

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

Scynthus

Princess Ida (*Gama's daughter*)

Lady Blanche (*Professor of Abstract Science*)

Lady Psyche (*Professor of Humanities*)

Melissa (*Lady Blanche's Daughter*)

Girl Graduates:

Sacharissa

Chloe

Ada

Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," etc.

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**Note: This is the Beta-5 of this edition of the score,
August 31, 2006. Please report all corrections to Jim Cooper,
jim@labsoftware.com**

Princess Ida

Introduction

Sullivan

Vivace

f

7

13

p

20

29

39 *Andante espressivo*

p

The musical score for the Introduction of Princess Ida by Sullivan is presented in a single system. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into two main sections: a 'Vivace' section (measures 1-28) and an 'Andante espressivo' section (measures 39-48). The 'Vivace' section begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a lively melody in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The 'Andante espressivo' section begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a more melodic and expressive line in the treble and a sustained accompaniment in the bass. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

46

pp

cresc.

53

ad lib

61

a tempo

p

69

cresc.

ff

77

dim.

ff

86

pp

dim.

riten.

Attacca

1. Search throughout the panorama

Florian and Chorus

(Scene: Pavilion attached to King Hildebrand's Palace.

Florian, Courtiers and Soldiers discovered.)

Allegro moderato

f

13 *p* *ff* *dim.*

26 S A Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma

T B

p

36 S A For a sign of Roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter

T B

44 *unis.*

S A With his fas - cin - a - ting daugh - ter I - da is her

T B

53 *unis.*

S A name. Some mis - for - tune e - vi - dent - ly Has de -

T B

61

S A tained them - con - se - quent - ly Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma For the

T B

69

S A

daugh - ter of King Ga - ma, Prince Hi - lar - ion's flame! Prince Hi - lar -

T B

78

Florian

Will Prince Hi - lar - ion's

S A

ion's flame!

T B

con forza

f

p

87

Florian

hopes be sad-ly blight-ed? Will I - da break the vow that she has

S A

Who can tell? Who can tell?

T B

f

p

96

Florian

8

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

S

A

Who can tell? Who can tell?

T

B

104

Florian

8

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

S

A

Who can tell? No, no -

T

B

112

S

A

we'll not des - pair, we'll not des - pair, For Ga - ma would not dare _____ To

T

B

121

S
A

make a dead-ly foe Of Hil - de - brand, and so,

T
B

f *dim.*

129

S
A

Search through out the pa - no - ra - ma For a sign of Roy - al

T
B

p

137

S
A

Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter with his fas - cin - a - ting daugh - ter

T
B

cresc

146

S
A

ff I - da I - da is _____ her _____ name. _____

T
B

f

158

(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

Piano introduction in E-flat major, 6/8 time. The music features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords.

5 **Hildebrand**

Hildebrand's vocal entry begins at measure 5. The melody is in E-flat major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics "1. Now heark-en to my" are written below the vocal line. The dynamic *p* (piano) is marked at the start of the piano accompaniment in measure 8.

11

The chorus begins at measure 11. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) enter with the lyrics "strict com-mand On ev - 'ry hand, on ev - 'ry hand." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics "To your com-mand, On ev - 'ry hand, We" are written below the vocal lines. The dynamic *f* (forte) is marked at the start of the piano accompaniment in measure 14.

S
A
T
B

Hildebrand

16

8

If Ga - ma bring the Prin - cess here, Give him good cheer,

S
A

du - ti-ful - ly bow! —

T
B

du - ti-ful - ly bow! —

p

21

8

give him good cheer.

S
A

f

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

T
B

f

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

f

25

S
A

how. Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! _____ We'll

T
B

how. Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! _____ We'll

30

S
A

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

T
B

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

35

S
A

hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip! hur - rah! _____ For the

T
B

hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip! hur - rah! _____ For the

40

S
A

fair Prin-cess and her good pa-pa. Hur - rah! _____ hur - rah! _____

T
B

fair Prin-cess and her good pa-pa. Hur - rah! _____ hur - rah! _____

46

Hildebrand

8

2. But

53

8

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

S
A

He'll trounce them both, Up-

T
B

He'll trounce them both, Up-

58

We'll shut him up in a dun - geon cell, And

S on his path, As sure as quar - ter day! —

A

T on his path, As sure as quar - ter day! —

B

p

63

toll his knell on a fu - ne - ral bell.

S From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral bell Shall strike him with dis -

A

T From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral bell Shall strike him with dis -

B

f

68 *ff*

S
A
may! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! _____ As

T
B
may! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! _____ As

73

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

T
B
up we string the faith-less King, In the old fa-mil-iar way! _____ We'll shout ha! ha!

78

S
A
hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-rah! _____ As we

T
B
hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-rah! _____ As we

83

S
A

make an end of her false pa - pa! Hur - rah! _____ hur -

T
B

make an end of her false pa - pa! Hur - rah! _____ hur -

87

S
A

rah! _____

(Exeunt all)

T
B

rah! _____

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

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*

(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)

4. From the distant panorama

Chorus

Allegro moderato

f *p* *cresc.*

13

S
A

T
B

From the

sf *dim.* *p*

25

S
A

T
B

dis - tant pa no - ra - ma Come the sons of roy - al Ga - ma. They are

33

S
A

he - ralds e - vi - dent - ly, And are sa - cred con - se - quent ly.

T
B

cresc.

40

S
A

f

Sons of Ga - ma, hail! ____ oh, ____ hail! ____

T
B

f

53

Attacca

5. We are warriors three

Arac, Scynthius, Guron and Chorus

(Enter Arac, Guron and Scynthius)

staccato *dim*

Arac

We are war-ri-ors three, _____ Sons of Ga-ma Rex, _____

p

Scynth

Like most sons are we _____ Mas-cu-line in sex, _____

Guron

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

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

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

f

17 **Arac** *p*

Po - li - tics we bar, _____ They are not our bent; _____

21

On the whole we are _____

24

Not in - tel - li - gent _____

Guron No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent.

Scynth No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent.

28 **Arac**

But with dough-ty heart _____

f *p* *staccato* *pp*

32

and with trust - y blade, we can play our part

pp

35

fight-ing is our trade.

38

Yes, yes, yes, Fight-ing is our trade.

Guron

Yes, yes, yes, Fight-ing is our trade.

Scynth

Yes, yes, yes, Fight-ing is our trade. *Piu vivo*

f

43

f **Arac, Guron, Scynth.**

Bold and fierce and strong, ha! ha! For a war we burn. With its right or

f

48

wrong ha! ha! We have no con - cern. Or - der comes to__ fight, ha! ha!

53

Or - der is o - beyed, We are men of might, ha! ha! Fight_____

59

____ ing__ is__ our__ trade. Yes, Yes, yes, Fight - ing is our trade, ha!

65

ha!

S
A They__ are men of might, ha! ha! Fight - ting is their trade. Or - der comes to

T
B

f

70

ha! ha!

S
A
T
B

fight, ha! ha! Or - der is o - beyed. Or - der comes to fight,

75

Fight - - - ing -

S
A
T
B

Or - der is o - beyed, Fight - - - ing -

81

is, yes, yes, yes, Fight-ing is our trade, ha! ha!

Soprano: is their trade.

Alto: is their trade.

Tenor/Bass: is their trade.

87

Attacca

6. If you give me your attention

Gama and Chorus

(Enter King Gama)
Allegro non troppo

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The music features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Allegro non troppo' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte).

7 **Gama**

8 1. If you give me your at-ten-tion, I will

The vocal line for Gama begins at measure 7. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are: '1. If you give me your at-ten-tion, I will'.

12

8 tell you who I am: I'm a gen-nu-ine phi-lan-thro-pist, all o-ther kinds are sham. Each

The vocal line continues at measure 12. The piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic and rhythmic background. The lyrics are: 'tell you who I am: I'm a gen-nu-ine phi-lan-thro-pist, all o-ther kinds are sham. Each'.

15

8 lit-tle fault of tem-per and each so-ci-al de-fect In my er-ring fel-low crea-tures, I en-

The vocal line continues at measure 15. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: 'lit-tle fault of tem-per and each so-ci-al de-fect In my er-ring fel-low crea-tures, I en-'.

18
8
deav-or to cor-rect. To all their lit - tle weak-ness-es I o - pen peo-ple's eyes; And

21
8
lit - tle plans to snub the self suf - fi-cient I de-vise; I love my fel - low crea-tures, I do

24
8
all the good I can, Yet ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a dis-a-gree-able man! And I can't think why!

