



Lyric Sheets

1. Captain Smee
2. Arrabella
3. On My Watch

1. Captain Smee

After much false hoisting and heaving, Smee confesses that he's tricked us...he has stolen Captain Hook's ship, and far from being enrolled in a finishing school -- we're now to be Smee's crew.

SMEE

AT LAST I'VE GOTTEN MESELF A SHIP!
NOW, I BE CAPTAIN!
AND YOU THE CREW
WOT IN MY DEVIOUS PLOT IS TRAPPED IN!
COZ THIS BE MY SHIP YOU'RE KIDNAPPED IN!

Garr-harr-harr-arr! That's my ferocious pirate Capt'n laugh. Makes yer timbers proverbially shiver, eh? I can see the fear I strike in your eye.

I'VE TRICKED YE!
HA HA HA!
BUT NOT TO WORRY, I WILL TREAT YOU WELL.
YE BUCKOS LIKE GENT'MEN,
YE LADIES LIKE LADYMOISELLES.
I KNOW YE HOLD YER FAMLIES DEAR
YE GOT AT HOME, BUT LOOKEE HERE,
THIS SHIP IS MINE...
IT'S OURS, I MEAN.

THIS COIL OF ROPE, THIS ALE, IS MINE...OURS.
(picks up an astrolabe)
AND EVEN THIS, WOT I AIN'T SO SURE WOT IT IS
(I THINK YOU STEER WITH IT
OR MAYBE TAKE A MEASURE OF THE WIND)
ANYWAY, IT, TOO, IS MINE...IS OURS.

Pardon, pardon. Article one: Every man shall have hequal title, well, except Capt'n who'll to receive two shares, and all other officers one and a one quarter, or is it an heighth, well, we'll look it up, Gentlemens' Tip Number Four, mustn't be greedy, ye hawespipers, since we're all t'be hequal. Except'n, as I say, the Capt'n. Oook, like the sound o' that.

LISTEN! LISTEN!
WOT'S THAT MUSIC I HEAR?
IT'S THE CHANTY OF SMEE.
THEY'RE PLAYING IT FOR ME!
LISTEN! KINDA BRINGS A TEAR TO YOUR EYE.
FLAGS A-FLYIN, CANNONS BLASTING LOUD,
SUCH ADORING CROWD!
"WE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD.
WE'LL STAND AND CHEER.
THE SMEE'S DRAWING NEAR!

WITH HUZZAH! HUZZAH! WITH HUZZAH!
HUZZAH! HUZZAH THE SMEE IS HERE!

TA TA TA TA TA...
HAIL TO THE SMEE, CAPTN SMEE,
GENT'MAN PIRATE!
AVAST! VAST FORTUNE'S WOT I SEE.
HAIL THE SMEE WHO WILL HELP US SOON ACQUIRE IT:
FROM THE POORHOUSE'LL SET US FREE.
OUT TO SEA! HE'S MY CAPTN,
THAT'S WHY I WRIT
AIN'T NO GREATER'N CAPTN SMEE!

One more time!

HAIL TO THE SMEE, CAPTN SMEE,
GENT'MAN PIRATE!
AVAST! VAST FORTUNE'S WOT I SEE.
HAIL THE SMEE WHO WILL HELP US SOON ACQUIRE IT:
FROM THE POORHOUSE'LL SET US FREE.
OUT TO SEA! HE'S MY CAPTN,
THAT'S WHY I WRIT
AIN'T NO GREATER'N CAPTN SMEE!"

Potscrub that, Captn Haitch! Garr-rrr! Now, you're wondering, "Captn Haitch? Did he say Captn Haitch, the one with the --

(HE makes a hook with his fingers.)

-- y'know?" S'right, that Captn Haitch who I done fadoodled out of his ship, me, Smee! Who's got the Pointed Head now, hey? Smee, that's what! So here's how I fadoodled it, right? Captn Haitch and his entire crew done tooken a day's shore leave this morning, right, to sharpen their hooks and replenish their hemmena-hemmena, if you gents know what I mean (ladies present), leaving poor me Mister Smee all halone on their ship without a hemmena-hemmena, well, I'm tired of being cabin boy this and drivelswagger that, lo these howevermany years, so I've stolen myself a ship and hoved out for real! Sorry, I should say stolen hourselves my ship. I mean, stolen it for all of us to have for my very own. Dear me, I'm not disguising that very well, is I?

