

THE PRINCESS

W. S. GILBERT

THE PRINCESS

A play by W. S. Gilbert, first performed 1870 in London

Based on “The Princess; A Medley” by
Alfred Tennyson, first published 1847 in London

1870 Lacy Acting Edition of The Princess
1884 English Libretto of Princess Ida

Edited by David Trutt

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INTRODUCTION

W. S. Gilbert wrote *The Princess* in the latter part of 1869. The play opened in London in January 1870 to indifferent success. It closed its London run in April, went on tour for a short while, and was never again performed in Gilbert's lifetime. He liked *The Princess* well enough to include it with four other non-Sullivan plays (out of a total of over thirty) in *Original Plays* of 1876. The 1876 *Princess* is an abridgement. Most of the songs and about thirty lines of dialogue are deleted, along with many of the stage directions. Gilbert corrects some dialogue errors, where he allowed Hildebrand to speak Hilarion's lines. It would appear that the 1876 *Princess* was intended to be preserved as a reading copy.

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 *The Princess*. Over half of the spoken lines from *The Princess* are imported or adapted into *Princess Ida*, and make up almost all of its spoken lines. This edition shows which lines from *The Princess* were used for *Princess Ida*. It also shows how they were modified for the opera

The first purpose of this edition is to present in an easily readable format the 1870 Lacy Acting Edition of *The Princess*. The 1870 *Princess* is not readily available; the version in the 1876 *Original Plays* is condensed and modified from the Acting Edition. This edition includes the spelling, capitalization and punctuation of the 1870 edition as presented by Gilbert. In a very few cases, obvious printer errors have been corrected. Gilbert's own errors, which have been corrected in *Original Plays* or *Princess Ida*, have been allowed to remain.

The second purpose is to indicate those lines which have been adapted for the *Princess Ida* libretto. This is done by highlighting *The Princess* text and [square bracketing] the changes. The result is *The Princess Complete* interleaved with *Princess Ida Lines*. To maximize readability, the capitalization and punctuation of the *Princess Ida Lines* are made to conform with those of *The Princess*. Grammatical changes, such as ourself in *The Princess* versus ourselves in *Princess Ida*, are made to conform with those of *The Princess*: **ourself**.

There is a slightly later 1870 edition of *The Princess*, where Gilbert excised a number of lines. They are in Scene I and are {bracketed} in this edition.

BACKGROUND

The Princess; A Medley by Alfred Tennyson was first published by Edward Moxon in 1847. It was met with immediate criticism as being unworthy of the poet's powers. It did however achieve a general popularity so that Moxon published seventeen editions through 1868. The reputation of the Princess continued to grow and more editions from other publishers appeared throughout the nineteenth century.

The Prologue and the Conclusion provide the setting of the poem. A group of college students are at a picnic. One of the students has a book which tells of a female warrior "A lady, one that armed

Her own fair head, and sallying through the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from the walls."

The seven men of the group begin a seven part medley to flesh out the tale. The first four parts (through where the Prince saves Ida from the river) are in a light tone and meant as banter towards the women of the group. The women object and the last three parts become serious and earnest. The Conclusion indicates that Tennyson, the men and (maybe) the women are well pleased with the outcome of the tale.

Tennyson addresses conflicting viewpoints on what should be the rights and roles of women in society. The King (Hildebrand) holds that

"Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey. All else confusion.
The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom."

Princess Ida's vision is "Never to wed. You likewise will do well

Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men."

The Prince (Hilarion) speaks for Tennyson as he brings the issues raised in the poem to a conclusion

"Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse."

Princess Ida has been subdued by her instinctive feminine nature.

The Victorian male analysis of the issues and how they are resolved by Tennyson is appropriately stated by S. E. Dawson in 'A Study of The Princess' (1884). "With regard to the main theme of the poem, the Prince is in full sympathy with Ida. He aims at elevating woman, but he differs as to means. He recognizes the fact that their ultimate aims must correspond with the diversity of their natures. Ida dreams of intellectual elevation only. The Prince sees clearly that moral elevation is the higher of the two; and that it is distinct and separate from knowledge."

(Man knows what man and woman should want.)

Gilbert recognized the Gilbertian tone of the first four parts of Tennyson's medley. The main story line, the clever situations and the characters originate with Tennyson. Lady Blanche is urged to "wink" at the appearance of the men in both Princesses. Blanche is drawn more sharply and less kindly by Tennyson. She is softened and made more sympathetic by Gilbert. It is Lady Blanche of *The Princess*, created by Gilbert before the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, who is the prototype of Gilbert's older women.

King Gama is drawn more sharply by Gilbert, though both Gamas share the attribute of commonness in appearance and attitude. Tennyson's Gama is bland and lacking in energy. But the source of Gilbert's Gama can be seen in the other; and of course both Gamas give to the Princess the free use of a royal residence.

Cyril is the same person as seen by Tennyson and by Gilbert. His down to earth, light approach is present in both Princesses. Perhaps Cyril's best Gilbertian line is given by Tennyson "For dear are (Psyche's) three castles to my wants, and dear is Psyche to my heart." It is in both Princesses that Cyril drinks too much and sings a careless song, causing the Princess to flee and fall into the river.

The Prince (Hilarion), King (Hildebrand), Florian, Arac and his brothers, Princess Ida, Lady Psyche, and Melissa are easily recognizable as having the same qualities in both Princesses.

Gilbert was aware that he could be perceived as having borrowed too freely from Tennyson. He states in an introductory note to *Original Plays* that "The Princess is a respectful parody of Mr. Tennyson's exquisite poem. It has been generally held, I believe, that if a dramatist uses the mere outline of an existing story for dramatic purposes, he is at liberty to describe his play as 'original.'"

Gilbert described *The Princess* as an Allegory, the use of fictional characters to express truths about the human experience. It is the only Gilbert work to be so designated. How did Gilbert change Tennyson's poem to allow him to claim this designation? Both tales start with the Prince and Princess separated under the same circumstances and both tales finish with them united by the words "Indeed I love thee—Come." Gilbert saw, however, that he could completely invert the battle between Ida's brothers and Hilarion, and not affect the outcome of the story. It is the occurrence of the battle, not the result, which creates the emotional situation which awakens Ida's feelings. She follows these feelings and finds herself "yoked" to Hilarion "in all exercise of noble end."

SOURCES

The Princess. Lacy Acting Edition of Plays, Volume 87. London, Thomas Hailes Lacy. No date (1870).

The Princess revised. Original Plays by W. S. Gilbert. London, Chatto and Windus. 1876 with October 1875 ads.

Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant. (English Libretto). Contains all points of first English edition. London, Chappell & Co. Printed by Henderson, Rait, & Spalding. 1884.

Princess Ida, or Castle Adamant. (English Libretto). Early edition with Acts I, II, III in place of Prologue, Acts I, II. Some minor grammatical differences. Mikado ad on inner rear wrapper. London, Chappell & Co. Printed by Henderson, Rait, & Spalding. 1885.

KEY TO SYMBOLS

Non-bold	Text unique to The Princess
[Bracket]	[Text unique to Princess Ida]
Bold	Text common to The Princess & Princess Ida
{Bracket}	{Text missing in later edition of The Princess}
^{1 2 3 4} etc.	Note. See end of scene for note explanations.

THE PRINCESS.
[PRINCESS IDA;
OR,
CASTLE ADAMANT.]

A Whimsical Allegory.

*Being a Respectful Perversion of Mr. Tennyson's Poem.
[A Respectful Operatic Per-Version of Tennyson's "Princess"]*

BY

W. S. GILBERT,
Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society,

AUTHOR OF

*Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack; Allow me to Explain; Highly Improbable; Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren; La Vivandière, or True to the Corps; The Merry Zingara, or The Topsy Gipsy and the Pipsy Wipsy; No Cards (German Reed's); Robert the Devil, or the Nun, the Dun, and the Son of a Gun; The Pretty Druidess, or the Mother, the Maid, and the Mistletoe Bough; An Old Score; Ages Ago (German Reed's);
&c., &c.*

*First Performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre
under the Management of Mr. W. H. Liston),
on Saturday, the 8th of January, 1870.*

THE PRINCESS [IDA]

Music arranged by Mr. WINTERBOTTOM. Scenery by Mr. JOHNSON
and Assistants.

Characters [Dramatis Personae]

KING HILDEBRAND	Mr. DAVID FISHER.
PRINCE HILARION <i>his Son</i>	Miss MARIA SIMPSON (Mrs. W. H. LISTON).
CYRIL	Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON.
FLORIAN <i>his friends, Noblemen of King Hildebrand's Court [Hilarion's Friends]</i>	Miss MONTGOMERY.
KING GAMA	Mr. ELLIOTT.
PRINCE ARAC	Miss JESSIE EARLE.
PRINCE GURON	Miss HARRINGTON.
PRINCE SCYNTHIUS <i>his Sons</i>	Miss EWELL.
ATHO <i>King Hildebrand's Chamberlain</i>	Mr. FRANKS.
FIRST OFFICER	Mr. ARTHUR BROWN.
SECOND OFFICER	Mr. DAVIS.
GOBBO <i>a Porter</i>	Mr. ST. MAUR.
PRINCESS IDA <i>Daughter of King Gama, and Principal of the Ladies' University [Gama's Daughter]</i>	Miss MATTIE REINHARDT.
LADY PSYCHE <i>Professor of Experimental Science [Humanities]</i>	Miss FANNY ADDISON.
LADY BLANCHE <i>Professor of Abstract Philosophy [Science]</i>	Mrs. POYNTER.
MELISSA <i>her Daughter [Lady Blanche's Daughter]</i>	Miss PATTI JOSEPHS.

