

DAISY SIMPKINS
or
THE SPINNING HOUSE

A Concert Entertainment in One Act

The Libretto by H. C. PORTER & PETER TRANCHELL

The Music by PETER TRANCHELL

Cast

Chorus of undergraduates
Chorus of Light Ladies
The Senior Proctor (Baritone)
Daisy Simpkins (Soprano)
Cayley (Tenor)
Two Constables (Basses)
Undergraduate (Tenor)
The Mayor's Wife (Soprano)
The Vice Chancellor (Baritone)
The Matron of the Spinning House (Contralto)
The Mayor of Cambridge (Baritone)
The Justice of the Peace (Baritone)
The Foreman of the Jury (Bass)

First performed at the May Week Concert in Corpus Christi College June 13th 1954

Further performances:

Trinity High School, Northampton (conducted by John Bertalot) 13 July 1961

Selwyn College Cambridge 9 June 1962

Christ's College Cambridge 11 June 1965

Gonville & Caius College Cambridge 18 June 1989 (P.A.T.'s final College Concert)

NOTE

By a charter granted to the University by Elizabeth I the Proctors were given power to arrest in Cambridge “public women, procuresses, vagabonds and other persons suspected of evil”. Women so arrested were tried by the Vice Chancellor in the Spinning House (on the present site of the Police Station in Regent Street) which was also the prison to which they were committed, usually for three weeks, if found guilty. The usual charge was that of being in the company of a number of the University. The court was not open to the public, there was no jury, and the prisoner was not allowed counsel. Naturally this proctorial power was greatly resented in later days – by the town and by many sections of University opinion. The debates on the legal and moral issues involved reached a climax in two cases in 1891, which occasioned much controversy and even questions in the House of Commons. The story of Jane Elsdon and Daisy Hopkins can most conveniently be found in D A Winstanley’s ‘Later Victorian Cambridge’.

This Entertainment is based on these two incidents, though they have been telescoped into one. For anyone who thinks that such matters should not be treated in this way, here is part of the Leader in the “Cambridge Independent Press” for February 1891: “That it should be in the power of a Proctor to imprison women on suspicion and to hale them before a secret court, where they may be condemned without legal evidence and without any of the guarantees for fair play which the law provides, is a state of affairs much more suitable for comic opera than for everyday life in this year of grace 1891.”

H.C. Porter

Version of libretto from a full score in the composer’s hand, bound and inscribed

To H.C. Porter

*As an incentive for the next ninety six
from the Composer.*

P.A.T. 20 July 61

No 1
Chorus of Undergraduates

Hail!
We hail you, dear collegiate towers,
Rising before us like a dream
Dreamt long ago amid the bowers
Which shade the Cam or Granta's classic stream.

But what of Bacchus, God of wine?
Or Venus, and her joys divine?

Let's set off for ale at the Eagle,
Or sample the beer at the Mill,
Then ride till we come to the Green Man of Trumpington!
We'll drink to his health in a tankard,
And maybe we'll give him a song.
I'll wager the proctors will know that there's something on.

From Magdalene famous for fast men
And Downing that's famous for slow,
We gamble and swear, it is awful to hear us enjoying life!
Who's for a noggin of wallop? Who's for a Whittlesford trollop

Whose round? Land-Lord!

You can make friends
Out in the fens.
Never mind about books! The Tutor can curse all he cares to;
Top up your glasses and here's to
Venus and to old Bacchus for a capital way of employing Life!
Here's to 'em!

BARITONE SOLO

Once more beneath the fretted vaults,
We hear the organ's music round us roll;

CHORUS

The strains of some old religious waltz,
That sweeps the heart and floods the raptured soul.

But what of Bacchus, God of wine?
Or Venus, and her joys divine?

Get ready there! Hurrah!
Pint o' wallop!
Pretty young girls, Oh they're wonderful
Yahoo! We're coming!
Dice!
That's fine!
And the cards, oh we haven't forgotten 'em!

There's pleasure enough in the gallop
especially when you are hunting wine
Or the pretty young girls out at Cottenham!
It's pleasure enough to go shooting,
especially shooting with dice!
That's fine!
And the cards, oh we haven't forgotten 'em!

Riding upon an excursion,
a trip in the fens to get half-seas over
In clover, we'll never be sober,
And if we do,

Hi there! Bring another!
Hi! Joan! Sue! Where's the ruddy girl gone?
Oh! Let a man curse if he cares to!
Fill up the glasses and here's to
Venus and to old Bacchus for showing
that life is an Old Sweet Song!

