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# ALI BABA.

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# ALI BABA;

OR, THE

## THIRTY-NINE THIEVES,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AUTHOR'S HABIT OF  
TAKING ONE OFF!

A Burlesque Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF

The Old Story, Cinderella, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazeppa, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love, The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdiu, or the Wonderful Scamp, Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good, Ivanhoe in accordance, etc., Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othellos, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Eily O'Connor, George de Barnwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, That Dear Old Darling, The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm, The Sensation Fork, My Wife and I, Beautiful Haidee; or, the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers, Ill Treated Il Trovatore, The Motto: "I am all there!"  
&c. &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Valentine and Orson, & Forty Thieves (Savage Club).

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, (under the management of Mr. SWANBOROUGH, Senior,)  
 on Whit-Monday, the 25th day of May, 1863.

**ALIBABA,**

OR,

**THE TERTY-NINE THIEVES!**

In accordance with the Author's habit of "TAKING ONE OFF."

The New Scenery by Mr. ALBERT CALLCOTT, and Assistants. The Overture composed and the Incidental Music selected and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The Burlesque produced under the Direction of Mr. PARSELLE.

**Characters.**

ALI BABA.....	(an Alley who has just gone through the Court) .....	Mr. H. J. TURNER.
GANEM ..	(his Son, who, from his small sighs may be scarcely considered a full groan) ...	Miss POLLY MARSHALL.
CASSIM BABA .....	..(a "baa-baa, black sheep") .....	Mr. FRANK SEYMOUR.
ABDALLA .....	(a polished robber, and leader of the brassiest band imaginable) .....	Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.
HASSARAC (his rebellious Lieutenant, an unscrupulous individual, prepared to stick at everything in general, and nothing in particular, — a base performer, whose vice ranges from the faintest pitch and toss to the most pronounced manslaughter) .....		Mr. GEORGE HONEY.
MIRZA .....	.....("Penny Plain") .....	Mr. POYNTER.
HASSAN .....	.....("Twopenny Coloured") .....	Mr. E. DANVERS.
ORCOBRAND .....	.....(the Enchanter of the Forest) .....	Miss L. WESTON.
COGIA BABA.....	.....(Ali's better half) .....	Miss ELEANOR BUFTON.
ZAIDE .....	.....(Cassim's ditto) .....	Miss FANNY HUGHES.

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ALI BABA.

*Gen No 24 Gen 47 Spencer - 2 laps*

MORGLANA (Slave to Cassim and to circumstances; having no wages she can only save—  
the entire family) ..... Miss CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS.  
ARDINELLE.....(a Forest Fairy)..... Miss E. TURTLE.

SCENE I.

**T H E F O R E S T .**

SCENE II.

**I N T E R I O R O F A L I B A B A ' S C O T T A G E .**

SCENE III.

**T H E R O B B E R S ' C A V E R N .**

**G R A N D B A L L E T B Y M I S S R O S I N A W R I G H T**

And the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.

SCENE IV.

**V E R A N D A H A T A L I ' S N E W H O U S E .**

SCENE V.

**R E C E P T I O N R O O M I N A N E A S T E R N P A L A C E .**

**T H E C H R I S T Y ' S M I N I S T E R S .**

**E X T R E M E S A T I S F A C T I O N O F E V E R Y B O D Y !**

# A L I B A B A.



SCENE FIRST.—*The Forest of Bagdad.*

ARDINELLE and FAIRIES discovered dancing.

ARDIN. A human footstep breaks upon mine ear,  
So cut away each pretty little dear!  
A mortal comes—two mortals—quick retire you,  
And don't come any *more-till* I require you.

*Music*—FAIRIES dance off R.

*Enter* ALI BABA, L., with sack and axe.

ALI. Well, here I stand alone—sad sight to see;  
I wish some one would *stand a loan* to me.  
As to my bills, I'm quite behind—oh, lor!  
And never yet was I so pressed before.  
I was, but two years back, a prime tip-topperer;  
Kept a grand house—a box had at the Opera.  
My wife, the lovely Cogia, I declare,  
Always went driving with a *Cogian* pair.  
My son, an army swell, and was for sich meant,  
Would dine at Richmond, and he had his *ridge-ment*.  
One luckless day, I—my ill-star I thank—  
Became director to a Bagdad bank.  
A *clerk corrupt*, the bank eased of its pelf,  
And now I am a *bank-corrupt* myself!  
Our life's precarious, and to support it,  
I'm forced to *hew wood*—O, *hew-would* have thought it!  
But where's that lad of mine? Hi! Ganem! hoy!  
It's time we set about our work, my boy. *Music.*

*Enter* GANEM, L., with a sack, bill-hook, and axe.

Come boy, it looks a very lovely morning!  
GANEM. It should look well—it's been so long a *dawning*.



ALI. Come—come, and cut away.

GANEM. What's that you say?

How can I *come*, if I'm to *cut away*?

Old shaver, you were caught!

ALI. Such jokes don't harbour,

I a *caught shaver*? I'm an *Alley Barber*!

Get to your work.

GANEM. All right. Oh, dear—oh, dear!

To think how precious poor we are—look here;

I'm ragged—perfectly—see, if you doubt—there.

(*shows torn sleeve*)

ALI. Is your mamma aware, that you are *out* there?

GANEM. I am all over like that, everywheres

I've sown my wild oats, yet keep growing tares;

With frequent cracks and splits I'm daily troubled,

I'm precious poor, although my rents are doubled.

ALI. Don't, to your pa-rent, talk like that, sir—fie!

You let your *tares* alone and mind your *eye*.

Don't droop your head, you've no occasion, lad,

Think of the *head occasion* that you've had.

E'en when a boy, you'll recollect—ha! ha!

What your pa' *taught yer*.

GANEM. This is *torture pa'*.

The house is a most sad state of confusion in;

Since you went out we've had an execution in.

They've seized the carpets, beds, chairs, tables, all.

Taken off everything, sir, great and small.

ALI. Say, did—did—oh, did they take your mother?

GANEM. No.

ALI. They didn't! Oh, this is indeed a blow!

GANEM. When in the Court of Bankruptcy we gets

That donkey will be our entire *ass-ets*.

Come, though, we mustn't give in, father; here,

(*gives bill hook*)

The only bill you can take up, I fear.

We'll cut our sticks, and then through Bagdad

trundle,

And feel each *pannier* at a *panny a bundle*.

Poor Morgiana, when she hears our fate——

ALI. Poor! I won't hear of it, I beg to state:

She is a slave.

GANEM. I'm *her* slave; as for she,  
I'll save each penny—She shall yet be free.  
I'll manumit her, that your heart will soften.

ALI. I am afraid, young *man*, you meet *her* often.

GANEM. Sweet Morgiana!

ALI. Love one in her station!

It isn't love—it's mere *imorgianation*.

I'll cut you off, if you your birth discredit,  
With a mere shilling—ha, hem!—when I get it.

Now that we're bankrupts, we'll commence attacks  
At once, and take the *benefit of the axe*.

GANEM. That's a good big tree, in the ground deep sunk,  
I'll see if I can't open that *air trunk*.

ALI. (*going to the other side with axe*)

You go at that, this noble tree is mine a,

This elder, I think I ne'er be-*eld* a finer.

To find a nobler one you'd have to sarch.

Is yours a *little* tree?

GANEM. No, it's a *larch*.

Here goes. (*cuts himself*) Oh, dear!

ALI. What chopped yourself? then stop.

GANEM. No, it's more of the *cutlet* than the *chop*.

The *axe* right into my poor finger went

ALI. Oh, never mind a trifling *axey-dent*.

It won't go farther.

GANEM. I'll go, father, though,

Get some of mother's plaster—Oh, oh, oh!

She'll cure me.

ALI. Doubtless, for the plaster of *mar* is

Very much better than the *plaster of Par is*.

She's quite a doctor when with cuts she's dealing,

In fact she might have been brought up at *Ealing*.

GANEM. Never mind, Ganem, off towards home I'll start,

I've got a wound much deeper in my heart.

A trifling cut like this, you know, can't kill you.

Now your *Bray's traction engine*, come up, will you!

*Music—Exit with donkey, L.*

ALI. I'm very sorry he's in love—absurd.

Make free a wretched slave! upon my word,

Ganem, you little know, so much you're smitten,

The *girl*, you *muff*, you talk of *man* you *mitten*.

I put my *wetoe* on the match, that's flat.  
A noble youth like Ganem! (*march heard*) Pooh!—  
what's that?