28
8
2. To com-pli-ments in - fla - ted I've a

32
8
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

36
8
skill-ful-ly dis-sect; And in-ter-est-ed mo-tives I'm de-light-ed to de-tect; I know

39
8
ev-'ry-bo-dy's in-come and what ev-'ry-bo-dy earns; And I care-ful-ly com-pare it with the

42
8
in-come tax re-turns; But to be-ne-fit hu-man-i-ty how-ev-er much I plan, Yet

45
8
ev - 'ry - bo - dy says I'm such a dis - a - greea - ble man! And I can't think why!

49
8
3. I'm sure I'm no as - cet - ic; I'm as plea - sant as can be; You'll

53
8
al - ways find me rea - dy with a crush - ing re - par - tee, I've an ir - ri - tat - ing chuck - le, I've a

56
8
cel - e - brated sneer, I've an en - ter - tain - ing snig - ger, I've a fas - ci - nat - ing leer. To ev - 'ry - bo - dy's pre - judice I

60
8 know a thing or two; I can tell a wo-man's age in half a min-ute and I do. But al-

63
8 though I try to make myself as pleasant as I can, Yet ev'-ry-bo-dy says I'm such a dis-a-greeable man! And I

67
8 can't think why!

S A He can't think why! He can't think why!

T B

71

(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, unparalleled!

Hildebnd: *(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?

Hildebd: 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) Fancy, 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, Scynthus and Chorus

Allegro

Gama

1. P'raps if you ad -

Allegro

f *p*

8

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

14

8

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

20

8

you must do Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!

rit. *f*

27

S
A

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

T
B

34

S
A

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

T
B

41 **Hildebrand**

8

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,

47

8

Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly! You'll re-main as hos-tage here; Should Hi - lar - ion dis-ap-pear,

53

8

We will hang you, ne-ver fear, Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po - lite - ly!

rit.

f

61

S
A

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

T
B

67

S
A

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

T
B

73 **Hilarion** *recit.*

8 Come, Cy-ril Flo-rian, Our course is plain, To-mor-row morn fair I-da we'll en-

recit.

f

78 *a tempo*

8 gage; But we will use no force her love to

a tempo

81

8 gain, Na - ture, Na - ture has armed us for the war we wage!

86 *Allegretto grazioso*

8 Ex - pres - sive glan - ces Shall be our

p

90

lan - ces And pops of Sil - le-ry Our light ar - til - le-ry. We'll storm their bow - ers with scent-ed

94

show - ers of fair-est flow - ers that we can buy!

S
A

Oh, dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh, frag-rant

T
B

p

98

S
A

vi - o - let! Oh, gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur -

T
B

101 Cyril

8

When day is

S
A

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

T
B

105

8

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

p

109

8

fus - sion Of soft al lu - sion This bold in - tru - sion Shall just - ti - fy! This bold in -

113

8

tru - sion Shall jus-ti - fy. _____

S
A

Oh, dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh, frag-rant vi - o - let! Oh, gen-tle

T
B

118

S
A

heigh-o - let (Or lit-tle sigh)! On sweet ur - ban - i - ty, Though mere in - a - ni - ty To touch their

T
B

122

8

Florian

We'll charm their sens - es with ver-bal fen - ces, With bal-lads

S
A

va - ni - ty We will re - ly! _____

T
B

126

8

a - ma - to - ry And de - cla - ma - to - ry, Lit - tle heed - ing their pret - ty plead - ing Our love ex -

130

8

ceed - ing We'll jus - ti - fy! Our love ex - ceed - ing We'll jus - ti - fy! _____

p

134

8

S
A

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-

T
B

139

S A Oh dain-ty

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

T B

143

Hilarion & Cyril

tri - o - let! Oh, frag - rant vi - o - let! Oh, gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle sigh)! — Oh dain-ty

S A

Oh ——— dain - - - ty — tri - - o - let. —

T B

147

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

Florian

Oh gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle sigh).

S A *p* Oh fra - - grant vi - - - o - let. *p* Oh dain-ty

T B

151

8

f *p*

Oh dainty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vio - let! _____

f *p*

Oh dainty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vio - let! _____

S
A

tri-o-let! Oh fragrant vi-o-let! Oh dainty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vio - let! _____

T
B

tri - o - let

158

rit.

Allegro (Re-enter Arac, Guron and Scynthius heavily ironed, followed by Hildebrand.)

162

f

168 **Gama** *recit.*

Must we, till then, in pri-son cell be thrust? This seems un-nec-ces-sa-ri-

Hildebrand

You must!

172

ly se-vere!

Arac, Guron, Scynth.

Arac, Guron, Scynth.

Hear, hear!

For a month to dwell In a

Allegro vivace

177

dun - geon cell; Grow-ing thin and wizen In a so - li - ta - ry prison, Is a poor look out For a

181

sol-dier stout, Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, Yes, is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a

185

8 com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, For the run-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, And the guns that go boom!

189 *ff* Hilarion & Cyril

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

ff Gama, Hild, Flor, Arac, Guron, Scynth.

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

S A

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

T B

193

8 tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

8 tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

S A

8 tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

T B

48

197 Hildebrand

S
A
T
B

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

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.

p

202

la-ri-on's bride Has at length com-plied With the just con-di-tions Of our re-qui-si-tions, You may

206

go in haste And in dulse your taste For the fas-ci-na-ting rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, Yes, the

210

8 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

214

ff Hilarion & Cyril

8 guns that go boom! boom! The rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, Rum - tum-tum-tum-my tum-my

ff Hild. and Flor.

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

S

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

A

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

T

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

B

cresc. *ff*

219

8 tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

8 tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

S

tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

A

tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

T

tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

B

tum-my tum-my tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle, And the run-tum-tum Of the

223

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum - pum. But till that time_ you'll_

mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum - pum. But till that time_ you'll_

S A mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum - pum. But till that time you'll

T B mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum - pum. But till that time we'll

228

here_ re - main, And bail we will_ not_ en_ ter_ tain Should she out man-date

here re - main, And bail we will_ not_ en - ter - tain Should she our man-date

S A here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter tain. Should she our man-date

T B here_ re - main, And bail they will not en - ter_ tain. Should she his man-date

232

S
A
T
B

dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till that time__ you'll__

dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till that time__ you'll__

dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till that time you'll

dis - o - bey, Our lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till that time we'll

236

S
A
T
B

here__ re__ main, And bail we will__ not__ en - ter - tain, Should she our man-date

here re - main, And bail we will__ not__ en - ter - tain, Should she our man-date

here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should she our man-date

here__ re - main, And bail they will not en - ter - tain, Should she his man-date

240

8 dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our

S
A
T
B

8 dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our

8 dis - o - bey, Our lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she his

243

8 man-date dis - o bey, The pen - al - ty your lives_____ will pay!_____

8 man-date dis - o bey, The pen - al - ty your lives_____ will pay!_____

S
A
T
B

man-date dis - o bey, The pen - al ty your lives_____ will pay!_____

man-date dis - o bey, The pen - al ty our lives_____ will pay!_____

249

254

260

The musical score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system (measures 249-253) features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system (measures 254-259) continues the melodic and accompanimental patterns. The third system (measures 260-264) shows the melodic line becoming more complex with chords and rests, while the bass staff maintains a simple accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in both staves.

(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

The musical score is written for piano and voices. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegro grazioso*. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The vocal parts enter at measure 11. The Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts have the lyrics: "To - wards the em - py - re - an heights _". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The vocal parts enter again at measure 28. The Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts have the lyrics: "Of ev'-ry kind of lore, We've tak-en sev'-ral ea - sy flights _ And mean to". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

1 *f* *p*

11 *f*

21 S To - wards the em - py - re - an heights _

A To - wards the em - py - re - an heights _

28 S _ Of ev'-ry kind of lore, We've tak-en sev'-ral ea - sy flights _ And mean to

A _ Of ev'-ry kind of lore, We've tak-en sev'-ral ea - sy flights _ And mean to

35

S take some more. In try - ing to a - chieve suc-cess___ No en - vy racks our

A take some more. In try - ing to a - chieve suc-cess___ No en - vy racks our

42

S heart, And all the know-ledge we possess,___ We mu-tual - ly im-part.

A heart, And all the know-ledge we possess,___ We mu-tual - ly im-part.

