

THE
CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

An Original Oriental, Operatic Extravaganza.

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Perseus and Andromeda; Endymion, or the Naughty Boy who cried for the Moon; Conrad and Medora; Lalla Rookh; Perdita, the Royal Milkmaid; The Sylphide; Prince Amabel, or the Fairy Roses; Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; The Great Sensation Trial, or Circumstantial Effie-Deans; King Arthur, or the Days and Knights of the Round Table; Hercules and Omphale; or, the Power of Love; Papillonetta; Ernani; Pygmalion; or, the Statue Fair; Kind to a Fault, &c. &c. &c.

AND FAST AUTHOR OF

The Enchanted Isle; Camaralzatan and Badoura; Second Calender; Ivanhoe; The Sphinx; The Ninth Statue; The Area Belle; The Pretty Horsebreaker; A Valentine; An April Fool; Going to the Dogs; The Wooden Spoon Maker, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough), on
 Thursday, December 26th, 1867.

THE
CALIPH OF BAGDAD!

The Music composed, selected, and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The New and Gorgeous Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON. Properties, &c., by Mr BURDETT. Mechanical Effects by Mr. DRUMMOND. Grand Asiatic Costumes by Mr. MAY and Mrs. RICHARDSON. The Piece produced under the direction of the AUTHOR and Mr. PARSELE.

Characters.

HAROUN ALRASCHID (*the Caliph of Bagdad—an Eastern Potentate with Western notions of reform—much given to masquerading and incognito—claiming a right to pry into his subjects' affairs as a pryer claim*) Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.
 Her First Appearance since her severe Indisposition.

MESROUR (*Chief Officer of the Palace, ever ready to "put himself forward," but decidedly inclined to "keep his place"*) Mr. GASTON MURRAY.

MAHOUD (*Commander of the Caliph's forces—though scarcely of his own feelings—having strong notions of his rights, and even stronger of his wrongs*) Mr. THOS. THORNE.

THE CADI (*Chief Magistrate of the City—the (more or less) poetic justice of the Piece—a downy bird in first-rate feather, and a Beak "tipped with gold"*) Mr. DAVID JAMES.

HASSAN (*an exquisite—received in the most fashionable circles, and visiting in the most fashionable squares—an ornament to society, but not of the slightest use to it*) Miss ELISE HOLT.

HAZEB (*a proscribed rebel—with a price upon his unhappy head—and a still more unhappy tale*) Mr. CHARLES FERDINAND.

CHEBIB (*a once wealthy merchant—now reduced to poverty—formerly accustomed to couches of "soft down," now "hard up"*) Mr. H. J. TURNER.

ABDALLAH (*his son and heir—who to save his father raises money by a Policy of the greatest Assurance in a Limited Life undertaking*) Miss E. JOHNSTONE.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS (*an Officer and (as it is hoped the audience will admit)—a Gentleman*) Mr. IMRIE.

DARINA (*Chebib's daughter—a belle of first-rate metal, ultimately a marriage belle, whom no less a person than the Caliph condescends to ring*) Miss NEWTON.

CAMIRA (*Daughter of Hazib—sold for a slave to the Caliph, but set free on his entering the United States of Matrimony—all Slavery being abolished through the Union*) Miss ADA HARLAND.

Almas, Guards of the Harem, Officers, Courtiers, &c.

Synopsis of Scenery, Incidents, &c.

GRAND HALL IN THE CALIPH'S PALACE

The old and new scheme of government—Grand Reform Demonstration, and Conference upon the Eastern Question—The Story of Al-Bondocan!—An intruder in the Harem!—Proposal of the customary bow-string, and resolution of the common *c(h)ord*, changing (by the closing-in of the next Scene) into a

MOVEMENT IN TWO FLATS!

A STREET IN BAGDAD.

The Bankrupt and his daughter—Unexpected (and by no means prepossessing appearance of the Caliph in disguise—Al-Bondocan pays court to Darina, which proves a Court for the Relief of an Insolvent Debtor—the Proclamation—the Project—and the Plunder.

GARDENS OF THE PALACE.

4

The Captive and her Jailor.—The wretched fugitive attempting to visit his daughter, runs his neck into a halter, and also puts his foot into it.

DARING PLAGIARISM FROM "ROB ROY."

The Caliph!—The Cadi!—The Captive!—The Court!—and the Chorus!—A Father too many!—Hazeb goes a step too far—Abdallah a step-father!—Relation of Hazeb's wrongs, and wrongs of Hazeb's relation!—Al-Bondocan again to the Rescue!—A potent magistrate gets degraded from the Bench of Justice to the Stool of Repentance!—The *Cadi* *reaxes* angry, and the Caliph *whacks his Cadi*.

INTERIOR OF CHEBIB'S DWELLING.

More Magic of Al-Bondocan—More mystification of all the rest!—Arrival of the old merchant's friends to halt within his door, likewise arrival of the Cadi to *halt* in his *gait*—The Cadi's well-laid schemes come to a *very lame* conclusion!

AN OPEN SQUARE IN BAGDAD.

(AT LEAST AS OPEN AS THE SIZE OF THE STAGE WILL ALLOW.)

Public Rejoicings in honour of the Caliph's Marriage.

Al-Bondocan declares himself at last—Darina, long tried by dark disguises, and still darker hints, as to her lover's true character, now finds herself the chosen bride of

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD!

General, and ("provided our kind friends in front" behave as usual at this Festive Season—it may be added)

HAPPY DENOUEMENT!!!!

THE
CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

SCENE FIRST.—*Grand Hall in the Caliph's Palace.*

Opening Chorus.

Oh! what happiness, what pleasure,
'Neath our Caliph's rule to dwell;
He by chinks which none can measure,
Doth all other potentates excel, (*repeat*)
Then all others, greater, grander,
Wiser, better, every way;
Of all Islam the commander,
He's in fact a stunner, we must say.
He's the pink of all perfection,
Object, chief of our affection ;
'Tis by his express direction,
We, his praises thus loudly sing, (*repeat 1st part*)

Enter BALLET.

Hail to the Caliph! all hail! all hail!
He is reigning, we are hailing! all hail!
Hail to the Caliph ! say we again;
Long may we hail him, long may he reign.

After opening Chorus, enter MESROUR and MAHOUD.

MESROUR. (R.) King out your bells, let their loud jingle
jangle.

Confirm the tidings of the glad triangle;
Let gongs to all the world the news proclaim,
And with your cymbals *symbolize* the same;
Till through earth's bounds you gladden all mankind,
Letting them know the Caliph has just dined.
(*flourish of trumpets, clash of cymbals, &c.*)

MAHOUD. (*aside, L.*) Why am not I a Caliph? Why, indeed?
 No gongs or cymbals ring out when I feed!
 Yet I can eat as much as he can.

MESROUR. How?

Mahoud, take care, what are you muttering now ?

MAHOUD. What! Mutter? I?

MESROUR. You did, you often do.

MAHOUD. And if I did, what *mutters* it to you?

MESROUR. You're to the throne a foe.

MAHOUD. I ? Not a bit on it.

I love the throne—so well, I'd like to sit on it.