A march! a band! Oh, gracious me! oh dear!  
I feel, to say the least, uncommon queer.

The robbers who infest the forest—oh!

They're coming here, but where am I to go?

I'll climb that elm—stay, if that axe they see

They'll put a *climb-ax* very soon to me.

I shan't feel strange at all, I beg to state,

For I've been up a tree so much of late.

Whilst they're about, fears will me overwhelm;

I hope that they won't speak to the *man at the elm*.

(*climbs up tree, R.*)

*Music.*—*Enter* ROBBERS, L., *then* ABDALLA, *a swell robber with eyeglass*, MIRZA *and* HASSAN.

ABDAL. Stand all apart. (*to audience*) Of course we  
number forty;

But 'twouldn't do to have the entire party

On this small stage; therefore, you snobs, get out;

Don't spoil your dresses—mind what you're about!

Another mouchoir there! (MIRZA *hands handkerchief*)

Some scent—now troop. *Exeunt* ROBBERS, L.

You see I am the *centre* of the group.

The paper. (HASSAN *hands newspaper*)

(*reads*) Oh! “A new sensation drammer,

The houseo'erflows each evening”—that's a crammer.

Another stabbing case—tickets of leaves—

“More garotte robberies by the Forty Thieves.

This dreadful horde”—ha, ha! you see we're feared.

“Have in the neighbourhood again appeared.

We therefore caution every citizen

Not to be in the streets much after ten.”

By Jove, they're right! Now then, attendant officer,

Order my hookah, and a cup of coffee, sir.

My spirits are to-day much under par.

Here, open Sesame! (*rock opens*) That's right—tar,  
tar!

*Exit into cave languidly.*

HASSAN. (L., *brings down* MIRZA, R.) Mirza, our chief's a  
spoony, I declare— [A downright muff!]

MIRZA. (R.) Hassan, you're right—he *air*.

HASSAN. He isn't fitted to command our crew ;  
He wears kid gloves.

MIRZA. You're right again—*he do.*

HASSAN. There's nothing that's commanding in his phiz ;  
We're fools to follow him.

MIRZA. Yes, *so we is.*

HASSAN. A captain we might soon find better far.  
Now Hassarac's the man.

MIRZA. Quite true, *he are.*

HASSAN. Behold, he comes—no sentimental sham.  
See, he's wrapped in reflections deep.

MIRZA. *He am. (they retire, L. U. E.)*

*Melodramatic music.—Enter HASSARAC, L. 2 E.,  
a Coburg bandit.*

HASSARAC. (*reflectively*) Hum—ha and humph! to the con-  
clusion come

Have I, considering all—humph—ha! and hum!  
I wasn't born for this—Lieutenant, pooh!  
I should be Captain of this galliant crew.  
Compared to me, Abdalla, clean and nice is,  
My voice is deeper, and I've deeper vices ;  
His natty curls I feel inclined to, storm at ;  
My matted locks are dodged up *ala-door-mat*,  
He wears small kids—tight fitting as you please ;  
I wear nice easy-fitters—*twenty-threes*.  
When he attempts to laugh, he goes he! he!  
Poor muff, he can't come ha! ha! ha! like me.  
He walks like this—to stride he able arn't ;  
*He stride indeed! Ha! ha! he's tried* but can't  
He captain! He's more like a youthful cornet!  
He's feminine enough to wear a bornet!  
Now, I'm the sort of chap, it seems to me,  
The Forty Thieves commander ought to be.

*Song. Air—"Cork Leg."*

I'm about as bad as bad can be ;  
I come of a bad old familee,  
At two I put pins in my nurse's tea,  
And drowned the family kitten at three.

Ritooral, &c.

I poisoned my aunt, broke the heart of my mother,  
Knocked out the front teeth of my elder brother.  
When into the cistern, father fell flop,  
I exclaimed "Oh dear!" but I let him stop.  
Ritooral, &c.

I killed one sister when she was cooking,  
And killed the other when she warn't looking.  
And an uncle, I didn't much like was found,  
On his back lying flat and he didn't come round.  
Ritooral, &c.

I shave about every twenty years ;  
My favorite hero is Mr. Squeers,  
And though convicted of killing a pleb.  
I've my ticket-of-leave from Sir Joshua Jebb.  
Ritooral, &c.

*Enter ABDALLA from cave.*

Well, them's my sentiments.

ABDAL. Shut Sesame! (*rock closes*) That song—stop—  
stow it.

You never ought to bellow it.

HASSARAC. Bellow it!

ABDAL. You to the melody, should well attend,  
The way you howld, friend——

HASSARAC. This from a *hould friend?*

ABDAL. That song is like your head.

HASSARAC. I don't see where.

ABDAL. 'Cos when it's *bawld* you're sure to *lose the air*.  
How's business?

HASSARAC. Dull, for people so alarm themselves,  
They never come to harm—they've come to arm  
themselves.

Have life preservers swinging from their wrists,  
Or walking sticks well loaded in their fists.  
Garrotting's done for—burglary, I fears,  
Is going out, and—oh! excuse these tears!

*Duett—"Hard Times."*

ABDAL. Let us pause in our pleasures,  
My pretty little dear,  
For our trade's going to the dogs you know.

*Air, "Uncle Ned."*

HASSARAC. Bah! you've got no brains in that part of  
your head,  
In that part where the brains ought to go,  
What; give up garrotting and, oh, oh, oh!  
Turn respectable, and pay the bills we heo ?

*Air, "Hard Times."*

ABDAL. Many purses we've fingered—  
A million p'raps, or more  
Oh, hard times coming are a bore!     *(crosses to L.)*

*Duet from "L'Elisir d'Amore."*

I believe that downright robbery  
Is much better—yes, much better,  
Than this swindling and low robbery,  
Now so rife amidst the snobbery.

HASSARAC. I should think that downright robbery  
Was much better—aye, much better;  
So pray don't kick up a bobbery,  
'Cos our business p'raps is dull.

ABDAL. Though to speak the truth I'm rather *blazé*—  
*(crosses to R.)*

HASSARAC. Though, to speak the truth, he's rather *blazé*.

ABDAL. Oh, I'm used up, done up, quite so,  
And the life that did delight so,  
And I thought so very jolly,  
Is now most melancholy;

Melancholy, &c., &c.

ABDAL. From all you say, my friend, you see it's plain,  
That vulgar violence is on the wane;  
Therefore become more polished in your style,  
And, like King Richard, murder when you smile.  
I go into society, and none  
Know I'm a thief, or could conceive me one;  
I start new companies—obtain their pelf,  
And, having started them, I start myself;  
Swindle the widow—the poor *orphan* do—  
And myself become an *off'un* too.

HASSARAC. Bother! that's not of villainy my notion;  
Give me the tangled wood, or stormy ocean—

A knife—dark lantern—lots of horrid things,  
 With lightning, every minute, at the wings;  
 A pistol, big enough for any crime,  
 Which never goes off, at the proper time;  
 Deep, rumbling, grumbling music on the drums—  
 A chord whenever one observes “she comes;”  
 An opening chorus, about “Glorious wine,”  
 A broadsword combat every sixteenth line;  
 Guttural vows of direst vengeance wreaking,  
 And thunder always when one isn't speaking.  
 That was the style—exciting, if not true,  
 At the old Cobourg;

ABDAL. Oh, *co burglar*, do—(*crosses to R.*)  
 You're horrifying me!

HASSARAC. (*draws*) Spoon! sappy! duffer!  
 Ha, ha! lay on, you milk and water muff-a,  
 And *hem'd* be he who first cries hold, enough-a!

ABDAL. Hassarac!

HASSARAC. Hassarac!

ABDAL. You can't be right.

HASSARAC. Ha, ha! suppose we *has a racler* fight.  
 Here, on the sward, I'll stretch you—wretched lot!  
 Come forth, my sword, and shew the muff what's what.  
 The band would have me captain—parley end!

ABDAL. Well, *I* shall have you kept in quod, my friend—  
 P'raps have your head shaved.

HASSARAC. Miserable flat!  
 Without more talking take your fate!

ABDAL. Take that! (*runs his sword completely through*  
 HASSARAC, *and draws the sword out slowly, to sug-*  
*gestive music. HASSARAC falls flat.*)

Good gracious! what's the matter with you—what?  
 HASSARAC. You've run through every vital part I've got;  
 That's all.

