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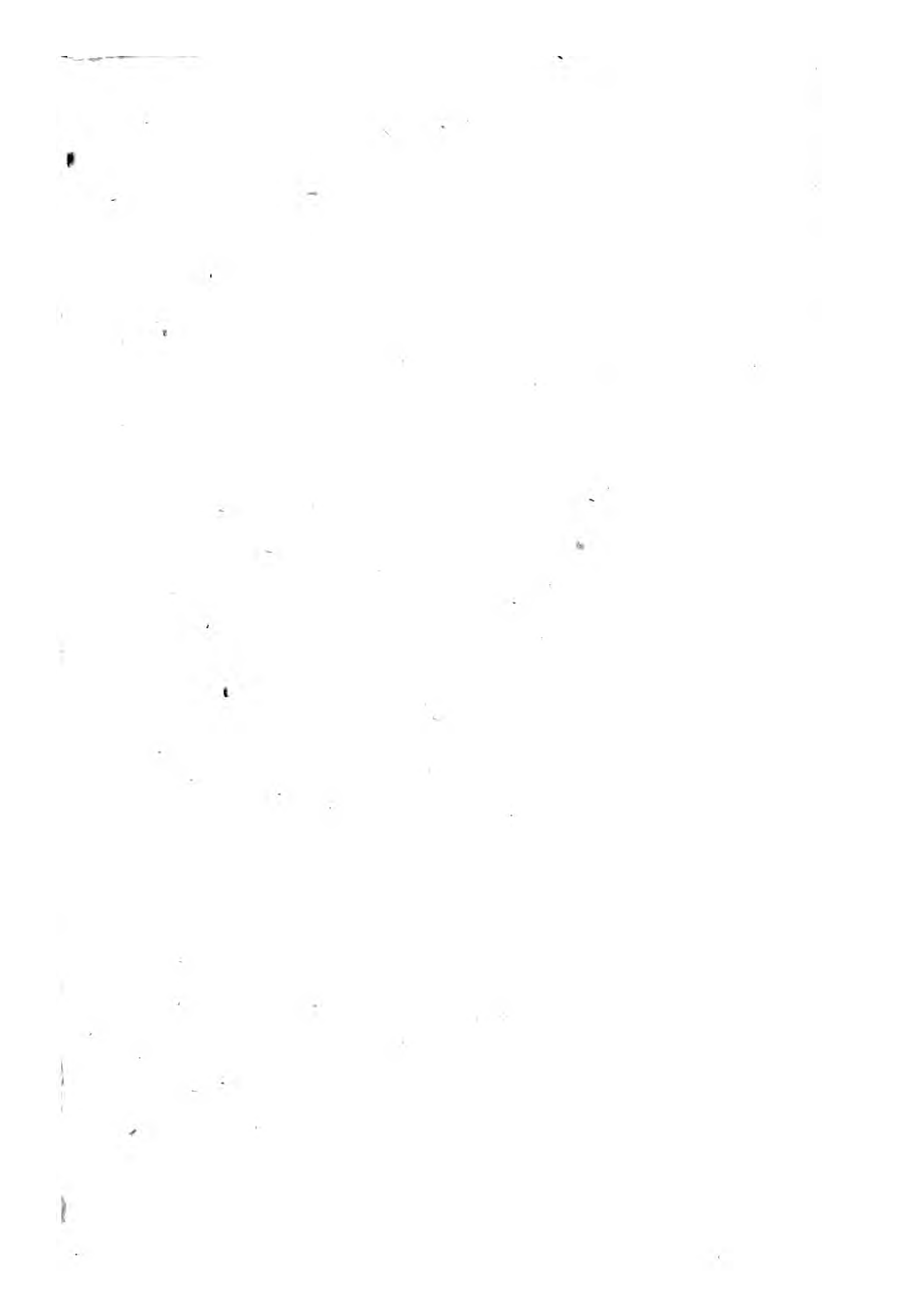
Shuttleworth.
111



W/made A interlocking
1824

Shuttleworth III.









The Forty Thieves.

Hafs. Hear him not! — away with him — Zelic shall now be
our Ransom — to the Cave — &c.

Act I. Scene 5

Duncombe's Edition.

THE
FORTY THIEVES:

A
GRAND ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN AND COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

With all the Original Songs and Chorusses.

.....
THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED FROM THE
PROMPTER'S BOOK; WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS,
AND DIRECTIONS.

.....
AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatres Royal.

—◆—
LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. DUNCOMBE,
19 LITTLE QUEEN STREET, HOLBORN; AND SOLD BY ALL
BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Ali Baba</i> , a poor woodcutter	-	-	-	Mr. Blanchard
<i>Ganem</i> , his son	-	-	-	Mr. Duruset
<i>Cassim Baba</i> , the rich brother	-	-	-	Mr. Atkins
<i>Mustapha</i> , the Cobbler	-	-	-	Mr. Meadows
<i>Abdalla</i> , Captain of the Robbers	-	-	-	Mr. Horrebow
<i>Hassarac</i> , his Lieutenant	-	-	-	Mr. Diddear
<i>Mirza</i> , first Robber	-	-	-	Mr. Mears
<i>Alcandor</i> , second Robber	-	-	-	Mr. Turnour
<i>Selim</i> , Lover of Zelie	-	-	-	Mr. Austin
<i>Orcobrand</i> ,	{	Enchanter of the Black Rock,	}	Mr. Evans
		and protector of the Robbers		
<i>Cogia Baba</i> , wife of Ali Baba	-	-	-	Miss Henry
<i>Zaide</i> , wife of Cassim Baba	-	-	-	Mrs. Weston
<i>Zelie</i> , daughter of a Bashaw	-	-	-	Mrs. Wilson
<i>Morgiana</i> , Slave to Cassim	-	-	-	Mrs. Vining
<i>Ardinelle</i> , Protectress of Ali Baba	-	-	-	Miss Fortescue
<i>Gossamer</i> , principal Sylph	-	-	-	Miss Greener
<i>Sylph</i>	-	-	-	Miss Kendal

Officers, Soldiers, Female Slaves, Robbers, and Attendants.

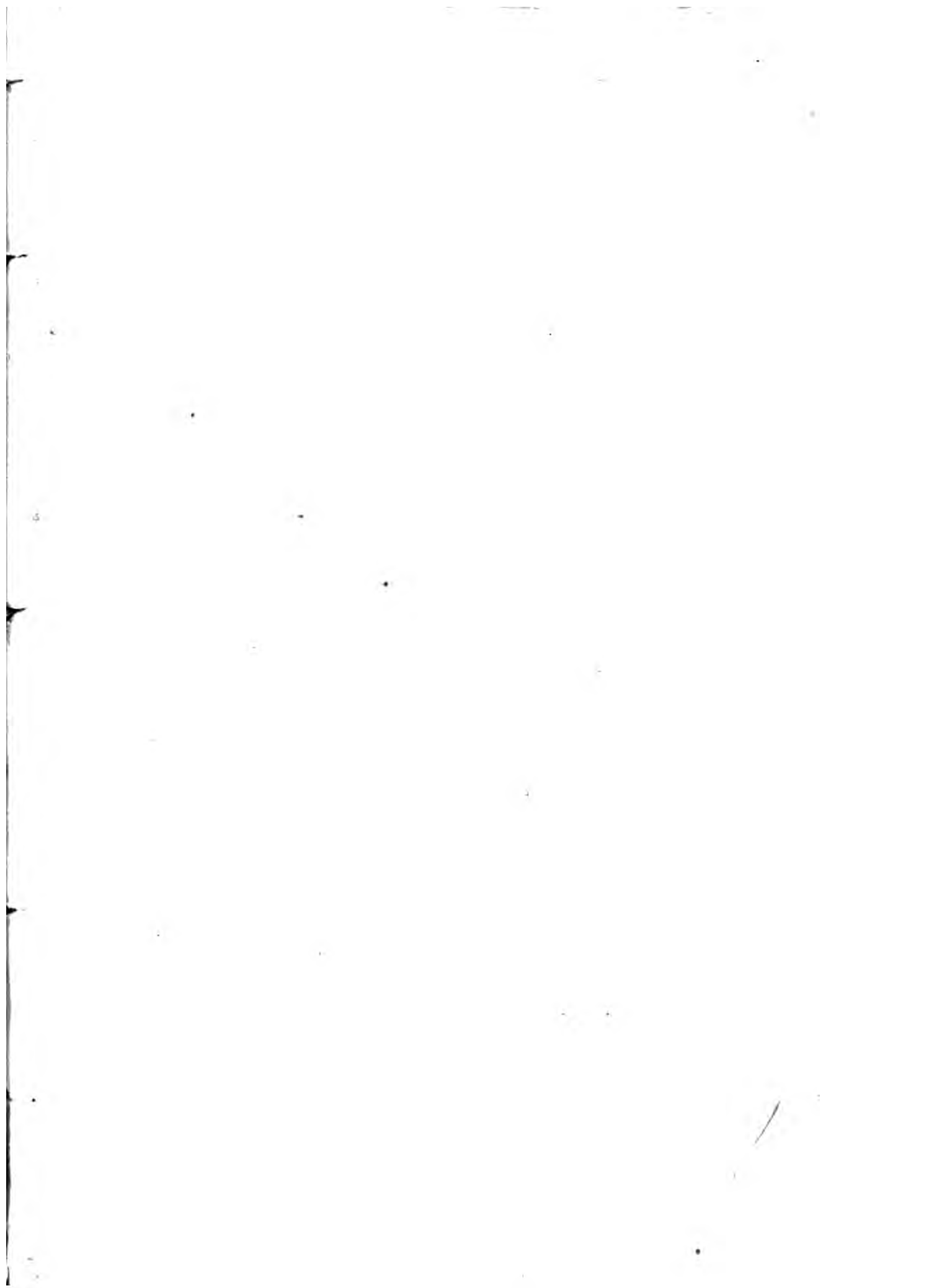
War, Famine, Rapine and Fraud.

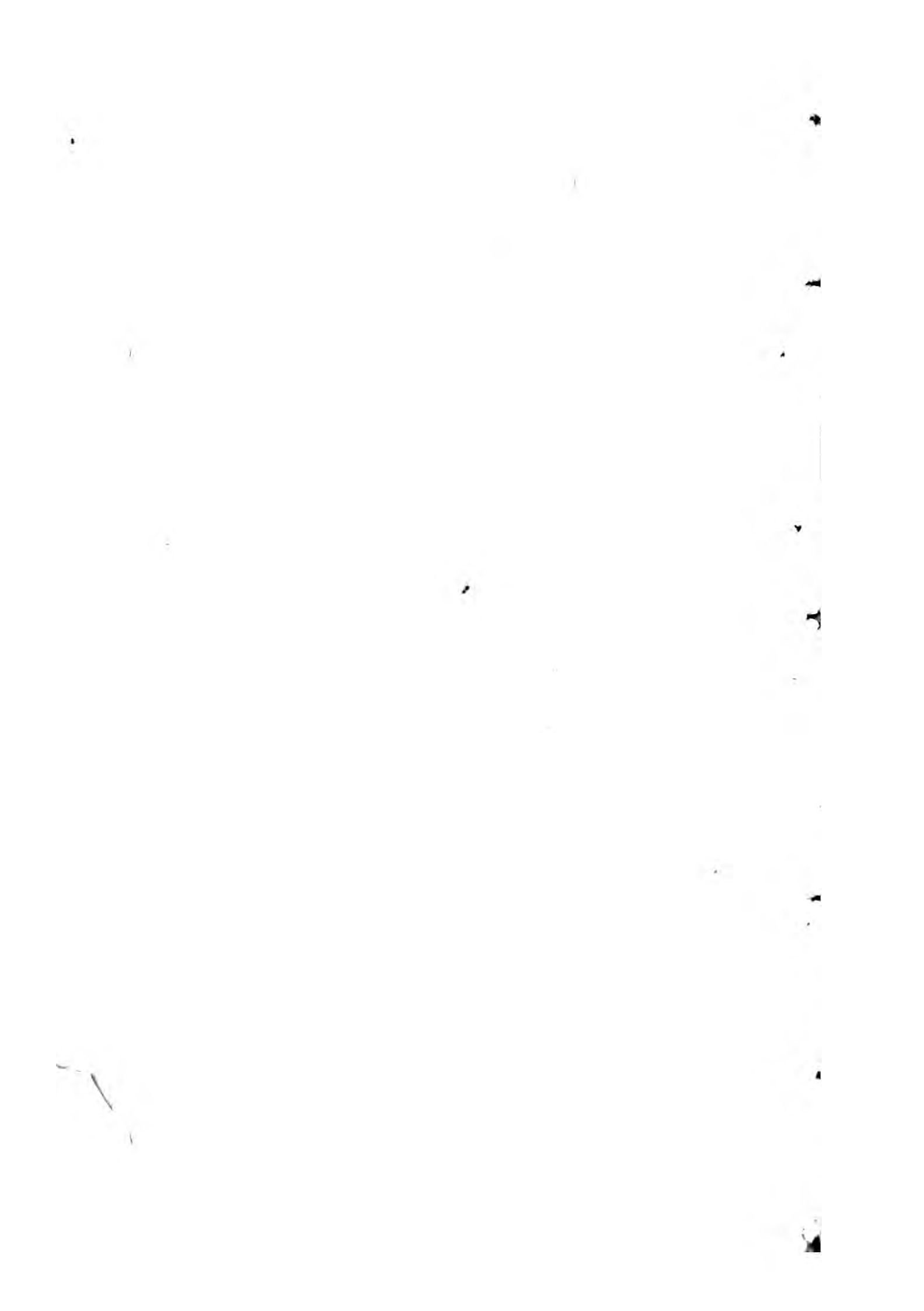
Scene—BAGDAD.