49 **Melissa**

Pray, what auth-ors should she read Who in Clas-sics would suc-

56 **Psyche**

ceed? If you'd climb___ the He - li-con,

p staccato

61

You should read A - na - cre-on, O - vid's Me - ta - mor - phoses, Like-wise A - ris

66

to - pha-nes, And the works of Ju - vi-nal: These are worth at -

71

ten - tion, all; But If you will be ad -

76

vised, You will get them Bowd - ler-ized!

81

S Ah! we will get them Bow dler-ized!

A Ah! we will get them Bow - dler-ized!

f *mf*

85

Sacharissa

Pray you, tell us, if you can,

92

Psyche

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

99

Man is not at all good form_____ Man is of no kind of use.

106

Man's a don-key Man's a goose— Man is coarse and Man is plain. Man is more or less in sane.

112

Man's a ri - bald Man's a rake, Man is na - ture's sole mis - take!

S

We'll a

A

We'll a

cresc.

117

S

me - mo - ran - dum make. Man is na - ture's sole mis -

A

me - mo - ran - dum make. Man is na - ture's sole mis -

120

S *f* take! _____ And thus to em-py-re - an heights _____ Of ev-'ry

A *f* take! _____ And thus to em-py-re - an heights _____ Of ev-'ry

125

S kind of lore, In search of wis-dom's pure de-light, _____ am-bi-tious - ly we soar.

A kind of lore, In search of wis-dom's pure de-light, _____ am-bi-tious - ly we soar.

132

S In try - ing to a - chieve suc-cess _____ No en - vy racks our heart,

A In try - ing to a - chieve suc-cess _____ No en - vy racks our heart,

139

S For all we know and all we guess, — We mu-tual - ly im-part! And all the

A For all we know and all we guess, — We mu-tual - ly im-part! And all the

145

S know-ledge we pos - sess, We mu-tual - ly im - part, — We mu-tual - ly im - part, —

A know-ledge we pos - sess, We mu-tual - ly im - part, — We mu-tual - ly im - part, —

153

S im - part!

A im - part!

(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: (*Horried*) 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

Andante

Soprano
Might-y maid-en with a mis-sion, Par - a - gon of com-mon

Alto
Might-y maid-en with a mis-sion, Par - a - gon of com-mon

p

6

S
sense, Run-ning fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence,

A
sense, Run-ning fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, We are blind, and we would

fp

12

S
We are bound, and would be free; We are dumb, and we would talk, We are

A
see; We are dumb, and we would talk, We are

fp

17 *(Enter the Princess)*

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

p

22

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

27

S
el - - - lo - - - quence!

A
el - - - lo - - - quence!

10. Minerva Princess

Mi-ner - va! Mi-ner - va! Oh hear me:

p

11 *Andante espressivo*
Oh, god - dess wise That lov - est Light. En - dow with sight Their

p

17
un - il - lum - ined eyes. At this my call, A fer - vent few have

22
come to woo. The rays that from the fall. that from thee fall. Oh, god - dess

cresc. *dim.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled '10. Minerva Princess'. The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the lyrics 'Mi-ner - va! Mi-ner - va! Oh hear me:'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system starts at measure 11, marked '11' and 'Andante espressivo'. The vocal line continues with 'Oh, god - dess wise That lov - est Light. En - dow with sight Their'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a block-chord accompaniment in the left hand, also marked *p*. The third system starts at measure 17. The vocal line says 'un - il - lum - ined eyes. At this my call, A fer - vent few have'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns. The fourth system starts at measure 22. The vocal line says 'come to woo. The rays that from the fall. that from thee fall. Oh, god - dess'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'cresc.' and 'dim.'.

28 *rall.* *a tempo*

wise That lov - est light. That lov - est light _____ Let fer - vent words and

35

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

41

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

cresc. molto

47

sa - cred _____ shrine I _____ may lead them to thy sa - cred shrine, thy sa - cred shrine!

ff *f*

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 wiliest diplomat
 Is absolutely helpless in our hands.
He wheedles monarchs – Woman wheedles him!
 Logic? Why, tyrant Man himself admits
 It's a 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.

10a. And thus to empyrean heights Princess and women

S
And thus to em-py-re - an heights___ Of ev-'ry kind of lore,

A
And thus to em-py-re - an heights___ Of ev-'ry kind of lore,

8
S
In search of wis-dom's pure de-light,___ Am-bi-tious - ly we soar, And all the

A
In search of wis-dom's pure de-light,___ Am-bi-tious - ly we soar, And all the

14
S
know-ledge we pos-sess, We mu-tual - ly im - part___ we mu-tual - ly___ im___ part, -

A
know-ledge we pos-sess, We mu-tual - ly im - part___ we mu-tual - ly___ im___ part, -

22

S

im - part.

A

im - part.

f

*(Exeunt PRINCESS and maidens.
Manet LADY BLANCHE.)*

Blan.: I should command here I was born to rule,
But do I rule? I don't. Why? I don't know.
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 migh - ty Must! In - e - vi - ta - ble Shall! In thee I

trust. Time weaves my co - ro - nal! Go mock - ing Is! Go dis - ap - point - ing

Was! That I am this — Ye — are the cur - sed cause! Ye are the cur - sed

cause! Yet hum - ble — se - cond shall be first, — I — ween; And dead — and

sf *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p dolce* *p* *p dolce* *mf* *mf*

26 *dolce*

bur-ied 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

40

call. What - e'er your tense Ye are Im-per-fect, all!

45 *dolce*

p dolce Ye have de - ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! Ye have de-ceiv'd the *piu f*

50

trust I've shown In ye! I've shown in ye! A - way! The Migh - ty *f*

56

Must a - lone shall be! *f*

12. Gently, gently

(Enter Hilarion, Cyril and Florian) Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegro con moto

p

p

cresc.

f

dim.

25

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

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

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

31

Cyr
8 pal - ing. Here, at last, we are!

Hil
8 pal - ing. Here, at last, we are!

Flo **Florian**
8 pal - ing. Here, at last, we are! In this col - lege — Use - ful know-ledge Ev - 'ry

36

Flo
8 where — one — finds — And al - rea - dy — Grow-ing stea-dy, We've en - larg'd our

41 **Cyril**

Cyr 8 We've learn't that prick - ly cac - tus has the pow - er to at -

Flo 8 minds.

44

Cyr 8 tract us When we fall.

Hil 8 **Hilarion**

Hil 8 When we fall That no - thing man un -

Flo 8 When we fall.

47

Cyr 8 Short or tall!

Hil 8 set - tles like a bed of sting - ing net - tles Short or tall.

Flo 8 Short or tall!

50

Cyr

Hil

Flo

On a

On a

That bull-dogs feed on throt-tles- that we don't like brok-en bot - tles On a wall

53

Cyr

Hil

wall.

wall.

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

56

Cyr

Hil

Flo

Af - ter all!

sci - ence Af - ter all!

Af - ter all! A wom-an's col-lege! Mad-dest fol - ly

p

77

59 **Florian**

Flo

8

going! What can girls learn with-in these walls worth know-ing?

64

Flo

8

tr I'll lay a crown.. The Prin - cess shall de - cide__ it. I'll

68

Flo

8

teach them twice as much in half an hour out - - - side it!

72 **Hilarion**

Hil

8

recit. Hush, scoff-er; ere you sound your pu - ny thun - der, *a tempo* List to their *recit.*

76 *a tempo*

Hil 8 aims, and bow your head in won-der! They in tend to send a wire__ to the

pp

80

Cyr 8 to the moon; ve - ry soon

Hil 8 moon, And they'll set the Thames on fire__ Ve - ry soon Then they

Flo 8 to the moon; ve - ry soon;

83

Cyr 8 with their rigs;

Hil 8 learn to make silk pur - ses with their rigs. From the ears of La - dy Cir-ce's Pig-gy

Flo 8 with their rigs;

86


Cyr  pig-gy wigs; they tre-pan


Hil  wigs; And wea - sels at their slum - bers they tre - pan; To get


Flo  pig-gy wigs; they tre-pan




89

Cyr  they've a plan

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

Flo  they've a plan;



92

Cyr  if they can.

Hil  cross the po - lar o - cean, And they'll find Per - pe - tual mo-tion, if they can, if they can.

Flo  if they can.



