Princess Ida
Or Castle Adamant
By W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan
First performed January 5, 1884

Dramatis personae

King Hildebrand
Hilarion (His son)
Hilarion's friends:
  Cyril
  Florian
King Gama
His sons:
  Arac
  Guron
  Scynthius

Princess Ida (Gama's daughter)
Lady Blanche (Professor of Abstract Science)
Lady Psyche (Professor of Humanities)
Melissa (Lady Blanche's Daughter)

Girl Graduates:
  Sacharissa
  Chloë
  Ada

Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," etc.
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Note: This is the Beta-14 of this edition of the score, June 26, 2007. Please report all corrections to Jim Cooper, jim@labsoftware.com
1. Search throughout the panorama

Florian and Chorus

(Scene: Pavilion attached to King Hildebrand's Palace. Florian, Courtiers and Soldiers discovered.)

Allegro moderato

Search throughout the panorama

For a sign of Royal Gamma, Who today should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter Linda is her name.
Some misfortune evidently Has destroyed them
consequently Search throughout the panorama For the
daughter of King Gama, Prince Hilarion's flame! Prince Hilarion's flame!

Will Prince Hilarion's flame!

con forza

hopes sadly blighted?

Who can tell? Who can tell?
plight-ed? Will she back out, and say she did not

Who can tell? Who can tell?

mean them? If so, there'll be the deuce to pay be-tween them!

Who can tell? No, no-

we'll not des-pair, we'll not des-pair, For Ga-ma would not dare To
make a dead-ly foe
Of Hilde-brand,
and so,

Search through the pa-no-ra-ma
For a sign of Royal

Ga-ma, Who to-day should cross the water
with his fas-ci-nat-ing daugh-ter
(Enter King Hildebrand, with Cyril.)

Hildebd: See you no sign of Gama?

Florian: None, my liege!

Hildebd: It's very odd indeed. If Gama fail
To put in an appearance at our Court
Before the sun has set in yonder west,
And fail to bring the Princess Ida here
To whom our son Hilarion was betrothed
At the extremely early age of one,
There's war between King Gama and ourselves!

(aside to CYRIL)
Oh, Cyril, how I dread this interview!
It's twenty years since he and I have met.
He was a twisted monster— all awry—
As though Dame Nature, angry with her work,
Had crumpled it in fitful petulance!
Cyril: But, sir, a twisted and ungainly trunk
Often bears goodly fruit. Perhaps he was
A kind, well-spoken gentleman?

Hildebd: Oh, no!
For, adder-like, his sting lay in his tongue.
(His “sting” is present, though his “stung” is past.)

Florian: (looking through glass)
But stay, my liege; o'er yonder mountain's brow
Comes a small body, bearing Gama's arms;
And now I look more closely at it, sir,
I see attached to it King Gama's legs;
From which I gather this corollary
That that small body must be Gama's own!

Hildebd: Ha! Is the Princess with him?

Florian: Well, my liege,
Unless her highness is full six feet high,
And wears mustachios too — and smokes cigars——
And rides en cavalier in coat of steel——
I do not think she is.

Hildebd: One never knows.
She's a strange girl, I've heard, and does odd things!
Come, bustle there!
For Gama place the richest robes we own——
For Gama place the coarsest prison dress——
For Gama let our best spare bed be aired——
For Gama let our deepest dungeon yawn——
For Gama lay the costliest banquet out——
For Gama place cold water and dry bread!
For as King Gama brings the Princess here,
Or brings her not, so shall King Gama have
Much more than everything — much less than nothing!
2. Now hearken to my strict command

Hildebrand and Chorus

Allegro con brio

1. Now heark-en to my

strict com-mand On ev-'ry hand, on ev-'ry hand.

To your com-mand, On ev-'ry hand, We
If Gamma bring the Princess here, Give him good cheer,

dutifully bow!

give him good cheer.

If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you


shout and sing Long live the King. And his daugh-ter too, I trow! Then shout ha! ha!

shout and sing Long live the King. And his daugh-ter too, I trow! Then shout ha! ha!

For the
fair Princess and her good pa-pa. Hur-rah! hur-rah!

If he fails to keep his troth, Up-on our oath, we'll trounce them both!

He'll trounce them both, Up-
We'll shut him up in a dungeon cell, And

on his oath, As sure as quarter day!

toll his knell on a funeral bell.

From dungeon cell, His funeral knell Shall strike him with dish-

From dungeon cell, His funeral knell Shall strike him with dish-
may! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! As

up we string the faith-less King, In the old fa-mil-iar way! We'll shout ha! ha!

hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! As we
make an end of her false pa-pa! Hur-rah!

(Exeunt all)
3. Ida was a twelve month old

(Enter Hilarion)

Hilarion

Today we meet, my baby bride and I—

But ah, my hopes are balanced by my fears! What transformations have been conjured by the silent alchemy of twenty years!

Moderato
I was twice her age, I'm told, Twenty years ago!

 Husband twice as old as wife Argues ill for married life.

Baleful prophecies were rife, Twenty years ago!

1. I-da was a twelve-month old, Twenty years ago!
Twenty years ago!

2. Still, I was a tiny prince Twenty years ago. She has gained up on me, since

Though she's twenty one, it's true,

I am barely twenty two. False and foolish prophets you,
Hilarion: Well, father, is there news for me at last?

Hildebd: King Gama is in sight, but much I fear
With no Princess!

Hilarion: Alas, my liege, I've heard
That Princess Ida has forsworn the world,
And, with a band of women, shut herself
Within a lonely country house, and there
Devotes herself to stern philosophies!

Hildebd: Then I should say the loss of such a wife
Is one to which a reasonable man
Would easily be reconciled.

Hilarion: Oh, no!
Or I am not a reasonable man.
She is my wife - has been for twenty years!
(Holding glass) I think I see her now.

Hildebd: Ha! Let me look!

Hilarion: In my mind's eye, I mean - a blushing bride
All bib and tucker, frill and furbelow!
How exquisite she looked as she was borne,
Recumbent, in her foster-mother's arms!
How the bride wept - nor would be comforted
Until the hireling mother-for-the-nonce
Administered refreshment in the vestry.
And I remember feeling much annoyed
That she should weep at marrying with me.
But then I thought, “These brides are all alike.
You cry at marrying me? How much more cause
You'd have to cry if it were broken off!”
These were my thoughts; I kept them to myself,
For at that age I had not learnt to speak.

(Exeunt HILDEBRAND and HILARION)(Enter COURTiers)
4. From the distant panorama

Chorus

From the distant panorama
Come the sons of royal Gama. They are
he - ralds evi - dent - ly, And are sac - red con - se - quent - ly.

Sons of Ga - ma, hail! oh, hail!
5. We are warriors three
Arac, Scynthius, Guron and Chorus

(Enter Arac, Guron and Scynthius)

We are war-riors three,——
Sons of Ga-ma Rex,——

Like most sons are we——
Mas-cu-line in sex——

Yes, yes, yes, Mas-cu-line in sex.

Guron
Scynth

Yes, yes, yes, Mas-cu-line in sex.
Politics we bar, They are not our bent;

On the whole we are

Not intelligent

But with doughy heart
and with trusty blade, we can play our part.

fighting is our trade.

Yes, yes, yes, fighting is our trade.

Yes, yes, yes, fighting is our trade.

Yes, yes, yes, fighting is our trade.

For a war we burn.

Bold and fierce and strong, ha! ha! For a war we burn. With its right or
wrong ha! ha! We have no concern. Order comes to fight, ha! ha!

Order is obeyed, We are men of might, ha! ha! Fighting is our trade, ha!

They are men of might, ha! ha! Fighting is their trade. Order comes to
fight, ha! ha! Order is obeyed.

Order comes to fight,
is, yes, yes, Fighting is our trade, ha! ha!

is their trade.

Attacca
6. If you give me your attention
Gama and Chorus

(Enter King Gama)
Allegro non troppo

1. If you give me your attention, I will
tell you what I am: I'm a genuine philanthropist, all other kinds are sham. Each

little fault of temper and each social defect In my erring fellow creatures, I en-
deavor to correct. To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes; And

lit-tle plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise; I love my fellow creatures I do

all the good I can, Yet ev'rybody says I'm such a disagreeable man! And I can't think why!

2. To compliments inflated I've a
wi-ther-ing re-ply, And va-ni-ty I al-ways do my best to mor-ti-fy; A cha-ri-ta-ble ac- tion I can

skil-fully dis-sect; And in-ter-est-ed mo-tives I'm de-light-ed to de-tect; I know

ev-'ry bo-dy's in-come and what ev-'ry bo-dy earns; And I care-ful-ly com-pare it with the

in-come tax re-turns; But be-ne-fit hu-man-i-ty how- ev-er much I plan, Yet
ev'ry body says I'm such a disagreeable man! And I can't think why!

3. I'm sure I'm no ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be; You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee, I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer, I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer. To ev'ry body's prejudice I
know a thing or two; I can tell a woman's age in half a minute and I do. But al-

though I try to make myself as pleasant as I can, Yet ev'ry-body says I am a dis-agreeable man! And I can't think why!
(Enter Hildebrand, Hilarion, Cyril and Florian.)

