

To

Princess Ida

N. 12.

1/3 22

THM/73/2/19

Princess Ida

Property Plot

No. 2 Coy

Act I

- 4 Opera glasses to be distributed among ladies
- 3 Telescopes do do do
- 1 pair of handcuffs for King Yama L.U.E.
- 3 sets of manacles for Arac Guron & Seyn: L.U.E.
- 3 Large swords Arac: Guron & Seyn: R.U.E.

Act II

- 3 Robes & Caps to be discovered on Bank L.
- 1 Scroll for Lady Blanche for her 1st entrance R.U.E.
- 4 Baskets for "Daughters of the Plough"
 - 2 first entrance R. 2 first entrance L.

Containing

2 Table cloths

4 Knives & forks

4 Plates

4 Goblets

2 Blagons

2 Dishes of meat

To be distributed
so as to be equally
divided on either
side of Stage -
Roast Lamb to be on R.

12 Copy books & pencils 1 for each lady discovered

1 Cigar case with cigars to be dropped by Hil: on bank during the "ape song" & is picked up by Melipa-

1

Property plot continued

- 3 Hazel sticks with line to be placed in 2nd entrance left for daughters of the Plough
- 1 Book for "Princess Ida" for her 2nd entrance R.U.E.
- 8 Halberts for Chorus gentlemen L.U.E.
- 1 Bell in "C" concert-pitch prompt-entrance
- 1 Crash prompt entrance

Act III

- 3 Linen Bandages for Sacharifa Chloé & ada for their last entrances
- 11 Battle axes for ladies discovered
- 8 Halberts as in Act II
- 6 Fighting swords - 3 to be worn by the 3 chorus gentlemen who stand immediately behind Arac Guron & Seyn to assist in taking off armour - and three to be put in corner of Stage L. for Hil: Cyril & Florian

Arthur y. 04
 Arthur y. 34
 Arthur y. 10

1st Issal
 This was original prompt copy
 at Savoy Theatre in
 W. H. Seymour's handwriting

PRINCESS IDA.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—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!

Enter Florian from Arch L.

SOLO.

FLOR. Will Prince Hilarion's hopes be sadly blighted?

ALL. Who can tell?

FLOR. Will Ida break the vows that she has plighted?

ALL. Who can tell?

FLOR. Will she back out, and say she did not mean them?

ALL. Who can tell?

FLOR. 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.

arms up
 down
 ladies come forward
 to lines
 " go back

all bow

back to old

pos comes down

* Ladies from semi circle

Enter KING HILDEBRAND, with CYRIL. L U E

HILD. C See you no sign of GAMA?
 FLOR. R 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. L 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.)

FLOR. (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!

HILD. Ha! Is the Princess with him?

FLOR. 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, hustle there!

*
 For Gama place the richest robes we own— R 2 Ladies curtsey R
 For Gama place the coarsest prison dress— R 2 do L
 For Gama let our best spare bed be aired— 2 do R
 For Gama let our deepest dungeon yawn— 2 do L
 For Gama lay the costliest banquet out— 2 do c:
 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! X R A C

SONG AND CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

*movement, out to**all 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!

*wave hands
swing*

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

*Dance thro' oym!
Fadito step forward &
backward feet. do the
same contrary way*

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!

stop & wave arms

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!

*Army**[Exeunt all. R & L Dancing]**Enter HILARION. R U E*RECIT.—HILARION. *U*

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. L U E

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

HILB. King Gama is in sight, but much I fear
 With no Princess!HIL. Alas, my liege, I've heard
 That Princess Ida has forsworn the world,
 And, with a band of women, shut herself
 Within a lonely country house, and there
 Devotes herself to stern philosophies!*goes to seat R & C.*

Guram Arac Sayn
o o o

L
R.C.

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!
get up 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.

get off L at back

Enter Courtiers, with ~~Crown and Erogen~~, R & L.

in Woods

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

Enter ARAC, GURON, and SCYTHIUS. *R.V.E. as they bowing & curtsy Ladies curtsy*

SONG.—ARAC. C

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

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
Masculine in sex.

wed heads

ARAC. Politics we bar,
They are not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent.

ALL THREE. No, no, *shake heads*
Not intelligent.

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

all three strike picture

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

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

change picture

..

"

"

Yes—yes,
Fighting is our trade, ha! ha
Fighting is our trade.

brings sword down

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

Go strike picture & bring sword down in last note & turn up stage

Enter KING GAMA. RUE

SONG.—GAMA. C

all bow as Gama enters

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

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect;
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;

Swords up

up & down

all hold out hands to one another

Cyril Flo Gama Hild Hil

repartee actions

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 !

all listen

Enter Hild: Hil,
Cyril & Florian
L.U.E.

GAMA. C 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 !

Lc

HILD. (gratified.) Oh, really, king!

C

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

Hild takes stage
Hil: turns up

Hil - Lc

(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?

R.c

FLO. My lord, we love our king.
His wise remarks are valued by his court
As precious stones.

C

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?

how laugh

Flo: gets Row
Cyril takes CYRIL. going L
his place R.C

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

Arac Giron & Soyne
threaten

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. *T.C.* We are in doubt
Whether to treat you as an honoured guest,
Or as a traitor knave who plights his word,
And breaks it.

GAMA (*quickly.*) If the casting vote's with me,
I give it for the former!

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

GAMA. Answer me this:
What think you of a wealthy purse-proud man,
Who, when he calls upon a starving friend,
Pulls out his gold and flourishes his notes,
And flashes diamonds in the pauper's eyes?
What name have you for such an one?

HILD. A snob.

GAMA. Just so. The girl has beauty, virtue, wit,
Grace, humour, wisdom, charity, and pluck.
Would it be kindly, think you, to parade
These brilliant qualities before *your* eyes?
Oh no, King Hildebrand, I am no snob!

HILD. (*furiously.*) Stop that tongue,
Or you shall lose the monkey head that holds it!

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

HILD. Where is she now?

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

CYRIL. A hundred girls! A hundred ecstacies!

C

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.

R.C

CYRIL. With all my heart, if she's the prettiest!
(To FLO.) Fancy, a hundred matches—all alight!—
That's if I strike them as I hope to do!

C

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!

X R.C

FLO. Are there 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 "hers"!
The ladies rise at cockcrow every morn—

CYRIL. Ah, then they have male poultry?

all pointing "ah"

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

DUET.—GAMA AND HILDEBRAND.

GAMA. ^{*If you will*}
~~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 point & keep time

ALL. Humbly beg and humbly sue, &c.

*rub hands & bow
Chorus do the same*

HILD. ^{*to Hil.*}
_{*L.C.*} Go you, and inform the lady,
Most politely, most politely,
If she don't, we'll storm the lady,
Most politely, most politely!

wants to buy

(To GAMA) You'll remain as hostage here;
Should Hilarion disappear,
We will hang you, never fear,
Most politely, most politely!

draw swords
guards come down
sides into position

ALL. { He'll }
 { I'll } remain as hostage here, &c.
 { You'll }

GAMA, ABAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS are ~~marched~~ *are* ~~in~~ *are* custody, *of two chorists*
HILDEBRAND following. L. U. E. *Ladies curtsy*
ironically-
to Gama last

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!

chorus get into
groups
front

TRIO.—HILARION, CYRIL, and FLORIAN.

HIL. *orato* RC 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. Oh dainty triquet!
Oh fragrant violet!
Oh gentle heigho-let
(Or little sigh)

hands up
down
end of chorus

On sweet urbanity,
Though mere inanity,
To touch their vanity
We will rely!

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

CHOR. Oh dainty triquet, &c.

guards return

X. De: Hil: Cyr: Guron Arac Scyn: Gama Hild:

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Flo. ^{LC} ~~Arach.~~ } 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!

guards in state

CHOR. Oh dainty triolet, &c

form strophic at end of Scyn

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

Recit.