95


Cyr  These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si-


Hil  These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si-


Flo  These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si-

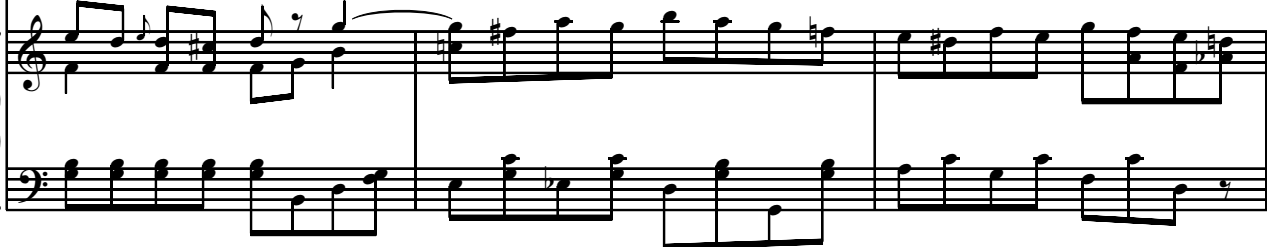
 *p*

99

Cyr  tee__ we will see. These are the phe - no - me - na that ev - ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

Hil  tee we will see. These are the phe - no - me - na that ev - ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is

Flo  tee we will see. These are the phe - no - me - na that ev - ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is



102

Cyr  hop-ing at her Un - i - ver - si - tee we shall see! As for


Hil  hop-ing at her Un - i - ver - si - tee we shall see!


Flo  hop-ing at her Un - i - ver - si - tee we shall see!




f *p*

106

Cyr  fa-shion, they for-swear it, So they say And the cir-cle they will square it Some fine

Hil  so they say

Flo  so they say



109

Cyr
8 day Then the lit - tle pigs they're teach - ing For to fly And they're

Hil
8

Flo
8 Some fine day For to fly

Some fine day For to fly

112

Cyr
8 prac - tice what their preach - ing by and bye. Each new - ly joined as - pi - rant to the

Hil
8

Flo
8 Bye and bye

Bye and bye

115

Cyr
8 clan- Must re - pud - i - ate the ty - rant Known as Man- They

Hil
8

Flo
8 to the clan Known as Man

to the clan Known as Man

Cyril

118
Cyr 8
mock at him and flout him, For they do not care a-bout him, And they're going to do with-out him if they

121
Cyr 8
can, if they can! These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is
Hil 8
if they can! These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is
Flo 8
if they can These are the phe-no-me-na that ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is

125
Cyr 8
hop-ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee — we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na that
Hil 8
hop-ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na that
Flo 8
hop-ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na that

128

f

Cyr
8 ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si - tee we shall see! In this col - lege___ Use-ful

Hil
8 ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si - tee we shall see! In this col - lege___ Use-ful

Flo
8 ev-'ry pret-ty do-mi-na Is hop-ing at her U-ni-ver-si - tee we shall see! In this col - lege___ Use-ful

133

Cyr
8 know - ledge Ev - 'ry where_____ one_____ finds _ And al - rea - dy___ Grow - ing

Hil
8 know - ledge Ev - 'ry where_____ one_____ finds _ And al - rea - dy___ Grow - ing

Flo
8 know - ledge Ev - 'ry where_____ one_____ finds _ And al - rea - dy___ Grow - ing

137

Cyr
8
stea-dy, we've en - larg'd our minds we've en - larg'd our minds.

Hil
8
stea-dy, we've en - larg'd our minds we've en - larg'd our minds.

Flo
8
stea-dy, we've en - larg'd our minds we've en - larg'd our minds.

143

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!

13. I am a maiden

Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegro vivace

Piano introduction in 3/8 time, marked *ff* (fortissimo) and ending with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

10 **Hilarion**

8

1. I am a mai - den cold — and state - ly, Heart-less I, with a face di-

p

Vocal line for Hilarion starting at measure 10. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, marked *p* (piano). The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) at measure 10.

19

8

vine. — What do I want with a heart in - nate - ly? Ev - 'ry heart I meet is

Vocal line for Hilarion starting at measure 19. The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand.

28

8

mine! Ev - 'ry heart — I meet is mine is mine! —

Vocal line for Hilarion starting at measure 28. The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand.

37

Cyr 8 Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

Hil 8 Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

Flo 8 Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.

p *sempre*

45

Cyr 8 So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

Hil 8 So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

Flo 8 So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!

f *ff*

54 *Dance*

dim.

Cyril

63
Cyr 8
2. I am a mai - den, frank — and sim - ple, Brim - ming with joy - ous — ro - gue - ry;

p

72
Cyr 8
Mer - ri - ment lurks in ev - 'ry dim - ple, No - body breaks more hearts than I!

81
Cyr 8
No - body breaks — more hearts, more hearts than I! —

89
Cyr 8
Haugh - ty, hum - ble, coy, — or free, Lit - tle care I what maid — may be.

Hil 8
Haugh - ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.

Flo 8
Haugh - ty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.

p *sempre*

97

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

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

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

trm

Dance
f *ff*

106

dim. *p*

116 **Florian**

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

126

Flo
8 suit - or sets me flush - ing, Ev - 'ry suit - or sets me flush - ing: I am the maid—

136

Cyr 8 Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, — or free,

Hil 8 Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free,

Flo 8 — that wins man - kind! — Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free,

pp

145

Cyr 8 Lit-tle care I what maid — may be. So that — a maid — is fair — to see, Ev - 'ry

Hil 8 Lit-tle care I what maid may be. So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry

Flo 8 Lit-tle care I what maid may be. So that a maid — is fair to see, Ev - 'ry

tr

154 *ff*

Cyr
8 maid is the maid for me! Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, — or free, Lit-tle care

Hil
8 maid is the maid for me! Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, — or free, Lit-tle care

Flo
8 maid is the the maid for me! Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care

f ff

162

Cyr
8 I what maid — may be. So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the

Hil
8 I what maid — may be. So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the

Flo
8 I what maid may be. So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the

171

Cyr
8 maid for me! _____

Hil
8 maid for me! _____

Flo
8 maid for me! _____

Dance

179

The musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts: Cyr, Hil, and Flo. Each vocal staff begins at measure 171 with the lyrics 'maid for me!' followed by a long horizontal line. The piano accompaniment starts at measure 171 with a treble and bass clef. The 'Dance' section begins at measure 179, marked by a double bar line and the word 'Dance' in italics. The piano part continues through measure 183, ending with a double bar line.

[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 **Princess**

Princess

The world is but a

6

Prin

bro-ken toy, It's plea - sure hol-low false its joy, Un - real its love-liest hue, A-las! Its

11

Prin

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

Hilarion

Hil

8

The world is ev - 'ry-thing you

16
Hil
8
say, The world we think has had its day, Its mer - riment is slow, A-las! We've tried it and we

f *p* *dim.*

22
Prin
Un - real its love-liest hue, It's pains a-lone are

Cyr
8
Un - real its love-liest hue, It's pains a-lone are

Hil
8
know, A-las! We've tried it, and we know. Un - real its love-liest hue, It's pains a-lone are

Flo
Un - real its love-liest hue, It's pains a-lone are

p

28

Prin
true! A - las! _____ The world is but a brok-en toy, It's plea - sure hol-low-

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

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

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

34

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

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

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

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

39

Prin
pains a-lone are true!

Cyr
quite a-gree with you! Un - real its love-liest

Hil
quite a-gree with you! Un - real its love-liest

Flo
quite a-gree with you! Un - real its love-liest hue, Un - real its love-liest

44

Prin
Un - real _____ its love-liest hue, A - las! A - las! It's

Cyr
hue! A las! _____ A - las! A - las! A - las! Its

Hil
hue, Un - real its love-liest hue! A las! A - las! A - las! Its

Flo
hue! A las! _____ A - las! A - las! A - las! Its

dim. *p*

99

50

Prin

pains a - lone — are true!

Cyr

8

pains a - lone — are true!

Hil

8

pains a - lone — are true!

Flo

pains a - lone — are true!

p

57

(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.

Psyche: The Prince Hilarion? Cyril too? How strange!
My earliest playfellows!

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 conjuror 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!

