

UTOPIA, LIMITED

OR

THE FLOWERS OF PROGRESS

Libretto by Sir. William S. Gilbert

Music by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

Version as adapted by The Gilbert & Sullivan Very Light Opera Company, 2008

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Paramount, the First (King of Utopia)
Scaphio and
Phantis (Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court)
Tarara (The Public Exploder)

Imported Flowers of Progress:

Captain Fitzbattleaxe (First Life Guards)
Captain Sir Edward Corcoran, K.C.B. (of the Royal Navy)
Mr. Goldbury (a company promoter;
afterwards Comptroller of the Utopian Household)
Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C., M.P.
Mrs. Blushington (of the County Council)

The Princess Zara (eldest daughter of King Paramount)
The Princesses Nekaya and
Kalyba (her Younger Sisters)
The Lady Sophy (their English Gouvernante)

Utopian Maidens:

Salata
Melene
Phylla

Chorus of Utopians, Life Guards

First produced at the Savoy Theatre on October 7, 1893.

ACT I.

OPENING 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.

SOLO - *Phylla.*

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

SALATA

(*reading a magazine*) Good 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 raised that glorious country to her present pre-eminent position among civilized nations!

PHYLLA:

Then in a few months Utopia may hope to be completely Anglicized?

SALATA:

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?

PHYLLA:

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

SALATA

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. 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!

(Enter Tarara in a great rage)

TARARA:

Lalabalele talala! Callabale lalabalica falahle!

SALATA:

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

(*All the ladies close their ears.*)

TARARA:

Callamalala galalate! Caritalla lalabalee kallalale poo!

LADIES:

Oh, stop him! stop him!

SALATA:

My lord, I'm surprised at you. Are you not aware that His Majesty has ordered that the Utopian language shall be banished and that all communications shall henceforward be made in the English tongue?

TARARA:

Yes, I'm perfectly aware of it. (*Suddenly presenting an explosive "cracker"*). Allow me.

SALATA:

(*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. I was about to say: I do my best to fall in with the royal decree. But when I am overmastered by an indignant sense of wrong, as I am now, I slip into my native tongue without knowing it. I am told that in the English language 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!"

PHYLLA:

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. Our king is watched day and night by two Wise Men whose duty it is, on any lapse of political or social propriety, to denounce him to me, the Public Exploder. It then becomes my duty to blow up His Majesty with dynamite. Allow me. (*Presenting a cracker which Phylla pulls.*) Thank you.

SALATA:

Yes, despotism tempered by dynamite provides, on the whole, a most satisfactory 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*).

PHYLLA:

Never even heard of the journal.

TARARA:

I'm not surprised. His Majesty's agents buy up the whole edition; but if this high-class journal may be believed, His Majesty is one of the worst profligates that ever disgraced an autocratic throne! And do these Wise Men denounce him to me? Not a bit of it! They wink at his immoralities! Under the circumstances I really think I am justified in exclaiming "Lalabelele molola lililah kalabalale poo!"

(All are horrified.)

I don't care--the occasion demands it.

(Exit Tarara)

(March. Enter Guard, escorting Scaphio and Phantis.)

CHORUS.

O make way for the Wise Men!
They are the 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 his mental fertility.
O they make no blunder,
And no wonder,
For they're triumphs of infallibility.

DUET - *Scaphio and Phantis.*

In every mental lore
(The statement smacks of vanity)
We claim to rank before
The wisest of humanity.
As gifts of head and heart
We're wasted on "utility,"
We're "cast" to play a part
Of great responsibility.
Our duty is to spy
Upon our King's illicitities,
And keep a watchful eye
On all his eccentricities.
If ever a trick he tries
That savours of rascality,
At our decree he dies
Without the least formality.

We fear no rude rebuff,
Or newspaper publicity;
Our word is quite enough,
The rest is electricity.
A pound of dynamite
Explodes in his auriculars;
It's not a pleasant sight-
We'll spare you the particulars.
Its force all men confess,
The King needs no admonishing-
We may say its success

Is something quite astonishing.
Our despot it imbues
With virtues quite delectable,
He minds his P's and Q's,-
And keeps himself respectable.
Of a tyrant polite
He's paragon quite.
He's as modest and mild
In his ways as a child;
And no one ever met
With an autocrat yet,
So delightfully bland
To the least in the land!
So make way for the wise men, *etc.*

(Exeunt all but Scaphio and Phantis. Phantis is pensive.)

