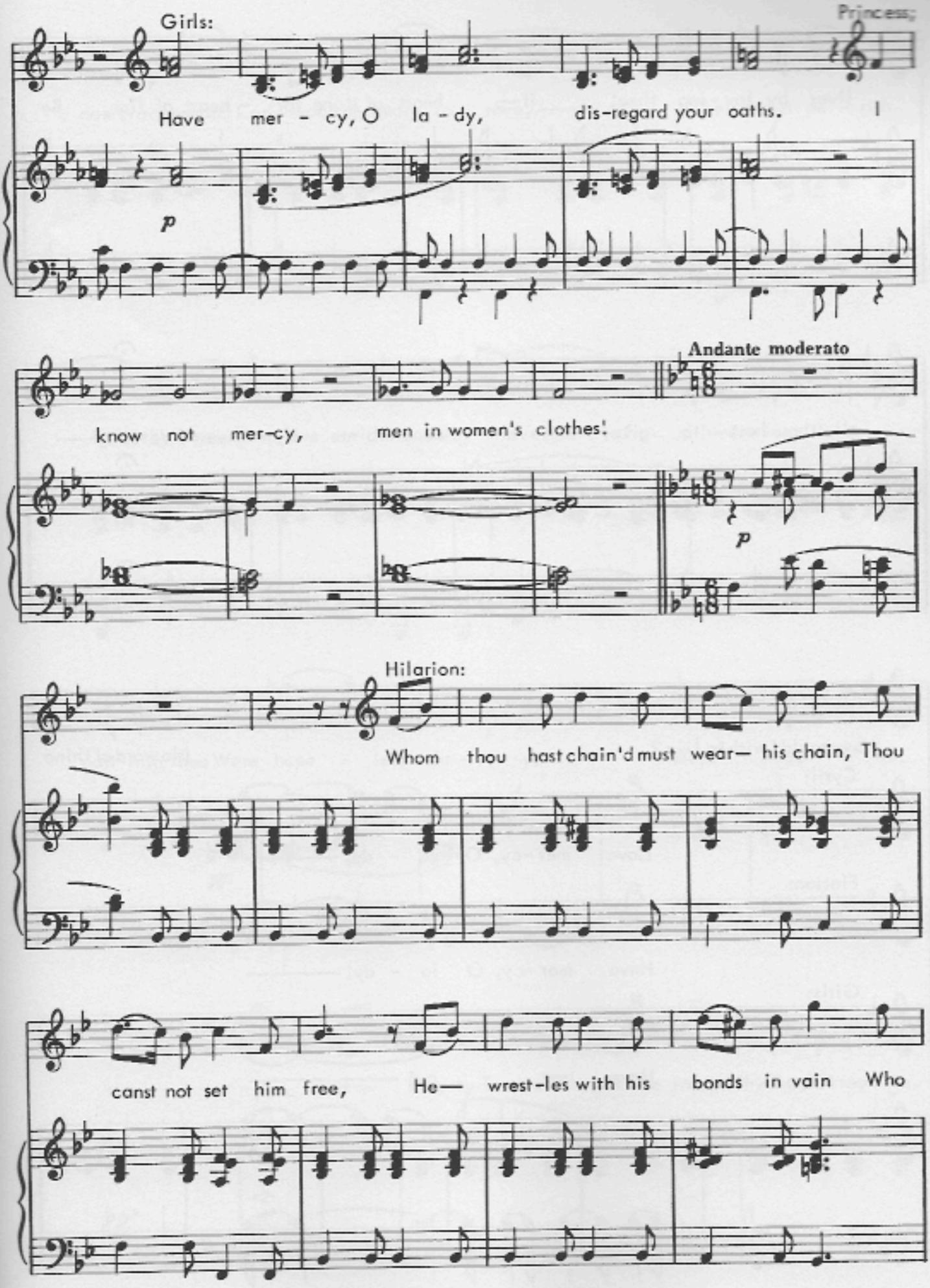
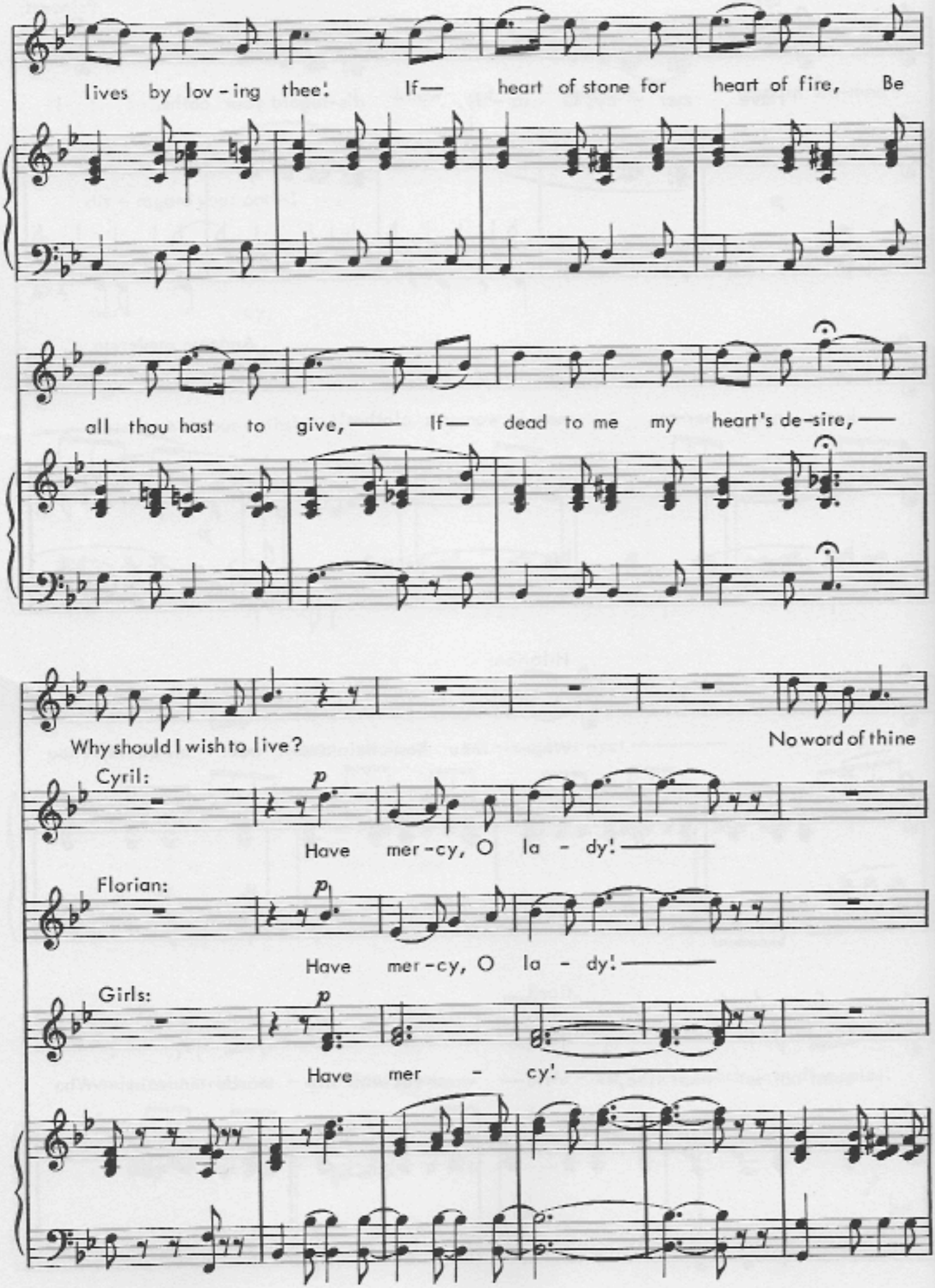