Gama: So this is Castle Hildebrand? Well, well! Dame Rumour whispered that the place was grand; She told me that your taste was exquisite, Superb, un paralleled!

Hildebrand: (Gratified) Oh, really, King!

Gama: But she's a liar! Why, how old you've grown! Is this Hilarion? Why, you've changed too— You were a singularly handsome child!

(To Florian) Are you a courtier? Come, then, ply your trade, Tell me some lies. How do you like your King? Vile rumour says he's all but imbecile. Now, that's not true?

Florian: My lord, we love our King. His wise remarks are valued by his court As precious stones.

Gama: And for the self-same cause. Like precious stones, his sensible remarks Derive their value from their scarcity! Come now, be honest, tell the truth for once! Tell it of me. Come, come, I'll harm you not. This leg is crooked — this foot is ill-designed— This shoulder wears a hump! Come, out with it! Look, here's my face! Now, am I not the worst Of Nature's blunders?

Cyril: Nature never errs. To those who know the workings of your mind, Your face and figure, sir, suggest a book Appropriately bound.

Gama: (Enraged) Why, harkye, sir, How dare you bandy words with me?

Cyril: No need To bandy aught that appertains to you.

Gama: (Furiously) Do you permit this, King?

Hildebrand: We are in doubt Whether to treat you as an honoured guest
Or as a traitor knave who plights his word
And breaks it.

Gama: *(Quickly)* If the casting vote's with me,
I give it for the former!

Hildebd: We shall see.
By the terms of our contract, signed and sealed,
You're bound to bring the Princess here to-day:
Why is she not with you?

Gama: Answer me this:
What think you of a wealthy purse-proud man,
Who, when he calls upon a starving friend,
Pulls out his gold and flourishes his notes,
And flashes diamonds in the pauper's eyes?
What name have you for such an one?

Hildebd: A snob.

Gama: Just so. The girl has beauty, virtue, wit,
Grace, humour, wisdom, charity and pluck.
Would it be kindly, think you, to parade
These brilliant qualities before your eyes?
Oh no, King Hildebrand, I am no snob!

Hildebd: *(Furiously)* Stop that tongue,
Or you shall lose the monkey head that holds it!

Gama: Bravo! Your King deprives me of my head,
That he and I may meet on equal terms!

Hildebd: Where is she now? *(Threatening)*

Gama: In Castle Adamant,
One of my many country houses. There
She rules a woman's University,
With full a hundred girls, who learn of her.

Cyril: A hundred girls! A hundred ecstasies!

Gama: But no mere girls, my good young gentleman;
With all the college learning that you boast,
The youngest there will prove a match for you.

Cyril: With all my heart, if she's the prettiest!
(To FLORIAN)  Faney, a hundred matches — all alight!—
That's if I strike them as I hope to do!

Gama:  Despair your hope; their hearts are dead to men.
He who desires to gain their favour must
Be qualified to strike their teeming brains,
And not their hearts. They're safety matches, sir,
And they light only on the knowledge box—
So you've no chance!

Florian:  And there are no males whatever in those walls?

Gama:  None, gentlemen, excepting letter mails—
And they are driven (as males often are
In other large communities) by women.
Why, bless my heart, she's so particular
She'll hardly suffer Dr. Watts's hymns—
And all the animals she owns are "hers"!
The ladies rise at cockcrow every morn—

Cyril:  Ah, then they have male poultry?

Gama:  Not at all,
(Confidentially)  The crowing's done by an accomplished hen!
7. Act I Finale
Gama, Hildebrand, Cyril, Hilarion, Arac, Guron, Scynthius and Chorus

Allegro

1. Praps if you ad-

dress the la-dy Most po-lite-ly. Most po-lite-ly, Flat-ter and im-press the la-dy, Most po-lite-ly,

most po-lite-ly, hum-bly beg and hum bly sue, She may deign to look on you, But your do-ing

you must do Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly!
Humbly beg and humbly sue, She may deign to look on you, But your doing you must do Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly!

2. Go you and in-form the la-dy, Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, If she don't, we'll storm the la-dy, Most po-lice-ly, most po-lice-ly! You'll re-main as hos-tage here; Should Hi-lar-ion dis-appear,
We will hang you, ne-ver fear, Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly!

You'll re-main as hos-tage here; Should Hi-lar-ion dis-ap-pear We will hang you, ne-ver fear.

Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly!

(Gama, Arac, Guron and Scynthius are marched off in custody, Hildebrand following.)
Come, Cyril Flo-rian, Our course is plain, Tomorrow morn fair I da we'll en

gage; But we will use no force her love to

gain, Nature, Nature has armed us for the war we wage!

Ex-pres-sive glan-ces Shall be our
lances And pops of Sil-ley Our light ar-tile-ry. We'll storm their bow-ers with scent-ed
show-ers of fair-est flow-ers that we can buy!
vi-o-let! Oh, gen-tle heigh-o-let (Or lit-tle sigh). On sweet ur-
Oh, dain-ty tri-o-let! Oh, frag-rant

When day is 

ban-it-y, Though mere in-a-ni-ty, To touch their va-ni-ty We will re-ly!

fa-ding, With se-re-na-ding And such fri-vol-i-ty We'll prove our qual-i-ty. A sweet pro-

fu-sion Of soft al-lu-sion This bold in-tru-sion Shall just-ti-fy! This bold in-
a-ma-to-ry And de-cla-ma-to-ry, Lit-tle heed-ing their pret-ty plead-ing Our love ex-
ceed-ing We'll jus-ti fy! Our love ex-
ceed-ing We'll jus-ti fy!
Oh, dain-ty tri-o-let! Oh, frag-rant vi-o-let! Oh, gen-tle heigh-o-let (Or lit-tle sigh)! On sweet ur-
bani-ty, Though mere in-a-ni-ty, To touch their va-ni-ty We will re-ly!

Oh dain-ty

tri-o-let! Oh, fra-grant vi-o-let! Oh, gen-tle heigh-o-let (Or lit-tle sigh)!

Oh dain-ty

Oh dain-ty

Oh dain-ty
Oh dainty triolet! Oh fragrant violet!

Allegro

Re-enter Gama, Arac, Guron and Scynthius heavily ironed, followed by Hildebrand.

(This 6 measure fanfare is not part of the original score but was added later, possibly by Sullivan, for a specific staging.)
Must we, till then, in prison cell be thrust? This seems unnecessary!

You must!

Hildebrand

Hear, hear!

Allegro vivace

For a month to dwell in a dungeon cell; Growing thin and wizened in a solitary prison, Is a poor look out for a soldier stout, Who is longing for the rat-tle of a complicated battle, Yes, is longing for the rat-tle of a
compli-cated bat-tle, For the rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, And the guns that go boom!

Hilarion & Cyril


The rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, Rum-tum-tum-tum-my tum-my

tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the tum my tum my tum! Who is long ing for the rat-tle Of a compli-ca ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the
mi-lia-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum.

Hildebrand

la-ri-on's bride Has at length com-plied With the just con-di-tions Of our re-qui-si-tions, You may
go in haste And in-dulge your taste For the fas-ci-na-ting rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, Yes, the
fas-ci-nat-ing rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, For the rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, And the
guns that go boom! boom! The rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, Rum-tum-tum-tum my tum my
mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum. But till that time you'll
Hild. and Flor.
mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum-pum. But till that time we'll

here re-main, And bail we will not en-ter-tain Should she out man-date
time you'll here re-main, And bail we will not en-ter-tain Should she our
here re-main, And bail they will not en-ter-tain. Should she his man-date
disobey, Your lives the penalty will pay! Should she our

man-date disobey, Your lives the penalty will pay! Should

disobey, Our lives the penalty will pay! Should she his

man-date disobey, The penalty your lives will pay!

she our man-date disobey, The penalty your lives

man-date disobey, The penalty your lives will pay!

man-date disobey, The penalty our lives will pay!
(End of Act I)
Act II

8. Towards the empyrean heights

Psyche, Melissa, Sacharissa and Chorus

(Scene - Gardens in Castle Adamant. A river runs across the back of the stage, crossed by a rustic bridge. Castle Adamant in the distance. Girl graduates discovered seated at the feet of Lady Psyche.)

Allegro grazioso

(Continued)

Towards the empyrean heights

Of ev'ry kind of lore, We've taken sev'ral easy flights And mean to
You should read *Anacreon*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Likewise *Aristophanes*, And the works of Juvenal: These are worth attention, all; But if you will be advised,

You will get them Bowdlerized!
Ah! we will get them Bowdler-ized!

Ah! we will get them Bowdler-ized!

Pray you, tell us, if you can,

What's the thing that's known as Man?
Man will swear, and Man will storm——

Man is not at all good form——
Man is of no kind of use.
Man's a donkey, Man's a goose—Man is coarse and Man is plain. Man is more or less insane.

Man's a rascal—Man's a rake, Man is nature's sole mistake!

Well a

memorandum make. Man is nature's sole mis-

Well a

memorandum make. Man is nature's sole mis-

We'll a
take! And thus to em-py-re-an height Of ev-ry
kind of lore, In search of wis-dom's pure de-light, am-bi-tious ly we soar.
In try-ing to a-chieve suc cess No en vy racks our heart,
For all we know and all we guess, we mutually impart! And all the knowledge we possess, we mutually impart, we mutually impart, we mutually impart!

impart!
(Enter Lady Blanche. All stand up demurely)

Blanche: Attention, ladies, while I read to you
The Princess Ida's list of punishments.
The first is Sacharissa. She's expelled!