SCAPHIO:

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

PHANTIS:

Oh nothing, nothing – a little passing anxiety. That's all.

SCAPHIO:

Why, what have we to be anxious about? Are not all our secret commercial ventures doing tremendously?

PHANTIS:

We have prospered exceedingly from our nation's mania for all that is English. We have cornered the market in imported beer and ale

SCAPHIO:

Watered down, to boot!

PHANTIS:

We have instituted the Music Hall and Society newspapers,

SCAPHIO:

And further increase both our profits and their appeal by forcing the King to pen scurrilous broadsides against his own character.

PHANTIS:

Yes, the Palace Peeper is doing well. And I do not doubt that this next shipment of British fashions will exceed all previous endeavors. Yet I cannot help but fear that our luck may be running out.

SCAPHIO:

We control the king-- the minute he fails to fall in with our plans, we denounce him to the Public Exploder. What is then amiss?

PHANTIS:

A particular miss – in fact, the Princess Zara. She returns today from England. And while her father may be powerless to oppose us, we have no control over Zara. The typical native of Utopia may be blind to our machinations, but Zara has assuredly become accustomed to thinking for herself.

SCAPIO:

I believe that is intrinsic to the nature of all good Britons.

PHANTIS:

Moreover, who knows what innovations she may be bringing back with her that may interfere with our lucrative status quo. Why, she could even make us work for a living.

SCAPIO:

No doubt you are right. What can we do? How can we get Zara under our influence?

PHANTIS:

Short of marrying her...

SCAPIO:

That's it! One of us must marry her. That would instantly render her agreeable to all our plans. Is it not the sole and highest duty of every wife to make life pleasant and easy for her spouse?

PHANTIS:

But which of us is it to be?

SCAPIO:

I've no particular preference. On the whole I'd rather it was you.

PHANTIS:

Perhaps it should be. I feel sure that she does not regard me with absolute indifference. She could never look at me without going to bed with a sick headache. But won't the king object?

SCAPIO:

We have but to say the word and her father must consent. Is he not our very slave?

DUET - Scaphio and Phantis.

SCAPHIO:

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

BOTH:

This harmless whim-this harmless whim,
It is as I/you say, a harmless whim.

PHANTIS:

(dancing) Observe this dance

Which I employ

When I, by chance

Go mad with joy.

What sentiment

Does this express?

(Phantis continues his dance while Scaphio vainly endeavors 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!

BOTH:

Then woe betide-then woe betide!

The Royal shoes 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;

(Scaphio continues his dance while Phantis is vainly endeavouring to discover its meaning)

It typifies

Unselfishness!

BOTH:

(Dancing) 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 before him.

CHORUS

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

SOLO - 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 contradicted 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 will never know.

CHORUS:

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

RECITATIVE - King.

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

CHORUS:

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 their appearance, dress and manner. They stand with their hands folded and their eyes cast down.)

CHORUS

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

DUET - Nekaya and Kalyba.

BOTH:

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

NEKAYA:

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

KALYBA:

To please papa, who argues thus-
All girls should mould themselves on us
Because we are
By furlongs far
The best of 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)-
Our celebrated "Sir!!!"

KALYBA:

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 need only a button press-

KALYBA:

And we will do the rest.

(Enter Lady Sophy - an English lady of mature years and extreme gravity of demeanour and dress. She carries a lecturer's wand in her hand. She is led on by the King, who expresses great regard and admiration for her.)

RECITATIVE - Lady Sophy

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

(Through the following song the two Princesses illustrate in gesture the description given by Lady Sophy.)

SONG - 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.
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!"

As he gazes,
Hat he raises,
Enters into conversation.
Makes excuses-
This produces
Interesting agitation.
He, with daring,
Undespairing,
Give his card-his rank discloses
Little heeding
This proceeding,
They turn up their 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
Practice them before the glass.

