

Sam.

Two - and - twen - ty, now he's ris - ing,

And a - lone he's fit to fly, Which we're bent on

sig - nal - iz - ing With un - u - - sual rev - el - ry.

Chorus

Here's good luck_ to Fred-ric's ven - tures! Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures.

Here's good luck_ to Fred-ric's ven - tures! Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures.

(C) *ff*

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher - ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate
 Sam. with 1st Bass

ff

Pour, O pour the pi - rate sher - ry; Fill, O fill the pi - rate

glass; And, to make us more than mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per

glass; And, to make us more than mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per

pass.

pass.

(*Frederic rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R.U.E.*)

King: Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

All: Hurrah!

Fred.: My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

King: What do you mean?

Fred.: To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you forever.

King: But this is quite unaccountable; a keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

Fred.: Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error—no matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honour bound by it.

Sam.: An error? What error? (*Ruth rises and comes forward.*)

Fred.: I may not tell you; it would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

Ruth: Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

No. 2. "When Frederic was a little lad"

Solo

Ruth

Allegro pesante

1. When
2. I
3. I

Fred - 'ric was a — lit - tle lad he — proved so brave and
was a stu - pid — nurs - 'ry - maid, on — break - ers al - ways
soon found out, be - yond all doubt, the — scope of this dis -