MESROUR. You're of the old regime—the bygone school.

Would have the Prince of ministers the tool,—

Hear only with their ears, see with their eyes.

Our present monarch, nightly in disguise,

Sees for himself. While the late Caliph-----

MAHOUD. Pooh!

Out half the night—he's a *late* Caliph too.

MESROUR. Thus, for himself, he finds out each abuse.

MAHOUD. I don't like Caliphs going on the loose.

MESROUR. He loose ? No tighter hand e'er held its
 right.

MAHOUD. Well then, I don't like Caliphs getting tight.

MESROUR. No more of this. Haroun Alraschid's game

Is nightly roaming, under a false name,

To right each wrong; he does it too, don't doubt it.

The great Haroun don't go (*h*)around about it.

Of thieves, garroters, he's the streets nigh rid,

All *rush to hide* for fear of *Al rash (h)id*.

MAHOUD. And his false name while through the streets a
 stalker?

MESROUR. (*mysteriously*) " Al Bondocan."

MAHOUD. Which is in English-----

MESROUR. (*in same manner*) " Walker!"

MAHOUD. (*aside*) Oh, fate unjust! What has this Caliph
 done

That he's allowed two names while I've but one.

MESROUR. He comes !

ALL. (*shouting*) Long live the Caliph.

MAHOUD. (*aside, L.*) Now who's he,

That they should wish him longer life than me ?

Music.—Enter the CALIPH, C. and L.—Opening Chorus repeated.

CALIPH. (C.) My subjects all, I thank you for your love,
I prize it far my throne and wealth above.
Full hearts weigh more, whate'er their owner's
station,
Than *weigh full purses* ; that's my full *persuasion*.
The horny hand of toil, in mine to hold,
Seems to your Caliph, *Caliph horny 'un gold*.
Give me true men—no shams or false appearing;
True to the core, not mere outside veneering;
Not like gold chains, that turn out only gilt
Or houses just run up, instead of built;
Stuccoed to pass for stone ; I hate such fallacies,
All; *stuck up* people and their *stucco* palaces ;
Themselves disguising by their snobbish tricks !
Let men and houses own themselves real bricks.

(*ALL shout*)

MAHOUD. (*aside*) Hah! No one asks how I'd have
things to be,

Yet, I suppose, I've as much taste as he.

CALIPH. Is't Mahoud I see there ? (*approaches him*)

MAHOUD. Your eyes don't strain;

I am plain enough to see.

CALIPH. Extremely plain!

But be more liberal of your smiles, my hearty.

MAHOUD. Sire ! I am not one of the *Liberal* party,

Who bagged your father's throne.

CALIPH. P'raps 'twas too bad

My dad to bag; but then, we're in *Bagdad*;

And the late Caliph was, you must admit,

Somewhat behind the age, too.

MAHOUD. Not a bit;

The good time-honored track he went along,

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

MESROUR. (*rushing forward*) Bowstring for one.

CALIPH. (*to him*) Peace ! (*to MAHOUD*) Right divine, I

I'd be obeyed, feared, loved, but for myself, [*shelf*,

MAHOUD. Still, the reforms you name, sire, you'll

allow----

CALIPH. Oh, nonsense, man! we're all Reformers now.

*Song, CALIPH and CHORUS.—Air, "The Caliph sits"
("The Sleeper Awakened"—Macfarren.)**

CALIPH. The Caliphs sat in their halls of gold,
In days of old ;
And how their subjects, poor, might fare
Ne'er seemed to care.

'Twould seem degradation,
In their lofty station,
To care for the masses
They deemed the low classes.

Now, I from the throne, a reform mean to try.

Chorus. Do, sir, but try,

CALIPH. That will I—that will I.

Chorus. Our Caliph, reform from his throne so high,
Now will try—now will try.

CALIPH. To all their rights I'd alike ensure,
To rich and poor,
And prize men for what themselves they've shown ;
Not what they own.
No weak ones distressing,
Though strong ones' oppressing;
No good men repining,
Through bad ones' designing ;

Yes, that's the reform from the throne I would try.

Chorus. Do, sir, but try.

CALIPH. That will I.

Chorus. Yes, that's the reform from his throne so high,
Now he'll try—now he'll try.

CALIPH. Why these sour looks, man, come ?

MAHOUD. Sire, to be free with you,

You think me sour because I *disagree with you*,

A Caliph turn reformer! it won't wash.

CALIPH. So you'd denounce my schemes as-----

MAHOUD. Just so—bosh!

CALIPH. You're wrong, on these reforms I build my sure
hope.

MAHOUD. Sire, we're in *Asia*; don't let's talk of *your hope*;

* By permission of Messrs.

Such schemes suit Polish exiles—French fanatics
 In *gloomy garrets*, but not *hazy-attics*.
 CALIPH. No more of this ; old notions are abolished
 Since Sultans travel West and get French polished.
 MESROUR. (*enthusiastically*) True, every word of it.
 CALIPH. What, Mesroure, you!
 Who once opposed reforms of all kinds ?
 MESROUR. True.
 In the late Caliph's time, sire, as you say,
 I, p'raps, held views-----
 CALIPH. Which now you think won't pay.
 MAHOUD. Sire, on such turncoats can you have com-
 passion ?
 CALIPH. Why coats are oft turned when gone out of
 fashion.
 MESROUR. So I, since we're with Western views
 impressed,
 Turning my coat, take pattern from the *Vest*.
 CALIPH. See, Hassan comes.
 MESROUR. He'll take your side, sire.
 MAHOUD. Stuff !
 Hassan take sides, he *Hassan't* brains enough.
 CALIPH. Still for mere sport suppose we learn his views,

Enter HASSAN, an exquisite, L. C.

Hassan, my friend, which party ?
 HASSAN. Which you choose,
 Of politics I ne'er could see the fun,
 The party I prefer's an evening one;
 Lots of nice girls to dance with, pleasant folks
 To listen to one's tales—applaud one's jokes;
 No more guests than the rooms will hold (a rare case,
 Most invitations sent are for the staircase) ;
 A party where the fiddlers sober keep,
 And after supper don't go quite to sleep;
 Where beauty's blush, though the blush be but
 carmine,
 Makes one to pop the question half *detamine*,
 Chignons, though false, send through one's heart
 the thrill,
 Chignon, with all thy *false*, I love thee still.

MAHOUD. Vain butterfly!

HASSAN. Eh? Why those looks so surly ?

MAHOUD. Is this a time to dance ?

HASSAN. (*looking at watch*) No; much too early.

MAHOUD. Now, when your country's weal-----

HASSAN. (*imploringly*) Nay, I appeal,

Don't break a butterfly upon that *weal*.

CALIPH. TO business, come, [*flourish, gongs, &c.*—CALIPH
sits on throne, L. C.] Where's that young slave
we bought

But yesterday ? let her be hither brought.

MESROUR *and* GUARDS *go off*, R. 3 E.

A fellow came last night to see her.

MAHOUD. (*pleased*) So,

A case of bowstring.

CALIPH. A clear case of *beau*.

A follower, an accepted lover, p'raps.