ABDAL. In future your ambition stifle.  
 I hope I didn't hurt you.

HASSARAC. Just a trifle.  
 To be run through is somewhat of a *bore*:  
 Don't mention it—you've killed me, nothing more.  
 I have deserved my fate—it served me right.  
 I didn't think a swell like you could fight.

ABDAL. Light-whiskered dandies, with eye-glass and curls  
 And drawling lips, like sentimental girls  
 With waists contracted to the smallest span,  
 You'll find, when there's occasion, my good man,  
 Can fight, with pluck and bravery as true  
 As their staunch old ancestors used to do.  
 As I observed before—Tar-tar. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

HASSARAC. My object wreck'd!

I've caught a tar tar I did not expect.  
 Run through! His steel I thought so poor a one,  
 A *piece too slight* to have so long a run.  
 A tunnel's run completely through, I vow;  
 Oh, everybody can see through me now.  
 Oh dear! I faint!—Ha! Ha! (*falls flat*)

ALI. (*appearing in tree.*) Yes, he has fainted.  
 This is a very nice position, ain't it? (*comes down*)  
 Now for a deep deed, worthy of renown:  
 I have come *hard up*, and he's come *soft down*.  
 He can't resist—I'll rob him! (*kneels and takes va-*  
*rious articles from him*) Ha! a purse  
 Full of gold pieces!—ha! it might be worse.  
 A watch—a lever, elegant and flat.  
 Well, I can't go and *leave a watch* like that.  
 Oh, gracious! here's a couple of the crew!  
 There's two a-coming—he's a-coming too.  
 (*retires R.—Music.*)

*Enter MIRZA, and HASSAN, hurriedly, L. U. E.*

HASSARAC. Here, pick me up and take me to a surgeon,  
 Upon death's brink, I feel that I am werging—  
 Oh! (*they raise him*)

MIRZA. Some one a fatal blow has you been giving!

HASSARAC. Oh, Mirza—its a *merzy*, as I'm living.

My life ain't worth a farthing—not a brass 'un.

*Hassan*, you *ass*—our captain's an *ass*, *Hassan*,

He run me through, and then he sneered and laugh'd.

I shall take cold, if only from the *draught*.

HASSAN. Was it Abdalla struck you—could he dare?

HASSARAC. Abdalla—Yes, it was.

MIRZA.

Ha! Ha! *it were*.

HASSARAC. Swear that you will revenge me, dearest coz;  
 Swear it upon the spot.



HASSAN.

We do!

MIRZA.

*We does!**(Chord—Music—dance off L. 1 E.—ALI BABA runs on)*

ALI. Ha! ha! the hidden spell; the secret sign,  
 The word to 'ope the magic cave is mine.  
 My fortune sure must brighten from to-day,  
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! Hooray! hooray.  
*(sings and capers about)*

*Enter GANEM, L.*

GANEM. *(watching him)* Well, something seems to tickle  
 my old par,

Say, is it anything par-tickle-ar?

ALI. Particular! should think it was, boy, *rather*  
 The secret, your old father can't 'old farther.  
 Please keep your eye upon that rock;—here *you*,  
 Just "Open Sesame" *(rock opens)* Hem! that'll do.  
 You see there's no deception, Ganem. *(walks con-*  
*ceitedly to R.)*

GANEM.

Lawks!

Look at the piles of silver spoons and forks;  
 The gold and jewels, in gigantic heaps!

ALI. Now if the secret to ourselves we keeps,  
 We're millionaires—come.

GANEM.

Oh, pa! if we're caught in it,

The Forty would soon seal our doom un-forty-nate.

ALI. They've dined, and now are out upon a sortie

GANEM. Ah! then the *Forty*, won't be back before tea.

*Duett.—Air, "Dark Girl dressed in Blue."*

GANEM. Come, we'll pop in the cave in a jiffy, pa,

And the sack fill to the brim;

And sneak back to our home by dusk,

When e-ven-ing grows dim.

ALI. For should a peeler see us he

Will say "Halloa you two!"

It's difficult to circumvent,

Those dark chaps dressed in blue.

This is a great lark,

Fol de riddle I do,

Yes, rather, fol de riddle ol de ray.

ALI.       Such a slice of luck was never known,  
 We will a mansion take ;  
       Our carriage start, and of our friends,  
 A strict selection make.  
       Our liveries shall be precious grand  
 A footman, porter too ;  
       Our doors shall always opened be,  
 By a big cove dressed in blue.  
       This is a great lark, &c.

(*at the conclusion dance into cave*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Ali Baba's house ; door in flat  
 —a tapping heard at the door.*

MORGI. (*without*) Is anybody in ?

*Enter MORGIANA, door in flat.*

Well, there's no doubt,  
 As no one's in, that every one is out.  
 Ganem's out wood-cutting, I feel alarms ;  
 Rough oaks and elms will spoil his tender *palms*.  
 He used to take me out, altho' his mar  
 Declared I was beneath his station far.  
 Ali would say, "To some high dame aspire."  
 And then look angry, meaning, "pray look *ire*."  
 But Ganem to my charms was a gone coon,  
 And drove me every Sunday afternoon,  
 Out in his tandem, though he wouldn't own it ;  
 His father would have *tann'd him* if he'd known it !  
 Here comes poor Cogia.

*Enter COGIA, L.*

COGIA.       Well, girl, have you been ?

MORGI. Yes, ma'am, the cruel tradespeople I've seen,  
 And credit, e'en a week for, they refuse you all.  
 I begged, they shook their ugly heads as u-su-al.  
 Indeed, they *use you all* extremely badly.  
 When I complained that the last eggs was addley,  
 That we found chickens feathered, likewise jointed in  
 In fact, that we was *addley* disappointed in 'em. ['em,

“Chickens!” exclaimed the tradesman, feeling sore,  
 “Chickens,” says he, “you don’t have *henny* more.”  
 Next, mem, the butcher something rude did say;  
 I said, “Oh, pray don’t *but cher* self out of the way.”  
 And Brown, the baker, was most rude, it’s true.

COGIA. After the yearly sums we’ve paid him, too.

What, Brown? ungrateful dog!

MORGI. Don’t make a stir,  
 Of course he’s a *dog Brown*, he’s a *bay ker*.  
 ‘That’s not so bad.

COGIA. (*leaning on MORGIANA*) Filled is my bitter cup!  
 Oh, dear! we shall be sold up.

MORGI. Yes, ‘*old up!*

COGIA. Oh! Morgy, dear, our fate could not be harder—  
 We’ve actually nothing in the larder.  
 Ali and Ganem will return, oh dear!  
 We haven’t got a single drop of beer,  
 Or bit of *cheese* for either toil-worn Turk,

MORGI. And wood-cutting is not *such eesy* work.

MORGI. Make your mind easy, I’ve my savings.

(*offers purse*)

COGIA.

Bother!

MORGI. I can’t forget that you are Ganem’s mother.

Take ‘em.

COGIA. Your savings—never!

MORGI.

Do; in me

A genuine domestic heroine see.

I want not gold; if I’m without a tanner,

I’ve *virtue*.

COGIA. If I’ve *hurt you*, Morgiana,

I’m grieved. Dear girl, with thanks profuse I’ll  
 load yer;

*Cogia* is very sorry.

MORGI.

Oh, how *Co(u)ld* yer.

(*a loud knocking*)

COGIA. (*trembles*) Another *creditor*.

MORGI.

Well, if it be,

Make *ready tor* receive him properly.

(*opens door*)

*Enter ALI and GANEM, D. F., each with a sack.*

ALI. Quick, shut the door, lest watching any man be.

Nobody saw us?

GANEM. I'm as *saw as can be*,

This sack's so heavy!

ALI. A mere joke, my poppet.

GANEM. A joke I've carried too far—I shall drop it.

*(drops sack R., ALI his, L.)*

COGIA. Are those pine logs, or fir?

ALI. We've done with *pining*.

GANEM. *Fir* ever.

MORGI. Gentlemen, have you been dining?

GANEM. (R. C. to MORGIANA) Give us a kiss.

MORGI. Be quiet, sir, I wish you—

GANEM. A Turkish lover not allowed *tur-kish* you!

My Morgiana.

ALI. Ha! ha! tra-lal-la!

Ganem, my son, suppose we do a pas.

*(dance round sacks)*

MORGI. (to COGIA) Perhaps the thoughts, his last debts  
to be payin,

He'll have to sell the donkey 's turned his *bra-in*.