Let's sing it!

Riding out on an excursion,
With women and wine to joy with.
Wine's easy to find, women you can't avoid!
Stand by! Hold her! Steady!
Hi! Tally-ho! Half a mo!
full!

Here's a health to
Venus and to old Bacchus for making a nice excursion. Go!
Hullo! Hullo! Hi!
Hurrah! Go it!

A trip in the fens to get half-seas over!
Ha! Sober!
If we do,
Back to the joys epiglottal!
Order another old bottle!
Open it then! Ten-bottle men! Pass it here!
The glasses!
Fill 'em! Down 'em! Fill 'em! Down 'em!
Venus and to old Bacchus for showing
that life is an Old Sweet Song!
Hi there! Why don't you shut up?
Shut your trap!

Stand by! Hold her! Steady!
Ho! Stand steady! Ah, charge your glasses
full!

Gallop, girl! Hullo! Hullo! Let her fly.

PROCTOR:

What a racket! I suppose as Senior Proctor I ought to look into it. But I was always one for letting the young men enjoy themselves... so long as they don't start enjoying themselves with young women!

No 2
Proctor's Song

Long ago I was a green and callow sapling,
And I often learnt across my mother's knee:
That life for men is one incessant grappling
With the wiles and the trials and the sly seductive smiles,
Of women's perverse femininitee.

*[Cut: When she dosed me with cathartics and aperients,
the lesson more and more came home to me,
that women, as I've seen from long experience,
oft emerge as the purge
and the diabolic scourge
of silent suffering humanitee.]*

I have sworn that I shall make a stand against them.
It's part of my devotion to my cloth.
I've sworn to mobilize the land against them,
And show that Eve still merits Heaven's wrath.

And now I am a Rev'rend Senior Proctor,
The Alma Mater looks for help to me.
The erring ones that heretofore have mocked her,
Will soon meet sore defeat
if they trespass on my beat
I will brook no female immoralitee.

An ancient charter granted by Queen Bess,
empowers me to arrest whome'er I see
A-loitering intent on wickedness
or any other act against the universitee.
So young ladies of the town take ample warning,
Consort not with the scholars, leave them be,
or else you'll learn the day of wrath is dawning,
when you shall rue
the punishment that's due
to those that do persist in their iniquitee.
Yea! deep shall you weep
at the harvest you reap
by sowing seeds of iniquitee.

But actually we only emprison them for a mere twenty-one days,
a mild deterrent for sowing stubborn seeds of iniquitee!

No 2(a)
DAISY Recit.

DAISY:

Ah! Ah!

Cayley may be an aristocrat, but I think he's sweet, in spite of all that.
Here he comes. Isn't he lovely? What more could a girl wish for?

No 3
Cayley's Song

CAYLEY:

Daisy, you're just the perfect sweetheart for me,
For when I'm riding or I'm rowing or racing,
I am inclined to find I've got you on my mind
Longing for the joys of our embracing .
Oh, Daisy, there couldn't be another like you;
Yes you attract me because you're rather unique.
Love is sublime so let's make up for lost time;
'cos we've only known each other a week.

I don't think, as things are, I can let you meet my Ma;

My allowance might somehow get deferred.

And I know for a cert my father would infinitely rather

That I passed the Tripos and came home with a Third. [not with a Bird!]

But Daisy, you're just the perfect sweetheart for me,
For when I'm at a supervision or lecture
My mind's a gaping void save for the part employed
Thinking of your lovely architecture.
Oh, Daisy, you're just the perfect sweetheart for me;
I tell you what, let us punt up Hobson's Creek
There I can tell what I know you know quite well;
Tho' we've only known each other a week!
Yes, we've only known each other a week!

No 4
Daisy's Song

DAISY:

I'd kiss you in Grantchester Meadows,

I'd kiss you at Madingley Hall.

I'd kiss you when we're walking on Coe Fen;

In fact, I'd kiss you anywhere at all.

I'd even kiss you all the way to Trumpington

I'd kiss you at the Newnham Mill

And I needn't be forced on the road to Sawston;

I'll kiss you anywhere you will.

I'd kiss you in Trinity Great Court,

I'd kiss you on the bridge at Clare.

I'd kiss you at the Senate House,

Or outside St Benet's House;

I'd kiss you absolutely anywhere.

Oh dear! I'm tired of all this walking!