He scaled our walls, I hate these *scaly* chaps.

We'll teach them better than invade our harem;

We'll scare 'em from the harem—*harum scarum* !

HASSAN. A *plant* no doubt. Her guard bribed.

CALIPH. Don't infer

A *plant* because he was a *guardin' her*.

A well-tried sentry 'twas who kept the entry;

A man aged fifty.

HASSAN. That's but half a *cent'ry*.

CALIPH. She comes!

Enter MESROUR, leading in CAMIRA guarded.

MESROUR. (R.) Your Majesty, you see before ye,

The guilty slave who-----

CAMIRA. (*crying, R. C.*) Oh, you wicked story.

What I'm accused of doing, I've not heard;

But sire, I didn't do it, upon my word,

Whate'er it was.

CALIPH. First hear the charge !

CAMIRA. Oh don't!

I won't do it again, indeed I won't.

CALIPH. Speak, girl, who was't last night to see you came?

CAMIRA. No one ! (*angry movement of CALIPH*) At least
I didn't hear his name.

CALIPH. You know him !

CAMIRA. I ?

MESROUR. Speak, girl, who was it?

CAMIRA. (*with an assumption of innocence*) Who?
Well, if I must confess, I thought 'twas you.

MESROUR. (*indignant*) I?

CALIPH. Peace! to gammon us, girl, you're mistaken;
Your gammon will not save your lover's bacon.

CAMIRA. My lover?

CALIPH. Yes, your *interview* last night.

CAMIRA. You *hint a view* of it by no means right.
(*aside*) Oh father, could I own 'twas you, but no pa!
You're this man's foe, let him suspect & *faux pas*.

CALIPH. Enough, you will not name him, you defy me!

CAMIRA. Sire, spare me, pray. Why did you ever buy me?
I never sought to come thus near a throne,
Poor Camira lived happy all unknown;
Humble her lot, no Camira e'er poorer,
Obscure her state, no *Camira obscurer*,
Till seized by a marauding Arab crew,
In vain I cried *Arrah be aisy, do*;
They dragg'd me here, sold me your slave to be.
CALIPH. Peace, for a slave your style is much too free.
Mesrou, see you this trespasser we find?
To mind our harem you had *e'er a mind*,
While prison bars shall teach this beauty proud
Our first chief law. No followers allowed.

Concerted Music.—Recitative.

CALIPH. The laws she has offended,
Back to her prison see her attended.

Air.—" *Legende du Verre*," (*Grand Duchess*.)*

For men to run thus after girls, we know is wrong,
but then
If men did not run after them, why they'd run after
the men.

Chorus. If men did not, &c.

* The Music of the *Grand Duchess* used in this Extravaganza is the property of Messrs. BOOSEY & Co., and can be obtained from them.

MESROUR. The harem's laws she has transgressed, which
 love-making oppose, [beaux.
 We'll have no Cupid's arrows here, and certainly no
Chorus. We'll have, &c,
 Oh no, no beaux, oh no, &c.

CALIPH. *Oh!*
 Yes, our laws such things oppose,
 As Cupid's arrows likewise *beaux*,
 We'll have no beaux
 Here shew a nose;
 No, no, no beaux,
 Come 'neath the rose, &c.

2nd verse.

HASSAN. That girls to visit on the sly is wrong, may be
 quite true,
 Men will though do it when a chance they have, they
 always do.

Chorus. Men will, &c.

MAHOUD. (*aside*) It serves her right, at me no doubt
 she'd turn up her proud nose;
 (*aloud*) So come, no Cupid's arrows here, and
 certainly no beaux.

Chorus. We'll have, &c.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street in Bagdad.*

Music.—Enter CHEBIB and DARINA, R. 1 E.

CHEBIB. Poor ruined bankrupt, no more to be met
 With in *gay circles*, but in the *gay set*, (*gazette*)
 Heigho!

DARINA. Papa, your sighs my bosom touch,
 Why so *much heigho!*

CHEBIB. 'Cos *I owe* so much,
 My debts so large.

DARINA. Is sighing o'er them wise?
 They won't get smaller with increase of *sighs*.

CHEBIB. I once was rich, now fate's of all bereft me,
 Your brother too, ungrateful boy, has left me.

DARINA. He'll come back doubtless, but let's home, 'twere
 best

Those murdering Arabs, who our streets infest.

I fear to meet (*screams and hides her face*)
See, one now this way passin'.

Enter HASSAN, L.

CHEBIB. A murderer, no it's only that *ass Hassan*.

HASSAN. An ass ? a donkey ? I!

DARINA. Pray leave us.

HASSAN. (*angrily*) No.

CHEBIB. This is the donkey, dear, what wouldn't go.

HASSAN. Beware, old man, how you our friendship sever.

You're in my debt ! When will you pay me. ?

CHEBIB. (*melodramatically*) Never!

I'll circumvent you yet.

HASSAN. Try, you'll repent it.

DARINA. On me, *sir, vent* your wrath, *come; sir, come vent it.*

HASSAN. Darina, once I loved you, you refused me;

I asked you of your father, he abused me;

I bribed your waiting maid, your maid buttricked me;

Tried your big brother, your big brother kicked me;

Still, spite of all I've suffered, say e'en yet

You're mine, so terminates your father's debt.

CHEBIB. Think you to terminate my debt's temptation

Enough to alter my *debt-termination* ?

Away!

HASSAN. What says Darina!

DARINA. Spare me, pray.

HASSAN. Nay then, you shall be mine another way.

I'll sell you up, all—bag and baggage.

CHEBIB. (*angrily*) Sir!

HASSAN. But I'll buy in the baggage, meaning her.

DARINA. Buy me ?

CHEBIB. My child sold for a slave !

HASSAN. Ne'er doubt it;

I'll to the Cadi straight, and see about it. *Exit, R.*

DARINA. What, I put up for auction, wretched lot!

CHEBIB. And we live 'neath Alraschid's rule.

Enter CALIPH, disguised, L.

CALIPH. Why not?

What's your charge 'gainst Alraschid ?

CHEBIB. He abets
That hateful custom of-----

CALIPH. What?

CHEBIB. Paying debts.
But who are you? Your dress and looks proclaim,
One of those plundering Arabs.

DARINA. (R.) Pa', for shame!
(*crosses to c.*) Excuse my father's rudeness, sir.

CALIPH. (*starting*) What's here ?
Those wondrous charms!

DARINA. Oh my!

CALIPH. Oh lor!

DARINA. Oh dear!

CALIPH. Fair maid!

DARINA. Fair sir!

CALIPH. You were about to say-----

DARINA. Was I? I don't remember.

CHEBIB. How now pray!
'Twould seem this Arab thief----- (*crosses c.*)

CALIPH. Thief! Nay, take heed!
Who I am, matters not.

DARINA. No, pa', indeed!

CALIPH. Give me this maid.

CHEBIB. Her dowry, what about!

CALIPH. Fear not, on her I'm *nuts*, and I'll *shell out*.

CHEBIB. Nuts—you are cracked!

DARINA. Well, pa', your great anxiety,
Is—I should marry into *crack* society.