All: Expelled!

Blan.: Expelled, because although she knew
No man of any kind may pass our walls,
She dared to bring a set of chessmen here!

Sach.: (Crying) I meant no harm; they're only men of wood!

Blan.: They're men with whom you give each other mate,
And that's enough! The next is Chloe.

Chloe: Ah!

Blan.: Chloe will lose three terms, for yesterday,
When looking through her drawing-book, I found
A sketch of a perambulator!

All: (Horrified) Oh!

Blan.: Double perambulator ...

All: Oh, oh!

Blan.: ...shameless girl!
That's all at present. Now, attention, pray;
Your Principal the Princess comes to give
Her usual inaugural address
To those young ladies who joined yesterday.
9. Mighty maiden with a mission
Chorus

Mighty maiden with a mission, Paragon of common sense,
Running fount of erudition, Miracle of eloquence,
We are blind, and we would talk,
We are dumb, and we would talk.

We are bound, and would be free;
We are see;
We are dumb, and we would talk.
S: lame, and we would walk. Might-y maid-en with a mis-sion, Par-a-gon of com-mon

A: lame, and we would walk. Might-y maid-en with a mis-sion, Par-a-gon of com-mon

S: sense; Run-ning fount of e-ru-di-tion, Mir-a-cle of e-lo-quence, of

A: sense; Run-ning fount of e-ru-di-tion, Mir-a-cle of e-lo-quence, of

S: el-lo-quence!

A: el-lo-quence!

(Enter the Princess)
10. O goddess wise
Princess

Andante expressivo

Oh, goddess wise That lov' est Light. En-dow with sight Their

un-illumined eyes. At this my call, A fervent few have

come to woo The rays that from thee fall, that from thee fall. Oh, goddess
wise That lov-est light That lov-est light

Let fer-vent words and

er-vent thoughts be mine, That I may lead them to thy sac-red shrine!

Let fer-vent words and fer-vent thoughts be mine, That I may lead them to thy

sa-cred shrine, I may lead them to thy sa-cred shrine, thy sa-cred shrine!
**Princess:** Women of Adamant, fair Neophytes—
Who thirst for such instruction as we give,
Attend, while I unfold a parable.
The elephant is mightier than Man,
Yet Man subdues him. Why? The elephant
Is elephantine everywhere but here (*tapping her forehead*),
And Man, whose brain is to the elephant's
As Woman's brain to Man's (that's rule of three)
Conquers the foolish giant of the woods,
As Woman, in her turn, shall conquer Man.
In Mathematics, Woman leads the way;
The narrow-minded pedant still believes
That two and two make four! Why, we can prove,
We women -- household drudges as we are—
That two and two make five -- or three -- or seven;
Or five and twenty, if the case demands!
Diplomacy? The wildest diplomat
Is absolutely helpless in our hands.
*He* wheedles monarchs -- Woman wheedles him!
Logic? Why, tyrant Man himself admits
It's waste of time to argue with a woman!
Then we excel in social qualities:
Though man professes that he holds our sex
In utter scorn, I venture to believe
He'd rather pass the day with one of you,
Than with five hundred of his fellow-men!
In all things we excel. Believing this,
A hundred maidens here have sworn to place
Their feet upon his neck. If we succeed,
We'll treat him better than he treated us:
But if we fail, why, then let hope fail too!
Let no one care a penny how she looks—
Let red be worn with yellow -- blue with green—
Crimson with scarlet -- violet with blue!
Let all your things misfit, and you yourselves
At inconvenient moments come undone!
Let hair-pins lose their virtue: let the hook
Disdain the fascination of the eye—
The bashful button modestly evade
The soft embraces of the button-hole!
Let old associations all dissolve,
Let Swan secede from Edgar -- Gask from Gask,
Sewell from Cross -- Lewis from Allenby!
In other words, let Chaos come again!

*(Coming down)* Who lectures in the Hall of Arts today?
Blanche: I, madam, on Abstract Philosophy.
There I propose considering, at length,
Three points – The Is, the Might Be, and the Must.
Whether the Is, from being actual fact,
Is more important than the vague Might Be,
Or the Might Be, from taking wider scope,
Is for that reason greater than the Is:
And lastly, how the Is and Might Be stand
Compared with the inevitable Must!

Princess: The subject's deep – how do you treat it, pray?

Blan.: Madam, I take three possibilities,
And strike a balance then between the three:
As thus: The Princess Ida Is our head,
the Lady Psyche Might Be – Lady Blanche,
Neglected Blanche, inevitably Must.
Given these three hypotheses -- to find
The actual betting against each of them!

Princess: Your theme's ambitious: pray you bear in mind
Who highest soar fall farthest. Fare you well,
You and your pupils! Maidens, follow me.
And thus to empyrean height
Princess and women

And thus to empyrean height
Of ev'ry kind of lore,

In search of wisdom's pure delight,
Ambitiously we soar,
And all the knowledge we possess,
We mutually impart,

Amid the whispering breasts
And in the moonbeam's rays,

In search of wisdom's pure delight,
Ambitiously we soar,
And all the knowledge we possess,
We mutually impart,
Blan. : I should command here— I was born to rule,
I shall some day. Not yet, I bide my time.
I once was Some One and the Was Will Be.
The Present as we speak becomes the Past,
The Past repeats itself, and so is Future!
This sounds involved. It's not. It's right enough.
11. Come mighty Must!

Blanche

Andante

Come mighty Must! Inevitable Shall! In thee I trust. Time weaves my coronal! Go mocking Is! Go disappointing-

Was! That I am this Ye are the cursed cause! Ye are the cursed cause! Yet humble second shall be first, I ween; And dead and
26

buried be the curst Has Been! Oh weak Might Be!

31

Oh May, Might, Could, Would, Should! How pow'r - - - less

34

ye For e - - - vil or for good!

37

In ev - - 'ry sense Your moods I cheer-less
call. What e'er your tense Ye are Im-per-fect, all!

Ye have de-ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! Ye have de-ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! I've shown in ye! A-way! The Migh-ty Must a-lone shall be!

(Exit Lady Blanche)
12. Gently, gently
(Enter Hilarion, Cyril and Florian)
Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegro con moto
Cyr

Hil

Flo

Gen tly, gen-tly. Ev-i-dent-ly We are safe so far, Af-ter scal-ing Fence and

Gen tly, gen-tly. Ev-i-dent-ly We are safe so far, Af-ter scal-ing Fence and

Gen tly, gen-tly. Ev-i-dent-ly We are safe so far, Af-ter scal-ing Fence and

Gen tly, gen-tly. Ev-i-dent-ly We are safe so far, Af-ter scal-ing Fence and

Cyr

Hil

Flo

pal-ing, Here, at last, we are!

pal-ing, Here, at last, we are!

pal-ing, Here, at last, we are!

pal-ing, Here, at last, we are!

Cyr

Hil

Flo

In this col-lege Use-ful know ledge Ev-ry-

In this col-lege Use-ful know ledge Ev-ry-

In this col-lege Use-ful know ledge Ev-ry-

In this col-lege Use-ful know ledge Ev-ry-

Cyr

Hil

Flo

where one finds And al-re-a-dy Grow-ing stea-dy, We've en-larg'd our

where one finds And al-re-a-dy Grow-ing stea-dy, We've en-larg'd our

where one finds And al-re-a-dy Grow-ing stea-dy, We've en-larg'd our

where one finds And al-re-a-dy Grow-ing stea-dy, We've en-larg'd our

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We've learnt that prickly cactus has the power to attack minds.

When we fall, that nothing man unties like a bed of stinging nettles Short or tall!
That bull dogs feed on throtes— that we don't like brok-en bot-tles On a wall--

That spring-guns breathe de-fi-ance! And that bur-gla-ry's a wall.

After all! A wom-an's col-lege! Mad dest fol-ly
What can girls learn within these walls worth knowing?

I'll lay a crown. The Princess shall decide it. I'll...

Teach them twice as much in half an hour outside it!

Hush, scoff; ere you sound your puny thunder, List to their...
Hil

aims, and bow your head in wonder! They intend to send a wire to the

Hil

to the moon; very soon

moon, And they’ll set the Thames on fire Ve ry soon Then they

Flo

to the moon; very soon;

Flo

with their rigs;

learn to make silk purses with their rigs. From the ears of La dy Cir ce's Pig gy

Cyr

with their rigs;
piggy wigs; they tre-pan;
wigs; And wea-sels at their slum-bers they tre-pan; To get
piggy wigs; they tre-pan;

sun-beams from cu-cum-bers, They've a plan– They've a firm-ly root-ed no-tion they can
they've a plan;

they've a plan;

if they can. if they can.
These are the phenomena that every pretty domain is hoping at her university.

These are the phenomena that every pretty domain is hoping at her university.

These are the phenomena that every pretty domain is hoping at her university.

te we shall see.

te we shall see.

These are the phenomena that every pretty domain is
hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for

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As for

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

hoping at her University we shall see!