COGIA. I fear that to the public house he's gone.

*Ali, you're tipsy, sir?*

MORGI. Yes. *Ali, you's "on."*

ALI. I am—drunk with delight—ha! ha! ha! ha!

GANEM. Delight!—I call it a *deal heavy* pa.

ALI. (*opening sack*) For Whitecross-street, Fleet, Queen's  
Bench, I don't care,

Or Marshalsea.

GANEM. Now *Ma*, shall see what's there.

One, two, three; there! (*opens sack*) you can't  
believe your eyes.

COGIA. Oh, scissors!

MORGI. *Scissors!* Yes, this is a *s-urprise*.

COGIA. (to ALI, R.) A measure from your brother I'll go  
borrow.

ALI. But recollect, dear, to keep up your sorrow.

If Cassim, or his wife, suspect our wealth,

It won't prove beneficial to our health.

*Exit COGIA, L. 1 E.*

MORGI. Alas, I fear, dear Ganem—*Mister Ganem—*

(GANEM seems hurt)

ALI. Don't, he's a true Paynim, and you *pain him*;  
Now that he's wealthy you'll of course forget him,  
He'll wed some noble lady.

MORGI. (*aside*) Only let him!

*Re-enter COGIA, L. 1 E., with measure.*

COGIA. Here is the measure.

ALI. Good, this sack we'll try;

It's full of coin—Now, Ganem, boy,

(*a loud knocking, L.*)

GANEM. (*tumbles on sack, alarmed*) Oh, my!

MORGI. (*in fright*) There's some one knocking!

COGIA. Is there? Peep and see.

(*calls*) We're not at home.

GANEM. Particularly *me*.

I'm much more out than usual.

MORGI. (*aside*) Poor souls!

Remember, one sack's wood—the other coals.

CASSIM. (*without*) Brother, I've come to pay you a slight  
visit.

COGIA. Ali! it's Cassim!

MORGI. *Cassim!*

ALI. *Cuss him!* is it?

COGIA. Don't 'ope the door, he ruined you.

GANEM. Yes, mother! }  
ALI. Precisely; one good turn deserves another, }  
My brother let *me* in—let in my brother! }  
(MORGIANA opens the door)

*Enter CASSIM and ZAIDE door in flat.*

CASSIM. Good morning, Ali,—Pleasant room I'm sure.

ZAIDE. Such a preponderance of furniture.

So very beautiful a prospect too.

GANEM. (*staring at ZAIDE*) I can't say that I think  
much of the view.

ZAIDE. (*aside to CASSIM*) Cassim, I smell a rat.

CASSIM. That's most unpleasant.

ZAIDE. Silly!—don't you?

CASSIM. Can't say I do at present.

ZAIDE. There's something happened, stupidest of men.

CASSIM. Probably; things *do* happen now and then.

ZAIDE. That measure, if you please? (CASSIM gives it)

Because you see,

Such trifles are snapped up so easily.

GANEM. It is a very easy thing—quite true,

To take the measure of such folks as you.

ALI. (*aside to COGIA*) I wish they'd go.

COGIA.

Why don't you say so?

GANEM.

Ah!

I'll turn 'em out if I've permission, pa.

ALI. I am on tenter hooks.—

GANEM.

You are, you look it;

Ontenter hooks? (*to CASSIM*) Is't your *intenter-hook-it*?

ZAIDE. Not till we know why, when you up were sold

Last week—to day you're measuring out gold!

(*aside to CASSIM*) I placed some wax here—gold is  
in those sacks!

Here's stuck, you see, a *small piece into wax*.

A sovereign, see, your brother then must rob,—

CASSIM. It's a sovereign, *s'help me twenty bob!*

ZAIDE. Their altered manner seem to me most strange,

P'raps all this *gold* accounts for all this *change*.

(*to ALI*) You've stolen this!

ALI. If you wern't a relation——

ZAIDE. What means this sack?

ALI.

What means this *accusation*?

(*to CASSIM*) Your nose for a tremendous blow prepare it.

(*squaring at CASSIM*)

MORGI. (*aside to ALI*) Don't strike that attitude—yon'd  
better *square it*.

CASSIM. We'll see to this. Come on my beauteous Zaide,

This matter must be settled by the Cadi;

Unless my brother, Ali, let's me know,

By what means he procured this wealth.

ZAIDE.

Just so.

*Concerted Piece.—Air, " Billy White."*

ALI. A dreadful tale I have to tell:

I went into the forest —

CASSIM.

Well?

- ALI. I saw the robbers from a tree,  
And one cries, "Open Sesame!"  
Then instantly the rock did split,  
And all the thieves marched into it;  
When they came out, the same words they  
Repeated, and then went away.
- ALL. For, oh! it is such a wonderful tale,  
And sounds uncommonly like a whale;  
To say the least, it's really rum—  
Terweedle, terwodle, terwidle, terwum!
- ALI. We filled those two extensive sacks——
- GANEM. And then, as Yankees say, "made tracks."
- ALI. The thieves have so much wealth that they
- GANEM. Will never miss what's took away.
- ZAIDE. Oh, gracious my!
- CASSIM. My gracious, oh!
- ZAIDE. At once we'll fly.
- CASSIM. At once we'll go!
- MORGI. But, Cassim Baba, pray take care,  
The Forty Thieves don't find you there.
- ALL. For, oh! it's such, &c., &c., &c.
- CASSIM. I can't withstand the terrible temptation.  
Where do you say's the cavern's situation?
- ALI. Deep in the forest—just about the centre.
- CASSIM. And what's the magic phrase by which you enter?
- ALL. 'Tis "Open Sesame!"
- GANEM. O-pen See-sammy!
- CASSIM. You I shall *leather* if it turns out *shammy*!  
Come, Zaide, come; I'm panting for the treasure.  
Let us go, Zaide.
- ZAIDE. With the greatest pleasure!  
*Exeunt door in flat.*
- ALI. (*bringing down* COGIA) His doom is sealed!
- COGIA. Oh, gracious me!
- MORGI. Oh, lawks!
- ALL. They'll catch him, 'midst the *spoons*, just like Guy  
*Fawkes*.  
They'll kill him, safe as houses!
- GANEM. What a lark!  
Poor nunkey.
- MORGI. That's a *nunkey*-ind remark.

*Quartette. — Air, “Bow Bells Polka — Composed by Musgrave.”*

ALI. This is a most delightful change for all of us,  
           my dear;  
 It's really wonderfully strange, also extremely  
           queer;  
 Yes, it's really most delightful;  
 Oh! of ecstasy I'm quite full;  
 We'll pay all our little bills, dear;  
 Joy, extreme, my bosom fills, dear.  
 No more living in an attic;  
 I'm in state that's quite extatic;  
 But we'll take a house in fashionable squire.

MORGI. Oh, Ali Baba, I'm so glad, you really cannot  
           think;  
 About your case, I've been so sad, I couldn't  
           sleep a wink.  
 Now, you'll not need the pawnbroker  
 To advance the ready ochre.  
 You have spouted tongs and poker,  
 And to part soon with the moke-a  
 You'd have had almost directly;  
 But if managed circumspectly,  
 You'll escape from utter ruin's awful brink.

COGIA. Farewell disgrace and misery. Two carriages  
           we'll keep,  
 And 'midst the aristocracee, with single bound,  
           we'll leap.  
 Oh! most wonderful this start is!  
 Wont we give delicious parties?  
 Overflowing quite my heart is.  
 Near our house the clothing mart is;  
 Oh! I'll lay such loads of pelf out,  
 And so grandly fig myself out,  
 That the sight of me will be extremely cheap.

GANEM. I'll drive a tandem, cut a dash, and know me  
           no one shall.  
 I'll grow a beautiful *mustash*, likewise imperial.



Although whiskers long I've needed,  
 Yet I've never yet succeeded ;  
 Though a hairdresser I fee did ;  
 Scraped my cheeks until they bled ;  
 And although I've tried a heap o'  
 Stuff, the *Piccadilly weepers*  
 Still are obstinate as any pretty gal.

*Dance off.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Cave. (half dark.)*

*Enter* ROBBERS, R. *and* L.—*grand ballet*—*Enter*  
 ABDALLA, L.

ABDAL. Leave off your pirouettes—some more cigars,  
 And like unduteous children, cut your pas.  
 So Hassarac's much better ; that's because  
 We were so kind to him.

HASSAN. We were.