CHEBIB. True, you're my sole resource, now.

CALIPH. Then your course is
The prudent one. To *husband* your *resources*.
Let's in!

CHEBIB. The dowry, in hard cash, you'll settle?
No paper. Gold!

CALIPH. Sir, I'm a man of *metal* !

CHEBIB. At least, you'll let us know your name, young
man,

CALIPH. Willingly. I'm called, Al Bondocan.

Trio.—" *Ah que j'aime les Militaires.*"—*Grand Duchess.*

CALIPH. Come, sir, all's right, you needn't doubt it,
Dowry, don't fret about it.
Don't fear you'll go without it.
I'll a first-rate husband make,
That's a fact, and no mistake.

DARINA. Yes Pa! all right, why should you doubt it?
His rank, no more about it,
Question ! Consent without it.
Who or whatsoe'er he be,
He's just the man for me.

CHEBIB. Something more of him, I'd know;
Ere my child I give away.
In one word, sir, yes or no,
Have you naught to me to say?

DARINA. { We'd }
and { } } Simply say (*four times*)
CALIPH. { I'd }

CHEBIB. What would he say ? (*three times*)

CALIPH. (*sustained note*) Oh!

DARINA. } (*quavers*) Well! well! well!

CHEBIB. }
CALIPH. Slap bang, here we are again, here we are again,
More than this of whom I am,
I'd rather not explain.

(*ALL repeat*) Slap bang, &c.

DARINA. } More than this of who he is,

CALIPH. } He'd rather not explain. *Dance off, L.*

Enter ABDALLAH, R.

ABDAL. My boyhood's home once more I visit you,
I've only been away three days it's true,
Ye flags and curbstones ! cold, hard as before!
Ye bricks and mortar ! changeless as of yore!
Ye posts I used to over ! there you rest to-day,
Unmoved, unchanged, as the day before yesterday.
Yet how am I changed, Camira, my love,
Stolen by Arabs I to despair I'm druv!
Felo-de-se suggests itself to me !
What else hard fate for this poor *fellow d'ye see.*

Retires up, R.

Enter CADI, L., ringing a bell followed by GUARDS.

CADI. Oh, yes ! Oh, yes ! good citizens, give ear!
(angrily) Good citizens, will none of you appear I
 Come on, good citizens. *(seeing ABDALLAH)* Oh,
 here! you'll do.
 Come, I'll the proclamation make to you !
(rings bell again) Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

HASSAN *runs in R. and touches CADI on the shoulder.*

HASSAN. I sought you everywhere!
 CADI. Slave ! interrupt the Cadi if you dare !
 I've state affairs on hand.

HASSAN. Nay, sir, one minute !

This purse----- *(gives one)*

CADI. *(confidentially)* What! bribe the Cadi—what's
 there in it ?

HASSAN. Listen ; a fellow in my debt has got !

CADI. *(after feeling weight of purse)* You shall be paid,

HASSAN. Thank you, I'd rather not.

Revenge I seek; deep wrong me has he done;

He owes me hundreds—*(vindictively)* but I owe him
 one!

Him and his daughter both I'd sell.

ABDAL. My father

It is you'd ruin, is it? Speak, dog!

HASSAN. Father!

Your sister likewise.

ABDAL. Say! ungrateful wretch !

What would you sell *them* for ?

HASSAN. For what they'll fetch.

ABDAL. Oh, cur, bence!

CADI. Silence I order, if you please;

The law can't stand *oh-cur-hences* like these.

I've to make proclamation.—Listen all!

A man, last night, climbed o'er the Harem's wall!

To find him, the reward's one thousand net.

(showing two bags)

ABDAL. *(aside)* A glorious chance! say, what's my
 father's debt ?

HASSAN. Five hundred !

ABDAL. *(to CADI)* The reward hand over.

CADI. Why ?
 ABDAL. The culprit I denounce.
 CADI. Who was it ?
 ABDAL. (*snatching bags*) I! (*chord*)
 CADI. You—
 ABDAL. Aye, Sir, I, 'twas I!
 CADI. I, I, you'll find it
 Best, 'stead of talking of your eye, to mind it.
 The headsman's axe your doom, why own your
 treason ?
 ABDAL. Nay, let him *axe* me, but don't ax my reason.
 (*aside*) To save my father, I myself have sold;
 (to CADI) Mine be the guilt, sir, (*to HASSAN*) yours,
 sir, be the gold, (*gives him one of the bags*)
 CADI. Away with him! (*GUARDS take ABDALLAH off, L.*)
 HASSAN. (*angrily*) My vengeance foiled.
 CADI. What say you ?
 How foiled?
 HASSAN. I'm paid.
 CADI. And pray who saw him pay you ?
 None but myself and guards; now, if you're wise,
 You'll throw a little gold dust in our eyes,
 And we see nothing. (*pointing to bag*)
 HASSAN. Should his tale prevail ?
 CADI. Stuff, when his head's off, none will heed his *tale*.
 HASSAN. Nay, then, Darina's once more in my power.
 When may I sell them up ? (*gives money bag*)
 CADI. (*writing*) This very hour, (*gives warrant*)
 HASSAN. The auctioneer at once shall bill the town;
 This couple, so stuck up, I'll have *knocked down*:
 I'll show no mercy, for my debt I'll clamour,
 Paid on the *nail*, or bring them to the hammer.
Exit, R.

CADI. A decent morning's work I've done, by Jove
 I'm artful, bold—a cheeky, leary cove.

Song.—"The Chickaleary Cove."

I'm a cheeky, leary cove, and make one, two, three,
 P'raps four, or p'raps five hundred of a morning;
 I get bribed all right and left, for my suitors offer me
 What to take p'raps other magistrates are scorning :

Folks, justice say, is blind; her eyesight I don't mind,
 She is'nt deaf as well—so I'm thinking,
 I judgment can pronounce; weighing justice by
 the ounce,
 The arguments I hear by their chinking.

(rattling money bag)

I'm a cheeky, leary cove, *(repeated)*

If a suitor rich should come, with a good round sum,
 Prepared as a slight tribute to the Cadi;
 I'm convinced his cause is right, while a hard-up suitor
 might

Bring what proof he like's, I'd feel his case was
 shady.

A lawyer great am I, but have no notions high
 Of honour; don't e'en look to the woosack ;
 Let other chaps go in for that, give me the tin—
 The sack that I desire is a full sack.

I'm a cheeky, leary cove, &c. *(repeat)*

Dance off, R.

Enter CHEBIB, L.

CHEBIB. Who is this man who'd wed my daughter? He
 In dress an Arab robber seems to be;
 But with it, he the courtesy unites,
 And grandeur of the fam'd Arabian Knights.
 His very name strikes terror ; where'er heard!
 The hearer flies—I may say, like a bird.
 He'll have all settled instantly, *(looking off)* How
 prime!

Here comes the Cadi in the nick of time.

Enter CADI, R.

Cadi, you're wanted.

CADI. I, slave, wanted!

CHEBIB. Yes.

At my house yonder, you know my address.

CADI. Sir, this address ill suits your low degree;

A cad, a coster, thus *accosting* me.

