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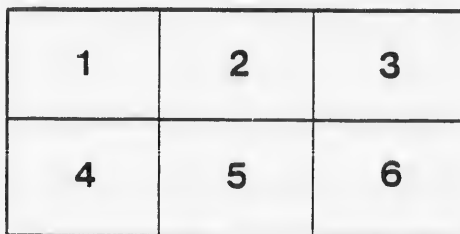
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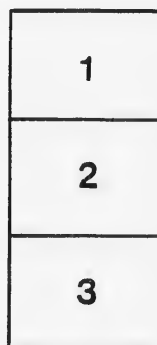
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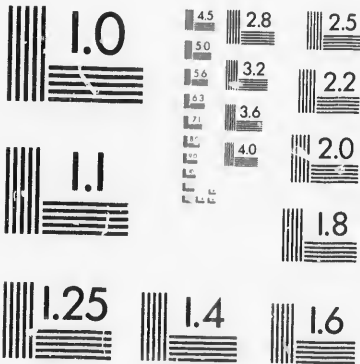
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NINA

OR

*A Christmas in the Mediterranean*

A NAUTICAL COMIC OPERETTA

IN

∞ TWO ACTS ∞

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE

HARMONIC CLUB

TO WHOM IT IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

BY

T. HERBERT CHESNUT.

**PRICE, 15 CENTS.**

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY DAVID BEWICKE, THE CAXTON PRESS,  
McNAB STREET, HAMILTON, ONT.

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## Cast of Characters.

---

- DICK LeROY (Tenor)**—MAINTOPMAN OF H. M. S. SNOWBIRD.  
**CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL (Bass)**—COMMANDER OF H. M. S. SNOWBIRD  
BEN BRACE—Bo'sUN OF H. M. S. SNOWBIRD.  
BILL BOWLINE—ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN OF H. M. S. SNOWBIRD.  
**ANTONIO (Baritone)**—CAPTAIN OF PIRATE SLOOP, RED ROVER.  
BEPPO—LIEUTENANT OF PIRATE SLOOP, RED ROVER.  
LOPEZ—GUNNER OF PIRATE SLOOP, RED ROVER.  
HESSIN—PIRATE GUARD.  
ALBERTO—ANTONIO'S NEPHEW.  
IRENE—A GRECIAN SLAVE AND ANTONIO'S DAUGHTER.  
**NINA (Soprano)**—CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL'S DAUGHTER.

**Sailors, Pirates, Waiting Maids, &c.**





NINA  
OR  
A CHRISTMAS IN THE MEDITERANEAN.  
A NAUTICAL COMIC OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Chorus of Pirates on board the pirate sloop Red Rover.*

We are pirates every one,  
All so merry, bold and brave,  
From early dawn  
To set of sun,  
We sail the ocean wave,  
With pistols in each hand  
We sweep the foeman's deck,  
Our gallant little band  
Soon leaves the foe a wreck.  
We'll live our pleasant life  
That poets oft' have sung,  
Till capture close our strife,  
And all of us are hung.  
We're pirates every one  
Till all of us are hung.  
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Ho, ho!  
Hung, hung, hung.  
We are pirates every one,  
All so merry, bold and brave,  
From early dawn  
To set of sun  
We sail the ocean wave;  
We are pirates every one  
Till all of us are hung,  
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!  
Till all of us are hung,  
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!  
Till all of us are hung.

LOPEZ. Well, comrades, ours is a merry life, one continual round of pleasure and excitement.

BEPPU. Yes! But, of late, luck seems to have deserted us, for we have not taken a prize now for forty-eight hours. Just think of that. For my part, I'm getting sick of this inactivity, and unless luck soon changes I'll desert and go to Algiers, where lots of ships are waiting for just such men as I—ahem.

LOPEZ. So will I; but stop! Here comes our captain. He has some news for us. See! He smiles.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

SONG.—ANTONIO.

Yes! my boys, your swarthy captain,  
Has good news to tell you all to-day.  
Six miles off, that thick fog wrapt in,  
Is a cruiser, coming right this way.  
What say you if we attack her?  
Once on board, we'll treasure doubtless find.  
We'll throw the crew into the water,  
Officers we'll firmly bind.  
Then trim the sails, boys,  
Trim the sails,  
Lest she shall tack and try hard to escape us,  
Trim the sails, boys,  
Trim the sails,  
And the cruiser's ours.

ANTONIO. Now, my men. Listen to me. Yonder ship is an English cruiser. We are enemies of all English cruisers. Are we not?