15. A lady fair, of lineage high

Psyche with Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegretto grazioso **Psyche**

Psyche 1. A La-dy fair, of _ lin-eage high, Was

ff *pesante* *p*

7
Psy lov'd by an Ape, in the days gone by. _____ The Maid was ra - diant _ as the sun, The

12
Psy Ape was a most un - sight-ly one The Ape was a most un - sight-ly one So it would not do,

p

18
Psy His scheme fell through, For the Maid, when his love took for-mal shape, Ex-

23
Psy press'd such ter-ror At his mon-strous er-ror, That he stam-mer'd an a-po-lo-gy and made his 'scape, The

27
Psy pic-ture of a dis-con-cert-ed Ape. 2. With a

33
Psy view to rise in the so-cial scale, He shav'd his bris-tles, and he dock'd his tail, — He

38
Psy
grew mous - tach-ios, and he took his tub, And he paid a gui-nea to a toi - let club. He

42
Psy
paid a gui-nea to a toi-let club. But it would not do, The Scheme fell through.

48
Psy
For the Maid was Beau - ty's fair - est Queen, With gold - en tress-es Like a

52
Psy
real prin-cess 's, While the Ape, de-spite his — ra-zor keen, Was the A - piest Ape that ev-er was seen!

57

Psy

3. He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits, He

pesante *p*

63

Psy

cramm'd his feet in- to bright, tight boots. — And to start in life on a brand new plan, He

68

Psy

christ-en'd him - self "Dar - win - ian Man!" He christ-en'd him - self "Dar - win - ian Man!" But it

p

73

Psy

would not do— The scheme fell through, For the Mai-den fair, whom the

78

Psy

mon-key crav'd. Was a ra-diant Be-ing, With a brain far see-ing, While Dar-win-ian man though—
* a man, how-ev-er—

82

Psy

well be-hav'd, At best— is— on-ly a mon-key shav'd.

Cyril

Hilarion

For the Maid-en fair, whom the

Florian

For the Maid-en fair, whom the

For the Maid-en fair, whom the

** modified lyric from "Songs of a Savoyard"*

86

Psy Was a ra-diant Be-ing, With a brain for see-ing, While Dar - win - ian man though —
a man, how - ev - er

Cyr mon-key crav'd, Was a ra-diant Be-ing, With a brain for see-ing, While Dar - win - ian man though
a man, how - ev - er

Hil mon-key crav'd, Was a ra-diant Be-ing, With a brain for see-ing, While Dar - win - ian man though
a man, how - ev - er

Flo mon-key crav'd, Was a ra-diant Be-ing, With a brain for see-ing, While Dar - win - ian man though
a man, how - ev - er

90

Psy well behav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Cyr well behav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Hil well behav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Flo well behav'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 are 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, Cyil, Hilarion & Florian

f

Psyche

7

Psy

1. The wo - man of the wis - est wit May

13

Psy

some - times be mis - ta - ken, O! In I - da's views, I must ad-mit, My faith is some - what

18

Psy

shak - en O!

Cyril

Cyr

8

In ev - 'ry o - ther point than this, Her learn - ing is un - taint - ed, O! But

The musical score is written for a piano and two vocalists, Psyche and Cyril. The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The vocal lines are in a minor key, with Psyche's part starting at measure 7 and Cyril's at measure 18. The lyrics are in English and describe a scene where Psyche is being questioned about her faith and learning.

23

Cyr

8

Man's a theme with which she is En - tire - ly un - ac - quain - ted, O! - ac - quain - ted O! - ac -

28

Psy

Mel

Cyr

8

quaint-ed O! En - tire - ly un - ac - quain - ted O! Then jump for joy and

Hil

8

Then jump for joy and

Flo

Then jump for joy and

p

34

Psy gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing

Mel gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing

Cyr 8 gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing

Hil 8 gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing

Flo gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing

38

Psy through the air— Ring here— and there and ev - 'ry-where—

Mel through the air— Ring here— and there and ev - 'ry-where—

Cyr 8 through the air— Ring here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth— the

Hil 8 through the air— Ring here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth— the

Flo through the air— Ring here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth— the

42

Psy The truth is found— the truth is found!

Mel The truth is found— the truth is found!

Cyr 8 joy - ous sound, The truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth— the

Hil 8 joy - ous sound, The truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth— the

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

46

Psy The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

Mel The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

Cyr 8 joy - us sound, The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

Hil 8 joy - us sound, The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

Flo joy - us sound, The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

113

52 *cresc.*

Psy And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

Mel *cresc.*

Cyr *cresc.*

Hil *cresc.*

Flo *cresc.*

And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

(Dance)

55 *f*

Psy truth is found _____ the truth is found! _____

Mel *f*

Cyr *f*

Hil *f*

Flo *f*

truth is found _____ the truth is found! _____

truth is found _____ the truth is found! _____

60

66

Melissa

Mel

2. My nat - 'ral in - stinct teach - es me (And in - is im -

72

Mel

por - tant O!) You're ev - 'ry thing you ought to be, And no - thing that you ought-n't, O!

Hil

Hilarion

8

That

77

Hil

8

fact was seen at once by you In ca - sual con - ver - sa - tion, O! Which is most cred - it -

82

Hil

a - ble to Your powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O! -ser - va - tion, O! -ser - va - tion, O! Your

87

Psy

Then jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The

Mel

Then jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The

Cyr

Then jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The

Hil

8 powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O! Then jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The

Flo

Then jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The

93

Psy truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing through the air— Ring

Mel truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing through the air— Ring

Cyr 8 truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing through the air— Ring

Hil 8 truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing through the air— Ring

Flo truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ring - ing through the air— Ring

97

Psy here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— The

Mel here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— The

Cyr 8 here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And *f* e - cho forth— the joy - ous sound, The

Hil 8 here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And *f* e - cho forth— the joy - ous sound, The

Flo here— and there and ev - 'ry-where— And *f* e - cho forth— the joy - ous sound, The

101

Psy truth is found, the truth is found! And truth__ is

Mel truth is found, the truth is found! And truth__ is

Cyr 8 truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth__ the joy - ous sound, The truth__ is

Hil 8 truth is found- the truth is found! And e - cho forth__ the joy - ous sound, The truth__ is

Flo truth is found- the truth is found! And e - cho forth__ the joy - ous sound, The truth__ is

106

Psy found, the truth__ is found! And

Mel found, the truth__ is found! And

Cyr 8 found- the truth__ is found! And

Hil 8 found- the truth__ is found! And

Flo found- the truth__ is found! And

111 *f*

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

Mel *f*

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

Cyr *f*

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

Hil *f*

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

Flo *f*

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

cresc.

118

123

(*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

Allegretto

Melissa

Melissa 1. Now wouldn't you like to

Mel rule the roast, And guide this U-ni-ver-si-ty?

Blanche

Blan I must agree, 'Twould plea-sant be. (Sing

Mel And would - you like to clear the coast Of ma-lice and per-ver-si-ty?

Blan hey a Pro-per Pride!) With

18

Mel

Blank

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

24

Mel

Blank

Sing hoi - ty, — toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar - ry come — up, and her

Sing hoi - ty, — toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar - ry come — up, and her

30

Mel

Blank

day — will come! Sing Pro - per — Pride Is the horse — to — ride, Sing

day will come! Sing Pro - per — Pride Is the horse — to — ride, Sing

36 *ten. rall.*

Mel Hap - py go - luck - y, my La - - - - - dy O!

Blan Hap - py go - luck - y, my La - - - - - dy O!

41 *ten.*

Blan 2. For years I've with'd be -

Mel You're much too meek, Or

Blan neath her sneers, Al - though a born Plan - ta - ge-net!

51

Mel you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more!)

Blan Her eld-er I, by se-veral years, Al - though you'd ne'er i -

The musical score is written for a song with two vocal parts, Mel and Blan, and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into systems. The first system (measures 36-40) features the vocal parts singing 'Hap - py go - luck - y, my La - - - - - dy O!' with a 'ten.' (tension) and 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system (measures 41-46) shows the vocal parts singing '2. For years I've with'd be -' and 'You're much too meek, Or'. The piano accompaniment includes a forte (f) dynamic marking and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The third system (measures 47-50) continues the vocal parts with 'neath her sneers, Al - though a born Plan - ta - ge-net!'. The fourth system (measures 51-54) shows the vocal parts singing 'you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more!)' and 'Her eld-er I, by se-veral years, Al - though you'd ne'er i -'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet marking in the vocal part and various chordal textures in the piano part.