As for
And the fact is that they're teaching pigs to fly—And they'll
Some fine day Pigs to fly;

practise what they're preaching by and bye—Each newly joined aspirant to the
By and bye!

clan—Must repudiate the tyrant Known as Man—They

to the clan—Known as Man—
to the clan—Known as Man—
mock at him and flout him, For they do not care about him, And they're going to do with out him if they can, if they can!

These are the phenomena that every pretty dominie is

hoping at her University we shall see. These are the phenomena that
Cyr

ev'ry pretty domina is hoping at her University we shall see! In this college Useful

Hil

ev'ry pretty domina is hoping at her University we shall see! In this college Useful

Flo

ev'ry pretty domina is hoping at her University we shall see! In this college Useful

Cyr

knowledge Ev'rywhere one finds And already Growing

Hil

knowledge Ev'rywhere one finds And already Growing

Flo

knowledge Ev'rywhere one finds And already Growing
Hilarion:  So that's the Princess Ida's castle! Well,
    They must be lovely girls, indeed, if it requires
    Such walls as those to keep intruders off!

Cyril:    To keep men off is only half their charge,
    And that the easier half. I much suspect
    The object of these walls is not so much
    To keep men off as keep the maidens in!

Florian:  But what are these? (Examining some Collegiate robes)

Hilarion:  (looking at them) Why, academic robes,
    Worn by the lady undergraduates
    When they matriculate. Let's try them on. (They do so.)
    Why, see— we're covered to the very toes.
    Three lovely lady undergraduates
    Who, weary of the world and all its wooing— (pose)

Florian:    And penitent for deeds there's no undoing— (pose)

Cyril:    Looked at askance by well-conducted maids— (pose)

All:    Seek sanctuary in these classic shades!

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13. I am a maiden
Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegro vivace
Cyr

Haugh ty, hum ble, coy, or free, Lit tle care I what maid may be.

Hil

Haugh ty, hum ble, coy, or free, Lit tle care I what maid may be.

Flo

Haugh ty, hum ble, coy, or free, Lit tle care I what maid may be.

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev 'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev 'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev 'ry maid is the maid for me!

Dance

dim.
2. I am a maiden, frank and simple, Brimming with joyous roguery;

Merri ment lurks in every dimple, Nobody breaks more hearts than I!

Nobody breaks more hearts, more hearts than I!

Haughty, humble, coy, or free, Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev'ry maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Ev'ry maid is the maid for me!

I am a maid-en coy-ly blush-ing. Ti-mid am I as a star-tled hind; _ Ev'ry

suit-or sets me flush-ing, Ev'ry suit-or sets me flush-ing: I am the maid_
that wins mankind!

Little care I what maid may be. So that a maid is fair to see,

Ev'ry
[Enter the Princess, reading. She does not see them.]

Florian: But who comes here? The Princess, as I live!  
What shall we do?

Hilarion: (Aside) Why, we must brave it out!  
(Aloud) Madam, accept our humblest reverence.

(They bow, then suddenly recollecting themselves, curtsey.)

Princess: (Surprised) We greet you, ladies. What would you with us?

Hilarion: (Aside to Cyril) What shall I say? (Aloud) We are three students, ma'am,  
Three well-born maids of liberal estate,  
Who wish to join this University.

(Hilarion and Florian curtsey again. Cyril bows extravagantly,  
then, being recalled to himself by Florian, curtseys.)

Princess: If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks,  
And will subscribe to all our rules, 'tis well.

Florian: To all your rules we cheerfully subscribe.

Princess: You say you're noblewomen. Well, you'll find  
No sham degrees for noblewomen here.  
You'll find no sizars here, or servitors,  
Or other cruel distinctions, meant to draw  
A line 'twixt rich and poor; you'll find no tufts  
To mark nobility, except such tufts  
As indicate nobility of brain.  
As for your fellow-students, mark me well:  
There are a hundred maids within these walls,  
All good, all learned, and all beautiful:  
They are prepared to love you: will you swear  
To give the fullness of your love to them?

Hilarion: Upon our words and honours, Ma'am, we will!

Princess: But we go further: Will you undertake  
That you will never marry any man?

Florian: Indeed we never will!
Princess: Consider well, You must prefer our maids to all mankind!

Hilarion: To all mankind we much prefer your maids!

Cyril: We should be dolts indeed, if we did not, seeing how fair –

Hilarion: (Aside to Cyril) Take care – that's rather strong!

Princess: But have you left no lovers at your home Who may pursue you here?

Hilarion: No, madam, none. We're homely ladies, as no doubt you see, And we have never fished for lover's love. We smile at girls who deck themselves with gems, False hair and meretricious ornament, To chain the fleeting fancy of a man, But do not imitate them. What we have Of hair is all our own. Our colour, too, Unladylike, but not unwomanly, Is Nature's handiwork, and man has learnt To reckon Nature an impertinence.

Princess: Well, beauty counts for naught within these walls; If all you say is true, you'll pass with us A happy, happy time!

Cyril: If, as you say, A hundred lovely maidens wait within, To welcome us with smiles and open arms, I think there's very little doubt we shall!
14. The world is but a broken toy
Princess, Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

*Andante moderato*

The world is but a broken toy, Its pleasure hollow false its joy, Unreal its love-liest hue, A-vas! Its pains alone are true, A-vas! Its pains alone are true!

Hilarion

The world is ev’rything you
say, The world we think has had its day, Its merriment is slow, A-浅! We've tried it and we


know, A-浅! We've tried it, and we know. Un-real its love-liest hue, Its pains a-lone are
true! A - las! The world is but a brok-en toy, Its plea - sure hol-low-

true! The world is but a brok-en toy, We free - ly give it

false its joy, Un - real its love-liest hue, A - las! Its pains a - lone are true, A - las! Its

up with joy, Un - real its love-liest hue, A - las! We quite a - gree with you, A - las! We

up with joy, Un - real its love-liest hue, A - las! We quite a - gree with you, A - las! We

true, A - las! Its you, A - las! We true, A - las! Its you, A - las! We
pains a-lone are true!

quite a-gree with you!

quite a-gree with you!

quite a-gree with you!

quite a-gree with you!

true! you! hue! A las! A las! A las! A las! A las! Its

hue, Un-real its love-iest hue! A las!

hue! A las! A las! A las! A las! A las! Its

hue! A las!

Un-real its love-iest hue, Un-real its love-iest hue, Un-real its love-iest hue, Un-real its love-iest hue, Un-real its love-iest hue.
pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!

pains alone are true!
(Exit Princess. The three Gentlemen watch her off. LADY PSYCHE enters, and regards them with amazement)

Hilarion: I'faith, the plunge is taken, gentlemen! For, willy-nilly, we are maidens now, And maids against our will we must remain.

[All laugh heartily.]

Psyche: (Aside) These ladies are unseemly in their mirth.

(The gentlemen see her, and, in confusion, resume their modest demeanour.)

Florian: (Aside) Here's a catastrophe, Hilarion! This is my sister! She'll remember me, Though years have passed since she and I have met!

Hilarion: (Aside to FLORIAN) Then make a virtue of necessity, And trust our secret to her gentle care.

Florian: (To PSYCHE, who has watched CYRIL in amazement) Psyche! Why, don't you know me? Florian!

Psyche: (Amazed) Why, Florian!

Florian: My sister! (Embraces her)

Psyche: Oh, my dear! What are you doing here — and who are these?

Hilarion: I am that Prince Hilarion to whom Your Princess is betrothed. I come to claim Her plighted love. Your brother Florian And Cyril came to see me safely through.


Hilarion: Why, let me look! Are you that learned little Psyche who At school alarmed her mates because she called A buttercup “ranunculus bulbosus”?

Cyril: Are you indeed that Lady Psyche, who At children's parties drove the conjurer wild,
Explaining all his tricks before he did them?

**Hilarion:** Are you that learned little Psyche, who
At dinner parties, brought in to dessert,
Would tackle visitors with “You don't know
Who first determined longitude – I do –
Hipparchus* 'twas – B. C. one-sixty-three!”
Are you indeed that small phenomenon?

**Psyche:** That small phenomenon indeed am I!
But gentlemen, 'tis death to enter here:
We have all promised to renounce mankind!

**Florian:** Renounce mankind!? On what ground do you base
This senseless resolution?

**Psyche:** Senseless? No.
We are all taught, and, being taught, believe
That Man, sprung from an Ape, is Ape at heart.

**Cyril:** That's rather strong.

**Psyche:** The truth is always strong!

*hip-Par-kus*
15. A lady fair, of lineage high
Psyche with Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegretto grazioso

1. A lady fair, of lineage high, was

lov'd by an Ape, in the days gone by. The Maid was radiant as the sun, The

Ape was a most unsightly one The Ape was a most unsightly one So it would not do,
His scheme fell through, For the Maid, when his love took formal shape, Ex-

press'd such terror At his monstrous error, That he stammer'd an apology and made his 'scape, The

picture of a disconcerted Ape.

2. With a

view to rise in the social scale, He shav'd his bristles, and he dock'd his tail, He

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grew moustachios, and he took his tub, And he paid a guinea to a toilet club. He

paid a guinea to a toilet club. But it would not do, The Scheme fell through.