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

HILD. You must!

GAMA. This seems unnecessarily severe!

ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS. Hear, hear!

TRIO—ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS. *come down in front*

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!

business of drumming

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.

Inevitable

- 1 3 Knepets
- 2 Haldubran
- 3 Haldubran
- 4 Sloman
- 57 April
- 6 Summer

Apr 8. 27.

8.28
8.24
8.40

act I

ACT II

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

Girl graduates discovered seated at the feet of LADY PSYCHE.

CHORUS.

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

arms raised
to each other
hands to hearts

SOLO—MELISSA. RC

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

PSYCHE. *enters & comes down*

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

all write

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll do as we're advised,
We will get them Bowdlerized!

all write

SOLO—SACHARISSA. *L.C.*

Pray you tell us, if you can,
What's the thing that's known as Man?

PSYCHE. *e*

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!

all write

And thus to empyrean height
Of every kind of lore,
In search of wisdom's pure delight,
Ambitiously we soar.
In trying to achieve success
No envy racks our heart,
For all we know and all we guess,
We mutually impart!

R.U.E.
Enter LADY BLANCHE. *All stand up demurely.*

*Melissa & Psyche
are sealed*

BLA. *e* 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. *R.C.* Ah!

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

ALL (*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.

Psyche kneels L.C.

CHORUS. *all kneeling except
Lady Blanche*

Mighty maiden with a mission,
Paragon of common sense,
Running fount of erudition,
Miracle of eloquence,
We are blind, and we would see;
We are bound, and would be free;
We are dumb, and we would talk;
We are lame, and we would walk.
Mighty maiden with a mission—
Paragon of common sense;
Running fount of erudition—
Miracle of eloquence!

PRIN. (*Recit.*) Minerva! hear me:

ARIA.

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

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

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

Psyche stands

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!
 Then we excel in social qualities:
 Though Man professes that he holds our sex
 In utter scorn, I venture to believe
 He'd rather spend the day with one of you,
 Than with five hundred of his fellow men!
 In all things we excel. Believing this,
 A hundred maidens here have sworn to place
 Their feet upon his neck. If we succeed,
 We'll treat him better than he treated us:
 But if we fail, why then let hope fail too!
 Let no one care a penny how she looks—
 Let red be worn with yellow—blue with green—
 Crimson with scarlet—violet with blue!
 Let all your things misfit, and you yourselves,
 At inconvenient moments come undone!
 Let hair-pins lose their virtue: let the hook
 Disdain the fascination of the eye—
 The bashful button modestly evade
 The soft embraces of the button-hole!
 Let old associations all dissolve,
 Let Swan secede from Edgar—Gask from Gask,
 Sewell from Cross—Lewis from Allenby!
 In other words—let Chaos come again!

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

BLA.R.C. 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.

R. U. E.
Exit PRINCESS and MAIDENS *singingly refrain of chorus, " And thus to
empyrean heights, &c. Manet LADY BLANCHE.*

Sib. C. 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.

gets up

9

SONG.—LADY BLANCHE. *C.*

Come mighty Must !
Inevitable Shall !
In thee I trust.
Time weaves my coronal !
Go mocking Is !
Go disappointing Was !
That I am this
Ye are the cursed cause !
Yet humble second shall be first,
I ween ;
And dead and buried be the curst
Has Been !
Oh weak Might Be !
Oh May, Might, Could, Would, Should !
How powerless ye
For evil or for good !
In every sense
Your moods I cheerless call,
Whate'er your tense
Ye are Imperfect, all !
Ye have deceived the trust that I've shown
In ye !
Away ! The Mighty Must alone
Shall be !

[Exit LADY BLANCHE *R. I. E.*

Hil Cyr Ho
o o o

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 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.

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

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

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

ALL. These are the phenomena, &c.

HIL, R.C. 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 !

galeo C. Cyr R.C.

X Cyr: Hil Flo:

X Hil: Cyr: Flo:

At end of Trio they dance into position L.C.