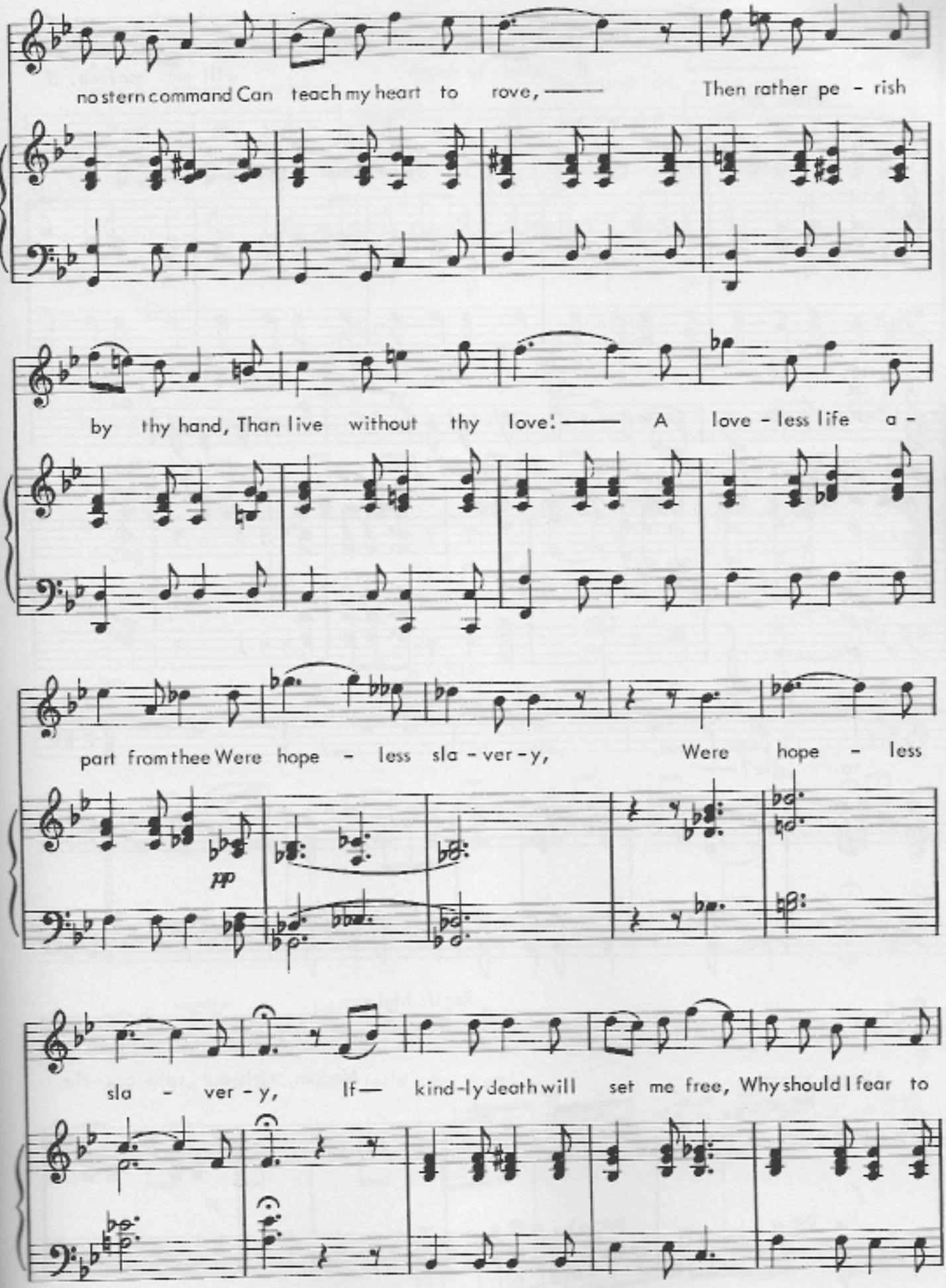
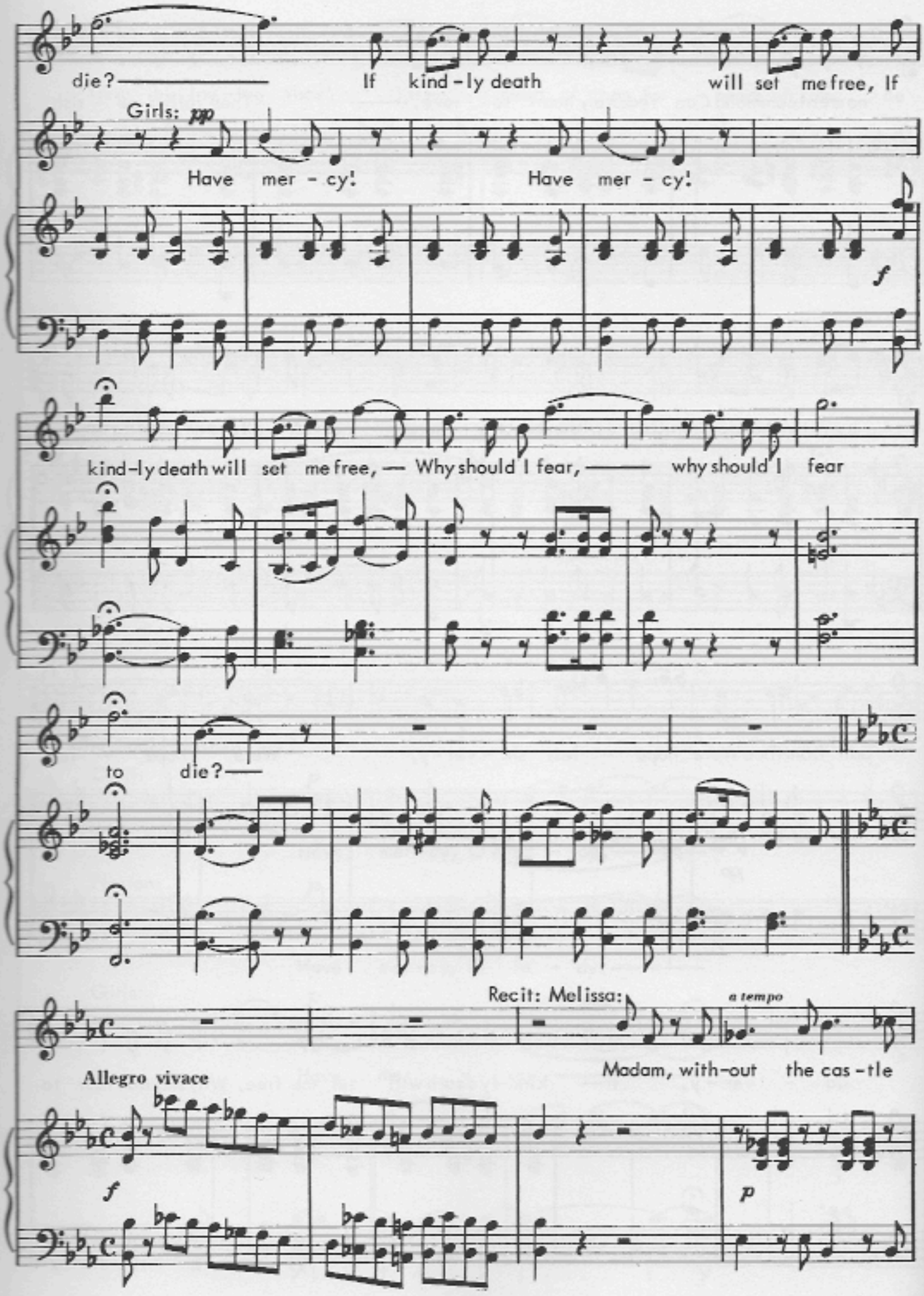
