

3. Ida was a twelve month old

(Enter Hilarion)

Hilarion

1 *f*

8 *p*

15 **Hilarion** *Lento*

To-day we meet, my ba-by bride and I— But ah, my

pp

20

hopes are bal-anced by my fears! What trans-mu - ta - tions have been con-jured by The si-lent

24 *Moderato*

al-che-my of twen - ty years!

p *p*

29

I - da was a twelve - month old, Twen - ty years a - go!

p

34

I was twice her age I'm told, Twen - ty years a - go!

38

Hus - band_ twice_ as_ old_ as_ wife Ar - gues_ ill for mar - ried_ life.

42

Bale - ful_ pro - phe - sies_ were_ rife, Twen - ty years a go!

cresc. *f* *dim.*

46

Twen - ty years a go! 2. Still, I was a ti - ny

p *f* *p*

51

prince Twen - ty years a - go. She has gained up-on me, since

56

Twen - ty years a - go. Though she's twen - ty one, it's true,

60

I am bare - ly twen - ty two - False and fool - ish pro - phets you,

cresc.

64

Twen-ty years a - go! Twen - ty years a - go!

f *dim.* *p* *f*

The image shows a musical score for a scene. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment at the bottom. The vocal line has two phrases: 'Twen-ty years a - go!' and 'Twen - ty years a - go!'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte). The key signature is B-flat major and the time signature is 4/4.

(Enter HILDEBRAND)

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)