

# THE PRINCESS.

**A Whimsical Allegory.**

*(Being a Respectful Perversion of Mr. Tennyson's Poem.)*

BY

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*(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),*

AUTHOR OF

*Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Cheat Quack; Allow me to Explain: Highly Improbable; Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren; La Vivandiere, or True to the Corps; The Merry Zingura, or The Topsy Gipsy and the Pipsy Wipsy; No Cards (German Seed's); Robert the Deil, 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 Reeds),*

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			STANLEY, FLORENCE, and NICHOLLS.	
			<i>Undergraduates, Soldiers, Courtiers, Pages, &amp;c.</i>	

**Programme of Scenery.**

SCENE I.—KING HILDEBRAND'S PALACE.

SCENE II.—GATES OF CASTLE ADAMANT.

SCENE III.—GROUNDS OF CASTLE ADAMANT.

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

SCENE V.—INNER GATE 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)*

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, &&.

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 is past!  
 His outer man, gnarled, knotted as it was,  
 Seemed to his cruel and cynical within,  
 Hyperion to a Saturday Review !

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 is six feet high,  
And wears moustachios, too, and smokes cigars,  
And rides *en cavalier*, in coat of mail,  
I do not think she is.

HILDE. (*excited*) Come, bustle there!  
For Gama, place the richest robes we have !  
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.  
Why, how you sigh!

HILAR. My liege, I'm much afraid  
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*)

HILDE. Ha! let me look !

HILAR. In my mind's eye, I mean—a blushing bride—  
All bib and tucker—frill and fur below !  
How exquisite she looked as she was borne  
Recumbent in the monthly 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. 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.

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. 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*) 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. 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  
Derives its value from its 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. 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. No need  
To bandy aught that appertains to you.

GAMA. (*to HILDEBRAND*) 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. 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 join her spouse. Why is she not with you ?

GAMA. Why ? Come, I'll tell you, if you'll answer 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—  
One of my many country houses. There  
She rules a woman's University,  
With full five hundred girls who learn of her.

CYRIL. Five hundred girls! Five hundred ecstacies!

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.*) Fancy—five 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 croquet 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. Well, 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.

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,  
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*) 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,  
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!

HILAB.           Treat them rightly,  
                  Most politely,  
                  Most politely—  
                  This I beg!

ALL.               Treat them rightly!

HILARION, CYRIL, *and* FLORIAN.

We're gentlemen—We're all alike—  
We're gentlemen!

HILDE.       Of that I'm aware,  
                  Though you've so much back hair !

ALL.    { We're } gentlemen, &c.  
          { They're }

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!  
*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 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 tiling's a man! "See here!" she cries,  
"See—this is what you lose in losing man!  
This is a courily 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, doctressee!

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. 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,   
 She's so confoundedly particular,   
 She'll scarcely suffer Doctor Watts's hymns ;   
 And all the animals she owns are " hers !"   
 The ladies rise at cockcrow every morn-----

HILAR. Oh, then they have male poultry !

GOBBO. Not at all.   
*(confidentially)* The crowing's done by an accom-   
 plished hen!

CYRIL. And what are these ? *(looking at robes in lodge)*

GOBBO. The academic robes,   
 Worn by the lady undergraduates   
 When they matriculate.

HILAR. I'll try one on. *(does so)*   
 Why, see—I'm 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.  
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha !

CHORUS. 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!

CHORDS. Showing an inch of ankle—so !  
 Such lovely girls, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Sneh 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?

GOBBO. Well, *I* like Lady Blanche by far the best.

FLORI. Then we declare for Lady Blanche at once.

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 !  
 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 from gate, attended.*

PSYCHE. Who summons us ?

HILAR. Three would-be students, ma'am—  
 Three noble ladies, ma'am, of good estate,  
 Who wish to join this University, (*they curtsey*)

PSYCHE. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks,  
 And will conform with all our rules, 'tis well;  
 But understand—you must adapt yourselves  
 To all the regulations now in force,  
 In Princess Ida's University.

HILAR. 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. You say you're noblewomen—well, you'll find  
No sham degrees for noblewomen, here—  
No sizars, moderators, servitors,  
Or other cruel contrivances to draw  
An arbitrary line 'twixt rich and poor.  
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 hundred maidens 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 ?

FLORI. 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. But we go further: will you undertake  
That you will never marry any man?

FLORI. Indeed we never will!

PSYCHE. 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. 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—and man has learnt  
To reckon Nature an impertinence!

PSYCHE. I know how coldly men regard a girl,  
Whose beauty is her poorest excellence;  
But beauty goes for nothing in 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 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,"  
(OEilCreve).*

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 !  
HILAB. 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 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,  
Archaeology, 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 see  
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, *bouillonne* 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 ruchings 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!

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

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

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

ALL. Expelled!

BLANCHE. Expelled—because, although she knew  
No man of any kind may see these halls,  
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 !"

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

BLANCHE. Phyllis 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,  
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,  
Attend, while I unfold a parable :  
The elephant is stronger 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  
If you could read the secrets of his heart,  
He'd rather be alone with one of you  
Than with five hundred of his fellow men!  
In all things we excel. Believing this,  
Five 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 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. (as to CYRIL) Gods ! how beautiful!

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

HILAE. (*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. (*aside to* HILARION) When Psyche sees my face,  
I'm confident

She'll recognize her brother Florian.

Let's make a virtue of necessity,

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

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

PSYCHE. Why, Florian!

FLORI. My sister!

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 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 ?

