

PRINCESS IDA,

OR

CASTLE ADAMANT.

WORDS BY
W. S. GILBERT

MUSIC BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION

Edited by David Trutt

PRINCESS IDA OR CASTLE ADAMANT
BY W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1894.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION

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David Trutt
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email: davett@verizon.net
Web Site: www.haddon-hall.com

William Gilbert wrote PRINCESS IDA in the latter part of 1883. The opera opened in London in January 1884 with some success and ran to October. The dialogue of the opera is closely derived from Gilbert's earlier play of 1870, *The Princess*, which was "a respectful perversion" of Alfred Tennyson's 1847 narrative poem, *The Princess - A Medley*.

Over half of the spoken lines from Gilbert's *The Princess* are imported or adapted into PRINCESS IDA, and make up almost all of its spoken lines. Shown here are the first edition of the published American Libretto and the first edition of the published English Libretto.

The first edition American Libretto of PRINCESS IDA is a pre-opening version: it contains significant differences, both in song and dialogue, from the first edition English Libretto which reflects the Gilbert & Sullivan opera as performed.

In many instances Gilbert 'cut and pasted' from *The Princess* dialogue into the American PRINCESS IDA. He later performed his editing in the English Libretto. Examples include Psyche changing from Professor of Experimental Science to Humanities, and Blanche changing from Professor of Abstract Philosophy to Abstract Science. "Gask from Gask" also appears only in the English libretto; it is "Grant from Gask" in Gilbert's earlier texts.

Words **shown in bold** are unique to the first edition **American Libretto** of PRINCESS IDA. Words shown underlined are unique to the English Libretto of PRINCESS IDA. Differences in spelling, however minor, are indicated.

This book accurately contains the words, in the correct order, of the first American and English Librettos. Capitalization, italics and punctuation are taken from the American Libretto. In many cases, the words are the same in both Librettos, but the capitalization, italics or punctuation are different; however these differences are not indicated.

An issue has been whether to correct apparent grammatical inconsistencies which appear identically in both Librettos. In most cases this has not been done. The reader will have to decide whether Gilbert's action was intentional or an oversight. Most of these have been changed in the later libretto versions.

Also included and noted are further changes in words and content made to the first edition librettos, which update them to the later and present versions.

Words in [Square Brackets] are this Editor's comments.

PRINCESS IDA
or
CASTLE ADAMANT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HILDEBRAND,	[Reserved for Name]
PRINCE HILARION, <i>his son,</i>	"
CYRIL, <i>his friends, Noblemen of</i>	"
FLORIAN, <i>King Hildebrand's Court,</i>	"
KING GAMA,	"
PRINCE ARAC,	"
PRINCE GURON, <i>his sons,</i>	"
PRINCE SCYNTHIUS,	"
PRINCESS IDA, <i>Daughter of King Gama and,</i> <i>Principal of the Ladies' University,</i>	"
LADY PSYCHE, <i>Professor of Experimental Science, Humanities</i>	"
LADY BLANCHE, <i>Professor of Abstract Philosophy, Science</i>	"
MELISSA, <i>her daughter,</i>	"
<u>SACHARISSA</u>	
<u>CHLOE</u> <i>Girl Graduates</i>	
<u>ADA</u>	

CHORUS OF FEMALE UNDERGRADUATES.

Officers, Undergraduates, Soldiers, Courtiers, Pages.

[This page includes a selection of differences between the American and English Librettos. See Page 65 for the complete English Libretto Dramatis Personae, including performers' names.]

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W. S. GILBERT.

[This page is unique to the American Libretto. See Page 66 for the English Libretto Title Page.]

PRINCESS IDA,
OR
CASTLE ADAMANT.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Exterior of Pavilion attached to KING HILDEBRAND'S Palace. Soldiers and Courtiers discovered looking out through opera glasses, telescopes, etc., FLORIAN leading.*

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 Hilarion's flame.

SOLO.