For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen, With golden tresses Like a

real princess's, While the Ape, despite his razor keen, Was the Apest Ape that ever was seen!
3. He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits, He

cram’d his feet into bright, tight boots. And to start in life on a brand-new plan, He

christen’d him self “Darwinian Man!” He christen’d him self “Darwinian Man!” But it

would not do— The scheme fell through, For the Maiden fair, whom the
* modified lyric from "Songs of a Savoyard"
Psy

Cyr

Hil

Flo

Was a radiant Being, With a brain far see-ing, While Darwin-ian man though-
mon-key crav'd, Was a radiant Being, With a brain far see-ing, While Darwin-ian man though-
mon-key crav'd, Was a radiant Being, With a brain far see-ing, While Darwin-ian man though-
mon-key crav'd, Was a radiant Being, With a brain far see-ing, While Darwin-ian man though-

well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.
well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.
well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.
well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.
(During this, MELISSA has entered unobserved; she looks on in amazement.)

Melissa:  (Coming down) Oh, Lady Psyche!

Psyche:  (Terrified) What! You heard us then?  
Oh, all is lost!

Melissa: Not so! I'll breathe no word!  
(Advancing in astonishment to FLORIAN)  
How marvelously strange! and are you then  
Indeed young men?

Florian:  Well, yes, just now we are—  
But hope by dint of study to become,  
In course of time, young women.

Melissa:  (Eagerly) No, no, no—  
Oh, don't do that! Is this indeed a man?  
I've often heard of them, but, till today,  
Never set eyes on one. They told me men  
Were hideous, idiotic, and deformed!  
They're quite as beautiful as women are!  
As beautiful, they're infinitely more so!  
Their cheeks have not that pulpy softness which  
One gets so weary of in womankind:  
Their features are more marked – and – oh, their chins!  
(Feeling FLORIAN'S chin)  
How curious!

Florian: I fear it's rather rough.

Melissa:  (Eagerly) Oh, don't apologize – I like it so!
16. The woman of the wisest wit
Psyche, Melissa, Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

1. The woman of the wisest wit
May sometimes be mistaken, O!
In Idas's views, I must admit,
My faith is somewhat shaken, O!

On every other point than this,
Her learning is untainted, O!
But
"Man's a theme with which she is Entirely unacquainted, O!– acquainted, O!–
quainted, O!– acquaintance, O!–

Then jump for joy and
joyous sound, The truth is found– the
joyous sound, The truth is found– the
joyous sound, The truth is found– the
And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

truth is found  the truth is found!
truth is found  the truth is found!
truth is found  the truth is found!
truth is found  the truth is found!

(Dance)
We are able to Your powers of observation, O! -ser-va-tion, O! -ser-va-tion, O! Your

Then jump for joy and gaily bound, The

powers of observation, O!

Then jump for joy and gaily bound, The

Then jump for joy and gaily bound, The
truth is found-- the truth is found! Set bells a-ring ing through the air-- Ring|

here and there and ev'-ry-where--

here-- and there and ev'-ry-where-- And echo forth the joy ous sound, The
truth is found, the truth is found!

The truth is found, the truth is found!

The truth is found– the truth is found!

And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is found!

And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is found–

And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is found–

And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is found–

And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is found–
Psy

e-cho forth the joy-ous sound, The truth is found — the truth is found!

Mel

e-cho forth the joy-ous sound, The truth is found — the truth is found!

Cyr

e-cho forth the joy-ous sound, The truth is found, — the truth is found!

Hil

e-cho forth the joy-ous sound, The truth is found! — The truth is found!

Flo

e-cho forth the joy-ous sound, The truth is found! — The truth is found!

cresc.

truth is found

truth is found

truth is found!
(Exeunt Psyche, Hilarion, Cyril and Florian, Melissa going. Enter Lady Blanche.)

Blanche: Melissa!

Melissa: (Returning) Mother!

Blanche: Here – a word with you. Those are the three new students?

Melissa: (Confused) Yes, they are. They're charming girls.

Blanche: Particularly so. So graceful, and so very womanly! So skilled in all a girl's accomplishments!

Melissa: (Confused) Yes – very skilled.

Blanche: They sing so nicely too!

Melissa: They do sing nicely!

Blanche: Humph! It's very odd. Two are tenors, one is a baritone!

Melissa: (Much agitated) They've all got colds!

Blanche: Colds! Bah! D'ye think I'm blind? These “girls” are men disguised!

Melissa: Oh no – indeed! You wrong these gentlemen – I mean – why, see, Here is an étui dropped by one of them (picking up an étui). Containing scissors, needles, and –

Blanche: (Opening it) Cigars! Why, these are men! And you knew this, you minx!

Melissa: Oh, spare them – they are gentlemen indeed. The Prince Hilarion (married years ago To Princess Ida) with two trusted friends! Consider, mother, he's her husband now, And has been, twenty years! Consider, too, You're only second here – you should be first. Assist the Prince's plan, and when he gains The Princess Ida, why, you will be first. You will design the fashions – think of that— And always serve out all the punishments! The scheme is harmless, mother – wink at it!

Blanche: (Aside) The prospect's tempting! Well, well, well, I'll try – Though I've not winked at anything for years! 'Tis but one step towards my destiny— The mighty Must! The inevitable Shall!
17. Now wouldn't you like to rule the roast
Melissa & Blanche

Melissa

Allegretto

1. Now wouldn't you like to rule the roast, And guide this Uni-vers-i-ty?

Melissa

Blanche

I must agree, 'Twould pleasant be. (Sing--)

Melissa

And wouldn't you like to clear the coast Of ma-lice and per-ver-sity?

Melissa

Blanche

hey a Pro-per Pride!

Melissa

With--

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out a doubt I'll bundle 'em out, (Sing hey, when I pre-side!) Sing hey!

Sing hoi-ty, to-i-ty! Sor-ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up, and her

Sing hoi-ty, to-i-ty! Sor-ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up, and my

day will come! Sing Pro-per Pride is the horse to ride, And

day will come! Sing Pro-per Pride is the horse to ride, And
Happy go-lucky, my Lady O!

2. For years I've writh'd beneath her sneers, Although a born Plantagenet!

You're much too meek, Or you would speak. (Sing, hey, I'll say no more!)
Sing, so I've heard But ne-ver a word Have I e'er be-liev'd be-fore. Sing
ma-gine it.

hey! Sing hoi-ty, toi-ty! Sor-ry for some! Sing mar-ry come_

up, and her day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm will_

up, and my day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm will_
(Exit Lady Blanche)
Melissa: Saved for a time, at least!

(Enter FLORIAN, on tiptoe)

Florian: (Whispering) Melissa—come!

Melissa: Oh, sir! you must away from this at once—
My mother guessed your sex! It was my fault—
I blushed and stammered so that she exclaimed,
“Can these be men?” Then, seeing this, “Why these—”
“Are men,” she would have added, but “are men”
Stuck in her throat! She keeps your secret, sir,
For reasons of her own— but fly from this
And take me with you— that is— no— not that!

Florian: I'll go, but not without you! (Bell) Why, what's that?

Melissa: The luncheon bell.

Florian: I'll wait for luncheon then!

(Enter HILARION with PRINCESS, CYRIL with PSYCHE, LADY BLANCHE and ladies. Also "Daughters of the Plough" bearing luncheon.)
18. Merrily ring the luncheon bell
Blanche, Cyril, Women

Merri-ly ring the luncheon bell! Merri-ly ring the luncheon bell! Here in meadow of asphodel,

Feast we body and mind as well, Merri-ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh, merri-ly ring the
Oh, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
Oh, merri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the luncheon bell! Oh, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, Merri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the luncheon bell, the luncheon bell,

Blanche

Hunger, I beg to state, is highly inde-licate, This is a fact profoundly true

So learn your appetites to subdue.

Yes, yes, We'll learn our

Yes, yes, We'll learn our
Ma - dam, your words so wise, No - bo - dy
ap-pe-tites to sub - due!

should des-pise, Cursed with an ap-pe-tite keen I am. And

I'll sub - due it- I'll sub - due it- I'll sub - due it
with cold roast lamb!

Yes—yes— We'll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

cresc.

Merri ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, ring,

Merri ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, ring,

Merri ly ring the luncheon bell, the merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, ring,

Merri ly ring the luncheon bell, the merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, merri ly, ring,
Princess: You say you know the court of Hildebrand?
There is a Prince there— I forget his name—

Hilarion: Hilarion?

Princess: Exactly— is he well?

Hilarion: If it be well to droop and pine and mope,
To sigh “Oh, Ida! Ida!” all day long,
“Ida! my love! my life! Oh, come to me!”
If it be well, I say, to do all this,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well.

Princess: He breathes our name? Well, it's a common one!
And is the booby comely?

Hilarion: Pretty well.
I've heard it said that if I dressed myself
In Prince Hilarion's clothes (supposing this
Consisted with my maiden modesty),
I might be taken for Hilarion's self.
But what is this to you or me, who think
Of all mankind with undisguised contempt?
Princess: Contempt? Why, damsel, when I think of man, 
Contempt is not the word.

Cyril: (Getting tipsy) I'm sure of that, 
Or if it is, it surely should not be!

Hilarion: (Aside to Cyril) Be quiet, idiot, or they'll find us out.

Cyril: The Prince Hilarion's a goodly lad!

Princess: You know him then?

Cyril: (Tipsily) I rather think I do!
We are inseparables!

Princess: Why, what's this? 
You love him then?

