

Hildebrand

174

Since you en-quire, We've no de - sire To beard a maid-en here, or

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

177

a - ny-where!

No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or a - ny where! No, no, no,

No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or a - ny where! No, no, no,

f

This system contains four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.

180

no.

no. *Molto vivace con fuoco*

ff

This system contains four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with the word "no." The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking and the instruction *Molto vivace con fuoco*. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) and the time signature changes to 3/4. The music is more rhythmic and includes slurs and accents.

187

Hildebrand

8
Some years a - go No doubt you know (and

p

192

8
if you don't I'll tell you so) You gave your troth Up - on your oath To Hi - la - ri - on my

197

8
son. A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a

201

8
great mis - take), For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of

205

one! A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a great mis-take), For a

210

bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear-ly age of one! And I'm a pep-p'ry

215

kind of King, who's in - dis-pos'd for par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And

220

that's the long and the short of it!

For he's a pep-p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis-pos'd for

For he's a pep-p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis-pos'd for

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!