FLO. Will Prince Hilarion's hopes be sadly blighted?
ALL. Who can tell?
FLO. Will Ida break the vows that she has plighted?
ALL. Who can tell?
FLO. Will she back out, and say she did not mean them?
ALL. Who can tell?
FLO. If so, there'll be the deuce to pay between them.
ALL. No no—we'll not despair,
For Gama would not dare
To make a deadly foe
Of Hildebrand, and so,
Search throughout, &c.

Enter KING HILDEBRAND, *with* CYRIL.

- HILD. See you no sign of Gama?
 FLO. None, my liege!
 HILD. 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.
 CYR. But, sir, a twisted and ungainly trunk
 Often bears goodly fruit. Perhaps he was
 A kind, well-spoken gentleman?
 HILD. Oh, no!
 For, adder-like, his sting lay in his tongue.
 (His "sting" is present, though his "stung" is past.)
 FLO. (*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 **the** this corollary
 That that small body must be Gama's own!
 HILD. Ha! Is the Princess with him?
 FLO. 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.

HILD. 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!

SONG **HILDEBRAND** 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!
 Hip, hip, hurrah! 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!

[Exeunt all.]

Enter HILARION,

RECIT.—HILARION.

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 twelvemonth 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.

- HIL. Well, father, is there news for me at last?
 HILD. King Gama is in sight, but much I fear
 With no Princess!
 HIL. Alas, my liege, I've heard
The 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!
 HILD. Then I should say the loss of such a wife
 Is one to which a reasonable man
 Would easily be reconciled.
 HIL. Oh, no!
 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!

HILD. Ha! let me look!

HIL. 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.

Enter Courtiers, with CYRIL and FLORIAN.

CHORUS.	From the distant panorama Come the sons of royal Gama. Who, to-day, should cross the water With his fascinating daughter— Should she not refuse. <u>Ida is her name!</u> They are heralds evidently, And are sacred consequently, Let us hail the sons of Gama, Who from yonder panorama Come to bring us news.	[From the distant panorama] [Come the sons of royal Gama.] [They are heralds evidently,] [And are sacred consequently,] [Sons of Gama, hail! oh, hail!]
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Enter ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS.

[Later edition librettos for the above CHORUS are shown in brackets on right.]

Enter KING GAMA.

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 **endeavor** 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 skillfully 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. 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!

HILD. (*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?

FLO. 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?

HILD. We are in doubt
 Whether to treat you as an **honored** 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!

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!

FLO. Are 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 scarcely suffer Dr. Watts's hymns—
 And all the animals she owns are "her's"!
 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!

DUET—GAMA *and* HILDEBRAND.

GAMA. Perhaps if 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.

HILD. (*to HIL.*) 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 / I'll / You'll remain as hostage here, &c.

GAMA, ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are marched off in custody.
HILDEBRAND following.

RECIT.—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!

TRIO—HILARION, CYRIL, and FLORIAN.

HIL. Expressive glances
 Shall be our lances,
 And pops of Sillery
 Our light artillery.
 We'll storm their bowers
 With scented showers
 Of fairest flowers
 That we can buy.

CHOR. O! Oh dainty triolet,
 O Oh fragrant violet,
 O Oh gentle heigho-let
 (Or little sigh).
 On sweet urbanity,
 Though mere inanity,
 To touch their vanity
 We will rely!

CYR. When day is fading
 With serenading
 And such frivolity
 We'll prove our quality.
 A sweet profusion
 Of soft **illusion** allusion
 This bold intrusion
 Shall justify.

CHOR. O! Oh dainty triolet, &c.

FLO. 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. **O! Oh** dainty triolet, &c.

(Re-enter GAMA, ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS heavily ironed.)

RECIT.

GAMA. Must we, till then, in prison cell be thrust?

HILD. You must!

GAMA. **That** This seems unnecessarily severe!

ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS. Hear, hear!

TRIO ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS.

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!
 Rum-tummy-tummy-tum!
 Boom! boom! **boom! boom! boom! boom!**

HILD. 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 **drums** guns that go boom! boom!
ALL. Boom-boom, &c.