Flo: Hil:

get caps from bank

*Fly: goes for Robes
takes two up X hand
then to Hil: who
gives one to Cyril
Flo: takes the other*

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!

*arms up
hand side of face
Lands cropped on breast*

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!

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!

Cyril gets C. during sym:

CYR. C I am a maiden frank and simple,
Brimming with joyous roguery:
Merriment lurks in every dimple,
Nobody breaks more hearts than I!

(Dance.)

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!

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!

(Enter the PRINCESS reading, *R.U.E.* She does not see them.)

All laugh

FLO. But who comes here? The Princess, as I live!
What shall we do?

HIL. (*aside*). Why, we must brave it out! *goes c.*
(*Aloud*) Madam, accept our humblest reverence.

(*They bow, then suddenly recollecting themselves, curtsy.*)

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 curtsy again. CYRIL bows extravagantly, then, being recalled to himself by FLORIAN, curtseys.*)

PRIN. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks *comes down R*
And will 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: *all delighted*
They are prepared to love you: will you swear
To give the 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! *crop hand plainly*

PRIN. Consider well,
You must prefer our maids to all mankind!

HIL. To all mankind we much prefer your maids!

CYR. We should be dolts indeed, if we did not,
Seeing how fair— *going c. in skirt*

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?

*
Prin up

Hil

Flo:

Cyr:

X
Hil

Cyr: Flo:

Princip croques C during Sym:

X Hil Prin Cyr Flo:
o o o o

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.

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

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

Hil: try to check
through this -
aside to Flo.

QUARTETTE—PRINCESS, HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

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

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

TUTTI.

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

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

Exit PRINCESS. The three gentlemen watch her off. LADY PSYCHE R.U.E.
enters, and regards them with amazement.

Psyche

*

Cyril

Mo.

Hil.

HIL. XC
Cyril solo R. 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.)

LC. 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!

L. HIL. (aside to FLORIAN.) Then make a virtue of necessity,
And trust our secret to her gentle care.

FLOR. (to PSYCHE, who has watched CYRIL in amazement, ^{at his borrowing}) Psyche,
Why, don't you know me? Florian!

PSY. (amazed.) Why, Florian!

FLOR. 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!

Young C. HIL. Why, let me look!
Are you that learned little Psyche who
At school alarmed her mates because she called
A buttercup "ranunculus bulbosus?"

R.C. 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?

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

LC. FLO. Renounce mankind? On what ground do you base
This senseless resolution?

Cyr:
oatd

Psy:
o

No oil
oatd

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.

Melissa

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!
He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots—
And to start in life on a bran new plan,
He christened himself Darwinian Man!
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through—
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,
Was a radiant Being,
With a brain far-seeing—
While a Man, however well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

He takes Cyr: down

Nil & No: get-up

(During this MELISSA has entered unobserved: she looks on in amazement.) *& Coules down L.C.*

X Cyr
Psy
Hil
Mel
Flo

Hil

Psyche
+

X

to
p. 26

MEL. (*coming down*). Oh, Lady Psyche!

PSY. (*terrified*). *solo RC* What! you heard us then?
Oh, all is lost!

MEL. Not so! I'll breathe no word!
(*Advancing in astonishment to FLORIAN.*)
How marvellously strange! and are you then
Indeed young men? *X*

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

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

FLO. I fear it's rather rough.

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

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!

*come down
and hi*

[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. *L.U.E.*
Enter LADY BLANCHE. *R.I.E.*

R.C. BLA. Melissa!

L.C. MEL. (*returning*) Mother!

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

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

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

MEL. (*confused*) Yes—very skilled.

BLA. They sing so nicely too!

MEL. They *do* sing nicely!

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

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

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

MEL. Oh no—indeed!
You wrong these gentlemen—I mean—why see,
Here is an *étui* dropped by one of them (*picking up an étui.*) *L.*
Containing scissors, needles and—

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

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

BLA. (*aside.*) The prospect's tempting! Well, well, well, I'll try—
 Though I've not winked at anything for years!
 'Tis but one step towards my destiny—
 The mighty Must! the inevitable Shall!

