

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-14 of this edition of the score,
June 26, 2007. Please report all corrections to Jim Cooper,
jim@labsoftware.com**

Princess Ida

Introduction

Sullivan

Vivace

f

7

13

A

p

20

B

p

29

39

Andante espressivo

p

46 C

53

61 D

69 E

77

86

pp

cresc.

p

cresc.

tr

pp

dim.

riten.

ad lib

Attaca

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 vows 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**

8 1. Now heark-en to my

Hildebrand's first vocal line begins at measure 5. The melody is in E-flat major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The dynamic is *p* (piano).

11

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

S A To your com-mand, On ev - 'ry hand, We

T B To your com-mand, On ev - 'ry hand, We

The chorus enters at measure 11. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) sing in harmony. The piano accompaniment provides a strong, rhythmic support with a *f* (forte) dynamic. The music is in E-flat major, 6/8 time.

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
A on his oath, As sure as quar - ter day! —

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

p

63

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

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

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

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*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The tempo is marked 'Lento' (slow) and 'Moderato' (moderate). The score includes lyrics for the voice part, which is performed by Hilarion. The piano accompaniment features various musical notations, including chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings.

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

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The vocal parts enter at measure 13. The Soprano and Alto parts have a rest for the first measure, then sing "From the". The Tenor and Bass parts enter at measure 13 with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano). The vocal parts enter at measure 25. The Soprano and Alto parts sing "dis - tant pa - no - ra - ma Come the sons of roy - al Ga - ma. They are". The Tenor and Bass parts sing "dis - tant pa - no - ra - ma Come the sons of roy - al Ga - ma. They are". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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)

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a piano introduction marked *staccato* and *dim*. The vocal parts enter at measure 5.

Arac (Bass line):
 We are war-ri-ors three, ——— Sons of Ga-ma Rex, ———

Scynth (Bass line):
 ——— Like most sons are we ——— Mas-cu-line in sex, ———

Guron (Bass line):
 ——— Yes, yes, yes, Mas-cu-line in sex.

Chorus (Piano accompaniment):
 Yes, yes, yes, Mas-cu-line in sex.

The piano accompaniment continues throughout, marked *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) at the end.

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 begins with a rest for 7 measures, then enters with the melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady, rhythmic foundation.

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

The vocal line continues with the melody, and the piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern.

15 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 concludes the phrase, and the piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment.

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 am a dis-a-greeable man! And I

67
8 can't think why! I 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

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

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

(Gama, Arac, Guron and Scynthus are marched off in custody, Hildebrand following.)

73

Hilarion *recit.*

Come, Cy ril Flo-rian, Our course is plain, Tomorrow morn fair I da we'll en

recit.

f

78

a tempo

gage; But we will use no force her love to

a tempo

81

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

86

Allegretto grazioso

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

fu - 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 - i - 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

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

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

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

158

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

rit.

(This 6 measure fanfare is not part of the original score but was added later, possibly by Sullivan, for a specific staging.)

162

f

168 **Gama** *recit.*

Must we, till then, in pri-son cell be thrust? This seems un-ne-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 wiz-en In a so - li - ta - ry pri son, 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

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

189 *ff* Hilarion & Cyril

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.

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

S A

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

T B

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

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

S A

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

T B

197 Hildebrand

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

S
A
T
B

p

202

8 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

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

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.

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

ff

S Arac, Gur, Scyn & men *ff* The rum-tum-tum Of the mi-li-ta-ry drum, Rum - tum-tum-tum my tum my

A

T B

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

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

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

223 Hilarion & Cyril

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

Hild. and Flor.

8 mi-li-ta-ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra-pum - pum. But till _____ that _____

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

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

8 time you'll here re - main, And bail— we— will not en - ter - tain Should she our

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

Hilarion & Cyril

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

Hild. and Flor.

8 man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till__ that__

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

T
B dis - o - bey, Our lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But till that time we'll

236

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

8 time you'll here re - main, And bail__ we__ will not en - ter - tain, Should she our

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

240

8

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

8

man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should

S

A

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

T

B

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

she our man-date dis - o - bey, The pen - al - ty_____ your lives_____

S

A

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

T

B

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, while the bass staff continues with 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 lyrics: "To - wards the em - py - re - an heights _". The piano accompaniment continues with a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. At measure 28, the vocal parts have 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 steady rhythm.

1 *f* *p*

11

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 - ve-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

A

We'll a

We'll a

cresc.