PIRATES. We are! Death and destruction to all English cruisers, say we.

ANTONIO. I knew what you would say. Enough! Prepare to decoy her within our reach; but if we fail in that, up with every stitch of sail and run her down, for we must capture her at all risks. I go below. Beppo! call me when we come within shot of yonder vessel.

BEPPU. Yes, master.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

Now, My lads, Bepp's your commander  
For the space of quarter of an hour.  
I warn you not to raise his dander,  
As he'd then, perhaps, show you all his power.  
Come now, Lopez, don your fleetness.  
Show us how you scramble up the lines;

Come, be quick, "despatch and neatness"  
Are for what your captain pines.

Then up aloft, boy,

Up aloft,

For up or down your choice will surely be.

Then up aloft, boy,

Up aloft,

And bring us news.

*Exit ANTONIO.*

BEPPO. What a prize is within our reach, lads; If we are successful I will change my mind, and instead of deserting, will follow Antonio's fortunes to the end.

LOPEZ. (*Who has been to the masthead and just returned.*) So will I, and so will we all, and in less than half an hour we will be within shot of the cruiser.

BEPPO. But into your places, lads, and endeavor to decoy the English vessel within our reach. (*Pirates place themselves in various positions of peaceful occupation, such as raiding, one with a parasol and lady's hat just showing above the bulwarks, another dons an English captain's cap, and prepares with trumpet in hand to speak to the stranger, if they reach a favorable distance without being discovered.*)

BEPPO. Lopez, are you sure you can speak English! else why do you stand there with that trumpet? let me hear you speak, sir.

LOPEZ. English? certainly, just listen. Hello! cap-tain Englesa, what dot ship his name, me listen, eh!

BEPPO. Very good, you'll do. (*Thus they remain in expectation while BEPPO scans the stranger through his glass.*)

BEPPO. Run below Hessin, quick! fetch Antonio, we are discovered, but it is too late for them to escape us, yes, there goes the Union Jack to the fore, and ah! she fires. (*Report.*)

*(Enter ANTONIO, followed by HESSIN.)*

### CHORUS.

We are Pirates every one,

All so merry, bold and brave,

From early dawn

To set of sun,

We sail the ocean wave.

We are Pirates every one,

Till all of us are hung,

Ha, ha! ha, ha!

Now the cruiser's ours.

ANTONIO. Bring powder out,  
Let no one shout.  
PIRATES. We'll take the English ship we tow.  
ANTONIO. Load up the gun,  
Let no one run,  
PIRATES. We'll fight to the death we vow.

## SCENE II.

(On board H. M. S. Snowbird, cruising in the Mediterranean, in search of Pirates).

## CHORUS OF SAILORS.

We're sailors true,  
A right merry crew,  
And our captain is the best man that walks the quarterdeck.  
'Tis Christmas day,  
So bright and gay,  
Let revel and mirth abound.  
But hold!  
Where's Dick LeRoy,  
The joy and pride of sailors all,  
Ha, ha! here comes the boy,  
He heard his messmates call-l-l.  
(Enter DICK).

We're a merry crew,  
We're sailors true,  
And main-top Dick is the merriest of us all.  
Let's go below,  
Our hammocks stow,  
And we'll have a regular sailor's ball.

DICK. I'm not very merry to-day messmates, in fact I don't feel well, and as it is my watch, I would be left alone, but will be down in the course of an hour. (Exeunt sailors.) Ah! they little know what ails me, poor fellows. They know not that I love our captain's daughter, that I have this very day asked her hand, and been refused, thus blighting all my fondest hopes.

## SONG—DICK.

Pretty, pretty Nina,  
I have asked your hand,  
But met with a refusal  
At such a wild and rash demand.  
There's nought in life to tempt me,

If you are not by me,  
Life would be a blank then,  
Dead I'd sooner be.  
Life would be a blank then,  
Dead I'd sooner be.

My messmates are so jolly,  
Why should they not be so ?  
To-morrow ends their folly,  
When to their posts they'll gladly go,  
For this is gladsome Christmas,  
Yet oh, how long it seems  
Since last I saw my darling,  
Angel of my dreams.  
Since last I saw my darling,  
Angel of my dreams.

(Enter NINA).

NINA. Never mind my sweetheart,  
All will yet be right,  
Things may be quite different  
Perhaps before the coming night,  
Although papa refused you,  
That can never change  
The love I always bore you,  
Which worlds cannot estrange.  
The love I always bore you,  
Which worlds cannot estrange.

DICK. Your words, how they delight me,  
Nina, none can tell.