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:
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!
Please observe this cogent moral-
English ladies never quarrel.
When a doubt they come across,
English ladies always toss.

RECITATIVE - *Lady Sophy*

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

(Exit Lady Sophy, followed by Nekaya and Kalyba.)

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 all but KING.)

(Enter SCAPHIO and PHANTIS.)

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 -his own crown 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. "Ribald Royalty," by Mercury Major. 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 . . .

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, 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 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.

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!

(Exeunt Scaphio and Phantis, chuckling.)

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 should be sorry if the Palace Peeper got into her hands -- though it's certainly smart -- very smart indeed. It is almost a pity that I have to buy up the whole edition, but Lady Sophy! Great Heavens, what would she say if the Second Housemaid business happened to meet her pure blue eye!

(Enter Lady Sophy)

LADY SOPHY:

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 SOPHY:

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

KING:

But hear what I have to say.

LADY SOPHY:

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. 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. However, as I gather from the public press of this country (*producing the Palace Peeper*), there is still a considerable drop to reach your Majesty's level.

KING:

(*aside*) Damn! (*aloud*) May I ask how you came by this?

LADY SOPHY:

It was handed to me by the Public Exploder.

KING:

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

LADY SOPHY:

(*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 SOPHY:

(*suspiciously*) How do you know that?

KING:

Common report. I give you my honor.

LADY SOPHY:

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 doctor prescribes rum punch, we drink it; we don't soak in it. As to our bath, our valet plays the garden hose upon us every morning.

LADY SOPHY:

(*shocked*) Pray spare me these unseemly details. 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 SOPHY:

It is the poor devil's living that surprises me. If this man lies, there is no punishment 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. But Lady Sophy, as you are powerful, be merciful!

DUET - King and 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 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's assailed 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 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,
I/you will never gain
Respectable English lady!

(Exeunt)

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.

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!

SOLO-*Princess*

ZARA:

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

TROOPERS:

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

ZARA:

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

TROOPERS:

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

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-
They are her escort-First Life Guards!

ENSEMBLE

CHORUS: *Princess Zara and Fitzbattleaxe*

LADIES

Oh! the hours are gold,
And the joys untold,
Knightsbridge nursemaids, etc.
When my eyes behold
My beloved Princess;

MEN

And the years will seem
When the tempest rose, etc.
But a brief day-dream,
In the joy extreme
Of our happiness!

Full CHORUS:

Knightsbridge nursemaids, serving fairies, etc.

(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 commander of my escort, who has taken, O! such care of me during my voyage -
- Captain Fitzbattleaxe!

TROOPERS:

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:

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.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

(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 SOPHY:

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 --

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Sir.

KING:

Your Troopers appear to be receiving a troublesome amount of attention from those young ladies.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Oh, 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?

FITZBATTLEAXE:

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.

DUET - *Zara and Captain Fitzbattleaxe.*

ZARA:

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

FITZBATTLEAXE:

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

ALL:

Tantantarara-rara-rara!
Trumpet-call of Princess Zara!

ENSEMBLE

MEN (*Fitz. and Zara aside*)

A British warrior gives up all, etc.
Oh! my hours are gold,
And the joys untold,
When my eyes behold

LADIES

My beloved Princess;
And the years will seem
Knightsbridge nursemaids, etc.
But a brief day-dream,
In the job extreme
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 shaking violently, obviously under the influence of some strong emotion.)

PHANTIS:

There-tell me, Scaphio, is she not an attractive girl? This marriage may not be as difficult as I had imagined.

SCAPHIO:

Attractive? She is extraordinarily -- miraculously lovely!

PHANTIS:

She's not bad.

SCAPHIO:

Why, she's a goddess! a very goddess!

PHANTIS:

(alarmed) Remember, we agreed that I would be the one to marry Princess Zara.

SCAPHIO:

But that was before I saw her. One glimpse of her beauty has nullified all prior claims. Phantis! I'm going mad -- mad with the love of her!

PHANTIS:

Steady on, Scaphio.

(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!

PHANTIS:

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

ZARA:

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

FITZBATTLEAXE:

(aside) Leave it to me. *(Aloud)* It's a common situation. Why not settle it in the English fashion?