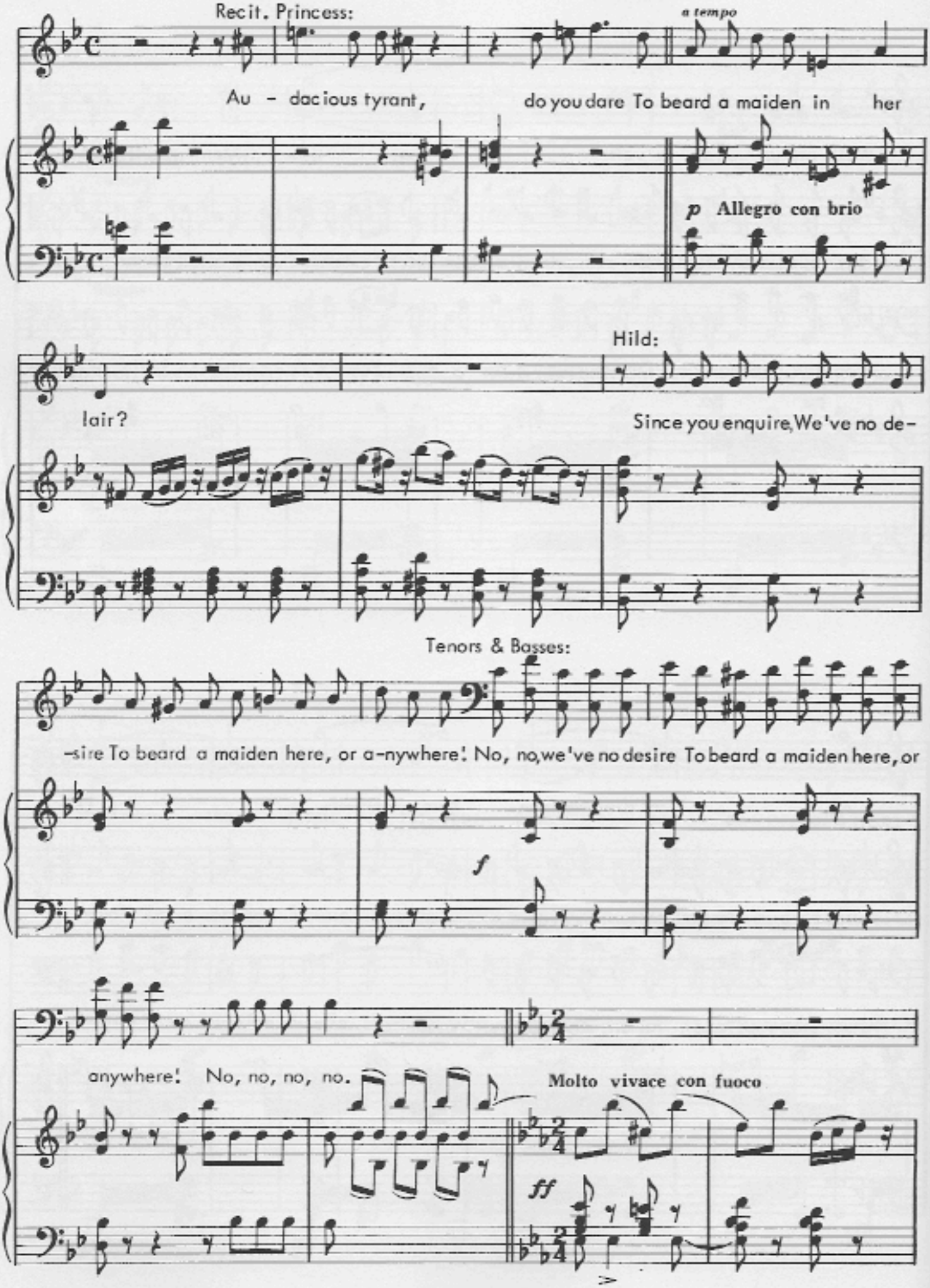
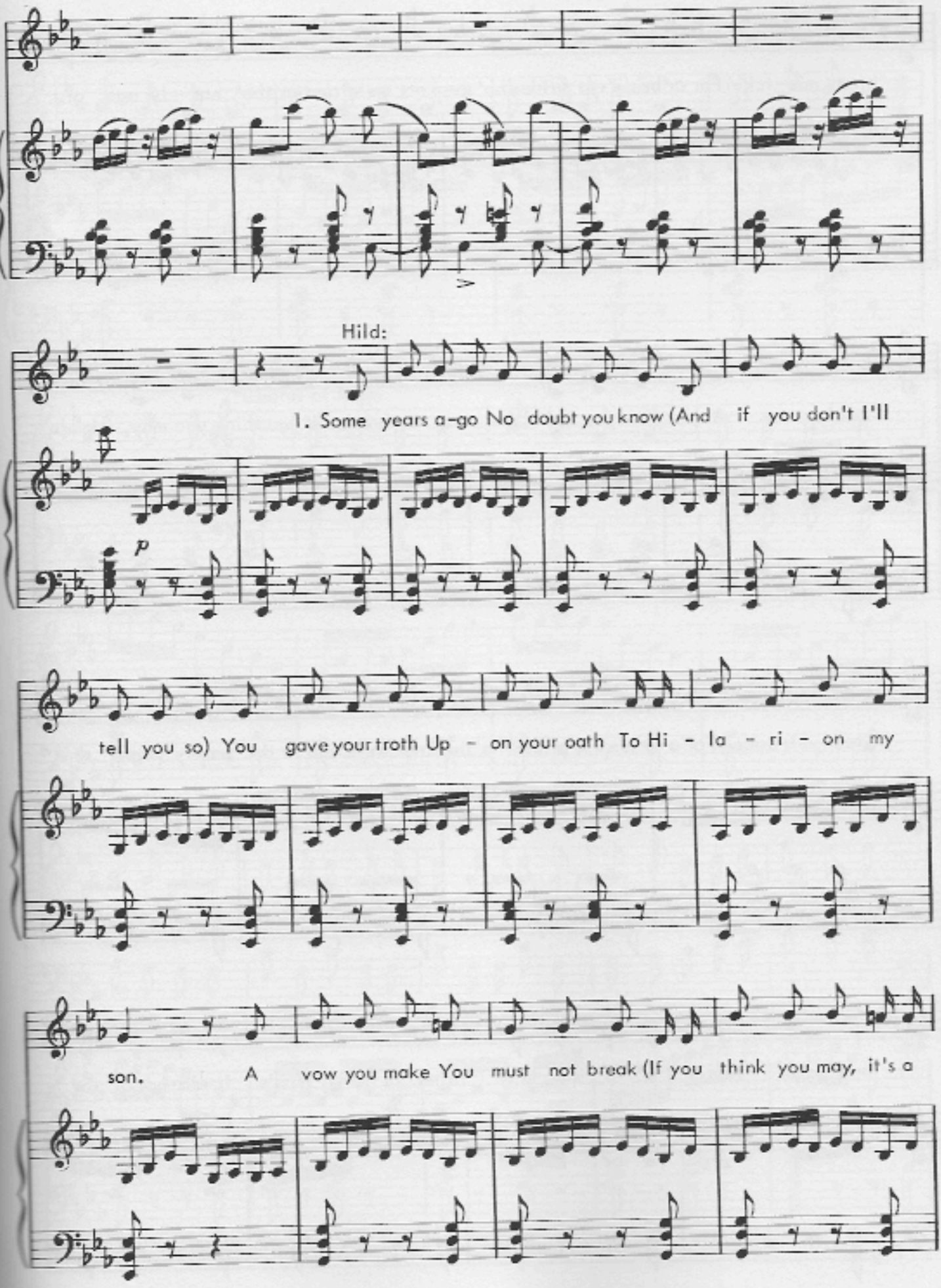