ALL. But till that time we'll / you'll here remain,
And bail they / we will not entertain,
Should she his / our mandate disobey,
Our / Your lives the penalty will pay!

(GAMA, ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are marched off.)

END OF PROLOGUE.

SOLO SACHARISA.

[Should be SACHARISSA.]

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 ribald, Man's a rake,

Man is Nature's sole mistake!

CHORUS.

We'll a memorandum make

Man is Nature's sole mistake!

SOLO—CHLOE.

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!

[Editor's Note: The above underlines were not in the American Libretto; they were added in the English Libretto.

Chloe's solo in the American Libretto was given to the Chorus in the English Libretto.]

Enter LADY BLANCHE. *All stand up demurely.*

- BLA. Attention, ladies, while I read to you
The Princess Ida's list of punishments.
The first is Sacharissa. 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. Ah!
- BLA. Chloe will lose three terms, for yesterday,
When looking through her drawing-book, I found
A sketch of a perambulator!
- ALL (*horrified.*) 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, *attended by six "daughters of the plough."*

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

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.

ARIA.

*Oh, goddess wise
That lovest light
Endow with sight
Their unillumined eyes.
At this my call,
A fervent few
Have come to woo
The rays that from thee fall.*

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 wiliest diplomate
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!

[*Later edition librettos for the above ARIA are shown italicized on right.*]

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—**Grant Gask** from Gask,
 Sewell from Cross—Lewis from Allenby!
 In other words—let Chaos come again?

["rather pass the day"
 in later editions.]

(*coming down*) Who lectures in the Hall of Arts to-day?

["come again!"
 in later editions.]

BLA. 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.

*Exeunt PRINCESS and MAIDENS singing refrain of chorus, "And thus to
 empyrean heights," &c. Manet LADY BLANCHE.*

BLA. 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.

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 I've shown
 In ye!
 Away! The Mighty Must alone
 Shall be!

Exit LADY BLANCHE.

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.

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

ALL. When we fall!

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

ALL. Short or tall!

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

ALL. On a wall.

HIL. That spring-guns breathe defiance!
And that burglary's a science

After all!

ALL. After all.

RECIT.—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.

HIL. Hush, scoffer; ere 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 Circe's
 Piggy wigs—piggy wigs.
 And **weasels** weazels at their slumbers
 They trepan—they trepan:
 To get sunbeams from cucumbers,
 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 domina
 Hopes that we shall see
 At this Universitee!

["Is hoping we shall see"
 "At her Universitee!"
 in later editions.]

- HIL. 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!
- CYR. 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.
- FLO. But what are these? [*Examining some Collegiate robes.*
HIL. (*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—
- FLO. And penitent for deeds there's no undoing—
CYR. Looked at askance by well conducted maids—
ALL. Seek sanctuary in these classic shades!

(They burst into laughter.)

TRIO—HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

- HIL. 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? [*“is mine!”*
- ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free, [*in later editions.*]
Little care I what maid may be
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

(Dance.)

- CYR. I am a maiden frank and simple,
 Brimming with joyous roguery,
 Merriment lurks in every dimple,
 Nobody breaks more hearts than I!
- ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free,
 Little care I what maid may be
 So that a maid is fair to see,
 Every maid is the maid for me!
- (*Dance.*)
- FLO. I am a maiden coyly blushing,
 Timid I as a startled hind,
 Every suitor sets me flushing,
 I am the maid that wins mankind!
- [“Timid am I as a startled hind,”
 in later editions.]
- ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free,
 Little care I what maid may be
 So that a maid is fair to see,
 Every maid is the maid for me!
- (*Dance. At they end they break into loud laughter.*)**
(Enter the Princess reading. She does not see them.)
- FLO. But who comes here? The Princess as I live!
 What shall we do?
- HIL. (*aside.*) Why, we must brave it out!
(aloud.) Madam, accept our humblest reverence.
(They bow, then suddenly recollecting themselves, curtsey.)
- PRIN. (*surprised.*) We greet you, ladies. What would you with us?
- HIL. (*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.
- (HILARION and FLORIAN curtsey again. CYRIL bows extravagantly,
 then, being recalled to himself by the others, FLORIAN, curtseys.)*
- PRIN. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks
 And will **conform with** subscribe to all our rules, ’tis well.
- FLO. To all your rules we cheerfully subscribe.