MIRZA. *We was.*

ABDAL. At that end of the cave he may be found,  
 He's convalescent, ask him to come round.

*Exit* HASSAN, R. 1 E.

I'm getting sick of this slow situation ;  
 I'd give a trifle for a slight sensation.

*Enter* HASSARAC, R. 1 E., *pale and come to grief, and*  
 HASSAN.

Why, you look strong ; your wound, there's nothing  
 in it.

HASSARAC. Yes, I don't faint above ten times a minute.  
 I'm precious thin, the blow has brought me so down,  
 There's scarcely a gas-pipe I couldn't go down.  
 The doctor says, though I'm of flesh bereft,  
 That it's *all right* ; he means, p'raps, there's *none left*.

ABDAL. Which branch of the profession did you fee ?  
 Allopathy or homœopathy ?

HASSARAC. Well, if you want a leg cut off, sir, why,  
 Of course you'd go in for a *lop o' thigh*.  
 I thought a *homo'path* would be the best,  
 As I had got a *mere path* through my chest.

ABDAL. Your reason was most excellent no doubt;  
So one you call'd in.

HASSARAC. Ha!

ABDAL. And you call'd out?

HASSARAC. Listen! there's some one, has pronounced the  
word,

Which opens our front door.

ABDAL. Oh, pooh! absurd!

HASSARAC. (*throws himself down and listens with his ear  
to ground*) Some one's come in.

ABDAL. It's not a woman, is it?

'Tis fatal if a female us should visit;

For Orcobrand, the enchanter, in his lease

Had this slight clause:—our power to move should  
cease,

Our limbs lose action, and in fact that we

All struck completely of a heap should be,

Should any woman enter.

HASSARAC. (*in a stage whisper*) Yes, that's true, man;

This individual is not a woo-man.

He comes, we'll hide ourselves in yon nook dim.

ABDAL. Preparatory to our hiding him.

*Exeunt melodramatically, R.—pantaloon music.*

*Enter CASSIM from back, alarmed, R. U. E.*

CASSIM. The place seems all deserted, bare, vacated,

The very pavement appears desolated.

What means this shaky feeling, fear resembling?

Gracious! impossible! I can't be trembling.

A good joke rather—ha, ha!

*(the laugh is echoed, R. and L.)*

CASSIM. (*awfully alarmed*) Ah! What's that?

It's only the echo, you silly flat.

Here is the sack—that seems a splendid goblet;

I don't suppose they'll miss it, so I'll nobble it.

To collar this gold cup, can scarce be wrong—

This silver tray is very good—*tray bong.*

They've left some liquors too. I beg to state,

*(drinks)*

That wintage doesn't want age, it's first rate.

Another tap, (*takes another bottle*) prime thirty port,  
I twig it.

My favorite wine ; I'll swig it, though it's wicked.  
(*drinks*) These scoundrels, know what's what, there's  
no mistake !

Now, a retreat p'raps I had better make.  
(*rises and staggers*) Halloa ! that wine must have  
been precious heady.

Where's the way out ? Now, Cassim Baba, steady.  
What was the pass word ? Hang it ! Blow it ! Rot it !  
It syllables had *got for*—I've *four got* it !

Oh, horror ! here's a frightful situation,  
I was purse proud, I'm all in a *pers-p'ration*.  
I'll hide—here is a nook—away—away ! (*going R.*)

*Enter ABDALLA, R.*

P'raps, I may hear the spell, and then—

ABDAL.

Good day.

(*CASSIM stands motionless with terror*)

This is an unexpected treat ; and so  
At last we've found the thief who robb'd us.

CASSIM. (*eagerly*)

No.

It wasn't me—it was my brother Ali ;  
He's got no end of things of yours of vally ;  
Those are a few, which to return I've brought here.  
In fact, that's how I came, Sir, to be caught here.

ABDAL. I did—excuse the ill bred action, pray—

From that door, watch you—so mind what you say.  
I saw you prig the plate.

CASSIM. (*aside*) The cunning villiain !

ABDAL. And also drink our *port*, which you'll *rue*, *silly 'un*.  
You did.

CASSIM. As much perhaps, as would fill a thimble.

ABDAL. You stole our wine—precisely—then *ter-imble* !

CASSIM. (*aside*) A desperate thought suggests itself, his  
figger

Is less than mine—if that's the case I'm bigger.  
My courage comes again—it might be done ;  
My pluck I'd *only lost*—he's *only one*.  
I'll bounce a bit. He, hem ! my strength immense is,  
I am a Mussulman, sir, in two senses.

Fond of the fancy—know the fighting men,  
And put the gloves, myself on, now and then.

*Take in Bell's Life*, like other sporting swells.

ABDAL. I'm used to *takin' life*, but 't isn't Bell's.

You're one of the right sort, one of the fancy.

CASSIM. Rather! ha, ha! (*aside*) *I wish I was with Nancy!*

ABDAL. Well, 'tis our law, that those who enter here,  
Never go out again alive.

CASSIM. (*aside*) Oh, dear!

(*aloud and drawing dagger*) Beware! this knife is  
sharp as well as showy.

ABDAL. A *bowie* knife?

CASSIM. Yes, *I believe you, my bowie.*

Tell me the magic word that opes yon door, }  
And let me go, or quickly in your go-er }  
You will be weltering on that there flo-or. }

ABDAL. One moment, if you please.

CASSIM. I'll give you ten.

ABDAL. I'm much obliged to you. What ho, my men!

*Enter HASSARAC and THIEVES, R. and L.*

CASSIM. (*falls on his knees*) Please sir, it wasn't me—how  
much I rue it.

Indeed, indeed, I didn't go to do it!

Oh! if you'll let me go unharmed *totally*,

I'll turn king's evidence 'gainst brother Ali.

HASSAR. Out with it then!

CASSIM. He's prigged two sacks of riches.

ROBBERS. Ha, ha! (*all draw their daggers*)

CASSIM. And took them to his house.

HASSAR. Precisely! which is——

CASSIM. No. 200, sir, Balsorah-square.

HASSAR. (*aside*) Before the night. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm  
there.

(*aloud*) You know our compact—none who enter  
here

May live to mention what they've seen.

CASSIM. Oh! dear.

But I won't mention it.

HASSAR. You *won't*. Our lease,  
Were we to let you live, at once would cease;

And if a woman were to enter, we  
Should become powerless immediatelee.

Those are our landlord's terms.

ABDAL. Stay! ask the Forty.

You fellas—oughtn't he to die, or ought he?

CASSIM. (*on knees—imploringly*) Never say die! My  
sobs—my tears—my sighs

Must——

HASSAR. Shut up! Does he die or not?

ROBBERS. He dies!

HASSAR. The die is cast.

ABDAL. I almost think that we  
Might stretch a point, and set the fellow free.

(*murmurs from the BAND*)

HASSAR. What! you a robber chief, soft-hearted miss!  
The only point that I shall stretch, is *this*.

(*draws scimeter*)

We'll Lynch him!

ABDAL. If you Lynch him with that knife!

Most certainly you'll *Lyncher* him for life.

I won't stand by and see it done, you curs!

HASSAR. He calls us curs! Excuse us, we prefers  
To do as *we* like—don't we?

ROBBERS. (*fiercely*) Yes!

ABDAL. Be dumb!

Rabble, canaille, tag-rag and bob-tail, scum!

HASSAR. He calls us scum! But, shall we stand it?

ROBBERS. No!

HASSAR. Such language you p'raps think is *cummy fo*.

But we have stood your nonsense long enough.

MIRZA. Down with Abdalla, the conceited muff!

ROBBERS. Hurray!

HASSAR. The last straw's broke the camel's back, you see.

Prepare, my boys, to take the word from me.

Let's cut down our swell captain, Jemmy Jessamy;

When I say three;—now,—one, two——

MORGI. (*without*) Open Sesame! (*all stand transfixed—  
Picture*)

*Enter MORGIANA.*

MORGI. Though Cassim was a brute, I couldn't bear  
To let him be cut up, and so to tear  
Myself from Ganem—seize the donkey, fly  
To the dread cave, the robber's spell to try—  
“Was,” as the penny novelists remark,  
“The work but of a moment;”—what a lark!  
Ha! ha!

*(laughs immoderately, but looking up finds herself  
immediately by HASSARAC, and shrinks away  
alarmed)*

Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure;  
No notice!—what a rude, ill-mannered boor.  
Good gracious! *(looks round)* How their faces they  
all keep!

They're literally struck all of a heap.