Look, here's the thing. I've a secret treasure map. And I'm willing to share it with you barnacles if you promises to remain gentlemen and ladymoiselles. The treasure map what I have, and have it I have, the map'll lead us to an island called Koka Lelu where we're all to share in untold riches and fings. An not just ordinary fings. Ruby-encrusted fings. Brootches. Necklaices. And sparkly whatchemwears-its, and shiny put in your ears-a-ma-callits. And silks!

OH THE SILKS, SILKS, SILKS
AND SATIN WHATCHA WEARITS
AND THE FRENCHIE FROOZIE CUFFY FLUFFY FINGS.

Things.

AND THE CAPALOONS AND PANTALOONS
OR BABALOONS OR OTHER LOONS
WOT TAILORS PUT ON KINGS.

WE'LL HAVE BEADS AND BITS
AND BAUBLES, BOWS AND BOUTONNIERES
AND EV'RY FANCY FINERY KNOWN TO MEN.
AND THEY'LL COST A PRETTY
JANGLY DANGLY SPARKLY SPENDY
CLINKY CLANKY LORDY-LENDY
BARRELFUL O' COPPER PENNY
SORRY IF Y' HAVEN'T ANY
SET Y' BACK A PRETTY PIECE OF EIGHT.
NO! MORE! OF NINE.
NO! MORE! OF TEN!

AND CLOTHES IS MAKE THE MAN.
YES, CLOTHES IS MAKE THE MAN.
SO GENT'MEN BUYS HIS CLOTHES
AS SPENDY AS HE CAN.
AND WE'LL HAVE TEETH! AH TEETH!

IF WE HAVE TEETH,
THE GOLD'LL FLASH AS BRIGHT AS SUNS.
IF WE LOSE OUR LEGS,
WHY THEN, OUR PEGS BE IV'RY ONES.
IF WE LOSE OUR HANDS,
A-COURSE OUR HOOKS'LL BE OF BRASS.
COZ POINTY-HEADED POTSCRUBBERS
NOW IS UPPER CLASS! WHEE!

COZ WE BE RICH,
YES WE WILL REEK OF MONEY! WHEE!
THE HOI POLLOI WILL SERVE US
MILK AND HONEY.
THEY BE THINKIN: "GENTLEMEN!"
WEALTHY STINKIN' GENTLEMEN.
RICHER THAN THE RICHEST BLOKE
YOU EVER COME ACROSS.
UMBRELLA-BOLSTERED GENTLEMEN,
WELL-UPHOLSTERED GENTLEMEN.
ONCE YE GOT YOUR MONEY,
WHO CARES HOW IT CAME TO PASS?
POINTY HEADED POT-SCRUBBERS
NOW IS UPPER CLASS.
RUDDY MUDDY FILTHY BLOODY
STINKIN' UPPER CLASS!

2. Arrabella

Smee tells us how he and Haitch met at Eton (where Smee was a potscrubber), and both fancied the same woman, an actress by the name of Bessie Busk, whom Smee got pregnant and vowed to do the right thing by her, as a gentleman, and he married her. When Smee saves Hook from drowning, Hook repays Smee by vowing forever to take care of Smee's wife and daughter. Smee confesses that his daughter doesn't look much like him (dark black hair), but he blames himself for the blackness of his self-pity and brooding, and thinks his daughter might be better off without the damaging influence of her father. So when Hook offers Smee a position as first mate, Smee accepts...grateful that Hook continues to send money to both mother and daughter.

SMEE

ARRABELLA, POOR, DARK AND HAUNTED CHILD.
FULL OF DEEP DARK DESPAIR,
AS DARK AS BLACKEST NIGHT.
ARRABELLA, NEVER HAVE YOU SMILED.
YOUR JOYLESS EYES AT ME DO STARE.
AND BLAME MYSELF DESPITE.
MY BROODING CAUSED IT QUITE.