Girls:
Princess:
Have mer - cy, O la - dy, dis-regard your oaths. I
p
Andante moderato
know not mer-cy, men in women's clothes!
p
Hilarion:
Whom thou hast chain'd must wear— his chain, Thou
canst not set him free, He— wrest-les with his bonds in vain Who

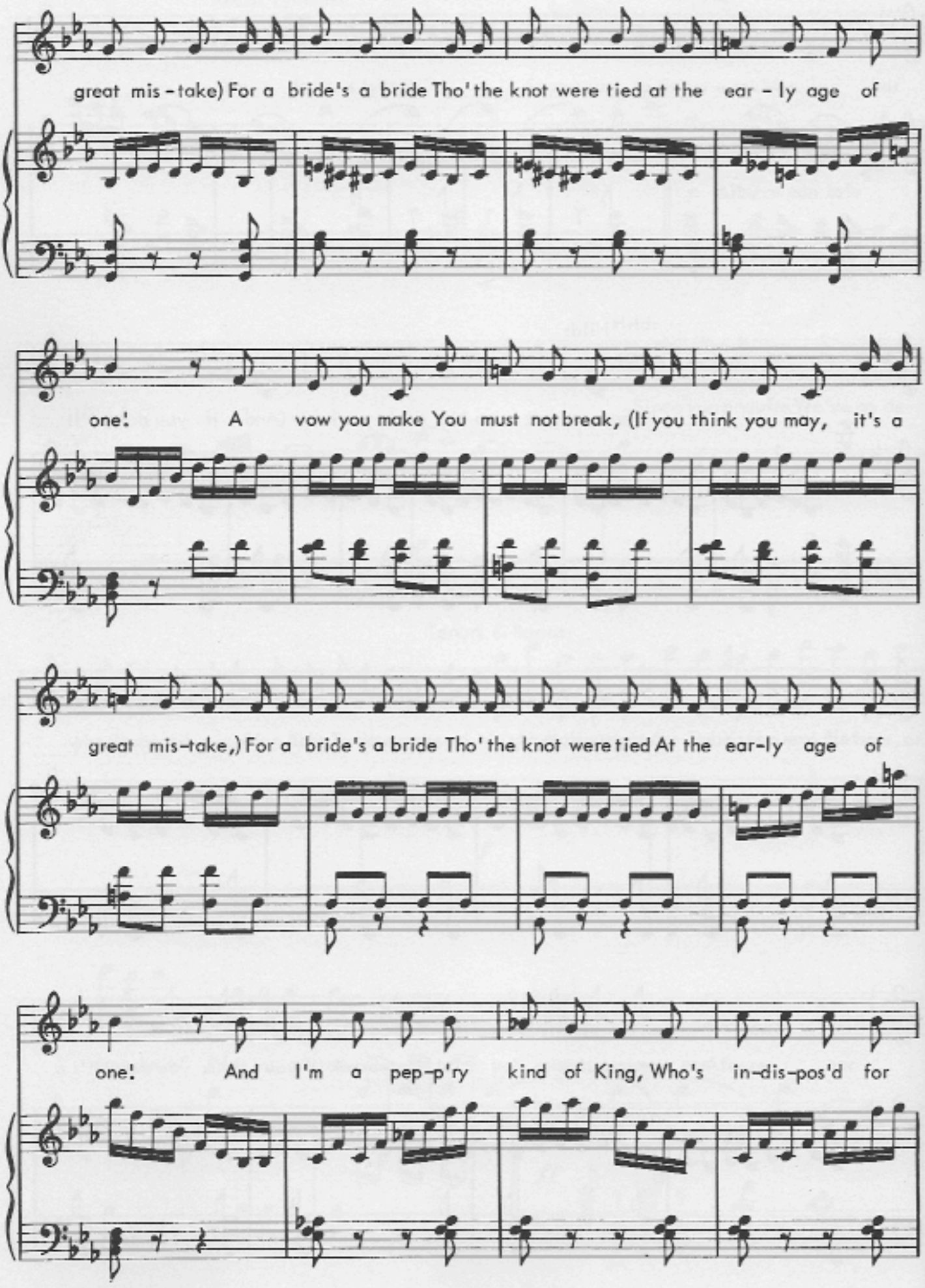

lives by lov-ing thee! If— heart of stone for heart of fire, Be
all thou hast to give, — If— dead to me my heart's de-sire, —
Why should I wish to live?
No word of thine
Cyril:
p
Have mer-cy, O la - dy! —
Florian:
p
Have mer-cy, O la - dy! —
Girls:
p
Have mer - cy! —

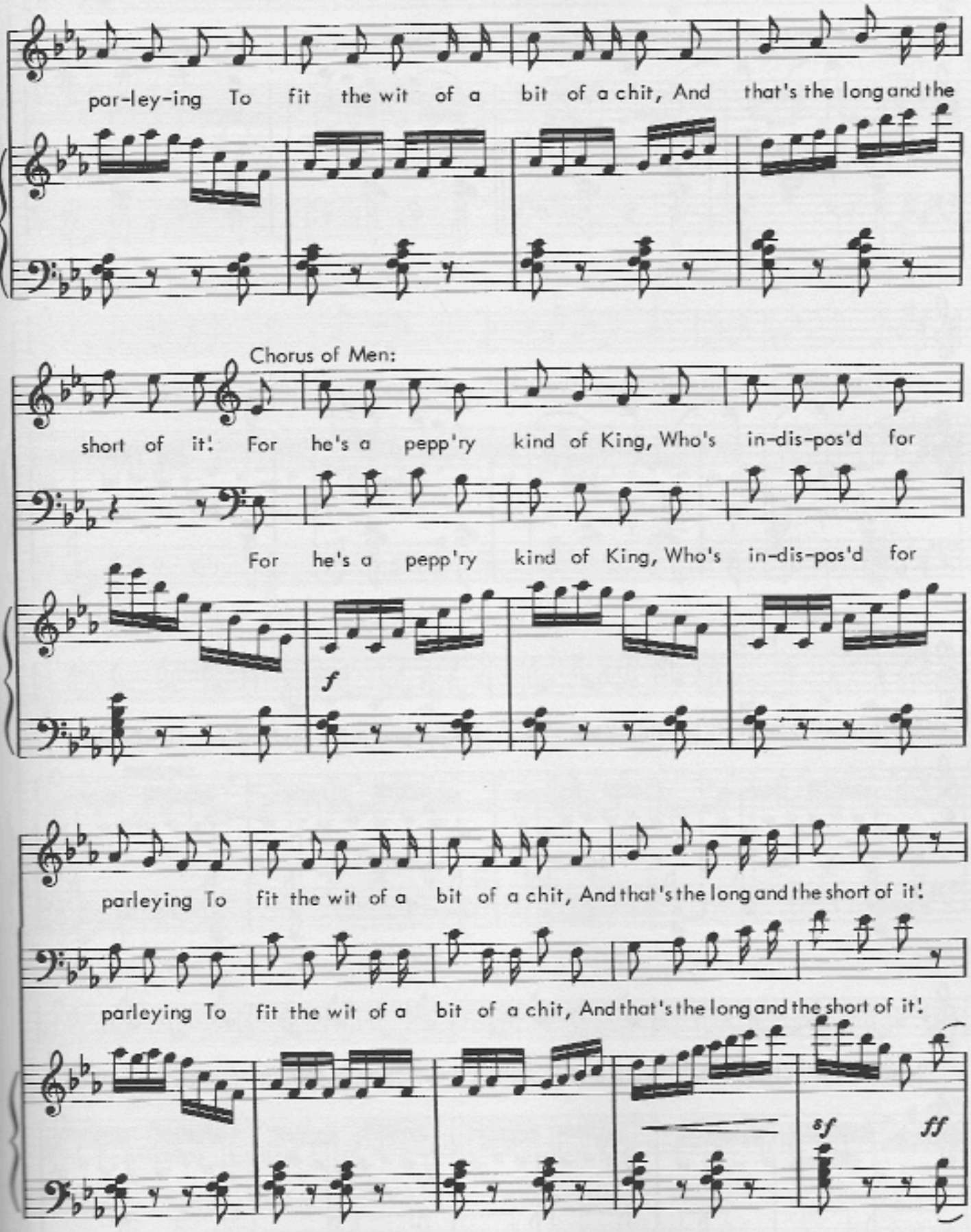

no stern command Can teach my heart to rove, —— Then rather pe - rish
by thy hand, Than live without thy love! —— A love - less life a -
part from thee Were hope - less sla - ver - y, Were hope - less
pp
sla - ver - y, If— kind - ly death will set me free, Why should I fear to