I'd kiss you in a Hansom or a Hackney;
I'd kiss you even riding a bike.
I don't insist on being taken out to Histon;
For I'd kiss you anywhere you like.
I'll kiss you just whenever you ask me,
I'll kiss you simply anywhere.
But if you do not demur, I would say that I prefer
To kiss you, if you please, right here!
I'd kiss you, if you please, right here!

No 5

Duet: Cayley, Daisy

Oh, Daisy, you're just the perfect sweetheart for me, For when I'm at a supervision or lecture My mind's a gaping void save for the part employed Thinking of your lovely architecture. Oh, Daisy, there couldn't be another like you; Yes you attract me because you're rather unique. Love is sublime so let's make up for lost time; 'cos we've only known each other a week. I'll kiss you, if you please, right here!	I'd kiss you in Grantchester Meadows, I'd kiss you at Madingley Hall. I'd kiss you when we're walking on Coe Fen; In fact, I'd kiss you anywhere at all. I'll kiss you just whenever you ask me, I'll kiss you simply anywhere. But if you do not demur, I would say that I prefer To kiss you, if you please, right here! To kiss you, if you please, right here!
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No 6

Chorus of Light Ladies

There's Daisy and Cayley! Lovemaking!
How dangerous! How foolish! How reckless!

The proctors are intending
To take us by surprise.
You know they can arrest us
Upon a mere surmise.
The Bulldogs pursue us out of hand.
They are not subject to the law of the land.
But we, for the slightest show of affection,
We get three weeks in the House of Correction!
The Spinning House is grey and old.
The Spinning House is damp and cold.
With a Matron who's been sent,
In order to prevent
Any kindness being expressed,
Any decent food or rest.
The Spinning House is dread and drear.
The Spinning House is our great fear.

Although we may be walking
With innocent intent.
Although we may be strolling,
It's never badly meant.
Yet we can be tried and none defend.
We get imprisoned for twenty days on end;
The Vice Chancellor issues just one direction,
And we get three weeks in the House of Correction.

In fact, there is the Proctor now! Let's go! Come along quickly!

No 7

Proctor's Song with Constables

PROCTOR:

Constable Perkins and Constable Smedley! Your top hats are somewhat the worse for wear! Let us maintain the dignity of the Proctorial Rounds!

CONSTABLES [*quasi psalm-rhythm of Coll. Regale*]:

Yes, sir. The young Gentlemen have been rather lively; - in particular, a party of them we pursued last night, over the breaking of some lamps, - they gave us quite a rough time, Sir!

PROCTOR:

Ah! Masculine high spirits! Regrettable!

CONSTABLES:

They seemed to have some young *women* with them, sir!

PROCTOR:

The mention of females puts a serious complexion on the affair!

The proctor is the shepherd of his flock;
And in carrying out his duties should be lenient.
Yes; Authority should wear the velvet glove;
Save when the mailed fist is more convenient.

CONSTABLES

What a shock!
should be lenient!
Heavens above!
more convenient!

Good evening Sir, are you a member of this University?

UNDERGRADUATE:

Yes, indeed, Sir.

PROCTOR:

And that female person with you?

UNDERGRADUATE:

That, Sir, is my sister.

PROCTOR:

Discretion bids us exercise due patience;
And to smile upon undergraduate hilarity
But we owe it to their parents and relations
To keep their offspring safe from immorality.

on occasions!
-ate hilarity!
Good gracious!
Immorality!

Madam, I must ask you why you are loitering here.

MAYOR'S WIFE:

My dear man! I am inspecting this new bonnet

PROCTOR:

Then I must take your name.

MAYOR'S WIFE:

I am the wife of the Mayor of Cambridge! The impertinence!

PROCTOR:

We must never let our zealousness distort,
Considerations of an individual's freedom.
And to violent measures we must ne'er resort;
Except when circumstances seem to need 'em

nor we ought!
nor impede 'em!
even in sport!
Then we'll bleed 'em!

For the quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth from above like gentle rain.
But evil-doers by mercy aren't restrained.
Hence our duty is to make their duty plain.
So we chastise them, tho' to pain them likewise gives us pain.

So it's maintained!
Sounds insane!
As we've explained.
Again and again!
We hope, not in vain!

PROCTOR:

But there is Cayley, a fast young man of my own college! And in company with Miss Daisy Simpkins, who is on our books as a young woman who has been warned! I wonder if they are going to join that dubious excursion of undergraduates, who are taking a coach to Shelford for dinner. Though I learn from the landlord, they have also booked for breakfast! Come with me constables! We will see to this!

