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HILARIO (his Son)
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ARAC
GURON (his Sons)
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ACT I.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace.
ACT II.—Gardens of Castle Adamant.
ACT III.—Courtyard of Castle Adamant.

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For a sign of royal Gamma, Who today should cross the water

With his fascinating daughter, Ida is

Her name, Some misfortune evidently

Has detained them consequent, Search throughout the parameters
he back out and say she did not mean them? Who can tell? If so, there'll be the

Who can tell?

dence to pay between them! No— we'll not despair, we'll not despair.

No, no— we'll not despair, we'll not despair.

Ga- ma would not dare To make a dead ly for Of

Ga- ma would not dare To make a dead ly for Of

Hel- de-brand, and so, Search through- out the pa- so

Hel- de-brand, and so, Search through- out the pa- so

Florian.
rana For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the
rana For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the
water With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter.
water With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter.
I - da in her name.
I - da in her name.
No. 2.  

SONG—(Hildebrand & Chorus).

1. Now hearken to my strict command  On ev'ry hand, on ev'ry hand.

CHORUS.  

Girls.

To your command  On ev'ry hand.  We dutifully bow.

Huld.  

Men.

Gama bring the Princes here  Give him good cheer, give him good cheer.
If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur-rah!

If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur-rah!

Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! We'll shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daughter too, I trow! Then shout ha! ha!

Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daughter too, I trow! Then shout ha! ha!
Down, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray! hurray! hurray! For the
hip, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray! hurray! hurray! For the

Fair Princess and her good papa, hurray! hurray! hurray!
Fair Princess and her good papa, hurray! hurray! hurray!

Hmhm.

Not if he fail to keep his oath, Up on our oath, we'll trounce them both!
Chorus.

From dungeon cell, His funeral knell, Shall strike him with dismay! Hip, hip, hurrah!

Shut him up in a dungeon cell, And toll his knell on a funeral bell!

He'll trounce them both. Upon his oath, As sure as quarter day!...

We'll He'll trounce them both. Upon his oath, As sure as quarter day!...
up we string, The faith-less King, In the old fa-mil-iar way! We'll shout ha! ha!

up we string, The faith-less King, It's the old fa-mil-iar way! We'll shout ha! ha!

hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! As we

hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah!

make an end of her false pa-pa, hur-rah! hur-rah!

make an end of her false pa-pa, hur-rah! hur-rah!
No. 3.

RECITATIVE & SONG—(Hilarion).

Hilarion. Lento.

Today we meet, My ba-by bride and I—

But ah, my hopes are balanc’d by my fears! What trans-mu-ta-tions have been con-jur’d by The si-lent

Moderato.

al-che-my of twen-ty years!
I was twelve months old, Twenty years ago!

I was twice her age, I'm told, Twenty years ago!

Husband twice as old as wife, A-goes ill for married life;

Zulefi prophesies were idle, Twenty years ago,
Twenty years ago!

Still, I was a silly

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.
Twenty years ago!
No. 4. **CHORUS.**

From the distant panorama Come the sons of

From the distant panorama Come the sons of
No. 5.  

TRIO—(Arae, Guron, Scynthisius, & Chorus).

---

**Arae.**

We are warriors three, ... Sons of Gaus, Rex,

Like most sons are we, ... Masculine in sex!

---

**Gurion.**

Yes, yes, yes! Masculine in sex!

**Scyn.**

Yes, yes, yes! Masculine in sex!

---

(Piano)
P ABAG

Politics we bar,

They are not our bent; On the whole we are

Not in-si-lent.

No, no, no, Not in-si-lent!

No, no, no, Not in-si-lent!

No, no, no, Not in-si-lent!
**Arac, Gucon & Scynthius.**

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 obey'd! We are men of might, ha! ha! Fight.

Fighting is our trade! Yes, yes, yes!

Fighting is our trade, ha, ha! They are men of might, ha, ha! Fighting is they
No. 6.  

SONG—(Gama.)

Allegro con troppo.

Piano.

1. If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am: I'm a

so-name philanthropist—all other kinds are sham. Each little fault of temper and each social defect

err-ing fellow creatures, I endeavor to correct. To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes: And
lit-te plans to sub the self-suff. cient I de-vice; I love my fol-low creatures—I do all the good I can— Yet

ev'ry bo-dy says I'm such a dis-cres-sible man! And I can't think why!