DESPAIR AND WOE IS SMEE.
CAN'T HELP BUT BE LIKE ME.

So when Bessie suggests perhaps I might try my hand at sea, y'know, far away for a while, maybe she wouldn't brood so, I thought maybe enough not.

SHE, WITH HER FATHER GONE
MIGHT NOT BE DARK AND GREY.
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.

For her sake. Poor thing. Smee for a father, who wouldn't, y'know?

So when my Etonic friend suggested he'd repay my saving his life further by giving me a try as a ship potscrubber, well, I thought might could work. So that's how it's been, really. My friend as honest to me as the day has hours, as the years has months, and as lives have intertwines. He pays me wages, and sends some sums to Bessie and Arrabella for me on account. And puts up with my glooms and pot-droppings. And calls me his first mate. Though atimes there's a firster or firstest mate and I'm a seconder first mate. But I know them's just terms and in his heart I'm still his pontoony savior friend from Eton on whom he can rely until the waves cease to lap the shores of the world, which is never by the count of my metaphor.

As far as Arrabella. Well, I writes her from time a time, but we're, y'know, a-sea, around horns and far-flungatudes, so the post, y'know....It doesn't always make it to land. And even then don't always make it back t'England. And as for her writing me, well, what address would that be, eh? And what carrier would step afoot a pirate ship to deliver the....

So I don't really hear...never actually have heard....

But Haich occasionally asks on her when he's a-shore and I'm watching the ship. And on the rare moony summery night, he might let slip a little, not to worry, not to worry, he's seeing to her she's provided, she's provided, and with that, I'm...I've made my peace.

SHE WITH HER FATHER GONE
MIGHT NOT BE DARK AND GREY.
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.
SO I OF STAYED AWAY.

Well. That were not on the syllabus. But. Now y'know.

3. On My Watch

Smee realizes at the end of the day, he won't outwit or outrun Captain Hook, and his only option is to take the fall himself, and confess to his betrayal. Undoubtedly he'll be hung, but he'll die a gentlemen, defending us -- and Honor and Hethics.

SMEE

AS A CAPTAIN GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP
SO A GENT'MAN RISE TO HIS HONOR.
RISE TO HIS HONOR, HIS HONOR!
ON MY WATCH LET THERE BE LOYALTY.
ON MY WATCH LET THERE BE LOYALTY.
I VOW THAT ON MY WATCH
THERE SHALL BE GOODNESS,
SHALL BE GOODNESS AND RESPECT,
RESPECT AND TACT AND MANNERS
AND SOAP
AND RESPECT
AND THE SELF BEFORE ALL OTHERS.

THERE SHALL BE GOODNESS AND THE SELF BEFORE ALL OTHERS.
THERE SHALL BE GOODNESS AND THE SELF BEFORE ALL OTHERS.
WAIT. THAT'S NOT RIGHT.
FIRST THE OTHERS BEFORE THE SELF
SO THEN THE SELF CAN SAVE THE OTHERS
WHO'LL SAVE THE SELF.

What?

THE CREED,
THE CREED AND THE CODE,
TO THEM MY LIFE IS OWED.
IN TIMES OF NEED,
BOTH TO THE CREED AND CODE
MY LIFE BE OWED.
IN TIMES OF NEED,
BOTH TO THE CREED AND CODE
MY LIFE BE OWED.
YES, I WILL LAY MY LIFE DOWN
IF IT STAND ON A CODE!

(beginning to trade passion for sense)

YES, FOR THEM I WILL SWING.
COME WHAT TROUBLE OR STRIFE.
FOR THINE HONOR AND HETHICS
DEFEND WITH YOUR LIFE!
ON MY WATCH WE'LL BE STEADFAST!
LET THE STEADFAST STAND FAST.
STEADFAST, STAND FAST!
STAND FAST ON MY WATCH, ON MY WATCH!
LET OUR LIVES BE WORTH THE LIVING
OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT, OR DIE!
WORTH THE LIVING OR DIE,
OR WILL DIE IN THE ATTEMPT
OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT OR DIE!