BERTHA	Miss JOY.
ADA	Miss CLYFOARD.
CHLOE	Miss MOORE.
SACHARISSA	Miss ALMA.
SYLVIA	Miss EVERARD.
PHOEBE	Miss FITZJAMES.

Undergraduates [*Girl Graduates*]

PHYLLIS	Miss CORINNE.
AMARANTHE	Miss GRAHAM.
LAURA	Miss CLARA.

EIGHT STOUT DAUGHTERS OF THE PLOUGH

Misses WOOD, CARA, DOWLING, CHANDLER,
GRAHAM, STANLEY, FLORENCE, and NICHOLLS.

Undergraduates, Soldiers, Courtiers, Pages,
[*"Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough,"*] &c.

Programme of Scenery.

SCENE I [PROLOGUE].—[Pavilion in] **King Hildebrand's Palace.**

SCENE II.—Gates of Castle Adamant.

SCENE III [ACT I].—Grounds [Gardens] **of Castle Adamant.**

SCENE IV.—King Hildebrand's Camp before Castle Adamant.

SCENE V [ACT II].—Inner Gate [Courtyard] **of Castle Adamant.**

THE PRINCESS.

SCENE FIRST.—*Court in King Hildebrand's Palace.* KING
 HILDEBRAND, C., *discovered seated, in gloomy mood*—FLORIAN
and other COURTIERS *discovered looking off R. through*
telescopes—CYRIL *standing by the KING.*

Opening Chorus, from "Mariage aux Lanternes."

ALL. Of the all-absorbing topic,
 That distracts his kingly mind,
 Information telescopic
 We're endeavouring to find!

CYRIL. Prince Hilarion's intended,
 Her progenitor should bring, sir!

FLORI. All anxiety is ended,
 For I think I see the king, sir!

(the OTHERS in succession)

There he is!
 There he is!
 There he is!
 There he is. *(bis)*¹

ALL. No! No! No!
 No! No! No!
 All in vain, sir!
 Wrong again, sir!
 No! No! No!
 No! No! No!
 All in vain, sir!
 Try again, sir!

HILDE. Know all men, that, unless to-morrow morning
 Ida signs her marriage cer—
 —Tificate-tificate-tificate-tificate,
 —Tificate, it'll be worse for her!

ALL. Know all men, &c.

HILDEBRAND. See you no sign of Gama?

FLORIAN. None, my liege.

HILDE. It's very odd indeed! If Gama fails
 To put in an appearance at our court,
 Before the sun has set in yonder west
 And fails 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 ourself.
(aside to CYRIL)

Oh Cyril, how I dread this interview!
 It's twenty years since he and I have met.
 He was a twisted monster—all awry,
 As though Dame Nature, angry with her work,
 Had crumpled it in fitful petulance!

CYRIL. But, sir, a twisted and ungainly trunk,
 Often bears goodly fruit—perhaps he was
 A kind, well-spoken gentleman?

HILDE. Oh, no—
 For, adder-like, his sting lay in his tongue!
 His bitter insolence still rankles here,
 Although a score of years have come and gone!
His sting is present—though his tongue [stung] is past!
 His outer man, gnarled, knotted as it was,
 Seemed to his cruel and cynical within,
 Hyperion to a Saturday Review!²

CYRIL. Oh, bear with him—he is an old, old man.
 Old men are fretful—peevish, as we know.
 A worm will sometimes turn—so will the milk
 Of human kindness, if it's kept too long.

FLORI. *(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!

HILDE. Ha! Is the Princess with him?

FLORI. Well, my liege,

**Unless her ladyship [highness] is [full] six feet high,
And wears moustachios, too, and smokes cigars,³
And rides *en cavalier*, in coat of mail [steel],
I do not think she is.**

HILDE. (*excited*) [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 have [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!**

Exeunt all but the KING, R.

**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.**

Enter PRINCE HILARION, R.

HILAR. Well father, is there news for me, at last?

HILDE. My son, King Gama's host is now in sight:

Prepare to meet the fascinating bride
To whom you were betrothed so long ago.

[but much I fear

With no Princess!]

Why, how you sigh!

HILAR. [Alas,] My liege, I'm much afraid [I've heard]

The Princess Ida has not come with him.

HILDE. And why?

HILAR. I've heard she has forsworn the world,
And, with a band of women, shut herself
Within a lonely country house, and there
Devotes herself to stern philosophies.

HILDE. Then, I should say, the loss of such a wife
Is one to which a reasonable man
Would easily be reconciled.

HILAR. Oh no—

Or I am not a reasonable man.

She is my wife: has been for twenty years.

HILDE. That's true—you were a baby in long clothes

When you gained Ida's heart and she gained yours.

HILAR. Yes—I remember—each of us was won!

I think I see her now! *looking through telescope [glass]*

HILDE. **Ha! let me look!**

HILAR. **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 the monthly [her foster-mother's] nurse'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!

Cry on, young lady—brides are bound to cry.

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.

HILDE. Your memory is singularly good.

HILAR.

{Do you remember, too, the wedding feast?
Rolls steeped in milk, and other softened food,
Fit for our undeveloped little gums;
And talk of drink, I never shall forget,
How merrily we passed that nursing bottle!
A curly headed patriarch of three—
The Princess Ida's uncle—then proposed
The happy couple's health—the bridesmaids, then,
Fifteen in number—each six weeks of age,
Began to weep—the fifteen groomsmen, too,
(The eldest of them eighteen months or so)
Wept also—then, remembering they were men,
Dashed from their eyes the unaccustomed brine!}

We parted then—and since, for twenty years,
We have not met. It seems quite strange that she
Should have become a woman in the while,
And yet know all that should become a man!
She speaks a hundred languages I'm told.

Note: {Bracket} indicates {Text missing in later edition of The Princess}

HILDE. Your late, mamma, had mastered only one,
Yet she was never at a loss for words!

HILAR. But think how useful is a wife who can
Express her fancies in a hundred tongues.

HILDE. You will find one, of average length, enough.

HILAR. Then, she's so quick in her arithmetic—
She can add fifty figures at a glance.

HILDE. It's quite enough, my son, if she can add
Occasionally to your family.

HILAR. Our children, too, will be so clever!

HILDE. Yes,
They quite outstrip their mother now-a-days—
She stops at adding, but they multiply!

HILAR. I've heard she hopes to make all women swear
That they'll abjure, for aye, the tyrant Man!
She's far before the age in which she lives!

HILDE. At all events she's singular in that;
Most grown up ladies of our court give out
That they are several years behind their age!

HILAR. A woman thus endowed should have been born
A century hence, at least!

HILDE. The day will come
When you will most devoutly wish she had.

Enter CYRIL, R.

CYRIL. My liege, King Gama's train is at the gate,
And prays admission.

HILDE. Cyril, shew him in.
Though Princess Ida wore a Gorgon's head,
He shall not tamper with King Hildebrand!

Flourish—Procession. Enter CYRIL, FLORIAN *and* COURT, R.,
ushering KING GAMA, *and one* ATTENDANT.

**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—**

HILDE. [*gratified*] Oh, really, king—

**GAMA. But she's a liar! Why, how old you're grown!
Is this Hilarion?—why you've changed, too!
You were a singularly handsome child!**

To CYRIL [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!

CYRIL [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 the wit of Hildebrand [his sensible remarks]
 Derives its [their] value from its [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?

HILAR [CYRIL]. Nature never errs.
 To those who know the workings of your mind,
 Your face and figure, sir, suggest a book
 Appropriately bound.

GAMA. (*in a rage*) Why, harkye, sir!
 How dare you bandy words with me?

HILAR [CYRIL]. No need
 To bandy aught that appertains to you.

GAMA. *to* HILDEBRAND [*furiously*] Do you permit this, king?

HILDE. 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.

HILDE. We shall see:
 By the terms of our contract, signed and sealed,
 You're bound to-day to bring the Princess here [to-day.]
 To join her spouse. Why is she not with you?

GAMA. Why? Come, I'll tell you, if you'll
 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?**

HILDE. **A snob!**

GAMA. **Just so:** King Hildebrand, I am no snob.
**The girl has beauty, virtue, learning, 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!**

HILDE. But hang it, man, the contract that we signed
Some twenty years ago—

GAMA. Why, here's good news!
to **COURT.** At last your king is going to redeem
His lengthy list of broken promises—
And very properly, as wise men should,
Begin at the beginning!

HILDE. *(in a rage)* **Stop that tongue,
Or you shall lose the monkey head that holds it!**
Oh, I'll be even with you, yet, for this.

GAMA. **Bravo! Your king deprives me of my head,
That he and I may meet on equal terms.**

HILDE. Of this anon—we'll try the force of arms—
Where is she now?