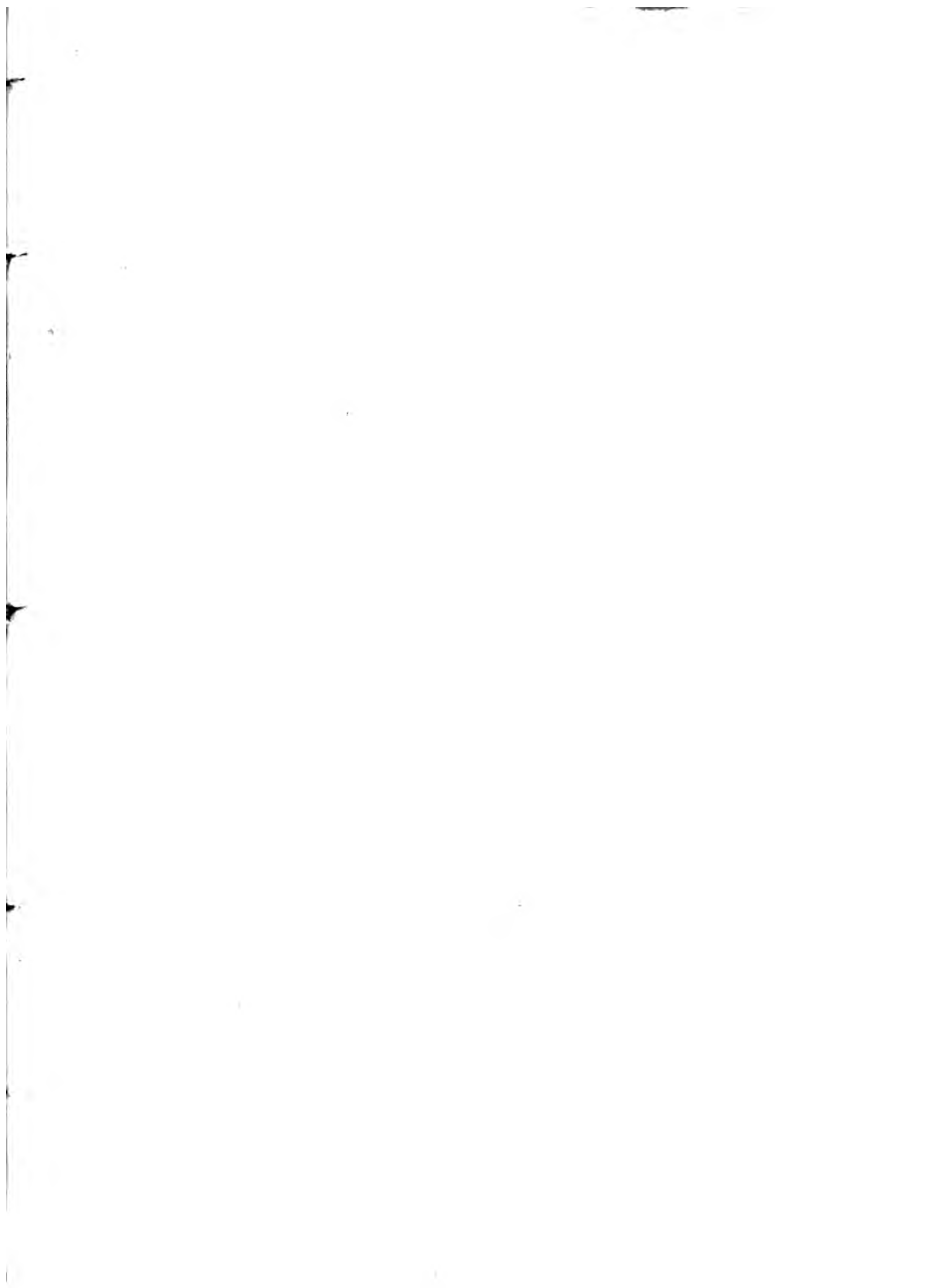
Time of Representation:

About an Hour and Forty Minutes.









1 Fairy. Haply; but vice has some =
- times the ascendant,
Awhile he lords it; Cherisher of rapine,
The fierce banditti, who infest this wood,
Prowl, by his power protected; - but
their leader -
(Leader perforce, - alive to honor still),
He is my care. - Where's Gossamer?
Goss. Here, Mistress.
2. who now heads the robbers?
3 Good, - Thou knowest &c.

THE
FORTY THIEVES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A beautiful Palace.

Gossamer, with Sylphs and Fairies, enter dancing, O.P.
They dance round and form on each side.

Ardinelle enters in a splendid Car drawn by Swans.
The Sylphs and Fairies pay their homage to Ardinelle.

Chorus of Sylphs, Fairies, Naiads, &c.

Fairy of the glassy lake,
Hasten for fair virtue's sake;
Lovely spirit, pure art thou,
As the stream that veils thee now.
While thy chariot glides along,
We tune the choral song—
Thus we tune the choral song,—
Thus we sing and own thy sway,
Friend of virtue's fairest ray.
Friend of virtue's, &c.

Ardinelle alights from the car and comes forward.

Ard. Fairies, whose feet, when Cynthia towers,
Leave circles in the grass; sylphs, that unseen
Flit through the vault of ether; naiads, with tresses
Idly willow-bound, and glassy limbs laved in
The silver stream—attend.

Gos. Hail to our mistress! fairy of the lake. /

Ard. Know'st thou Abdallah, ²leader of the robbers?

Gos. ~~Yes~~ *Full surely*

Ard. ³Thou know'st too Ali Baba. ~~Seen, Orcobrand,~~
~~the~~

~~Enchanter of the forest, may also know him.~~

~~Gos. Mean you the woodman, that comes so oft
From Bagdad to this forest?~~

~~Ard. The same.~~

~~Gos. I ne'er have seen him, gentle mistress.~~

~~Ard. Dull spirit! thou should'st see thro' thought.—~~

~~Observe those whom I would protect—for thou
Must work, and featly, in my purpose.~~

~~Gossamer! this Ali Baba mark, and eke his son;
Two humble woodmen, fall'n from happier
Fortunes, still doom'd to higher. Thus I draw
Their filmy unsubstantial substances.~~

~~[Ardinelle waves her wand—a wood discovered through
a transparency, exhibiting the shadowy figures of
the woodmen—~~

~~2 ~~ALI BABA enters slowly, c.p. beckoning to his son GANEM,
who comes on stretching and yawning, leading an ass, and
pass off—~~~~

~~Former Scene resumed.~~

~~Gos. Why stoops thy power to aid such earthly beings?~~

~~Ard. Earth-taught thing! the hand that wields a sceptre,
And that which holds a plough, are of the self-same
clay.~~

~~In Virtue's eye the good are always great;
The great not always good. Hence comes it,
Peasants bless their kings, when kings
Rule them as fellow men.~~

~~Away away, quick, to your task.~~

~~3 ~~[Exit Ardinelle, p.s. Gossamer, with the Sylphs
and Fairies, go off dancing, c.v.~~~~

~~Path in~~ SCENE II.

~~4 ~~A Rural Avenue leading to the Forest. 190:~~~~

~~Ali (behind) Why Ganem—Ganem, I say! p'ague take
this lazy son of mine, how he loiters. Come along,
Dapple.~~

~~Enter ALI BABA, p.s. Leading an Ass.~~

~~Ali. There, go your ways; you ought to know the
road—you've gone it often enough. (drives off the ass.)
Why, Ganem, I say!~~

1 Ex: Ist the Woodman?
Who as you oft have told me, when
came with his son, from the
day peeps,

2 Moves her wand, part of the
scene opens, and presents a nice
-nature view of the Forest, across
which move the figures of Ali
Baba, with the A's, and his son
Ganem, resembling their appear-
-ance in the next scene. Music
as they pass.

3 The Fairies precede the car
dancing, the bar is drawn down
near front R, cross in front
towards R, up stage to opposite
2nd C. cross stage at 2nd R off L.
Preceded and surrounded by
dancing Fairies &c. - The singing
Fairies following two and two.

3 Shut up scene as soon as the
Fairies are clear of 1st Groove.

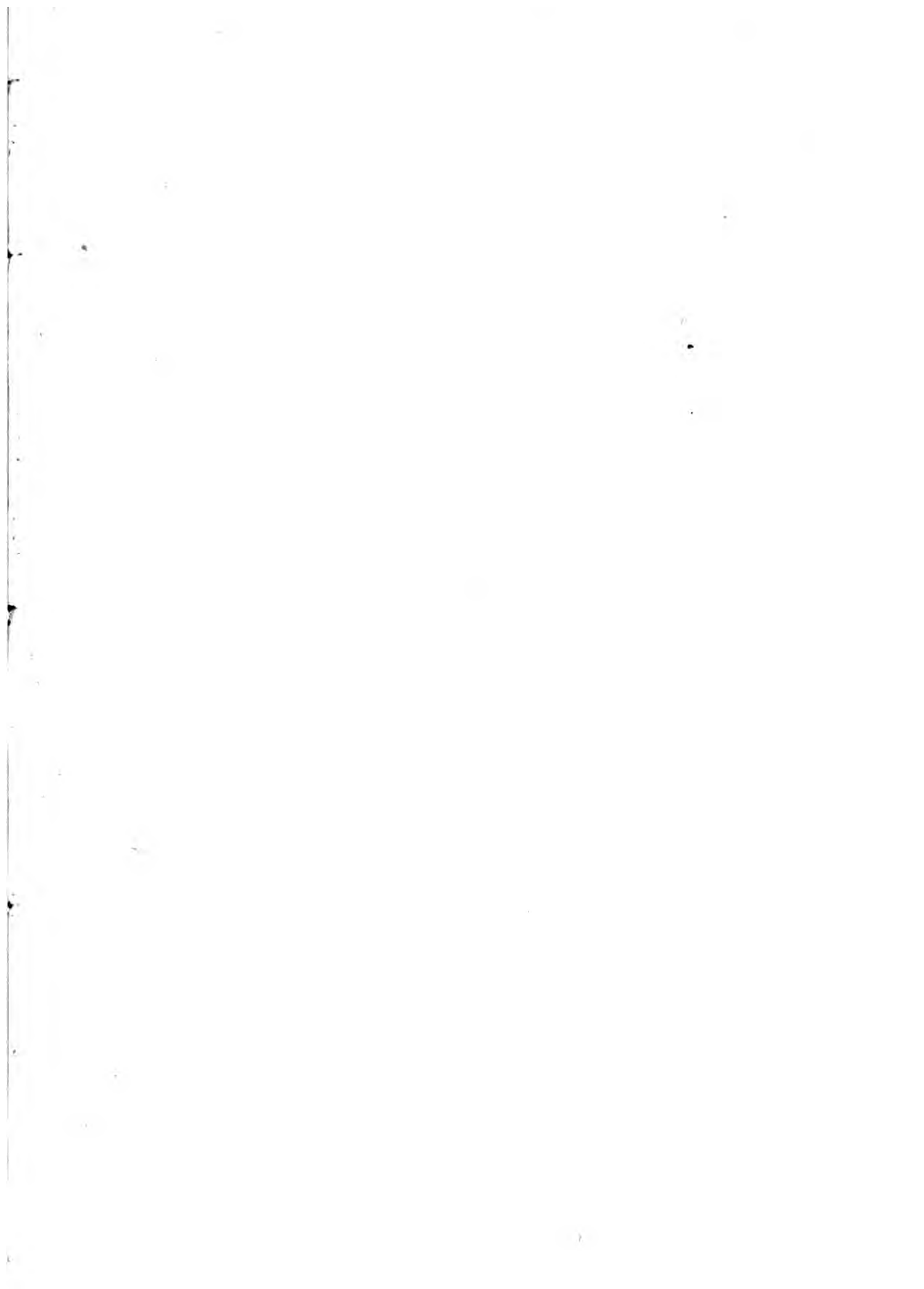
4 Enter Ali Baba Lth, leading
his A's (a real A's with Panniers)
and trolling the tune which intro-
duced his shadow in the former

Scene.