BOTH:

The English fashion? What is that?

FITZBATTLEAXE:

It's very simple. In England, when two gentlemen are in love with the same lady, until it is settled which gentleman is to blow out the brains of the other, the lady is usually entrusted to an officer of Household Cavalry, who is bound to hand her over to the survivor in a good condition of substantial and decorative repair.

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 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 see no alternative.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Good -- then that's settled.

QUARTET - *Fitzbattleaxe, Zara, Scaphio, and Phantis.*

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 and pistol, by and by,
Which gentleman prefers to die,
And which prefers survival.

ENSEMBLE

Its 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 by
Which gentleman prefers to die,
Which prefers survival.

PHANTIS:

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

SCAPHIO:

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

ENSEMBLE

If I should die and you should live
To this young officer I give
Her heart so soft 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.

(Exit Scaphio and Phantis together)

DUET - Zara and Fitzbattleaxe

ENSEMBLE:

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 delusion,
And learning serves them not!

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Until quit 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-
Then 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 crumbled roseleaf light
Is always in the way!

(Exit Fitzbattleaxe. Manet ZARA:)

(Enter King.)

KING:

My daughter! At last we have a moment together.

ZARA:

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

KING:

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

ZARA:

It was given to me by Lady Sophy.

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.

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 hear that an English tenor has the audacity to impersonate 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 – Why?..

KING:

(almost in tears) I am not altogether a free agent. 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 made England the powerful, happy, and blameless country European civilization has declared it to be. Place yourself in the hands of these gentlemen, and they will reorganize your country on a footing that will enable you to defy your persecutors.

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)* Summon my Court without an instant's delay!

FINALE -- *Enter everyone, except the Flowers of Progress.*

CHORUS

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

RECITATIVE - *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., PHAN.

(aside). Why, what does this mean?

RECITATIVE - *Zara*

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

CHORUS

Yes! Contrasted then
With Englishmen,
Are little better than half-clothed barbarians!

Enter all the Flowers of Progress, led by Fitzbattleaxe.

SOLOS - *Zara and the Flowers of Progress.*

(Presenting Captain Fitzbattleaxe)

When Britain sounds the trump of war
(And Europe trembles),
The army of the conqueror
In serried ranks assemble;
'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
He represents a military scheme
In all its proud perfection.
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

SOLO - ZARA:

(Presenting Sir Bailey Barre, Q.C., M.P.)

A complicated gentleman allow 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 neater form of "no."

SIR BAILEY:

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

CHORUS:

Yes-yes-yes
That whether you're an honest man, etc.
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

ZARA:

(introducing Mrs. Blushington)

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

MRS. BLUSHINGTON

Yes-yes-yes

In towns I make improvements great,
Which go to swell the County Rate-
I dwelling-houses sanitize,
And purify the Halls!

CHORUS:

In towns she makes improvements great, etc.
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

ZARA:

(introducing 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

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, etc.
Ulahlica! Ulahlica! Ulahlica!

ZARA:

(Presenting Capt. 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!

SOLO - *Captain Corcoran*

I'm Captain Corcoran, K.C.B.,
I'll teach you how we rule the sea,
And terrify the simple Gauls;
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:

No, never!

ALL:

What never?

CAPTAIN:

Hardly ever!

ALL:

Hardly ever run a ship ashore!
Then give three cheers, and three cheers more,
For the tar who never runs his ship ashore;
Then give three cheers, and three cheers more,
For he never runs his ship ashore!

CHORUS

All hail, 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 *(recit)*

Ye wanderers from a mighty State
Oh, teach us how to legislate –
Your lightest word will carry weight.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Increase your army!

MRS. BLUSHINGTON:

Purify your court!

CAPTAIN:

Get up your steam and cut your canvas short!

SIR BAILEY:

To speak on both sides teach your sluggish brains!

MRS. 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? etc.

SCA, PHANT, AND TARA

(Aside) What does he mean? What does he mean?
Give us a kind of clue!
What does he mean? What does he mean?
What is he going to do?

SONG - *Mr. Goldbury*

Some seven men form an Association
(If possible, all Peers and Baronets),
The 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 at once 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.*

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.
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 to-morrow!