GAMA. **In Castle Adamant—⁴**
**One of my many country houses. There
She rules a woman's University,
With full five [a] hundred girls who learn of her.**

CYRIL. Five [A] hundred girls! Five [A] hundred ecstacies!⁵

GAMA. **But no mere girls, my good young gentleman!
With all the college learning that you boast,
The youngest there will prove a match for you!**

CYRIL. **With all my heart, if she's the prettiest!**
To **HILAR** [FLO]

**Fancy—five [a] hundred matches—all alight!
That's if I strike them, as I hope to do.**

GAMA. **Despair your hope—their hearts are dead to man.
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!**

HILAR. We'll try, at all events.

I'll take no soldiers, father, in my train—
Cyril and Florian here will go with me,
And we will storm them ere the week is out.

GAMA. That's brave! They're only women—storm away!

HILAR. Oh, don't mistake us, sir, we mean to storm
Their eyes and hearts, and not their citadel.
With sighs we'll charge our mines and counter-mines,
Dance steps shall be our scaling ladders, with
Those croquêt mallets for our battering rams.
Fair flowers shall bear the only blades we wield,
Our eyes shall be our very deadliest darts,
And bon-bon crackers our artillery!

{GAMA. And so you think to conquer them with sighs?
My good young gentleman, a sigh, to them,
Is simply an exceptionally marked
Contraction of the intercostal muscles!
Croquêt is interesting only when
It illustrates familiar theories
Of incidental and reflecting angles.
Fair flowers, to them, are mere embodiments
Of calyx, pistil, stamina, and petal.
Expressive eyes would have their charm, no doubt—

HILDE. Of course!⁶

GAMA. But only, be it understood,
As illustrating theories of vision!}
But here are letters—take them if you like—
Perhaps she's tired of disobedience,
And may admit you.

HILDE. Good. Hilarion, go,
Take Florian and Cyril, as you say,
King Gama, we detain you pris'ner here,
As hostage for the safety of our son.⁷

GAMA. A prisoner? Why, what should I do here
At Castle Hildebrand? I am not mad!

HILDE. You can amuse yourself by fancying

That there's an execution in our house,⁸
 And you're the party in possession—or
 That we are dead and you've succeeded us.
 In short, suppose whatever state of things
 Would offer you the greatest happiness.

GAMA. (*to HILDEBRAND*)⁶

You run a risk, my friend; so take good heed,
 For no one knows her temper but myself:
 (*to KING*) Since her betrothal, king, until the day
 When she abjured all male society,
 I was the only man she ever saw!

HILDE. Oh, that explains the mystery at once,⁶
 And simplifies our task—come, Florian,
 And we will shew these maidens what they've lost.

Air—"We are Gentlemen," ("Ching Chow Hi.")

HILDE. My boy, you're very young—
 Keep watch upon your tongue!
 HILAR. We'll plan our plotting neatly,
 Or we shall fail completely!
 FLORI. Three gentlemen among five hundred ladies!
 With good luck, we'll succeed no doubt!
 CYRIL. Fair Ida's regulation disobeyed is—
 We lose our lives, if we're found out!
 The risk we run is fearful, very—
 We lose our lives, though we seem merry!
 HILDE. Before my eyes there comes a mist,
 The risk you run is fearful, very!
 CYRIL. On your connivance I must insist!
 GAMA. You do insist?
 CYRIL. I do insist! I do insist!
 HILAR. Treat them rightly,
Most politely,
Most politely—⁹
 This I beg!
 ALL. Treat them rightly!

SCENE SECOND.—*The Gates of Castle Adamant—Porter's Lodge (practicable), L.*

*Enter GOBBO, R., with ladies' robes on his arm, singing.
Air, "Frog in Yellow."*

I believe I am considered a very stupid fellow,
My hair is all untidy, and my face a dirty yellow;
It's a phiz,
As it is,
Which becomes a stupid fellow;
Any case,
For a face,
I prefer a dirty yellow;

GOBBO. More robes for undergraduates! I suppose
Some students are expected here to-day.
No girl without a robe may pass those gates!
They are so proud of these here caps and gowns,
They hardly like to take 'em off a-night!
They even wear (or so I've heard it said)
Night-caps and night-gowns when they go to bed!¹

Exit into porter's lodge, L.

Enter HILARION, CYRIL and FLORIAN, R.

**HILAR. So, here's the Princess Ida's castle? Well,
They must be lovely girls [indeed] if it requires
Such walls as these to keep intruders off!**

**CYRIL. To keep men off is only half their charge,
And that the easier half. I much suspect
The object of these walls is not so much
To keep men off, as keep the maidens in!**

HILAR. Here lives the porter, Cyril. I'll be bound
He's quite as learned as the rest of them,
Half Newton and half Bacon! Here he comes.

Enter GOBBO from lodge.

CYRIL. Half Bacon? No,—all Bacon I should say!

GOBBO. Now then, what is it?

HILAR. I'm a royal prince;
These gentlemen are followers of mine;
We hold King Gama's letters, charging you

To bear us safely to the Council Hall,
In which the Princess Ida holds her state.

GOBBO. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

HILAR. How now?—you mock at us? (*draws sword*)

GOBBO. Mock you? Why, bless your heart and soul alive,
No man may place his foot within those walls!

It's death to disobey our princess, sir!

FLORI. It's double death to disobey your king! (*draws*)

CYRIL. It's treble death to disobey ourselves! (*draws*)

GOBBO. But, sirs, I am the only man alive
Who ever enters!

FLORI. You?

GOBBO. Yes! Once a year

I am led through their ranks that they may see

What sort of thing's a man! "See here!" she cries,

"See—this is what you lose in losing man!

This is a courtly knight—well born, well formed!"

(I'm comely, sirs; but, bless you, I'm no knight!)

"Look, girls," she cries, "this is a courtly knight—

A type of all that's beautiful in man!"

HILAR. A type that wants a deal of "setting up!"

(*conceitedly*) Now, if they took *us*, Florian—

GOBBO. (*aside*) They'd take

A type that wants a deal of "setting down!"

(*aloud*) And then they make me gibber, squeak, and mow;

Then, with much def^rence and mock courtesy,

They bow me to my duty at the gate!

CYRIL. But their professors—are *they* merely girls?

The college dons—

GOBBO. Are donnas every one!

FLORI. Their doctors?

GOBBO. Women dressed in sober gowns,

With hair cut short, like men—in short, doctresses!

HILAR. Her servants?

GOBBO. Eight stout daughters of the plough,

Rescued in time from perilous husbandry!

FLOR. Are there no males whatever in those walls?

GOBBO [GAMA]. **None, gentlemen, excepting letter mails!**
And they are driven (as males often are

In other large communities)—by women!

If you'll believe me, gentlemen, I swear,
 [Why, bless my heart,] **She's so confoundedly particular,**
She'll scarcely suffer Doctor Watts's hymns;
And all the animals she owns are "hers!"²

The ladies rise at cockcrow every morn—

HILAR [CYRIL]. **Oh, then they have male poultry!**

GOBBO [GAMA]. **Not at all.**

(confidentially)

The crowing's done by an accomplished hen!

CYRIL [FLO]. **And what are these?**

Looking at robes in lodge.

[Examining some Collegiate robes.]

GOBBO. [HIL. *Looking at them.*] **The academic robes,**

Worn by the lady undergraduates

When they matriculate.

HILAR. I'll try one on. *Does so.*

[Let's try them on. They do so.]

Why, see—I'm [we're] covered to the very toes!

Ha! I've a proposition!

FLORI. State it then.

HILAR. Suppose we dress ourselves as girls, and claim

Admission to this University?

It is a thing we've often done at home

In amateur theatricals. You know

How well I play viragos in burlesque!

FLORI. My Cleopatra, too—remember that!

CYRIL. My Mrs. Bouncer, too, in Box and Cox!

HILAR. Wilt play the woman, then?

CYRIL. Of course! What knight

Would hesitate to "take a woman's part?"

Quartette.—HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN and GOBBO, as they dress themselves in women's clothes.

"Les Trois Cousines" (La Perichole).

FLORI. If we are hailed with any query,
 Say we are nice young ladies, three;
 Who of the world terribly weary,
 Enter a University.

CHORUS. Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 CYRIL. We will declare to them that lately,
 We have been bored with suitors stately,
 And we prefer young ladies greatly—
 Sorry to say that that's too true!
 CHORUS. Sorry to say that that's too true!
 HILAR. Take care when we are talking,
 Never our manly tastes to shew;
 Hold up our dresses thus in walking,
 Showing an inch of ankle—so!
 CHORUS. Showing an inch of ankle—so!
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 GOBBO. If you were not so darned acute, a
 Serious thing 'twould be for me!
 You are the very ones to suit a
 Feminine Universitee.
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 CHORUS. Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Going to-day, to join the new
 Feminine Universitee!
 GOBBO. (*in terror*) But gentlemen, observe—if you do this,
 What's to become of me?
 HILAR. I do not know
 What will become of you if we do this;
 But I can read the fate in store for you
 If you presume to interfere with us.
 Now, porter, say to whom we should apply
 To gain admission.
 GOBBO. (*in tears*) Why, to Lady Blanche
 Or Lady Psyche.
 FLORI. Which is prettier?³
 GOBBO. Well, *I* like Lady Blanche by far the best.
 FLORI. Then we declare for Lady Blanche at once.⁴
 GOBBO. You see, she's more my age—the other one
 Is young and pretty. (*contemptuously*)
 CYRIL. Bah! Then I retract,
 We will be Psyche's interesting charge!⁵

So go and summon her. GOBBO *rings and then exit.*

FLORI. But stop a bit,
What will your father think of such a scheme?