Ali Tol de rol lol. - My, Ganem,
Faster you rogue, faster - I look'd
to have cut a score good logs by
this time. - but this idle son of
mine - My Ganem, I say! a'winds,
(to the asp) do you get on at all
events - for you've gone the road
often enough to know it. (Drives
the Asp off R. H.)

Enter Ganem trolling to his
movement in the transparency.)

Gan. (gaping and singing) Tol de
rol lol &c. Is the sun &c.



1. Gan: Since you flourished in trade,
Father, how often you, and mother,
and I have wanted a breakfast.

2. Gan: Aye, when you were a thriving
Merchant in Bagdad you fed us.

3. Ali: Yes, to set the table.

4. Gan: No to be sure. They bowed
to you while you were Ahi Baba,
the generous merchant, now father,
they point at you for a beggar. 'tis
the way, &c.

5. Ali: Haven't we hatchets? Don't
we cut wood, and live by our ho-
nest industry?

Gan: We do live to be sure, but all
our neighbours &c.

6. Gan: I'll go up into the forest,
to our morning's work. Exit B.

Ali: Call me a beggar indeed! -
All the trades that are driven
are not a bit better than the wood-
man's.

Song.
"To a woodman's &c."

Exit B.

This song in general omitted,
indeed it was not sung more than
six nights.

~~Enter GANEM, yawning and stretching.~~

Ganem. Is the sun up yet, father ?

Ali. Up ! look through the branches of yonder palm trees—it's as round and as yellow ~~ad~~ (Ganem gapes)—Zounds, don't yawn so ; if you do, it will pop down your throat like a poached egg for your breakfast.

~~1 Ganem. Ah, father, when you flourished in trade, you made every one welcome ; and then they never thought you wanted a breakfast.~~

Ali. That was because when I *did* flourish in trade, I could not bear to hear any body say they wanted a dinner.

~~2 Ganem. Yes, and for that reason you fed all the poor.~~

~~3 Ali. To set the rich a good example ; but, curse 'em, now I'm grown poor myself, I don't find they follow it.~~

~~4 Ganem. No, now you are grown a beggar, no one cares about you—'tis the way of the world, father.~~

Ali. Then the world points to a dirty cross-~~road~~^{way}, and confound its finger-posts. But what do you mean by a beggar ? haven't I strength ; haven't we hatchets ; ~~and don't we earn our bread by our honest industry ?~~

~~5 Ganem. Yes, but though we earn our bread, our neighbours say we are half-starved.~~

Ali. Then I'll give 'em the lie plump ; ~~hold~~ hold your tongue, Ganem,—I won't ~~hear~~^{have} my son tell me he's half-starved in my trade : no, while he's with his father cutting wood, I'll maintain he's a chopping boy.

6
SONG—ALI BABA.

To a woodman's hut there came one day,
A physician and dancing-master ;
' This fellow's hovel must serve,' said they,
' For the rain pours faster and faster.'
Heigh-ho, fal de ral.

The physician was proud, and toss'd up his head,
And scarce would the woodman mark, sir ;
' But, doctor,' we're equals,' the woodman said,
' For be both of us deal in bark, sir.'
Heigh-ho, fal de ral.

The master of dance was as grand as you please,
 Till the woodman cried 'how now, sir?'
 You cut but capers—I cut trees,
 And we all know the worth of a bow, sir.
 Heigh-ho, fal de ral.

At last, says the woodman, the weather is good,
 For the rain only falls from the eaves now;
 So put out your heads—'twill be carrying wood,
 And pray both be taking your *leaves*, now.
 Heigh-ho, fal de ral.

[Exit, ~~and~~ R]

Genem. My dear Morgiana! how cruel is this suspense; but why should I make myself uneasy for her whose heart is already mine?

SONG—GANEM.

Ah! what is the bosom's commotion,
 In a sea of suspense while 'tis tost,
 While the heart in our passion's wild ocean,
 Feels even hope's anchor is lost.
 Morgiana, thou art my dearest,
 For thee I have languish'd and griev'd;
 And when hope to my bosom was nearest,
 How oft has that hope been deceiv'd.
 Morgiana my hope was deceived.

The storm of despair is blown over;
 No more by its vapour deprest,
 I laugh at the clouds of a lover,
 With the sunshine of joy in my breast.
 Love, made by a parent my duty,
 To the wish of my heart now arriv'd,
 I bend to the power of beauty,
 And every fond hope is revived.
 Morgiana, my hope is revived.

[Exit, O.P.]

Scene 3rd.

A Garden. Piazza, belonging to
Cassim Baba's house.

Enter Laida and Guests 26 R

Lively Dance and Guests depart
26 L.

They merely ~~only~~ dance cross the
stage and take leave of Laida as
they pass, - she curtsying and
bidding them adieu.

Laida. So they are all gone. (Broad
daylight I declare!) I flatter my-
-self my elegant ball and supper
will be the talk and admiration
of all Bagdad.

Enter Cogia. L.

Cogia! Hope none of the visitors
saw you, in that horrible dowdy
dress of yours.

Cogia! I kept out of the way, as you
ordered, I assure you, sister.

Laida. Well, though I am your sis-
-ter-in-law, you needn't always
be putting me in mind of it. - I
know I am wife to Cassim Baba,
who is rolling in riches. -

Cog. And I am wife to his brother,
Mi Baba, who is pining in poverty.
Laida. That's the reason I am so
kind and compassionate to you...
Whenever I give a grand expensive
entertainment, isn't I always so
considerate as to employ you to
help the servants? - And provided
you keep out of the sight of my fashio=
=able friends that you may not
disgrace me, haven't I at all times
so much affection for you, as to allow
you to earn a day's work in my
house, to keep your brats at home
from starving.

Cog. But if you would be still kind=
=er, and speak for us to your hus=
=band, he would surely do some=
=thing for his indigent brothers.
Laida. And what made him indig=
=ent? His own folly and extrava=
=gance.

Cog. I thought it had been his
charity.

Laida. His vanity you mean. While
he had money as a merchant, he
had the ostentation not to be able
to resist any tale of a friend's

distress; - and now he's obliged
to solicit alms for himself, 14
Coq. Only from his brother, 15
Laida. And that's monstrous mean.
Whenever he degrades himself, to his
relations so, it makes us feel quite
uncomfortable.

Coq. Dear sister, consider, - he is now
forced with my son Ganem to cut wood
for subsistence in the neighbouring
forest, where - Allah protect them!
- their lives are in daily peril from
the banditti and evil spirits that
infest and haunt the place.

Laida. All his own fault.

Coq. Ah, sister! a very little spared
from your last night's entertain-
-ment, might have made our pe-
-rishing family happy.

Laida. And do you pretend to dictate
to me, how Sam to dispose of my own
property! Insolence! but remember
this, madam, if I find any more
of such pertness and ingratitude,
after the marks I have heaped upon
you of my pity and affection, not
another day's charring do you get in
this house, and so I leave you to

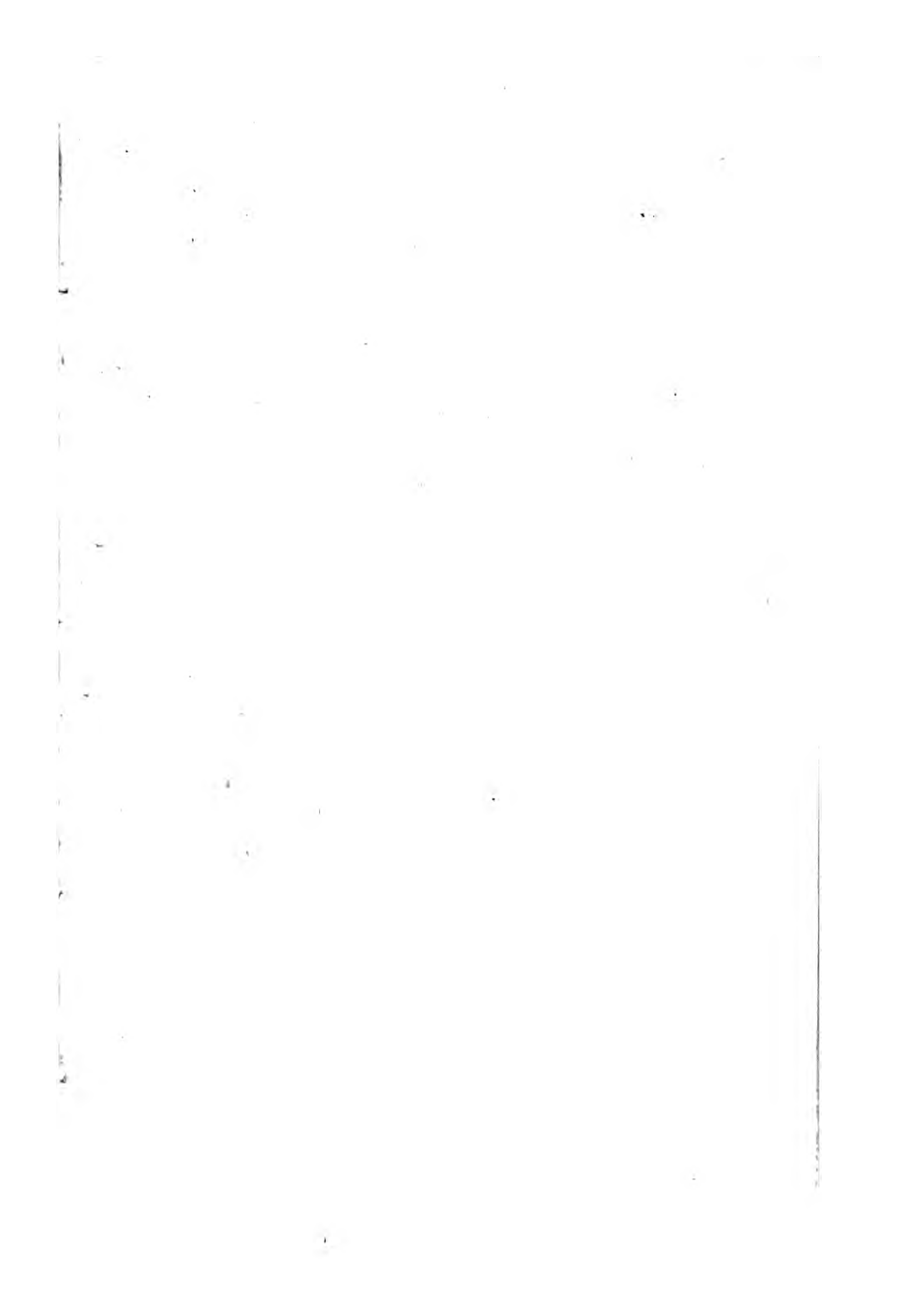
reflect on it. . . Exit L.

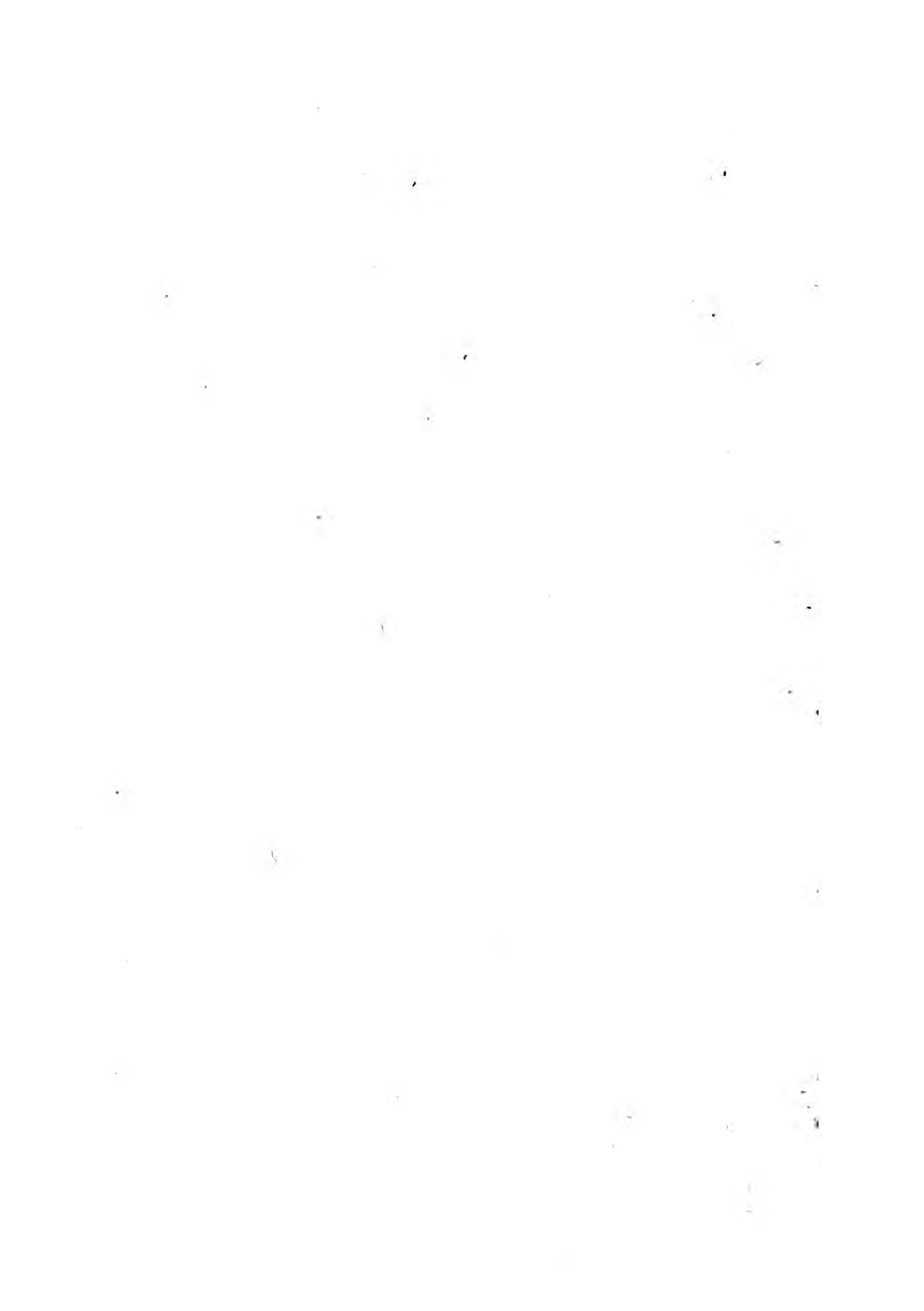
beg. Ah, poverty! - The cruelty of
the world is enough; it needs not
the insults of relations to make it
more bitter.