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, TARARA:

(aside to the King) You'd best take care-
Please recollect we have not been consulted.

KING:

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

GOLDBURY:

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

KING:

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

ALL:

Ulahlica!

SOLO - *King*

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

SCAPHIO, PHANTIS, 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, PHANTIS:

(angrily) He'll go down to Posterity-
We think we ought to know!

TARARA:

(explaining) He'll go up to Posterity,
Blown up with dynamite!

SCAPHIO, PHANTIS:

(apologetically) He'll go up to Posterity,
Of course he will, you're right!
Up, up, up, up!

ZARA:

Who love with all sincerity, their lives may safely link.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

And as for their posterity, we don't care what they think.

ENSEMBLE: *Zara, Fitzbattleaxe, King, Nekaya, Kalyba, Lady Sophy, Flowers of Progress*

CHORUS

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-
The Act of Sixty-Two!

ACT II

Entrance of Court Music (Utopians become Anglicised)

RECITATIVE - *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!

UNACCOMPANIED 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.
Glory then will crown the day-
Glory, glory, anyway!

(Exeunt except Zara and Fitzbattleaxe)

RECITATIVE - *Fitzbattleaxe*.

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

SONG - *Fitzbattleaxe*.

A tenor, all singers above
(This doesn't admit of a question),
Should keep himself quiet,
Attend to his diet
And carefully nurse his digestion;
But when he is madly in love
It's certain to tell on his singing-
You can't do the proper 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,
Now observe- (*sings a high note*),
You see, I can't do myself justice!
I could sing if my fervour were mock,
It's easy enough if you're acting-
But when one's emotion
Is born of devotion
You mustn't be over-exacting.
One ought to be firm as a rock
To venture a shake in vibrato,

When fervour's expected
Keep cool and collected
Or never attempt agitato.
But, of course, when his tongue is of leather,
And his lips appear pasted together,
And his sensitive palate as dry as a crust is,
A tenor can't do himself justice.
Now observe- (*sings a high note*),
It's no use-I can't do myself justice!

ZARA:

Why, Arthur, what does it matter? When the higher qualities of the heart are all that can be desired, the higher notes of the voice are insignificant. Besides (*demurely*), you are not singing for an engagement (*putting her hand in his*), you have that already!

FITZBATTLEAXE:

How good and wise you are! How unerringly your practiced brain winnows the wheat from the chaff.

ZARA:

My Girton training, Arthur. But tell me, is not all working marvelously well? Have not our Flowers of Progress more than justified their name?

FITZBATTLEAXE:

We have indeed done our best. Captain Corcoran and I have thoroughly remodeled the sister-services on so sound a basis that the South Pacific trembles at the name of Utopia!

ZARA:

How clever of you!

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Clever? Not a bit. It's easy when there is no bureaucracy to interfere. And so with the others. Freed from the trammels imposed upon them by idle Acts of Parliament, all 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, 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 baby christened in Utopia who has not issued his little Prospectus! Reform has not stopped there. Indeed, it has been applied even to the costume of our people. Scaphio and Phantis have the contract to supply the whole of Utopia with clothing designed upon the most approved English models. I think that they have forgotten all about me. And when I tell you, dearest, that my new Court train has just arrived, you will understand that I am longing to go and try it on.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Then we must part?

ZARA:

Necessarily, for a time.

FITZBATTLEAXE:

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.

DUET - *Zara and Fitzbattleaxe.*

ZARA:

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

BOTH:

Sweet and low, 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 echoes ring;
Sweet and low when all-enduring
Are the songs that lovers sing!

BOTH:

Sweet and low, etc.

(Exit ZARA: 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 others who signed the Articles of Association?

FITZBATTLEAXE:

Sir, they are here.

(Enter, Captain Corcoran, Sir Bailey Barre, Mrs. Blushington, Mr. Goldbury and the life guards from different entrances.)

KING:

(Addressing them) Gentlemen, and Lady Blushington, I am unfamiliar with the forms of an English Cabinet Council – perhaps Sir Bailey will kindly put us in the way of doing the thing properly, and with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion.