No 8

Chorus & Duet (Daisy & Cayley)

CHORUS:

Come, jump on the coach for Shelford!
The coachman is waiting to take us
Riding upon an excursion that might be fun
We'll dine and we'll drink at a tavern,
And never come back till day has dawned
And the sky of the morrow is bright with sun!

Where's Daisy? Where's Cayley?
Here they come! Singing love songs as usual!
Why don't they think of something else?

DAISY:

If love were new,
There could be virtue in abstaining.

CAYLEY:

But love we know,
An old friend always true.

BOTH:

And sin can be pure,
And to goodness passion strives to fly.
The clerics may deny it;
But sin cannot be all of darkest dye.

CHORUS:

If love were new,
There could be virtue in abstaining.
But love we know,

An old friend always true.

DAISY & CAYLEY & CHORUS

True!

Some sins are venial,

And we are mortal; let us hold to life.

To have life in abundance,

Continual dew of sensual blessing

In a world of strife.

No 9

CHORUS & SCENA (Proctor, Daisy, Vice Chancellor, Constables):

We're all on the coach for Shelford;

The coachman is driving us out

A-riding upon an excursion that might be fun!

We'll dine and we'll drink at a tavern,

And never come back till day has dawned

And the sky of the morrow is bright with sun!

La La La La La &c.

The Proctor!

PROCTOR:

Hold your horses, Coachman! You have on board, among many no doubt virtuous ladies, one Daisy Simpkins. She must come with us.

DAISY:

I am innocent – a modest dressmaker. What can you want with me?

PROCTOR:

You are on my books as a notorious woman. This evening you were seen with a member of the University; you evaded arrest. Now I see you again with a member of the University. I must therefore take you into custody. You must come with me to the Spinning House. There you will be tried by the Vice Chancellor. He will ask, what is the charge.

VICE CHANCELLOR:

What is the charge preferred against this young person?

PROCTOR:

That of walking with a member of the University.

VICE CHANCELLOR:

Has the prisoner any answer to this charge?

DAISY:

Your Majesty! I am innocent, a virtuous dressmaker from Landbeach!

VICE CHANCELLOR:

Answer over-ruled! Miss Simpkins, you leave me no alternative but to sentence you to three weeks' imprisonment in the Spinning House! The sentence to begin immediately! Proctor, I commend you on your diligence. (Take her away.)

VICE CHANCELLOR, PROCTOR & CONSTABLES:

The young men must be properly protected.

For mostly they're not passed from boyhood's years.

Yes, they must be from wickedness deflected;

Lest wicked women ruin their careers!

Yes, they must!

No, they're not!

They are our trust!

Let's imprison the lot!

No 10
Prison Sequence

MATRON:

I'm the matron here!
Come in my dear,
And I'll give you a cell as nice as can be.
Now let me see - Miss Simpkin' D.
Yes, it's twenty-one days in number three!
I'm the matron here!
And I hope it's clear
That you're staying in here to make amends!
You'll learn how much it pays to keep bad ways!
You and I will be great friends!
Get in there you wicked slut!

FEMALE CHORUS:

Oh! you will find it pays for twenty-one days,
If you and matron can be friends!

Give us some coals, give us light!
The damp is chilling us!

(**MATRON:** Silence!)

Give us some meat, give us bread!
Some food for filling us!
Give us our due sevenpence!
Alas, it's killing us!

(**MATRON:** Silence!)

Who can endure the Spinning House today?

MATRON:

Silence, you hussies!
You've had your ration already! And you'll get no more!

FEMALE CHORUS:

Oh! dear!
Give us some coals, give us light!
The damp is chilling us!

(**DAISY:** Oh, alas! Oh! Ah! Alas!)

(**MATRON:** Silence!)

Give us some meat, give us bread!
Some food for filling us!
Give us our due sevenpence!
Alas, it's killing us!

(**MATRON:** Silence you hussies! Who can bear this awful din?)

Who can endure the Spinning House today?
Butter! Bread! Soap! Beer! Fire!

MATRON:

That's enough! You noisy trollops! Any more of this, and you'll get the stick!

I'm the matron here!

And I do declare,

I have put you in cells as nice as can be.

And if you should make just one mistake,

Then it's twenty-one days to reckon with me!

I'm the matron here!

And I hope it's clear,

That you're staying in here to make amends.

You'll learn how much it pays to keep bad ways!

You and I will be great friends!

FEMALE CHORUS:

Oh! You will find it pays for twenty-one days;

If you and Matron can be great friends!