Song.
Ah! where can I turn for relief, &c.

see page 11.

Exit L.





Scene 5th

Horizon



wood wings
Another rock

Wood wings

When the charm is spoke and the cave is to open

1. Slips down turning on a pin towards R

2. do - do - do. L.

3. Falls flat forward flat on stage being fringed at Bottom.

When open, within is seen another rock in centre of which is a brazen door.

like an old oak, a little more majestic because the storms have shattered me. Don't marry your uncle's slave.

Ganem. ~~Should a virtuous girl be deserted, father, because she's in poverty?~~

Ali. ~~No, to be sure, I respect virtue and innocence for their rarity; but if my brother Cassim should know it, he'll raise the price of his slave, and I can't afford to buy myself a daughter-in-law.~~

Ganem. My kind father, I—

Ali. ~~There, there, go home with the panniers away with you.~~

Ganem. ~~Well, But father, why should you stay?~~

Ali. To cut another load. How the boy stares! what ~~should I fear?~~ here's no temptation for a robber, (*pointing to his dress*)—I've nothing to lose but this hatchet, and it has a sharp argument or two to offer before it will quit me.

Ganem. ~~But should you break that, father, what will defend you?~~ *can protect*

Ali. What will defend me? ~~why~~ an honest heart here, (*striking his breast*) and a trust there (*pointing upwards*).

So, go thy ways—there, follow Dapple.

Ganem. Farewell, father. [*Exit with the ass, r.s.*]

Ali. Farewell, Ganem. They say not only robbers, but evil spirits, infest this forest. It has some strange inhabitants, that's certain; for here I have traced their horses footsteps. I must be satisfied. Here will I wait their coming. What should I fear? the loss of life. I'll risk it. (*Whistles heard, and answered*) They are coming! Where shall I hide myself? ah! this tree.

(*The Robbers are seen returning home through the forest on horseback. They dismount—a march is played, and the Robbers march on singly, headed by Mirza—Abdalla and Hossarac last. They march round, and range on each side.*)

Abdal. Let the rest of our band remain in the wood.

Is all safe?

1st Rob. All is safe.

Abdal. Then to secure our prey. On the edge of the forest I have intelligence that a caravan is passing loaded with treasure. Be expeditious, and the whole is ours.—

1 San Am I to despise the virtues of Morgiana, because she is enslaved by fraud and violence.

Ali. No surely. Virtues are plagues scarce, and I love 'em if tis only for their rarity.

San. And to conquer my love for Morgiana is hopeless, for amiable qualities —

Ali Never talk of 'em before your uncle. If you must marry you must. But if my brother Cassim should hear you, I'll raise the price of his slave, and I shall never be able to buy &c.

2 Ali Pshaw! get along with the first load, I shall have a nother ready by the time you come back.

3 - I'll you.

4 - can harm me.

5 (Pointing to his eye.)

6 San. That might defend you from a robber, but from evil spirits what can defend you? protect you?

7 Ali. Come, get you gone, I am very safe, there, there. Exit Sanem with the ass behind Robbers rock u & L.

Ali. So he's gone! They say that not only banditti, but evil spirits infest this forest. It has some strange inhabitants. I am certain, for to this place, I have traced their horses footsteps. I must

1. Working at the log before him.
2. Go home with the Panniers. Is it very deep?
3. Sam Pretty well for that matter.
3. Ali and tell your mother - don't affront her though, tell her if she can.
4. if she can.
5. Sam: I am sure it is of no consequence: I have bound it round here with a handkerchief, and I am positive it will heal of itself.
- Ali: Are you? Then how dare you, you clumsy rascal, be so awkward to cut your fingers? You did it on purpose to scare your old foolish father out of his wits. However go home with this load, and then come back for another. But hark ye, you have another wound, that I ought to have talked to you about.

SCENE III. 5. ^{to}*with high rocks*An extensive Forest. ^{to} A Rock in the fore-ground.~~ALI BABA and GANEM~~ *Heaps in back ground.* discovered cutting wood.

1 ~~Ali.~~ This is the toughest morsel I've met with for some time, except last ~~time~~ *with* shoulder of matton, but I got through that—and—*(cleaves the log)* now I've got through this. ~~Ganem,~~ *with thy work?* how dost get on

Ganem. Oh lord, oh lord! I've cut my ~~finger~~ *hand* to the bone.

Ali. ~~No~~ *The devil* have you? then you have ~~made~~ *done* a neat job of it. ~~Is it deep?~~ *journey work.*

Ganem. Nay, it's deep enough for that matter.

3 ~~Ali.~~ Zounds! and wounds mortify. Hurry home to thy mother, ~~boy~~ *2* tell her—but don't frighten her—tell her I've a great respect for her salve that cures every thing;—but I wish she'd contrive to sell a few logs—just to—~~to get a surgeon to look to your wound.~~

Ganem. ~~No~~ *2* father, it will heal of itself. *it's nothing*

Ali. Don't be too sure of that. I lost my fortune like a philosopher—but I could not so well bear the loss of my son.

Ganem. ~~Never mind, father,~~ *5* it's a mere nothing.

Ali. ~~Indeed! why then how came you to cut your finger, you clumsy dog? perhaps you did it to frighten your foolish father—but go home with the panniers, and I'll get another load out by the time you come back. But hold ee, ye ugly man, come here—there's another wound I must talk to you about.~~

Ganem. What, father? another wound? *6*

Ali. Yes,—made with two plaguy sharp instruments.

Ganem. ~~What are they~~ *7* father?

Ali. A pair of ~~black~~ *countenance* eyes—and a pretty girl's ~~face~~ *mind* is the case for 'em; they chop thro' a young fellow's trunk, into his heart, sooner that I can chip a twig.

Ganem. I don't understand you, father.

Ali. Yes, you do—my brother's slave, Morgiana.

Ganem. Morgiana?—I—I—I—

Ali. ~~I—I—I~~ don't stutler, ~~or~~ *8*—I know it;—but ~~hear~~ *me*—poverty has made me a little proud—not much—I'm

like an old oak, a little more majestic because the storms have shattered me. Don't marry your uncle's slave.

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7 Ali. Come, get you gone, I am very
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the axe behind Robbers rock u&L.H.

Ali. So he's gone! They say that not
only banditti, but evil spirits infest this
forest. It has some strange inhabitants,
I am certain, for to this place, I have
traced their horses footsteps - I must

be satisfied. Here I have I heard their
horns and voices, and here I will a =
= wait their coming, whatever be the
hazard. What have I to fear? The loss
of life? - Well I will risk it.

A Bugle horn at distance I answered
further off R.H. they approach. Where
can I be concealed - this tree will
hide me. (Climbs the tree)

Procession of boys and horses.

Particular music for this. Boys
on horses gallop down platform from
L to R, as marked in the scene plot.

(C.B. About six boys will do going round
and passing three or four times each.)

The underwoods and felled trees con =
cealing the platform and their legs.
They have drawn sabres in their hands.

Enter two Robbers Panditti as scouts
U.C. R.H. they look round and sound
their horns, R. & L. They are answered
from behind.

music to this.

1st Enter Hassanac, heading one third
of the robbers which he leads down
on R.H. near wings. R.H.U.C.

2nd Enter an Officer and one third
of the robbers, R.H.U.C. whom he leads
down on L.H. near wings.

3rd Enter Abdallah, the other third
party, who remain at back on R.H.

laden with spoils, chests of plate, packs
ages &c &c

NB. Those on L & R are those who can
sing. Those at Back supernumeraries.

Supernumeraries
who take care not to
hide the rock.

1st

Robber

Haparae. Abdallah.

2nd

Robbers

Officers

R.

Abdallah Then, brave comrades, secure
our booty. - We must not lose a mo-
-ment. Have intelligence that on
the edges of the Forest, a caravan is
passing loaded &c

1 Sound of Gong very loud. The gates
open with a tremendous crash, and
discover a passage. The Supernumera-
-ries Wandille with spoils &c descend
followed by the Captain who speaks to
Hassarac.

Abdul You guard our horses. Exit
into Cave. Hassarac and his party
go off U.C. R.H.

The Gates remain open, and there is
no more sound of Gong noise of the
gong after this.

2 The robbers assemble round Hassarac
and 1st and 2nd Robbet.

3 Uzza - Remember - souse he plunged
from the rock, like a great water dog.
ah! see the advantage of beauty; had
she been ugly, she might have swam to
the sea, before he would have wetted
a whisker.

Now for our charm! ~~whose powerful influence will split the rock.~~

Chant CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Pronounce the charm and split the rock,
~~Now bid the brazen gate unlock.~~

Abd. (Goes toward the rock) Open, SESAME!

(Gong sounds and the rock divides, discovering a brazen gate.) *bid unlock. Abd.*

Now to ~~unlock~~ the brazen gates, — Open, SESAME!

(Gong sounds, and the brazen gate flies open.)

~~Abdella goes into the cave with part of the Robbers.~~

(*looking round.*) *Ha,* — *again.*
 Mirza. The wood-cutters have been at work ~~today.~~

Alcandor *aye!* I've marked one—a prying rascal! if ever I catch him near our ~~cave,~~ *again,* I'll chop him to pieces with his own axe.

Mirza *aye!* And hang him ~~up~~ *that* on ~~you~~ tree, as a scare-crow to frighten others. (*during this is peeping thro' at*

ALI BABA *peeps between the branches of the tree; but on the last speaking the throat,* draws back, exclaiming—

Oh! Mahomet!

Alcan. What noise is that?

Mirza. 'Tis Hassarac.

2 Enter HASSARAC and his Party, from the Forest, *C.R.*

Mirza. Well, *what is this new plan* Hassarac, what think you of our Captain's ~~plan?~~

Has. Full of danger and treachery.

Mirza. ~~Has~~ treachery, say you?

Has. Yes, treachery: you all know the neighbouring Bashaw? his daughter, the ~~beauteous~~ *beauteous* Zelic, is passing through our forest on a pilgrimage. We are to attack the caravan.

Mirza. What's she worth?

Has. Do you forget? this is the girl ~~for whom~~ *whose life* our Captain ~~jumped~~ *saved* into the Tigris.

3 *Mirza.* ~~Not~~ I remember. When the boat was upset with the beauteous Zelic, ~~he~~ *she* plunged into the waves, and ~~saved her without wetting a whisker.~~

Has. To that beauty he has lost his heart.

Mirza. But where's the treachery?

Has. How dull you are;—with the treasures of our

cave, and this girl an hostage, he procures *his* pardon, and our ruin—the destruction of our band.

Mirza. ~~Ha! that must be prevented. We'll support you.~~

Hus. Give me your hands—there are more of your minds. Let this expedition once take place, and then—hush!

Abdalla and Robbers return from the cave. J

Abdal. Shut, Sesame! ~~(gong sounds and the rock closes.)~~ Now, my brave fellows, ^{handle} well your sabres, and the greatest ^{treasure} we ever gained is ours. Comrades, away!

CHORUS OF ROBBERS :

Like the wind-driven sand,
Is the speed of our band ;
By night, and by day,
We are lords of the way ;

Our range is an empire—its people our prey.

They march off. U

ALI BABA comes down from the tree.