2. To com-pli-ments in-flated I've a wi-ther-ing re-ply, And va-ni-ty I al-ways do my

best to mor-ti-ty; A char-i-ta-ble ac-tion I can skil-fal-ly dis-sect: And in-ter-es-ted mo-ives I'm de -
I know everybody's income and what everybody earns; And I carefully compare it with the
income tax returns; But they be-sure humanity how 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
ir-ri-ta-tion, I've a cele-bra-ted sneer, I'm an en-ter-tain-ing snig-ler, I've a fas-ci-na-ting leer. To
ev'-ry-body's pre-judice I know a thing or two; I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do. But al-
though I try to make myself as pleasant as I can, Yet ev'-ry-body says I am a dis-agreeable man! And I
can't think why!
COURT. Girls. I can't think why!
MEN. He can't think why! He can't think why!
MEN. He can't think why! He can't think why!
No. 7. FINALE—(Gama, Hildebrand, Cyril, Hilarion, Florian, & Chorus of Girls & Men).

GAMA.

Allegro.

Papa if you will—

PAPAL.

dress the lady Most po-litely—Flatter and impress the lady, Most pol-i-tely.

Most po-litely—Hum-bly beg and hum-bly sue—She may deign to look on you, But your do ing

you must do Most po-litely, most po-litely, most po-litely!
We will hang you ne- ver fear, Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly!

Gil. You'll re-main as hos-tage here; Should Hila- rion dis-ap-pear, We will hang you, ne-ver fear,

Men. You'll re-main as hos-tage here; Should Hila- rion dis-ap-pear, We will hang you, ne-ver fear,

Reit. Hilarion.

Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly;

Come, Cy-ril,

Most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly, most po-lite-ly;

Florian, one course is plain, To-mor-row more hair I da we'll en-

1222234
This image contains a page of sheet music with musical notation and some text. The text is partially visible and includes phrases such as:

- But we will ne'er force her love to gain. Nature.
- Nature has armed us for the war we wage. Expressive.
- Blooms shall be our lances, And poppy of Silly-ry Our light artillery. We'll storm their bowers With scent of
- Showers Of fair bowers That we can buy. Oh dainty triolet! Oh fragrant violet! Oh gentle
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Oh, grant, vio... let!

Oh, grant, vio... let!

Oh, grant, vio... let!

Oh, grant, vio... let!

Allegro.

Recit. Cama.

Must we, till then, in prison cell be thrust?
You must! This sentence cane-se-ri-ly severe!
Arag, Guron, & Scyn.

Held.

Cama.

Arag, Guron, & Scyn.

Allegro sostenuto.

For a month to dwell In a dungeon cell; Growing thin and wizen In a
Jailbird is a poor look out, For a soldier stout, Who is longing for the rattle Of a complicated battle—Yes, 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! The rum-tum-tum Of the military drum, Rum-tum-tum—Who is longing for the rattle Of a complicated battle—And the rum-tum—Who is longing for the rattle Of a complicated battle—And the
SOPR. CYRIL with ALTOS.
HILARION with TENORS.

rum · tum · tum Of the mil · ta · ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, ppr, ra · pum · pum!

Basses, Florian, Hilo, Arac, Guron & Scyn.

HILARION:

When Hi · la · rion's bride Has at length complied With the just con · di · tions Of our re · qui · si · tions, You may

go in haste And in · duce your taste For the lau · ci · na · ting rat · tle Of a com · pli · ca · ted bat · tle, Yes, the

lau · ci · na · ting rat · tle Of a com · pli · ca · ted bat · tle, For the rum · tum · tum Of the mil · ta · ry drum, And the
she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

But

she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

But

she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

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she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

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she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

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she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!

But

she our man-date dis-o- bey, Your lives the penalty will pay!
ACT II.

No. 8. CHORUS OF GIRLS & SOLOS—(Lady Psyche, Melissa, & Sacharissa.)

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

Girls.

Towards the empyrean heights. Of every kind of lore, We've taken serv'l

Towards the empyrean heights. Of every kind of lore, We've taken serv'l

an' sights. And mean to take some more. In trying to a-chieve suc-cess. No an' sights. And mean to take some more. In trying to a-chieve suc-cess. No

s-
And all the knowledge we possess... We mutually impart.

Solo: Melisa.

PITY what souls should she read! Who to this task would succeed?

Solo: Pitych.

If you'd climb... the He... con, You should read A... na... creon,

Ovid's Met... mor-phas, Like-ly A... rid...o...phas, And the works of Ju...ve...al.

These are worth at...tion, all: But,
you will be advised. You will get them scorned!

CHORUS.

Ah! we will get them scorned!

SOLO. SACHARIS.

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

SOLO. PYSCHI.

Man will weep and Man will storm-

Man is not at all good form... Man is of no kind of use—Man's a dunkey—Man's a goose-

Man is coarse and Man is plain—Man is more or less insane—Man's a tripe—Man's a rake, Man is Nature's sole mis...
We'll a mon-and'm make—Man is Nature's sole mis-take!

And thus to em-pyre-an height—Of ev'ry kind of love,

search of wisdom's pure de-light, Am-bi-ous-ly we soar.

No en-vy rack's our heart, For all we know and all we guess, We mu-tual-ly im-part!

f

In try-ing to a-chieve suc-cess.