NINA. Yes, my darling, I can,  
Who but me can know so well.

BOTH. We'll bide our time till further  
Plans we can manage,  
When by some deed of daring  
My } father's mind you'll } change  
Your }                    I'll }  
When by some deed of daring,  
My } father's mind you'll } change  
Your }                    I'll }

(Sound of sailors returning, DICK and NINA lovingly embrace, the latter entering her cabin, while the former sings).

(Enter sailors).

DICK. I'm a sailor true,  
Quite merry too,

CHORUS.  
 Though a half an hour ago  
 I was mournful as you know.  
     He's a sailor true,  
     Quite jolly too,  
 Come let us take him down below.

*(Escort sailors, dragging DICK along with them.)*

*(Enter CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL in a rage.)*

SONG—CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL.

If things go on like this,  
 There'll be the mischief to pay,  
 That rascal Dick LeRoy he took  
 My breath right clean away.  
 He asked me for my daughter,  
 But hold hard! he hasn't got her,  
 For I've put a little stopper  
 On their game this very day.  
     Oh, 'tis too bad,  
     It makes me mad,  
 To think that Dick would be such  
 An ungrateful lad.

To think a maintop hand  
 Would have such awful cheek,  
 My daughter Nina's hand  
 To come and boldly seek.  
 It would be really quite confusing,  
 If it were not so amusing,  
 More time I'll not be losing  
 In checking this wild freak.  
     I do declare,  
     It lifts my hair  
 To picture to myself those two  
 As a married pair.

I love my sailors all,  
 I think they love me too,  
 But in a case like this  
     What is a man to do.  
 His wife she'll never be,  
 Just as sure as I can see,  
 He'll have to find another  
 Pretty girl to woo.  
     Yes Dick, my boy,

I wish you joy,  
But Nina's name shall never change  
To Madam LeRoy.

(Enter BEN BRACE).

BEN BRACE. Sail ho! captain, on the weather beam.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. Sail ho! sail—oh! (*strikes his shin against the capstan in his excitement.*) Sail ho! fetch my glass, run man, don't stand there grinning like an idiot. (*Exit BEN BRACE.*) Confound that capstan anyway, I nearly broke my leg. Between refractory sailors and obstinate girls, combined with a couple more such knocks as that and I'll be as mad as a March hare, I will, I do assure you.

BEN BRACE. (*Returning—aside.*) If he ain't that already. Here's your glass, sir. (*Aside.*) I wonder what's the matter with our bold commander, he seems to be unusually excited over something.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. (*After looking attentively in the direction of the approaching ship.*) Ye gods and little fishes! 'Tis a pirate, I have a strange antipathy to fighting with pirates, they are so—ay—ah—piratical, so cruel, in fact so blood-thirsty. Yes, 'tis a pirate, (*stamps impatiently on the deck*), all hands on deck.

BEN BRACE (*Calling down the companionway*). All hands on deck.

(Enter sailors).

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. Boys, do you see that vessel coming towards us.

CREW. Ay! ay! sir.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. And what do you make of her, boys. (*sailors look attentively at the approaching vessel.*)

BILL BOWLINE. Well I should say it was an oyster-sloop on the starboard tack.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. You're drunk, sir, go below and perhaps you'll have the satisfaction of being massacred within the next half hour. (*Exit BILL.*)

DICK. That vessel is a pirate, sir, see the length and narrowness of her hull, the rake of her masts and spars, and ah, there goes the black flag to the fore.

CREW. Ay, 'tis a pirate, hurrah! now for a fight.

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. Yes, boys, 'tis a pirate, and I now call upon you all to defend the treasure which we captured on our last prize, let alone your own lives. It is our duty as sailors in the service of merry England to endeavor to—ah!—ah!—escape with all speed, but as this seems out of the question, let us fight like men, and show these vermin what an English sailor can do with a

trusty cutlass in his right hand. Up with the Union Jack, provide yourself with arms, and—brace up.

*(Sailors provide themselves with pistols, cutlasses, guns, and other weapons, and place themselves in positions of defence.)*

### CHORUS.

We're sailors true,  
A right merry crew,  
But this pirate as yet is not conscious of the fact  
He'll know it soon,  
Before light of moon,  
And will be taken completely aback.

BILL BOWLINE. *(Who has again joined his messmates, to aid them in their annihilation of the pirate).* Oh, how I wish I was out of here, really I'm not used to this sort of thing; what would my mother say if she were here now, I know it would be "Billy, you'll be a corpus within the next five minutes." Oh dear, oh dear! Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo.

BEN BRACE. Come Bill, be a man like me—ahem. *(attitude)* Here, get behind me, but stay, on second thought, I guess I'll get behind you, for here they come.

*(Crash as of two ships coming together).*

*(Enter pirates, headed by ANTONIO, and a short and decisive conflict is the result).*

CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. Down with the vermin my men, let not one of them live to tell the tale.

*(Sailors are demoralized with fear, and do not obey his summons, but on the contrary one after another throw down their arms and retire in wild confusion. The pirate captain makes a dash for BILL BOWLINE, he being nearest him, but is much surprised at the rapidity with which that bold mariner endeavors to make his escape. He however catches him).*

BILL BOWLINE. *(On his knees).* Spare me! oh spare me! good pirate, for I assure you I'm an orphan.

ANTONIO. Ah, cowardly Inglesa. *(Kicks him contemptuously, and then turns his attention to CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL, who is still fighting against fearful odds with DICK LE ROY by his side. They are both exhausted, and the addition of ANTONIO to the number soon ends the conflict, and all the English sailors are bound hand and foot, and placed in readiness to be thrown overboard).*



CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL. Pirate dogs! you will pay dearly for this,  
I assure you, you will.

(Enter NINA, who, throwing herself on her knees, begs for her father's  
life).

SONG—NINA, CAPTAIN T. AND ANTONIO.

NINA. What would you do, sir?  
What is his crime?  
CAPT. T. Oh, what has brought her  
Here at this time.  
NINA. He did but his duty  
Good pirate chief!  
ANTONIO. What vision of beauty  
Shows such wild grief.

PIRATES.

What vision of beauty  
Shows such wild grief!  
What vision of beauty  
Shows such wild grief.

SAILORS.

What now will become of  
Our captain's fair child?  
What now will become of  
Our captain's fair child.

TRIO.

Truth is stranger far than fiction,  
Who dare offer contradiction,  
When Her Majesty's guardian of peace  
So far allows his good sense to cease,  
As to sing with a native of Greece,  
A man whose head is on lease.  
CHORUS. Yes! truth is stranger far than fiction,  
We dare not offer contradiction,  
But look with wonder as we sing  
At Captain Taffrail and the pirate king.  
Yes! truth is stranger far than fiction,  
We dare not offer contradiction,  
But look with wonder as we sing,  
At Captain Taffrail and the pirate king.

(Enter BEPPO).

BEPPO. Everything is ready, master, to make sail at once for  
the island. (*Salutes*).

ANTONIO. It is well, (*to CAPT. T.*) you and your men are quite  
safe at present, come, we will enter the cabin. Beppo, have these  
men taken below.

(ANTONIO, CAPT. T. and NINA enter cabin, arm in arm).

### CHORUS,

We are pirates every one,  
 All so merry, bold, and brave,  
 From early dawn  
 To set of sun,  
 We sail the ocean wave.  
 We are pirates every one,  
 But now our task is done,  
 Ha, ha! Ha, ha!  
 The cruiser's ours.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A cavern on the pirate island, sailors with hands bound, reclining on the straw.*)

#### SONG—DICK AND CHORUS.

DICK.

On a pirate island you find us now,  
 With scarcely a hope of escape, oh!  
 In this cavern here

We are doomed we fear,

To spend our days for perhaps a year.

CREW.

Oh yes, oh yes, 'tis cruel!

We're fed on nought but gruel,

Of a good beef steak

We'll ne'er partake,

And pudding's scarce the rule.

Of a good beef steak

We ne'er partake,

And pudding's scarce the rule.

DICK.

Our captain bold is we know not where,

And so is his daughter Nina,

That noblest of girls,

A gem 'mid pearls,

Her absence o'er me a thick gloom hurls.

CREW.

Oh yes, oh yes, 'tis cruel! etc.

DICK.

But let us not like dummies sit,

While yet we may make our escape, oh,

Though the door is barred,

It would not be hard

To watch our chance, and nab the guard.

CREW. Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! you're right,  
 We'll bind the rascal tight,  
 With courtesies few,  
 We'll say adieu,  
 And 'scape into the night.  
 With courtesies few, etc.

DICK. Would that I knew where our noble captain is.

BEN BRACE. (*Significantly.*) And his noble daughter.

DICK. Yes, very true Ben, and his noble daughter, and it is our duty to endeavor to free ourselves and find them.

BEN BRACE. (*Laughing.*) Yes, we'll have to find *them*, but more particularly—*her*, eh boys !