Ali. Oh, Mahomet! I tremble all over like the leaves of an aspin in a high wind. These ~~are~~ ^{make} the band ~~that~~ ^{robbers} are the terror of all Bagdad; and there ~~is the cave which~~ ^{hides} conceal all their treasures. I know the charm. Shall I venture? Should I succeed, I and my poor family ~~are made for ever~~ If I'm discovered they'll saw off the head of a woodman. ~~No matter~~ ^{where} goes.—Open Se—ha—um. Open Sesame—who's there? Lord, it's only a crow. Open Sesame! *(gong sounds, and the rock opens)* O! if open Sesame could ~~but~~ ^{each} split open rocks for the benefit of the poor, I wish ~~every~~ ^{every} honest heart in distress had the charm to unlock ~~the hearts of those that~~ ^{all hearts} are shut to the feelings of humanity. *(Goes into the cave and says Shut Sesame! (gong sounds, and rock closes.)*

Ganem (behind) Come along, Dapple.

Enter GANEM, (L.V.) leading the ass. Z

Ganem. Here I am returned, father. ~~Eh! not here? why, father! Lord, lord, where can he be?~~

Ali. (in the cave) Open Sesame! (gong sounds, and the rock opens. S

1 Mina. (seizing his sabre) If I thought that—

Hass. I have long suspected he was no true robber.

Mina. Hassarae, we did you wrong in choosing this stranger before you, now stand forward and will support you.

2 But we must be secret.

3 all take their former position.

4 March at end of chorus, to which Abdallah leads up the centre followed by his party. Hassarae and party on R—meet those off in front in centre, and up in centre in double file all go off at U.R.

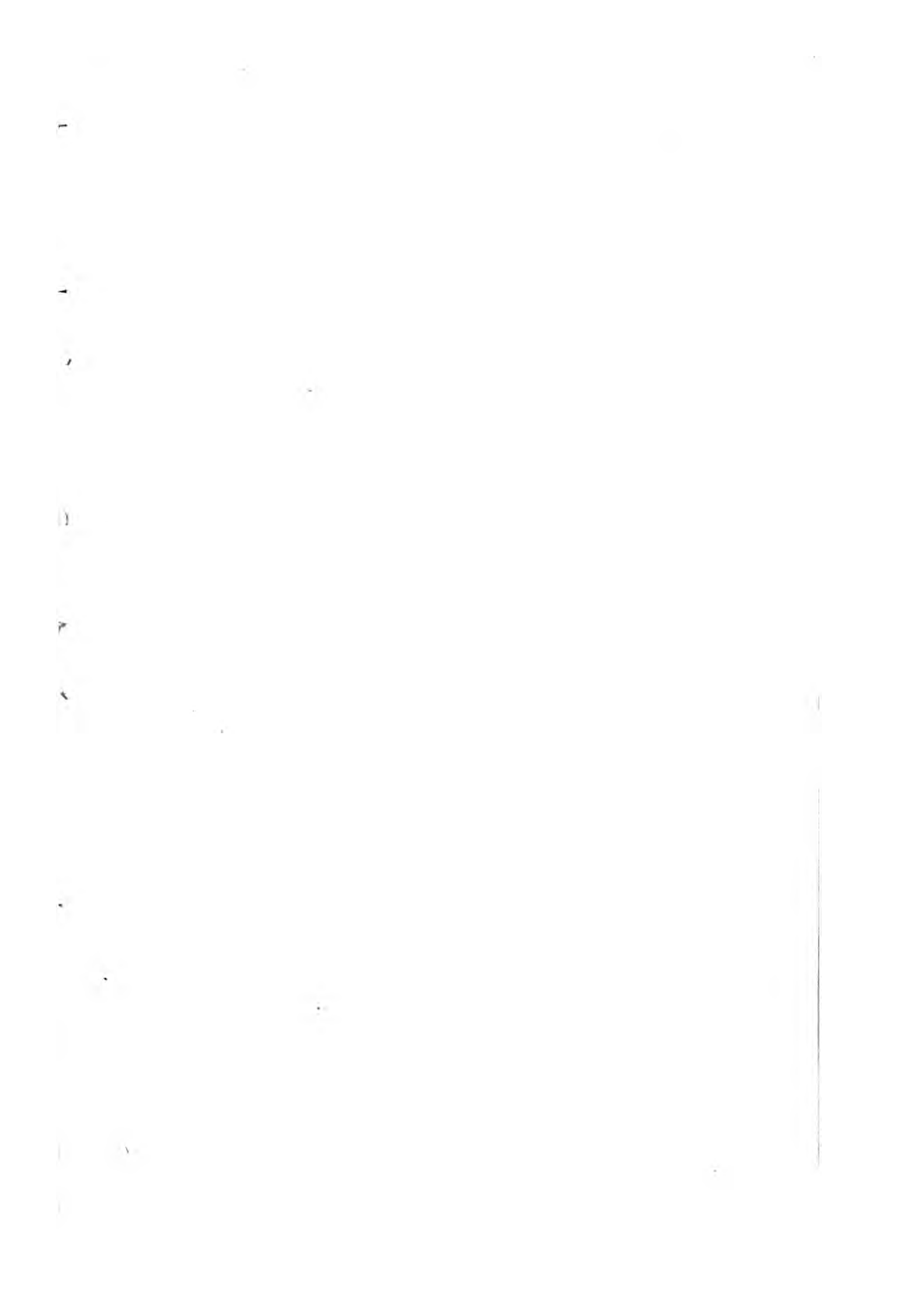
5 I know their charm

6 If I escape with some of their plunder I am made for ever.

7 Gan The Robbers of the Forest! thank Mahomet I have escaped them, though fate's way was narrowly. Where is my poor father! Hope he has not fallen in their way.

8 Gan His voice. (The cave opens and discovers Ali Baba with bags of gold.) What can this mean?





1 if you attempt to stop me, I'll do

2 Gan My father!

Ali Ganem! is it you! I - (comes out)

Oh! my dear boy!

Gan What is all this

Ali. No matter. Take this, chuck it into
the Panniers - and this - and this - and
this - I'm so flustered I - stay,
Here's some more at the mouth of
the cave. (Brings more, with Golden
goblet, cup, peltcher &c.)

Gan Well, but I -

Ali Don't talk you dog! -

3 They put the bags of gold, plate &c.
in the panniers, and cover them over
with loose faggots. Ganem then drives
off the ass & H&C. Ali Baba follows
after closing the cave.

~~ALI BABA comes out of the Cave loaded with gold jugs, cups, and bags of money.~~

Ali. Who's there?—robber or devil, I'll knock you down with a bag of ~~gold~~. Ah, my dear boy! here, take this, and this, and this. 2

~~Canem. Well, but, father~~

Ali. Hold your tongue, you dog! If ~~you~~ ^{we} open your mouths, we shall have our throats cut. Here, load the ~~ass~~ cover it all up; ~~there~~, now go along. 3 Stop, stop, —shut Sesame! (Gong sounds, and the rock closes.)—~~Hurra! hurra!~~ ~~Ha! ha!~~ ~~Exit~~ with the ass loaded.

SCENE IV.

~~Inside of Ali Baba's Cot.~~

~~Enter COGIA.~~

~~Cog. Where can Ali Baba and Canem stay? Ah, how wretched now is our lot, compared with our former life; while my sister Zaide and her husband Cassim enjoy all the luxuries of life, I am forced to toil in their house, and poor Ali Baba and my son to cut wood from the forest. Alas, what will become of my poor babes, without food, without clothes.~~

SONG—COGIA. *Sung in Scene*

Ah, where can I turn for relief,
 Since my sorrows a sister disdains? *3rd*
 I have no one to soften my grief—
 My heart in sad silence complains,
 How oft have I wept at the woes
 Described in the poet's sad tale;
 How oft did they break my repose,
 When no sorrows of mine could avail.

Compassion's soft tear have I shed,
 When misery stood at my door;
 When who could have thought or have said,
 I must soon my own sorrow deplore.
 By friends thus deserted around,
 New woes can my sister impart?
 Yes, her scorn gives a still sharper wound,
 By ingratitude barbing the dart.

MORGIANA peeps in at the ^Cdoor, having a small basket
~~in her hand.~~

Mor. Any body at home?

Cog. Who's that?

Mor. (coming in) 'Tis only I, your sister-in-law's
slave, Morgiana. (comes down R.)

Cog. Morgiana! my good girl!

Mor. I have got a basket full of eatables; they be-
longed to your sister, my mistress; and thinking your
sweet little children might like 'em—I—I—I hope you'll
excuse—I—I stole 'em. (curtseying)

Cog. Stole them, Morgiana!

Mor. Only from the servant; so I can't call it steal-
ing, neither—for when they stole them first, 'twas only
called peculation.

Cog. But from my sister's ^{house} Morgiana!

Mor. On the leavings of your sister's table—her slaves
riot in luxury—your children wanted a meal—so there
is no crime in what I am doing. I know where the lit-
tle rogues lie, let me run in and leave the basket for a
scramble among them. (lifts up the curtain) Here, dears,
Morgiana's coming—here, my loves. (goes behind the
curtain) 2. A. R.

Cog. Why should a sister withhold that relief which
the glowing heart of a stranger thus leaps in bestowing?

Re-enter MORGIANA. 2. B. R.

Mor. I've left the basket among them. How the
young rogues, bless their little souls, are pulling it to
pieces?

Cog. Dear Morgiana, ^{how I} words cannot thank you.

3 Mor. But is not Ganem—~~I mean his father,~~ yet re-
turned?

4 Cog. ~~No—I never think of his going to~~ ^{whenever he goes into} that dreadful
forest, ~~but~~ I feel as if I had parted with him for ever.

Mor. But did Ganem ever see any of its dreadful in-
habitants?

Cog. Ganem?

Mor. I mean Ali Baba.

5 Cog. ~~He never told me so; but when he returns he~~
~~often looks as if he had seen something strange and~~
dreadful.

Scene 4th

Ali Baba's cottage. A door in
centre, being a half hatch, with a
curtain of carpeting to draw across
the upper part. A framed piece
put on between the 1st and 2nd
boings R.H. with a carpet curtain
hung on it about six feet high.

Enter Cogia. Centre Door.

Cog: Thanks to Allah, my little
ones are still asleep. - Sleep they
say is nourishing; - but when they
wake, I have nothing, nothing to
give them. - I wish my sister had
paid me for my last night's work:
but as it is - I - Oh my heart is
breaking!

1 28 P. Peeps in.

2 Seizing Morgiana's hand.

3 Morg: Pshaw! nonsense. But is⁹

4 Cog: Ganem

Morg: I - I mean his father, your
husband, you know.

Cog: No, I never expect him till late
in the day, and who knows if he
will ever return?

whenever he goes &c.

5th Coq. I don't know - but when I
have questioned him, he has answer-
-ed so oddly, that I think he must
have seen &c.

1st Coq. Young! Morgiana! Ali Baba
so young!

2nd Morg. and Ganem - I - I mean
you and Ali Baba.

Coq. Dear Morgiana, my Slave! -
You would be my friend, as you
are now.

Duet. *More all
over, L.H.*
When our lives sunshine



Scene 6th

Ali Baba's cottage as before.

Enter Cogia 26. R.

8//

Cog. 'Tis long past the usual hour, and my husband and son, not yet returned! If any accident should have befallen them, what will become of my dear infants! Heaven knows their lot is hard enough already.

Song.
Last night I sat me down &c.
Ali (without). Hollo - Cogia - Hollo.

Cog. Oh, there they are!

Enter Ali Baba 27. The Asp issues without, from his back & a horn takes the panniers, drives him off, brings in the panniers, and closes the curtains over the door.

Cog. Dear Ali, what has kept you so long?

Ali. My work to be sure, and it has made me hungry! Get me supper enough to give a thousand Barhaws the apology.

Cog. Supper! Ah! my dear Ali, where can I get you a supper?

Ali. I will find supper enough in the Panniers.

Cog. What the wood?

Ali. Burn the wood!

Cog. Why it must maintain us and

Mor. Dreadful! I pity him! so young as he is to run such risks.

Cog. Ali Baba so young! *as he is.*

Mor. I mean so good. I'm sure I feel for him from ~~the bottom of my heart.~~ Dear Cogia—oh, would I were your slave, that I might work night and day to serve you and Ganem—~~you and Ali Baba, I mean.~~

Cog. Ah, ~~Morgiana, you would not have the means to be so generous then as you are now.~~

[Exit Morgiana through door.]

SONG—COGIA.

Last night I sat me down and cried,
My heart as sad as may be;
For then with hunger almost died
My darling little baby.
Oh! my baby! my darling little baby!

Ah! how a mother's heart is grieved
To see her infant dying;
A savage who her pangs perceived,
Could scarce refrain from crying.
Oh! my baby, &c.