- PRIN. You say you're noblewomen. Well, you'll find
 No sham degrees for noblewomen here.
 You'll find no sizers 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 **try** swear
 To give the **fullness** fulness of your love to them?
- HIL. Upon our words and honours, ma'am, we will.
- PRIN. But we go further: will you undertake
 That you will never marry any man?
- FLO. Indeed we never will!
- PRIN. Consider well,
 You must prefer our maids to all mankind!
- HIL. To all mankind we **must** much prefer your maids!
- CYR. We should be dolts, indeed, if we did not,
 Seeing how fair—
- HIL. (*aside to* CYRIL.) Take care—that's rather strong!
- PRIN. 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 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.

HIL. 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.

PSY. (*aside.*) These ladies are unseemly in their mirth.
 (*The Gentlemen see her, and, in confusion, resume their modest demeanour.*)

FLO. (*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.

FLO. (*to PSYCHE, who has watched them CYRIL in amazement.*) Psyche!
 Why don't you know me? Florian!

PSY. (*amazed.*) Why, Florian!

FLO. My sister! (*embraces her.*)

PSY. Oh, my dear!
 What are you doing here—and who are these?

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

PSY. The Prince Hilarion! Cyril too! How strange!
 My earliest playfellows!

[“came to see me”
 in later editions.]

HIL. Why, let me look!
 Are you that learned little Psyche who
 At school alarmed her mates because she called
 A butter-cup “ranunculus bulbosus?”

CYR. Are you indeed that Lady Psyche, who
 At children's parties drove the conjuror 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—B.C. one sixty-three!”
 Are you indeed that small phenomenon?

- PSY. That small phenomenon indeed am I!
But gentlemen 'tis death to enter here!
We have all promised to renounce mankind!
- FLO. Renounce mankind? On what ground do you base
This senseless resolution?
- PSY. Senseless? No.
We are all taught, and, being taught, believe
That man, sprung from an Ape, is Ape at heart.
- CYR. That's rather strong.
- PSY. The truth is always strong.

SONG—LADY PSYCHE.

The Ape and the Lady.

A lady fair, 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 unsightly 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 'scape,
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 moustachios, 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 apiest ape that ever was seen.

[This page is unique to the first **AMERICAN LIBRETTO**. The following page contains the familiar first English Libretto version of the Quintette.]

QUINTETTE—PSYCHE, MELISSA, HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

Psy. If we discharged our duty clear,
 We should denounce your presence here,
 What we should do
 We plainly view
 In speculum veluti. [as if in a mirror]

HIL. If that's the case, don't wait a bit,
 But trick it, cheat it, swindle it;
 'Twere pity great
 To hesitate,
 Distinctly "do" your duty!

ALL. Oh duty, when you check our ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 When you are "done," as you are now,
 An unimportant person thou.

MEL. But if we "did" our duty thus,
 The consequence might fall on us;
 'Twould give you pain
 To see us slain
 In all our youth and beauty!

CYR. If "doing" it distress you so,
 Dismiss it, sack it, let it go;
 Don't pause a whit,
 Dispense with it;
 In fact, "discharge" your duty!

ALL. Oh duty, when you check our ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 When you're discharged as you are now,
 An unimportant person thou!

Exeunt PSYCHE, HILARION, CYRIL *and* FLORIAN. MELISSA *going*.
 Enter LADY BLANCHE.

[This page is unique to the first ENGLISH LIBRETTO. The previous page contains the first American Libretto version of the Quintette.]

QUINTETTE—PSYCHE, MELISSA, HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

PSY. The woman of the wisest wit
 May sometimes be mistaken, O!
 In Ida'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, HILARION, CYRIL *and* FLORIAN. *MELISSA going.*
Enter LADY BLANCHE.

