

- PRIN. You say you know the court of Hildebrand?
There is a Prince there – I forget his name –
- HIL. Hilarion?
- PRIN. Exactly – is he well?
- 5 HIL. If it be well to droop and pine and mope,
To sigh ‘Oh, Ida! Ida!’ all day long,
‘Ida! my love! my life! Oh, come to me!’
If it be well, I say, to do all this,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well.
- 10 PRIN. He breathes *our* name? Well, it’s a common one!
And is the booby comely?
- HIL. Pretty well.
I’ve heard it said that if I dressed myself
In Prince Hilarion’s clothes (supposing this
15 Consisted with my maiden modesty),
I might be taken for Hilarion’s self.
But what is this to you or me, who think
Of all mankind with undisguised contempt?
- PRIN. Contempt? Why, damsel, when I think of man,
20 Contempt is not the word.
- CYR. (*getting tipsy*). I’m sure of that,
Or if it is, it surely should not be!
- HIL. (*aside to CYRIL*) Be quiet, idiot, or they’ll find us out.
- CYR. The Prince Hilarion’s a goodly lad!
- 25 PRIN. You know him then?
- CYR. (*tipsily*). I rather think I do!
We are inseparables!
- PRIN. Why, what’s this?
You love him then?
- 30 CYR. We do indeed – all three!
- HIL. Madam, she jests! (*Aside to CYRIL.*) Remember where you are!
- CYR. Jests? Not at all! Why, bless my heart alive,
You and Hilarion, when at the Court,
Rode the same horse!
- 35 PRIN. (*horrified*). Astride?
- CYR. Of course! Why not?
Wore the same clothes – and once or twice, I think,
Got tipsy in the same good company!
- PRIN. Well, these are nice young ladies, on my word!
- 40 CYR. (*tipsy*). Don’t you remember that old kissing-song
He’d sing to blushing Mistress Lalage,
The hostess of the Pigeons? Thus it ran: