

# *Cape Fear Chorale*

presents

## *Gilbert & Sullivan In Concert*

Deborah Phillips, flute and Harry McLamb, trumpet

Jerry S. Cribbs, Artistic Director and Conductor  
Libby Oldham, Accompanist



Saturday, November 19, 2016  
7:30 p.m.

Sunday, November 20, 2016  
4:00 p.m.

Winter Park Baptist Church  
Wilmington, NC



## Program

Please silence all electronic devices.

### *Trial by Jury*

#### **Hark, the Hour of Ten Is Sounding**

Hark, the hour of ten is sounding; hearts with anxious fears are bounding,  
Hall of justice crowds surrounding, breathing hope and fear.  
For today in this arena, summoned by a stern subpoena,  
Edwin, sued by Angelina, shortly will appear.

#### **Now, Jurymen**

Usher – Dan Hutchens, Understudy – Joseph Huppmann

Now, jurymen, hear my advice, all kinds of vulgar prejudice I pray you set aside,  
With stern judicial frame of mind, from bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!  
Silence in court!  
From bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!  
Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case: observe the features of her face.  
The brokenhearted bride, condole with her distress of mind.  
From bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!  
Silence in court!  
From bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!  
And when, amid the plaintiff's shrieks, the ruffianly defendant speaks,  
Upon the other side, what he may say you needn't mind.  
From bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!  
Silence in court!  
From bias free of ev'ry kind, this trial must be tried!

#### **All, Hail, Great Judge**

Judge – Alex Vedder, Understudy – Sam Robinson

All hail, great judge! To your bright rays, we never grudge ecstatic praise. All hail!  
May each decree as statute rank, and never be reversed in banc.  
For these kind words accept my thanks, I pray; a breach of promise we've to try today.  
But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge, I'll tell you how I came to be a judge.  
I'll tell you how.  
He'll tell us how he came to be a judge.  
Let me speak.  
Let him speak. Hush! Hush! He speaks!  
Silence in court!

#### **Oh, Joy Unbounded**

Plaintiff (Angelina) – Rebekah Vaughan, Understudy – Liz Halloran  
Counsel – Joseph Huppmann  
Defendant (Edwin) and Usher – Greg Leemhuis

Oh, joy unbounded, with wealth surrounded, the knell is sounded of grief and woe.  
With love devoted, on you he's doated, to castle moated away they go.  
I wonder whether they'll live together, in marriage tether in manner true?  
It seems to me, sir, of such as she, sir, a judge is he, sir, and a good judge, too!  
Oh, joy unbounded, with wealth surrounded, the knell is sounded of grief and woe.  
It seems to me, sir, of such as she, sir, a judge is he, sir, and a good judge, too!  
I am a judge! And a good judge, too! Yes, I am a judge! And a good judge, too!  
Though homeward as you trudge, you declare my law as fudge, yet of beauty I'm a judge!  
And a good judge, too! Tho' defendant is a snob, and a great snob, too!  
Tho' defendant is a snob, he'll reward him from his fob, So we've settled with the job, and a good job, too!



## *H.M.S. Pinafore*

### **We Sail the Ocean Blue**

We sail the ocean blue, and our saucy ship's a beauty, we're sober men and true, and attentive to our duty,  
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea, we stand to our guns all day.  
When at anchor we ride, on the Portsmouth tide, we've plenty of time for play:  
Ahoy, the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea.

### **My Gallant Crew**

Captain – Todd Vernon, Understudy – Curtis Campbell

My gallant crew, good morning!  
Sir, good morning!  
I hope you're all quite well.  
Quite well, and you, sir?  
I am in reasonable health, and happy to meet you all once more.  
You do us proud, sir!  
I am the captain of the Pinafore!  
And a right good captain, too!  
You're very, very good, and be it understood, I command a right good crew.  
We're very, very good, and be it understood, he commands a right good crew.  
Though related to a peer, I can hand, reef, and steer, or ship a selvage.  
I am never known to quail at the fury of a gale, and I'm never, never sick at sea!  
What, never?  
No, never!  
Hardly ever!  
He's hardly ever sick at sea!  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more, for the hardy captain of the Pinafore!  
I do my best to satisfy you all.  
And with you we're quite content.  
You're exceedingly polite, and I think it only right to return the compliment.  
We're exceedingly polite, and he thinks it's only right to return the compliment.  
Bad language or abuse, I never, never use, whatever the emergency.  
Thought "bother it" I may occasionally say, I never use a big, big D--!  
What, never?  
No, never!  
Hardly ever!  
Hardly ever swears a big, big D--!  
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more, for the well-bred captain of the Pinafore!

