Princess Ida
Property Plot
No. 2 Cy
Act I

1. Opera glasses to be distributed among Lady
2. Telescopes
3. Pelvises
4. Hairdress for King Gama LUE
5. Life of Maravela for Arae Gurn x Seys LUE
6. Large swords Arae Gurn x Seys RUE

Act II

3. Robes & Cape to be discovered on Banker
1. Scroll for Lady Blanche for her 1st entrance
4. Baskets for "Daughters of the Flough"
2. First entrance R. 2 second entrance L.

Act III

3. Linen Bandages for Sacharina Alice x Ada for her last entrances

11. Battle axes for ladies discovered
8. Halbers as in Act III

6. Fighting swords - 3 to be worn by
the 3 chorus gentlemen who stand
immediately behind Arae Gurn x Seys
4. Apart in taking off armours - and
three to the left in corner of Stage L.
for A. Cyril x Oronia

Property Plot Continued

3. Hazel sticks with line to be placed in
2. Entrance left for daughter of King

1. Book for "Princess Ida" for the 2nd entrance
8. Halbers for chorus gentlemen LUE
1. Bell in "C" concert-pitch prompt entrance
1. Crash prompt entrance
PRINCESS IDA.

PROLOGUE.

Scene.—Pavilion attached to King Hildebrand's Palace. Soldiers and Courtiers discovered looking out through opera glasses, telescopes, etc., FLORENTINE BANDING.

Chorus.
Search throughout the panorama
For a sign of royal Gama,
Who to-day should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter—
Ida is her name.

Some misfortune evidently
Has detained them—consequently
Search throughout the panorama
For the daughter of King Gama,
Prince Hilariun's flame!

Solo.
Flor. Will Prince Hilariun's hopes be sadly blighted?
All. Who can tell?
Flor. Will Ida break the vows that she has plighted?
All. Who can tell?
Flor. Will she lack out, and say she did not mean them?
All. Who can tell?
Flor. If so, there'll be the ducat to pay between them!
All. No—well not despair,
For Gama would not dare
To make a deadly foe
Of Hildebrand, and so,
Search throughout, &c.
Enter King Hildebrand, with Cyril.

HILDEBRAND. See you no sign of Gama?

FLORENC. None, my liege!

HILDEBRAND. 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 Hilarian was betrothed

At the extremely early age of one,

There's war between King Gama and ourselves!

(Asides 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!

C Y R I L. But, sir, a twisted and ungainly trunk

Often bears goodly fruit. Perhaps he was

A kind, well-spoken gentleman?

HILDEBRAND. Oh, no!

For, adder-like, his sting lay in his tongue.

(His "sting" is present, though his "stung" is past.)

FLORENC. (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!

HILDEBRAND. Ha! Is the Princess with him?

FLORENC. Well, my liege,

Unless her highness is full six feet high,

And wears mustachio too—and smokes cigars—

And rides en carosse in coat of steel—

I do not think she is.

HILDEBRAND. 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 hangout 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!
SONG AND CHORUS.

HILD. Now hearken to my strict command
On every hand, on every hand—

CHORUS.

To your command,
On every hand,
We dutifully bow!

HILD. If Gama bring the Princess here
Give him good cheer, give him good cheer.

CHORUS.

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

Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!
We'll shout and sing
Long live the King,
And his daughter, too, I trow!
Then shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah!
For the fair Princess and her good papa,

Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah!

HILD. But if he fail to keep his troth,
Upon our oath, we'll trounce them both!

CHORUS.

He'll trounce them both,
Upon his oath.
As sure as quarter day!

HILD. We'll shut him up in a dungeon cell,
And toll his knell on a funeral bell.

CHORUS.

From dungeon cell,
His funeral knell,
Shall strike him with dismay!
And we'll shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah!

Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!
As up we string,
The faithless King,
In the old familiar way!
We'll shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah!
As we make an end of her false papa.
    Hip, hip, hurrah!
    Hip, hip, hurrah!
    Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!

Enter Hilarion. R U E

Recit.—Hilarion. C
To-day we meet, my baby bride and I—
But ah, my hopes are balanced by my fears!
What transmutations have been conjured by
The silent alchemy of twenty years!

Ballad.—Hilarion.
Ida was a twelve-month old,
    Twenty years ago!
I was twice her age, I'm told,
    Twenty years ago!
Husband twice as old as wife
Argues ill for married life
Baleful prophecies were rife,
    Twenty years ago!
Still, I was a tiny prince
    Twenty years ago.
She has gained upon me, since
    Twenty years ago.
Though she's twenty-one, it's true,
I am barely twenty-two—
False and foolish prophets you,
    Twenty years ago!

Enter Hildebrand. L U E

Hil. Well, father, is there news for me at last?
Hildebrand. The boy is in sight, but much I fear
Hil. With no Princess!
Hil. 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!
HIL. Then I should say the loss of such a wife
Is one to which a reasonable man
Would easily be reconciled.
HIL. Oh, no!
HIL. Or I am not a reasonable man.
She is my wife—has been for twenty years!
(looking through glass) I think I see her now!
HIL. Ha! let me look!
HIL. In my mind's eye, I mean—a blushing bride,
All lace and tucker, frill and furbelow!
How exquisite she looked, as she was borne,
Recumbent, in her foster-mother's arms!
How the bride went—nor would be comforted
Until the blearing mother—for-the-niece,
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.

Enter Courtesan, with Courtesan's Trunk.

Chorus. From the distant panorama.
Come, the sons of royal Guma.
Who, to-day, should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter—
Ida is her name!

Enter: Arag, Gurn, and Scientius.

Song:—Arag.

We are warriors three,
Sons of Guma, Rex,
Like most sons are we,
Masculine in sex.

All Three.

Yes, yes,
Masculine in sex.
ARAC.  
Politics we bar,
They are not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent.

ALL THREE.  
No, no,
Not intelligent.