CHEBIB. A coster, nay! that charge at least retract,

All costers were put down by the late Act.

CADI. Dog! for this insolence I'll make you pay. [say,

CHEBIB. You make folks pay for most things, I've heard

Fear not, I'll fee you, you shall have your pelf.

CADI. *I fee'd* by you ! you scarce *can feed* yourself.

CHEBIB. P'raps not, but I've a friend at home who can.

CADI. What friend, slave?

CHEBIB. Well, his name's Al Bondocan.

CADI. (*alarmed*) That name, (*aside*) The Caliph, (*kneels*

CHEBIB. (*aside*) It's my belief (*to* CHEBIB) Sir

My son-in-law's a wizard—not a thief.

Whene'er that name I utter, 'tis the same;

Yet Shakespeare coolly asks " what's in a name? "

CADI. I am your slave, command me.

CHEBIB. Yes, I mean to :

My daughter's marriage contract's to be seen to.

CADI. I'll draw it up at once.

CHEBIB. Good. *Exit, R.*

CADI. (*calling after him*) By-the-bye,

Might I ask who's to be the bridegroom ?

CALIPH. (*who has entered from L. disguised,*) I!

CADI. (*prostrating himself*) Your Majesty.

CALIPH. Peace ! my disguise is known

To my most trusty officers alone.

CADI. I'm on the list, sire.

CALIPH. Well, then, *list* to me.

This fair maid's dowry must right royal be.

CADI. You know she's poor, of course, sire.

CALIPH. Poor or rich,

She weds a prince, and one who'll act as sich.

Duet.—Air, "Kiss me quick."—(Grand Duchess.)

CALIPH. In this costume, myself disguising,

My people's acts surprising ;

My secrets though none must betray.

To do my bidding you advising,

Yes, you, sir, I'm advising.

CADI. Sire, I obey without a question ;

Without a question of your motives, sire, I'll you obey.

I obey, I obey.

CALIPH. The name I have assumed when hearing—

CADI. Al Bondocan.

CALIPH. All doubt about me disappearing.

CADI. Al Bondocan.

CALIPH. You'll to the letter me obey.
 CADI. Sire, I obey.
 CALIPH. And my secrets by no word betray.
 CADI. Al Bondocan, sire, whene'er that name I hear.
 CALIPH. You'll do as bid when that name hearing,
 All doubt or question disappearing.
 CADI. Al Bondocan! Sire, I'm your man.
 CALIPH. Whate'er the orders, you'll obey,
 You will, sir, say you will, yes.
 CADI. Whate'er the orders, I'll at once obey, yes.
 CALIPH. The orders you'll at once obey, at
 once obey. } [together)
 CADI. The orders I'll at once obey.
 CADI. That name, sire, will command me.
 CALIPH. I see you understand me.
 CADI. 'Tis Al Bondocan.
 CALIPH. Quite right, my good man,
 I see you understand me.
 CADI. In any way command me ;
 Your secret's sure, with me secure.
 CALIPH. My secret's sure, with you's secure;
 To do good I'm thus disguising.
 Of that fact you may be sure. }
 CADI. For our good 'tis you're disguising, }
 Thus, of that, sire, I feel sure, }
 So, sire, in all command me. }
 CALIPH. I see you understand me.
 CADI. Of that, sire, be sure.
 CALIPH. Of that, sir, I'm sure. Oh, yes, you understand
 me.
 CADI. In any way command me, of me you're sure, yes,
 sire; yes, are sure.
 CALIPH. Of you I am sure; yes, friend, yes, sure.
 " Ah! Consolarmi."—Linda di Chamouni. (together).
 CALIPH. 'Tis for my people's sake I stray
 Disguised the streets through nightly,
 That so for myself find out I may
 If things go on all rightly.
 Known but to few, the name I bear,
 Those few to keep it secret swear,

Al Bondocan, those words secure
Obedience swift and sure—yes, from all obedience
swift and sure.

CADI. Happy the people ! 'neath your sway,
The streets you roaming nightly,
That for yourself find out you may
If things go on all rightly.
Known is to me the name you bear,
And I to keep it secret swear;
Al Bondocan ! those words secure
Obedience swift and sure—yes, from me obedience
swift and sure. *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Gardens of the Palace.*

Enter MAHOUD and GUARDS.

MAHOUD. Be careful of your watch.

CAPTAIN. I can't.

MAHOUD. Why so ?

CAPTAIN. My watch was stolen at the Lord Mayor's show,
Likewise my guard.

MAHOUD. My friend, your case I pity;
The show cost you more than it did the City.
But here your guard your watch and ward must
keep,
Remember, this is not the ward of *Chepe*.
Our prisoner is about to take the air;
To keep off trespassers must be your care.
The one who came the other night we've potted.
(*Music*) Our captive comes—quick! to your posts
allotted, (*the GUARDS go off at different sides*)

Enter CAMIRA, R.

'Tis she ! down, throbbing heart! What's this I find ?
A *turn-key harsh* ! I mustn't *turn key-ind*.
(*to CAMIRA*) Sweet captive.

CAMIRA. (*indignantly*) Sir! this freedom.

MAHOUD. We're alone,

Forgive my freedom, and accept your own;
Fly with me I you've your jailer subjugated;
You, *captive loved*, have me so *captiv-'ated*.

CAMIRA. I fly with you ? I at the thought revolt,
Better your locks and bars than such a *bolt*.

MAHOUD. Why, I'm a captain! No maid can withstand,
An officer who *offers her* his hand.
You'll *coincide* now with my plan I'll swear;
Let's *go inside* and for our flight prepare.

CAMIRA. No ; rather death than with a wretch like you
Escape.

MAHOUD. You love another ?

CAMIRA. If I do-----

CAMIRA. What then, sir ?

MAHOUD. This then! I, who you of late
Looked to *adore*, now look but to the gate.
No more, proud maid, your lover ! You in me
Your *jailer see*, made mad by *jailer-sy*.

*Duet.—" Les Oiseaux d'Angleterre Polka. "**

MAHOUD. Me you've spurned. Go ! I've no more to say
to you.

Me rejecting, you are mad! Words would not
convey to you

What I now think of you; but some day to you
Will the knowledge come of what a chance you've
lost.

CAMIRA. For your threats I care not; for the suit on me
you've pressed, sir.

Like yourself, your suit, sir, I can but detest, sir.
Think not that I fear you; so just do your worst or
best, sir.

Me to talk too thus, you your place will cost, sir.
(*repeat together, and dance off, R. 1 E.*)

*Enter HAZEB, R.U.E., cautiously—his foot pushed forward,
then his sword—then the top of his high-crowned tur-
ban—he comes on.*

HAZEB. Nobody here! Then on the scene to enter
The wretched fugitive, perhaps, may ventur';
For, should he meet folks who'd be too inquisitive,
The *fugitive* becomes, I may say, *fidgitive*.

* By A. MOLLEN. Published by WILLIAMS & Co., Paternoster Row.