57

Mel

Sing, so I've heard But ne-ver a word Have I e'er be-liev'd be - fore. Sing

Blan

ma - gine it. Sing

62

Mel

hey! _____ Sing hoi - ty, — toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar-ry come —

Blan

hey! _____ Sing hoi - ty, — toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar-ry come —

69

Mel

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

Blan

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

75 *ten.*

Mel turn. Sing Hap - py go - luck - y, my La - - - - - dy O!

Blan *ten.*

turn. Sing Hap - py go - luck - y, my La - - - - - dy O!

81 *ten.*

f

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for vocal parts: 'Mel' (Melissa) and 'Blan' (Lady Blanche). Both parts have the same lyrics: 'turn. Sing Happy go-lucky, my Lady O!'. The notes are in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody for 'Mel' starts on a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and a half note G5. The melody for 'Blan' is identical. The third staff is the piano accompaniment for the vocal parts, and the fourth staff is the piano accompaniment for the scene. Both piano parts are in a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment for the vocal parts features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment for the scene features a more complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

(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

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and voices. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *f* and *sf*. The vocal parts enter at measure 8. The Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts have lyrics: "Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Here in mea-dow of as-pho - del,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. At measure 21, the vocal parts continue with: "Feast we bo - dy and mind as well, Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Ring,—" and "Feast we bo - dy and mind as well, Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell, Oh, mer-ri-ly ring the". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

f sf

8

15

S

A

Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Here in mea-dow of as-pho - del,

21

S

A

Feast we bo - dy and mind as well, Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Ring,—

Feast we bo - dy and mind as well, Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell, Oh, mer-ri-ly ring the

26

S — oh, ring, ——— Oh, mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell, the

A lun-cheon bell! Oh, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell, the

31

S lun - - - cheon bell!

A lun - - - cheon bell!

37 **Blanche**

Hun - ger, I beg to state, is high - ly in - de - li-cate, This is a fact pro - found - true

p

43

S So learn you ap-pe-tites to sub-due.

A Yes, yes, We'll learn our

Yes, yes, We'll learn our

49 Cyril

Ma - dam, your words so wise, No - bo - dy

S ap-pe-tites to sub - due!

A ap-pe-tites to sub - due!

p

54

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

59

I'll sub - due it- I'll sub - due it- I'll sub - due it

65

with cold roast lamb!

S Yes— yes— We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb!

A Yes— yes— We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb!

cresc. *f*

70

S Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Oh, ring, _____

A Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Mer-ri-ly ring the lun-cheon bell! Oh, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

75

S — oh, mer - ri - ly ring the lun - cheon bell, the

A mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly ring the lun - cheon bell, the

78

S lun - - - - cheon bell!

A lun - - - - cheon bell!

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: (*Horried*) 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:

19. Would you know the kind of maid

Cyril

*(During symphony Hilarion and Florian try to stop Cyril.
He shakes them off angrily.)*

Allegretto

Cyril

8 1. Would you know the kind of maid

7 8 Sets my heart a flame - a? Eyes must be down - cast and staid, Cheeks must flush for

12 8 shame - a! She may nei - ther dance nor sing, But, de - mure in ev - 'ry-thing,

17
8 Hang her head in mod - est way, With pout - ing lips, with pout - ing lips that

22 *rall.* *p* *a tempo*
8 seem to say, "Oh, kiss me, miss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of

colla voce *a tempo*

27
8 shame-a," Please you that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a - flame - a! "Kiss me, kiss me,

cresc.

33
8 kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame - a," Please you, that's the kind of maid

f

38
8 Sets__ my heart a flame-a! 2. When__ a maid is

45
8 bold__ and gay, With__ a tongue goes clang - a, Flaunt - ing it in brave__ ar-ray,

50
8 Maid - en, may go hang - a! Sun-flow'r gay and hol - ly - hock Ne - ver shall my

55
8 gar-den stock; Mine the blush - ing rose of May, With pout-ing lips,_____ with pout-ing

60 *rall.* *p* *a tempo*

lips — that — seem — to say, “Oh, kiss me, miss me, kiss me, kiss me,

colla voce *a tempo*

65

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

71

“Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though — I — die of shame - a,” Please you, that's the

f

76

kind of maid Sets — my heart — a flame - a!

f

80 *Allegro agitato* "Infamous creature, get you hence away!"
 (Dialog continues over music)

dim. p

86

91

96

101

"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: *(Horried)* Hilarion? Help!
Why, these are men! Lost! lost! betrayed, undone!

(Running on to bridge)

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

(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!

20. Act II Finale

Allegro vivace
ff

women
Oh, joy! our
chief is sav'd, And by Hi - la - rion's hand; The tor - - - rent
fierce he brav'd, And brought her safe to land! For his in - tru - sion
we must own This dought - y deed may well a - - - tone!

17 **Princess**

Stand forth, ye three, — Who - e'er ye be, — And heark-en to our stern de -

24 **Princess**

cree! I

Cyril

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

24 **Hilarion**

8 Have mer - - - - cy,

Florian

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

p

Princess

29 **Princess**

know not mer - cy, men in wo-men's clothes! The man whose sa - cri-

34 *recit.*

le - gious eyes _____ In - vade our strict se - clu - sion, dies! Ar - rest these

39 *(They are arrested by the "Daughters of the Plough")*

coarse in - tru - ding spies!

women

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

44 **Princess** *(Cyril and Florian are bound.)*

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

Allegro moderato

oaths.

50 **Hilarion**

Whom_ thou hast chain'd must wear_ his chain, Thou can'st_ not set him

55
8 free, He__ wrest-les with his bonds__ in vain Who lives__ by lov-ing thee! If__

60
8 heart__ of stone for heart__ of fire, Be all thou hast__ to give, If__ dead to me my

65
8 **Cyril** Have mer-cy, O La-dy!_____

65 **Hilarion** heart's__ de-sire,__ Why should I wish to live?

Florian *p* Have mer-cy, O La-dy!_____

women *p* Have mer - - - cy!_____

71 Hilarion

8 No word of thine— no stern com-mand Can teach— my heart to rove,— Then ra-ther pe-rish

76

8 by— thy hand, Than live with-out thy love!— A love-less life a - part from thee Were hope - less

82

8 sla - very, Were hope - less sla - ve - ry, If— kind - ly death will set— me free,—

89

8 Why should I fear to die?— Of kind - ly death will set— me free, If

pp

Have mer - cy! Have mer - cy!

f

95
8
kind-ly 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.)

101
8
die? —

(Enter Melissa)

Allegro vivace

107
recit. **Melissa** *a tempo*
Ma-dam, with - out the cas - tle walls An Arm - ed band

p

111
Princess
De-mand ad - mit - tance to our halls for Hil - de - brand! De -
women
Oh! hor - ror!

Princess

116

ny them! We will de - fy them!

Too

120

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

124

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

128

Tenors *f*

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

Basses *f*

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

Allegro con brio

132

Walls are un-a-vail-ing, We have en-ter'd here. Fe-males ex-e-cra-tion Sti-fle if you're wise,

136

Stop your la-men-ta-tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh stop your la-men-ta-tion, Dry your pret-ty, pret-ty

140 **women**

Rend the air with wail - - - ing Shed the shame - ful tear! Man has eyes!

p *f* *dim.* *p* *cresc.*

147

en - ter'd here, Walls are un - a - vail - ing! Rend the air with
Walls and fen - ces scal - ing,
Walls and fen - ces scal - ing,

f *dim.* *p*

153

wail - - - - - ing, Shed the
Prompt - ly we ap - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing, We have en - ter'd here. Fe - males ex - e - cra - tion
Prompt - ly we ap - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing, We have en - ter'd here. Fe - males ex - e - cra - tion

f *p*

157

shame - ful tear! Man has en - ter'd here! Walls are a -
Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh stop your la - men - ta - tion,
Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh stop your la - men - ta - tion,

f *p*

161

vail - - - ing, Man has en - - -

8 Dry your pret-ty, pret-ty eyes! Fe - male ex-e - cra-tion Sti-fle if you're wise, Stop__ your la-men-

165

recit. Princess

Au - da - cious ty - rant,

(Enter Hildebrand)

ter'd _____ here! _____

8 ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! _____

ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! _____

171

a tempo

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

Allegro con brio

p

Hildebrand

174

Since you en-quire, We've no de - sire To beard a maid-en here, or

177

a - ny-where!