No 11

Daisy's Song & Escape

DAISY:

Oh it's cold in here, so very cold. The window panes are broken, the straw is damp. The water trickles down the grimy walls, and no light save a distant lamp.

MATRON:

Silence, Miss Simpkins! Kindly remember you are a woman of no importance!

DAISY:

You are wrong! I am of the greatest importance!

I stand condemned,

A girl of Fenland town,

A girl of no renown.

I stand condemned.

I stand condemned,

But not as Britons should,

By twelve men true and good.

I stand condemned.

I stand condemned,

By spies and villainy,

By lies and tyranny,

I stand condemned.

But in our hearts,

Our conscience calls to witness

A law of better fitness;

Though here I stand condemned.

I stand for liberty! I stand for Life!

MATRON:

You talk too much, Miss Simpkins!

FEMALE CHORUS: *SHRIEKS AND GROANS*

MATRON:

Horror! One of the baggages has fainted! Where are the smelling salts? I'll give her the vapours, indeed!

DAISY:

Oh! If I could escape! Ah! Cayley told me once that every window in Cambridge has at least one bar loose, except of course in Corpus Christi, where the Bursar provides a scaffolding*.

Ah! Fortune! here's a bar loose! Freedom for me!

MALE CHORUS:

She's escaped to her Fenland home;
She's gone to her native town,
Where the countryside
Will be fine to hide
From the wrath of the Cap and Gown

She's escaped to her Fenland home,
To her family cheer and solace,
Where she will tell
Of her cold dark cell
And other academic follies!

She was *in* for three minutes;
Out again in two shakes!
Daisy's was one of the quickest prison breaks!

MATRON:

Great Heavens! One of my charges gone! I must report it immediately!

MALE CHORUS:

She's escaped to her Fenland home;
She's gone as quick as could be;
She knew it best
In her interest
To be back at home and free.

* *ossia*: ...in Fitzwilliam Street, where the authorities encourage landladies to provide a latchkey! [*Some suitable topical reference should be made here along the lines suggested.*]

No 12

Quartet & Chorus (Mayor, Justice of the Peace, Proctor, Vice Chancellor)

CHORUS:

Make way for the Mayor of Cambridge.

MAYOR:

I am his worship the Mayor of Cambridge, I am.

As Mayor, I have a sense of duty!

I stand today as a commonsense man,

For our Cambridge Home and Beauty!

I'm on the side of our Daisy;

I'm glad, most glad that she managed to get free!

Now it's a matter for our own civil police!

Not the Proctors but me!

The Vice Chancellor has asked us to recapture Daisy.

The rural constabulary are even now tracking her down.

The Cambridge Daily Press has published a leader on it,

And feeling's running high in the town!

CHORUS:

Make way for the Justice of the Peace!

JP:

As a Justice of the Peace, I think it wrong

That such powers to the Proctors should belong.

Charters thus outdated should be re-regulated!

Powers such as these, outworn,

Should be at once withdrawn!

And at the next Assize, so I shall advise!

With questions in Parliament, the Liberals are doing fine

With any luck this case may force the Government to resign!

CHORUS:

Make way for the Reverend Senior Proctor.

PROCTOR:

None can deny the justice of our cause.

Truth cannot lie! Truth transcends all human laws!

All righteous men must wage the war, against the armies of night.

Then what powers we need must be ours, so to fight!

CHORUS:

Make way for the Vice Chancellor of the University!

V-C:

This deplorable escape is most unfortunate,

but I refuse to quarrel.

Our authority needs rigidly maintaining

over women we think to be immoral.

So be calm, so be calm;

We will save our undergrads from harm!

MAYOR:

These Proctorial powers are ridiculous! Only the other evening, my wife, a woman of the highest rectitude, was almost arrested by the Proctor! Worse than the Russian Police, it is.

JP:

Now Daisy Simpkins is being re-apprehended on a charge of escaping lawful Jail. We, on the bench, regard these proceedings with the gravest deprecation!

PROCTOR:

You have no cause to do so; not only is the University within its rights, but if the town police had been maintaining proper vigilance, There would be no need for the exercise of these Proctorial Powers; but as you see, their vigilance has been negligible!

JP:

Sir, I protest!

PROCTOR:

Why do you protest?

JP:

You are standing on my foot!

MAYOR:

I'm on the side of our Daisy, I've said; and now she will get a proper trial. It's a great insult to our young ladies, is this University Jail!