SIR BAILEY:

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

(They range their chairs across stage like Christy Minstrels.)

KING:

Like this?

SIR BAILEY:

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?

SIR BAILEY:

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

KING:

Oh! it seems odd, but never mind.

SONG - *King*.

Society has quite forsaken all her wicked courses.

Which empties our police courts, and abolishes divorces.

CHORUS:

Divorce is nearly obsolete in England.

KING:

No tolerance we show to undeserving rank and splendour;

For the higher his position is, the greater the offender.

CHORUS:

That's maxim that is prevalent in England.

KING:

No peeress at our drawing-room before the Presence passes

Who wouldn't be accepted by the lower middle-classes.

Each shady dame, whatever be her rank, is bowed out neatly.

CHORUS:

In short, this happy country has been Anglicized completely

Is really is surprising

What a thorough Anglicizing

We have brought about-Utopia's quite another land;

In her enterprising movements,

She is England-with improvements,

Which we dutifully offer to our mother-land!

KING:

Our city we have beautified-we've done it willy-nilly-

And all that isn't Belgrave Square is Strand and Piccadilly.

CHORUS:

We haven't any slummeries in England!

KING:

The chamberlain our native stage has purged beyond a question.

Of "risky" situation and indelicate suggestion;

No piece is tolerated if it's costumed indiscreetly-

CHORUS:

In short this happy country has been Anglicized completely!
It really is surprising, etc.

KING:

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

CHORUS:

We are going to remodel it in England.

KING:

The Brewers and the Cotton Lords no longer seek admission,
And literary merit meets with proper recognition-

CHORUS:

As literary merit does in England!

KING:

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

CHORUS:

In short, this happy country
has been Anglicized completely!
It really is surprising, etc.

(At the end all rise and replace their chairs.)

(Enter Scaphio and Phantis)

DUET - *Scaphio and Phantis.*

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 out thumb-

SCAPHIO:

He shall.

BOTH:

(with great energy) 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.

With fury deep we burn...

(Enter the King.)

KING:

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

SCAPHIO:

(furiously) What do we complain of? Why, through the innovations introduced by the Flowers of Progress all our harmless schemes are ruined. Our import businesses are in bankruptcy, our Army Clothing contracts are paralyzed, and even our Society paper, the Palace Peeper, is practically defunct!

KING:

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

SCAPHIO:

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!

KING:

Naturally. I shouldn't like it myself.

PHANTIS:

Then our Burlesque Theater is absolutely ruined!

KING:

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

SCAPHIO:

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 and for bankruptcy -- as in England?

KING:

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

SCAPHIO:

Are we to understand that we are defied?

KING:

That is the idea I intended to convey.

PHANTIS:

Defied! We are defied!

SCAPHIO:

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

TRIO - *Scaphio, Phantis, and King.*

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 quietly-then give it up.)

It means complete indifference!

SCAPHIO and PHANTIS:

Of course it does-indifference!

It means complete indifference!

(King dancing quietly. SCAPHIO: and PHANTIS: dancing 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!

KING:

It means unruffled cheerfulness!

(King dances off placidly as Scaphio and Phantis dance furiously.)

PHANTIS:

(breathless) He's right-we are helpless! He's no longer a human being -- he's a Corporation.

SCAPHIO:

It is clear that neither of us has any hope of marrying the Princess.

PHANTIS

And the innovations she has brought down around our heads are exactly as I had feared. What are we to do?

SCAPHIO:

Do? Raise a Revolution, repeal the Act of Sixty-Two, convert King Paramount back into an individual, and insist on his immediate explosion!

(Tarara enters.)

Tarara, come here; you're the very man we want.

TARARA:

Certainly.

SCAPHIO:

The King has defied us, and, as matters stand, we are helpless. So are you. We must devise some plot

TARARA:

A plot?

PHANTIS:

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

TARARA:

(feeling pockets) No, I think not. No. There's one in my back garden.

SCAPHIO:

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

TRIO - *Scaphio, Phantis, and Tarara.*

ENSEMBLE

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!
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:
Exceedingly 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 soul!

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 Scaphio and Phantis in one direction, and Tarara in the other.)