~~*Cog.* No tidings yet of my husband! where can he stay? (Ali singing without) Ah, I hear him.~~

~~*Enter ALI BABA and GANEM, (D.F.) loaded with the bags, and singing.*~~

~~*Cog.* I thought you would never come home to your dinner.~~

~~*Ali.* Dinner!—Tol lol de rol lol, &c.~~

~~*Cog.* Lord, Ali Baba, how can you be so merry when perhaps we shan't have a morsel to give the children to-morrow?~~

~~*Ali.* That for to-morrow. (snapping his fingers) Tol lol, & Allahomeb preserve us! His brain is turned.~~

~~*Cog.* Arn't you well, Ali Baba? *unexpected*~~

~~*Ali.* No! I've had a violent and sudden attack of the yellow jaundice. Tol lol, &c.~~

~~*Cog.* The yellow jaundice?~~

Gold, you jade, gold.
 Ali. Yes! and I hope it will be a chronic disease with me. Look there, you little devil!

Mersey! Cog. Mersey! Gold! why, where did it all come from?

Ali. From the skies, and we held our caps and panniers while the rain fell.

you may as well Cog. Mersey! how shall we ever be able to count it all?

Ali. Count! count the leaves on the trees, or the hairs on your cat's back.

Morgiana
 page 32 TRIO—~~ALI, BABA,~~ GANEM, and COGIA.

Happy the day,
 Cares flit away,
 Sorrow no more shall our pleasures annoy.
 As the sky clears,
 Sunshine appears,
 Danger and grief yield to safety and joy.
 Happy the day, &c.

Friendless and poor,
 Want paced the floor,
 The breath of despair it blew chill on our hearth.
 Changed is our lot,
 Woes be forgot,
 Away with all cares and give welcome to mirth.
 Happy the day, &c.

Wealth while it flows,
 Treachery knows,
 Faithless the poor or the wealthy may prove;
 Destined to know
 Mutual woe,
 Mutual, sure, must be our love.
 Happy the day, &c.

I can do it Cog. I'll tell you what—I'll go and borrow *a measure* one of my sister Zaide's *measures*.

Now Ali. Let her have her way. *Now* Ganem, *now* mark how the report of our wealth will draw back all our false friends, as the tinkling of a bell will attract bees.

How Confound all such fair-weather friendships! *How*

Ben Look in the Panniers, mother -
look in the panniers.

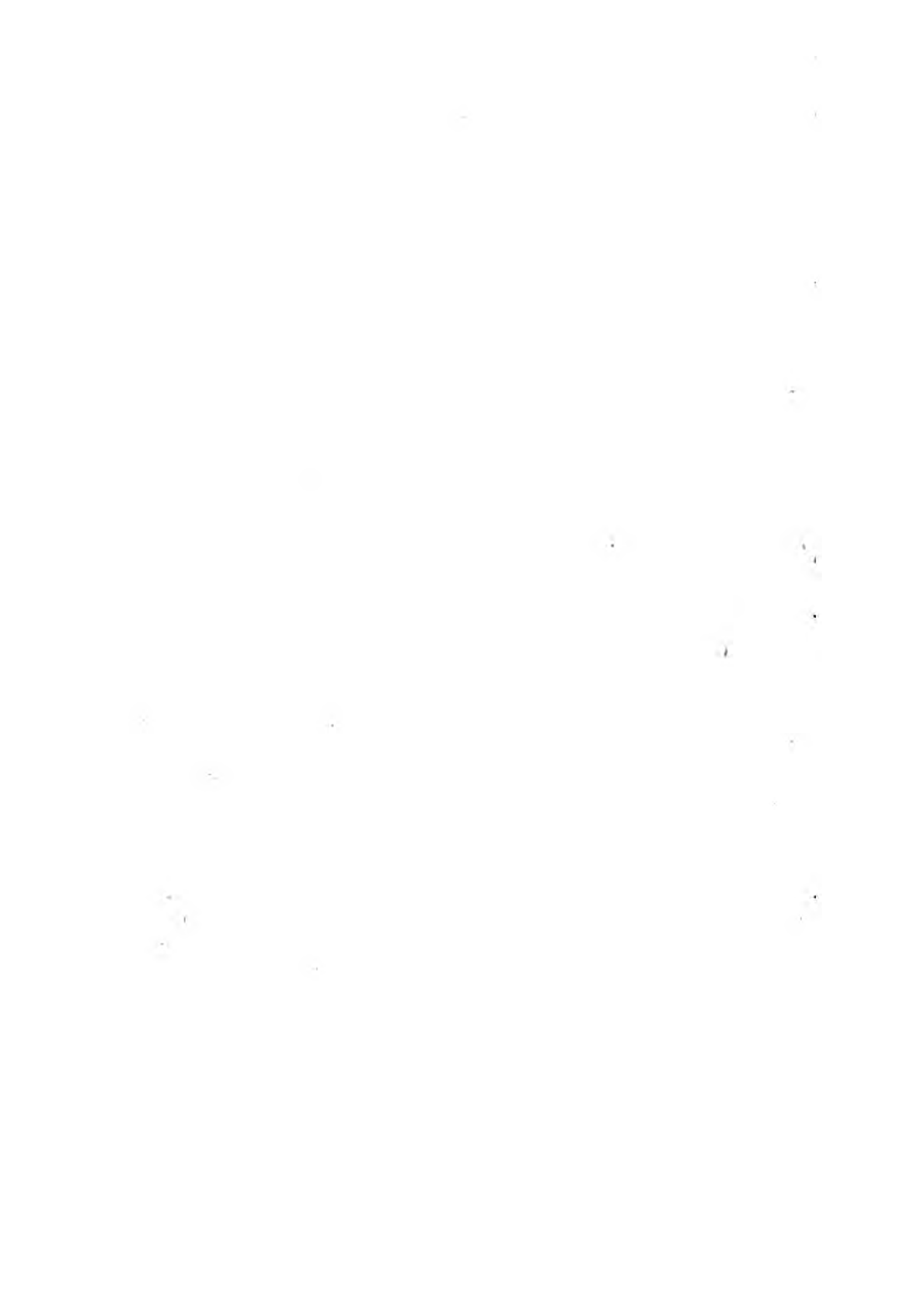
Coq: (Inspecting) Morey on me, what's true?
It's gold sure enough. Where does it all
come from?

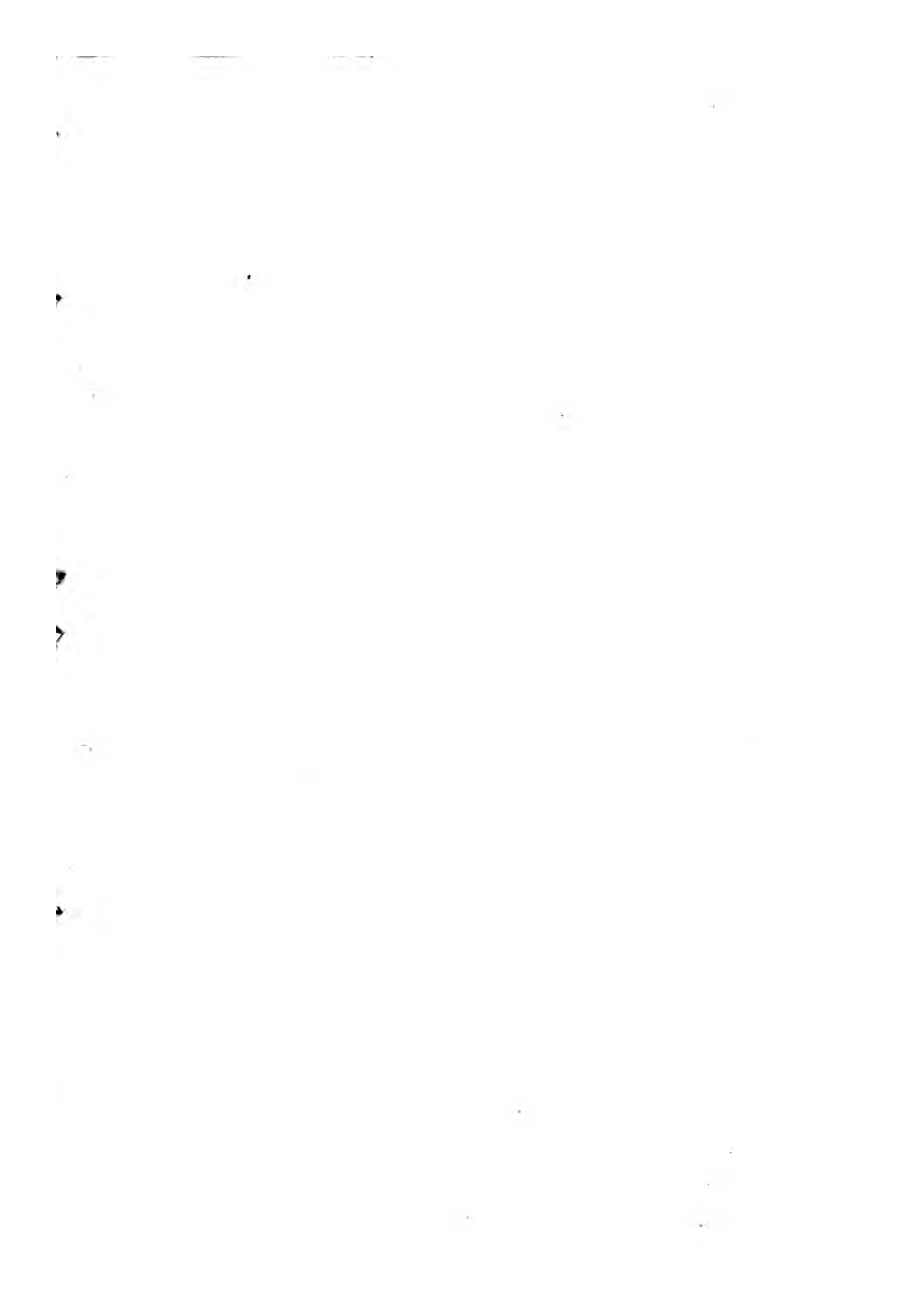
Ali Showed out of the sky. He held
our caps and the panniers open while
the rain fell.

Coq Mahomet don't deceive me! What a
mountain! How much is there? -

Ben Say, mother, we never staid to
count!

Coq. But I will.





1 Logia: Here it is.

Ali. Well, satisfy yourself. Ganem,
help your mother. - But, stay; where can
we hide it? Oh, in the cellar, here, take
your hand. (They open a trap door, in
C.) Logia empties the treasure there -
we don't require a charm to secure
our wealth. The character of poverty
is sufficient protection. -

(Knocking without Alc.)

Alc. (Rubs to curtain, pulls it aside,
and looks out. To Ali.)

2 Ali. The devil! Ganem, be quick
- here, here! (They hurry the
panniers & down the trap, and
shut it. The knocking is repeated.
Logia, admits Cassim and his wife.

3 Zaida. (L. C.) (Examines measure and
whispers Cassim.) Would you believe it?

Cassim. (L.) Indeed! I'll find them out.
(Aside.) How do you do, Mother Ali?

Ali. How do you do, Brother - how do
you do? - What can they mean? (To

Ganem.) No good I'm sure. Exit
unperceived, by them Alc.

Cass. So, brother, you have been cutting
a good, to some purpose - How have you got
rich, I find.

Ali. That remains to be perceived -
but I'm sure you think so, by your
coming to call ~~upon~~ upon me
Cass. We rich! How could we get rich?

Zaida. Pray, sister, what did you want with this measure?

Coop To - to measure some food for the apes.

Zaida. Indeed! do beasts eat gold? Look here! Produces the measure with gold sticking to it, they look surprised and confused. Your eagerness gave me suspicion. - I put a little wax at the bottom to stick to what you were measuring; and you see it shows that it was gold.

Cass. Come, brother, you have discovered some concealed treasure, is not that the truth?

Ali. And suppose it were the truth, what then?

Cass. And won't you let your dear brother share with you?

Ali. Haven't you been in the habit of thinking that rather unreasonable?

Cass. Certainly not - between brothers.

- If you had proposed such a thing, my dear brother Ali, I -

A - You have heard that my children, that my children have been perishing for a meal!

1 ~~Re-enter COGIA, with a measure, through door.~~
~~Now for it, then one two three. (measures it down the trap—a knocking without)~~

~~Cog. Oh, Lord! they are coming! they are coming!~~
~~(looking out)~~

~~Ali. Who, the thieves? (puts all down the trap and shuts it.)~~
~~Thieves! What thieves!~~

~~Cog. No, your brother Cassim and his wife~~

2 ~~Enter ZAIDE, through door.~~
~~Cog. I was just coming home with your measure, sister. (gives it.)~~
3 ~~Zaide. And what did you want with the measure, sister?~~

~~Cog. Only to measure out a little rice.~~

~~Zaide. Gold! to measure out gold, you mean.~~

~~Cog. Measure gold! Lord, how should I—~~

~~Zaide. Nay, it is in vain to hide it from us. I suspected something by your eagerness to get the measure, and therefore put some grease at the bottom, by which I discovered what sort of grain you wanted to measure out.~~

~~Enter CASSIM, through door.~~

~~Cas. Good day, brother Ali!~~

~~Ali. How d'ye do, brother Cassim.~~

~~Cas. So, you are grown rich, I find. (significantly)~~

~~Zaide. Yes, so rich that they measure out gold.~~

~~Ali. 'Tis plain you think so by your coming to see me.~~

~~Cas. Yes, and like a brother I am come to offer you every thing I possess: my fortune is ample, and I now come to share it with you.~~

~~Ali. Haven't you been in the habit of thinking that a little unreasonable?~~

~~Cas. Why, Ali, if you had proposed, I— (x to him.)~~

calm ~~Ali. I, proposed!—look ye, brother Cassim, my poor~~
~~hovel stands within ten yards of your magnificent man-~~
~~sion—I live under a brother's splendid nose, turned up~~
~~at my poverty. You have known that my poor children~~
~~have been almost starving for a meal—you have known~~
~~my wife's patient anguish—you have offered her insult~~
~~by *employing* *for meals* ~~suffering~~ her to drudge in your house, and then called~~
~~it charity. *And* do you think I should have had any~~

success if I had walked in with my hatchet ^{over} under my arm, and said, 'Brother, share your fortune with me?'

