

When Frederic Was a Little Lad

Ruth's air from *The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty* (contralto)

Text by *Sir William Schwenck Gilbert* (1839-1911) [Br]

Set by *Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan* (1842-1900) [Br]

When Fred'ric was a little lad
[ˌmɛn ˈfrɛd.ɹɪk wəz ʌ ˈlɪt.əl læd]

He proved so brave and daring,
[hi pruvd soːʊ breɪv ænd ˈdɛr.ɪŋ]

His father thought he'd 'prentice him
To some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nurs'rymaid,
And so it fell to my lot
To take and bind the promising boy
Apprentice to a pilot.
A life not bad for a hardy lad,
Though surely not a high lot,
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse
Than make your boy a pilot.

I was a stupid nurs'rymaid,
On breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright,
Through being hard of hearing;
Mistaking my instructions,
Which within my brain did gyrate,
I took and bound this promising boy
Apprentice to a pirate.
A sad mistake it was to make
And doom him to a vile lot...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