DUET.—MELISSA and LADY BLANCHE.

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

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

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

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

BOTH. Sing, hoity, toity! Sorry for some!

Marry come up and $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ day will come!

Sing Proper Pride

Is the horse to ride,

And Happy-go-lucky, my Lady, O!

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

LC MEL. You're much to 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!

Handwritten notes:
 I know what's the
 goes L.C.

Handwritten notes: Dance thro' cym:

Handwritten notes: Dance
 curtsy

Handwritten notes: Dance

Handwritten notes: curtsy

Handwritten notes: stand

Handwritten notes: both Dance

Handwritten notes: crop thro' cym:

Handwritten notes: stand

Handwritten notes: Dance

Handwritten notes: 2 bobs

* Chorus Ladies enter from either side & kneel in Centre & go round stage R. to L. till they get to their original positions
Lady Blanche enters R. I. E.
Cyril Psyche Mel. Flor & Sach: Prin & Mel enter L. U. E. in the order named & take up positions by the end of the Chorus as shown on next page - The Ladies move their right hands as in ringing a bell

BORN. Sing, boity toity! Sorry for some!
Marry come up, ^{my} day will come!
_{her}

Sing, she shall learn
That a worm will turn.
Sing Happy-go-lucky, my Lady, O!

[Exit LADY BLANCHE. R. I. E.]

MEL. Saved for a time, at least!

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

FLO. (whispering). Melissa—come!

comes down R

R. 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! Both x L

Enter HILARION with PRINCESS, CYRIL with PSYCHE, LADY BLANCHE and LADIES. Also “Daughters of the Plough” bearing luncheon, which they spread on the rocks.

CHORUS.

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

SOLO.—BLANCHE. C

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

all are in their
places by this
goes L.C.

ALL.

Yes, yes,
We'll learn our appetites to subdue!

*
Bell

Luncheon
served by this

All sealed except Lady Blanche

hadis
Poy
Cyr
Hil
Princp
Blau
Sae
Chloe
ada
Flo
Mel

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

PRIN. (*horrified*) Astride?

*all lean forward
horrified*

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. *a*

(During symphony HILARION and FLORIAN try to stop CYRIL. He shakes them off angrily.)

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

gogo to Poy:

Hil x L.C. to Flo:

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 a flame-a!

*gogo to Blau: who
is horrified*

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.

* Blau Boy
 stands
 Hil Prin:
 eye:
 Chloe
 Sadi:
 stands
 Mel

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

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

PRIN. (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!

PSY. [Loses her balance, and falls into the stream.]
 Oh! save her, sir!

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

Hil: throws off robe
& jumps into stream
[HILARION springs in.]

SACH. He catches her!

MEL. And now he lets her go!
 Again she's in his grasp—

PSY. And now she's not.
 He seizes her back hair!

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

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

(HILARION is seen swimming with PRINCESS in one arm. The PRINCESS and he are brought to land.)
 The boy she assists her

FINALE.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Oh! joy, our chief is saved,
 And by Hilarion's hand;
 The torrent fierce he braved,
 And brought her safe to land!
 For his intrusion we must own
 This doughty deed may well atone!

Melipa exits
unobserved

PRIN. Stand forth ye three,
 Whoe'er ye be,
 And hearken to our stern decree!

Cyr: & Flo: kneel

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
 Invade our strict seclusion, dies.
 Arrest these coarse intruding spies!

(They are arrested by the "Daughters of the Plough.") who find them with sticks & cords

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

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!
 (CYRIL and FLORIAN are bound.)

*
 Cords & sticks
 used left

SONG.—HILARION. *C*Ladies all burst

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

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

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

ENTER MELISSA. *L.U.E.*

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

ALL. — Oh horror! —

PRIN. Deny them! *one turn*
 We will defy them! *two three turns*

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

LUE

The gate yields. ~~HILDEBRAND~~ and SOLDIERS rush in. ~~ARAC, GURON,~~
~~and SOYNTIUS~~ are with them, but with their hands handcuffed.