CYRIL. Oh he be-dashed!

HILAR. Extremely shocked I am!

CYRIL. I meant my sire—

HILAR. I thought you meant your “dam”!

Enter LADY PSYCHE [*the PRINCESS reading.*] *from gate, attended.*

PSYCHE. Who summons us? [PRIN. What would you with us?]

HILAR. Three would-be students, ma’am—

Three noble ladies, ma’am, of good estate,

[We are three students, ma’am—

Three well-born maids of liberal estate,]

Who wish to join this University. (*they curtsey*)

PSYCHE [PRIN]. **If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks,**

And will conform with [subscribe to] all our rules, ’tis well;

But understand—you must adapt yourselves

To all the regulations now in force,

In Princess Ida’s University.

HILAR [FLO]. **To all its rules, we cheerfully subscribe.**

FLORI. (*aside to HILARION*) **Here’s a catastrophe, Hilarion!**

This is my sister! She’ll remember me,

Though years have passed since she and I have met!

HILAR. No matter, hide your face—she’ll know you not.

PSYCHE [PRIN]. **You say you’re noblewomen—well, you’ll find**

No sham degrees for noblewomen, here—

[You’ll find] **No sizars** [here], moderators, [or] **servitors,**

Or other cruel contrivances [distinctions, meant] to draw

An arbitrary **line ’twixt rich and poor.** [you’ll find]

No butteries, or other institutes,

To make poor students feed rich cooks—**no tufts**

To mark nobility; except such tufts

As indicate nobility of brain.

As to your fellow-students, mark me well—

There are five [a] hundred maidens [with]in these walls

All good, all learned, and all beautiful.

You must select your intimates from these;

They are prepared to love you; will you swear

You’ll do your best to love them in return?

[To give the fulness of your love to them?]

FLORI [HIL]. **Upon our words and honours, ma'am, we will!**

PSYCHE. And will you swear that if, by any chance,
 You're thrown into a man's society,
 You'll not allow your thoughts to stray from us,
 But, at the earliest opportunity,
 You'll give up his society for our's?

CYRIL. All this, dear madam, cheerfully we swear.

PSYCHE [PRIN]. **But we go further: will you undertake
 That you will never marry any man?**

FLORI. **Indeed we never will!**

PSYCHE [PRIN]. **Consider well,—**

You must prefer our maids to all mankind!

HILAR. **To all mankind we much prefer your maids!**

CYRIL. **We should be dolts, indeed, if we did not,
 Seeing how fair—**

HILAR. (*aside to CYRIL*) **Take care, that's rather strong!**

(*aloud*) We have seen men of wealth—aye, princes, too—
 Whose beauty has been so remarkable,
 That half the maidens in our monarch's court
 Have pined away and died for love of them!
 These men—Apollos in their manly grace,
 Indeed in everything (except in that
 They wore a proper quantity of clothes)—
 We think of with profound indifference!
 But, when we see a woman who excels
 In virtue, scholarship and loveliness,
 We long to lay our heads upon her breast,
 And join our lives with hers!

PSYCHE [PRIN]. **Why that's well said;**

**But have you left no lovers at your home,
 Who may pursue you here?**

HILAR. **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 ornaments,
 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 but the glow of rugged boisterous health:
 Our gait, untrammelled by the influence
 Of high heeled boots, small waists, and Grecian bends,
 May seem undignified—but then we walk
 As Nature meant us to—
 [Is Nature's handiwork,] **and man has learnt**
To reckon Nature an impertinence!

PSYCHE [PRIN]. I know how coldly men regard a girl,
 Whose beauty is her poorest excellence;
 But beauty goes for nothing in these walls.
 [Well, beauty counts for naught within these walls;]
 You'll find yourselves appreciated here:
If what you say is true, you'll spend with us
A happy, happy time!

CYRIL. **If, as you say,**
 Five [A] **hundred lovely maidens wait within**
To welcome us with smiles and open arms,
I think there's very little doubt we shall!

Quartette.—Air, "La Langouste Atmospherique," (Æil Crève).

PSYCHE. If you pass within our hall,
 You must learn to love us all!

HILAR. Why, that's the very kind of learning,
 For which we three have long been burning!

CYRIL. You'll find us ready, goodness knows,
 If all the girls have eyes like those!

FLORI. (*aside*) Take care, you donkey, you're forgetting,
 The secret you will out be letting!

HILAR. We'll pursue our studies, mum,
 Right through your curriculum!
 Crochet and alchemy, tatting, hydrostatics,
 Millineree and the higher mathematics,
 Mytholol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol-o-gee!

CYRIL. Spectrum, analysis and "ah che la morte,"
 Artilleree and the cottage pianoforte,
 Astrolol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol-o-gee!

CHORUS. Crochet and alchemy, &c.

SCENE SECOND NOTES

1. Gobbo is based on the host of a hostel near Princess Ida's castle, in Tennyson's poem. He provides female gear to the three young men.
2. The host in Tennyson's poem jests that "all the swine were sows." This idea of only female animals is given by Gilbert to Gama.
3. Which is prettier? This question is asked in Tennyson's poem of one of Ida's female attendants: "Which was prettiest, best natured?" "Lady Psyche." "Hers are we."
4. Lady Blanche was Ida's governess for many years, after the Queen's death, in the poem. Lady Blanche feels supplanted in Ida's affections by the arrival of Lady Psyche.
5. Lady Psyche is a young widow with a small baby in the poem. She is the same age as Princess Ida and becomes her close friend. The baby, Aglaia, plays a pivotal role in awakening Ida's emotions.

SCENE THIRD.—*Grounds of Castle Adamant; Waterfall and Stream, crossed by practicable rustic bridge, L.; GIRL-STUDENTS discovered grouped about the stage, occupied with philosophical instruments, &c.*

Chorus, from "Pont des Soupirs."

On astronomy, economy and every onomy,
We chatter, chatter, chatter,
Archæology, conchology, and every ology,
A clatter, clatter, clatter.

Such a learned University you don't often see!
Such a learned University you don't often see!
ADA. But on digging for Greek roots the Princess places
solemnlee

A stopper, stopper, stopper.
CHLOE. She considers digging roots (as smacking much of
husbandree)
Improper-proper-proper;
Such a University is this for proprieteel
Such a University is this for proprieteel

ADA. I shall be quite alone, dear, in my rooms,
So come and spend a long, long evening—do!
And bring your steam engine!

CHLOE. Oh, that I will!
And you shall shew me all your nice new things—
That quadrant—and the anemometer;
And oh, that darling, darling dumpy-level
I've heard so much about!

LYDIA. My love, I see¹
You've got another new theodolite.
(*aside to CHLOE*)
That's the fifteenth this month! The one I use
Went out of fashion half a year ago!
Oh, I've a bit of scandal! What d'you think?
Melissa found a *billet-doux*, concealed
In that Egyptian mummy we unrolled
Last night. Just think of that!

Enter MELISSA, from bridge, running.

MELISSA. I say, my dear,
I have *such* news for you! I've just been shown
The robe for doctors of divinity.
Oh, it's the sweetest thing!—Magenta silk,
Trimmed with chinchilla, *bouillonné* behind,
Gored to the figure though; and on the skirt,
Two rows of Cluny lace as deep as that!

CHLOE. Oh my! how lovely!

MELISSA. Then the trencher cap
Is amber satin, trimmed with Cluny lace
And rows of pearls; and round the outer edge
The tiniest, tiniest rosebuds in the world!

ADA. (*to* CHLOE) It's much more lovely than the legal gown—
Green grenadine, with rûchings down the front,
That we shall wear.

CHLOE. (*pouting*) I shall give up the law
And go into the church! I've always felt
A serious longing for a pastor's life;
Besides, I'm dark, and look a fright in green!

SACHA. Take care, here's Lady Blanche. How stern she looks!

Enter LADY BLANCHE, L., GIRLS *study vigorously.*

[*All stand up demurely.*]

**BLANCHE. Attention, ladies, while I read to you
The Princess Ida's list of punishments:
The first is Sacharissa. She's expelled.²**

ALL. Expelled!

**BLANCHE. Expelled—because, although she knew
No man of any kind may see these halls [pass our walls],
She dared to bring a set of chessmen here!**

**SACHA. (*in tears*)
I meant no harm—they're only men of wood!**

**BLANCHE. They're men with whom you give each other mate—
And that's enough! The next is Sylvia—**

SYLVIA. Oh!

**BLANCHE. Sylvia is rusticated for a month
Because, in spite of all our college rules
Upon the point, she dared to put three rows
Of lace insertion round her graduate's gown!
Chloe is gated for a week.**

CHLOE. Oh! why?