~~Oh, no, no.~~

~~Cas. But, consider, my dear Ali, we are, as it may be said, one flesh and blood.~~

~~Ali. Well, I have no right to be angry with you, Cassim, as you happen to be my brother—unless you were my particular friend—the tide of worldly friendship overflows the successful, but runs dry to the needy—the man who is profuse in feasts, will have his larder stocked with presents—but he'll find it empty of gifts the moment he wants a dinner.~~

~~Cas. How, brother! do you slight my offers of friendship?~~

~~Cog. (aside to Ali) You had best not provoke him, for perhaps he'll~~

~~Ali. I know, he'll inform the Cadi; and if the law gets hold of it, good bye poor Sesame!—so we must give up one half to preserve the other. Well then, brother, I have discovered the secret cave where the robbers conceal all their plunder.~~

~~Cas. Good fortune! let us go there instantly.~~

~~Ali. It opens by a charm. Here, this way, and I'll tell you all.~~

~~Cas. You must give me their signals; and it will be best to let me go to the robbers' cave by myself; it will prevent suspicion.~~

~~Ali. You shall have them—but mind, be not too greedy, brother.~~

~~Cas. Never fear. Good day, brother, good day, Cogia.~~

~~Zaide. Good day, my dear brother, good day, my dear, dear sister. Good bye—good bye!~~

~~[Exeunt Cassim and Zaide.]~~

~~Ali. Oh, Cogia, what a discovery! But where's Ganem? ah! the sly rogue has slipped off to tell Morgiana his good news.~~

~~4 Cog. Oh, mercy! now we are grown rich, I must have some new clothes; I will have such a nice new under petticoat ^{here}~~

~~Ali. Ha, ha! that's what a woman's head is always running upon.~~

1 Cap. Come, come, let us forget all this. You shall remove to my house, and henceforth we will be one family, -

2 Cog. Dear husband, you must consent - you know his temper. (aside and alarmed.)

Ali (aside.) True, he will inform he.

3 Laida. Have you indeed!

Cap. Where is it? I will go this instant.

Ali. Hold. (aside to him.) There is a charm to open it. - This way. (they retire up.)

Laida. As they have grown rich, 'tis time to alter my tone (aside.) My sweet, Cogia, do tell me, how are those dear little angels - your beautiful children?

Cog. Oh! you mean the children your affectick permitted me to do a day's work for; that I might keep the brats from starving.

Laida. Nay, sister, that's unkind.

Cog. Well, well, I forgive you. I

Laida. Dear, Cogia -

Cap. (coming forward eagerly with Ali Baba, in C.) Dear brother, I must have your dress - with that I shall pass unsuspected.

Ali. You shall have it. but remember the charm.

Cap. Yes, yes, never fear.

Laida. Come back well loaded, Cogsim.

Cog. Don't doubt that.

Ali. Be not too greedy brother.

Cap. Well, well, but he draw the curtain

my dear Brother Ali, you may take
cold. / Draws the curtain and Exit
with Laida & Co.)

Ali Now, my dear Bogia! Oh what a
discovery!

Coq Now my dear husband.

H. Coq. Now, my dear husband, as we
are so rich; I think I ought to order
a few under-petticoats.

Scene 7th
The same distant hills - with platforms
as before will serve, having removed
the rocks, and the tree into which Ali
Saba climbed in first; - A cut wood
in 4th g. through which the distance
may be seen. -

H
Hills as described before for boys now to pass
II

The same, where the horses passed in
former scene.
The Procession of boys enters from behind
2nd distant piece down from S to R,
then cross on platform the platform
from R to L on which the horses passed
in former scene.

When boys have passed from L to R -
and from R to L the march increases
and the men begin their march
through cut woods from U & L and
form down on R.

- 1st - Officer
- 2 - 4 Standard Bearer
- 3 - Officer
- 4 - 4 Standard Bearer
- 5 - Officer
- 6 - Military Bands
- 7 - 6 Soldiers
- 8 - Selim
- 9 - Palanquin containing

Zelie, and two female attendants
borne by camels, who have four
leaders.

10 - Officer

11 - 6 Soldiers

No. The boys who had passed go round
behind, and appear again on the hills
(without the palanquin) so that the
procession appears to continue to
the extremity. - When Zelie and ca-
-dies are out, the palanquin is
taken off 26. R.H.

Musie. Robbers discovered lurking
in ambush.

March. March of the caravan heard
at a distance. The robbers retire.

The Caravan enters and Zelie descends

Zelie. Halt! Here we will wait our myste-
-rius return.

Zelie. Well, Klim, how far are we ad-
-vanced upon our pilgrimage?

Klim. Fair lady, an hour's march will
bring us to the sacred mosque.

Zelie. Oh, may my prayers be accepted,
and the recovery of my poor long lost
sister restore my father's mind to
peace and happiness - yet I fear,
another wish lies nearer to my heart -
could I but again behold the brave un-
-known, who hazarded his life in saving
mine, then should I indeed know hap-

Cog. And what's your head, ^{pray} pray, running upon?

Ali. Money bags, you little devil. By Mahomet's mule, ~~we are~~ ^{we are} the happiest ~~couple~~ ^{fellow} in all Bagdad.

DUET—ALI BABA and COGIA.

Cog. While poor, the spirit flags,
Then we're pining daily;

Ali. Then down drop money bags,
And we'll to supper gaily.

Cog. Ah! Ali, my husband dear,
Oft I've been a starver;

Ali. Now we'll have dinners here,
And I'll be grand carver.

Both. O'er dales and mountains stray,
Spite of wind and weather;
Rough, smooth, whate'er our way,
We will march together.

Cog. Do not, pray, since wealth's our hap,
Rove in Bagdad's city;

Ali. When money's in our lap,
A wife looks always pretty.

Cog. Friends, like bees, when wealth abounds,
Swarm while metal's tinkling;

Ali. But when no gold resounds,
They vanish in a twinkling.

Both. O'er dales and mountains stray,
Spite of wind and weather;
Rough, smooth, whate'er our way,
We will march together.

R. [Exeunt, 

SCENE VII

Drum and Trumpet ready
~~Another Part of the Forest, as before~~

ALCANDOR enters, (P.S.) watching and listening for the tread of passengers, and lays his ear to the ground. A whistle is heard—he rises and answers it.

MIRZA enters, (O.P.) and informs him of the approach of the caravan, and their determination to attack it.

ABDALLA enters, (P.S.) and joins them—they all agree in the destruction of the caravan. They all go up the stage and point to it as being in sight, and go off rejoicing to join their comrades.

ROBBERS.

Hark! hark! hush! the camel driver's bell I hear;
Hush! hush! 'tis they, 'tis they, they're drawing near.

Enter the procession of the Caravan.

CHORUS. Bid the lively cymbals jingle,
While we mount the sandy steep,
Let the bells of camels mingle,
O'er the mountains as they creep.
Bid the lively, &c.

At a signal made by Zelig, who is borne in a palanquin by four slaves, attended by females and guards, Selim and Zelig comes forward.

Zelig. Now, Selim, how far are we advanced upon our pilgrimage?

Selim. We are now, lady, not far from the end of it; one day's journey more brings us to the sacred mosque.

Zelig. Then we shall halt here and rest; let my tired beasts be led to a neighbouring well, and pitch my tents among yon olive trees shade; here shall we pass the night, the morning's sun shall guide us on our journey.

Selim. If your slave might advise, we would still proceed. Within that wood, that skirts yon forest's edge, now faintly seen a black and sullen maze, your former foe, fell Orcobrand, resides; nay, more, I'm told a desperate banditti infests this forest, for rapine and midnight murder famed.

Zelig. I fear no danger—my guards are numerous and brave—then rest we here till morning. Oh! Mecca, birth-place of our mighty prophet, now does fancy's eye recal thy visionary shrines, whilst hope, fond hope, whispers to my heart its warmest wish. (*Attendants shriek—a general cry of confusion*)

Selim. The murderous banditti—our guards surprised!

-pines.

Feb: 18, lady, all our search has hitherto
- to been vain.

Feb: What, then, good Selim, further
inquiries may prove successful, and
hope self flattering hope whispers to
my heart, and bids me indulge its
warmest expectation.

Officer (rushing in.) The Banditti!
The Banditti! (Drums, Trumpets,
&c. When the fight commences the
females run off &c. The thieves drive
off the guards &c. & at different sides.

Selim fights with the first robber,
and is beat off, each officer is
opposed by one of the thieves. -
Boys representing robbers are seen
in the hills front, and fight with
the boys who form part of the caravan,
beat them up and down the hills during
the action in front. The action over,
enter Abdallah, leader of the

Habshas, and the other robbers forcing
in the female attendants, and set
prisoners, the boy thieves on the hills
having made prisoners of their
opponents.

13. The Military Band retire when
fight commences R.H. and return
when it is over - an air in the chorus
which concludes the act.

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101

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They may be dispensed with.
 The Non-Adminis- Robbers. Guarded Attendants Guarded Attendants Robbers.
 Guarded Attendants Abdallah Kassarac
 Selim Selim 1182 Robbers

1. God: Kald's dearer to me than the life's blood in my heart. You could not find a safer protector in your own father. Confide in me.

2. Kassarac gives the signal, the Captain is seized by three robbers.

1st Rob Kassarac, be you our captain. Kasp. Away conduct him to our cell.

Abdal Take my defiance, villain!

Kasp: Hear him not, away with him, and chain him to the stocks. (Abdallah is borne off U.C.L.)

The beautiful Selie shall now be our prize. Comrades, away to the cave - to the cave. Chorus.

Fill the lively cymbals!
see page 18

Kassarac bears Selie up stage in his arms, 1 and 2nd robbers the two Attendants, other robbers, forcing Selie and the Curtain falls as they retire up.

End of Act 1st

Hassarac, Mirza, Alcandor, and the rest of the Robbers run across to attack the caravan, with loud huzzas. A great noise of fighting and huzzajing.

Hassarac and Selim come on fighting—a desperate battle ensues between them, in which Selim is vanquished and thrown.

Abdalla, Alcandor, and the rest of the Robbers enter, with Zelig prisoner.

DUET and CHORUS.

Zelig. Thus for a lover's safety kneeling,
Ah, must I plead to thee in vain?

Robber. Haste away!

Selim. More than my own her sorrows feeling,
Duty bids me here remain.

Robber. Haste away! haste away!

Chorus—Bid the lively, &c.

Zelig. Ah, must I plead in vain?

Selim. Duty bids me here remain.

Robber. Haste away! haste away!

Abdal. ~~Hold, Hassarac!~~ Fair lady—(to Zelig)

Zelig. Heavens! my preserver a robber, the captain of a banditti?—

Abdal. Man must bend to strong necessity.

Zelig. You saved my life—be not the destroyer of my honour *happiness. 1*

Abdal. ~~Cursed be the villain who would harm the honour of a helpless woman!—Lady, confide in me.~~

Zelig. What, in a robber?

Has. Yes, a robber. *be silent!—you are a—*

Abdal. ~~Silence, Hassarac! thou art—~~

Has. A true robber. I have not the cant of honour and humanity.

Abdal. Know you to whom you speak?

Has. Yes, to a man—no better than myself. *like that*

Abdal. ~~Andacious mutineer!~~ another word, *my scym-*
~~et shall cleave thee to the earth.~~

Has. My sabre bears as sharp an edge as yours.

Abdal. ~~This to decide it.~~ *That shall be tried this instant. 2*

~~Has. Seize him away with him to our cave, and chain him to the rock.~~

~~Abdal. Take my defiance, villain (they fight the other robbers seize Abdalla.)~~

~~Has. Hear him not—away with him. Zelic shall now be our ransom, comrades. Away to the cave—to the cave!~~

~~[Exit Abdalla and Zelic guarded.
Picture.]~~

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*The abode of Orcobrand—~~Scene~~. 3 Goopre.
Rocks with tremendous excavations
Ornamented with different symbols of his mystic art.—A
stand and books—an arch in the centre. (Thunder and
lightning.)*

Enter ORCOBRAND through the arch, a short wand in his hand, like a caduceus, wound round with serpents.