ARAC.  
But with doughty heart,
And with trusty blade
We can play our part—
Fighting is our trade.

ALL THREE.  
Yes, yes,
Fighting is our trade.

ALL THREE.  
Bold, and fierce, and strong, ha! ha
For a war we burn,
With its right or wrong, ha! ha!
We have no concern.
Order comes to fight, ha! ha
Order is obeyed,
We are men of might, ha! ha
Fighting is our trade.
Yes—yes,
Fighting is our trade, ha! ha
Fighting is our trade.

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

Enter King GAMA. RUE.

SONG.—GAMA.  

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures, I endeavour to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes;
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise:
I love my fellow creatures—I do all the good I can—
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect;
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;
I know everybody's income and what everybody earns;
And I carefully compare it with the income-tax returns;
But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

I'm sure I'm no ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be;
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee,
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.

To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!
GAMA (enraged.) Why, harkye, sir,  
How dare you bandy words with me?

CYRIL. No need,
To bandy aught that appertains to you.

GAMA (furioulsly.) Do you permit this, king?

HILD. L.C. 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!

HILD. 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?

HILD. 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!

HILD. (furioulsly). 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!

HILD. Where is she now?

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

CYRIL. A hundred girls! A hundred ecstacies!
Gama. But no more girls, my good young gentleman: 
With all the college learning that you boast, 
The youngest there will prove a match for you.

Cebil. With all my heart; if she's the prettiest! 
(To Flo.) Fancy, a hundred matches—all right!—
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 tender brains, 
And not their hearts. They're safety matches, sir, 
And they light only on the knowledge box— 
So you're no chance!

Flo. Are there no males whatever in those walls?

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

Cebil. Ah, then they have male poultry?

Gama. Not at all, 
(Confidentially.) The crowing's done by an accomplished hen!

Duet.—Gama and Cebilzbrand.

Gama. Perhaps you address the lady 
Most politely, most politely— 
Flatter and impress the lady, 
Most politely, most politely— 
Humbly beg and humbly sue— 
She may deign to look on you, 
But your doing you must do 
Most politely, most politely!

All. Humbly beg and humbly sue, &c.

Hill. &c. 
Go you, and inform the lady, 
Most politely, most politely, 
If she don't, we'll storm the lady, 
Most politely, most politely!
(To Gama) You'll remain as hostage here; Should Hilarion disappear,
We will hang you, never fear,
Most politely, most politely!

All

He'll remain as hostage here, &c.
You'll

Gama, Arac, Gurion, and Scytrus are marched off in custody. Hildebrand following. L.U.E. Ladies Envy.

Rute.—Hilarion.
Come, Cyril, Florian, our course is plain,
To-morrow morn fair Ida we'll engage;
But we will use no force her love to gain,
Nature has armed us for the war we wage!

Theo.—Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian.

Hy. chord. RC Expressive glances
Shall be our banners,
And pens of Silicy
Our light artillery,
We'll storm their bowers
With scented showers
Of fairest flowers
That we can buy!

Chor. Oh dainty triolet!
Oh fragrant violet!
Oh gentle heigho-jet
(Of little sigh)
On sweet softness,
Though mere vanity,
To touch their vanity
We will rely!

Cyr. RC Kneeling
When day is fading
With screeching
And such frivolity
We'll prove our quality.
A sweet profusion
Of soft allusion
This bold intrusion
Shall justify.

Chor. Oh dainty triolet, &c.
We'll charm their senses
With verbal fences,
With ballads amatory
And declamatory.
And little heeding
Their pretty pleading
Our love exceeding
We'll justify!

Chor. Oh dainty triolet, &c

(Re-enter Gama, Arac, Guron, and Scythius heavily armed.) L.U.E

Recit.

Gama. Must we, till then, in prison cell be thrust?
Held. You must!
Gama. This seems unnecessarily severe!
Arac, Guron, and Scythius. Hear, hear!

Ted—Arac, Guron, and Scythius. Come down in four

For a month to dwell
In a dungeon cell;
Growing thin and wizen
In a solitary prison;
Is a poor look out
For a soldier stout,
Who is longing for the rattle
Of a complicated battle—
For the rum-tum-tum
Of the military drum,
And the guns that go boom! boom!

All. Boom! boom! boom! boom!

Hep-tum-tum—tum—tum—tum!
Boom! boom!

Held. When Hilarion's bride
Has at length complied
With the just conditions
Of our requisitions,
You may go in haste
And indulge your taste
For the fascinating rattle
Of a complicated battle.
For the rum-tum tum,  
Of the military drum, 
   And the guns that go boom! boom!

All. 

Boo-m-boom, &c. 

But till that time { we'll } here remain, 
{ you'll } will not entertain, 
{ they } will not entertain, 
{ we } will not entertain, 
{ they } will not entertain, 
{ we } will not entertain, 
{ she } will not entertain, 
{ we } will not entertain, 
{ she } will not entertain, 
{ we } will not entertain, 
{ our } mandate disobey, 
{ our } mandate disobey, 
{ your } mandate disobey, 
{ your } mandate disobey, 
{ our } lives the penalty will pay, 
{ our } lives the penalty will pay, 
{ your } lives the penalty will pay, 
{ your } lives the penalty will pay.

(Gama, Arac, Guron, and Scynthius are marched off.)

Gama last so that Curtain falls with 
his L.C. looking indignant at the 
Chorus who are all laughing & pointing 
at him - & curtsying ironically.
**ACT II**

Gardens in Castle Adaman. A river runs across the back of the stage, crossed by a rustic bridge. Castle Adaman in the distance.

Girl graduates discovered sitting at the foot of Lady Pitcher.

**CHOIR.**

Towards the empyrean heights
Of every kind of love,
We've taken several easy flights,
And mean to take some more.
In trying to achieve annihilation
No envy racks our heart,
And all the knowledge we possess,
We mutually impart.

**SOLO—Melissa, RC**

Pray what authors should she read
Who in Classics would succeed?