PSYCHE. That small phenomenon in truth 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. But on what grounds do you, fair Psyche, base  
 This senseless resolution?

PSYCHE. Senseless? No!  
 It's based upon the grand hypothesis  
 That as the ape is undeveloped man  
 So man is undeveloped woman.

HILAR. Then,  
 This, of all others, is the place for us !

*Enter MELISSA unperceived, at back, R. U. E.—she listens  
 in astonishment.*

If man is only undeveloped woman,  
 We men—if we work very hard indeed,  
 And do our utmost to improve ourselves—  
 May in good time *be* women ! Though I own  
 Up to this point (as far as I'm aware)  
 The metamorphosis has not commenced.

MELISSA. (*coming down*) Oh, Lady Psyche!-----

PSYCHE. (*startled*) What—you heard us, then?  
 Oh, all is lost!

MELISSA. Not so; I'll breathe no word.  
 (*advancing in astonishment to FLOBIAN*)  
 How marvellously strange! And are you then,  
 Indeed, young men ?

FLORI. Well, yes—just now we are;  
 But hope, by dint of study, to become,

In course of time, young women !  
 MELISSA. (*eagerly*) No ! no ! no !  
 Oh, don't do that! Is this indeed a man?  
 I've often heard of them, but till this day  
 Never set eyes on one. They told me men  
 Were hideous, idiotic, and deformed !  
 They're quite as beautiful as women are !  
 As beautiful ?—they're infinitely more!  
 (*patting FLORIAN'S cheek*) Their cheeks have not that  
 pulpy softness which  
 One gets so weary of in womankind !  
 Their features are more marked,—and oh! their chin.  
 (*feeling his chin*)

How curious!

FLORI. I fear it's rather rough.

MELISSA. Oh, don't apologize—I like it so!  
 But I forgot; my mother, Lady Blanche,  
 Is coming—and her eyes are very keen—  
 She will detect you, sir!

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.*

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!

MELISSA. (*trembling*) You surely wrong them, Mother  
 dear, for see—(*picking up a case from floor*)  
 Here is an *etui* 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!

MELISSA. Oh, spare them—they are gentlemen, indeed,  
 The Prince Hilarion—betrothed long since  
 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, 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! Inevitable Shall!

*Exit* LADY BLANCHE, R.

MELISSA. Saved for a while, at least!

*Enter* FLORIAN, L. U. E.

FLORI. Melissa here ?

MELISSA. Oh, sir, you must away from this at once,  
 My Mother guessed your sex—it was my fault,  
 I blushed and stammered so, that she exclaimed:  
 " Can these be men ? " (*then seeing this*) " Why  
 these"-----

"*Are men!*" she would have added, but "*are men*"

Stuck in her throat! She keeps your secret, sir,  
 For reasons of her own ; but fly from this,  
 And take me with you—that is—no, not that I  
 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., *also all the other* GIRLS, R., *and the*  
*eight* DAUGHTERS OF THE PLOUGH, " *over bridge, bear-*  
*ing luncheon, which is spread.*

*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 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 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 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 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. (*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. I rather think I do!  
 We were inseparables.  
 PRIN. Why, what's this ?  
 You loved him, then ? (*horrified*)  
 CYRIL. We did—and do—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. 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*) Don't you remember that old laugh-  
 ing song,  
 That he and we would troll in unison,  
 At the Three Pigeons—just when daylight broke ?  
 I'll give it you!

*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)*



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

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!

CYRII.                           Ta, ta, ra, ta, ta, ra, &c.  
*(trumpet business—the three GENTLEMEN are thrust  
 forth by the AMAZONS. Tableau.*

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, Scynthius.  
 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.

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—

HILDE. Good! the light guitars

Fall in at six—the King's own baritones,

Led by Sir Santley.

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, SCYNTHICS, 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, veriiy;  
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.*

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. You dog! 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. What need to talk of swords to 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,

But I've three sons—see, ladies—here they are—  
 Fine fellows—young and muscular and brave.  
 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 I

(*" Les Bavards et le Bresilien."*)

Off let us toddle-oddle !  
 Crack on his noddle-oddle!  
 No molly coddle-oddle  
 Shall be my model-odel.  
 Off let us toddle-oddle !  
 Crack on his noddle-oddle!  
 Such a molly coddle-oddle ! Oh !—ugh !

*Exeunt R. and L.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Inner Gate of Castle Adamant.*

*All the LADY STUDENTS discovered—the eight SERVANTS as Amazons—the others all around. Flourish—Enter PRINCESS IDA, followed by LADY BLANCHE.*

PRIN. Is all prepared for war ? 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. Wo 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 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.  
 Women of Adamant, we have to shew  
 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,

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!

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

SACHA. 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, advance!

Why, you are armed with spears—mere gilded toys !

Where are your muskets, pray ?

ADA. 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. Off with you!

Where's my bandmistress ?

CHLOE. 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 lab'ratory, where your class compounds

That hideous chemical—are you 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 villanous 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 all my women have deserted me!

*Enter MELISSA, L.*

MELISSA. Madam, your brothers crave an audience.

PRIN. My brothers ? Why what do they here ?

MELISSA. 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

Even one's brothers may be turned to use!

*Enter ARAC, GURON and SCYNTHIUS, L.*

ARAC. My sisters!

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*) Ob, spare Cyril, sir,  
You've no idea what jolly songs he sings!

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

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 me with tortures 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 !  
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, they will give you none.  
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 SCYN-  
THIUS—Tableau*)

PRIN. (*entering through gate*) 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; 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!

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. 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!

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?

LADY B. 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, 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.**