

## 22. Whene'er I spoke sarcastic joke Gama and Women

*Allegro vivace*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

**Gama**

9

8

1. When - e'er I spoke Sar - cas - tic joke Re - plete with mal - ice

*p*

The vocal line starts at measure 9. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps. The dynamic is piano (*p*). The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

14

8

\*  
spite - ful, This peo - ple mild Po - lite - ly smil'd, And vo - ted me de - light - ful!  
vile smile vote me quite de - light - ful!

*f*

The vocal line continues from measure 14. The piano accompaniment remains in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps. The dynamic increases to forte (*f*) in the final measures. An asterisk (\*) is placed above the vocal line at measure 14.

20

8

*p*  
Now when a wight Sits up all night, Ill - na - tur'd jokes de - vis - ing, And all his wiles Are

*p*

The vocal line begins at measure 20. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps. The dynamic is piano (*p*). The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

\* Revision in "Songs of a Savoyard"

26  
8 met with smiles, It's hard there's no dis - guis - ing! Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Oh,

31  
8 don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and noth - ing goes wrong, And

*p*

35  
8 is n't your life ex - treme - ly flat With noth - ing what - ev - er to grum - ble at!

**Women**

Oh, is n't your life ex -

40  
treme - ly flat With noth - ing what - ev - er to grum - ble at!

*Princess Ida*

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!

CHORUS. He can't think why!

*Enter HILDEBRAND, HILARION, CYRIL and FLORIAN.*

**GAMA.** So this is Castle Hildebrand? Well, well!  
Dame Rumour whispered that the place was grand;  
She told me that your taste was exquisite,  
Superb, unparalleled!

HILD. (*gratified*) Oh, really, King!

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

(*To FLOR.*) 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?

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

**GAMA.** And for the self-same cause.  
Like precious stones, his sensible remarks  
Derive their value from their scarcity!  
Come now, be honest, tell the truth for once!  
Tell it of me. Come, come, I'll harm you not.  
This leg is crooked – this foot is ill-designed –  
This shoulder wears a hump! Come, out with it!  
Look, here's my face! Now, am I not the worst  
Of Nature's blunders?

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

**GAMA.** (*enraged*) Why, hark ye, sir,  
How dare you bandy words with me?

CYR. No need  
To bandy aught that appertains to you.

*Princess Ida*

**GAMA.** (*furiously*) Do you permit this, King?

HILD. 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. There  
She rules a woman's University,  
With full a hundred girls, who learn of her.

CYR. A hundred girls! A hundred ecstasies!

**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*.

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

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

FLOR. And there are no males whatever in those walls?

*Princess Ida*

**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 –

CYR. Ah, then they have male poultry?

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

DUET – GAMA *and* HILDEBRAND.

GAMA. P'raps 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, most politely!

CHORUS. Humbly beg and humbly sue, etc.

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

CHORUS. You'll remain as hostage here, etc.

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

RECITATIVE – 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!