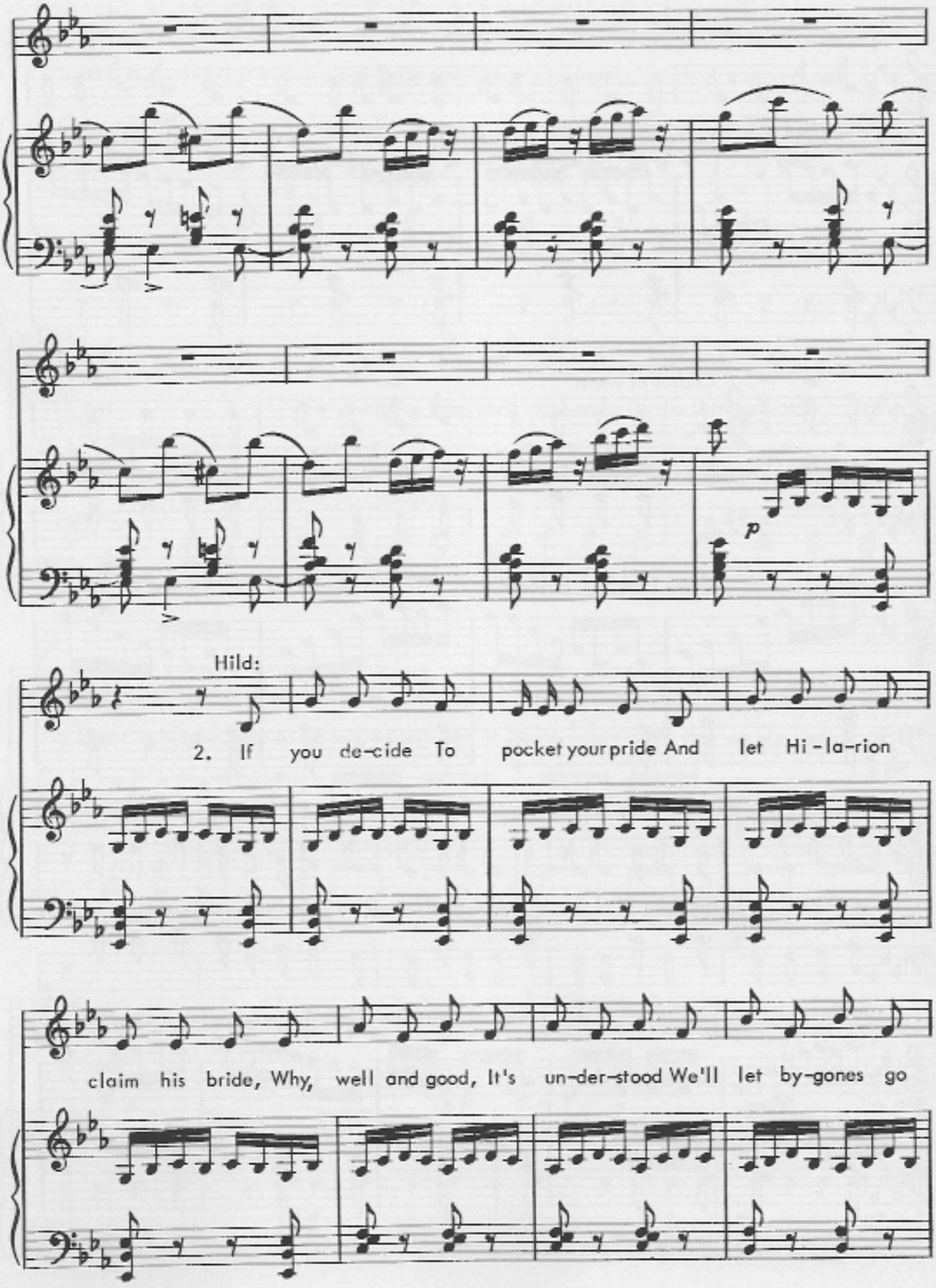

die? If kind-ly death will set me free, If
Girls: pp
Have mer - cy! Have mer - cy!
f
kind-ly death will set me free, — Why should I fear, — why should I fear
to die? —
Recit: Melissa:
a tempo
Madam, with-out the cas-tle
Allegro vivace
f
p