(Enter Sir Bailey and Mr. Goldbury.)

SIR BAILEY:

Well, what do you think of our first South Pacific Cabinet Council?

GOLDBURY:

My dear Barre, it redounds infinitely to your credit.

SIR BAILEY:

One or two judicious innovations, I think?

GOLDBURY:

Admirable. Wouldn't it be capital if it all worked this way in England?

SIR BAILEY:

(Sighs)

GOLDBURY:

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

SIR BAILEY:

That'll wear off. *(pause)* Young.

GOLDBURY:

That'll wear off. Ha! here they come, by George! And without the Dragon!

(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.

SIR BAILEY:

Indeed, we are very much obliged to her Ladyship.

KALYBA:

Are you? I wonder why.

NEKAYA:

Don't tell us if it's rude.

SIR BAILEY:

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.

SIR BAILEY:

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 mustn'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 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:

Oh, you shocking story!

GOLDBURY:

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

SONG - Mr. Goldbury and Sir Bailey.

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 the 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 out-eleven maids in-
And perhaps an occasional "maiden over!"
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!

SIR BAILEY

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 til all is blue!
At ball or drum, til small hours come
(Chaperon's fans concealing her yawning)
She'll waltz away like a teetotum.
And never go home til daylight's dawning.
Lawn-tennis may share her favours fair-
Her eyes a-dance, and her cheeks a-glowing-
Down comes her hair, but then what does she care?
It's all her own and it's worth the showing!
Go search the world, etc.

BOTH

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock-modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
Blithe and 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!
Go search the world, etc.

QUARTET

NEKAYA:

Then I may sing and play?

SIR BAILEY:

You may!

KALYBA:

Then I may laugh and shout?

GOLDBURY:

No doubt!.

NEKAYA:

These maxims you endorse?

SIR BAILEY:

Of course!

KALYBA:

You won't exclaim "Oh fie!"

GOLDBURY:

Not I!

Whatever you are-be that:

Whatever you say-be true:

Straightforwardly act-

Be honest-in fact,

Be nobody else but you.

SIR BAILEY:

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!

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!
It needn't be a hymn one!

(dancing):

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

(Dance, and off)

(Enter Lady Sophy)

RECITATIVE - *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 should be broken!

SONG - *Lady Sophy*

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 of 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-
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-
Even Paramount's angelic grace-
Ah me!-

Is but a mask on Nature's face!

(King comes forward)

KING:

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

LADY SOPHY:

(Indignant and surprise. Producing "Palace Peeper")

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:

That 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!

KING:

But I know why I did not boil
The author on the spot!

DUET - *Lady Sophy and King*

LADY SOPHY:

Oh, the 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 the 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!

(King and Lady Sophy dance gracefully. Enter Goldbury, Sir Bailey, Nekaya, Kalyba, Zara and Fitzbattleaxe. 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, and at the end exeunt severally.)

(Enter Scaphio and Phantis)

SCAPHIO:

Well – how works the plot? Have you explained to the happy and contented Populace the nature of their wrongs, and the desperate consequences that ensue if they are not rectified?

TARARA:

I have done better. I have spread unsubstantiated rumors that what they supposed to be happiness is really unspeakable misery—and they are furious. You know you can't help believing an unsubstantiated rumor.

PHANTIS:

Admirable thought. Ha! They come.

(Enter Chorus, in great excitement, from various entrances)

CHORUS.

Upon our sea-girt land
At our enforced command
Reform has laid her 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!
So down with them!
So down with them!
Reform's a hated ogress.
So down with them!
So down with them!
Down with the Flowers of Progress!

(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! 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 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 Utopia restored to its original condition!

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:

The two party system!

KING:

What?

ZARA:

Government by party! Introduce that great and glorious element and all will be well! No political measures will endure, because one Party will assuredly undo all that the other Party has done; and 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 our hour will come!

KING:

Your hour has come already! *(Scaphio and Phantis are given sashes as the new party leaders, and the people begin to choose sides)*. People of Utopia: 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!

FINALE

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!

ENSEMBLE:

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

KING:

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

ENSEMBLE:

Such at least is the tale, etc.

THE END