BLA. Melissa!

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! [*“Two are tenors, one is a baritone!”*]

MEL. (*much agitated*) They've all got colds! in later editions.]

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 *etui* dropped by one of them (*picking up an etui*)

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.
I'm 'Tis but one step towards my destiny—
 The mighty Must! the inevitable Shall!

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, hHoity, toity! Sorry for some!
 Marry come up and my / her day will come!
 Sing Proper Pride
 Is the horse to ride,
 And Happy go Lucky, my Lady, O!

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

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!

BOTH. Sing, hHoity, toity! Sorry for some!
 Marry come up, my / her day will come!
 Sing, she shall learn
 That a worm will turn.
 Sing happy go lucky, my Lady, O!

[*Exit* LADY BLANCHE.

MEL. Saved for a time, at least!

Enter FLORIAN, *on tiptoe*.

FLO. (*whispering*.) Melissa—come!

MEL. 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!

FLO. I’ll go, but not without you! (*bell*.) Why, what’s that?

MEL. The luncheon bell.

FLO. I’ll wait for luncheon then!

Enter HILARION *with* PRINCESS, CYRIL *with* PSYCHE, LADY BLANCHE *and* LADIES.
*Also six “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,
Is highly indelicate,
This is a fact profoundly true
So learn your appetites to subdue.

ALL. Yes—yes—

We’ll learn our appetites to subdue!

SOLO—CYRIL (*eating.*)

Madam, your words so wise.

Nobody should despise,

Cursed with an appetite keen I am

And I'll subdue it—

And I'll subdue it—

And I'll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

ALL. Yes—yes—

We'll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

CHOR. Merrily ring, &c.

PRIN. You say you know the court of Hildebrand?

There is a Prince there—I forget his name—

HIL. Hilarion?

PRIN. Exactly, is he well?

HIL. 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.

PRIN. 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 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?

PRIN. Contempt? Why, damsel, when I think of man,

Contempt is not the word.

CYR. (*getting tipsy.*) 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 goodly lad!

PRIN. *You* know him then?

CYR. (*tipsily.*) I rather think I do!
 We are inseparables!

PRIN. Why, what's this?
 You love him then?

CYR. We do indeed—all three!

HIL. Madam, she jests! (*aside to CYRIL*) Remember where you are!

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

PRIN. (*horrified.*) Astride?

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

PRIN. Well, these are nice young ladies, on my word!

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

SONG—CYRIL.

[*During symphony HILARION and FLORIAN try to stop CYRIL.
 He shakes them off angrily.*]

[CYRIL.] 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 May,
 With pouting lips that seem to say,
 Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me!
 Though I die for shame-a.
 Please you that's the kind of maid,
 Sets my heart aflame-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 CYRIL furiously on the breast.*

HIL. Dog! there is something more to sing about!

CYR. (*sobered.*) Hilarion, are you mad?

HIL., CYR., *and* FLO. Have mercy lady,—disregard your oaths!

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!

The man whose sacrilegious eyes

Invades invade our strict seclusion dies.

Arrest these coarse intruding spies!

(They are arrested by the "daughters of the plough.")

FLO., CYR., *and* LADIES. Have mercy lady,—disregard your oaths!

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!

*(CYRIL and FLORIAN are **handcuffed bound**.)*

SONG—HILARION.

Whom thou has 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 holds out his hands, which are handcuffed by one of the attendants.)

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

ENTER MELISSA.

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

ALL. Oh horror!

PRIN. 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. ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are with them, but with their hands handcuffed behind them.

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 beard a maiden in her lair?

KING. Since you enquire,
We've no desire

To beard a maiden here, or anywhere!

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

SOLO—HILDEBRAND.

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 peppery kind of king,
 Who's indisposed for parleying
 To fit the wit of a bit of chit,
 And that's the long and the short of it!

ALL. For he's a peppery 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
 I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes.
 I'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.