**Pitcher.**

If you'd cross the Helicon,
You should read Homer,
Ovid's Metamorphoses,
Likewise Aristophanes,
And the works of Juvenal:
These are worth attention, all;
But, if you will be advised,
You will get them Bowdlerized!

**CHOIR.**

Yes, we'll do as we're advised,
We will get them Bowdlerized!
Pray you tell us, if you can,
What's the thing that's known as Man?

**Psyche.**

**Man will swear and Man will storm—**
Man is not at all good form—
Man is of no kind of use—
Man's a donkey—Man's a goose—
Man is coarse and Man is plain—
Man is more or less insane—
Man's a rhyd—Man's a rake,
Man is Nature's sole mistake!

**Chorus.**

We'll a memorandum make—  all utie
Man is Nature's sole mistake!
And thus to empyrean height
Of every kind of lore,
In search of wisdom's pure delight,
Ambitiously we soar.
In trying to achieve success
No envy racks our heart,
For all we know and all we guess,
We mutually impart!

**R.I.E.**

Enter Lady Blanche. All stand up demurely.

**Bla. C**

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

**All.**

Expelled!

**Bla.**

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!

**Bla.**

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

**Chloe. R.C.**

Ah!

**Bla.**

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

**All (horrited).**

Oh!
Bla. Double perambulator, 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.

Enter the Princess.

Chorus. all kneeling except Lady Blank.

Mighty maiden with a mission,
Paragon of common sense,
Running fount of erudition,
Miracle of eloquence,

We are blind, and we would see;
We are bound, and would be free;
We are dumb, and we would talk;
We are lame, and we would walk.

Mighty maiden with a mission—
Paragon of common sense;
Running fount of erudition—
Miracle of eloquence!

Prin. (Recit.) Minerva! hear me:

Aria.

At this my call,
A fervent few
Have come to woo
The rays that from thee fall.

Oh, goddess wise
That lovest light,
Endow with sight
Their unillumined eyes.

Let fervent words and fervent thoughts be mine,
That I may lead them to thy sacred shrine!

Women of Adamant, fair Neophytes—
Who thirst for such instruction as we give,
Attend, while I unfold a parable.
The elephant is mightier than Man,
Yet Man subdues him. Why? The elephant
Is elephantine everywhere but here (tapping her forehead),
And Man, whose brain is to the elephant's,
As Woman's brain to Man's—(that's rule of three)—
Conquers the foolish giant of the woods,
As Woman, in her turn, shall conquer Man!
In Mathematics, Woman leads the way—
The narrow-minded pedant still believes:
That two and two make four! Why we can prove,
We women—household drudges as we are—
That two and two make five—or three—or seven;
Or five and twenty, if the case demands!
Diplomacy? The wildest diplomat
Is absolutely helpless in our hands,
He wheedles monarchs—woman wheedles him!—
Logic? Why, tyrant Man himself admits
It's waste of time to argue with a woman!
Then we excel in social qualities:
Though Man professes that he holds our sex
In utter scorn, I venture to believe
He'd rather spend 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!

C. (Coming down) Who lectures in the Hall of Arts to-day? all set up

Bla.R.E. 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!

Prin. The subject's deep—how do you treat it, pray?
Bla. 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!

Prin. Your theme's ambitious: pray you bear in mind
Who highest soar fall farthest. Fare you well,
You and your pupils! Maidens, follow me.

EXECUT PRINCESS and MAIDENS singing refrain of chorus, "And thus to empyren heights," etc. MAIDEN LADY BLANCHE.

Sib. C. Bla. I should command here—I was born to rule,
I shall some day. Not yet. I bide my time.
I once was Some One—and the Was Will Be,
The Present as we speak becomes the Past,
The Past repeats itself, and so is Future!
This sounds involved. It's not. It's right enough.

SONG.—LADY BLANCHE.

Come mighty Must!
Inevitable Shall!
In thee I trust,
Time weaves my coronal!
Go mocking Is!
Go disappointing Was!
That I am this
Ye are the cursed cause!
Yet humble second shall be first,
I ween;
And dead and buried be the curst
Has Been!

Oh weak Might Be!
Oh May, Might, Could, Would, Should!
How powerless ye
For evil or for good!
In every sense
Your moods I cheerless call,
Whate'er your tense
Ye are Imperfect, all!
Ye have deceived the trust that I've shown
In ye!
Away! The Mighty Must alone
Shall be!

[Exit LADY BLANCHE R.I.E.]
Enter Hilarion, Cyril, and Florian, climbing over wall, and creeping cautiously among the trees and rocks at the back of the stage.

Trio—Hilarion, Cyril, Florian.

Gently, gently,
Evidently
We are safe so far,
After scaling
Fence and paling,
Here, at last, we are!
In this college
Useful knowledge
Everywhere one finds,
And already
Growing steady,
We've enlarged our minds.

Cyril. We've learnt that prickly cactus
Has the power to attract us
When we fall.

All. When we fall?

Hilarion. That nothing man unsettles
Like a bed of stinging nettles,
Short or tall.

All. Short or tall!

Florian. That bull-dogs feed on throttles—
That we don't like broken bottles
On a wall—

All. On a wall.

Hilarion. That spring-guns breathe defiance—
And that burglary's a science
After all!

All. After all.

Reprise—Florian.

A woman's college! maddest folly going!
What can girls learn within its walls worth knowing?
I'll lay a crown (the Princess shall decide it)
I'll teach them twice as much in half-an-hour outside it!

Hilarion.
Hush, scroffer; are you sound your puny thunder,
List to their aims, and bow your head in wonder!
They intend to send a wire
To the moon—to the moon;
And they'll set the Thames on fire
Very soon—very soon;
Then they learn to make silk purses
With their rigs—with their rigs
From the ears of Lady Circ's
Piggy-wigs—piggy-wigs.
And weazes at their shoulders
They trepan—they trepan;
To get sunbeams from cauckles,
They've a plan—they've a plan.
They've a firmly rooted notion
They can cross the Polar Ocean,
And they'll find Perpetual Motion,
If they can—if they can.