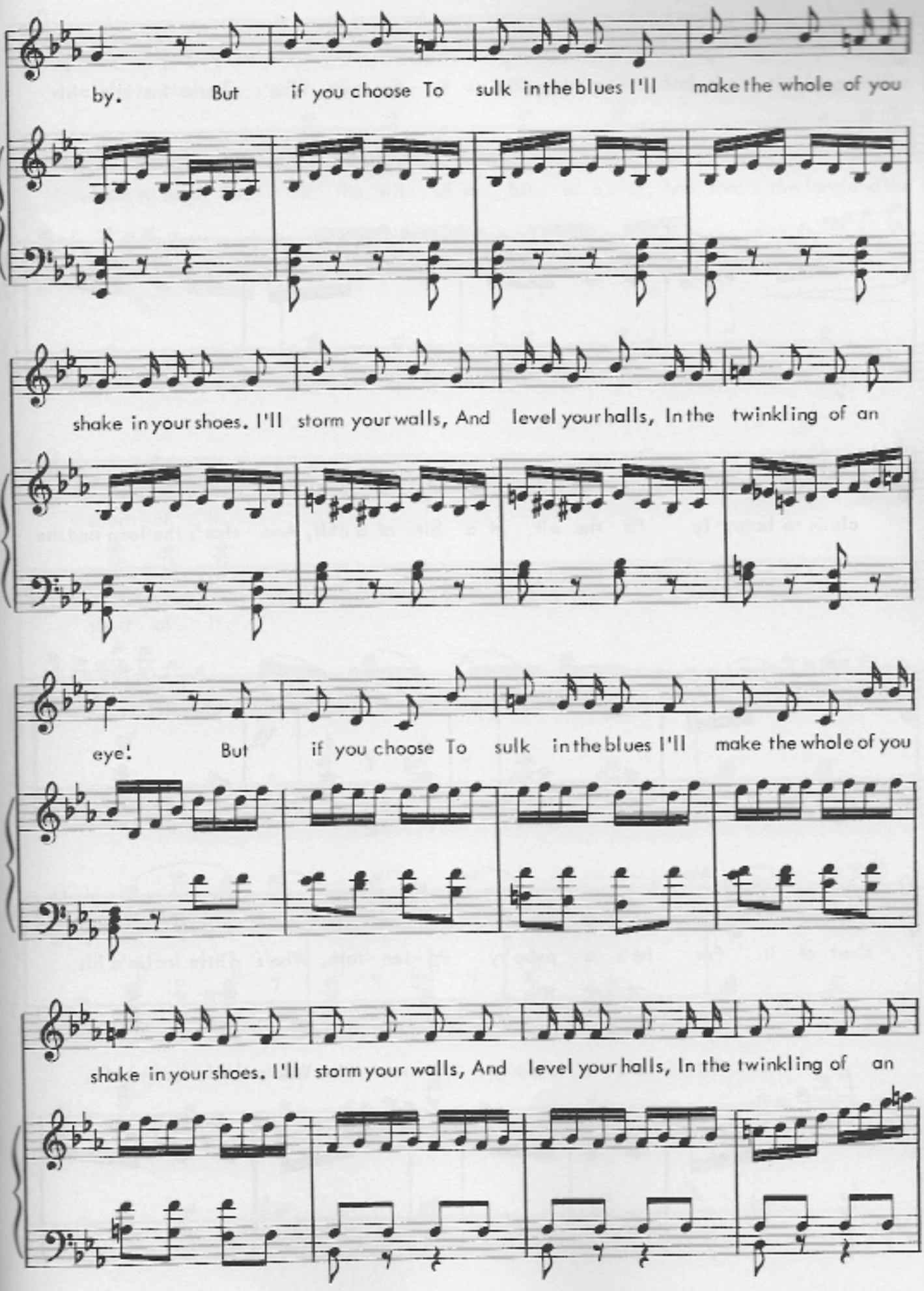

Recit. Princess:
a tempo
Au - dacious tyrant, do you dare To beard a maiden in her
p Allegro con brio
Hild:
lair?
Since you enquire, We've no de-
Tenors & Basses:
-sire To beard a maiden here, or a-nywhere! No, no, we've no desire To beard a maiden here, or
f
anywhere! No, no, no, no.
Molto vivace con fuoco
ff

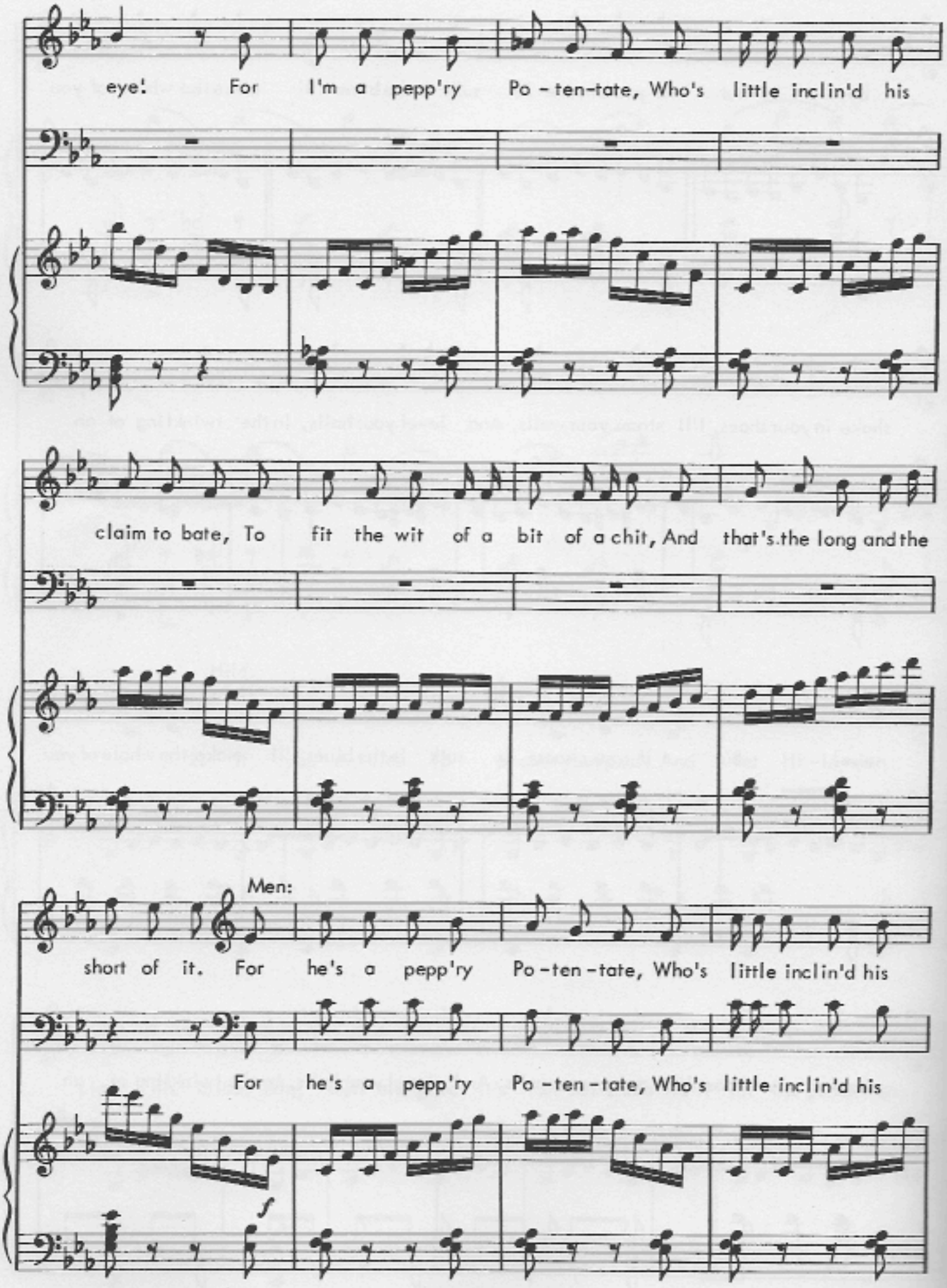

Hild:
1. Some years a-go No doubt you know (And if you don't I'll
p
tell you so) You gave your troth Up - on your oath To Hi - la - ri - on my
son. A vow you make You must not break (If you think you may, it's a