Why, Cassim!—and alive!

CASSIM. *(sitting up)*

Oh, Morgiana!

They've all been going on in such a manner.

MORGI. How pale you are?

CASSIM.

No colour, girl, for me,

Till past the pale of their society.

L—let's go.

MORGI. *(looking round)* This sight for worlds I wouldn't  
miss.

Why, Madame Tussaud's is a fool to this.

CASSIM. *(dragging her away in trepidation)*

Oh, come! I'm dying with the fright.

MORGI.

No—don't.

CASSIM. Should they awake.

ORCOBRAND *rises suddenly up c. trap.*

ORCOB.

Don't be alarmed, they won't.

MORG. Who are you?

ORCOB.

I'm their landlord.

MORGI.

I should say,

You're the *ground* landlord, if you rise that way.

ORCOB. My spells are never known to fail, and so

You're both at perfect liberty to go.

The soothing influence of woman see

In the mild postures of the rapt Forty.

Our captain bold—not he of Halifax, }  
 Is motionless as effigy in wax, }  
 His feature's calm, as also Hassarac's. }  
 The others stand around, all spell-bound quite,  
 Not picturesque p'raps, but Pre-Raphaelite.  
 Until you choose, to take yourself off, mem,  
 The spell I certainly shan't take off *them*.  
 You're mistress of the situation.

MORGI. Me—oh!  
 If that's the case, suppose we sing a trio.

*Trio—" Watchmaker's Daughter."*

ORCOB. As long as you may please to stop, these robbers  
 cannot stir.

CASSIM. I am very much obliged, but still to go I should  
 prefer,

I'm horribly alarmed indeed.

MORGI. As also, sir, am I.  
 My coming here did interrupt  
 A terrible tragedy.

ORCOB. Oh, fie!

CASSIM. My eye!  
 What a terrible rigid eye.

*(repeat from "Oh! fie")*

ORCOBRAND *sinks down trap, c.*—MORGIANA and  
 CASSIM *exeunt—a slight pause.*

MORGI. *(without)* Shut, Sesame! *(instantly ROBBERS  
 recover the use of their limbs—all give a long  
 "Ah!" as if relieved)*

HASSAR. Escaped! Confusion! and our secret known!  
 Oh, agony! our magic gaff is blown.  
 To Ali's house at once we all must sally;  
 Run down the street and then cut up the alley!  
 Captain, this ain't a time to quarrel.

ABDAL. No!  
 We all must lend a hand to strike the blow.  
 Vengeance 'gainst all we vow!

HASSAR. Precisely so!  
 Let's do it operatically though.

*Concerted Piece—Air, “Victorine Quadrille.”*

CHORUS. We will

Down upon the lot,  
Down upon them like a flock of  
Wolves. Their ugly heads we'll knock off,  
And kill Ali like a shot.  
None of them shall live to tell the tale.

HASSARAC and ABDALLA.

Within these secret precincts  
No outside foot shall tread ;  
Be ours the task to soundly punch  
This rash intruder's head.  
Our vengeance is deep and dire as well,  
He speedily shall see ;  
We'll down upon his tibby soon  
Whatever that may be.

We will

Down upon the lot, &c.

*(closed in on picture)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Verandah at Ali Baba's. Oil jars—  
dance music suggestive of a ball.*

*Enter GANEM, magnificently dressed, L.*

GANEM. It's very well for folks to talk or sing  
Of “honest crusts,” and all that sort of a thing ;  
About the “dignity of labour,” and  
Poor folks are happier than the rich and grand,  
That humble worth, and suit of russet brown  
Are preferable to a monarch's crown,—  
But, *entre nous*, though people that we tell,  
It's very nice indeed to be a swell.  
Two or three West-end clubs I shall put up for,  
Go in for racing—run a horse the cup for,  
Take some swell chambers—drive a spanking team,  
And spend my summer evenings at dear Cream—  
Orne.

*Enter MORGIANA, L.*

MORGI. Oh! dear Ganem, I've a lot to tell  
*(aside)* He seems quite puffed up, since he's been a swell.  
Ganem!



GANEM. Familiar epithets, restrain 'em.

And as for Ganem, don't say that *again*, 'm.

MORGI. Not call you Ganem, gracious goodness! *why*, dear?

GANEM. Because your station's *low*, dear.

MORGI. What a *high-dea*.

(*aside*) Ho! ho! and so he's kicking o'er the traces.

GANEM. You see that circumstances alter cases.

MORGI. A better reason, sir, you must advance still

Than *circumstances*—hi! you *sir*, *cum stand* still.

You've often said, when rich, no doubt to try me—

That you'd go buy me—no, you don't go by me.

Oh! Ganem, don't you love me any more?

GANEM. Young woman, this behaviour is a bore.

MORGI. When you were poor, I think you'll freely own

I slaved and worked my fingers to the bone

For you, you underhand, deceitful dodger;

Your ma', poor Cogia—and your pa', poor codger;

Starving all day, attending to your wishes,

Sitting up late, washing up plates and dishes,

Fetching your beer, cooking your meagre victuals,

Scrubbing the pans, and polishing the kittles;

Your creditors with meek excuses stuffin',

Oh! what *low duns*—but what *I done* s-eems nuffin'.

When the Queen's taxes a distress were bent on,

The *water rate*, at *what a rate* he went on!

I—I—but never mind—another wed;

By me, one harsh word never shall be said;

I love you too well to upbraid or chide:

Go, Ganem, take a nobler, meeter bride,

Love her, feel no remorse, dissatisfaction

Till I commence a breach of promise action,

Which I intend to do this afternoon.

GANEM. What? breach of promise!

MORGI. Yes, it's rather soon;

When plaintiffs wait till t'other side engages

It generally lessens the dam-ages:

Therefore, time by the forelock I shall take.

GANEM. Well, I don't know, but what the case might make

A sort of a sensation, and you know

Sensations now, my dear, are all the go.

'Twould stamp me as a gay deceiver p'raps;

Society don't frown upon such chaps.

“ My beautiful, my own,” as says the poet,  
If you're inclined to bring an action—go it.

*Duett—Air, “ Going Home to Dixie.”*

MORGI. There is a law, as I suppose,  
Yourself as well as others knows,  
To punish lovers tricksey,  
Who from their promise roam.  
You're not inclined to marry,  
At least, so now you say ;  
You've very badly treated  
Your fond Mor-ge-an-ay.

GANEM. I've come into my property,  
Which alters quite the case, you see ;  
But be a bricksy wicksy,  
And quietly go home.  
I fear I've played Old Harry  
Your feelings with to-day ;  
I really cannot help it,  
And what more can I say? { *Dance and*  
*exit, L. 1 E.*

*Enter ALI BABA and HASSARAC, R. 1 E., ALI dressed gorgeously ; HASSARAC disguised as a merchant.*

ALI. Oh, on the contrary, I'm most delighted.

HASSAR. Your hospitality shall be requited.

You are a fine old boy—(*aside*) a soft old pump.  
(*aloud*) An upright card, also a downright trump.  
I'm an oil merchant ;—fact, you did in me  
*A merchant see, in an emergencee.*

I'd forty oil jars—nowhere in the city  
Could I dispose of such a large quantity ;  
You generously offered your verandah,  
Which I accepted ; and see, there they stand-a.

ALI. I overflow with human kindness ; so  
As your oil jars all serve to make a show,  
And let folk think we're richer than we air,  
I generously let you put 'em there.

HASSAR. How can I thank you? (*aside*) I can scarce conceal  
The sanguinary sentiments I feel.  
His wealth is from our cave, and wuss and wuss—  
His very spoons and forks he's prigged from us !  
With our brave band's epergne, he cuts a shine ;  
He's got a splendid vase there that *vau*s mine ;

That handsome China clock, all gold and flowers,  
That chimes the quarters—*quarters*—pooh—it's *ours*.  
Oh, I should like to—(about to stab ALI with dagger—ALI turns—HASSARAC grins and bows)

ALI. Will you come with me?  
And join the ball.

HASSARAC. Thankee; a cup of tea.  
(aside) I'll take my *tea* before I *take off* he.

ALI. Then, au revoir. *Exit* L. 1 E.

HASSARAC. I am a wicked story,  
And Ali soon will be an *Ali-gory*.  
My chickens, I must not ere forth we dart-a—  
Reckon *before* they're hatched—I'll *reconnarter*.  
There's no one near—'tis well.