These are the phenomena
That every pretty domna
Hopes that we shall see
At this Universitee.

As for fashion, they forswear it,
So they say—so they say—
And the circle—they will square it
Some fine day—some fine day—
Then the little pigs they're teaching
For to fly—for to fly.
And the negroes they'll be blearing,
By and bye—by and bye!
Each newly joined aspirant
To the clan—to the clan—
Must repudiate the tyrant
Known as Man—known as Man—
They mock at him and flout him,
For they do not care about him,
And they're "going to do without him!"
If they can—if they can!

These are the phenomena
That every pretty domna
Hopes that we shall see
At this Universitee.

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!
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!

But what are these? [Examining some College robes]

Worn by the holy undergraduates,
When they matriculate. Let’s try them on. [They do so]
Why, see—we’re covered to the very toes.
Three lovely holy undergraduates
Who, weary of the world and all its wooing—
And penitent for deeds there’s no undoing—
Looked at askance by well-conducted maidens—
Seek sanctuary in these classic chasies!

I am a maiden, cold and stately,
Heartless I, with a face divine.
What do I want with a heart, innately?
Every heart I meet is mine!

Haughty, humble, ooy, ooy, free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

I am a maiden frank and simple,
Brimming with joyous roguery;
Merriment lurks in every simple
Nobody breaks more hearts than I!

Haughty, humble, ooy, ooy, free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

I am a maiden coyly blushing,
Timid I as a startled hind;
Every suitor sets me flushing:
I am the maid that wins mankind!

Haughty, humble, ooy, ooy, free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

([Enter the Pedlar, She does not see them.)

(Enter C.)

At end of trio they dance with passion.
FLO. But who comes here? The Princess, as I live! What shall we do?

HEL. (aside). Why, we must brave it out! (Aloud) Musings, accept our humblest reverence.

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

PRIH. (surprised). We greet you, ladies. What would you with us?

HEL. (aside). What shall I say? (Aloud.) We are three students, ma'am,

Three well-born maids of liberal estate,

Who wish to join this University.

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

PRIH. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks;

And will subscribe to all our rules, 'tis well,

FLO. To all your rules we cheerfully subscribe.

PRIH. You say you're noblewomen. Well, you'll find
No shame degrees for noblewomen here.

You'll find no snobs here, or servants,

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 those walls,

All good, all learned, and all beautiful:

They are prepared to love you: will you swear

To give the fulness of your love to them?

HEL. Upon our words and honours, ma'am, we will!

PRIH. But we go further: will you undertake

That you will never marry any man?

FLO. Indeed we never will!

PRIH. Consider well,

You must prefer our maids to all mankind!

HEL. To all mankind we much prefer your maids:

Cyr. We should be dolts indeed, if we did not,

Seeing how fair—

HEL. (aside to Cyrril). Take care—that's rather strong!

PRIH. But have you left no lovers at your home

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

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

Cyri. If so, say:
A hundred lovely maidens wait within,
To welcome us with smiles and open arms,
I think there's very little doubt we shall!

QUINTETTE—Princess, Hilary, Cyri, Floria.

Prin. The world is but a broken toy,
Its pleasure hollow—false its joy,
Unreal its loveliest hue,
Alas!
Its pains alone are true,
Alas!
Its pains alone are true.

Hil. The world is everything you say,
The world we think has found its day,
Its meriment is slow,
Alas!
We've tried it, and we know,
Alas!
We've tried it and we know.

Tutty.

Princess. The world is but a broken toy,
Its pleasures hollow—false its joy,
Unreal its loveliest hue,
Alas!
Its pains alone are true,
Alas?
Its pains alone are true!

Hilary, Cyri, Floria.

The world is but a broken toy,
We freely give it up with joy,
Unreal its loveliest hue,
Alas!
We quite agree with you,
Alas?
We quite agree with you!

Exit Princess. The three gentilmen watch her off. Lady Patsch
eaters, and regards them with amusement.
[Scene: A party is in progress. Psyche, a young woman, is introduced to the guests.]

**Hil.** [to Psyche] Faith, the plunge is taken, gentlemen! For, willy-nilly, we are maidens now. And none against our will we must remain! [All laugh heartily.]

**Act.** [Aside] These ladies are unseemly in their mirth. [The gentlewomen see her and, in confusion, resume their modest demeanour.]

**Proc.** [Aside] Here's a catastrophe, Hilarion! This is my sister! She'll remember me. Though years have passed since she and I have met!

**Hil.** [Aside to Florian] Then make a virtue of necessity, and trust our secret to her gentle care.

**Fio.** [to Psych., who has watched Cyril in astonishment] Psyche, why, don't you know me? Florian!

**Proc.** [amazed] Why, Florian!

**Fio.** My sister! [embraces her.]

**Proc.** Oh, my dear!

**Hil.** I am that Prince Hilarion to whom your Princess is betrothed. I come to claim her pledged love. Your brother Florian and Cyril, come to see me safely through.

**Proc.** The prince Hilarion? Cyril too? How strange! My earliest playfellow!

**Cyril.** Why, let me look! Are you that learned little Psyche who at school alarmed her mates because she called a buttercup "rambusculus bullosus"?

**Proc.** Are you indeed that Emily Psyche, who at children's parties drove the conjurer wild, explaining all his tricks before he did them?

**Hil.** Are you that learned little Psyche, who at dinner parties, brought into dessert, would tackle visitors with "You don't know who first determined longitude—I do—Hipparchus 'twas—s.e. one sixty-three."

**Proc.** Are you indeed that small phenomenon?

**Hil.** That small phenomenon indeed am I! But gentlemen 'tis death to enter here; we have all promised to renounce mankind!