Cyril: We do indeed – all three!

Hilarion: Madam, she jests! (Aside to Cyril) Remember where you are!

Cyril: Jests? Not at all! Why, bless my heart alive, 
You and Hilarion, when at the Court, 
Rode the same horse!

Princess: (Horrified) Astride?

Cyril: Of course! Why not? 
Wore the same clothes – and once or twice, I think, 
Got tipsy in the same good company!

Princess: Well, these are nice young ladies, on my word!

Cyril: (Tipsy) Don't you remember that old kissing-song 
He'd sing to blushing Mistress Lalage,* 
The hostess of the Pigeons? Thus it ran:

* la-la-ZHE
19. Would you know the kind of maid
Cyril

(During symphony Hilarion and Florian try to stop Cyril. He shakes them off angrily.)
Hang her head in modest way, With pouting lips, with pouting lips that seem to say, “Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame a,” Please you, that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a flame a! “Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame a,” Please you, that's the kind of maid
Sets my heart a-flame-a!

bold and gay, With a tongue goes clang a, Flaunting it in brave array,

Maiden may go hang a! Sun-flow'r gay and holy hock Never shall my
garden stock; Mine the blushing rose of May, With pouting lips, with pouting
lips that seem to say, “Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, 

Though I die of shame a,” Please you, that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a flame a!

“Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame a,” Please you, that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a flame a!
Allegro agitato

“Infamous creature, get you hence away!”
(Dialog continues over music)

“she's saved!– she's saved!”

Attacca
(Dialog over music)
Princess: Infamous creature, get you hence away!

(HILARION, who has been with difficulty restrained by FLORIAN during this song, breaks from him and strikes CYRIL furiously on the breast.)

Hilarion: Dog! There is something more to sing about!

Cyril: (Sobered) Hilarion, are you mad?

Princess: (Horrified) Hilarion? Help!
Why, these are men! Lost! lost! betrayed, undone!

Girls, get you hence! Man-monsters, if you dare
Approach one step, I --- Ah!

(Running on to bridge)

(Loses her balance and falls into the stream)

Psyche: Oh! Save her, sir!

Blanche: It's useless, sir -- you'll only catch your death!

(HILARION springs in.)

Sach.: He catches her!

Melissa: And now he lets her go!
Again she's in his grasp—

Psyche: And now she's not,
He seizes her back hair!

Blanche: (Not looking) And it comes off!

Psyche: No, no! She's saved!– she's saved!– she's saved!– she's saved!
Women

Oh, joy! our chief is sav’d, And by Hi-larion’s hand; The torrent fierce he brav’d, And brought her safe to land! For his intru-sion we must own This dought-y deed may well a-tone!

20. Act II Finale
Stand forth, ye three, Whoe'er ye be, And hearken to our stern decree!

Have mercy, O lady, disregard your oaths.

Have mercy, O lady, disregard your oaths.

know not mercy, men in women's clothes! The man whose sacrifice...
le-gious eyes
In-vade our strict se-clu-sion, dies!
Ar-rest these

coarse in-tru-ding spies!

Have mer-cy, O la-dy, dis-re-gard your

I know not mer-cy! men in wo-men's clothes!

oaths.

Whom thou hast chain'd must wear his chain, Thou can'st not set him
free, He wrestles with his bonds in vain Who lives by loving thee!

heart of stone for heart of fire, Be all thou hast to give, If dead to me my

heart's desire, Why should I wish to live?

Have mercy, O Lady!

Have mercy, O Lady!
No word of thine—no stern command Can teach my heart to rove,—Then rather perish
by thy hand, Than live without thy love!—A love less life apart from thee Were hopeless
slavery, Were hopeless slavery, If kind-ly death will set me free,
Why should I fear to die? If kind-ly death will set me free, If
Have mercy! Have mercy!
kindly death will set me free, Why should I fear, why should I fear to

(He is bound by the attendants and the three gentlemen are marched off.)

(Enter Melissa)

Allegro vivace

Ma dam, with out the cas tle walls An Arm ed band

Princess

De mand ad mit tance to our halls for Hil de brand! Women

Oh! hor ror!
Princess

ny them! We will de - fy them!

Too late, too late! The cas - tle gate is bat - ter'd by them!

(The gate yields. Soldiers rush in. Arac, Guron and Scynthius are with them, but their hands are handcuffed.)

Tenors

Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt ly we ap - pear;

Basses

Allegro con brio

Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt ly we ap - pear;

144
Walls are unavailing, We have enter'd here. Female execration Stifle if you're wise,

Walls are unavailing, We have enter'd here. Female execration Stifle if you're wise,

Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty, pretty

Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty, pretty

Women Tenors Basses

Rend the air with wailing Shed the shameful tear! Man has eyes! eyes!

p f dim. p cresc.
Promptly we appear; Walls are unavailing, We have entered here.

Fe male ex cep- tion

We have entered here. 

Shed the

female ex cep tion

Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation,

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Shed the

Walls and fences scaling,

Walls and fences scaling,

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Walls and fences scaling,

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Stif le if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh stop your lamentation.

Walls are unavailing, We have entered here.

Walls are unavailing, We have entered here.

Walls are unavailing, We have entered here.

Walls are unavailing, We have entered here.
Women

Tenors

Dry your pretty, pretty eyes! Female ex-ecration Sti-fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men-

Basses

Dry your pretty, pretty eyes! Female ex-ecration Sti-fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men-

Recit. Princess

Au-da-cious tyrant,

(Enter Hildebrand)

do you dare To be a maid-en in her lair?

Allegro con brio
Hildebrand

Since you enquire, We've no desire To beard a maiden here, or

No, no, we've no desire To beard a maiden here, or any where! No, no, no,

Molto vivace con fuoco

no.

no.

148
Some years ago No doubt you know (and if you don't I'll tell you so) You gave your troth Upon your oath To Hi-lar-i-on my son. A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a great mistake), For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the early age of

149
one! A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a great mis-take), For a
bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear-ly age of one! And I'm a pep-p'ry
kind of King, who's in-dis-pos'd for par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And
that's the long and the short of it!
For he's a pep-p'ry kind of King, Who's in-dis-pos'd for

For he's a pep-p'ry kind of King, Who's in-dis-pos'd for
par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!

par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!

Hildebrand

2. If you de-cide to pocket your pride And let Hi-la-ri-on claim his bride, Why,

well and good, It's un-der-stood We'll let by-gones go by— But if you choose to
sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And

lev-el your halls, In the twinkling of an eye! But if you choose to sulk in the blues I'll

make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And lev-el your halls, In the
twinkling of an eye! For I'm a pep'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's little in-clin'd his
claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

he's a pep-p'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's little in-clin'd his claim to bate To fit the wit of a

bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!
1. We may remark, tho' no-thing can Dis-may us. That if you thwart this gen-tle-man, He'll slay us. We don't fear death, of course— we're taught To shame it; But still up— on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes! Yes!

Yes! bet-ter p'raps to name it. Our in-ter-ests we would not press With
chat ter, Three hulking brothers more or less Don't matter; If you'd pooh-

pooh this monarch's plan, Pooh-pooh it. But when he says he'll hang a man, He'll

do it. Yes! Yes! Yes! de-vil doubt he'll do it!

Be re-assured, nor

princess
365

fear his anger blind, His menaces are idle as the wind.

374

He dares not kill you— Vengeance lurks behind!

383

Arac, Guron & Scyn

I rather

We rather think he dares, but never, never mind; No!

392

think I dare, but never, never mind!

No! no! never, never mind!

sempre p
Hildebrand

399

E - nough of par ley- as a spe - cial boon- We give you till to - mor-row

408

No! no! ne ver, ne-ver mind!

Recit.

417

af - ter - noon! Re - lease Hi - lar - ion, then,

426

No! no! ne ver, ne-ver mind!

a tempo

435

And be his bride, Or you'll in - cur the guilt of fra - tri-cide!
Princess

Allegro marziale

To yield at once to such a

foe With shame were rife; _

So quick! a-way with him, al-tho' He sav'd my life!

That he is fair, and strong and tall, _

Is very
evident to all, _

Yet I will die, Yet I will die, be -
fore I call My-self his wife!

Psyche with sopr, Blanche and Mel with alto
Hild, Arac, Guron, Scyn with bass

Oh! yield at once, t'were bet-ter

so, Than risk a strife!

And let the Prince Hi-la- rion go— He saved thy life!

That he is fair, and strong, and tall,

Hi-la- rion's fair, and strong, and tall,

A worse mis—
evident to all, Yet I will die, will die before I call Myself his wife!

fortune might befall— It's not so dreadful after all To be his wife!

fortune might befall— It's not so dreadful after all To be his wife!

cresc.

Princess

Though I am but a girl De-fi-ance thus I hurl, Our

ban-ners all On outer wall We fear-less-ly un-furl.
Tho' she is but a girl,
Defiance thus to hurl,

Tho but a girl, Defiance to hurl,
Our banners all on

Tho but a girl, Defiance to hurl,
Their banners all on

Outer wall We fear lessly unfurl. Unis
Our banners

Outer wall They fear lessly unfurl. Their banners all

Princess

To yield at once to such a

Oh!