BLANCHE. Why? Yesterday, in Princess Ida's ears,
Without an invitation, you declined
That hideous verb, "amo!"³

CHLOE. I heard her say
She wished all students to "decline to love!"⁴

BLANCHE. Phyllis [Chloe] will lose three terms, for yesterday,
When, looking through her drawing book, I found
A sketch of a perambulator!

ALL. (*shocked*) Oh!

BLANCHE. *Double* perambulator, shameless girl!
That's all at present. Now, attention please [pray],
Your principal, the Princess, comes to give
Her usual inaugural address,
To those young ladies who joined yesterday.

*March.—Enter the PRINCESS,
over bridge, attended by eight "daughters of the plough"
—she ascends bank, C.*

PRINCESS. Women of Adamant—fair neophytes,
Who pant for the instruction we can give,
[Who thirst for such instruction as we give,]
Attend, while I unfold a parable:
The elephant is stronger [mightier] than the man,
Yet man subdues him. Why? The elephant
Is elephantine everywhere but here.

(*tapping 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, as the case demands!
Finance? Why, I've heard clever men declare,
Their bankers' balance being overdrawn,
They don't know where to turn for ready cash,
Yet wilfully ignoring all the while
That remedy unfailing—draw a cheque!

Diplomacy? The wily 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!
 Then we excel in social qualities—
 Though man professes that he holds our sex
 In utter scorn, I'll undertake to say [venture to believe]
 If you could read the secrets of his heart,
 He'd rather be alone [spend the day] with one of you
 Than with five hundred of his fellow men!
 In all things we excel. Believing this,
 Five [A] hundred maidens here have sworn to place
 Their foot upon his neck. If we succeed,
 We'll treat him better than he treated us,
 But if we fail—oh then let hope fail too!
 Let no one care one 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!

(coming down)

Who lectures in the Hall of Arts to-day?

BLANCHE. I, madam, on Abstract Philosophy.
 There, I propose considering at length
 Three points—the Is, the Might Be, and the Must.
 Whether the Is, from being actual fact,
 Is more important than the vague Might Be,
 Or the Might Be, from taking wider scope,
 Is, for that reason, greater than the Is,
 And lastly, how the Is and Might Be, stand
 Compared with the inevitable Must.

PRIN. The subject's deep—how do you treat it, pray?

**BLANCHE. 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!
Come girls!**

*Music—Exeunt LADY BLANCHE and STUDENTS,
singing the following chorus as they go off, R.*

Chorus.—“Through the Wood.”

ALL. Principal, Principal! excellent, kindly!
Hail to our Principal—bow to her, all!
We’re only too happy to follow her blindly,
And pick up the pearls of her mind as they fall.

PRIN. (*looking after her*)

Ambitious fool. And do you think you can
Provide this college with a head. Go, go!
Provide yourself with one—you want it more!

*Enter LADY PSYCHE, over bridge, conducting HILARION,
FLORIAN, & CYRIL.*

LADY P. Here is the Princess Ida’s favourite grove,
And here’s the Princess.

(*to Princess*) These are ladies three
Who join our College.

HILAR. (*aside to CYRIL*) Gods! how beautiful!

PRIN. What special study do you seek, my friend?

HILAR. (*enraptured*) Madam, I come that I may learn to live,
For, if I come not here, I die!

PRIN. (*laughing*) Indeed?

Your case is desperate! We welcome you.
We meet at luncheon—until then, farewell!

Exit PRINCESS, L.

FLORI [HIL]. *aside to* HILARION [FLORIAN]
When Psyche sees my face, I’m confident
She’ll recognize her brother Florian.
Let’s [Then] **make a virtue of necessity,**

And trust our secret to her gentle care. (HILARION assents)

FLORI. (*aloud*) Psyche! Why don't you know me—
Florian? (PSYCHE *amazed*)

PSYCHE. Why, Florian!

FLORI. My sister! [*embraces her*]

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

HILAR. I am that Prince Hilarion to whom
Your Princess is betrothed—I come to claim
Her promised [*plighted*] love—your brother Florian, here,
And Cyril—come to see me safely through.

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

HILAR. (*astonished*) Why let me look!
Are you that learned little Psyche who
At school alarmed her mates because she called
A buttercup “*ranunculus bulbosus?*”

CYRIL. Are you indeed that Lady Psyche, who
At children's parties drove the conjuror wild,
Explaining all his tricks before he did them?

HILAR. 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 little Psyche then [*small phenomenon*]?

PSYCHE. That small phenomenon in truth [*indeed*] am I!
But gentlemen, 'tis death to enter here—
My vow will make me speak. What shall I do?
This palace is a rat trap—we the bait—
And you the foolish victims!

CYRIL. Be it so—
A prisoned rat, before he dies the death,
Has liberty to nibble at the bait! (*kisses her*)

PSYCHE. Forbear, sir—pray—you know not what you do!
We have all promised to renounce mankind.

HILAR [FLO]. [Renounce mankind?] But on what grounds do
you, fair Psyche, base
This senseless resolution?

HILAR. Oh, never fear!
 We saw her ladyship an hour ago;
 She seemed to have suspicions of our sex,
 And showed us robes, and gave us needlework,
 As though to test us. Well, we did the work
 Like seamstresses—and named the various stuffs,
 As if we'd spent a full apprenticeship
 At Swan and Edgar's!

*Enter LADY BLANCHE, R. The three GENTLEMEN with
 LADY PSYCHE retire up, and go off, L.U.E.⁵
 [Exeunt PSYCHE, HILARION, CYRIL and FLORIAN.]*

BLANCHE. (*aside to MELISSA*) Here, **Melissa**—hush!
Those are the three new students?

MELISSA. (*confused*) Yes, they are—
They're charming girls!

BLANCHE. (*sarcastically*) **Particularly so!**
So graceful, and so very womanly;
So skilled in all a girl's accomplishments!

MELISSA. (*confused*) Yes, very skilled!

BLANCHE. You stupid little fool!

Awhile ago, I placed before their eyes,
 Some Cluny lace—*they called it Valenciennes*—
 Hemming is stitching—so at least they say—
 A gusset is a gore—a tuck's a flounce—
 Merino's cotton—linen's calico—
 Poplin is silk, and reps is corduroy!
 I bade them hem a pocket handkerchief—
They placed their thimbles on their forefingers!
 And set about their work as clumsily
 As if they had been men, in girls' disguise!
 [These "girls" are men disguised!]

MELISSA. (*trembling*) You surely **wrong** them, [these gentlemen]
 Mother dear, for see— [I mean—why see,]

picking up a case from floor [an étui]

Here is an étui dropped by one of them—
Containing scissors, needles, and—

BLANCHE. (*taking it from her, and opening it*) **Cigars!!!**

This is a case, my dear! I smoke them now!

Why these *are* men! And you knew this, you cat! [minx.]⁶

MELISSA. Oh, spare them—they are gentlemen, indeed,
 The Prince Hilarion—betrothed long since [married years ago]
 To Princess Ida—with two trusted friends!
 Consider, Mother, he's her husband now!
 And has been, twenty years! Consider too, (*insidiously*)
 You're only second here—you should be first—
 Assist the Prince's plan, and when he gains
 The Princess Ida's hand, [Ida why,] you will be first!
 You will design the fashions—think of that!
 And always serve out all the punishments!
 The scheme is harmless, Mother—wink at it!

BLANCHE. (*aside*) The prospect's tempting!
 (*aloud*) 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!

Exit LADY BLANCHE, R.

MELISSA. Saved for a while [time], at least!

Enter FLORIAN, L.U.E. [*on tiptoe.*]

FLORI. [*whispering*] Melissa here? [come!]

MELISSA. Oh, sir, you must away from this at once,
 My Mother guessed your sex—it was my fault,
 I blushed and stammered so, that she exclaimed:
 “Can these be men?” (then seeing this) “Why these”—⁷
 “Are men!” she would have added, but “are men”⁸
 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!

FLORI. I'll go—but not without you. (*bell*)
 Why what's that?

MELISSA. The luncheon bell.

FLORI. I'll wait for luncheon then.

See, here's Hilarion with the stern Princess,
 And Cyril with my sister Psyche, too.

Enter CYRIL with PSYCHE and HILARION with PRINCESS, L.,
 LADY BLANCHE, R., [*and* LADIES.] *also all the other* GIRLS, R.,
 and the eight “DAUGHTERS OF THE PLOUGH,” over bridge, *bearing*⁹
luncheon, which is spread [*on the rocks*].

Quartette—"Angelus" (Mariage aux Lanternes).

FLORI. Hark! the luncheon bell is ringing;
We'll pick a bit
Now, ere we flit.

MELISSA. The luncheon now the maids are bringing;
Pray take your seat,
And be discreet.

HILAR. We will not appear affected,
So pick a bit
Now, ere you flit.

CYRIL. So far so good; we're not detected.
I'll take my seat,
And be discreet.

(they all sit down and eat, CYRIL drinking freely)

PRIN. You say you know the Court of Hildebrand?
There is a prince there—I forget his name.

HILAR. Hilarion?

PRIN. Exactly. Is he well?

HILAR. If it is [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 is [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?

HILAR. Pretty well.

I've heard it said that if I dressed myself
In Prince Hilarion's clothes (supposing this
Consorted [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 unconcealed [undisguised] contempt?

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

CYRIL. (*getting tipsy*) I'm sure of that;
Or, if it is, it surely should not be!