In try-ing to a-chieve suc-cess.

In try-ing to a-chieve suc-cess.
No. 9.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Audience.

GIRLS.

Mighty maiden with a mission, Paragon of common sense.

Audience.

Mighty maiden with a mission, Paragon of common sense.
Running fount of 
resurrection, 

Miracle of eloquence. We are

Running fount of 
resurrection, 

Miracle of eloquence. We are blind, and we would see;

bound, and would be free; We are dumb, and we would talk: We are 

lame, and we would walk.

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 
resurrection—

Miracle of eloquence, of 
eloquence! 

Miracle of eloquence, of 
eloquence!
No. 10.  

RECITATIVE & ARIA.—(Princess.)

Andante expressivo.

Oh, goddess wise  That lowest light.  En - dow with sight  Those un - il - lumin'd eyes.  At this my call, A

andante few Have come to woo The rays that from thee fall, . . . . that from thee fall.
Oh, golden wise That low light, That low light.

. . . . Let fervent words and fervent thoughts be mine.

I may lead them to thy sacred shrine! Let fervent words and

fervent thoughts be mine, That I may lead them to thy sacred shrine!
No. 10a.  

EXEUNT FOR PRINCESS IDA AND GIRLS.

And thus to empyrean height..... Of every kind of lore,

In search of wisdom's pure delight..... Ambitiously we soar, And all the

knowledge we possess, We mutually impart, mutually impart.

Piano.
pow’less ye For evil or good! In every sense
Your mood: I cheerless call, What e’er your tense Ye are imperfect, all! Ye have deceived the trust I’ve shown in ye! Ye have deceived the trust I’ve shown in ye! I’ve shown in ye! Away!

The Mighty Man alone shall be!
No. 12.  
TRIO—(Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

Hilarion, Cyril, & Florian.

Gent-ly, gen-ty, Ev-iden-ly We are safe so far, Af-ter scal-ing Fence and

Florian.

Pall-ing, Here, as last, we are! Is this col-lege Use-ful knowl-edge Ev-ery where... one...
finds... And al read-y grow-ing stea-dy, We've en-larg'ed our minds.

Cyril.

Hilarion & Florian.

We've learnt that prick-ly cact-us Has the pow-er to at-tract us When we fall.

When we

Hilarion.

fall!

That no-thing man un-set-tles Like a bed of swing-ing

Cyril & Florian.

Floian.

set-tles, Short or tall. Short or tall!

That bull dogs feed on thistles—That we don't like broken

Cyril & Hilarion.

Hilarion.

bot-tles On a wall—On a wall.

That spring-guns breach de 6-ane! And that burg-lary's a
HILARION & CYRIL. FLOREAN.

scien - ce Af- ter all! Af- ter all! A Woman's col-lege! maddest fol-ly go-ing!

What can girls learn with-in these walls worth know-ing? I'll lay a
crown (the Prin - cess shall de - cide it) I'll teach them twice as much in half - an

Recit. HILARION. a tempo.

- hour out - side it! Hush, scof - fer; see you sound your pu-ny thun-ders,

Recit. a tempo.

List to their aims, and bow your head in won-der! They in - tend to send a wire To the
moon— to the moon; And they'll set the Thames on fire. Very soon— very soon; Then they

learn to make silk per— ses. With their rigs— with their rigs From the east of Lady Cu— ey's Fig—

wigs— pig— y wigs. And wea— rel at their slum— bers They tre— pan— they tre— pan; To get

sun— bones from cu— row— bers. They're a plan— they're a plan. They're a firmly root— ed so— tion They can

cross the Po— lar O— cean, And they'll find Per— pe— utal Mo— tion. If they can— if they can.
CYRIL.
Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is hoping at her University.

HILARIO.
Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is hoping at her University.

FLORIAN.
Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is hoping at her University.

- tee we shall see. Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is
- tee we shall see. Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is
- tee we shall see. Those are the phenomena That every pretty domina Is

hoping at her University we shall see.

As for,
hoping at her University we shall see.

hoping at her University we shall see.
fa-laloo, they for-swear it. So they say—so they say—And the cir-cle—they will square it Some fine
dry-some fine day. Then the lit-tle pigs they're teach-ing For to fly—for to fly! And the
mig-gers they'll be bleat-ing. By and bye—By and bye: Each new-ly joined as pi-er-ant To the
clan—to the clan—Must re-pu-di ate the ty-rant Known as Man—known as Man—They
mock at him and fount him. For they do not care a bot-tle him, And they're go-ing to do with-out him 'till
TRIO.—(Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian.)

1. I am a man, cold and sane—
- heartless, I, with a face di—

What do I want with a heart, in—
- by heart I meet the mine—

Ev - ry heart . . . . I meet is mine— in mine! . . .

Cyril.

Haugh - ty, 
- bles, coy, or free, Lit - tie care I what maid may be.