117

S

A

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

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

120

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

A *f* take! _____ And thus to em-py-re - an height _____ 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

Detailed description: This system contains measures 139 through 144. The Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts are written in a single system with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the lower system, featuring a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

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, —

Detailed description: This system contains measures 145 through 152. The vocal parts continue with the same lyrics. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and some sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand.

153

S im - part!

A im - part!

Detailed description: This system contains measures 153 through 158. The vocal parts end with the phrase 'im - part!'. The piano accompaniment continues, with a forte (f) dynamic marking appearing in measure 154. The system concludes with a double bar line.

(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

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. O goddess wise Princess

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

p

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features arpeggiated chords in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand.

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

p

This system contains measures 11 through 16. The tempo and mood are marked *Andante espressivo*. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with eighth-note patterns in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. The dynamic remains piano (*p*).

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

This system contains measures 17 through 21. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line has a slight melodic rise in the final measure of the system.

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

cresc. *dim.*

This system contains measures 22 through 26. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *cresc.* (crescendo) starting at measure 23 and *dim.* (diminuendo) starting at measure 25. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a final cadence.

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 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 height Princess and women

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

A
And thus to em-py-re - an height____ 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.

*(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 *piu f*

Ye have de - ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! Ye have de-ceiv'd the

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

7

12

cresc.

18

f

22

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

Flo minds.

44

Cyr tract us When we fall.

Hil **Hilarion**

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

Flo When we fall!

47

Cyr Short or tall!

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

Flo Short or tall!

50

Cyr

8

On a

Hil

8

On a

Flo

8

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

53

Cyr

8

wall.

Hil

8

wall.

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

56

Cyr

8

Af - ter all!

Hil

8

sci - ence Af - ter all!

Flo

8

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, scof fer; 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-

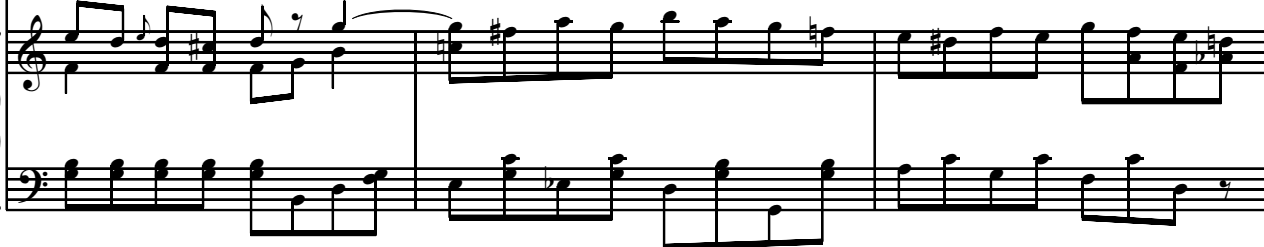
 *p*

99

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

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

Flo  tee we shall 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!

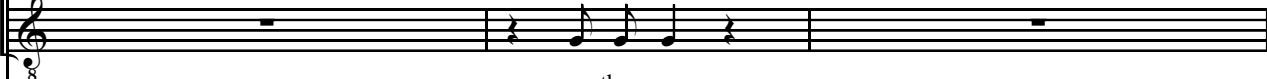



f *p*

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
day And the fact is that they're teach-ing pigs to fly-- And they'll

Hil
Some fine day Pigs to fly;

Flo
Some fine day Pigs to fly;

Piano

112

Cyr
8
prac - tice what they're preach - ing by and bye— Each new - ly joined as - pi - rant to the

Hil
8
By and bye!

Flo
8
By and bye!

The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady eighth-note bass line.

115

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

Hil
8
to the clan— Known as Man—

Flo
8
to the clan— Known as Man—

Piano

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.

f *ff*

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 *dim.* (diminuendo). The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

10 **Hilarion**

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

Measures 10-18. Hilarion's vocal line begins at measure 10. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* (piano). The key signature changes from one sharp (F#) to two flats (Bb, Eb) at measure 10.

19

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

Measures 19-27. Hilarion's vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

28

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

Measures 28-36. Hilarion's vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

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;

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, *p*

Hil 8 Haugh ty, hum ble, coy, or free, *p*

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

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 with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The lyrics 'maid for me!' are written below the first three staves, followed by a long horizontal line. The fourth staff is for the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef. It includes a section labeled 'Dance' starting at measure 179. The score concludes at measure 183 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, curtsy.)

