

Gilbert And Sullivan

"Fair Moon, To Thee I Sing"

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(Same Scene. Night. Awning removed. Moonlight.
Captain discovered
singing on poop deck, and accompanying himself on a
mandolin. Little
Buttercup seated on quarterdeck, gazing sentimentally
at him.)

Captain.
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

I have lived hitherto
Free from breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew -
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens

DIALOGUE

Buttercup.
How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the
unconscious moon!
Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It
may be!
Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his
glance to
fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew - if he only

knew!

Captain. (coming down)

Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

Buttercup.

True, dear Captain - but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

Captain.

Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

Buttercup.

Oh no - do not say "all", dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

Captain.

True, for you are staunch to me. (aside) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (aloud) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

Buttercup.

I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty - and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

Captain.

Destinies?

Buttercup.

There is a change in store for you!

Captain.
A change?

Buttercup.
Aye - be prepared!

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