### CHORUS.

'Tis not a mere anxiety,  
 That makes our Dick so sad,  
 Like us, he may feel diety,  
 But something's struck the lad.  
 He is love struck,  
 He is love struck.  
 Yes, something's struck the lad.  
 He is love struck, etc.

He's anxious o'er her whereabouts,  
 As we can easily tell,  
 And does not seem to care about  
 Remaining in this cell.  
 He is chary,  
 We are chary  
 About remaining in this cell.  
 He is chary, etc.

DICK. Yes, boys, you are right, I am forced to admit that my anxiety is more on account of the fair Nina, than our captain, although I would not for the world have anything happen to him, and will do my utmost to get out of this place, and rescue them both wherever they may be. The fact is, boys, I am engaged to our captain's daughter, but——

BEN BRACE. Who'd have thought it, ha ! ha ! ha !

DICK. (*Smiling.*) But, my lads, I have been forbidden by him to continue my attentions, I hope however, that by a bold and resolute rescue to change his mind, and I want you all to help, I know you will.

CREW. Of course we will, Dick, you have only to command, we follow.

BEN BRACE. Hark! here comes the guard. To your places. *(sailors all noiselessly regain their accustomed places, DICK placing himself behind the door with a stool in his hands, in readiness to knock down the supposed guard, who usually brought their meal. Instead, however, of the Grecian guard, the sailors are surprised to see a slender girl enter, bearing a tray with fruits and wine, she is dressed in half Turkish half Spanish costume. Dick springs forward with the intention of taking the intruder prisoner, when BEN touches him on the arm).*

BEN BRACE. Don't you see who it is, man?

DICK. Who it is? Why no. Who? but—good Heavens, 'tis she!

*(All are surprised to see in the face of the supposed waiter, as she throws back the mantle that partly concealed it from their view, NINA, CAPTAIN TAFFRAIL'S daughter).*

DICK. *(As he throws his arms around her).* Nina, how came you here?

NINA. Dearest Dick, Listen and you shall hear. *(She puts down the tray of fruit and sings.)*

### SONG.—NINA.

My noble men you seem surprised  
 So see your captain's daughter here,  
 But caution must be exercised,  
 The guard without is standing near.  
 When last we parted, sailors true,  
 I scarcely hoped to see you more,  
 My father planned to rescue you,  
 But now is chained to prison floor.  
 Much liberty I have been allowed,  
 But little know these pirates wild,  
 That I a helpless girl have vowed  
 To prove myself my father's child.  
 I made my friend, a Grecian maid,  
 Who months ago was made a slave,  
 My few commands she has obeyed,  
 Which will the path to freedom pave.  
 Her cousin is a prisoner too,  
 In the same cell with my father dear,  
 With my help, hers, and all of you  
 We'll free him too, she need not fear.

NINA. (*Going to the door and calling softly*). Irene! come in quickly, we are completing our plans, these brave fellows are my countrymen, and will help us once they are free. This is she of whom I spoke, my men.

(*Enter IRENE, all bow low*).

IRENE. Dearest Nina, and good men all, there is one whom I would wish to have partake in our plans, one whom I love dearly, and without whom our plans will avail little.

NINA. Who can that be, Irene dear? not your brother, for he is a prisoner.

IRENE. No, not my brother, but one as dear if not dearer than he, one whom you perhaps would imagine the last person to trust in an enterprise of this nature.

ALL. Who is it, who can it be, fair lady?

IRENE. Lieutenant Beppo!

BILL BOWLINE. Left—ten—nant Bep—oo—oo—oo, a pirate, oh sakes alive!

DICK. Lieutenant Beppo! Why surely not, fair girl, he is a pirate, and an enemy to our cause.

(*Enter BEPPO*).

BEPPO. But a pirate no longer, and he is a friend to your cause, I am sick of this life, and really never took a great liking to it, and ever since I came across this little witch (*caressing IRENE*) my thoughts have turned to dear old Greece, where I hope before another week to be, where I, accompanied by my little wife that is to be, will live happily, I hope, and honestly, for the rest of my days. But enough of that, nearly all the men are away on an expedition to capture an East Indiaman, that we heard was to pass in this vicinity to-morrow, Lopez is in command. Antonio himself, together with fifteen men are on the island still, and are even at this minute drinking and carousing in the main cavern, through which we will have to pass in order to reach the entrance to the cell in which are the English captain and this little woman's cousin. I will provide dresses for you all to act as pirates, when we will boldly enter the main cavern, and endeavor to pass ourselves off as the returned expedition, a thing that will be very easy, as I have often been taken for Lopez, and in their muddled condition, Antonio and his men will never know but that you are his own men, so follow me, and to work.