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

all scream
run to centre of stage
& bury their heads

Crash

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. RC Audacious tyrant, do you dare
To beard a maiden in her lair?

KING. LC 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!

*Enter Hildebrand
Ladies scream
get up a form
omni circle*

*Arac Gurou x
Seyn enter }*

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 a 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

*x RC
Prin: LC.*

*Ladies implore
mercy thro' this }*

We'll let bygones go by—
 But if you choose
 To sulk in the blues
 'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes.
 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.

TRIO.—ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS.

Words down

We may remark, though nothing can
 Dismay us,
 That if you thwart this gentleman,
 He'll slay us.
 We don't fear death, of course—we're taught
 To shame it;
 But still upon the whole we thought
 We'd name it.

(To each other) Yes, yes, better perhaps to name it.

Our interests we would not press
 With chatter,
 Three hulking brothers more or less
Don't matter;
 If you'd pooh-pooh this monarch's plan,
 Pooh-pooh it,
 But when he says he'll hang a man,
 He'll do it.

(To each other) Yes, yes, devil doubt he'll do it.

L.C.

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

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

R.C.

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

*all startled &
 look round*

nod heads

shrug shoulders

as before

all listen

ladies horrified

- 1 Melicia
Flouren
- 2 Pyoche
Gyrel
- 3 King
- 4 Princess
Melucian

Down 9 - 35.

ENSEMBLE.

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

SOLO.—PRINCESS.

Though I am but a girl,
Defiance thus I hurl,
Our banners all *all point*
On outer wall
We fearlessly unfurl.

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

PRINCESS.
That he is fair, &c.

THE OTHERS
Hilarion's fair, &c.

*The PRINCESS stands c., surrounded by girls kneeling. The KING and
so'diers stand on built rocks at back and sides of stage. Picture.*

*The ladies kneel at the end of the last scene
they sing*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II

Up 9-54.

Ladies
Chloe mel: Sach: 0 0

ACT III

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

CHORUS.

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

*arms up
make a blow
arms up
make blow
arms thrown open
pointing down*

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!"

*get into lines
curtsey with hands
together*

MELISSA.

But 'twould be an error
To confess our terror,
So, in Ida's name,
Boldly we exclaim:

X.
Mel. Chloé. Poy. Prin. Blau. Sac.

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!

action as before

X.
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.

all alarmed

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—

all aghast

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

(To Ladies.) Women of Adamant, we have to show
That Woman, educated to the task,
Can meet Man, face to face, on his own ground,
And beat him there. Now let us set to work;
Where is our lady surgeon.

all terrified

SAC. (Coming forward) Madam, here!

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

all much alarmed

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!

all agree

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 axes! Gilded toys!
Where are your rifles, pray?

CHLOE. } Why, please you, ma'am,
with three ladies } We left them in the armoury, for fear
has come forward } 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?

comes forward } ADA. LC 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 laboratory—are you well prepared
To blow these bearded rascals into shreds?

PSY Why, madam—

PRIN Well?

PSY. comes forward } 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. R So fail my cherished plans—so fails my faith—
And with it hope, and all that comes of hope!

all about
Sack: goes to
they come forward

they go back

ada goes back

all about

u

4

6

SONG—PRINCESS.

I built upon a rock,
 But ere Destruction's hand
 Dealt equal lot
 To Court and cot,
 My rock had turned to sand!
 Ah, faithless rock,
 My simple faith to mock!

I leant upon an oak.
 But in the hour of need,
 Alack-a-day,
 My trusted stay
 Was but a bruised reed!
 Ah, trait'rous oak
 Thy worthlessness to cloke!

I drew a sword of steel,
 But when to home and hearth
 The battle's breath
 Bore fire and death,
 My sword was but a lath!
 Ah, coward steel
 That fear can unanneal!