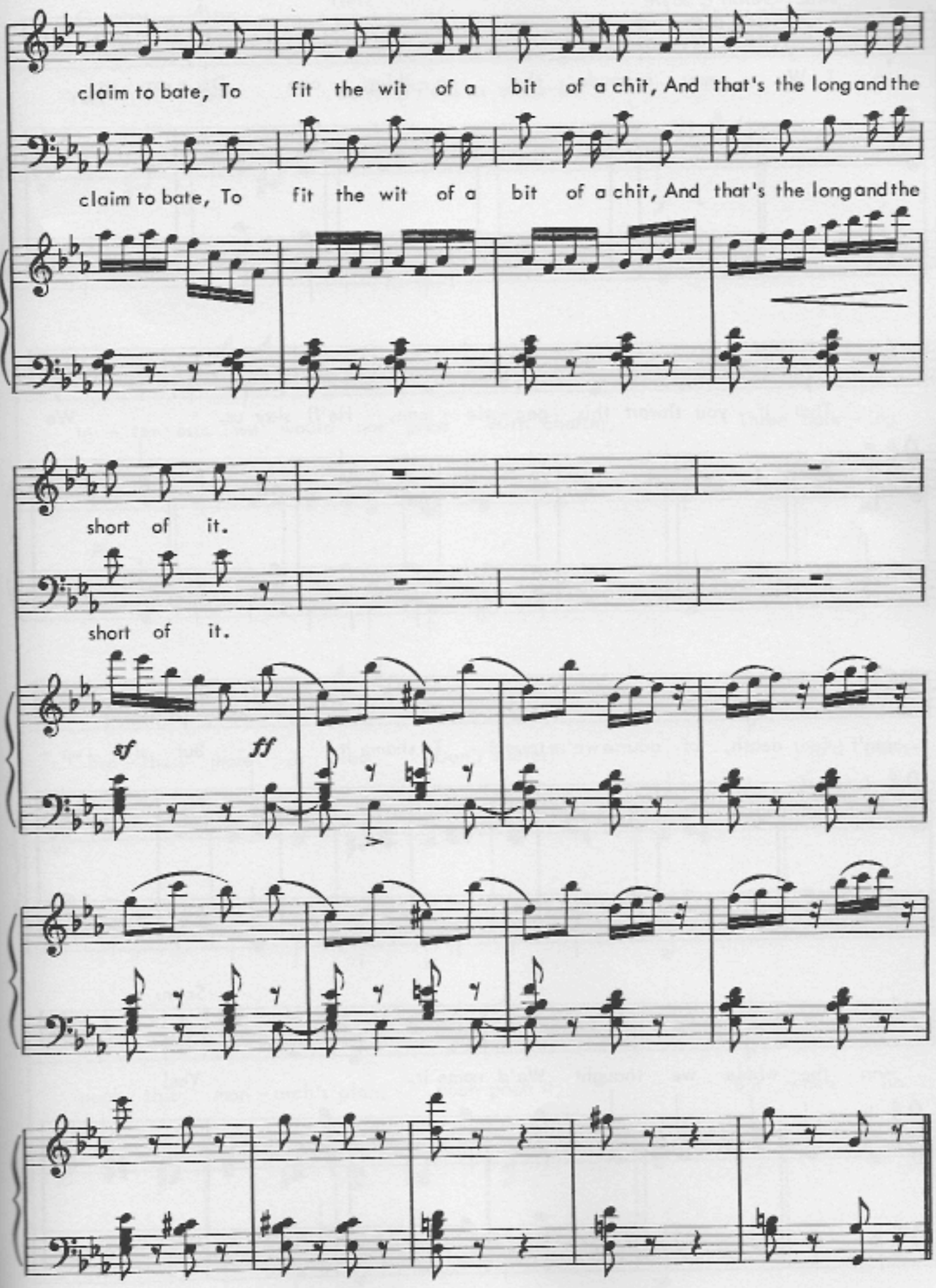

great mis - take) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied at the ear - ly age of
one! A vow you make You must not break, (If you think you may, it's a
great mis-take,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear-ly age of
one! And I'm a pep-p'ry kind of King, Who's in-dis-pos'd for

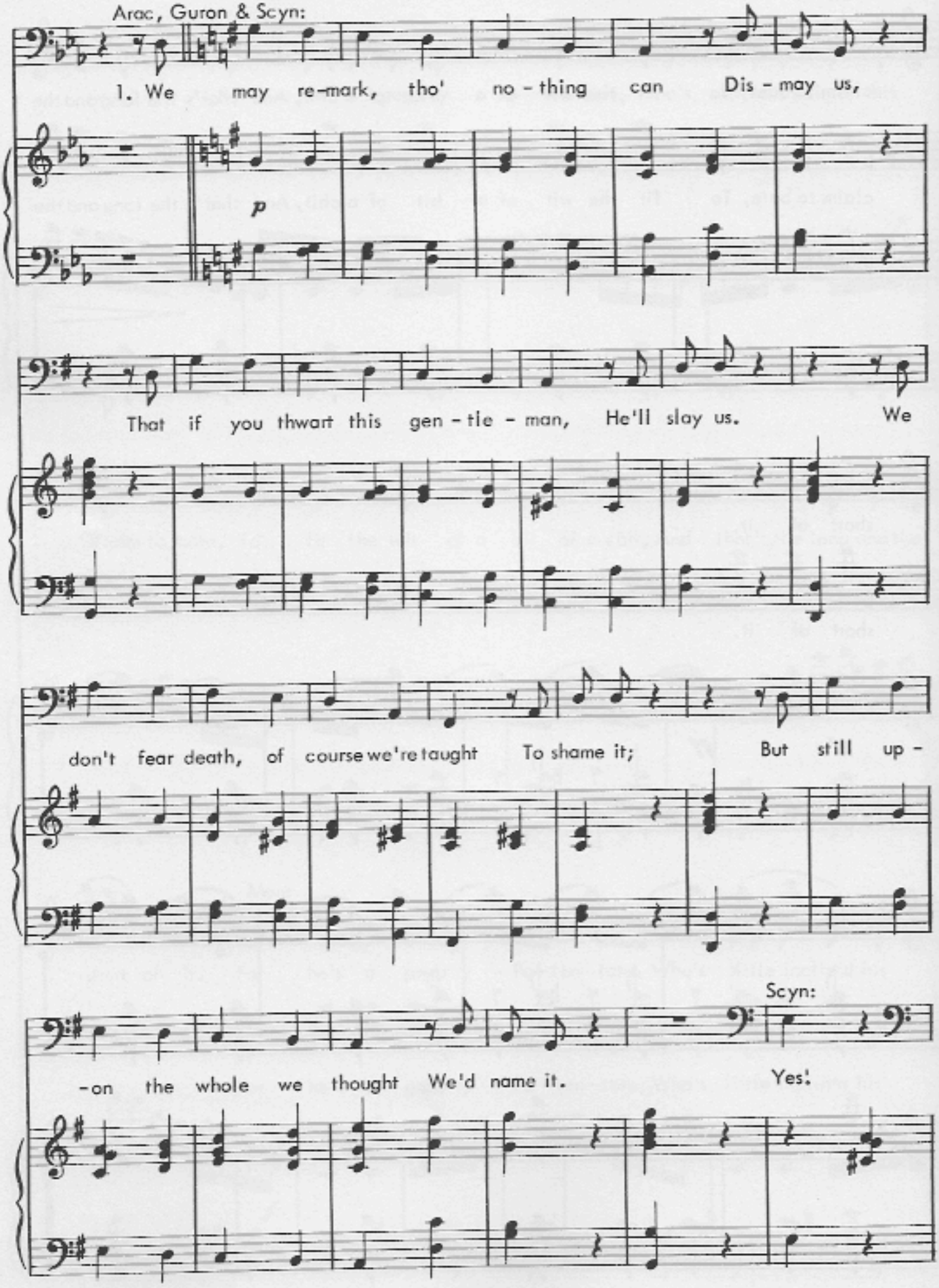

par-ley-ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the
Chorus of Men:
short of it! For he's a pepp'ry kind of King, Who's in-dis-pos'd for
For he's a pepp'ry kind of King, Who's in-dis-pos'd for
f
parleying To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!
parleying To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!
sf
ff