HILAR. (*[aside] to CYRIL*) Be quiet, idiot, or they'll find us out!

CYRIL. The Prince Hilarion's a goodly lad!

PRIN. You know him, then?

CYRIL. [*tipsily*] **I rather think I do!**
 We were [are] inseparables.

PRIN. **Why, what's this?**
 You loved [love] him, then? (*horrified*)

CYRIL. We did—and do [We do indeed] **—all three!**
 And he loves us sincerely in return!

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

CYRIL. **Jests? Not at all—why, bless my heart alive,**
 You and Hilarion, when at the Court,
 Rode the same horse!

PRIN. [*horrified*] **Astride?**

CYRIL. **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—**

CYRIL. (*to FLORIAN*) [*tipsy*]
 Don't you remember that old laughing [kissing] song,
 That he and we would troll in unison, [He'd sing to blushing]
 At the Three Pigeons [Mistress Lalage,]
 Just when daylight broke? [The hostess of the]
 I'll give it you! [Pigeons? Thus it ran:]

Song, CYRIL, Air—Laughing Song from “Manon Lescaut.”

A young and earnest reader,
 Once with a special pleader,
 Was reading for the bar,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 A budding luminary,
 Particularly wary,
 As lovers often are,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 He met a lady bright, ha! ha!
 'Twas very late at night, ha! ha!
 There shone nor moon nor star,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Her head lay on his shoulder,
 And what d'you think he told her?—
 You'll never guess, I know.

I scarcely like to tell you,
 For fear it should repel you—
 Come, whisper, whisper low!
 No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

They threaded many mazes,
 Of buttercups and daisies,
 They wandered very far,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 So amiable he found her,
 He put his arms around her,
 And she opposed no bar,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 He squeezed her little fin, ha! ha!
 He chucked her little chin, ha! ha!
 And christened her his star,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Her head lay on his shoulder,
 And what d'you think he told her?
 You'll never guess, I know—
 I'll hazard it and tell you,
 Although it may repel you—
 Come, whisper, whisper low!
 No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 (*after song, he lights a cigarette*)

PRIN. Infamous creature—get you hence away!

HILAR. Dog! Here is something more to sing about!

strikes him [CYRIL]

CYRIL. (*sobered*) Hilarion—are you mad?

PRIN. (*astonished*) [*horrified*] Hilarion? Help!

Why these are men! Lost! lost! betrayed! undone!

running on to bridge

Girls, get you hence—man-monsters, if you dare

Approach one step—I—ah!

loses [her] balance and falls [into the stream]

PSYCHE. Oh! save her, sir!

BLANCHE. It's useless, sir, you'll only catch your death.

(HILARION *springs in*)

SACHA. He catches her—

MELISSA.

Again she's in his grasp—

PSYCHE.

He seizes her back hair—

BLANCHE. [*not looking*]

PSYCHE. No—no—she's saved! She's saved!

She's saved! She's saved!

HILARION *is seen swimming with the PRINCESS in one arm—
he swims to a bank and
the PRINCESS and he are brought to land.*

PRIN. You've saved our lives and so have saved your own,
But leave this palace—men in women's clothes!¹⁰

Enter LYDIA, R., running.

Why, what's the matter now?

LYDIA.

King Hildebrand,

Holding your father captive, sends to say

That if Hilarion suffers any harm,

Your father's life will pay the penalty.

Moreover—if you do not yield yourself,

According to the tenor of your oath,

He will attack you ere to-morrow's dawn—

And force compliance!

PRIN.

Will he so, indeed?

We'll teach these men a lesson.

(*to HILARION*)

Get you gone!

You saved our lives—we thank you for it—go!

Arm, Amazons! We'll shew these gentlemen,

How nobly Woman vindicates her claim

To equal individuality!

Arm! Arm! This is our opportunity.

*Concerted Piece—Air, "Boolabang," from "Ching Chow Hoi."*¹¹

Join in one indignant chorus,

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

Ere our enemies we flay,

Lest these rascals get before us,

Ding, ding, ding, &c.

Arm yourselves, I'll lead the way!
Tzing-boom!

We will show
All we know!
Make the foe
Glad to go!
Bring him woe!
With a bow
And ar-row
Lay him low!

CYRIL. Ta, ta, ra, ta, ta, ra, &c.

trumpet business—
the three GENTLEMEN are thrust forth by the AMAZONS.
Tableau.

SCENE THIRD NOTES

1. Gilbert forgets to include Lydia as a character in his cast list.
2. Sacharissa is expelled in play and opera. But she shows up later in both as the lady surgeon.
3. amo. Latin for "I Love"
4. decline to love. To list the verb forms of the word "love".
5. L.U.E. Stage direction: Left Upper Entrance.
6. minx. Punctuation is missing in the first English edition. The same printer in an edition soon after adds a period.
7. she exclaimed, "Can these be men?" Not spoken in play or opera. Appears to be a Gilbert error. He had a clever idea, but did not carry it through. See next note.
8. are men (amen) stuck in her throat. Not true. She says it clearly. Gilbert strains to use the quote from Macbeth, "I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' stuck in my throat."
9. Tennyson created the "Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men, Huge women...each was like a Druid rock."
10. But leave this palace. This occurs in poem and play. They are bound and taken prisoner in the opera.
11. Ching Chow Hoi. Should be Ching Chow Hi as in Scene First.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Hildebrand's Camp before Ida's Castle.*

Enter HILDEBRAND and GAMA, L.

HILDE. The Princess Ida still holds out, although
Our camp is fairly pitched before her walls.
King Gama, if Hilarion comes not back
All safe and sound, you'll surely suffer death!
Your head for his!

GAMA. The stakes are poorly matched:
It's Lombard Street against a China orange!

HILDE. In the meantime, pray make yourself at home,
Direct my army as it were your own.
On every matter that concerns the state,
Your orders give;—they will not be obeyed,
But that don't matter!

GAMA. Don't it?

HILDE. Not a jot!
The ecstasy of absolute command
Is seriously dashed when you reflect,
That for all consequences that ensue,
You by the world are held responsible!
But here, where all are bound to hear your word
With every outward token of respect,
They systematically disobey it,
Your power of high command is just as great,
The consequences absolutely *nil*.

Enter ATHO, L.

ATHO. My liege, three gentlemen await without,
Attended by a troop of soldiery. (*gives note*)

GAMA. (*reads*) "The Princes Arac, Guron, Scynthus,
King Gama's sons, desire that you will set
Their father free" (*to ATHO*) Admit these gentlemen.

Exit ATHO, L.

My sons! That's brave!

Enter ARAC, SCYNTHIUS and GURON, L.¹

HILDE. What would you, gentlemen?

ARAC. What would we? Why look you, King Hildebrand.
You hold our father in unkingly bonds,

Our sister you beleaguer in her home,
 You threaten to lay waste our richest lands,
 And then you coolly ask us "What would we?"
 GURON. We come to claim our father at your hands.
 SCYNTHIUS. We come to save our sister Ida from
 The rude assaults of savage soldiery.
 Why they are girls—mere girls—and should be stormed
 As other girls are stormed, if stormed at all!
 HILDE. As other girls are stormed so shall they be;
 We'll use no cannon bayonet or sword,
 For such ungentlemanly arguments—
 Convincing though they be—would but convince
 These women 'gainst their will! We'll witch them forth
 With love songs, odes, and idle fripperies,
 Such as a woman cannot long withstand.
 Stay, you shall see—

Enter ATHO, L.

ATHO. All is prepared, my liege
 To storm the walls—
 HILDE. Then let the siege commence!

Enter FIRST OFFICER, R.

Who leads the serenading party, eh?
 FIRST OFFICER. Sir Michael Costa—²
 HILDE. Good! the light guitars
 Fall in at six—the King's own baritones,
 Led by Sir Santley.³
 FIRST OFFICER. He's not knighted, sir!
 HILDE. He shall be, then—they will parade at five!

Exit FIRST OFFICER, R.

Enter SECOND OFFICER, L.

SECOND OFFICER. Who leads the scaling party, sir?
 HILDE. Of course
 The first light tenors—they can highest go.

Exit SECOND OFFICER, L.

ATHO. And who shall first climb up the outer wall,
 And reconnoitre what goes on within?
 HILDE. Some tenor, fool, who can "go up to see!"

Exit ATHO, L.

Let all be furnished with their photographs,
 And scatter them among these amazons.
 Bid the director of the poets direct
 And post five hundred valentines, and see
 They get them by to-night's delivery.
 Go, tell the gallant lady, who commands
 The horse brigade of royal milliners,
 To place five hundred toilet tables out
 Within full view of Princess Ida's walls.
 Upon them place five hundred mirrors—then
 Lay out five hundred robes of French design.

Re-enter SECOND OFFICER, L.

SECOND OFFICER. My liege—'twas done last night, yet they hold
 out!

HILDE. Then must we change our ammunition? Place
 Upon the toilet tables as they stand,
 Five hundred papers of five hundred pins,
 Five hundred pots of choicest bandoline,
 Five thousand chignons—that's ten chignons each,
 And all of different colour and design;
 And if they still hold out they're more than women!

Exeunt OFFICERS, GAMA, ARAC, SCYNTHIUS, *and* GURON.