## *The Pirates of Penzance*

### **I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General**

Major-General – Curtis Campbell, Understudy – Alex Vedder

I am the very model of a modern Major-General, I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral:  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical, from Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news, with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.  
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus; I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, he is the very model of a modern Major-General.  
I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's, I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,  
I quote, in elegiacs, all the crimes of Heliogabalus, in conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;  
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanias,  
I know the croaking chorus from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes!  
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, *Pinafore*!  
Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform, and tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform,  
In short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
In short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, he is the very model of a modern Major-General.



In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin," when I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin,  
 When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at, and when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat,"  
 When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,  
 When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,  
 In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy, you'll say a better Major-General has never sat agee.  
 You'll say a better Major-General has never sat agee!  
 For my military knowledge, tho' I'm plucky and adventury, has only been brought down to the beginning of the century,  
 But still in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
 But still in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, he is the very model of a modern Major-General.

### **With Cat-Like Tread**

Samuel – Alex Vedder, Understudy – Sam Robinson

With cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal, in silence dread, our cautious way we feel.  
 No sound at all! We never speak a word, a fly's footfall would be distinctly heard. Taratara, taratara!  
 So stealthily the pirate creeps, while all the household soundly sleeps.  
 Come, friends, who plough the sea, truce to navigation, take another station,  
 Let's vary piracee with a little burglaree!  
 Here's your crowbar and your centrebit, your life preserver you may want to hit!  
 Your silent matches, your dark lantern seize, take your file and your skeletal keys.  
 With cat-like tread, in silence dread, with cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal.  
 In silence dread, our cautious way we feel.  
 No sound at all! We never speak a word; a fly's footfall would be distinctly heard!  
 Come, friends who plough the sea, truce to navigation, take another station,  
 Let's vary piracee with a little burglaree!  
 With cat-like tread, upon our prey we steal, in silence dread, our cautious way we feel.

## *Patience*

### **Twenty Love-Sick Maidens We**

Angela – Rebekah Vaughan, Understudy – Angela Daughtry  
 Ella – Liz Halloran, Understudy – Susan Carron

Twenty love-sick maidens we, love-sick all against our will. Twenty years hence we shall be twenty love-sick maidens still!  
 Twenty love-sick maidens we, and we die for love of thee! Love feeds on hope, they say, or love will die; ah, miserie!  
 Yet my love lives, although no hope have I! Ah, miserie! Alas, poor heart, go hide thyself away,  
 To weeping concords tune thy roundelay! Ah, miserie! All our love is all for one, yet that love he heedeth not,  
 He is coy and cares for none, sad and sorry is our lot. Ah, miserie! Go, breaking heart, go, dream of love requited!  
 Go, foolish heart, go dream of lovers plighted; go, madcap heart, go dream of never waking;  
 And in thy dream forget that thou art breaking! Ah, miserie! Forget that thou art breaking!  
 Twenty love-sick maidens we, love-sick all against our will. Twenty years hence we shall be twenty love-sick maidens still!

### **In a Doleful Train**

Bunthorne – Greg Leemhuis, Understudy – Joseph Huppmann

In a doleful train two by two we walk all day, for we love in vain! None so sorrowful as they who can only sigh and say,  
 Woe is me, alackaday! Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous?  
 A thoroughpaced absurdity, explain it if you can. Instead of rushing eagerly to cherish us and foster us,  
 They all prefer this melancholy literary man. Instead of slyly peering at us, casting looks endearing at us,  
 Blushing at us, flushing at us, flirting with a fan; they're actually sneering at us, fleeing at us, jeering at us!  
 Pretty sort of treatment for a military man!  
 Mystic poet, hear our prayer, twenty love-sick maidens we, young and wealthy, dark and fair, all of county family.  
 And we die for love of thee, twenty love-sick maidens we! Yes, we die for love of thee, twenty love-sick maidens we!  
 Though my book I seem to scan in a rapt ecstatic way, like a literary man who despises female clay,  
 I hear plainly all they say, twenty love-sick maidens they! He hears plainly all they say, twenty love-sick maidens they!  
 Though so excellently wise for a moment mortal be, deign to raise thy purple eyes from thy heart-drawn poesy.  
 Twenty love-sick maidens see, each is kneeling on her knee!  
 Though as I remarked before, anyone convinced would be, that some transcendental lore is monopolizing me,  
 Round the corner I can see each is kneeling on her knee!  
 Now is not this ridiculous, and is not this preposterous? A thoroughpaced absurdity, ridiculous, preposterous!  
 Explain it if you can!