DICK. Noble fellow, this is kind of you, and we thank you.

BILL BOWLINE. In the meantime boys, and with all due

respect to the ladies and the ex-pirate yonder, I will take upon myself the exceedingly agreeable and self-imposed task of demolishing some of these fine grapes, and sampling this highly flavored juice of the same, the finest I've tasted since visiting the lively and at-home locality of Draytons—ah!—I faint. No, I'm better. (*Helps himself to grapes and wine, his example being speedily followed by all, except DICK, BEPPO, and the girls, who talk in low whispers as to their further movements*).

DICK. Now boys, let us go, and by morning we will be aboard, and away to merry England, for Beppo tells me the *Snowbird* is anchored but a quarter of a mile from the shore, while a boat is in waiting on the beach to convey us to it, we will also take every pirate on the island prisoner, as also the treasure which is buried in the caverns.

CREW. Hip! hip! hip!—

BEPPO. Hist!! some one comes!

(*Enter HESSIN*).

HESSIN. We are pirates every one,  
All so merry, bold and—hullo!

(*He grasps his knife, and endeavors to escape*).

CREW. Seize him, 'tis the pirate guard.

(*DICK and BEPPO seize the intruder, and binding him hand and foot they leave the cell*).

SONG. (*to be sung softly*).

We'll dissemble,  
To resemble  
Pirates of the orthodox kind.  
Let them tremble,  
We assemble,  
And will capture all we find.

Then we'll quietly  
Step out lightly,  
Our escape we've de—ter—mined.  
Cloaks drawn tightly,  
All so rightly,  
Noiseless as a zephyr wind.

(*Exeunt*).

## SCENE IV.

(In the main cavern, ANTONIO and his men sitting around a table eating and drinking).

## SONG—ANTONIO AND CHORUS.

- ANTONIO.            Now bold men all,  
                               Who 'round my table sit,  
                               I promised you a story  
                               That would be in no way borey,  
 Of the time before an honest life I quit.  
                               I loved a little daisy,  
                               Fatima Irene Hazee,  
 A pretty Grecian maid she was.  
                               With deep blue eyes,  
                               As cloudless skies,  
 A girl that all might love with cause.
- CHORUS.            With deep blue eyes,  
                               As cloudless skies,  
 A girl that all might love with cause.
- ANTONIO.            For many a year  
                               We lived in perfect peace.  
                               Her father was a farmer,  
                               While I was clad in armour,  
 In the service of my native Greece.  
                               At length when long we'd tarried,  
                               Eventually we married,  
 And took a little cottage on the coast.  
                               Where with long drawn sighs,  
                               And tears within my eyes,  
 I left my love to stem the Turkish host.
- CHORUS.            With long drawn sighs,  
                               And tears within his eyes,  
 He left his love to stem the Turkish host.
- ANTONIO.            A four years' war  
                               And nearly at an end,  
                               When I asked permission  
                               To sell out my commission,  
 And homeward my weary steps to wend.  
                               There came to me a letter,  
                               That made me wish the better,  
 That I were loosed and free.  
                               A little girl,  
                               A perfect pearl,  
 With her mother longed and waited by the sea.

CHORUS.           A little girl,  
                  A perfect pearl,  
                  With her mother longed and waited by the sea,

ANTONIO.           When home I came,  
                  When war was at an end,  
                  I felt so gay and merry,  
                  With a heart as light and airy,  
                  As the saints to an honest man send.  
                  I neared the seaside cottage,  
                  With scarcely once a stoppage—  
When, horror! what there did I see?  
                  Beneath the moon,  
                  A heap of ruin,  
                  The ashes of our cottage by the sea.

CHORUS.           Beneath the moon,  
                  A heap of ruin,  
                  The ashes of their cottage by the sea.

ANTONIO.           Yes, brave men all,  
                  The Turks had passed by there.  
                  The houses all were riven,  
                  Then to the flames were given.  
Oh! 'twas almost more than I could bear,  
                  I thought of wife and daughter,  
                  My eyes turned toward the water.  
Ah yes! a pirate I would be,  
                  And that is why,  
                  That you and I  
                  Are the terror of the Royal Navy.

CHORUS,           And that is why,  
                  That he and we,  
                  Are the terror of the Royal Navy.

*(Enter BEPPO and sailors, disguised as pirates. They are followed by the girls).*

ANTONIO.       How, now, sirrah! Are you Beppo or Lopez, for I'll be hanged if I can tell you apart.