MAYOR, PROCTOR, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND VICE CHANCELLOR *repeat their lyrics once in quartet, and again joined by the CHORUS singing these variations:*

SOPRANOS:

We like His Worship the Mayor of Cambridge, we do.
As Mayor, he's got a sense of duty.
He stands today as a commonsense man
For our Cambridge Home and Beauty.
We're on the side of our Daisy;
We're glad, most glad that she managed to get free!
Now it's a matter for our own civil police!
Not the Universitee!

ALTOS:

This delectable escape is rather fortunate,
though they refuse to quarrel.
Their authority needs firmly readjusting,
since all women they think to be immoral.
Yet be calm, yet be calm;
no girl ever did a man much harm!

TENORS:

Some will deny the justice of their cause.
Truth cannot lie; truth transcends all human laws.
All righteous men must wage the war against the armies of night.
Then such powers we need must be ours, so to fight!

BASSES:

As a Justice of the Peace, he thinks it wrong
That such powers to the Proctor should belong.
Charters thus outdated, should be re-regulated!
Powers such as these, outworn,
Should be at once withdrawn.
And at the next Assize, so he will advise!

[SOLO SHOUT] They've copped her!

ALL:

Daisy's been arrested! Daisy's been arrested! Daisy's been arrested!

ALL: (EXCEPT PROCTOR & V-C)

Shame! Shame! Shame!

JP:

Now Miss Simpkins has been re-apprehended, she will be properly tried, in public, *and by Jury!*

DAISY:

I stand for trial, but now as Britons should, by twelve men true and good.

I stand for trial.

I stand for trial at last.

CHORUS:

At last she stands on trial;

For in our hearts

Our conscience calls to witness,

A law of better fitness;

Now at last she stands for trial.

No 13

Trial & Release

JP:

Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached your decision?

FOREMAN OF THE JURY:

We have, your Honour, and on this charge of breaking from the Spinning House, we regret we have no real alternative, but to find the prisoner guilty.

JP:

Oh dear!

FOREMAN:

But we would like to add a rider.

JP:

Add it.

FOREMAN:

We do not think she should have been put there in the first place; therefore we believe her to be almost innocent!

JP:

An excellent rider. Judgement thus is simple. The sentence shall be twenty-one days imprisonment. But as she has already been in custody for that period, awaiting this trial, the prisoner though guilty is set free!

CHORUS:

Guilty but set free!

MAYOR:

This news will make the whole town have hysterics!

FULL CHORUS & CAST: (HAVE HYSTERICS)

No 14

Finale

Duet (Daisy, Cayley) & Chorus

DAISY:

And now the whole affair seems to have given me quite a world-wide fame;
I've had ninety-seven letters offering marriage, from gentlemen I won't name.

CHORUS: Shame!

But Bigamy committed ninety-six times over, would be a case for the Old Bailey;
so just for the time being, I'm going to stick to my old sweetheart Cayley.

CAYLEY:

Oh, Daisy, you're just the perfect sweetheart for me,
For when I'm at a supervision or lecture,
My mind's a gaping void save for the part employed
Thinking of your lovely architecture.

Oh, Daisy, there couldn't be another like you;
Yes you attract me because you're rather unique.
Love is sublime
so let's make up for lost time;
'cos we've only known each other a week;
we've only known each other a week!

DAISY:

I'll kiss you just whenever you ask me,
I'll kiss you simply anywhere.
But if you do not demur,
I would say that I prefer
to kiss you if you please, right here;
to kiss you if you please, right here!

This calls for a celebration! Let's make an excursion to Shelford; you are all invited to join us!
And maybe we will still be there for breakfast!

Come, jump on the coach for Shelford!
The coachman is waiting to take us
riding upon an excursion
that might be fun
We'll dine and we'll drink at a tavern,
And never come home till day has dawned
And the sky of the morrow is bright with sun!
From Magdalene famous for fast men
And Downing that's famous for slow,
We gamble and swear, it is awful to hear us enjoying life!
Back to the joys epiglottal
Order another old bottle!
You can make friends, out in the fens;
Never mind about books!
The Tutor can curse all he cares to;
Top up your glasses and here's to
Venus and to old Bacchus for a capital way of employing Life!
Here's to 'em

For we are mortal!
And life is short,
So let us love and live!

Ah, Love, that bindeth man
In fellowship divine!
Ah, Love, take this heart of mine,
Make it wholly thine!
Thine!

And sway my fellow men,
Let them see the stars
That shine above!
Let strife and hate be past
and all God's creatures know at last
God's true Love!