Haugh - ty, 
- bles, coy, or free, Lit - tie care I what maid may be.

Haugh - ty, 
- bles, coy, or free, Lit - tie care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see, Every maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Every maid is the maid for me!

So that a maid is fair to see, Every maid is the maid for me!

Cyril:

I am a maiden frank and simple, Brimming with joy and rogue-y;

Merriment accrues in every simple, No body breaks more hearts than I!

No body breaks... more hearts, more hearts than I...
Hough-ty, hum-bler, 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!

Flow-las.
5 I am a maiden coyly blushing. To mid am I as a star-tled hart.
Every suit or sets me flushing, every suit or sets me flushing

I am the maid, that wins mankind!

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!
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!...
No. 14. QUARTET. (Princess, Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian.)

Princess.

Andante ma non troppo.

The world is but a broken toy, its

pleasures hollow—false its joy, understand its loveliest hope, A—is! Its pains alone are

Hilarion.

true, A—is! Its pains alone are true. The world is every thing you say, The

world we think has had its day, Its movement is slow, A—is! We've tried it, and we know, A—is! We've
No. 15.  SONG—(Lady Psyche, with Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

Allegretto grazioso.

PSYCHE.

1. A lady fair, of lineage high, Was

laid by an Ape, in the days gone by— The Maid was radiant as the sun, The Ape was a most unsightly one—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, Expres'd such terror At his monstrous arrow. That he stammer'd an apology and made his scope, The
plunge of a dis-cons-ter ed Ape,

2. With a view to rise in the

so-called scale, He shov'd his bristles, and he dock'd his tail. He grew mustachios, and he took his tub, And he paid a guinea to a

toil-let club——He paid a guinea to a toil-let club——But it would not do, The scheme fell through——

For the Maid was Beauty's favorite Queen, With golden wens-or, Like a real prince's, While the Ape, de-spite his

not been, Was the A——pl-enest Ape that ever was seen!
bought whit's tins, and he bought dress suit. He cram'd his feet in to bright tight boots... And to start in life on a

been new plan, He christen'd him self Dur - win - ian Man! He christen'd him self Dur - win - ian Man! But it

would not do-- The scheme fell through, For the Maid'en fair, whom the mon - key ste'd, Was a

ra - diant Be - ing, With a brain far - see - ing--While Durwin - ian man though well - be - hav'd, As best is on - ly a
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved, Was a radiant Being, With a brain far-seeing. While Darwinian man though well-behaved, At best is only a monkey shaw'd!
No. 16. QUINTET. — (Psyche, Melissa, Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

Psyche.

The woman of the wisest wit, May

sometimes be mistaken, O! In Ida's vows, I must admit, My faith is somewhat

Cyril.

shaken, O! On every other point than this, Her learning is untainted, O! But

Man's a theme with which she is Entirely unconquered, O! un-conquered, O! un-
Cyril:
- quainted! O, En-tire-ly un-ac-quainted, O!

Melissa:
Then
Hilary:
Then
Florian:
Then

Jump for joy and gaily bound. The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound. The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound. The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound. The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ringing.
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—
through the air—Wine here and there and ev'rywhere—

truth is found—the truth is found!
truth is found—the truth is found!
truth is found—the truth is found!
truth is found—the truth is found!
truth is found—the truth is found!
truth is found—the truth is found!

The truth is found—the truth is found!
The truth is found—the truth is found!
The truth is found—the truth is found!
The truth is found—the truth is found!
The truth is found—the truth is found!
The truth is found—the truth is found!
found - the truth... is found!... And
found - the truth... is found!... And
found - the truth... is found!... And
found - the truth... is found!... And
found - the truth... is found!... And
found - the truth... is found!... And
cres.
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
cres.
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
cres.
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
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e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
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e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
cres.
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found... the truth is
found!
found!
found!

MELISSA

My natural instinct teaches me (And in

instinct is important, O! You're everything you ought to be, And nothing that you
Hilarion. 

ought not, O! That fact was seen at once by you. In casual conversation, O! Which

is most creditable to Your powers of observation, O! - observation, O! -

Psyche. 

Then

Melissa. 

Then

Cyril. 

Then

Hilarion. 

observation, O! Your powers of observation, O! 

Then

Florian. 

Then
Jump for joy and gaily bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ringing.

Jump for joy and gaily bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a-ringing.

Thro' the air—Ring here and there and ev'ry where—

Thro' the air—Ring here and there and ev'ry where—

Thro' the air—Ring here and there and ev'ry where—And echo forth the joy-ous sound, The

Thro' the air—Ring here and there and ev'ry where—And echo forth the joy-ous sound, The
truth is found, the truth is found! The truth is
truth is found, the truth is found! The truth is
truth is found, the truth is found! And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is
truth is found, the truth is found! And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is
truth is found, the truth is found! And echo forth the joyous sound, The truth is

found, The truth is found! And
found, The truth is found! And
found, The truth is found! And
found, The truth is found! And
found, The truth is found! And

And
No. 17. DUET—(Melissa & Lady Blanche).