Oh!
foe With shame were rife; So quick! a way with him, al-though He say'd my life!
yield at once 'twere better so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at

That he is fair, and strong, and tall, Is very
once! Hilarion's fair, and strong and tall– A worse mis-

162
evident to all, Yet I will die, will die before I call Myself his wife!

fortune might befall- It's not so dreadful after all, to be his wife! De-

fortune might befall- It's not so dreadful after all, to be his wife! Their

banners all On outer wall They fearlessly, fearlessly

Psyché with Princess

Defiance, defiance, defiance thus we hurl Defiance Defiance, defiance, defiance, defiance,

ly unfurl. Their banners all On outer wall They fearlessly unfurl.
Psyche with Princess

ance, de-fi-nance, De-fi-nance!

ance, de-fi-nance, De-fi-nance thus we hurl.

furl. Their ban-ners They fear-less ly un-furl.


(The Princess stands C., surrounded by girls kneeling. The King and Soldiers stand on built rocks at back and sides of stage. Picture. End of Act II.)
Act III

21. Death to the invader

Melissa and Women

Scene - Outer walls and courtyard of Castle Adamant. Melissa, Sacharissa and ladies discovered, armed with battle axes.

*Allegro moderato*

---

Death to the invader! Strike a deadly blow, As an old Crusader!

---

165
sa-der Struck his Pay-nim foe! Let our mar-tial thun-der

Fill his soul with won-der, Tear his ranks a-sun-der, Lay the tyr-ant

low! Death to the in-va-der!
S

Strike a deadly blow, As an old Crusader Struck his Paynim foe!

A

Strike a deadly blow, As an old Crusader Struck his Paynim foe!

Melissa

Thus our courage, all un-tarnish'd, we're inclined to display: But to tell the truth un-varnish'd, We are more inclined to say, "Please you, do not hurt us."

"Do not hurt us, if it

Timidly

Un poco più lento

"Do not hurt us, if it
“Please you, let us be.”

please you!”

“Let us be—let us be!”

“Soldiers disconcert us.”

“Disconcert us, if it please you!”

“Frighten’d maids are we!”

“Maids are we—maids are we!”

Melissa
"Please you,"

"Do not hurt us;"

"Let us be."

"Fright en'd maids are we, fright en'd maids are we!"

"Fright en'd maids are we, fright en'd maids are we!"

To confess our terror,

So, in Ida's
79

name, Bold - ly we ex - claim: Death to the in - va - der!

S

Death to the in - va - der!

A

Death to the in - va - der!

84

Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

S

Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

A

Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

(Flourish, Enter Princess, armed, attended by Blanche and Psyche.)

(Allegro 3)

(This fanfare was not in the original score, but was added later, possibly by Sullivan, for a specific staging.)
Princess: I like your spirit, girls! We have to meet
Stern bearded warriors in fight to-day;
Wear naught but what is necessary to
Preserve your dignity before their eyes,
And give your limbs full play.

Blanche: One moment, ma'am,
Here is a paradox we should not pass
Without inquiry. We are prone to say
“This thing is Needful – that, Superfluous”—
Yet they invariably co-exist!
We find the Needful comprehended in
The circle of the grand Superfluous,
Yet the Superfluous cannot be brought
Unless you're amply furnished with the Needful.
These singular considerations are—

Princess: Superfluous, yet not Needful – so you see
The terms may independently exist.
(To LADIES) Women of Adamant, we have to show
That women, educated to the task,
Can meet Man, face to face, on his own ground,
And beat him there. Now, let us set to work;
Where is our lady surgeon?

Sach.: Madam, here!

Princess: We shall require your skill to heal the wounds
Of those that fall.

Sach.: (Alarmed) What, heal the wounded?

Princess: Yes!

Sach.: And cut off real live legs and arms?

Princess: Of course!

Sach.: I wouldn't do it for a thousand pounds!

Princess: Why, how is this? Are you faint-hearted, girl?
You've often cut them off in theory! [THEE-oh-ree]

Sach.: In theory I'll cut them off again [THEE-oh-ree]
With pleasure, and as often as you like,
But not in practice.

Princess: Coward! Get you hence,
I've craft enough for that, and courage too,
I'll do your work! My fusiliers, advance!
Why, you are armed with axes! Gilded toys!
Where are your rifles, pray?

Chloe: Why, please you, ma'am,
We left them in the armoury, for fear
That in the heat and turmoil of the fight
They might go off!

Princess: “They might!” Oh, craven souls!
Go off yourselves! Thank heaven I have a heart
That quails not at the thought of meeting men;
I will discharge your rifles! Off with you!

(Exit CHLOE)

Where's my bandmistress?

Ada: Please you, ma'am, the band
Do not feel well, and can't come out today!

Princess: Why, this is flat rebellion! I've no time
To talk to them just now. But, happily,
I can play several instruments at once,
And I will drown the shrieks of those that fall
With trumpet music, such as soldiers love!
How stand we with respect to gunpowder?
My Lady Psyche — you who superintend
Our lab'rary — are you well prepared
To blow these bearded rascals into shreds?

Psyche: Why, madam—

Princess: Well?

Psyche: Let us try gentler means.
We can dispense with fulminating grains
While we have eyes with which to flash our rage!
We can dispense with villainous saltpetre
While we have tongues with which to blow them up!
We can dispense, in short, with all the arts
That brutalize the practical polemist!

Princess: (Contemptuously) I never knew a more dispensing chemist!
Away, away — I'll meet these men alone
Since all my women have deserted me!

(Exeunt all but PRINCESS, singing refrain of “Please you, do not hurt us,” pianissimo.)

Princess: So fail my cherished plans — so fails my faith—
And with it hope, and all that comes of hope!
22. I built upon a rock
Princess

Andante moderato

1. I built upon a rock, But ere De-struction's hand Dealt e-qual lot to

Court and cot, My rock had turned to sand! I leant up-on an oak, But

in the hour of need, A-lack-a-day, My trust-ed stay Was but a bruis-ed reed! a bruis-ed
Ah, faith-less rock, My sim-ple faith to mock!

Ah, trai-t'rous oak, Thy worth-less ness to cloak, Thy worth-less ness to cloak!

2. I drew a sword of steel, But

when to home and hearth The bat-tle's breath Bore fire and death My sword was but a
lath! I lit a be-a-con fire, But on a storm-y day Of frost and rime, In

winter time, My fire had died a-way, had died a-way! Ah, cow-ard steel That

cresc.

fear can un-an-neal! False fire in-deed, To fail me in my need, To fail me in my need!

sempre f

ff

Allegro agitato

sempre ff

175
(Enter Chloe)

Chloe: Madam, your father and your brothers claim
An audience!

Princess: What do they do here?

Chloe: They come
To fight for you!

Princess: Admit them!

Blanche: Infamous!
One's brothers, ma'am, are men!

Princess: So I have heard.

But all my women seem to fail me when
I need them most. In this emergency,
Even one's brothers may be turned to use.
(Exeunt Blanche and Psyche)

Gama: (Entering, pale and unnerved)
My daughter!

Princess: Father! Thou art free!

Gama: Aye, free!
Free as a tethered ass! I come to thee
With words from Hildebrand. Those duly given
I must return to blank captivity.
I'm free so far.

Princess: Your message.

Gama: Hildebrand
Is loth to war with women. Pit my sons,
My three brave sons, against these popinjays,
These tufted jack-a-dandy featherheads,
And on the issue let thy hand depend!

Princess: Insult on insult's head! Are we a stake
For fighting men? What fiend possesses thee,
That thou has come with offers such as these
From such as he to such an one as me?
Gama: I am possessed
By the pale devil of a shaking heart!
My stubborn will is bent. I dare not face
That devilish monarch's black malignity!
He tortures me with torments worse than death,
I haven't anything to grumble at!
He finds out what particular meats I love,
And gives me them. The very choicest wines—
The costliest robes – the richest rooms are mine.
He suffers none to thwart my simplest plan,
And gives strict orders none should contradict me!
He's made my life a curse! (Weeps)

Princess: My tortured father!
22. Whene'er I spoke sarcastic joke
Gama and Women

Allegro vivace

1. When-e'er I spoke Sar-cas-tic joke Re-plete with mal-ice

spite-ful, This peo-ple mild Po-lite-ly smil'd, And vo-ted me de-light-ful!

Now when a wight Sits up all night, Ill-na-tur'd jokes de-vis-ing, And all his wiles Are

* Revision in "Songs of a Savoyard"
met with smiles, It's hard there's no disguising! Ah! Oh, 

don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong. And 

isn't your life extremely flat With nothing whatever to grumble at! Women Oh, isn't your life ex-

tremely flat With nothing whatever to grumble at!
2. When German bands From music stands play Wagner imperfectly

bade them go—They didn't say no, But off they went directly! The

organ boys They stopped their noise, With readiness surprising, And grinning herds of

hurdy-gurds Retired apologizing! Ah! Oh, don't the days seem

Retire
lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life extremely flat With

nothing whatever to grumble at!

Oh, isn't your life extremely flat With nothing whatever to

3. I offered gold In terms untold To all who'd contr-

grumble at!
dict me– I said I'd pay a pound a day To any one who kick'd me– I've

I've

brib'd with toys Great vulgar boys To utter some thing spiteful, But, bless you, no! They

would be so Con-found ed-ly po- lite-ful! Ah! In short, these ag-gr-

vat-ing lads, they tick-le my tastes, they feed my fads, They give me this and they
Princess: My poor old father! How he must have suffered!
Well, well, I yield!