Still here alone! I'll tell my wretched tale, if
You'll keep it dark, (*looks cautiously round*)
I fought against the Caliph ;
Opposed him step by step; and I admit
At every step I put my foot in it.
'Gainst his reform, our party's helpless grown;
Our strength *used up*, let him *us'u(r)p* the throne.
Since then, this wretched outlaw's life I've led—
A price—more than it's worth—set on my head.
Still, to be near my daughter, and to free her,
I ventur's here. One night I vent to see her.
Scaling these walls, wherein she's kept a slave,
I missed an awful scrape by a close shave.
The guard surprised me; but I hit out hard,
And rather fancy I surprised the guard.

Music.—Enter MESROUR—GUARDS come in and surround
HAZEB.

MESROUR. Traitor!—this time we've caught you.

HAZEB. Mesrou, no !

Not traitor, though I own Alraschid's foe !

MESROUR. Hazeb! rash fool! Why rush on certain
slaughter?

HAZEB. Why? (*aside*) Yet they mustn't know that she's
my daughter.

My head proscribed, I know, must forfeit pay.

MESROUR. You've lost your head already, I should say.

(*to GUARDS*) Secure him !

(*they bind HAZEB, a, la Rob Roy*)

HAZEB. Time was you could not resist,

This *single arm* still less this *doubled fist* !

MESROUR. 'Twas you then, from this spot some nights
since fled,

Whom I accosted.

HAZEB. And who punched your head.

MESROUR. No more. Vile outlaw!

HAZEB. Mesrou, understand. (*Music, piano*)

There's not a red Macgregor in the land,

Macgregor! that's not right! Red, yes, I've got it!

There's not a red Republican ! That's not it,

Some dreadful threat my mind is on the brink of it;

No matter, Mesrou, what—dream of it! think of it!
 Though for the moment you my hopes destroy,
 You've not subdued the outlaw yet, old boy.
Rob Roy Music—he is led off, MESROUR following, R. u. E.

Music.—Enter the CALIPH, CADI, HASSAN, ATTENDANTS, &c, L. u. E.—Chorus same as opening Chorus.

ALL. (*shout*) Long live the Caliph !

CALIPH. Friends, you're very kind,
 But don't shout longer than you feel inclined;
 I feel half deafened by triumphal marches,
 My eyes are weary of triumphal arches,
 All worries me, *rank! state!* (*to CADI*) What can
 this be?

CADI. Well, a rank state of spoons it seems to me.
 You are in love, sire, and would marry.

CALIPH. True!
 Shall love, though, the great Haroun thus subdue !
 Rouse! Rouse thee, man ! nor thus away be carried.

CADI. The *rows* will come, sire, after you are married.

CALIPH. To business.—You've the traitor caught you say,
 Our slave who came to visit.

CAMIRA runs in, R. 2 E.

CAMIRA. Spare him pray.

Here on my knees—I ask, be kind, so please ye.

CALIPH. But why on knees?

CADI. Yes, girl! and why *un-easy* ?

CALIPH. Bring in the prisoner.

MAHOUD leads in ABDALLAH followed by GUARDS, R. U. E.

CALIPH. (*looking at ABDALLAH*) So !

CAMIRA. Him don't be hard on,
 Naught has my *pa' done* that you may not *pardon*.
 My father!

CALIPH. How ?

CAMIRA. (*aside*) Oh my unguarded tongue!

CALIPH. Your father, eh ? He must have married young !

CAMIRA. (*looking up*) Abdallah !

ABDAL. Camira, oh rarest wonder,
My lost one found.
CAMIRA. My love ! (*they embrace*)
MAHOUD. Tear them asunder.
ABDAL. Nay, leave her in my arms one minute, do.
CAMIRA. His *arm* round me can do no *harm* to you.
CALIPH. This youth *a parent* ? nay, deceitful one,
Your falsehood is *apparent*—he is none.
CAMIRA. It was not he your harem's laws transgressed.

Enter MESROUR, leading in HAZEB, R.

MESROUR. Sire, here's another who the crime confessed.
CALIPH. Another! (*starts at seeing HAZEB*) Hazeb!
CAMIRA. (*running to HAZEB*) Oh, my father!
CADI. What!
I say, how many fathers have you got ?
CALIPH. His daughter! (to HAZEB) Speak, thou rebel!
HAZER. Sire, no more
A rebel, mercy I would now implore—
Not for myself, but for my child.
CALIPH. Enough!
Your Caliph pardons both of you.
(HAZEB and CAMIRA embrace)
MAHOUD. (*aside, disgusted*) The muff !
And yet to serve him still myself I humble;
I daren'toppose him; (*savagely*) no, but I can grumble.
(CALIPH goes up talking with HAZEB and ABDALLAH, L.)

Enter HASSAN, L. 2 E.

HASSAN. (to CADI) Cadi, you've swindled me !
CADI. Peace, madman, hold!
HASSAN. You promised I should sell, but I was sold ;
I was paid out.
CADI. Fool! should the Caliph hear,
We shall be both of us *paid out* I fear.
CALIPH. (*coming down with ABDALLAH*) To save your
father, the reward to get,
You charged yourself?
ABDAL. Yes, and discharged his debt.

CALIPH. Discharged it! (*to CADI*) Yet your men to
seize began.

HASSAN. But, sire, were paid, by one Al Bondocan,
CADI. (*terrified*) Al Bondocan!

CALIPH. Hence with him—bastinade him!
The Cadi too, who in this wrong would aid him.

CADI. *Are Cadis* treated thus, sire?

CALIPH. Aye, in troth;
Arcades ambo! hence they're blackguards both.

" *Voici le Sabre de Mon Pere.*"—(*Grand Duchess.*)*

HAZEB. Lo! here the sabre of my father,
Ne'er to be drawn, sire, 'gainst you more;
Ere now your troops have felt it—rather,
Now all its work I feel is o'er.

MESROUR. (*taking sword*) Traitor! you prisoner thus
while making [*sword to CALIPH*]
This lay I at our monarch's feet; (*offering*)
And, Sire, his errors past forsaking;
Full pardon grant him I entreat.
(*CALIPH takes sword and returns it to HAZEB*)

CALIPH. Voici le sabre, &c.
Voici le sabre de ton pere.

Chorus. Voici le sabre, &c.
Voici le sabre de son pere.
(*scene closed in*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Chebib's Dwelling—Enter*
CHEBIB and DARINA.

CHEBIB. So, girl, all's settled for your marriage.

DARINA. True!

But who's this man I'm to be married to?
What's his profession, and where does he live?
He pays addresses, has he none to give?

CHEBIB. What matter where he lives? When in a mess,
I give his name, none ask for his address.
When bailiffs come to seize, I've but to say,
" Al Bondocan!" the bailiffs cut away.

* Published by Messrs. BOOSEY & Co.

If in the streets arrested I should be,
I say, " Al Bondocan," and I am free.
He's some enchanter I believe.

DARINA. You're right,
I was enchanted by him at first sight.
I wish he'd conjure back my brother though.
CHEBIB. Of course he will.

Enter ABDALLAH, L.

ABDAL. Father. (ABDALLAH and DARINA embrace)
CHEBIB. I told you so.