 ACT II.

SCENE.—*Outer Walls and Courtyard of Castle Adamant.* MELISSA, SACHARISSA
and ladies discovered, armed with *spears 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 ranks asunder
Lay the tyrant low!

SOLO—MELISSA.

Thus our courage, all untarnished
We're 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:

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 ranks asunder—
 Lay the tyrant low!

Flourish. Enter PRINCESS, armed, attended by BLANCHE and PSYCHE.

PRIN. 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.

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 amply furnished with the Needful.
 These singular considerations are—

PRIN. Superfluous, yet not Needful—so you see
 The terms may independently exist.

(To ladies.) Women of Adamant, we have to show
 That **women** 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. (*alarmed.*) 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!
SAC. In theory I'll cut them off again
With pleasure, and as often as you like,
But not in practice.
PRIN. 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 **spears, mere 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!
PRIN. "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 bandmistress?
ADA. Please you, ma'am, the band
Do not feel well, and can't come out to-day!

PRIN. 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?

PSY. Why, madam—

PRIN. Well?

PSY. 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!

PRIN. (*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.

PRIN. So fail my cherished plans—so fails my faith—
 And with it hope, and all that **come comes** of hope!

SONG—PRINCESS.

<p>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!</p> <p>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!</p> <p>I had <u>drew</u> 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 unanneal!</p>	<p><i>I built upon a rock, But ere Destruction's hand Dealt equal lot To Court and cot, My rock had turned to sand! I leant upon an oak, But in the hour of need Alack-a-day, My trusted stay Was but a bruised reed! Ah, faithless rock, My simple faith to mock! Ah, trait'rous oak, Thy worthlessness to cloak!</i></p> <p><i>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! I lit a beacon fire, But on a stormy day Of frost and rime, In wintertime, My fire had died away! Ah, coward steel, That fear can unanneal! False fire indeed, To fail me in my need!</i></p>
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[American and English First Edition Librettos are shown on left.]

[Later edition librettos are shown italicized on right.]

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

CHLOE. 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!

Our 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, followed by ARAC, GURON,
and SCYNTHIUS, handcuffed.)*

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. ["return to blank captivity."
I'm free so far. in later editions.]

PRIN. 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.

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

GAMA. I am possessed

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

PRIN. My tortured father!

SONG—GAMA.

Whene'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!

ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYN. Yes, yes,
One's life must seem 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 hurdy gurdy
 Retired apologising!
 Oh, don't the days seem lank and long, &c.

<p>Upon the stage Plays, ripe with age, And not too much protracted, With faultless taste Were always placed And excellently acted; Now when he sees Good comedies It irritates King Gama, With no excuse For rank abuse Who can enjoy the Drama? Oh, don't the days seem lank and long, &c.</p>	<p><u>I offered gold</u> <u>In sums untold</u> <u>To all who'd contradict me</u> <u>I said I'd pay</u> <u>A pound a day</u> <u>To any one who kicked me</u> <u>I bribed with toys</u> <u>Great vulgar boys</u> <u>To utter something spiteful,</u> <u>But, bless you, no!</u> <u>They would be so</u> <u>Confoundedly politeful!</u> <u>In short, these aggravating lads</u> <u>They tickle my tastes, they feed my fads,</u> <u>They give me this and they give me that,</u> <u>And I've nothing whatever to grumble at!</u></p>
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(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 ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS.)

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 arrant molley coddle
Fears a crack upon the noddle,
And he's only fit to swaddle,
In a downy feather-bed!

[should be “molly coddle”]

[“crack upon his noddle,”

in later editions.]

[missing ”]

ALL (*Soldiers and Ladies.*) 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 handcuffed bound and wear the robes.

ARAC, GURON and SCYNTHIUS *laugh at them.*

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!
Stick to 'em! men's attire becomes you not!

(To CYRIL and FLORIAN). And you **pray**, 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!

HIL. You dog, you'll find, though I wear a 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 **want 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!

HIL. Old as you are I'd wring your shrivelled neck
If you were not the Princess Ida's father!