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

*sol
e*

CHLOE } Madam, your father and your brothers claim
 kneeling } An audience!

PRIN. What do they do here?

CHLOE. They come
 To fight for you!

PRIN. Admit them!

BLA. 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 emergency,
 Even one's brothers may be turned to use

(Enter GAMA *quite pale and unnerved.*)

GAMA. My daughter!

PRIN. Father! thou art free!

GAMA. Aye, free!

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

*all implore
all delight
all spent*

*{ Blanche on sitting
Gama sits R.I.E.*

all anxious

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!

X R.C. PRIN.

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

*all spent
all alarmed*

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!

all sympathetic

PRIN. X L X oib

X R (weeps)
My tortured father!

SONG—GAMA. c

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!

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-gurds
 Retired apologising!
 Oh, don't the days seem lank and long, &c.

I offered gold
 In sums untold
 To all who'd contradict me—
 I said I'd pay
 A pound a day
 To any one who kicked me—
 I bribed with toys
 Great vulgar boys
 To utter something spiteful,
 But, bless you, no!
 They *would* be so
 Confoundedly politeful!

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

(He bursts into tears, and falls sobbing on a bank. R.C. Put out by a lady)

gets up 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.

two go off to open gates

(The gates are opened, and the girls mount the battlements as HILDEBRAND enters with soldiers. Also ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS.)

Prince goes off R.I.E.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

When anger spreads his wing,
 And all seems darks 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,

* During this Hil. Cyr. & Ho take }
off robes & get fighting swords L }

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.)

Yama }
Sues off C }
Gent^l rip their haud—ladies hide their }
faces—

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.) to attendants

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.

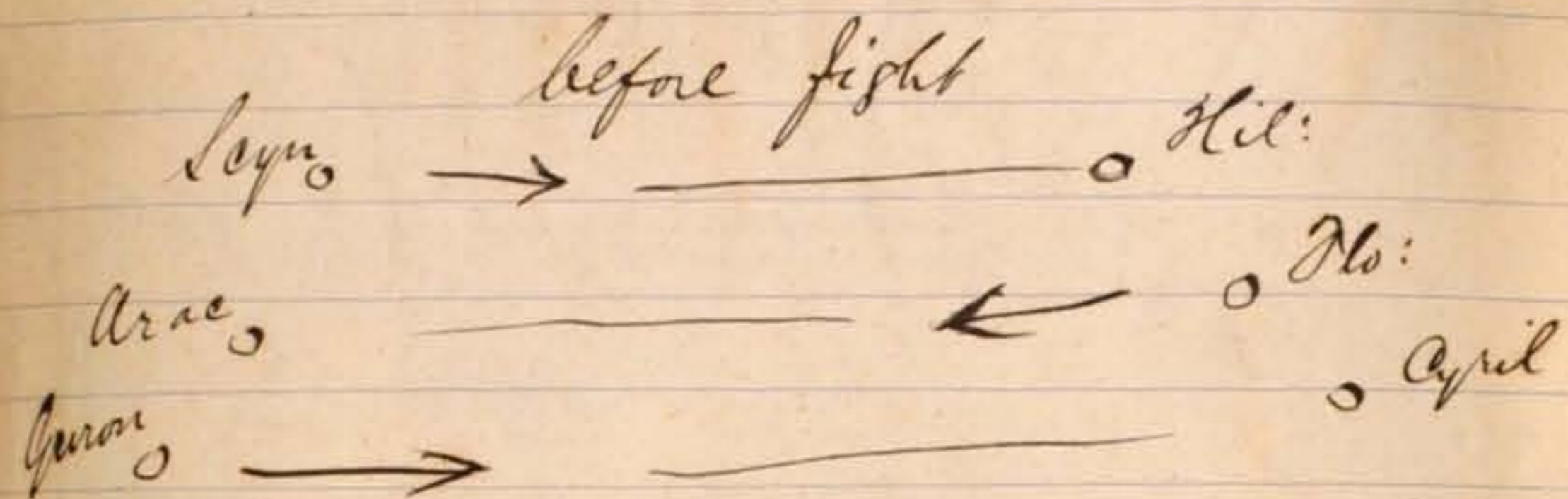
(Removing their brassets.) to attendants