No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or a - ny-where! No, no, no,

No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or a - ny-where! No, no, no,

f

180

no.

no

Molto vivace con fuoco

ff

187

Hildebrand

Some years a - go No doubt you know (and

p

192

if you don't I'll tell you so) You gave your troth Up - on your oath To Hi - la - ri - on my

197

son. A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a

201

great mis - take,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of

205

one! A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a great mis-take,) For a

210

bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear-ly age of one! And I'm a pep-p'ry

215

kind of King, who's in - dis-pos'd for par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And

220

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

225

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!

sf *ff*

231

237

Hildebrand

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

p

243

well and good, It's un-der-stood We'll let by-gones go by- But if you choose to

248

sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And

252

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

257

make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And lev-el your halls, In the

261

twink-ling of an eye! For I'm a pep-p'ry Po - ten - tate, Who's lit-tle in - clin'd his

266

claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

For

For

f

271

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

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

276

bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!

bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.

ff

282

290

Arac, Guron & Scyn

1. We may re - mark, tho' no-thing can Dis - may us. That if you

p

299

thwart this gen-tle - man, He'll slay us. We don't fear death, of course- we're taught To

308

Scyn Guron

shame it; But still up - on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes! Yes!

318

Arac

Tutti

Yes! bet-ter p'raps to name it. Our in - ter - ests we would not press With

f *p*

327

chat-ter, Three hulk-ing bro-thers more or less Don't mat-ter; If you'd pooh-

336

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

345

Scyn Guron Arac Tutti

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

p

355

Princess

Be re - as - sured, nor

tr

363

fear his an - ger blind, His me - na - ces are i - dle as the wind.

374

He dares _____ not kill you— Ven - geance lurks be - hind!

383

Hildebrand
 8 Arac, Guron & Scyn I ra - ther

We ra - ther think he dares, but ne-ver, ne-ver mind; No!

pp

392

8 think I dare, but ne - ver, ne - ver mind!

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

sempre p

399

Hildebrand

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

pp

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

408

recit.

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

pp

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

pp *fp*

417

a tempo

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

f

428 **Princess**

Allegro marziale

To yield at once to such a

432

foe With shame were rife; — So quick! a-way with him, al - tho' He sav'd my life!

435 **Princess**

That he is fair, and strong and tall, — Is ve - ry

438

e - vi - dent to all, — Yet I will die, Yet I will die, be -

441

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

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

f

444

so, Than risk a strife! _____ And let the Prince Hi-la - rion go He saved thy life!

so, Than risk a strife! _____ And let the Prince Hi-la - rion go He saved thy life!

447

Princess

That he is fair, and strong, and tall, Is ve - ry

p Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall, A worse mis -

p Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall, A worse mis -

p

450

e - vi - dent to all, Yet I will die, will die be - fore I call My - self his wife!

for - tune might be - fall - It's not so dread - ful af - ter all To _____ wife!

for - tune might be - fall - It's not so dread - ful af - ter all To be his wife!

cresc. *p*

Princess

455

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

459

ban - ners_ all On out - er_ wall We fear - less - ly un - furl.

463

Tho' she is but a girl, De - fi - ance thus to hurl,

Tho but a girl, De - fi - ance to hurl, Our ban - ners all On

Tho but a girl, De - fi - ance to hurl, Their ban - ners all On

468

out - er wall We fear - less-ly un - furl. Our ban - ners

out - er wall They fear - less-ly un - furl. Their ban - ners all

471

all On out-er wall We fear-less-ly un - furl. Oh

on out-er wall They fear-less-ly un - furl. Oh!

475

foe With shame were rife; ——— So quick! a-way with him, al-though He sav'd my life!

yield at once 'twere bet-ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at

yield at once, 'twere bet-ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at

478

That he is fair, and strong, and tall, Is ve-ry

once! Hi-la-ri-on's fair, and strong and tall— A worse mis-

once! Hi-la-ri-on's fair, and strong, and tall— A worse mis-

481

e - vi - dent to all, Yet I will die, will die be - fore I call My - self his wife!
 for - tune might be - fall - It's not so dread - ful, af - ter all, to be his wife! De -
 for - tune might be - fall - It's not so dread - ful af - ter all, to be his wife! Their

486

fi - - ance, de - fi - - ance, de - fi - - ance thus -
 ban - ners all - On out - er wall - They fear - - - less - ly, fear - less -

493

- we hurl De - fi - - - - ance, De - fi - - - - ance, de - fi -
 ly un - furl. Their ban - ners all - On out - er wall - They fear - less - ly - un -

501

509

Psyche with 1st sop

519

*(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

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic in the right hand, playing chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 5. The second system contains measures 6 through 10, with a measure rest in measure 8. The third system contains measures 11 through 15, with a measure rest in measure 12. The fourth system contains measures 16 through 20, with a measure rest in measure 17. Measures 16-17 are for the Soprano (S) and Alto (A) voices, who enter with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics for both parts are: "Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-". The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal entries.

ff

6

11

16

S

A

f

Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-

Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-

f

21

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

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

26

S Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty - rant

A Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty - rant

31

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

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

34

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!

40

Melissa

Thus our cour - age, all un - tar - nish'd we're in -

44

struct-ed to dis - play: But to tell the truth un - var-nish'd, We are more__ in - clined to

49

Timidly

S say, "Please you, do not hurt__ us."

A "Do not hurt us, if it

Un poco piu lento

"Do not hurt us, if it

53 **Melissa**

S "Please you, let us be."

A please you!" "Let us be— let us be!"

please you!" "Let us be— let us be!"

58

S "Sol - diers dis - con - cert us."

A "Dis-con - cert us, if it please you!"

"Dis-con - cert us, if it please you!"

62

S "Fright - en'd maids are we!"

A "Maids are we— maids are we!"

"Maids are we— maids are we!"

66

Please you, Please you.

S

Do not hurt us; let us be.

A

Do not hurt us; let us be.

70

Tempo I Melissa Animato

Fright - en'd maids are we, fright - en'd maids are we! But 'twould be an

S

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

A

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

Animato. Tempo primo

75

er - ror To con-fess our ter - ror, So, in I - da's

79

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

S

A

Death to the in - va - der!

Death to the in - va - der!

84

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

S

A

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

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

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

Allegro

90

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!

Sach.: In theory I'll cut them off again
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'ratory – 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

f *dim.* *p* *p*

8
1. I built up-on a rock, But ere De-struc-tion's hand Dealt e - qual lot to

14
Court and cot, My rock had turned to sand! I leant up-on an oak, But

19
in the hour of need, A - lack-a-day, My trust-ed stay Was but a bruis-ed reed! a bruis-ed

cresc.

25

reed! Ah, faith-less rock, My sim - ple faith to mock!

31

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

37

2. I drew a sword of steel, But

45

bat tle's breath bore
when to home and hearth The bat - tle's breath Bore fire and death My sword was but a

50

lath! I lit a bea-con fire, But on a storm-y day Of frost and rime, In

56

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

cresc. *p*

63

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

sempre f *f* *sempre p* *ff*

70

Allegro agitato *3*

75

3

(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 I?

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!

23. Whene'er I spoke sarcastic joke

Gama and Women

Allegro vivace

ff

Gama

9

8

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

p

14

8

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

vile smile vote me quite de - light - ful!

f

20

p

8

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

p

* Revision in "Songs of a Savoyard"

26
8 met with smiles, It's hard there's no dis - guis - ing! Ah! _____ Oh,

31
8 don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and noth-ing goes wrong, And

p

35
8 isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With noth-ing what-ev-er to grum-ble at!

Women

Oh, isn't your life ex -

40
treme - ly flat With noth-ing what - ev - er to grum - ble at!

44

8

2. When Ger - man bands From mus - ic stands play Wag-ner im - per - fect - ly- I

p

49

8

bade them go- They did-n't say no, But off they went di - rect - ly! The

trot

f

p

55

8

or - gan boys They stopped their noise, With read-i-ness sur - pris - ing, And grin-ning herds of

60

8

hur-dy-gurds Re - tired a-po-lo - giz-ing! Ah! _____ Oh, don't the days seem

Re - tire

p

66
8
lank and long When all goes right and noth-ing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With

71
8
noth-ing what-ev-er to grum-ble at!

Oh, isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With noth-ing what-ev-er to

76
8
3. I of - fer'd gold In terms un-told To all who'd con-tra-

grum-ble at!

82

dict me- I said I'd pay a pound a day To a - ny - one who kick'd me-

I've

88

I brib'd with toys Great vul-gar boys To ut-ter some-thing spite-ful, But, bless you, no! They

I've

p

94

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

p

100

vat - ing lads, they tic - kle my tastes, they feed my fads, They give me this and they

104

give me that, And I've noth-ing what-ev-er to grum-ble at!