**Fio.** Renounce mankind? On what ground do you base this senseless resolution?
Pat.    Senseless? No.
We are all taught, and, being taught, believe
That Man, sprung from an Ape; is Ape at heart.
Cry. That's rather strong.
Pat. The truth is always strong.

Song—Lady Petcher.

The Ape and the Lady.

A fairy, of lineage high,
Was loved by an Ape, in the days gone by—
The Maid was radiant as the sun,
The Ape was a most unseemly one—
So it would not do—
His scheme fell through,
For the Maid, when his love took formal shape,
Expressed such terror
At his monstrous error,
That he stammered an apology and made his escape.
The picture of a disconcerted Ape.
With a view to rise in the social scale,
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,
He grew moustaches, and he took his tub,
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club—
but it would not do.
The scheme fell through—
For the Maid was beauty's fairest Queen,
With golden tresses,
Like a real princess's.
While the Ape, despite his razor keen,
Was the ugliest Ape that ever was seen!
He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots—
And to start in life on a brazen new plan,
He christened himself Darwinian Man?
But it would not do.
The scheme fell through—
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,
Was a radiant Being,
With a brain far-seeing—
While a Man, however well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

(During this Melissa has entered unobserved; she looks on in amaze-
mendment.)

A Canon down L.C.
MEL. (coming down). Oh, Lady Psyche!

PMT. (terrified) \underline{No!} So? What! you heard us then?

MEL. Oh, all is lost!

MEL. Not so! I'll breathe no word!

(Advancing in astonishment to FLO.)

How marvelously strange! and are you then

Indeed young men?

FLO. Well, yes, just now we are—

But hope by dint of study to become,

In course of time, young women.

MEL. (exulting) \underline{No!}

Oh don't do that! Is this indeed a man?

I've often heard of them, but, till to-day,

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-palpy softness which

One gets so weary of in woman-kind;

Their features are more marked—and—oh their chins!

How curious!

(FLO. Peeling his chin.)

FLO. I fear it's rather rough.

MEL. (exulting) Oh don't apologise—I like it so!

QUINTElette—PsycH, MElissa, HILARION, CURIX, FLOREIAN.

PMT. The woman of the wisest wit

May sometimes be mistaken, O!

In Idô's views, I must admit,

My faith is somewhat shaken, O!

Cyr. On every other point than this,

Her learning is unshaken, O!

But Man's a theme with which she is

Entirely unacquainted, O!

—acquainted, O!

—acquainted, O!

Entirely unacquainted, O!

ALL. Then jump for joy and gaily bound,

The truth is found—the truth is found!

Set bells a-ringing through the air—

Ring here and there and everywhere—

And echo forth the joyous sound,

The truth is found—the truth is found! [Dance.]
MEL. My natural instinct teaches me
(And instinct is important, O!)
You're everything you ought to be,
And nothing that you oughtn't, O!

HIL. That fact was seen at once by you
In casual conversation, O!
Which is most creditable to
Your powers of observation, O!
—servation, O!
—servation, O!
Your powers of observation, O!

ALL. Then jump for joy, &c.

Exeunt Psyche, Hilarión, Cyril and Florian. Melissa going. L. U. E.
Enter Lady Blanche. R. I. E.

R. C. Bla. Melissa!

L. C. Mel. (returning) Mother!

Bla. Here—a word with you.
Those are the three new students?

MEL. (confused) Yes they are.
They're charming girls.

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

MEL. (confused) Yes—very skilled.

Bla. They sing so nicely too!

MEL. They do sing nicely!

Bla. Humph! It's very odd.
One is a tenor, two are baritones!

MEL. (much agitated) They've all got colds!

Bla. Colds! Bah! D'ye think I'm blind?
These "girls" are men disguised!

MEL. 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—

Bla. (opening it) Cigars!
Why these are men! And you knew this, you minx
Mel. 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!

Bla. (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! (soco L.C.)

Duet.—Melissa and Lady Blanche.

Mel. Now wouldn't you like to rule the roast, And guide this University?

Bla. I must agree 'Twould pleasant be. (Sing hey a Proper Pride!)

Mel. And wouldn't you like to clear the coast Of malice and perversity?

Bla. Without a doubt I'll bundle 'em out, Sing hey, when I preside!

Both. Sing, hoity, toity! Sorry for some! Marry come up and my day will come! Sing Proper Pride Is the horse to ride, And Happy-go-lucky, my Lady, O!

RE Bla. For years I've writhed beneath her sneers, Although a born Plantagenet!

LE Mel. You're much too meek, Or you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more!)

Bla. Her elder I, by several years, Although you'd never imagine it.

Mel. Sing, so I've heard But never a word Have I ever believed before!
Chorus ladies enter from either side &  
stand in centre & go round stage R. L  
until they get to their original positions.  
Lady Blanche enters R. L  
Cecil Pays Mr. Nor - Sack: Nurse & Mr.  
Enter LUE in the order named & take  
up positions on the end of the chorus  
as shown on next page. The ladies  
move their right hands as if ringing a  
bell.

BORN. Sing, hoity toity! Sorry for some!  
Marry come up, her day will come!  
Sing, she shall learn  
That a worm will turn,  
Sing Happy-go-lucky, my Lady L.  
[End Lady Blanche. R. L. E.  
Miss. Saved for a time, at least!  

Enter Floriot, on tiptoe. L. U. E.  

Flor. (whispering).  

Mellons—come!  

R. Miss. 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 those ——  
"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—to—not that!  

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

Miss. The luncheon bell.  

Flor. I'll wait for luncheon then!  

Enter Hilarion with Princess, Cyril with Prince, Lady Blanche and  
Ladies. Also "Daughters of the Plough" bearing luncheon,  
which they spread on the rocks.  

Chorus.  

Merrily ring the luncheon bell!  
Here in meadow of asphodel,  
Feast we body and mind as well,  
So merrily ring the luncheon bell!  

Solo—Blanche.  