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—

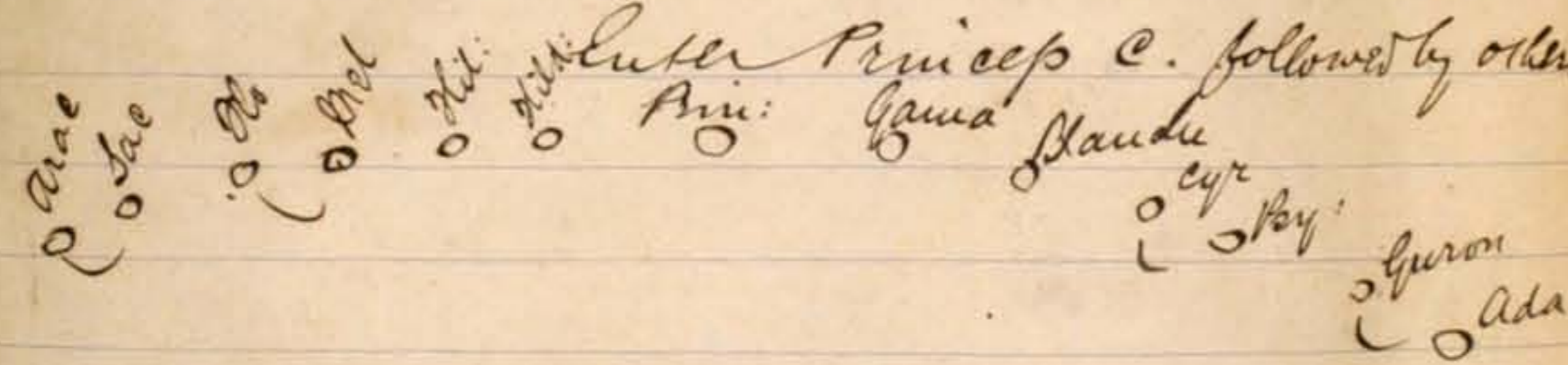
ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
Though we forget their name,
Their aid we thus disclaim!

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

Three chorus gent^l haud them awad



They fight half round stage for eight bars
 Then arae falls - Hil: standing over him
 Then Guron up stage C rushes to arae's help - by
 this time Scyn (R) is down Arac rises &
 rushes to Scyn's help - Arac & Florian get up
 stage C fighting - all fight half round
 stage - then three knights fall wounded as
 chorus exclaim "Hilarion" the 3rd time



(Desperate fight between the three Princes and the three Knights during which the ladies on the battlements and the soldiers on the stage sing the following chorus:)

This is our duty plain towards
 Our Princess all immaculate
 We ought to bless her brothers' sword
 And piously ejaculate:
 Oh, Hungary!
 Oh, Hungary!
 Oh, doughty sons of Hungary!
 May all success
 Attend and bless
 Your warlike ironmongery!

By this time, ARAC, GURON, and SCYTHIUS are on the ground, wounded
 —HILARION, CYRIL and FLORIAN stand over them.

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.
 Is this the end? (bitterly to LADY BLANCHE).
 you, Lady Blanche—

Ladies, all come down into -
 olemicish

Chloe Sac: x Ada
 have Bandages (coming down)

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

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

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!

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

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 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.

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

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

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

CHOR. It were profanity, &c.

CURTAIN.

7.55.

Mr. Hosford
Hopkinton
Pittsfield

PRINCESS IDA

1.

PROMPT BOOK

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Note
1st Issue

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

Mr Allen's Note.

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

581879
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TELEPHONE, TEMPLE BAR 4343

TELEGRAMS, SAVOTEL LONDON

PROMPT BOOK. PRINCESS IDA

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