Enter HAZEB and CAMIRA, L.

HAZEB. Old friend, you've me forgotten, am I wrong?
CHEBIB. *Hazeb ! (crosses, c.)*
HAZEB. *E'en so.*
CHEBIB. Where *has he been so long? (shaking hands)*
ABDAL. (*leading CAMIRA forward*) Father, I have succeeded—wish me joy.
CHEBIB. Of course we all succeed just now, my boy,
We've in the family a conj'ror.
ABDAL. (*looking round*) Where ?
Yourself? Nay, you're no conjuror I'll swear.
(postman's knock, L.)
CHEBIB. The post, (*goes off, L., and immediately returns with a letter*) Now then, read for yourself.
ABDAL. (*reading*) " Old man,
Your son and friends are free.—Al Bondocan."
Once more that strange name! who's this Mister B. ?
DARINA. Brother, this Mister B's a *myster-ee.*
CHEBIB. A wizard whom your sister weds! you start.
ABDAL. What, her white hand be won by his *black (h) art.*
CAMIRA. My dear, who knows? we're not with him acquainted.
He may not be so black as he is painted.
DARINA. Black! Nay, all's fair in him, let me remark;
It's only his profession he *keeps dark.*
They say my beau's an Arab, but I'm loth
To think that he's a *bow* and *Arab* both.

HAZEB. Enough, (*to CHEBIB*) Old friend, all's settled;
what d'ye say

To hold both weddings on the self-same day ?

CHEBIB. Agreed! when shall it be? (*to DARINA*) Girl,
what say you?

DAKINA. I'm in no hurry—will to-morrow do?

ABDAL. (*to CAMIRA*) To-morrow, love ?

CAMIRA. Though these delays I hate ;
We'll say to-morrow, if we're bound to wait.

CHEBIB. Come to my room—we'll talk the matter o'er;
(*murmurs outside*)

What's that ? Some vulgar row here, at my door.

HAZEB. Some low commotion.

Enter CADI, limping, followed by CAPTAIN.

CADI. Speak, not I entreat,
Of locomotion.

HAZEB. Why?

CADI. Oh, my poor feet !

CHEBIB. The Cadi! Why this limp ?

CADI. It's what they call
The *limpied* stream of justice, sir, that's all.
I call it-----

ABDAL. Nay, man, for mere words don't squabble;
Your walk proclaims you've got into a *hobble*.

CADI. The bastinade I've undergone, alack !

ABDAL. So then of punishment you've got your whack.

CADI. My whack? my hundred whacks! I got the whole.

CHEBIB. Upon your feet ?

CADI. Yes, sir, upon my sole !

CHEBIB. What for ?

CADI. Some cash of yours held back.

ABDAL. Absurd!

Held back ? say stolen, Cadi, that's the word.

CADI. Stolen 'twas ; my excuse-----

ABDAL. Don't try to frame one.

Your limping's your excuse.

CADI. It's but a lame one.

A trickster's feat I tried, that I admit.

CHEBIB. And so the trickster's *feet* got paid for it.

Why come you in our circle ?

CADI. I could put in
One claim at any rate—I've paid my *footing*.
But here's your gold; (*gives bag*) and I was to explain,
Al Bondocan restores it.

CHEBIB. There again.
I told you so. (*looking round in triumph*)

DARINA. Speak, Cadi; who—what is he ?

CADI. What, you don't know ? [busy.

CAPTAIN. (*aside to CADI*) Beware! (*to DARINA*) The Cadi's
His work here's done—march ! (*aside to CADI*)
Speak and you will rue it!

CADI. It's easy to say march, but who's to do it?

Concerted Piece.—Air, " The Don of the Club. "

ABDAL. Oh, my joy now is full, 'tis complete, my dear.

CAMIRA. This hour of bliss how sweet, my dear.

CADI. For you it may be, but not quite so for me,
As I limp on my poor feet, oh dear!



(*together*)

CADI. } Though for joy all for them's now } Oh dear!
CAPTAIN. } complete, } You hear !

An hour of bliss most sweet, } Oh dear!
} You hear!

For { me } It can be scarce so nice you see,
} you }

As { I } limp thus on your } Oh dear!
} you } poor feet. } You hear !

THE OTHERS. All our joy is now full and complete, oh
dear!

This hour of bliss how sweet, oh dear!

For all let it be glad jubilee,

When lovers long parted thus meet, my dear.

Symphony.

CADI. (*spoken in time in music*) Oh dear!

ABDAL. (*embracing CAMIRA*) You, dear !

CAMIRA. (*embracing ABDALLAH*) You, dear!

CHEBIB. (*beckoning* DARINA) Come dear!
 DARINA. I'm here!
 CAPTAIN. (to CAM) Come here !
 (*CADI unable to walk gets on CAPTAIN'S back and is carried off, L.—exeunt CHEBIB, HAZEB, DARINA door in flat—ABDALLAH and CAMIRA, R.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*An Open Square in Bagdad.*

Enter POPULACE—*opening Chorus repeated—Enter* MAHOUD.

MAHOUD. More fetes in honor of this Caliph hated,
 He so *well feted*—why am I *ill fated*.
 Who's he ? that he to-day should married be ?
 Why doesn't some one come and marry me ?
 For years have I been grumbling—though, as yet,
 Further than grumbling I could never get.
 I'd seize the throne, nor care how e'er I came to it—
 Though 'twixt ourselves—I've not the slightest claim
 I'd make my troops turn rebels, if I durst, [to it.
 But then my troops would see me further first,
 Shall I then hopes of royalty forego ?

Enter CADI ringing bell, L.

CADI. Oh, yes! oh, yes !
 MAHOUD. Oh, yes! I say, oh, no!
 CADI. Silence. Let all to me give ear!
 MAHOUD. Oh, stuff !
 Give ear to you! as if you'd not enough,
 CADI. Peace! hold your row. Here in this public square,
 To-day our Caliph will his choice declare ;
 So girls, who'd win his fancy, I advise—
 You look well to your smiles, and mind your eyes.
 I think he's booked already—I confess,
 But I've to cry it,—so, oh, yes! oh, yes !
Goes off ringing bell—POPULACE and MAHOUD follow, R.
Enter CAMIRA and ABDALLAH, L. 2 E.

CAMIRA. How nice to think our wedding day should be,
 The Caliph's too.

ABDAL. Why so, love ?
 CAMIRA. Don't you see ?

All these rejoicings, all this stir and fuss —
 Why can't we fancy that it's meant for us ?
 We shall have bands the wedding march to play ;
 Music, for w^e no piper we've to pay;
 land,

" The bride and bridegroom" will, throughout the
 Be toasted, and we've not the drink to stand;
 At night, illuminations brilliant will
 Shine out, and for the gas we get no bill ;
 Then year by year *our* wedding day they'll keep :
 It's very flattering and very cheap.

ABDAL. Oh, paragon of thrift, for a long while,
 No *pair ha' gone* oft in such thrifty style.

Enter CHEBIB, DARINA, and HAZEB, L. 2 E.

HAZEB. So here we are!

ABDAL. Darina, speak I pray!

Who is this man that you're to wed to-day?