*Enter* MORGIANA, L., with a lamp unlighted.

MORGI. Holloa! you sir,  
(they recognize each other)  
(aside) *Him*, if I don't, hum!

HASSARAC. *She*, if I don't *herr*!  
The girl who Cassim saved.

MORGI. (aside) The robber grim.  
He *winces*, when I *con* his features dim;  
Which fact alone *con-winces* me it's him.  
If he gets violent I'll call for Ganem.  
(to him) D'ye know a certain cave?

HASSARAC. Hah! *cave Canem*!  
That's Latin—"Dread the dog"—don't say you've  
been there.

MORGI. Latin!

HASSARAC. We don't know how you got *lat-in* there.  
You see this knife—also this fearful nobber?  
(*life-preserver*)  
Likewise this big dirk of this *Durkish* robber.  
(*light waltz music—piano.*)

If you will only do as you are bid,  
And with this poison will your master rid,  
You shall have wealth beyond that of the Indies.  
(aside) That's the best way and will avoid all shindies.

MORGI. (*taking phial*) I will! I hate my master—likewise  
missis.

HASSARAC. This is a potent magic poison this is;

One drop into his glass—come, come, no shrinking—  
Pour from this fatal phial *vial* he's drinking.

MORGI. Ha! ha! revenge!

HASSAR. Is sweet!—As that's the case  
Why not exterminate the entire race?  
Cassim, and Ganem, Cogia, Zaide, Ali;  
Also the supers and the corps-de-Ballet?  
Go in for wholesale poisoning—all the crew;  
Be a Lucretia Borgia number two.

MORGI. I don't see why I shouldn't.

HASSAR. No—why *not*?  
Cover yourself with glory—kill the lot.

MORGI. I will.

HASSAR. Brave gee-ur! at once your task commence,  
No *twopenny* trifling mind, or *penny-tence*,  
Kill them at once—when you have done so, cough.  
Quick the *pies-on*—don't think of *pudding off*—  
It's magical, and so they can't detect you:  
When all are killed, I'll come then and protect you.  
*Exit, L.*

MORGI. The wretch! I'll run round to the Cadi—stay,  
It's getting dark, and it's a lonesome way;  
I've no oil in the lamp—'twont be a crime  
To take a drop from here. (*approaches jar, and as  
she does so, MIRZA pops up his head; she  
shrinks alarmed*) Ah!

MIRZA. Is it time?

MORGI. A man hid in the oil! Oh! I shall faint.  
Like a sardine!

MIRZA. Say, is it time?

MORGI. It ain't.

MIRZA. Come, I say governor, do get on faster.

MORGI. (*gruffly*) Stop in your oil, and mind your *royal*  
master:

Down, till I give the signal (*MIRZA disappears*) a  
sweet plot;

It's lucky I've the magic poison got:

I'll pop a little drop in all their eyes.

Here goes for number one—

(*pours in poison—MIRZA howls hideously*)

He cries! he dies!

A drop in your eye too, (*2nd robber's extinguished*)

It answers well;  
 This *eye drop* athic treatment seems to tell.  
 (*Music—piano—heard from ball*)  
 Let me be quick, at once to drop the pisin  
 All these most disagreeable robbers' eyes in. *Exit c.*

*Enter HASSARAC L. 1 E.*

HASSAR. All right—this Ali's done the thing genteely.  
 I've mixed my liquors just a trifle freely.  
 Hold up!—ha! ha! Where's that young woman  
 gone?  
 Ali and all his family to poi-son.  
 I'll give the signal now to my brave fellows. (*whistles*)  
 No answer! p'rhaps they think its some one *ellows*.  
 (*goes to jar*) All right, it's me—what's this? Oh,  
 he's asleep;  
 Somebody's spifflicated all the heap!  
 Mirza, killed in the ile!—oh, dreadful cell!  
 "Gone! gone! Oh, *Iley, beauty, fare thee well.*"  
 They'll never speak again—all silent are;  
 Each *jar did hold one*—now, each *holds his jar*.

*Song—Air, "Lucia di Lammermoor,"*

Hate! revenge! oh, despair! agonee too,  
 Oh what are we to—  
 To do at this juncture?  
 To pot they sent the entire fortee to.

Hate! revenge! agonee! *Exit.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Drawing-room at Ali Baba's—the arrangements of the room and guests reminding one of a modern evening party. A TURKISH PIANIST and CORNET PLAYER performing; TURKISH SERVANTS with refreshments—GUESTS polking.*

ZAIDE, COGIA, ALI and ABDALLA are playing whist at table, R. C.—*loose money on table—Music.*

ABDAL. I think that final trick gives us the game;  
 I'll take that money if it's all the same. (*takes money*)  
 Thank you; (*comes forward with COGIA*) as we've  
 been partners, my dear madam:  
 We must divide the stakes—I very glad am

To say, as usual, we have won the rub.

COGIA. How well you play!

ABDAL. Such practice at my club.

ALI. Which is your club?

ABDAL. Oh, well, I've three or four.

COGIA. (*aside to ALI*) D'ye hear, my dear?

ALI. (*aside to COGIA*) Oh, bother, he's a bore.

(*goes up with COGIA*)

ABDAL. (*to ZAIDE*) Might I solicit this fair hand; I see  
The next dance is the Lancers.

ZAIDE. (*aside*) Oh dear me,

How nice to have a young man so polite.

CASSIM. (*coming down to ZAIDE*) Now, are you going to  
stop here all night?

I'm going.

ZAIDE. Well, I only wish you would.

CASSIM. I hate these parties.

ABDAL. Ha! ha! very good,

You needn't stay. (*slaps CASSIM on back*)

CASSIM. I wish you wouldn't *me* hit.

ABDAL. I'll see your lady home.

CASSIM. Don't seem to see it.

(*CASSIM and ZAIDE go up quarrelling*)

ABDAL. Upon my word, you've done the thing in style.

(*to ALI, aside*) That Hassarac's a most tremendous while.

ALI. You're kind to say so. Sir, your name is——?

ABDAL. Yes.

ALI. And you reside at——?

ABDAL. That is my address.

ALI. Your family is——?

ABDAL. Yes, it is——quite right.

ALI. Then might I make so bold——?

ABDAL. Of course you might.

ALI. (*aside*) Can't make him out. (*aloud*) You're pleased  
sir, to be merry.

You are——hem!——of foreign extraction?

ABDAL. Very.

ALI. (*aside*) I'll keep my eye upon the spoons. (*retires up*)

*Enter MORGIANA and GANEM, L. 1 E.*

MORGI. (*aside*) They're done for!

A heroine future dramatists I'm one for.

ABDAL. (*aside*) The girl who came into the cave, by Jove!  
(*to MORGIANA*) My dear! (*chucks her under chin*)

GANEM. (*down L. side*) I don't quite understand this cove;  
It seems to me he'll have to feel these knuckles;  
He chucks her underneath the chin—she chuckles!  
False-hearted girl!—and yet it serves me right.

(*goes to ABDALLA*)

I say, I beg your pardon, can you fight?

ABDAL. (*looks at him through glass*) I never fight with  
little boys.

MORGI. Well said.

GANEM. (*pulling her away*) Just stand aside, and let me  
punch his head.

ALI. (*comes down between them*) Gentlemen! gentlemen!

ABDAL. Oh, never fear.

—You little cad, take that!

GANEM. Take that!

(*they hit out, and both blows take effect upon ALI*)

ALI. Oh dear! (*retires up*)

MORGI. What! raise your hand against a guest!—it's wrong.

GANEM. Pooh! you're a vile coquette—*co-ke*t along!

*Enter HASSARAC, pale and agitated, L. 1 E., he grasps  
ABDALLA'S arm and leads him forward.*

HASSAR. The band's dissolved! dished!—done for!—out  
of toon;

Babbage himself ne'er stopped a band so soon.

ABDAL. What? say! Out with it—in plain language tell!—

Oh, gracious me!—I don't feel very well.

HASSAR. Those jars we with our crew so gallant filled 'em.

ABDAL. Yes, yes.

HASSAR. If that there *gal ain't* been and killed 'em.

ABDAL. You left 'em safe?

HASSAR. I did, so snug the ile in.

ABDAL. What! all killed?

HASSAR. Yes, sir—the entire bilin!

ABDAL. Revenge! we'll raze the whole house, the earth  
flat as!

HASSAR. Hush! hush! be quiet, they're all looking at us.

ALI. (*coming down*) You seem excited.