Melissa.

Now wouldn't you like to

rule the coast, And guide this Universi-
y?

Blanche.

I must agree, 'Twould pleasant be. (Sing hey a Proper.

And wouldn't you like to clear the coast Of mali-
ces and pers-
isity?

Pride!

Without a doubt I'll
2. For years I've walked the streets, although a born Plans to get net!

you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more)

Her eldest by several years, although you'd never l

Sing, so I've heard, but never a word have I ever believed before! Sing hey! ...

Imagine it.

Sing, buoy, toil! Sorry for some! Sing marry come up, and her

Sing buoy, toil! Sorry for some! Sing marry come up, and my
day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm... will turn. Sing

Hap-py-go-luck-y, my La-dy, O!

Hap-py-go-luck-y, my La-dy, O!
No. 18. CHORUS OF GIRLS & SOLOS—(Blanche & Cyril).

*Allegro.*

**FIRST SOFFANO.**

Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Here in meadow of asphodel,

**SECOND SOFFANO.**

Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Here in meadow of asphodel.

Feast we body and mind as well. Merrily ring the luncheon bell!... Ring... oh.
Oh, merrily ring the luncheon bell, the luncheon bell!

merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, Ring the luncheon bell, the luncheon bell!

SOLO, BLANCHE.

Hun-gry, I beg to state, It highly in-de-licate,

This is a fact pro-found-ly true, So learn your ap-pe-tites to subdue.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap-pe-tites to subdue! Madam, your words so wise,

Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap-pe-tites to subdue!

Solo. CYRIL.

No-body should de-pise, Can't with an ap-pe-tite keen I am.

And
I'll subdue it— I'll subdue it—

Chorus:

with cold roast lamb! Yes, yes, We'll subdue it with cold roast lamb! Merrily ring the

Yes, yes, We'll subdue it with cold roast lamb! Merrily ring the

luncheon bell! Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Oh, ring! ! Oh merrily ring the

luncheon bell! Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Oh, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, Merrily ring the

luncheon bell! Merrily ring the luncheon bell! Oh, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, Merrily ring the
No. 19.

SONG—(Cyril).

Cyril.

Would you know the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame.

Eyes must be down—cast and staid,
Cheeks must blush be shame—ah!
She may neither dance nor sing,
But, demure in

Ev'rything. Hang her head in modest way,
With pouting lips,

say, "Oh kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,

Though I die of shame—ah!"

Please you, that's the kind of maid
"Though I die of shame-a!" Please you that's the kind of maid
sets my heart a-dame-a:
"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-

Allegro agitato. (Dialogue goes on.)

(She's sobbed.)
No. 20. FINALE, ACT II—(Princess, Hildebrand, Melissa, Lady Psyche, Blanche, Cyril, Hilarion, Florian, Arac, Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus of Girls & Men.)

Oh, joy! our chief is saved. And by Hilarion's hand: The torment fierce he bear'd, And brought her sake to land! For his intrusion we must own This dauntless deed may well a...

Princess, stand forth, ye brave, Who e'er ye be, And
PRINCE.

Have mercy, O lady,

CYRIL.

I know not mercy, men in women's

HILARION.

Have mercy, O lady,

FLORIAN.

Have mercy, O lady,

Pryde, the man whose sacred eyes

invaile our state so -
REED.

[Music notation]

ELIJAH, THOU ART RIGHT.

[Music notation]

Arrest these cruel intruding spies!

[Music notation]

Have mercy, O God.

PRINCESS.

I know not mercy.

[Music notation]

HILARIOUS.

Must not set him free. He went ten with his bands in vain. Who lives by loving thee? If

[Music notation]

What thou hast chain'd must wear his chain, Thou

[Music notation]

heart of stone for heart of fire, He all thou hast to give. . . If dead to me my heart's desire, . . .
Why should I wish to live? No word of shine-

FLOREAN.
Have mercy, O lady!...

\textit{Girl.}
Have mercy, O lady!...

...no stern command Can teach my heart to love... Then rather perish by thy hand, Than

live without thy love! A love less life apart from thee Were hopeless slavery.

Were hopeless slavery. If kindly death will set me free...


Why should I fear to die?    It kind-ly death will be
Have mer-cy! Have mer-cy!

set me free. If kind-ly death will set me free. Why should I fear... why should I

fear to die?...
Girls.

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

Princess.

hor-ror! Deny them! We will de-fy them! Too late, too late! The castle gate is batter'd by them!

Allegro con brio.

Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavailing.

Basses.

Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavailing.
We have entered here. Female exclamation: Sit... if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh

We have entered here. Female exclamation: Sit... if you're wise, Stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty eyes! Oh

GIRL: Read the air with

stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty, pretty eyes! waiting.

stop your lamentation, Dry your pretty, pretty eyes!

P  from.

f

dim.

Shed the shameful tear! Man has entered here. Walls are unavail-

ing.

Read the air with wall.

Tenors.

Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavail-

ing.

Basses.

Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavail-

ing.
Man ... has en... ter'd here!

We have en-ter'd here. Fe-male ex-ec-u-tion Stil-tle if you're wise, Stop your la-men-ta-tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh

Walls are un-a-vo... ing.

Man has stop your la-men-ta-tion, Dry your pret-ty, pret-ty eyes! Fe-male ex-ec-u-tion Stil-tle if you're stop your la-men-ta-tion, Dry your pret-ty, pret-ty eyes! Fe-male ex-ec-u-tion Stil-tle if you're
RECIIT. PRINZESS.

Audacious tyrant, do you dare to beast a maiden in her lair?

TENORES & BASSET.

Since you enquire, we've no desire to beast a maiden here, or a nywhere! No, no, we've no desire to beast a maiden here, or

HILD.

1. Some years ago no doubt you know (And if you don't I'll
tell you so) You gave your oath, Up-on your oath To His-lar-on 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 Tho' the knot were tied At the early age of one! A

vow you make You must not break, (If you think you may, it's a great mistake.) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the early age of

one! And I'm a peppy kind of King, Who's indisposed for parleying To fit the will of a bit of a child, And

CHORUS OF MEN.

that's the long and the short of it! For he's a peppy kind of King, Who's indisposed for parleying To

For he's a peppy kind of King, Who's indisposed for parleying To
fit the wit of a bit of a chic, And that's the long and the short of it!

fit the wit of a bit of a chic, And that's the long and the short of it!

Ilona.

2. If you decide To

pocket your pride And let Hi-las-ion claim his bride, Why, well and good, It's understood We'll let by-gones go By— But

if you choose To sulk in the muss I'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! But if you choose to walk in the streets I'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 peppy Po-tent-ta, who's little in-chid'd his

claim to hae. To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, and that's the long and the short of it.

For he's a peppy Po-ten-ta, who's

little inclin'd his claim to hae. To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, and that's the long and the short of it.

For he's a peppy Po-ten-ta, who's
1. We may remark, the so - thing can Dis - may us. That if you thwart this
gent - man, He'll play us. We don't fear death, of course—we're taught To shame it;

But still up - on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes! Yes! Yes!

bet - ter fun to name it. Our in - ter - est we would not press With chat - ter, Three
buk-ing bro-thers more or less Don't mat-ter:
if you'd pooh-pooh this mon-arch's

plan. Pooh-pooh it,
but when he says he'll hang a man, He'll do it.

Yes! Yes! Yes!
devil doubt he'll do it.

Be re-assured,
nor fear his an-ger blind,
His men-saces are idle.
Arag, Geron, & Sect.

as the wind. He dars... not kill von... gerace

lurks behind! We rather think he dars, but ne-ver,

Hld.

I rather think I dars, but ne-ver, ne-ver mind.

ne-ver mind! No! No! No! ne-ver, ne-ver mind!

Hld.

Enough of par-ley— as a spe-cial bon-

... No, so, ne-ver, ne-ver mind!
give you till tomorrow afternoon.

No! no! never, never mind!

Re-lease Hi-lar- ion, then,

And be his bride,

Or you'll in-cur the guilt of en-tri-cide!

Psyche with 1st Sopr., Blanchet & Melida with 2nd Sopr., Hildebrand, Abas, Gueron and Scynthis with Basses.

Toy-into a slave for With shame were vile.

So quick I away with him, ah-choo! He saved my life! That he is fair, and strong, and tall.
Is very evident to all...

Yet I will die.

For I call Myself his wife.

Grain.

Oh I yield at once, 'tis better so, Than risk a strike!

Men.

(Oh I yield at once, 'tis better so, Than risk a strike!)

That I be a fair, and strong, and tall,

And let the Prince Hilarion go, for saved thy side!

Hilarion's fair, and strong, and tall,

And let the Prince Hilarion go, He saved thy life!

Hilarion's fair, and strong, and tall,

Is very evident to all, Yet I will die, will die before I

A worse misfortune might befall, It's not so dreadful, after

A worse misfortune might befall, It's not so dreadful, after
call. Myself his wife! Though I am but a girl, De-

all. To be his wife! all. To be his wife!

fi ance thus I hurl, Our ban-ners all On our-er wall We fear less-ly un-

Tho’ she is but a girl, De fi ance thus to hurl, Our

furl, Tho’ but a girl, De fi ance to hurl, Our

Tho’ but a girl, De fi ance to hurl, Their

ban-ners all On our-er wall We fear less-ly un-furl, Our ban-ners all

ban-ners all On our-er wall They fear less-ly un-furl Their ban-ners all
To yield at once; to yield a
all
Oh!
on outer wall
They fearlessly unfurl.
Oh!

fear the wave; So quick! away with him, although I save my life!
That he is
yield at once, were better so,
Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! His
yield at once, were better so,
Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! His

fair, and strong, and tall,
In very evident to all, Yet I will die, will
fair, and strong, and tall—
A worse misfortune might befall— It's not so
fair, and strong, and tall—
A worse misfortune might befall— It's not so
I will be fore I call Myself his wife!

