you endorse?

**Lord Dramaleigh**

Of course!

**Kalyba**

You won't exclaim 'Oh fie!'

**Mr Goldbury**

Not I!

**Nekaya and Kalyba**

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

**All**

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

**Mr Goldbury**

Whatever you are – be that:

Whatever you say – be true:

Straightforwardly act –

Be honest – in fact

Be nobody else but *you*.

### **Lord Dramaleigh**

Give every answer pat –

Your character true unfurl;

And when it is ripe,

You'll then be a type

Of a capital English girl!

### **All**

Oh sweet surprise – oh dear delight

To find it undisputed quite –

All musty, fusty rules despite,

That Art is wrong and Nature right! etc.

### **Nekaya**

When happy I,

With laughter glad

I'll wake the echoes fairly,

And only sigh

When I am sad –

And that will be but rarely!

### **Kalyba**

I'll row and fish,

And gallop, soon –

No longer be a prim one –  
And when I wish  
To hum a tune,  
It needn't be a hymn one?

**All**

No, no! No, no!  
It needn't be a hymn one! (*dancing*)  
Oh sweet surprise – oh dear delight  
To find it undisputed quite –  
All musty, fusty rules despite,  
That Art is wrong and Nature right! etc.

*Dance and off. Enter LADY SOPHY.*

**Lady Sophy**

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

When but a maid of fifteen year,  
Unsought – unplighted –  
Short petticoated - and, I fear,  
Still shorter-sighted –  
I made a vow, one early spring,  
That only to some spotless king  
Who proof or blameless life could bring,

I'd be united.

For I had read not long before,

Of blameless kings in fairy lore,

And thought the race still flourished here –

I was a maid of fifteen year!

Well, well –

Well, well –

I was a maid of fifteen year!

*The KING enters and overhears this verse.*

Each morning I pursued my game

(An early riser);

For spotless monarchs I became

An advertiser:

But all in vain I searched each land,

So, kingless, to my native strand

Returned, a little older, and

A good deal wiser!

I learnt that spotless King and Prince

Have disappeared some ages since –

E'en Paramount's angelic grace

Is but a mask on Nature's face!

Ah, me!

Ah, me!

Is but a mask on Nature's face!

**King**

Ah, Lady Sophy – then you love me!

For so you sing –

**Lady Sophy** (*indignant and surprised*)

No, no, by the stars that shine above me,

Degraded King!

For while these rumours, through the city bruited,

Remain uncontradicted, unrefuted,

The object thou of my aversion rooted,

Repulsive thing!

**King**

Be just – the time is now at hand

When truth may published be,

These paragraphs were written and

Contributed by me!

**Lady Sophy**

By you? No, no!

**King**

Yes, yes, I swear, by me!

I, caught in Scaphio's ruthless toil,

Contributed the lot!

**Lady Sophy**

And *that* is why you did not boil

The author on the spot!

**King**

And *that* is why I did not boil

The author on the spot!

**Lady Sophy**

I *couldn't* think why you did not boil

The author on the spot!

**Both**

Boil him on the spot!

**Lady Sophy**

Oh rapture unrestrained

Of a candid retractation!

For my sovereign has deigned

A convincing explanation –

And the clouds that gathered o'er,

All have vanished in the distance,

And of Kings of fairy lore

One, at least, is in existence!

**King**

Oh, the skies are blue above,

And the earth is red and rosal,

Now the lady of my love

Has accepted my proposal!

For that *asinorum pons*

I have crossed without assistance,  
And of prudish paragons  
One, at least, is in existence!

**Both**

Oh, the clouds, etc.

Tarantella, *vivace*

*KING and SOPHY dance. LORD DRAMALEIGH enters with NEKAYA and MR GOLDBURY with KALYBA from opposite entrances. They join, unobserved, in the dance. Then ZARA and CAPTAIN FITZBATTLEAXE enter and join, also unobserved. The KING and LADY SOPHY are suddenly aware of the presence of the others. They are taken aback for the moment – then, throwing off all reserve, they join in a Tarantella and all go off in couples at different entrances*

*Enter the Chorus, in great excitement.*

**Men**

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

**Women**



So down with them!

Down with them!

### **All**

Reform's a hated ogress.

### **Women**

So down with them

Down with them!

### **Men, then All**

Down with the Flowers of Progress!

Down with them!

Down with them!

Down with the Flowers of Progress!

*Enter KING, PRINCESS ZARA, PRINCESS NEKAYA, PRINCESS KALYBA, LADY SOPHY, and the FLOWERS OF PROGRESS.*

### **FINALE ACT II**

#### **Zara**

There's a little group of isles beyond the wave,

So tiny you might almost wonder where it is;

That nation is the bravest of the brave,

And cowards are the rarest of all rarities:

The proudest nations kneel at her command;

She terrifies all foreign-born rascallions,

And holds the peace of Europe in her hand,

With half a score invincible battalions.

**All**

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

**King**

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

**All**

Such, at least, is the tale etc.

CURTAIN.

(optional) King Arthur lyrics

**Chorus of Lake Spirits**

Dawn and daytime turn to night,  
Darkness wakes to morning light:  
All the uncounted hours go by,  
Swift as clouds across the sky,  
While we maidens of the mere,  
Heedless of the changing year,  
Guard the sword Excalibur!

Sword no mortal shall withstand,  
Fashioned by no mortal hand;  
Long we wait the hour shall bring  
England's sword to England's King,  
England's sword to England's King:  
He shall wield Excalibur!

Warring knight, into thy hand,  
Monarch of a mighty land,  
That in unborn years shall be  
Monarch of the mightier sea;  
Great Pendragon's son, to thee  
We shall yield Excalibur!

### **Chorus of Unseen Spirits**

Fairest form of all the earth!  
Joy and sorrow at one birth:  
Love and beauty, hope and fear,  
Wait for thee in Guinevere!

Love and Hate are born in May,  
Love, the bird upon the wing,  
Hate, the worm devouring  
All Love's flowers of yesterday,  
Wait for thee in Guinevere!

### **The Chaunt of the Grail**

Look not to thy sword –  
Fame is but a breath,  
That, for all reward,  
Brings thee only death.

Rise, and go forth with us  
Who seek the Grail!  
Winning for reward  
Fame that shall not fail!

Ere those lips be dumb  
That would bid thee stay:  
Ere the night be come,  
Rise, and come away.

We who go forth  
To seek the Holy Grail,  
Win, ere night be come,  
Light that shall not fail!

### **The May Song**

Ere upon the snowy bed  
Lies the first-born of the Spring,  
Ere the crocus lifts his head  
Or the swallow finds its wing,  
Love is here,  
Say ye then earth's flowers shall fade?  
We shall tell ye nay:  
Love, the first of all flowers made  
Lives from May to May.

He beneath whose sun-kissed feet,  
Daisies rise to kiss the sun,  
Lily, rose, and meadowsweet,  
Love, that is all flowers in one,  
Love is here:  
Heed not then the blooms that fall  
Dying with the day,  
Love, the sweetest flower of all  
Lives from May to May.

### **Funeral March and Final Chorus**

Sleep! Oh, sleep! Till night outworn  
Wakens to the echoing horn,  
That shall greet the King new-born,  
King that was and is to be.

And a voice from shore to shore  
Cries, 'Arise, and sleep no more,

Greet the dawn, the night is o'er;

England's sword is in the sea.'

Sleep, oh, sleep, sleep, sleep!