KING. If all this fails, I have a deadlier scheme,
 Five hundred waltzing bachelors—tried men,
 Who can waltz forwards—backwards—anyhow—
 Shall twirl and twist before their dazzled eyes,
 Thrumming soft music on a light guitar.

Song—KING HILDEBRAND, *Air*, "*Largo al Factotum.*"

Like a teetotum with a guitar—
 Just so!
 La, la, la, la!
 Bachelors spin at 'em, thus from afar—
 Just so!
 La, la, la, la!
 Oh, tickle their vanity;
 Oh, never be chary,

Oh, flatter your fairy,
Ever unwary,
 Tickle it, ah!
Bravo bravissimo,
Generalissimo,
 Serve her it, ah!
Flatter her beauty,
With an acute eye.
Say it's your duty,
 Call her a star!
Sneer at another,
Coddle her mother,
Butter her brother,
 Ever so far!
 La, la, la, la!
Load her with frippery,
Glovery, slippery,
Cleverly planned, no going too far!
Marabout feather,
Gossamer airy,
Fastened together,
Give to your fairy.
 La, la, la, la!
Oh, tickle her vanity,
Oh, never be chary,
Oh, flatter your fairy,
Ever unwary,
 Tickle it, ah!
Marry her merrily,
Change it all, verily;
Snapping and wrangling,
Jingling and jangling,
Snarling and snapping,
Rubbing and rapping.
"Why are you mum to me?
"Why don't you come to me?
"Why are you mum to me?
"Why don't you come to me?
"Quicker, oh! quicker, oh! quicker, oh!"

My goodness! my gracious!
 A row, sir!
 Pucker your brow, sir,
 Pucker it, ah!
 Pucker it, ah!
 Lick her, oh, no more!
 Quicker, oh, "The door!"
 Set it ajar!
 Light a cigar!
 Set it ajar!
 Light a cigar!
 Give her a sou!
 Bid her adoo!
 Give her a sou!
 Bid her adoo!
 Bravo bravissimo,
 Finish your capering.
 Like a teetotum
 With a guitar!
 With a guitar!
 With a guitar!
 Bravo bravissimo,
 Generalissimo!
 Take her and marry her,
 Worry her, harry her;
 Oh, you may carry her
 Ever so far!
 Just like a teetotum
 With a guitar!

Enter ATHO, L.

ATHO. My liege, I bring good news, your plan succeeds.
 Three ladies of the Princess Ida's band
 Are coming towards your camp.

HILDE. The chignons did it!
 Admit them.

Enter HILARION, CYRIL *and* FLORIAN, *still in women's clothes.*

HILDE [GAMA]. Why—**Hilarion!** **Cyril** too!
 And **Florian!** **dressed as women.** Ho! ho! ho! (*all jeer them*)

HILAR. We gained admission to fair Ida's halls,
 By this disguise—We were detected though,
 And should have suffered death, but that she knew,
 In killing us, she killed her father too!

GAMA. (*in high glee*) Here, set me free! Hilarion's safe again—
Is this indeed Hilarion?

HILAR. **Yes it is—**

GAMA. **Why you look handsome in your women's clothes,
 Stick to 'em—man's attire becomes you not!**
 (*to FLORIAN and CYRIL*)
**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,
 Bring all your woman's wiles to bear on him.
 He never could resist a pretty face!**

CYRIL [HIL]. **You dog!** [you'll find] **Though I wear woman's
 garb, you'll find
 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!**

FLORI [CYRIL]. **What need to talk of swords to**
 [waste your words on] **such as he?**
He's old and crippled— (*to GAMA*) **Oh, if you were young,
 And tolerably straight—and I could catch
 You all alone, I'd—Ah!**

GAMA. (*bashfully*) **Oh, go along,
 You naughty girl—why, I'm a married man,
 [Aye,] But I've three sons—see, ladies—here they are—
 Fine fellows—young and muscular and brave.
 [They're well worth talking to!]
 They'll meet you, if you will? **Come, what d'ye say?****

ARAC. **Aye, pretty ones, engage yourselves with us,
 If three rude warriors who have spent their lives
 Hacking at enemies, affright you not!**

HILAR. (*to GAMA*) **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!**

HILAR. Enough! I speak for Florian and Cyril.
 Arac, we take your challenge—three to three—
 So that it's understood that Ida's hand
 Depends upon the issue!

ARAC. There's my hand;
 If she consents not—sister though she be
 We'll raze her castle to the very ground!

Concerted Piece—"Entre Paris et Lyons."

HILDE. We'll settle this affair to-morrow morn!

CYRIL. We'll settle this affair to-morrow morn!

FLORI. We'll settle this affair to-morrow morn!

GAMA. We'll settle this affair to-morrow morn!

HILDEBRAND, HILARION, FLORIAN,

and CYRIL. Draw!

Foes like you we scorn—

You shall down to the dead men go!

GAMA, ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS. Draw!

Sure as you were born,

You shall rue to-morrow morning!

HILDE. You shall bite the dust in sorrow—

Hear us give you warning!

GAMA. We are eager for to-morrow,

Such suggestions scorning!

ALL. Draw!

Sure as you were born,

You shall down to the dead men go!

Draw!

Foes like you we scorn—

You shall rue to-morrow morning!

("Les Bavards et le Bresilien.")

Off let us toddle-oddle!

Crack on his noddle-oddle!

No molly coddle-oddle

[It's an arrant molly coddle]

Shall be my model-odel.

[Fears a crack upon the noddle]
Off let us toddle-oddle!
Crack on his noddle-oddle!
Such a molly coddle-oddle! Oh!—ugh!⁴

Exeunt R. and L.

SCENE FOURTH NOTES

1. Gama's sons make their first appearance. Tennyson names Arac but designates the other two as "the twins".
2. Sir Michael Costa (1808-1884). Conductor and musical director at Covent Garden. He was also an accomplished tenor. Born in Naples, he settled in London in 1830 and became a naturalized citizen. It was natural for Gilbert to allude to him in the 1870 Princess. This was prior to Gilbert's partnership with Arthur Sullivan. However, by coincidence, Costa was a friend of the young Sullivan and helped advance him in his career.
3. Sir (Charles) Santley (1834-1922). Distinguished English baritone. Was knighted in 1907 (not 1905 as stated in a Sullivan biography). It was natural for Gilbert to also allude to Santley in the 1870 Princess. Santley was another friend of Arthur Sullivan. He sang the role of the father in Sullivan's 1869 The Prodigal Son.
4. Such a molly coddle-oddle. The noddle - coddle rhyme appears in the same context in the opera.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Inner Gate of Castle Adamant. All the LADY STUDENTS discovered—the eight SERVANTS as Amazons—the others¹ all around.*

Flourish—Enter PRINCESS IDA, [armed, attended] followed by LADY BLANCHE [and PSYCHE].

PRIN. Is all prepared for war?

[I like your spirit, girls!] **We have to meet
Stern bearded warriors in fight to-day.
Wear naught but what is necessary to
Preserve your dignity before their eyes,
And give your limbs full play.**

BLANCHE. **One moment, ma'am,
Here's 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;
While [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,
These terms may independently exist.
[To Ladies] Women of Adamant, we have to show
These men how they have under-rated us!
Now is the time to prove our titles to
The highest honours they monopolise!
Now is the time to prove our theory
That woman, educated to the work [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?**

SACHA. **Madam, here!**

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

SACHA. [*alarmed*] **What! heal the wounded?**

PRIN. **Yes!**

SACHA. **And cut off real live legs and arms?**

PRIN. **Of course!**

SACHA. **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.

SACHA. 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 Amazons [fusiliers], advance!
Why, you are armed with spears—mere [axes!] gilded toys!
Where are your muskets [rifles], pray?

ADA [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 muskets [rifles!]. Off with you!
Where's my bandmistress?

CHLOE [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
The [Our] lab'ratory, where your class compounds
That hideous chemical—are you [well] prepared
To blow these bearded rascals into shreds?

PSYCHE. Why, madam—

PRIN. Well?

PSYCHE. Let us try gentler means—
Treat them with the contempt that they deserve.
We can dispense with fulminating grains,
While we have eyes with which to flash our rage.
We can dispense with villa[i]nous 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,
 For [Since] all my women have deserted me!**

Enter [CHLOE] MELISSA, L.

MELISSA [CHLOE].

Madam, [your father and] **your brothers** crave [claim]
an audience.

PRIN. My brothers? Why **what do they** [do] **here?**

MELISSA [CHLOE]. **They come**

To fight for you.

PRIN. Admit them!

BLANCHE. Infamous!

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 perplexity [emergency]

Even one's brothers may be turned to use!

Enter ARAC, GURON *and* SCYNTHIUS, L.

ARAC. My sisters!²

PRIN. Arac, Guron, Scynthius, too! (*embrace*)

ARAC. We have arranged that Prince Hilarion

And his two followers shall fight us here;

And if we fall, we've promised him your hand!

PRIN. (*sighing*) So be it, Arac; brothers though you be,

With all your faults you're brave, as brutes are brave,

So be it—fight them here, but (*aside and bashfully*)

oh, my brother,

Kill whom you will, but spare Hilarion!

He saved my life!