Dreadful, after all, to be his wife! Distance, de 6

Distance, after all, to be his, wife! Their banners all. On outer wall.

Distance, Distance, distance, distance, distance, distance, distance.

Distance, distance, distance, distance, distance, distance.

Outer wall! They fear, less, ly, unc, sure! Their ban,

Princess with Princess.
ACT III.

No. 21.  

CHORUS & SOLO—(Melissa).

Piano.

In Soprano.

Death to the invader! Strike a deadly blow, As an old Crusader Struck his Persian foe! Let our martial thunder

Death to the invader! Strike a deadly blow, As an old Crusader Struck his Persian foe! Let our martial thunder

*"Act III, No. 21. Chorus & Solo—(Melissa)."*
Fill his soul with wonder, Tear his ranks asunder, Lay the tyrant low!

Death to the invader! Strike a deadly blow,

As an old Crusader Struck his Foe!

Thus our courage, all unshak'd we're instructed to dis...
play. But to tell the truth an - 'var - mith'd, We are more in - clin'd to say.

Timidly.

"Please you, do not hurt us."

"Do not hurt us, if it please you!"

Melissa.

"Let us be - let us be!"

"Let us be - let us be!"

"Soldiers dis - con - cert us."

"Dis - con - cert us, if it please you!"
"Fright-en'd maids are we!" "Maids are we!
Maids are we!"

Please you, Do not hurt us; Please you, let us be.
Do not hurt us; let us be.

Fright-en'd maids are we, fright-en'd maids are we!
But twould be an
Fright-en'd maids are we, fright-en'd maids we we!

To con-fess our ter-ror, So, in I da's name,
Hold, ly we ex - claim:  
Death to the in - va - der!

Strike a dead - ly blow.  
As an old Cru - sa - der

Struck his Pay - nis foe!

Ali - ge.
No. 22.  

SONG—(King Gama) with Chorus of Girls.

1. When 'e ver spoke Sar - cas - tic joke Re - plied with malice spite - ful, This

people mild Po - litely smil'd, And vo - ted me de - light - ful! Now when a wight Sit

all night Ill - na - red jokes de - vi - sion, And all his wiles Are met with smiles, 'Tis hard, there's no dis - guis - ing:
Ah!

Oh, don't the days seem rank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex-

Chorus.

- tremely flat With nothing whatever to grumble at! Oh, isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With nothing whatever to grumble at!

2. When German lands From music stands Play'd Wagner im-per-fect - ly — I hate them gu—They

didn't say no. But, ef they went di-rec-tly! The or-gan boys They stopp'd their music, With
... Oh, don't the days seem long and slow When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life extremely flat With nothing whatever to grumble at! Oh, isn't your life extremely flat With nothing whatever to grumble at!

3. I offered gold In tones untold To all who'd contradict me—
said I'd pay A pound a day To any one who kicked me - I

bribed with boys Great vulgar boys To utter something spite - ful, But, bless you, no! They would be so con - 

sidered by un - like - ful! Ah! In short, those ag - gra - vat ing lads, They

CHORUS

tickle my taste, they feed my head, They give me this and they give me that, And I've nothing what - ever to grum - ble at! Oh,

isn't your life ex - tremely flat With nothing what - ever to grum - ble at!
No. 23.  

SONG—(Princess)

1. I built upon a rock, But

ere Destruction's hand Dealt equal lot to Court and cot, My

rock had turned to sand! I leaned upon an oak, But
in the hour of need, A lack a day, My trusted stay Woe

but a blessed reed! a bruised reed! Ah, faithless

rock. My simple faith to mock! Ah, solemn rock, Thy worthless

ness to chide. Thy worth less ness to chide!
2. 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 lash, I lit a beacon fire, But on a stormy day Of heat and rime, In
winter time, My fire had died away, had died away!

Ah, coward steel That fear cut unharmful

need! Fire for incident, To fill me in my need, To

fill me in my need!
No. 24.  

CHORUS OF LADIES AND SOLDIERS.