Oh, isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With

109

noth-ing what-ev-er to grum-ble at!

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, Gurun and Scynthius.)

Allegro non troppo vivace

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked *ff* and *Allegro non troppo vivace*. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts enter at measure 7. The Tenor (T) and Bass (B) parts are written in D major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "When an-ger spreads his wing, And all_ seems_ dark as_ night for it, There's no - thing_ but to_ fight for it, But ere you pitch your ring, Se - lect_ a_ pret-ty site for it, (this no - thing_ but to_ fight for it, But ere you pitch your ring, Se - lect_ a_ pret-ty site for it, (this". The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal parts, providing a rhythmic and harmonic foundation.

Piano Introduction:

ff

Allegro non troppo vivace

Vocal Parts:

T 7
8

B 7
8

When an-ger spreads his wing, And all_ seems_ dark as_ night for it, There's

When an-ger spreads his wing, And all_ seems_ dark as_ night for it, There's

no - thing_ but to_ fight for it, But ere you pitch your ring, Se - lect_ a_ pret-ty site for it, (this

no - thing_ but to_ fight for it, But ere you pitch your ring, Se - lect_ a_ pret-ty site for it, (this

19

T 8 spot — is — suit-ed quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai-ly sing:

B spot — is — suit-ed quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai-ly sing:

25

T 8 Oh, I love the jol-ly rat-tle Of an or-de-al by bat-tle. There's an

B Oh, I love the jol-ly rat-tle Of an or-de-al by bat-tle. There's an

29

T 8 end of tit - tle, tat - tle, When your en - e - my is dead, It's an ar - rant mol - ly cod - dle Fears a

B end of tit - tle, tat - tle, When your en - e - my is dead, It's an ar - rant mol - ly cod - dle Fears a

Sopranos and Altos

32

S
A

T

B

For a

crack up - on his nod - dle, And he's on - ly fit to swad - dle In a down - y feath - er bed! Oh, I

crack up - on his nod - dle, And he's on - ly fit to swad - dle In a down - y feath - er bed! Oh, I

35

S
A

T

B

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

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

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

38

S
A

T

B

on, So let us sing Long

en - e - my is dead, It's an ar - rant mol - ly cod - dle Fears a

en - e - my is dead, It's an ar - rant mol - ly cod - dle Fears a

40

S
A

live the King, And his son Hi - - - lar - ri - on! For a

T

8 crack up - on his nod - dle, And he's on - ly fit to swad - dle In a down - y feath - er bed! For a

B

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

43

S
A

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

T

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

B

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

47

S
A

let us sing Long live the King, And his son Hi - lar - ri - on!

T

8 let us sing Long live the King, And his son Hi - la - ri - on!

B

let us sing Long live the King, And his son Hi - la - ri - on!

25. This helmet I suppose

Arac with Guron, Scynthius and Chorus

Allegro comodo

Arac

1. This hel - met, I sup-pose. Was

4

Arac

meant to ward off blows, It's ve - ry hot, And weighs a lot, As

6

Arac

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

9

Arac

ma-ny a guards-man knows, So off, _____ so off that hel-met goes.

f

12

Arac

(Giving their helmets to attendants.) 2. This tight-fit-ting cui-rass Is

Gur
Sey

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel-met goes!

S
A

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel-met goes!

T
B

Yes, yes, yes, So off that hel-met goes!

p

15

Arac

but a use-less mass, It's made of steel, and weighs a deal, This tight-fit-ting cui-rass Is but a

18

Arac

use - less mass, A man is_ but an ass Who fights in_ a cui-rass, So off, _____ so

22

Arac

off goes_ that cui-rass. 3. These

(Removing cuirasses)

Gur

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes that cui-rass!

S

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes_ that cui-rass!

A

T

Yes, yes, yes, So off goes that cui-rass!

B

f

25

Arac

bras-sets, truth to tell, May look un - com-mon well, But in a fight They're much too tight, They're

Arac like a lob-ster shell, ____ They're like a lobster shell. 4. These
(Removing their brassets)

Gur Yes, yes, yes, They're like a _lobster shell!
 Scy

S Yes, yes, yes, They're like a _lobster shell!
 A

T Yes, yes, yes, They're like a _lobster shell!
 B

f *dim.*

Arac things I treat the same, (I quite for - get their name.) They turn _one's _legs to crib - bage _ pegs- Their

Arac aid I thus dis-laim, Their aid I thus dis-claim, Tho' I for - get their name, Tho'

38

Arac

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

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

41

Arac

Their aid we thus dis-claim!

Gur
Scy

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

S
A

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid we__ thus dis-claim!

T
B

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

(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 shrivelled 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)

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:)

Allegretto vivace

First System:

Soprano: This is our du - ty
 Alto: if our hearts as -
 Tenor/Bass: (Instrumental accompaniment)

Second System (Measures 7-13):

Soprano: plain to - wards Our Prin - cess are all im - ma - cu - late,
 Alto: sert their sway - and hearts are all fan - tas - ti - cal -
 Tenor/Bass: (Instrumental accompaniment)

Third System (Measures 14-20):

Soprano: We ought to bless her bro - thers' swords And pi - ous - ly e -
 Alto: We should be more in - clined to say these words en - thus - i -
 Tenor/Bass: (Instrumental accompaniment)

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

21

S
A

ja - cu - late!
as - ti - cal:

Oh, Hun - ga - ry! Oh, Hun - ga -
"Hi - la - ri - on! Hi - la - ri -

T
B

ff

28

S
A

ry! Oh, dought - y sons — of Hun - ga - ry!
on! Oh, pros - per, Prince Hi - la - ri - on!

T
B

34

S
A

May all suc - cess At - tend and bless Your war - like
In mode com - plete, may you de - feat each med - dle - some

T
B

40

S
A

i - ron - mon - ge - ry! Hi - la - ri - on! Hi - la - ri - on! Hi -
Hun - gar - i - an! Hi - la - ri - on, Hi - la - ri - on, Hi -

T
B

ff

47

S
A

la - - - - - ri - on! But
la - - - - - ri - - But - on!"

T
B

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

53

*(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
GAMA.)*

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.
 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 this world
 Yoked in all exercise of noble end!
 And so through those dark gates across the wild
 That no one knows!” Indeed, I love thee – Come!

27. Act III Finale

Allegretto grazioso **Princess**

With joy a - bid - ing, To - ge - ther gli - ding, Thro' life's va -

ri - e - ty In sweet so - ci - e - ty, And thus en - thro - ning, The love I'm own - ing, On this a -

ton - ing I will re - ly. —

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

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

p

Hilarion

14

8

When day is

S
A

Love. In no lo - cal-i-ty Or prin-ci - pal-i-ty Is our mor-tal - i-ty Its sway a - bove! —

T
B

Love. In no lo - cal-i-ty Or prin - pal-i-ty Is our mor-tal - i-ty Its sway a - bove! —

19

8

fa - ding, With se-re - na - ding And such fri - vo-li-ty Of ten-der qua - li-ty— With scent-ed

p

23

8

show - ers Of fair-est flow - ers. The hap-py hours — Will gai - ly fly! The hap-py

27

8

hours — will gai-ly fly! —————

S A

T B

It were pro - fan - i - ty For poor hu - man - i - ty To treat as

It were pro - fan - i - ty For poor hu - man - i - ty To treat as

p

32

S A

T B

van - i - ty The sway of Love. In no lo - cal - i - ty Or prin - ci -

van - i - ty The sway of Love. In no lo - cal - i - ty Or prin - ci -

35

S A

T B

In no lo - ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor -

pal - i - ty Is our mor - tal - i - ty Its sway a - bove! - - It's sway

pal - i - ty Is our mor - tal - i - ty Its sway a - bove! It's sway

40 **Princess & Hilarion**

ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! With scented show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers The happy hours — will gai - ly

S
A
T
B

a - - - bove! *pp* Its sway a - - -

a - - - bove! Its sway a - - -

45 **Princess**

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

S
A
T
B

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

Hilarion with tenors

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

cresc. *f*

51

ty A-bove the sway — of Love!

S
A

ty A-bove the sway — of Love!

T
B

ty A-bove the sway — of Love! *a tempo, piu lento*

ff *rall.*

(End of opera)