Gama: (Hysterically) She yields! I'm saved, I'm saved! (Exit)

Princess: Open the gates– admit these warriors,
Then get you all within the castle walls.
24. When anger spreads his wing
Chorus of Ladies and Soldiers

(The gates are opened and the girls mount the battlements as Soldiers enter.
Also Arac, Guron and Scynthius.)

Allegro non troppo vivace

When anger spreads his wing, And all seems dark as night for it, There's nothing but to fight for it, But ere you pitch your ring, Select a pretty site for it (this...
spot is suit-ed quite for it), And then you gai-ly sing, And then you gai-ly sing:

Oh, I love the jol-ly rat-tle Of an or-de-al by bat-tle. There's an end of tit-tle, tat-tle, When your en-e-my is dead, It's an ar-rant mol-ly cod-dle Fears a
crack upon his noodle, And he's only fit to swaddle in a downy feather bed! Oh, I

fight's a kind of thing That I love to look up-

love the jolly rat-tle Of an ordeal by battle. There's an end of tit-tle, tat-tle, When your

on, So let us sing Long

ever my is dead, It's an arrant mol-ly cod-dle Fears a
live the King, And his son Hilarion! For a

crack upon his nod-dle, And he's only fit to swad-dle In a down-y feath-er bed! For a

crack upon his nod-dle, And he's only fit to swad-dle In a down-y feath-er bed! For a

fight's a kind of thing That I love to look up-on, Then

fight's a kind of thing That I love to look up-on, So

fight's a kind of thing That I love to look up-on, So

let us sing "Long live the King, And his son Hilarion!"

let us sing Long live the King, And his son Hilarion!

let us sing Long live the King, And his son Hilarion!
[NOTE- this dialog was moved after #25 in by the D'Oyly Carte in 1920. This is its intended position]

(During this, HILARION, FLORIAN, and CYRIL are brought out by the "Daughters of the Plough." They are still bound and wear the robes. Enter GAMA.)

Gama: Hilarion! Cyril! Florian! Dressed as women! Is this indeed Hilarion?

Hilar.: Yes, it is!

Gama: Why, you look handsome in your women's clothes! Stick to 'em! Men's attire becomes you not!

(To CYRIL and FLORIAN) And you, young ladies, will you please to pray King Hildebrand to set me free again? Hang on his neck and gaze into his eyes, He never could resist a pretty face!

Hilar.: You dog, you'll find, though I wear woman's garb, My sword is long and sharp!

Gama: Hush, pretty one! Here's a virago! Here's a termagant! If length and sharpness go for anything, You'll want no sword while you can wag your tongue!

Cyril: What need to waste your words on such as he? He's old and crippled.

Gama: Aye, but I've three sons, Fine fellows, young and muscular, and brave, They're well worth talking to! Come, what d'ye say?

Arac: Aye, pretty ones, engage yourselves with us, If three rude warriors affright you not!

Hilar.: Old as you are, I'd wring your shriveled neck If you were not the Princess Ida's father.

Gama: If I were not the Princess Ida's father, And so had not her brothers for my sons, No doubt you'd wring my neck— in safety too! Come, come, Hilarion, begin, begin! Give them no quarter— they will give you none. You've this advantage over warriors Who kill their country's enemies for pay— You know what you are fighting for— look there!

(Pointing to LADIES on the battlements)
25. This helmet I suppose
Arac with Guron, Scynthius and Chorus

Allegro comodo

1. This helmet, I suppose, Was

meant to ward off blows, It's very hot, And weighs a lot, As

ma-ny a guards-man knows, As ma-ny a guards-man knows, As
Arac

many a guards-man knows, So off: so off that helmet goes.

Arac

(Giving their helmets to attendants.)

(Giving their helmets to attendants.)

(Giving their helmets to attendants.)

(Giving their helmets to attendants.)

but a use less mass, It's made of steel, and weighs a deal, This tight fit ting cui rass Is but a
useless mass, A man is but an ass
Who fights in a cuirass, So off, so

off goes that cuirass.

(Removing cuirasses)

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes that cuirass!

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes that cuirass!

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes that cuirass!

brass sets, truth to tell, May look uncommon well, But in a fight They're much too tight, They're
like a lobster shell, They're like a lobster shell.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

like a lobster shell, They're like a lobster shell.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell!
They remove their leg pieces and wear close-fitting shape suits.

(They remove their leg pieces and wear close-fitting shape suits.)

I for-get their name, Their aid, their aid I thus dis claim.

Their aid we thus dis claim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid we thus dis claim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid they thus dis claim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid they thus dis claim!
26. This is our duty plain
Chorus

(Desperate fight between the three Princes and the three Knights, during which the
Ladies on the battlements and the Soldiers on the stage sing the following chorus:)

* Second verse was cut after opening night. However, it gives time for a longer battle scene.
S  A
jaculate:

as-tical:

T  B

S  A

ry! Oh, dought-y, sons of Hungary!

T  B

S  A

May all success, At-end and bless Your

T  B

In mode com-plete, may you de-feat each med-dle-some
(By this time, ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are on the ground, wounded – HILARION, CYRIL, and FLORIAN stand over them.)

Princess: (Entering through gate and followed by LADIES, HILDEBRAND, and GAMAS.)
Hold! stay your hands! – we yield ourselves to you!
Ladies, my brothers all lie bleeding there!
Bind up their wounds – but look the other way.
(Coming down)
Is this the end? (Bitterly to LADY BLANCHE)
How say you, Lady Blanche—
Can I with dignity my post resign?
And if I do, will you then take my place?

Blanche: To answer this, it's meet that we consult
The great Potential Mysteries; I mean
The five Subjunctive Possibilities—
The May, the Might, the Would, the Could, the Should.
Can you resign? The Prince May claim you; if
He Might, you Could – and if you Should, I Would!

Princess: I thought as much! Then to my fate I yield—
So ends my cherished scheme! Oh, I had hoped
To band all women with my maiden throng,
And make them all abjure tyrannic Man!

Hildebd: A noble aim!

Princess: You ridicule it now;
But if I carried out this glorious scheme,
At my exalted name Posterity
Would bow in gratitude!

Hildebd: But pray reflect –
If you enlist all women in your cause,
And make them all abjure tyrannic Man,
The obvious question then arises, “How
Is this Posterity to be provided?”

Princess: I never thought of that! My Lady Blanche,
How do you solve the riddle?

Blanche: Don't ask me –
Abstract Philosophy won't answer it.
Take him – he is your Shall. Give in to Fate!
Princess: And you desert me. I alone am staunch!

Hilarion: Madam, you placed your trust in Woman – well, Woman has failed you utterly – try Man, Give him one chance, it's only fair. Besides, Women are far too precious, too divine, To try unproven theories upon. [THEE-oh-ries] Experiments, the proverb says, are made On humble subjects – try our grosser clay, And mould it as you will!

Cyril: Remember, too Dear Madam, if at any time you feel A-weary of the Prince, you can return To Castle Adamant, and rule your girls As heretofore, you know.

Princess: And shall I find The Lady Psyche here?

Psyche: If Cyril, ma'am, Does not behave himself, I think you will.

Princess: And you Melissa, shall I find you here?

Melissa: Madam, however Florian turns out, Unhesitatingly I answer, No!

Gama: Consider this, my love, if your mama Had looked on matters from your point of view (I wish she had), why where would you have been?

Blanche: There's an unbounded field of speculation, On which I could discourse for hours!

Princess: No doubt! We will not trouble you. Hilarion, I have been wrong – I see my error now. Take me, Hilarion – “We will walk the world Yoked in all exercise of noble end! And so through those dark gates across the wild That no man knows!” Indeed, I love thee – Come!
This measure missing from other vocal scores.

Allegretto grazioso

Princess

With joy abiding, To-gether gliding Thro' life's va-

ri-ety In sweet so-ci-ety, And thus en-throning, The love I'm own-ing, On this a-

ton-ing I will re-ly.

It were pro-fan-i-ty For poor hu-man-i-ty To treat as van-i-ty The sway of

It were pro-fan-i-ty For poor hu-man-i-ty To treat as van-i-ty The sway of
When day is above!

Love. In no locality Or principal-ity Is our mortality Its sway above!

fa - ding, With se - re - na - ding And such fri - vo - li - ty Of tender quali - ty– With scent-ed

show - ers Of fair-est flow-ers, The hap - py hours Will gai-ly fly! The hap - py
Princess & Hilarion

41

S

T

B

Princess & Hilarion

With scented showers Of fairest flowers The happy hours will gaily

ta-li-ty Its sway a-bove!

a-bove! pp Its sway a-

a-bove! Its sway a-

fly! In no lo-ca-li-ty Or prin-ci-pal-i-ty Is our mor-ta-li-

Hilarion with tenors

bove! In no lo-ca-li-ty Or prin-ci-pal-i-ty Is our mor-ta-li-

bove! In no lo-ca-li-ty Or prin-ci-pal-i-ty Is our mor-ta-li-

Princess

46

S

T

B
ty Above the sway of Love!

ty Above the sway of Love! a tempo, piu lento

(End of opera)