ABDAL. Pray let me explain—

My friend's imbibed too much of your champagne,

That's all—he's better now.

HASSAR. Some lemonade;  
I'm thirsty. (*aside to ABDALLA*) Back me when I  
raise my blade;  
We two are surely equal to the lot.

(MORGIANA *hands HASSARAC a goblet into which she pours some of the contents of the phial given her by HASSARAC*)

MORGI. (*aside*) There's scarcely any left.

HASSAR. (*drinks*) It's precious hot.

GANEM. Before we dance, let's in a chorus jine.

MORGI. Yes—something in the Christy Minstrel's line.

(*they all sit like the Christy's Minstrels—HASSARAC next to ALI—MORGIANA R., with tambourine—GANEM L., with bones—CASSIM—ABDALLA—all take some article, and mimic banjo, &c., &c.*)

MORGI. Now den, Massa Ganem, am you prepared?

GANEM. Yes, sar—but just let me ask you a conundrum.

(GANEM *asks two conundrums—MORGIANA gives the answer of the first in reply to the second—all laugh like niggers*)

HASSAR. Now den for the Hoverture.

(*a short overture, in the manner of the Minstrels, finishing with bones, jumping, and a picture.*)

*Concerted piece, "There's a traitor in the camp."*

MORGI. Dar's a traitor in the camp.

CHORUS. Keep him in! keep him in!

HASSAR. Dar's a traitor in de camp.

CHORUS. Kick him out! kick him out!

GANEM. Dar's a traitor in de camp.

CHORUS. Keep him in! keep him in!

CASSIM. And the rogue's on mischief bent.

CHORUS. Kick him out! kick him out!

Den wide awake,

Bake dat cake,

Den kick up a chunk and put

Out de light, and go home wid de gals in de morning.

Den wide awake,

Bake dat cake,



Den kick up a chunk and put out de light.

We'll sing this song and dance all night. (*at the conclusion all dance; HASSARAC at first extravagantly, gradually becomes limp, and falls c.—all stop*)

ALI. Gracious! when we were dancing so delightfully.

HASSAR. There's something disagreed with me most frightfully.

Oh! oh! I choke!—I stifle!—all swims round!

Some trick of that young woman's, I'll be bound!—

Revenge your Forty's fate.

ALI. Ha! ha!

HASSAR. (*after a prolonged spasm*) Good bye. (*dies*)

ABDAL. Gone! gone!—respected elderly party, die!

(*raises his dagger to kill ALI, when MORGIANA interposes, and he is seized by GANEM and CASSIM.*)

MORGI. Certainly not!—Behold the Forty's chief!

ABDAL. As all the gang have come to signal grief,

I may as well confess.

ALI. Hallo! hollo!

Then you have saved us from the fatal blow?

CASSIM. Oh, Morgiana!

GANEM. Morgiana, oh!

Can you forgive me for my faithless folly?

MORGI. I do.

ALI. My daughter! (*embrace*) Then we'll all be jolly:

I forgive every one.

HASSAR. (*sitting up*) Then I revive.

GANEM. You're dead.

HASSAR. (*to ALI*) No; to you're kindness I'm alive.

There wasn't in the glass—I some did spill—

Enough to kill, although I was *took ill*.

CASSIM. Poison! if that's all there's this fuss about,

I have an *antidote*.

HASSAR. Then *hand it out*.

ABDAL. We are forgiven here—but say, will you

Give us as genuine a pardon too;

Will you our failings numerous forgive,

And cheer us with the hope that we may live?

HASSAR. Let me sneak in a word for Hassarac,

Although his conduct has been precious black;

'Twould be so friendly if you only *would*

Say, though he's very bad—he's rather *good*.

*Finale—Air, “ Il Bacio.”*

HASSAR. Oh, don't pray now,  
Go away now

Without a kind cheer, just our spirits to raise.

MORGI. Us be kind to,  
And quite blind to

Our faults—be forgiving and praise.

ABDAL. We've all done our best!

And as for the rest, it remains with you.

Then say, that all of us may

Say—Ali Baba will do.

GANEM. Kindly greet us;  
And don't treat us

Like strangers, but give us the hands of old friends.

ABDAL. With a cheer then,

All our fear then,

All our fear, all our fear quickly ends.

GANEM. Remember, that our limits are so narrow,

At times we've scarcely room to wheel a barrow.

Let's hope our stage though *broad* enough for fun.

Is not too *short* we trust for a *long run*,

MORGI. For well one knows, which much our fears assuages,

Long journeys oft are made by *little stages*.

Our author hopes 'tis your acceptance worth,

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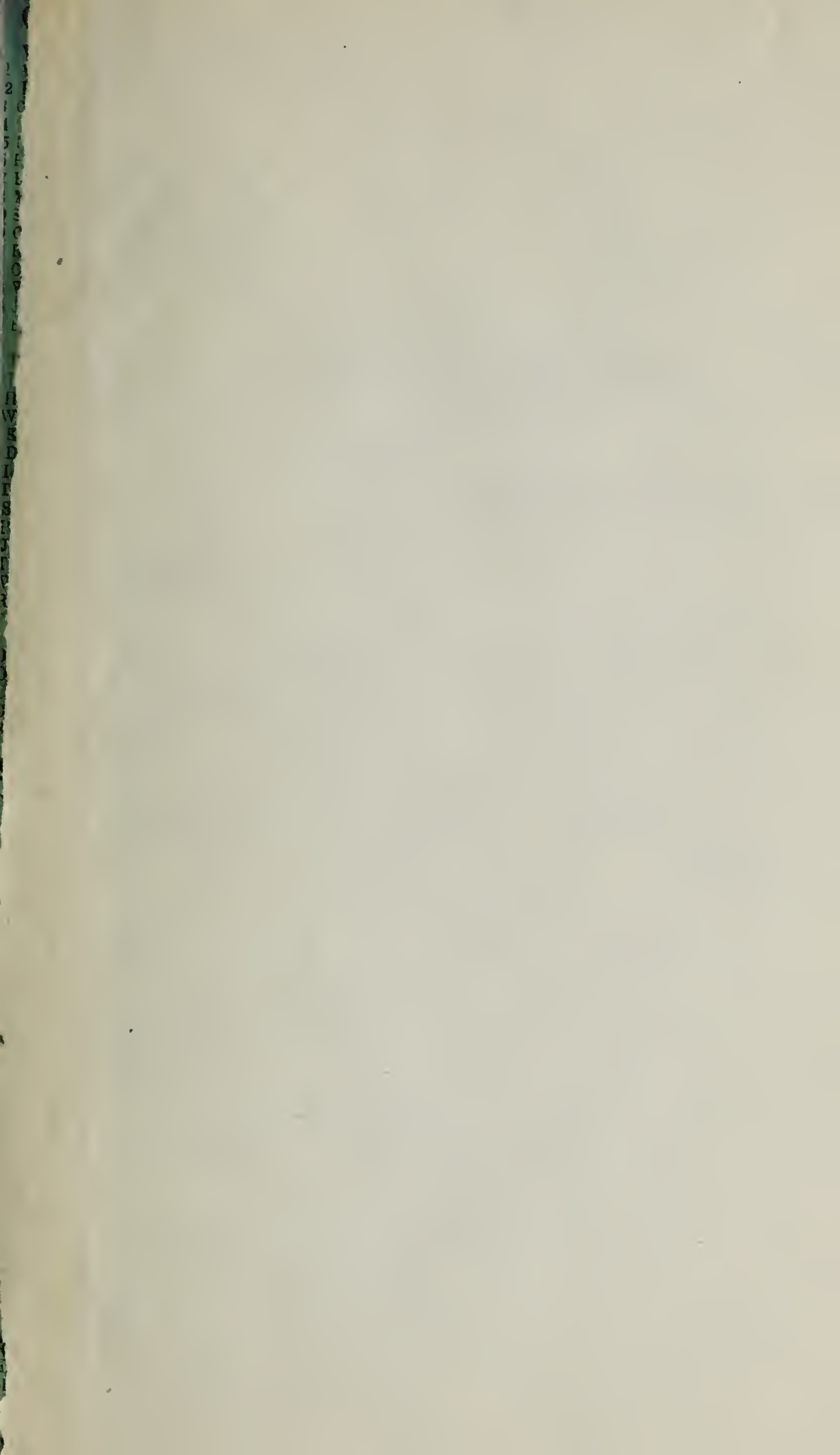
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