When anger spreads his wing, And all seems dark 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

When anger spreads his wing, And all seems dark 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 suit-
Oh, I love the jolly rattle Of an ordeal by battle, There's an end of tit-tattle, When your enemy is dead. It's an

SOPRANO,

For a fight's a kind of servant moloty coddle Fears a crack upon his middle, And he's only fit to swaddle in a downy feather bed! Oh, I love the jolly rattle Of an
thing That I love to look up on, So let us sing, Long live the King, And his
ordeal by battle, There's an end of tire, tire, When your ene-my is dead, It's an arrant mollycoddle Fears a crack up on his muddle, And he's
ordeal by battle, There's an end of tire, tire, When your ene-my is dead, It's an arrant mollycoddle Fears a crack up on his muddle, And he's

was Hi - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

was Hi - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

was Hi - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to

was Hi - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to
No. 25. SONG—(Arac, with Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus.)

**Arac**

*This helmet, I suppose, was meant to ward off blows. It's very hot, and weighs a lot, as many a guardian knows. As many a guardian knows, so off*

**Guron & Scyn.**

*Yes, yes, yes, so off that helmet goes!*

**Girls.**

*Yes, yes, yes, so off that helmet goes!*

**Men.**

*Yes, yes, yes, so off that helmet goes!*
tight-fitting cuirass Is but a use-less mass. It's made of steel, And weighs a deal. This

Who

fights in a cuirass, So off . . . . . so off goes that cuirass. Yes, yes, yes, So

MEN.

ARAB.

These beast-sets, truth to tell, May look un-common well, But in a fight They're much too tight. They're
like a lobster shell... They're like a lobster shell!

GIRLS & SCEN.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell.

MAN.

Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lobster shell.

THOSE THINGS I treat the same, (I quite forget their names,) They saw ones legs to cribs, beggars, They aid I thus disclaim, Their aid!

They disclaim, Thee I forgot their name, Thee I forgot their name, Their aid, their aid.

and I thus disclaim! Their aid we thus disclaim!

Yes, yes, yes, Their aid we thus disclaim!

FINIS... they thus disclaim!
No. 26.

CHORUS DURING THE FIGHT.

This is our duty

Allegretto sostenuto.

This is our duty

plain towards Our Princess all immaculate.

plain towards Our Princess all immaculate.

We ought to bless her brothers' swords And

We ought to bless her brothers' swords And
1st Sopranos & Tenors.

Piousely ejaculate! Oh,

2nd Sopranos & Basses.

Piousely ejaculate! Oh,

Hungary! Oh, Hungary! Oh, doughty sons of

Hungary! Oh, Hungary! Oh, doughty sons of

Hungary!

May all success
FINALE, ACT III.

No. 27.

PRINCE with 1st SOP, BLANCHE & MELISSA with CONTRALTO. CYRIEL with TENOR, FLOREAN, HILDEGARD & ARAQ, with 1st BASS, GUBON & NOVITIVITUS with 2nd BASS.

PRINCE.

Piano.

\[ \text{Allegro grazioso.} \]

With joy abiding, Together gliding, Thro' life's va

riety In sweet society, And thus enwining, The love I'm owning. On this a

Chorus & Ensemble.

I will rely! It were pro
terminety For poor humanity To treat as

vaniety The sway of Love In no locality Or principality In our mor

vaniety The sway of Love In no locality Or principality In our mon
HILARIOUS.

When day is fa - di - ng, With se - ren - di - ty And such fa - li-

ti - ty Its way a - bove!

vo - li - ty Of ten - der qua - li - ty—With scented show - er Of fairest flow - ers, The hap - py

hours Will gai - ly fly! The hap - py hours Will gai - ly fly!

It were pos - si - ble.

fa - ni - ty For po - se - hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no le -
In no lo-
cali-ty Or prin-ci-pa-ly Is our mor-tal-ity Its sway a-bove!

Princess & Hilari-on.

With scented
Its
away

Princess, Hilari-on with Tenora

show-ers Of fair-est flow-ers, The hap-py hours... will gai-ly fly! In no lo-

Its
away

In no lo-

rem.
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"A" IS HAPPY, "E" IS NOT,
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I AM A PIRATE KING,
CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
WHEN FRED'RIC WAS A TINY LAD,
POOR Wand'er'ING ONE,
THE POLICEMAN'S SONG,
AH, LEAVE ME NOT TO PINE ALONE.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"
I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE,
I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP,
HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN,
SING HEY, THE MERRY MAIDEN,
THINGS ARE Seldom WHAT THEY SEEM,
NEVER MIND THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

"THE SORCERER"
THE VICAR'S SONG,
WELCOME JOY, ADIEU TO SADNESS,
THE MINUET,
MY NAME IS JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS,
FOR LOVE ALONE,
SHE WILL TEND HIM.

"PATIENCE"
WHEN FIRST I PUT THIS UNIFORM ON,
FRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN,
I CANNOT TELL WHAT THIS LOVE MAY BE,
SING "HEY TO YOU, GOOD-DAY TO YOU."
SILVER' D IS THE RAVEN HAIR,
THE MAGNET AND THE CURN.

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