BEPPO. *(Aside)*. He'll be hanged anyway, I warrant. *(To ANTONIO)*. I'm Lopez, master, at your service. The expedition has been successful, the East Indiaman has been captured, but owing to the wind, we had to leave her at the other side of the island.

ANTONIO.       Bravo! bravo! I did not think you would be so successful, and in so short a time, too, bravo! very good, come, sit

down an  
NINA an  
and yet  
down at  
*(As IRE*  
that is s  
ground,

ANTO  
IREN  
ANTO  
IREN  
ANTO  
IREN  
ashame

ANT  
terrible  
I was  
her se

—Fati  
IR  
AN  
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down and make merry with the rest of us. (*Catching sight of NINA and IRENE he starts as he beholds the latter*). How like her, and yet it cannot be. (*Bends his head on his hands*). (*All sit down at the table, while NINA and IRENE wait upon them as usual*). (*As IRENE is about to hand the pirate captain some wine, a locket that is suspended around her neck becomes unloosed, and falls to the ground, ANTONIO stoops, picks it up, and gazes at it in astonishment*).

ANTONIO. Where got you this, child?

IRENE. It was given me by my mother, sir.

ANTONIO. Your mother? What! Said you, your mother?

IRENE. I did, she gave me it five years ago, in Constantinople.

ANTONIO. You are then a Turkish maiden.

IRENE. No, I am not, I am Grecian like yourself, but am ashamed of the country that owns such as you for a native.

ANTONIO. You speak harshly, child. You know not to what terrible circumstance I owe my present attire and occupation. I was once an honest man, as any in Greece. I was a soldier in her service, and married as pretty a girl as any in the world, —Fatima Hazez.

IRENE. What! my mother's name, what mean you sir?

ANTONIO. (*Slowly opening the locket, jumps from his chair with amazement*). Good Heavens! My Fatima! my Irene! my darling! (*kisses the portrait*) and you, my dear girl, must be my daughter. Has your mother told you of how the Turks burnt our home while I was away in the wars, and carried you off, as they must have done. Fool that I was not to have known.

IRENE. Yes! yes! (*faints but soon comes to*) To think I have a pirate for a father!

ANTONIO. (*As he embraces her*). A pirate no longer, my child, I will now be an honest man, as will also every man here. Will you not, brave fellows?

ALL. We will indeed.

ANTONIO. Lopez!

BEPPU. I am not Lopez, master, but Lieutenant Beppo, at your service. The expedition has not returned, and I did but play the part of Lopez in order to help myself and these brave fellows to escape.

ANTONIO. Rascal! Thou shalt—but ah! I am a pirate no longer; but an honest man. Good Beppo, you did but your duty in your endeavor to escape this wild life, run! quick! despatch a fast sailing yacht in pursuit of the expedition, Tell them to tell Lopez to leave the East Indiaman alone, and to await my pleasure at the island.

(*Exit BEPPU*).

IRENE. (*Putting her arms around ANTONIO'S neck*). My good father, you will now free my dear little cousin and the brave English captain.

ANTONIO. Why certainly, my daughter, I had forgotten my brother Hamed's son, for he is his son I am sure. Is he not?

IRENE. Yes! His father was killed in the war, and he is now an orphan. Would that he could find his father alive and well, as I have done.

ANTONIO. True, and the English captain. Come, men, unlock the prison door, and free the captain and boy.

(*Pirates obey, and enter CAPTAIN T. and ALBERTO*).

ANTONIO. Good day to you, sir, and you, my boy, do you know that I am your uncle?

BILL BOWLINE. Tommy, how's yer uncle!

IRENE. This is your uncle Tony, Alberto, of whom you have heard so much.

ALBERTO. (*Running up to ANTONIO*). Hullo! uncle Tony, of whom I have heard so much. Will you let us go now?

ANTONIO. (*Taking him in his arms*). Yes, we will go together to the cottage by the sea, where we will live in peace for the rest of our days.

(*Enter BEPPO*).

BEPPO. Dear master.

ANTONIO. But your master no longer. (*Aside*). Hum—de—dum—de—dum—de—dum. (*Throws ALBERTO into the air and catches him, humming the while*).

BEPPO. Dear sir.

ANTONIO. Don't sir me, (*aside*) Hum—de—dum—de—dum.

BEPPO. Dear Antonio.

ANTONIO. That's it, (*aside*) Hum—de—di—do—dum. What will you of me, Beppo.