Hunger, I beg to state,  
It is highly indecent,  
This is a fact profoundly true  
So learn your appetites to subdue.  

All.  

Yes, yes,  
We'll learn our appetites to subdue!
Division—Cyril (singing).
Madam, your words so wise,
Nobody should despise.
Curved with an appetite keen I am
And I’ll subdue—
And I’ll subdue—
And I’ll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

All.
Yes—yes—
We’ll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

Chorus.
Merrily ring, &c.

Pun.
You say you know the court of Hildebrand?
There is a Prince there—I forget his name—

Hil.
Hilarion?

Pun.
Exactly—is he well?

Hil.
If he 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 he be well, I say, to do all this,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well.

Pun.
He breathes our name? Well, it’s a common one!
And is the booby comely?

Hil.
Pretty well.
I’ve heard it said that if I dressed myself
In Prince Hilarion’s clothes (supposing this
Consisted with my modesty),
I might be taken for Hilarion’s girl.
But what is this to you or me, who think
Of all mankind with undisguised contempt?

Pun.
Contempt? Why, damsel, when I think of man,
Contempt is not the word.

Cyr. (getting angry).
I’m sure of that,
Or if it is, it surely should not be!

Hil. (aside to Cyril). Be quiet, idiot, or they’ll find us out!

Cyr. The Prince Hilarion’s a greedy lad!

Pun.
You know him then?

Cyr. (tightly).
I rather think I do!

Pun.
Why, what’s this?

Cyr.
We do indeed—all three!

Hil.
Madam, she jests! (aside to Cyril) Remember where you are!
Curt.  Jests ? Not at all! Why, bless my heart alive,
You and Hilarion, when at the Count,
Rode the same horse!

Prin.  (horrified)  

Astride?

Curt.  Of course! Why not?
Wore the same clothes—and once or twice, I think,
Got tipsy in the same good company!

Prin.  Well, there are nice young ladies, on my word!

Curt.  (tip toying.)  Don't you remember that old kissing-song
He'd sing to blushing Mistress Lalous,
The hostess of the Pigeons? Thus it ran:

Sons—Curt.  a.

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

Would you know the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a?
Eyes must be downcast and staid,
Cheeks must flush for shame-a!
She may neither dance nor sing,
But, demure in everything,
Hang her head in modest way,
With pouting lips that seem to say
"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
Though I die of shame-a!

Please you, that's the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a!

When a maid is bold and gay
With a tongue goes clang-a!
Flaunting it in brave array,
Maiden may go hang-a!
Sunflower gay and hollyhock
Never shall my garden stock;
Mine the blushing rose of Mary,
With pouting lips that seem to say
"Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
Though I die of shame-a!

Please you that's the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a!

Prin.  Infamous creature, get you hence away!

Hilarion, who has been with difficulty restrained by Florian during
this song, breaks from him and strikes Curt. furiously on the breast.
HEL. Dog! there is something more to sing about!

CYR. (entered). Hilarion, are you mad?

FRIN. (terrified). 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,—Ah!

FIN. Oh! save her, sir!

BLA. It's useless, sir—you'll only catch your death!

SACH. He catches her!

MRS. Again she's in his grasp—

FIN. He seizes her back hair!

BLA. (not looking.) And it comes off!

FIN. No, no! She's saved!—she's saved!—she's saved!—she's saved!

(Hilarion is seen swimming with Princess in one arm. The Princess and he are brought to land.)

FINALE.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Oh! joy, our chief is saved,

And by Hilarion's hand:

The torrent fierce he braved,

And brought her safe to land!

For his intrusion we must own

This doughty deed may well atone!

...[Entrance of Farmers, singing]

FIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes:

The man whose sacrilegious eyes

...[Ending]
Song.—HILARION.

Whom thou hast chained must wear his chain,
Thou canst not set him free,
He wrestles with his bonds in vain
Who lives by loving thee?
If heart of stone for heart of fire,
Be all thou hast to give,
If dead to me my heart's desire,
Why should I wish to live?

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

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

Enter Melissa. L.U.E.

MEL. Madam, without the castle walls
An armed band
Demand admittance to our halls
For Hildebrand!

ALL. — Oh horror! —

PRI. Deny them!
We will defy them!

ALL. Too late—too late!
The castle gate
Is battered by them!

The gate yields. HILDEBRAND and Soldiers rush in. Acto, Gibon,
and Bevehins are with them, but with their hands handcuffed.

All. (Soldiers and Ladies). Too late—too late,
The castle gate
Is battered by them!
**ENSEMBLE.**

**GIRLS.**

Rend the air with wailing,
Shed the shameful tear!
Walls are unavailing,
Man has entered here!
Shame and desecration
Are his staunch allies,
Let your lamentation
Echo to the skies!

**MEN.**

Walls and fences scaling,
Promptly we appear;
Walls are unavailing,
We have entered here.
Female execration
Stifle if you're wise,
Stop your lamentation,
Dry your pretty eyes!

**RECIT.**

**PRIN.**
Audacious tyrant, do you dare
To hear a maiden in her lair?

**KING.**
Since you enquire,
We've no desire
To hear a maiden here, or anywhere!

**SOL.**
No no—we've no desire
To hear a maiden here, or anywhere!

**S O L O—H I L D E B R A N D.**

Some years ago
No doubt you know
(And if you don't I'll tell you so)
You gave your troth
Upon your oath
To Hilarion my son,
A vow you make
You must not break,
(If you think you may, it's a great mistake,)
For a bride's a bride
Though the knot were tied
At the early age of one!
And I'm a peppy kind of King,
Who's indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and the short of it!

**ALL.**
For he's a peppy kind of King, &c.
If you decide
To pocket your pride
And let Hilarion claim his bride,
Why, well and good,
It's understood
We'll let bygones go by—
   But if you choose
   To sulk in the blues
   'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes.
   'll storm your walls,
   And level your halls,
   In the twinkling of an eye!
   For I'm a peppery Potentate,
   Who's little inclined his claim to bate,
   To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
   And that's the long and the short of it.