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

CHO. **With hearts resolved and courage grave,** [CHO. = CHORUS]
The warriors now begin.
May Fortune's shield protect the brave,
And may the best men win!

SOLO—ARAC.
 When'er we go
 To fight the foe
 We never throw a chance away,
 And at last
 We always cast
 Each useless circumstance away.
 A helmet bright
 Is far from light
 Life-guardsmen know how true it is.
(Taking off helmet.)
 A bright cuirass
 We also class
 With useless superfluities.
(Taking off cuirass.)
 All this array
 Is in the way
 It is, upon my word it is—
 For who can fight
 When locked up tight
 In lobster-like absurdities?
*(By this time they have removed all
 their armour and wear nothing
 but a close fitting shape suit.)*
 Though brasses
 And tassels
 And showy cuirasses
 Are all very useful to dazzle the lasses.
 He classes with asses
 Who cumpers with masses
 Of metal
 His fettle,
 Tra la la la la!
 THE THREE. Yes, yes, yes,
 Tra la la la la!
 ALL. Yes, yes, yes,
 Tra la la la la!

SONG ARAC.
This helmet, I suppose,
Was meant to ward off blows,
Its very hot,
And weighs a lot,
As many a guardsman 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 cribbage 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.)*

- BLA. 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 Might claim you; if ["May claim you"
 He Might, you Could—and if you Should, I Would! in later editions.]
- PRIN. 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!
- HILD. A noble aim!
- PRIN. You ridicule it now;
 But if I carried out this glorious scheme,
 At my exalted name Posterity
 Would bow in gratitude!
- HILD. 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?"
- PRIN. 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!
- PRIN. And you desert me. I alone am staunch!
- HILD. Madam, you placed your trust in woman—well, [HILD is error in]
 Woman has failed you utterly—try man, [American libretto.]
 Give him one chance, it's only fair—besides, [HIL is correct in]
 Women are far too precious, too divine [English libretto.]
 To try unproven theories upon.
 Experiments, the proverb says, are made
 On humble subjects—try our grosser clay,
 And **mold** mould it as you will!

- CYR. 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.
- PRIN. And shall I find
The Lady Psyche here?
- PSY. If Cyril, ma'am,
Does not behave himself, I think you will—
- PRIN. 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 **mamma 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!
- PRIN. 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.

PRIN. 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!

CHOR. 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!

HIL. 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.

Produced at the Savoy Theatre, Saturday, January 5th, 1884, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

PRINCESS IDA;
or,
CASTLE ADAMANT.

Dramatis Personae.

KING HILDEBRAND	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
HILARION (<i>his Son</i>)	MR. H. BRACY.
CYRIL (<i>Hilarion's Friends</i>)	MR. DURWARD LELY.
FLORIAN	MR. RYLEY.
KING GAMA	Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
ARAC	Mr. RICHARD TEMPLE.
GURON (<i>his Sons</i>)	MR. LUGG.
SCYNTHIUS	Mr. W. GREY.
PRINCESS IDA (<i>Gama's Daughter</i>)	Miss LEONARA BRAHAM.
LADY BLANCHE (<i>Professor of Abstract Science</i>)	Miss BRANDRAM.
LADY PSYCHE (<i>Professor of Humanities</i>)	Miss CHARD.
MELISSA (<i>Lady Blanche's Daughter</i>)	Miss JESSIE BOND.
SACHARISSA	Miss SYBIL GREY.
CHLOE (<i>Girl Graduates</i>)	Miss HEATHCOTE.
ADA	Miss TWYNAM.

Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," &c.

PROLOGUE.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace (*Emden*).

ACT I.—Gardens of Castle Adamant (*Hawes Craven*).

ACT II.—Courtyard of Castle Adamant (*Emden*).

A Respectful Operatic Par:Version

OF

TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS,"

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

PRINCESS IDA;

OR,

CASTLE ADAMANT.

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT,

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

*Authors of "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore,"
"The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe,"
&c., &c., &c.*

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