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 curtsy 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, Its 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, Its pains a-lone are

Cyr
Un - real its love-liest hue, Its pains a-lone are

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

Flo
Un - real its love-liest hue, Its pains a-lone are

p

(* Gilbert wrote alternate lyrics for the men,
but also authorized them to be dispensed with)

28

Prin true! A - las! _____ The world is but a brok-en toy, Its 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! Its

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 conjurer wild,

Explaining all his tricks before he did them?

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

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

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

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

Cyril: That's rather strong.

Psyche: The truth is always strong!

* *hip-Par-kus*

15. A lady fair, of lineage high Psyche with Cyril, Hilarion & Florian

Allegretto grazioso **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

Cyr

Hilarion

Hil

For the Maid-en fair, whom the

Florian

Flo

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 far 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 far 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 far 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 far see-ing, While Dar - win - ian man though
a man, how - ev - er

90

Psy well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Cyr well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Hil well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

Flo well be-hav'd, At best is only a monkey shav'd.

*(During this, MELISSA has entered unobserved;
she looks on in amazement.)*

Melissa: *(Coming down)* Oh, Lady Psyche!

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

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

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

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

Florian: I fear it's rather rough.

Melissa: *(Eagerly)* Oh, don't apologize – I like it so!

16. The woman of the wisest wit
Psyche, Melissa, Cyil, Hilarion & Florian

The musical score is written for a piano and two vocalists, Psyche and Cyril. The piano part is in 8/8 time and features a complex, flowing melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction and the start of Psyche's vocal line. The second system continues Psyche's vocal line with lyrics. The third system shows the start of Cyril's vocal line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the vocalists.

Psyche

7
1. The wo - man of the wis - est wit May

13
some - times be mis - ta - ken, O! In I - da's views, I must ad-mit, My faith is some - what

18
shak - en, O!

Cyril

8
On ev - 'ry o - ther point than this, Her learn - ing is un - taint - ed, O! But

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 - quaint-ed, 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 - ous sound, The truth— is found— the truth— is found! —

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

Flo joy - ous 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 - stinct 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 e - cho forth— the joy - ous sound, The

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

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

101

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

Mel truth is found, the truth is found! The 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

p

p

p

p

p

dim.

p

111

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

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

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

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

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

cresc. *f*

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 wouldn't 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 my

30

Mel

Blank

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

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

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 -

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 my day will come! Sing, she — shall — 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 eighth notes A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. 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.

(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 bass line. 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, —". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line.

8

15

S

A

21

S

A

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-ly true

p

43

S So learn your 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

A

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

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

cresc. *f*

70

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

— 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:

* la-la-ZHE

19. Would you know the kind of maid

Cyril

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

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, kiss 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, kiss 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

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

80

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

Women
Oh, joy! our

Allegro vivace
ff

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!

5 9 13

The musical score is for Act II Finale. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace' and the dynamics are 'ff' (fortissimo). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into four systems, each with a measure number (5, 9, 13) at the beginning. The lyrics are: '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

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
8
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 command 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

pp

82

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

89

8 Why should I fear to die?— If 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
De-mand ad - mit - tance to our halls for Hil - de - brand! De -

Princess

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 Scynthius 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-male 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

Tenors

eyes!

Basses

eyes!

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

147

en - ter'd here, Walls are un - a - vail - ing! _____ Rend the air with

Tenors

Walls and fen - ces scal - ing,

Basses

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 - male ex - e - cra - tion

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

f *p*

157

shame - ful tear! Man has en - ter'd here! Walls are un - 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,

146

161 **Women**

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

Tenors

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

Basses

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

8

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

177

8

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

8

no.

no.

Molto vivace con fuoco

ff

187

Hildebrand

8 Some years a - go No doubt you know (and

192

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

197

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

201

8 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 - rion 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

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

Scyn Guron

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!

355

Princess

Be re - as - sured, nor

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

Arac, Guron & Scyn I ra - ther

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

392

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

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

sempre p

399

Hildebrand

8 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.

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

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

pp *fp*

417

a tempo

8 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

rall. *f* *p*

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_ be his 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. *Unis* Our ban - ners

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

471

Princess

To yield at once to such a

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

on out-er wall They fear less ly un - furl. *p* 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 - rion's fair, and strong and tall— A worse mis -

once! Hi - la - rion'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 -

Psyche with Princess

493

De - fi - - - - ance, de - fi - -
 - 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 a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and a common time signature. It features a driving bass line and a more complex treble line with chords and melodic fragments. The vocal parts enter at measure 16. The Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts are written in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru-". The piano accompaniment continues with a strong, rhythmic pattern throughout the vocal section.

