

34

*recit.*

le - gious eyes \_\_\_\_\_ In - vade our strict se - clu - sion, dies! Ar - rest these

39

*(They are arrested by the "Daughters of the Plough")*

coarse in - tru - ding spies!

**Women**

Have mer - cy, O la - dy, dis - re - gard your

*f*

44

**Princess**

*(Cyril and Florian are bound.)*

I know not mer cy! men in wo men's clothes!

*Allegro moderato*

oaths.

50

**Hilarion**

Whom\_ thou hast chain'd must wear\_ his chain, Thou can'st\_ not set him

55

free, He wrest-les with his bonds in vain Who lives by lov-ing thee! If

60

heart of stone for heart of fire, Be all thou hast to give, If dead to me my

65

**Cyril**  
Have mer - cy, O La - dy! \_\_\_\_\_

**Hilarion**  
heart's de - sire, Why should I wish to live?

**Florian**  
Have mer - cy, O La - dy! \_\_\_\_\_

**Women**  
Have mer - - - cy! \_\_\_\_\_

71 **Hilarion**

8 No word of thine— no stern com mand Can teach— my heart to rove, — Then ra-ther pe-rish

76

8 by— thy hand, Than live with-out thy love! — A love less life a - part from thee Were hope - less

*pp*

82

8 sla-ve ry, Were hope - less sla - ve - ry, If— kind-ly death will set— me free, —

89

8 Why should I fear to die? — If kind - ly death will set— me free, If

*pp*

Have mer - cy! Have mer - cy!

*f*

95  
8  
kind - ly death will set me free, — Why should I fear, — why should I fear to

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

(Enter Melissa)

101  
8  
die? —

*Allegro vivace*

107 *recit.* **Melissa** *a tempo*

Ma dam, with - out the cas - tle walls An Arm - ed band

111 **Princess**

De - mand ad - mit - tance to our halls for Hil - de - brand!

**Women**

Oh! hor -ror!

*Princess Ida*

TRIO – CYRIL, HILARION *and* FLORIAN.

HIL. I am a maiden, cold and stately,  
Heartless I, with 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! (*Dance.*)

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

ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free, etc.

FLOR. I am a maiden coyly blushing,  
Timid am I as a startled hind;  
Every suitor sets me flushing,  
I am the maid that wins mankind!

ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free, etc.

*Enter the PRINCESS, reading. She does not see them.*

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

**HIL.** (*aside*) Why, we must brave it out!

(*aloud*) Madam, accept our humblest reverence.

*They bow, then suddenly recollecting themselves, curtsey.*

PRIN. (*surprised*) We greet you, ladies. What would you with us?

**HIL.** (*aside*) What shall I say? (*aloud*) We are three students, ma'am,  
Three well-born maids of liberal estate,  
Who wish to join this University.

HILARION *and* FLORIAN *curtsey again. CYRIL bows extravagantly, then, being recalled to himself by FLORIAN, curtseys.*

PRIN. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks,  
And will subscribe to all our rules, 'tis well.

FLOR. To all your rules we cheerfully subscribe.

*Princess Ida*

PRIN. You say you're noblewomen. Well, you'll find  
No sham degrees for noblewomen here.  
You'll find no sizars here, or servitors,  
Or other cruel distinctions, meant to draw  
A line 'twixt rich and poor; you'll find no tufts  
To mark nobility, except such tufts  
As indicate nobility of brain.

As for your fellow-students, mark me well:  
There are a hundred maids within these walls,  
All good, all learned, and all beautiful:  
They are prepared to love you: will you swear  
To give the fullness 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?

FLOR. Indeed we never will!

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 –

**HIL.** (*aside to CYRIL*) Take care – that's rather strong!

PRIN. But have you left no lovers at your home  
Who may pursue you here?

**HIL.** No, madam, none.

We're homely ladies, as no doubt you see,  
And we have never fished for lover's love.  
We smile at girls who deck themselves with gems,  
False hair and meretricious ornament,  
To chain the fleeting fancy of a man,  
But do not imitate them. What we have  
Of hair, is all our own. Our colour, too,  
Unladylike, but not unwomanly,  
Is Nature's handiwork, and man has learnt  
To reckon Nature an impertinence.

PRIN. Well, beauty counts for naught within these walls;  
If all you say is true, you'll pass 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!