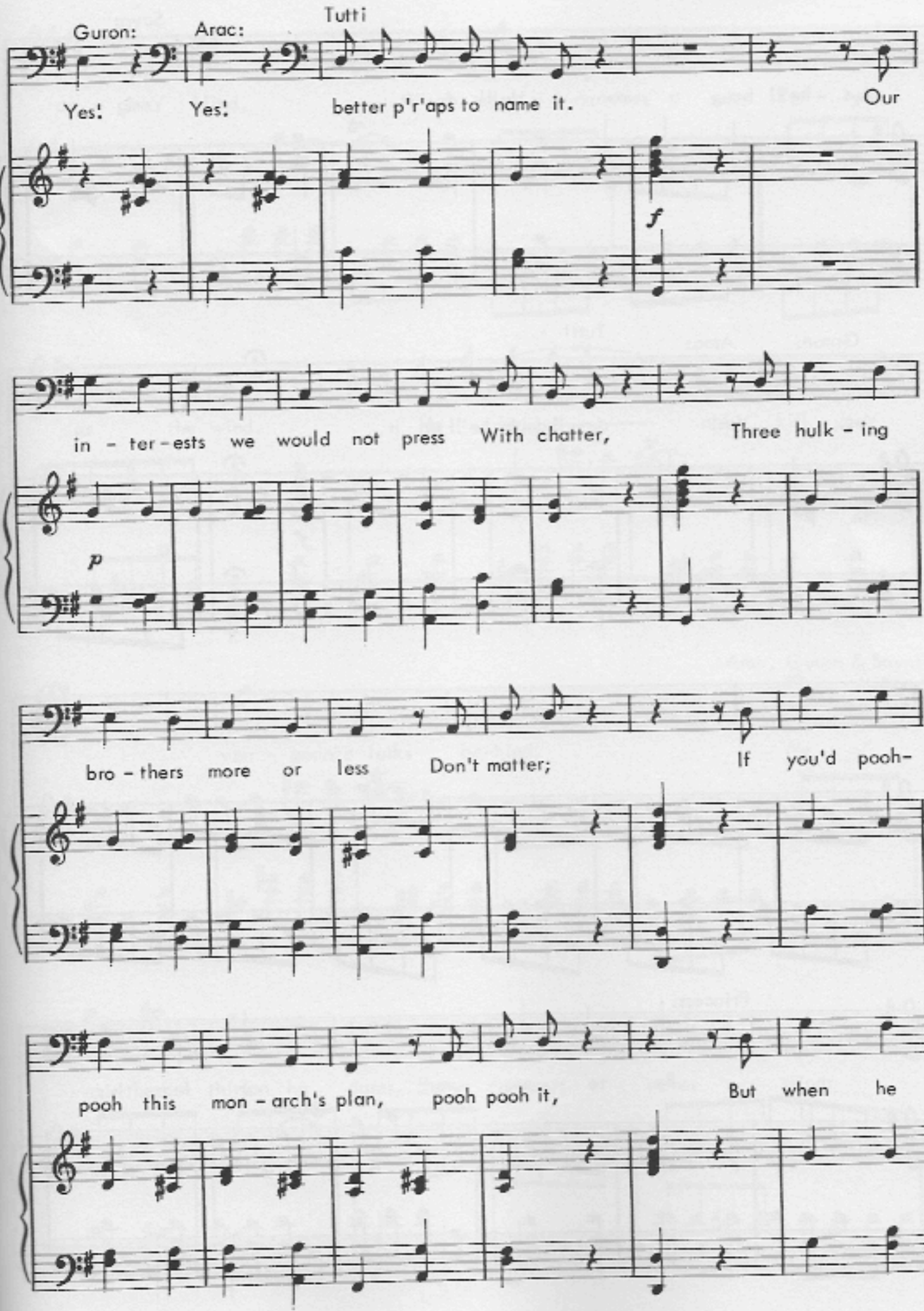

Hild:
2. If you de-cide To pocket your pride And let Hi-la-rion
claim his bride, Why, well and good, It's un-der-stood We'll let by-gones go

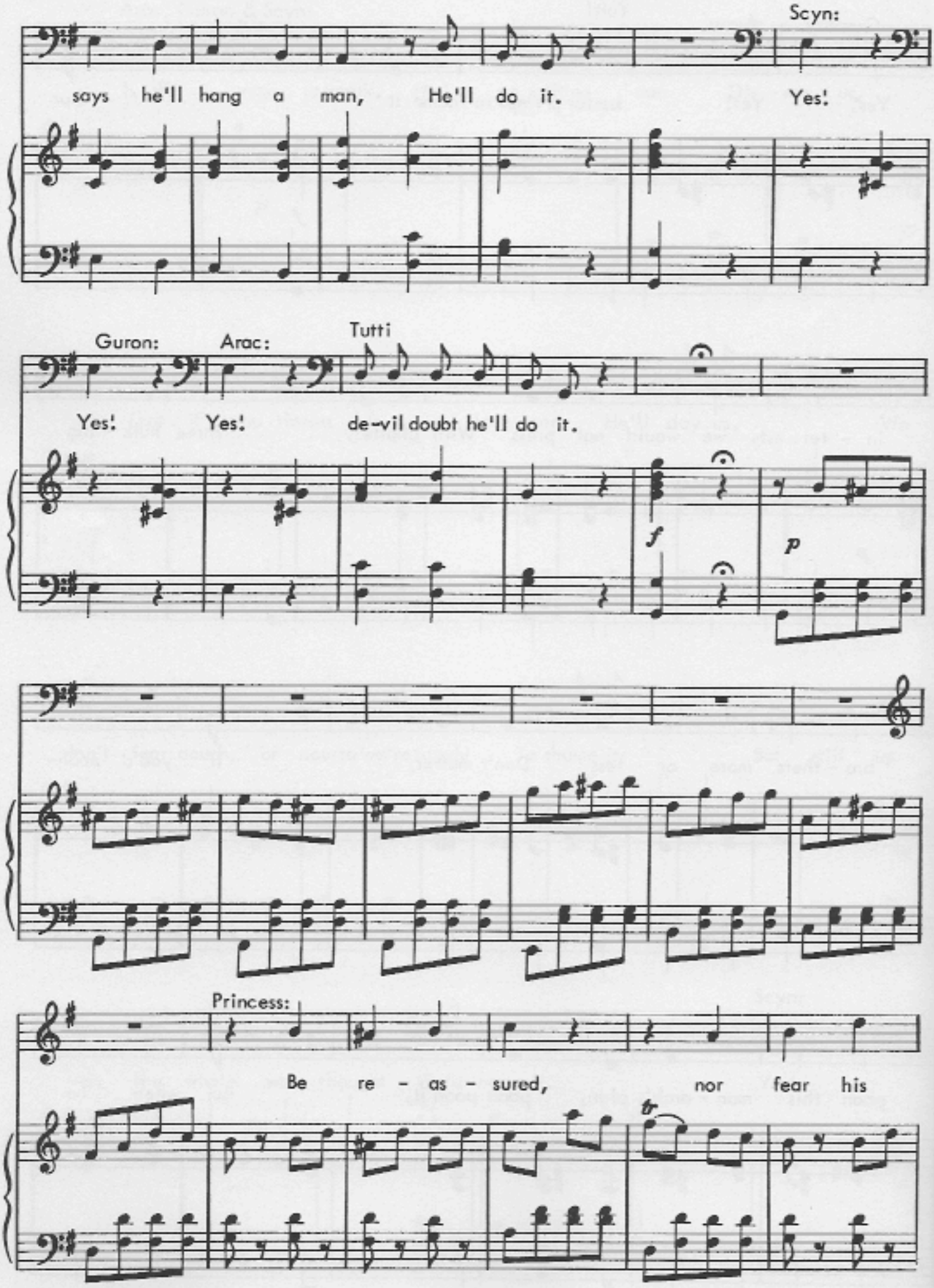

by. But if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you
shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And level your halls, In the twinkling of an
eye! But if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you
shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And level your halls, In the twinkling of an


eye! For I'm a pepp'ry Po - ten-tate, Who's little inclin'd his
claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the
Men:
short of it. For he's a pepp'ry Po - ten - tate, Who's little inclin'd his
For he's a pepp'ry Po - ten - tate, Who's little inclin'd his
f


claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the
claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the
short of it.
short of it.
sf
ff


Arac, Guron & Scyn:
1. We may re-mark, tho' no - thing can Dis - may us,
p
That if you thwart this gen - tle - man, He'll slay us. We
don't fear death, of course we're taught To shame it; But still up -
Scyn:
-on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes!


Guron:
Arac:
Tutti
Yes!
Yes!
better p'r'aps to name it.
Our
f
in - ter - ests we would not press With chatter,
Three hulk - ing
p
bro - thers more or less Don't matter;
If you'd pooh-
pooh this mon - arch's plan, pooh pooh it,
But when he


Scyn:
says he'll hang a man, He'll do it. Yes!
Guron:
Arac:
Tutti
Yes! Yes! de-vil doubt he'll do it.
f
p
Princess:
Be re - as - sured, nor fear his