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

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

S "Do not hurt us, if it

A "Do not hurt us, if it

Un poco piu lento

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 an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!

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

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

Allegro

(This fanfare was not in the original score,
but was added later, possibly by Sullivan,
for a specific staging.)

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! [*THEE-oh-ree*]

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

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

Where are your rifles, pray?

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

Princess: “They might!” Oh, craven souls!
Go off yourselves! Thank heaven I have a heart
That quails not at the thought of meeting men;
I will discharge your rifles! Off with you!
(Exit CHLOE)
Where's my bandmistress?

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

Princess: Why, this is flat rebellion! I've no time
To talk to them just now. But, happily,
I can play several instruments at once,
And I will drown the shrieks of those that fall
With trumpet music, such as soldiers love!
How stand we with respect to gunpowder?
My Lady Psyche – you who superintend
Our lab'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 cloak, Thy worth-less-ness to cloak!

f *p* *f*

37

2. I drew a sword of steel, But

dim. *p*

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 *sempre p* *ff*

70

Allegro agitato

75

(Enter Chloe)

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

Princess: What do they do here?

Chloe: They come
To fight for you!

Princess: Admit them!

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

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

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

Princess: Father! Thou art free!

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

Princess: Your message.

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

Princess: Insult on insult's head! Are we a stake
For fighting men? What fiend possesses thee,
That thou has come with offers such as these
From such as he to such an one as me?

Gama: I am possessed
By the pale devil of a shaking heart!
My stubborn will is bent. I dare not face
That devilish monarch's black malignity!
He tortures me with torments worse than death,
I haven't anything to grumble at!
He finds out what particular meats I love,
And gives me them. The very choicest wines—
The costliest robes – the richest rooms are mine.
He suffers none to thwart my simplest plan,
And gives strict orders none should contradict me!
He's made my life a curse! (*Weeps*)

Princess: My tortured father!

22. Whene'er I spoke sarcastic joke Gama and Women

Allegro vivace

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 is n'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, Guron and Scynthius.)

Allegro non troppo vivace

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. The vocal parts enter at measure 7. The lyrics are as follows:

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

The score includes piano accompaniment, Tenor (T) and Bass (B) vocal staves, and lyrics. The tempo is *Allegro non troppo vivace*. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment. The vocal parts are written in a simple, direct style, with the lyrics clearly visible below the staves.

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

B

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

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!

[NOTE- this dialog was moved after #25 in by the D'Oyly Carte in 1920. This is its intended position]

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

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

Hilar.: Yes, it is!

Gama: Why, you look handsome in your women's clothes!
Stick to 'em! Men's attire becomes you not!
(To CYRIL and FLORIAN) And you, young ladies, will you please to pray
King Hildebrand to set me free again?
Hang on his neck and gaze into his eyes,
He never could resist a pretty face!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Pointing to LADIES on the battlements)

25. This helmet I suppose

Arac with Guron, Scynthius and Chorus

Allegro comodo

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

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist (Arac) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro comodo'. The score is divided into three systems, each starting with a measure number (1, 4, 6). The vocal line is in bass clef, and the piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with dynamics like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) indicated.

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

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

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

T Yes, yes, yes, They're like a _lob ster 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-claim, 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 they thus dis claim!

T
B

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

26. This is our duty plain

Chorus

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

Allegretto vivace

First System:

Soprano: This is our du - ty
 Alto: if our hearts as -

Second System (starting at measure 7):

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 -

Third System (starting at measure 14):

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 -

* 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

1. 2.

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

T
B

1. 2.

ff

47

S
A

on! Hi - la - - - - - ri - on!

T
B

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. *[THEE-oh-ries]*
 Experiments, the proverb says, are made
 On humble subjects –try our grosser clay,
 And mould it as you will!

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

Princess: And shall I find
 The Lady Psyche here?

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

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

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

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

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

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

27. Act III Finale

* This measure missing
from other vocal scores.

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
T
B

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

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

p

Hilarion

15

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-ci - pal-i-ty Is our mor-tal - i-ty Its sway a - bove! —

20

8

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

p

24

8

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

28

hours — will gai-ly fly! —————

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

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

33

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

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

36

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

T B pal - i - ty Is our mor - tal - i - ty Its sway a - bove! It's sway

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

41 **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 - - -

46 **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*

52

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)