DARINA. Indeed I know not!

ABDAL. And you he his spouse made,

With less enquiry than you'd take a housemaid.

What he is—whence he comes—don't try to trace;

Don't ask his character, or his last place.

Think you I'll suffer this ?

HAZEB. Why not, young spark ?

Don't Parliaments e'en take leaps in the dark ?

ABDAL. What's his condition ?

DARINA. Nay, whate'er it be,

Of course he'll change it when he marries me.

ABDAL. To say who, what, he is, I'll him compel;

If he proves worthy of you, good and well;

If not, his wedding notions I'll soon check,

And for his wedding *ring*, I'll *wring* his neck.

CHEBIB. Boy ! he's a wizard! Of your speech take care !

'Praps even now he's hovering in the air

Just *over head, and hears* you there above.

ABDAL. He don't seem *over head and (h) ears* in love;

Why's he not here ?

CAMIRA. My love, Al Bondocan,

Your father swears, is more or less than man.

Don't anger him.

ABDAL. Fear not! I'll him impress on,
 Though he be *more or less* a *moral lesson*.
 You say he's *up there*—I'd have him *ap-pear*.
 Al Bondocan, I summon you!

Enter CALIPH, disguised, L. u. E.

CALIPH. (C.) I'm here ! (*all start—chord*)

DARINA. So, come at last, to fill of joy my cup;
 Though *you're a riddle*, I ne'er gave you up.
No hint of fear or doubt my heart has known.

CALIPH. Who'd *interfere* 'twixt you and me, my own?

ABDAL. I do!

CHEBIB. You don't, rash boy! (to CALIPH) Sir, heed him not,

CAMIRA. (to ABDALLAH) Would you make me a widow-
 on the spot ?

DARINA. (to CALIPH) Forgive my brother for of zeal excess,

CALIPH. A zeal uncalled for, love, *as he'll* confess.

Tis me you love, dear, not my state,

DARINA. At present;

Your state's somewhat too seedy to be pleasant.

ABDAL. What are you, sir? A plundering Arab chief!

CALIPH. (to DARINA) Were I so: nay, were I a common
 thief,

Would you still love me, dearest ?

DARINA. Though it would

Be hardly proper, still I feel I should.

CALIPH. Sweetest! I for a while must leave you,

DARINA. Nay!


Leave me again, and on our wedding day ?

CALIPH. I for the ceremony must prepare,

Must dress!

DARINA. And think you for your dress I care ?

When first you urged your suit, do you *suppose*,

Your suit I looked on as a *suit of clothes* 

Were you in rags hard-up, you mine I'd call.

CALIPH. And not *rag-hard* appearances at all.

I'll soon be back.

ABDAL. Hold on! you don't go yet,

From you some information I've to get.

CALIPH. (*trying to pass him, R.*) Fool!

ABDAL. (*drawing sword*) Nay! I'll know who'd call my
sister wife!

CALIPH. (*drawing his hood aside*) 'Tis I!

ABDAL. (*aside startled*) The Caliph!

CALIPH. (*Aside, to him*) Silence, for your life!
(*aside*) Friends, *au revoir!* To day Al Bondocan's
To be a bridegroom; who'll forbid the banns?

ABDAL. No one.

CALIPH. You're satisfied at least, friend?

ABDAL. Quite.

CALIPH. (*to CHEBIB*) And you?

CHEBIB. Of course! I knew you'd make it right—
You always do.

CALIPH. Good bye then for awhile,

I'll soon be back, in reg'lar bridgroom style.

Exit, R. u. E.

DAEINA. Brother, explain this mystery?

ABDAL. I can't.

DARINA. You could if you but chose.

ABDAL. Well, then, I shan't!

You're lucky, sister, that's all I can say.

*Enter CADI, ringing bell, R., followed by POPULACE and
MAHOUD.*

CADI. Walk up! good citizens; this way—this way!

The show's just going to begin.

MAHOUD. (*aside*) The show!

Were it *my* wedding, would they flock thus? No!

Enter HASSAN, L. 2 E.

HASSAN. My friend the Cadi here! tell me, old shaver,

About this wedding as a *wedding favour*;

I mix in all the best society,

But none can tell me who's the bride to be.

CADI. Hassan, how comes it here you're lightly skipping?

You don't e'en trip.

HASSAN. Nay, you won't catch me tripping.

CADI. Not e'en what I *call lame it is* your walk.

HASSAN. Of our *ca-lam-it-ies* no more let's talk

CADI. Like me the bastinadoe you were to suffer
One hundred stripes—I've limped e'er since.

HASSAN. (*scornfully*) You duffer!

CADI. On my bare feet they gave it me, the brutes !

HASSAN. I bribed them— and I got it on my boots.

Enter MESROUR, R. U. E.

MESROUR. Room for the Caliph ! who comes to proclaim
His chosen bride.

HASSAN. (*to him*) Who is it?—what's her name?

MAHOUD. (*to him*) Silence !

ALL. Long live the Caliph !

*Music.—Enter the CALIPH in state, followed by GUARDS,
CAPTAIN, &C.*

DARINA. Father, see!

Do my eyes play me false, or is it he ?

CHEBIB. Al Bondocan!

CALIPH. Nay, with that name I've done.

The Caliph of Bagdad, sir, and your son.

Darina, henceforth partner of my throne,

You who have loved me for myself alone,

Come to my arms.

DARINA. My husband ! (*runs to him—all shout*)

CALIPH. (*embracing her*) Maid divine !

MAHOUD. (*aside*) She rushes to *his* arms ! why not to mine?

ALL. (*excepting MAHOUD*) Long live the Caliph and his
bride!

CALIPH. My friends !

My length of life here scarce on you depends !

I've other friends whose suffrages I'd gain!

(*to audience*) Yours 'tis to say how long I'm here
to reign,

For many nights, say you on us will smile.

CADI. (*confidentially to audience*) Look here, you know we'll
make it worth your while!

The management—this, mind,'s 'twixt me and you—

Isn't partic'lar to a pound or two.

CALIPH. Nay, heed him not, but with your smiles make
glad,

Al Bondocan, the Caliph of Bagdad!

FINALE.

*Air, "Legende du Verre" (Grand Duchess.)**

CALIPH. So, friends, look kindly as your wont, on what
we now have done,

And say, as oft you've said before, your favour we
have won.

Chorus. And say, &c.

CADI. Forgive shortcomings; if you find some faults,
indulgent be.

MAHOUD. Hold on, if any's to find fault, just leave the
job to me.

Chorus. Forgive shortcomings, &c.

CALIPH. Oh, kindly on our efforts smile,
In your good-natured, well-known style,
Upon us smile, in good old style ;
Our fears beguile, with your kind smile.

Chorus Oh, kindly on our efforts smile,

Change to "Voici le Sabre."

CALIPH. So our finale, finale, &c.

Shall wind up with *eclat* ;

Then, like the sabre, the sabre,

Our piece will be one,—yes, our piece will be one,

Well adapted, adapted to draw, (*all repeat—flourish*)

Curtain.

* Messrs. BOOSEY, Publishers.