BEPPO. The fact is—ah!—ay!—yes, the fact is (*gets confused*). well, the matter of fact is that—ah—ay—um—ahem!

BEN BRACE. The fact is.

BEPPO. Well, what I was going to say was that I and your daughter are married—ah! oh! no, that's not what I meant.

ANTONIO. Rascal! what mean you. Seize him—But hold, I am now an honest man, go on, like an adamantine statue, I listen.

BILL BOWLINE. (*Going forward*). You see gents, the way of it is this.

(*Sailors seize him and hustle him back to his place*).

IRENE. You see, my father, Beppo loves me, and I love Beppo dearly, we are not married, but now ask your leave to be wedded.

ANTONIO. And when did this uncalled for passion strike you, sirrah?

BEPPPO. Ever since I saw the beautiful Irene.

ANTONIO. Some months ago. Well Beppo (*setting down ALBERTO and taking BEPPPO's hands in his*) well Bep. you have always been a good boy, take her and we'll all live together.

BEPPPO. Humph! I never bargained for that, but, (*brightening up*) now I come to reconsider, we will all live together in the cottage by the sea. (*Aside*). It'll save rent anyhow, for he owns it.

(*Enter returned expedition and HESSIN, who have all heard of the change in their master's plans, and are quite agreeable.*)

DICK. (*Looking enquiringly at NINA. Aside.*) "When by some deed of daring your father's mind I'll change." I'm afraid I'm left. Ah! for an opportunity to dive to the depths of the ocean blue and fetch up the half-drowned remains of my captain, who by a vigorous pounding I would bring back to a consciousness that he still breathes the balmy air of this mundane sphere. Ah me! but I am left.

(*BEPPPO understanding the situation, whispers something to ANTONIO, who nods and smiles.*)

ANTONIO. (*Addressing CAPTAIN T.*) My dear captain, it is all owing to this brave fellow here (*indicating DICK*) that you find yourself free. The fact is—

BILL BOWLINE. I've heard that before! Fact is, I have.

ANTONIO. Yes, while hunting the other day I was attacked by a bear, and would have been killed, had not that brave fellow come to my rescue. (*Points with two fingers, one at DICK and the other at BEPPPO, CAPTAIN T. thinks he means DICK, and grasps his hand.*)

CAPTAIN T. Brave fellow, (*aside*) pity you didn't let the bear chaw him up, I assure you 'tis a pity.

DICK. But sir, I never—

ANTONIO. Enough, his bravery coupled with the finding of my long lost child induces me to free you and all your men.

CAPTAIN T. Kuyunake! kuyunake! nalegak-soak.

ANTONIO. What's that?

BILL BOWLINE. Give it up.

CAPTAIN T. That's Esquimaux, and means "Thank you / Thank you, big chief."

ANTONIO. Oh! Douchy—pouchy—fetouchy.

CAPTAIN T. I beg your pardon.

ANTONIO. Douchy—pouchy—fetouchy.

CAPTAIN T. What's that?

BILL BOWLINE. Give that up also.

ANTONIO. That's heathen Chineese, and means, "Don't mention it."

BILL BOWLINE. Ha! ha! ha! ha! oh my!

DICK. And now my dear captain, you will now listen to my suit for your daughter's hand.

CAPTAIN T. (*Aside*). Of all the strange events,

This fills me with disgust,

When a host of wily pirates

Go and kick up such a dust.

But seeing it's the fashion

To be so gay and dashin'.

I perhaps might rouse their passion

If I ventured on a fuss.

Come hither boy,

I wish you joy,

My daughter you may have, my

Noble Dick LeRoy.

DICK. Oh! thanks, noble captain, we will be very happy.

(*Repetition of principal solos, with chorus*).

## FINALE.

PIRATES.

Ah! how queer it seems

We're pirates now no longer,

For we happen to be honest men and true.

SAILORS.

We were always sailors of her majes-ty,

But rejoice with pirates too.

PIRATES.

It really seems like dreaming. Ha! ha! ha!

That we hardly can believe it true at all.

SAILORS.

They imagine they are dreaming. Ha! ha! ha!

But I warrant they can hear us if we call.

ALL.

It is difficult to tell,

Which is most happy,

Ex-pirates, or the sailors of the Queen.

Captain Taffrail looks quite gay and beam-ing,

Antonio—quite serene.

Then home again,  
We'll home again,  
To Britain's chalky shores,  
To Greece's pleasant bowers.  
We'll travel once again.  
Yes! home again,  
We'll home again,  
All honest men,  
Pirates, sailors, all.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE END.