**Trio.—Arac, Guron, and Scynthius.**

Words down

We may remark, though nothing can
dismay us,
That if you thwart this gentleman,
He'll slay us.
We don't fear death, of course—we're taught
To shame it;
But still upon the whole we thought
We'd name it.
*(To each other)* Yes, yes, better perhaps to name it.

**Our interests we would not press**

With chatter,
Three hulking brothers more or less
don't matter;
If you'd pooh-pooh this monarch's plan,
Pooh-pooh it,
But when he says he'll hang a man,
He'll do it.
*(To each other)* Yes, yes, devil doubt he'll do it.

**L.C. PRIN (Recit.)** Be reassured, nor fear his anger blind,
His menaces are idle as the wind.
He dares not kill you—vengeance lurks behind!

**AR., GUR., SCYN.** We rather think he dares, but never mind:
   No, no,—never, never mind!

**R.C. KING.** Enough of parley—as a special boon—
We give you till to-morrow afternoon:
Release Hilarion, then, and be his bride,
Or you'll incur the guilt of fratricide!
ENSEMBLE.

PRINCESS. THE OTHERS.
To yield at once to such a foe Ok! yield at once, 'twere better so,
With shame were rife; Than risk a strife!
So quick! away with him, although He saved my life!
And let the Prince Hilarion go— He saved my life!
He saved my life!
That he is fair, and strong, and tall, Hilarion’s fair, and strong, and tall—
Is very evident to all, A worse misfortune might befall—
Yet I will die before I call It’s not so dreadful, after all,
Myself his wife! To be his wife!

SOLO—PRINCESS.
Though I am but a girl,
Dedanne thus I hurr,
Our banners all
On outer wall
We fearlessly unfold.

ALL.
Though she is but a girl, &c.

PRINCESS.

THE OTHERS.
That he is fair, &c.
Hilarion’s fair, &c.

The Princess stands on, surrounded by girls kneeling. The Kawa and
so there stand on built racks at back and sides of stage. Picture.

Kestrel’s nest at the end of the lawn.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.
ACT III

SCENE.—Outer Walls and Courtyard of Castle Adalament. MELISSA,
SACHARISMA and ladies discovered, armed with battle axes.

CHORUS
Death to the invader!
Strike a deadly blow,
As an old Crusader
Struck his Paynim foe!
Let our martial thunder
Fill his soul with wonder.
Tear his rank's banner,
Lay the tyrant low!

SOLO.—MELISSA
Thus our courage, all unburnished
We've instructed to display:
But to tell the truth unvarnished,
We are more inclined to say:
"Please you, do not hurt us."

All. "Do not hurt us, if it please you!"

MEL. "Please you let us be."

All. "Let us be—let us be!"

MEL. "Soldiers disconcert us."

All. "Disconcert us, if it please you!"

MEL. "Frightened maids are we."

All. "Maids are we—maids are we!"

MELISSA,
But twould be an error
To confess our terror,
So, in Ida's name,
Boldly we exclaim:
Death to the invader
Strike a deadly blow—
As an old Crusader
Struck his Psalms for
Let our martial thunder
Fill his soul with wonder—
Tear his ranks asunder—
Lay the tyrant low!

Flourish. Enter Prince, armed, attended by Blanche and Patch.

PRIN. I like your spirit, sir! 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.

BLA. One moment, ma'am.

Here is a paradox we should not pass
Without enquiry. 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 bought
Unless you’re simply furnished with the Needful.
These singular considerations are
Superfluous, yet not Needful—so you see
The terms may independently exist.

(TO LADIES) Women of Adaman, we have to show
That Woman, 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.

SAC. Madam, here!

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

SAC. What, heal the wounded?

PRIN. Yes!

SAC. And cut off real live legs and arms?

PRIN. Of course!

SAC. I wouldn’t do it for a thousand pounds!

PRIN. Why how is this? Are you faint-hearted, girl?
You’ve often cut them off in theory!
In theory I'll cut them off again
With pleasure, and as often as you like,
But not in practice.

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?

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!

"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!
Where's my band mistress?

Please you, ma'am, the band
Do not feel well, and can't come out to-day!

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'atory—are you well prepared
To blow these bearded rascals into shreds?

Why, madam—

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!

(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 "Death to the Invader;"
pianissimo.

So fail my cherished plans—so fails my faith—
And with it hope, and all that comes of hope!
Song—Princess.
I built upon a rock,
But ere Destruction's hand
Dealt equal lot
To Court and cot,
My rock had turned to sand!
Ah, faithless rock,
My simple faith to mock!
I leant upon an oak.
But in the hour of need,
Alack-a-day,
My trusted stay
Was but a bruised reed!
Ah, trait'rous oak
Thy worthlessness to cloke!
I drew a sword of steel,
But when to home and hearth
The battle's breath
Bore fire and death,
My sword was but a lath!
Ah, coward steel
That fear can unannal!

She sinks on a bank. Enter Chloe and all the ladies.

Chloe (kneeling) Madam, your father and your brothers claim
An audience!
Prin. What do they do here?
Chloe. They come to fight for you!
Prin. Admit them!
Bla. Infamous!
Prin. One's brothers, ma'am, are men!
Prin. 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
(Enter Gama quite pale and unnerved.)

Gama. My daughter!
Prin. 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 black captivity.
I'm free so far.
Your message.

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!

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

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! (weep)

My tortured father!

SONG—GAMA. c

When’er I spoke
Sarcastic joke
Replete with malice spiteful,
This people mild
Politely smiled,
And voted me delightful!
Now when a wight
Sits up all night
Ill-natured jokes devising,
And all his wiles
Are met with smiles,
It’s hard, there’s no disguising!
Oh, don’t the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn’t your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

When German bands
From music stands
Played Wagner imperfectly—
I bade them go—
They didn't say no.
But off they went directly!
The organ boys
They stopped their noise
With readiness surprising,
And grinning herds
Of hardy-gurds
Retired apologising!
Oh, don't the days seem long and dull, &c.
I offered gold
In sums untold
To all who'd contradict me—
I said I'd pay
A pound a day
To any one who kicked me—
I bribed with toys
Great vulgar boys
To utter something spiteful,
But, bless you, no!
They would be so
Confoundedly politeful!