MELISSA. (*aside to* ARAC) Oh, save me, Florian,

He is her brother! (*indicating* PSYCHE)

PSYCHE. (*aside to* ARAC) Oh, spare Cyril, sir,

You've no idea what jolly songs he sings!

ARAC. Bah! I can spare them all—I want them not!³

But here they come, stand back, the lists prepare—

Get you within those walls, poor trembling ones,

And see that no one interferes with us!

*Enter, L., HILARION, CYRIL and FLORIAN, with KINGS GAMA and HILDEBRAND-PRINCESS and LADIES retire within outer wall, and group themselves on battlements.*⁴

GAMA. Come boys, we've all prepared, begin! begin!
 Why you lack mettle?—Gad, I'll spur you up!
 (to ARAC) Look, Arac—there's the son of that vile king,
 Who, when he held me as his prisoner,
 Tormented [He tortures] **me with tortures** [torments]
worse than death.
I hadn't anything to grumble at;
He found out what particular meats I loved,
And gave me them—the very choicest wine—
The costliest robes—the richest rooms were mine.
He suffered none to thwart my simplest plan,
And gave strict orders none should contradict me.
He made my life a curse! Go in at them! [weeps]
 Avenge your father's wrongs!
 (to HILARION) And as for you—
 (*pointing to his sons*)
 Here are three princes, sirs, who stand between
 You and your happiness—so cut them down.
Give them no mercy [quarter], they will give you none.
Come, [come,] Prince Hilarion, begin, begin!
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 battlements*)

HILAR. Come on!

ARAC. Come on!

CYRIL. Come on!

SCYN. Come on!

FLORI. Come on!

(desperate fight—at the end, HILARION, CYRIL, and FLORIAN wound ARAC, GURON and SCYNTHIUS —Tableau)

PRIN. (*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?

(*bitterly to LADY BLANCHE*) How say you, Lady Blanche—

Can I with dignity my post resign?

And if I do, will you then take my place?

BLANCHE. To answer this, it's meet that we consult

The great Potential Mysteries; I mean

The five Subjunctive Possibilities—

The May, the Might, the Would, the Could, the Should!

Can you resign? The prince Might claim you; if⁵

He Might, you Could—and if you Should, I Would!

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!

HILDE. 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!

HILDE. 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?

BLANCHE. 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!

HILDE [HILAR]. Madam, you placed your trust in⁶

woman—well,

Woman has failed you utterly—try man,

Give him one chance, it's only fair—besides,

Women are far too precious, too divine

To try unproven theories upon.

Experiments, the proverb says, are made

On humble subjects—try our grosser clay,

And mould it as you will!

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

PRIN. And shall I find
The Lady Psyche here?

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

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

MELISSA. Madam, however Florian turns out,
Unhesitatingly I answer, No.

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

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

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!"⁷

Finale, from "Le Pont des Soupirs."

CYRIL. Singers know
How sweetly at a piano
A tenor and soprano
Together sound.

CHORUS. Singers know, &c.

HILAR. This will show
That men and women verily
Can get along more merrily
Together bound.

CHORUS. This will show
That men and women verily
Can get along more merrily
Together bound.
Together bound.
Together bound.

Curtain.

SCENE FIFTH NOTES

1. eight Servants as Amazons. These are the Daughters of the Plough.
2. My sisters. Arac has two brothers, but one sister.
3. spare Hilarion; save me Florian; spare Cyril. This may be put in by Gilbert to explain why Arac and his warrior brothers will lose the fight. The lack of encouragement causes them to put forth less than their best effort. Gilbert deleted this from the opera and thus there is no discernable reason for the unexpected result.
4. In the poem, Tennyson has fifty on horseback to a side. Ida's side, led by her brothers, wins the battle. Hilarion is thought to have been killed by Arac. Princess Ida is completely changed by the events of the day: "He saved my life; my brother slew him for it." She is further softened by the relationship between Lady Psyche, a widow in the poem, and Psyche's child. Hilarion is revealed to be alive though badly wounded. Ida is by his side as he returns to health. The complexity of Ida's self inspection and change of outlook are detailed in the poem.
5. The prince Might claim you. May, not might. Gilbert error in play and opera. Corrected in many later editions of the opera.
6. HILDE [HILAR]. This is the fourth occurrence of this error in the play. Gilbert corrects the error in the Original Plays libretto.
7. "We will walk...I love thee—Come!". Direct quote from the poem, spoken by the Prince, not the Princess. Gilbert substitutes We for O we , the world for this world , through for thro' , and adds exclamation points where Tennyson is more subdued with commas and periods.

LINES FROM THE PRINCESS BY TENNYSON

Shown are a selection of lines taken from *The Princess* by Tennyson. In some cases intervening words within a selection have been deleted. This is to present the thought while adhering to space limitations.

The lines were chosen to illustrate how closely Gilbert follows Tennyson's story and its details. A major difference in treatment is that Tennyson goes from 'banter' to 'serious' after the Prince saves Ida from the river. This allows Tennyson to examine the feminine perspective of the issues. Gilbert retains the lighter tone throughout his play and opera; he therefore does not dig deeply beneath the surface.

LILIA (from the Prologue). I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! Oh I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught:
We are twice as quick! (P8)

PRINCE. Now it chanced that I had been
Proxy-wedded at eight years old.

FLORIAN. I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess.

GAMA. They see no men,
Not even her brother Arac, not the twins,
Her brethren, though they love her, look upon her
As a kind of paragon.

PRINCE. Remembering how we three presented Maid
Or Nymph, or Goddess, in masque or pageant,
We sent mine host to purchase female gear.

PRINCE. There at a board by tome and paper sat,
with two tame leopards couched beside her throne,
All beauty compassed in a female form, The Princess.

IDA. What! are the ladies of your land so tall?

FLORIAN. Are you that Psyche she
With whom I sang about the morning hills?

BLANCHE. Why—these—are—men: and you know it.

CYR to BLANCHE. We will seat you highest: Wink at our advent.

PRINCE. Cyril began to troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences, unmeet for ladies.

PRINCE. Blind with rage she missed the plank, and rolled
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom.

PRINCE. Close behind her (Ida) stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain, and labour
Letter from GAMA to IDA. We fell into his father's (Hildebrand) hands
And here he keeps me hostage for his son.

Letter from KING (HILDEBRAND) to IDA. Cleave to your contract.
We this night should pluck your palace down
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole.

PRINCE to IDA. At eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods.

IDA to MAIDENS. *I dare*
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?

IDA to PRINCE. And you look well too in your woman's dress.

TENNYSON. So Lilia sang: we thought her half possessed,
She struck such warbling fury through the words.
Like one that wished at a dance to change
The music, clapped her hands and cried for some grand fight.

(The mood of the poem now changes from banter to serious.)

PRINCE to KING (HILDEBRAND). More soluble is this knot,
By gentleness than war. I want her love.

KING to PRINCE. Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.

PRINCE to ARAC. Decide it here: why not? we are three to three.

ARAC'S BROTHER. No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, some fifty on a side. (Fifty versus fifty in the poem)

PRINCE. From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rained, darkness closed me; and I fell.
(Tennyson's battle has an opposite outcome from Gilbert's.)

PRINCE. And then once more she looked at my pale face:
Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast.
(Tennyson and Gilbert reach the same conclusion, each from his own
perspective.)

IDA. We will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth.
(Tennyson causes the university to be dissolved.)

PRINCE. Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

TENNYSON. So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose.
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque.
The women—and perhaps they felt their power,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close.

DARWINIAN MAN

Charles Darwin published 'On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection' in 1859 and began the idea of biological evolution. Gilbert was able to make good use of the theory in his 1884 Princess Ida.

Lady Psyche first states that:

We have all promised to renounce mankind!
We are all taught, and, being taught, believe
That Man, sprung from an Ape, is Ape at heart.

She develops the premise in the song of The Ape and the Lady:

A Lady fair, of lineage high,
Was loved by an Ape in the days gone by— etc.

... ..

He crammed his feet into bright tight boots—
And to start in life on a bran new plan, [bran not brand]
He christened himself Darwinian Man! [in early editions]

Gilbert's American Libretto concludes with:

While a **shaved monkee, though** well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

Gilbert changed the English Libretto to the familiar:

While a **Man, however** well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

This couplet is contained in the 1890 Songs of a Savoyard and in all editions of Original Plays by W. S. Gilbert-Third Series, first published in 1895. After its initial run in 1884, Princess Ida was not presented in London until its 1919 revival. A cast recording was made in 1924. This contains what may be the first documented appearance of the equally familiar couplet:

While **Darwinian man, though** well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

This new couplet is contained in the 1926 first edition, and subsequent editions, of The Savoy Operas published by Macmillan. It also continues in D'Oyly Carte's 1932 and 1955 recordings. The 1965 recording reverts to 'a Man, however'.

A variant begins in the 1932 Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert:

While a **Darwinian Man, though** well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

This would appear to be an error by Random House. However it continues in Martyn Green's Treasury of G&S; also in Isaac Asimov's Annotated G&S. Books of G&S operas may contain 'a Man, however' or 'Darwinian Man, though' or 'a Darwinian Man, though' depending on which edition of which publisher is used as source material.