In short, these aggravating lads
They tickle my tastes, they feed my fads,
They give me this and they give me that,
And I've nothing whatever to grumble at!

(He bursts into tears, and falls sobbing on a bank.)

Prin. My poor old father! How he must have suffered!
Well well, I yield!

Gama. (hysterically.) She yields! I'm saved, I'm saved!

Prin. Open the gates—admit these warriors,
Then get you all within the castle walls.

(The gates are opened, and the girls mount the battlements as Hildebrand enters with soldiers. Also Abac, Guron, and Scynthius.)

Princ goes off R.I.E.

Chorus of Soldiers.

When anger spreads his wing,
And all seems dark as night for it,
There's nothing but to fight for it,
But ere you pitch your ring,
Select a pretty site for it,
(This spot is suited quite for it),
And then you gaily sing,
"Oh, I love the jolly rattle
Of an ordeal by battle,
There's an end of tittle, tattle,
When your enemy is dead.
It's an arrest, molly muddle,
Fears a crack upon the saddle,
And he's only fit to swaddle,
In a downy feather-bed! —

Ach, I love the jolly rattle...

For a fight's a kind of thing
That I love to look upon,
So let us sing,
Long live the King,
And his son Hilarion!

During this, Hilarion, Florian, and Cyril are brought out by the "Daughters of the Plough." They are still bound and wear the roles.

Gama. Hilarion! Cyril! Florian! dressed as women!

Is this indeed Hilarion?

Hil. Yes it is.

Gama. Why, you look handsome in your women's clothes!

Seek 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 vice in! 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?

Arc. Are, pretty ones, engage yourselves with us.

If three rude warriors affright you not!

Hil. Old as you are I'll wring your shrivelled neck

If you were not the Princess Ida's father.

Gama. If I were not the Princess Ida's father.

And so had not her brothers for my sons,

No doubt you'd wring my neck—in safety too! — Come, come, Hilarion, begin, begin!
Give them no quarter—they will give you none.
You've this advantage over warriors,
Who kill their country's enemies for pay—
Yes, know what you are fighting for—look there!

(Pointing to ladies on the battlefields.)

SING, K'it their hands—ladies, rise up!

This helmet, I suppose,
Was meant to ward off blows,
Its very hot,
And weighs a lot,
As many a guardman knows,
So off that helmet goes.

THE THREE KNIGHTS,
Yes, yes,
So off that helmet goes!

(Giving their helmets to attendants.)

ARAC.
This tight-fitting cuirass
Is but a useless mass,
Its made of steel,
And weighs a deal,
A man is but an ass
Who fights in a cuirass,
So off goes that cuirass.

ALL THREE.
Yes, yes,
So off goes that cuirass!

(Removing cuirasses.)

ARAC.
These brassets, truth to tell,
May look uncommon well,
But in a fight
They're much too tight,
They're like a lobster shell!

ALL THREE.
Yes, yes,
They're like a lobster shell.

(Removing their brassets.)

ARAC.
These things I treat the same, (indicating leg pieces.)
(I quite forget their name)
They turn one's legs
To crumblage pegs—
Their aid I thus disclaim,
Though I forget their name—

ALL THREE.
Yes, yes,
Though we forget their name,
Their aid we thus disclaim!

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

Three chorus, rude, laid them down.
before fight

Arms

[Diary entry]

They fight half round stage for eight bars then Aras falls. Hit! Standing over him then given up stage c rushes at Aras help by this time Argis c down Aras rises c rushes 4 times help. Aras A Blanche set up stage c fighting all fight half round stage no three knights fall together as chorus exclaiming "Alarion be 3!" time

Chloe Lang, Ada

From Blanche

Prix. (entering through gate and followed by Ladies) 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? (letter by Lady Blancz.) How say you, Lady Blancz?

Can I with dignity my post resign?
And if I do, will you then take my place?

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

Prix. I thought as much! Then, to my fate I yield—
So ends my cherished scheme! Oh, I had hoped
To bind all women with my maiden through,
And make them all abjure tyrannic Man!

Held. A noble aim

Prix. You ridicule it now?
But if I carried out this glorious scheme,
At my exalted name Posteriey
Would bow in gratitude!

Held. 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 Posteriey to be provided?"
Pren. I never thought of that! My Lady Blanche, How do you solve the riddle?

Bla. Don't ask me—
Abstract Philosophy won't answer it.
Take him—he is your Shall. Give in to Fate!

Pren. And you desert me. I alone am staunch!

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

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

Pren. And shall I find
The Lady Psyche here?

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

Pren. And you, Melissa, shall I find you here?

Mel. 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?

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

Pren. 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!"
FINALE.

PRINCESS. With joy abiding,
Together gliding
   Through life's variety
   In sweet society,
And thus enthroning
The love I'm owning,
On this atoning
   I will rely!

CHORUS. It were profanity
For poor humanity
To treat as vanity
   The sway of Love,
In no locality
Or principality
Is our mortality
   Its sway above!

HILARION. When day is fading,
With serenading
   And such frivolity
   Of tender quality—
With scented showers
Of fairest flowers,
The happy hours
   Will gaily fly!

CHOR. It were profanity, &c.

CURTAIN.

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W. Hotgoed
Hopheinlum
Pelipield
PRINCESS IDA

PROMPT BOOK

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note

1st issue.

This was original prompt copy used at Savoy Theatre in W.H. Seymour's handwriting.

Mr Allen's Note.

No wrappers, titlepage or DP for evidence but this apparently is a 1st state on basis of Page 36 missing "I"

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