Orcob. In thy black gulph, perdition, be for ever sunk the meddling sprite, who dares oppose my will. May blasting tempests shiver her airy wings, and demons shed their murky dew upon her, while thick pestiferous fogs confound and foil her purposes! Already has this hated rival of my power, by means unfathomable e'en to the hellish skill I boast, directed the feeble footsteps of a puny mortal, who, by *her* protection aided, fearlessly has ventured the dark and gloomy cavern, whose magic portal till then, did never open but to the cabalistic word my art invented. Ye dread associates, fell mischief's children—pale-faced Famine,—deep Fraud,—ruthless War, and unrelenting Rapine, I summon to my aid.

Enter Famine, Fraud, War, and Rapine, two on each side, as they are call'd.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

Strike the world with fear and wonder,
Rend the poles with bolts of thunder;



N. The Caves used in Macbeth would do here, with little alteration, as this scene is only wanted to have a gloomy terrific appearance.

Orcobrand discovered surrounded by Demons, Friends &c. attended by War, Famine, Fraud and Repine.

Orc: (comes down C.) Break off, ye dull and swartly ministers,
Break off your piny charms, and incantations
Above your children's smiling virtue lovers,
Thine your dun smoke, drugged to infect
mankind,

With every plume in her fair wing
unsullied.

Friend. Dread, masters

Orc. Peace ye all would worry innocence,
But want the fangs. Attend me, my prime
agents.

War, Famine, Fraud, and Rapine, they
each stark forward when called.

One, once, and twice the headederberus
Can shake hells cope-lave with a bright round
Bill Hesperae, within these rocky chasms,
Rifted by labouring nature in her throes,
Consult my power. (Wild Sacrific strain

of music behind by Tom Jones & Man-
-det.) Hesperae is seen through opening
in rocks above, descending, and led by
twoimps, flashing flaming torches.

Hark! a down our caverns

Enomes, breathing poisoned vapours
through their shells

Beloken mortal footsteps. (Sacrific music
clear up blood

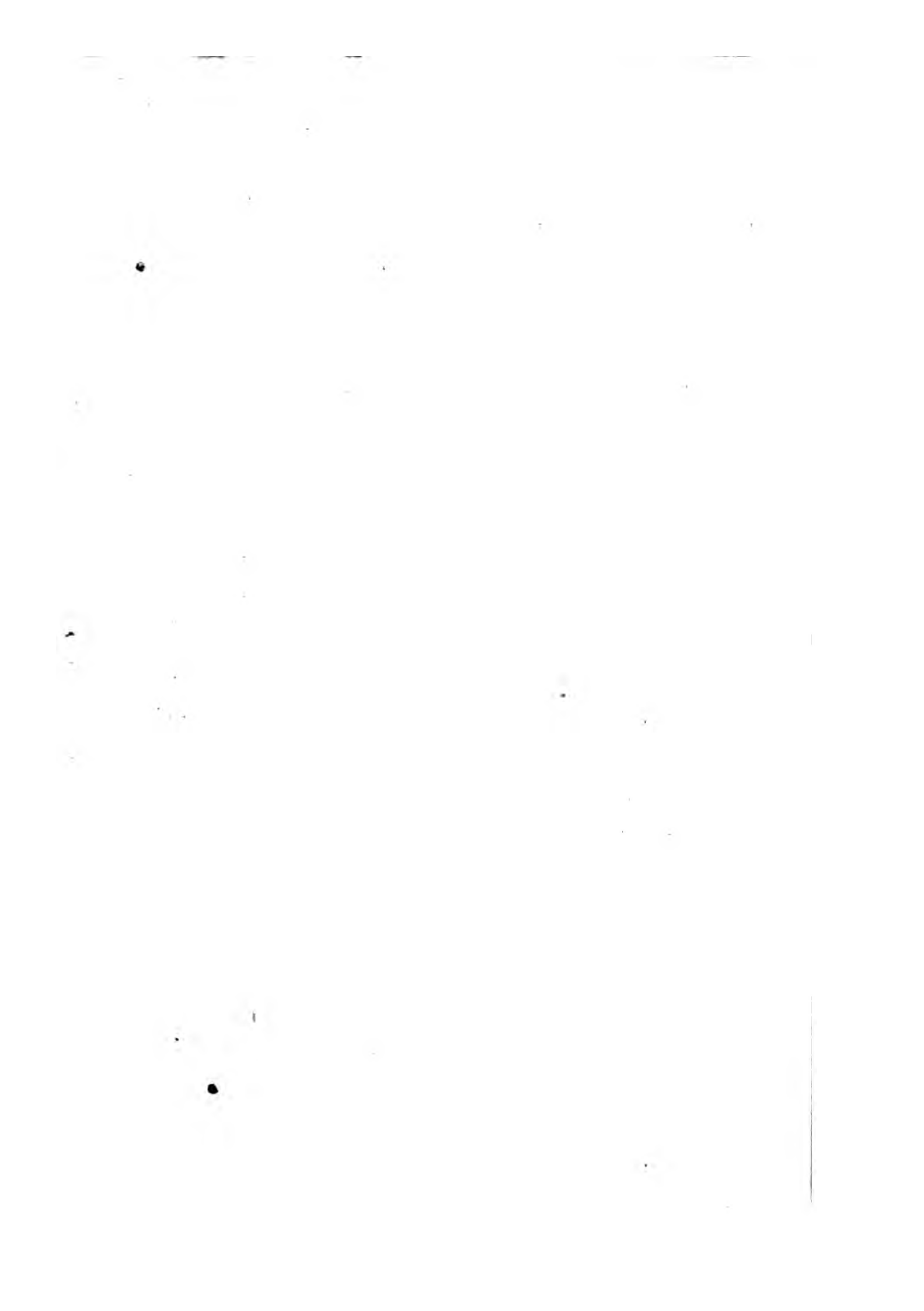
Thunder. A gate is struck on the out-
side which he sounds awfully.)

Man of blood!

Tell murder keeps the porch, and will
admit thee. - Thunder.

Enter Hesperae through Cave, comes
down. It

Hes: I bend before thee, mighty Orc brand.
Orc Now, Hesperae, speak thy wishes.



1/ Oros: Is by thy arm deprived deposed;
And chained with Letic in your dungeons.
2/ Oros Peace - tell me not of the past -
Their choice has fall'n on you; and I
confirm it.
Abdallohs germs of conscience were
his vice but budding; ^{luxuriant;} though a full blown
villain.

Join'd in one fate we'll ne'er give way,
 Join'd in one fate we'll ne'er give way,
 But combat for infernal sway,
 But combat, &c.
 Yes, yes, yes, idolaters of fire,
 Revel in the realms below,
 Revel, &c.
 Revel, &c.

Your infernal train of prowling miscreant votaries, call from the deep abyss of Pluto's realm to aid, with all their powerful enginery, the dark designing measures of thy determin'd master. (*a horn sounds*) Hark! the watchful gnomes sound their hoarse shells, announcing the approach of mortal footsteps. Whoe'er thou art that boldly ventur'st to this dread abode, gaunt *Murder*, who guards our brazen portal, will admit and usher to our magic presence.

Enter HASSARAC through the arch.

Has. Before you, mighty *Orcobrand*, I lowly bend. 2

Orcob. Approach, and speak thy wishes.

Has. Since the banditti thrive beneath thy care,—confirm *me* as their leader; for *Abdalla*, our captain once—

Orcob. Your captain!—a puny slave!—a suckling unworthy of a leader's name;—who crouches at a woman's feet, and sighs for love, and all its flimsy blisses,—but he is now within my power: in yonder dungeon chain'd he lies, and to increase the horrors of his fate, within his view, fast bound in adamantine chains, groans his beautiful *Zelie*. *ayc*

Has. Yes, with *Zelie*, our new captive; 'twas to her the milksop sigh'd—now they may groan together. My comrades— 2

Orcob. For you, brave youth, the charge is yet too much: the master robber of that mighty band link'd by fate in ties indissoluble, and by my magic power protected, should bear a heart, wherein the germ of cruelty by nature's hand had been implanted, fostered at the breast of knavery, and pruned by deep deceit, until the spreading branches of determined rapine, present a full blown villain.

Has. And with your aid, my head may blossom some years longer. 1

~~*Oreob.* Thou hast already proved thyself unskill'd in such deep thought as should preserve thee from the perils of that state. Was it not by your neglect, remissness inexcusable! that your abode was known to mortal men?~~

Has. It was ⁴⁰¹ but that secret goes no further. I acted justice in our ⁴⁰² cave this morning, and ⁴⁰³ ~~lopp'd~~ a head off.—'Twas a fool's—who came, I know not by what means, among our treasures; but head and trunk I threw among the palms that skirt our dwelling's mouth. 2

~~*Oreob.* Thou canst not think thy secret rests alone with those who are the partners of thy trade; another now has gain'd the word, and may proclaim it to the curious world.~~

Has. How! another? 3

~~*Oreob.* Yes, another;—protected by a female power, that far transcends in magic charm the influence I lately boasted.~~

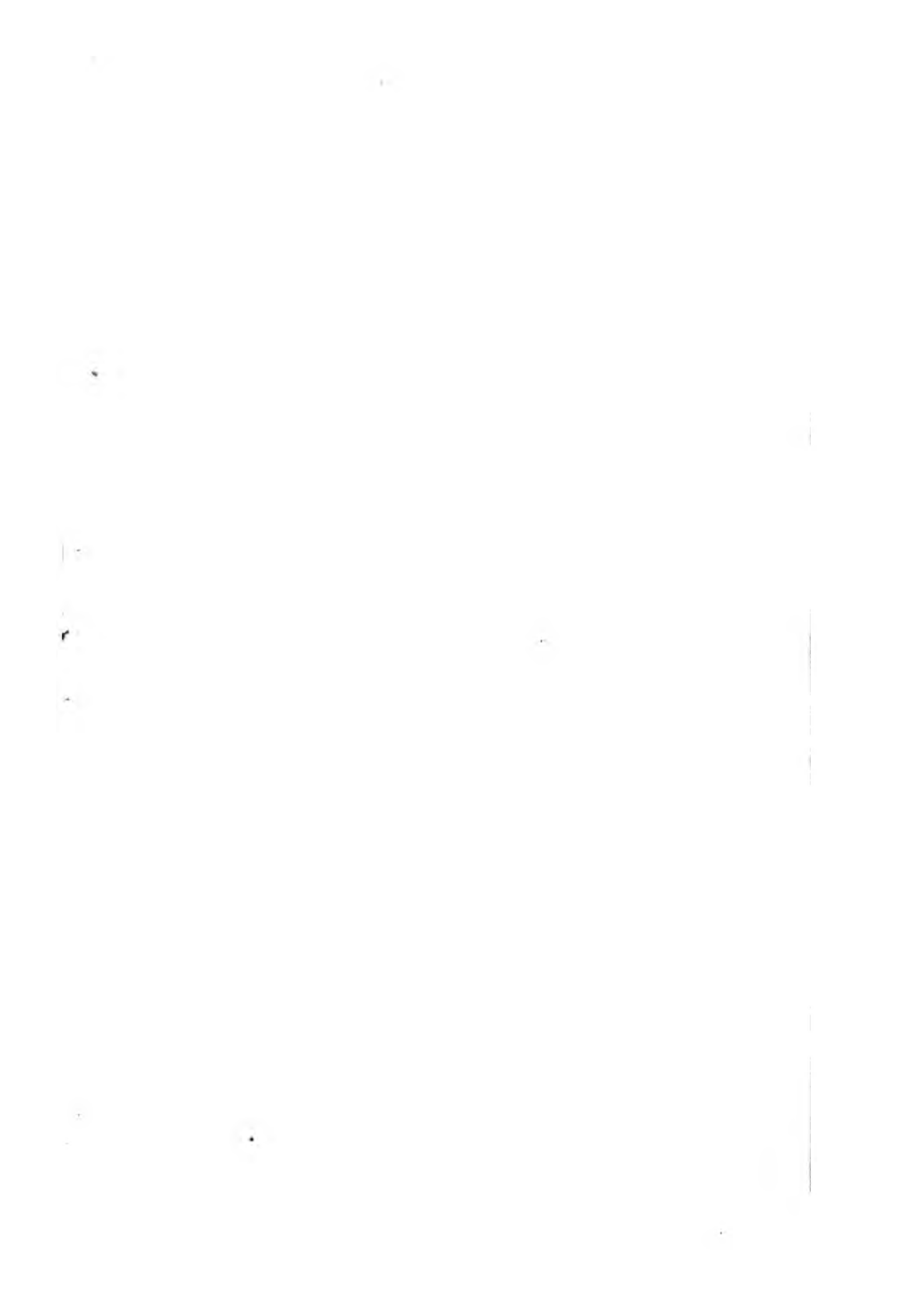
Has. Her triumph shall be short. 4

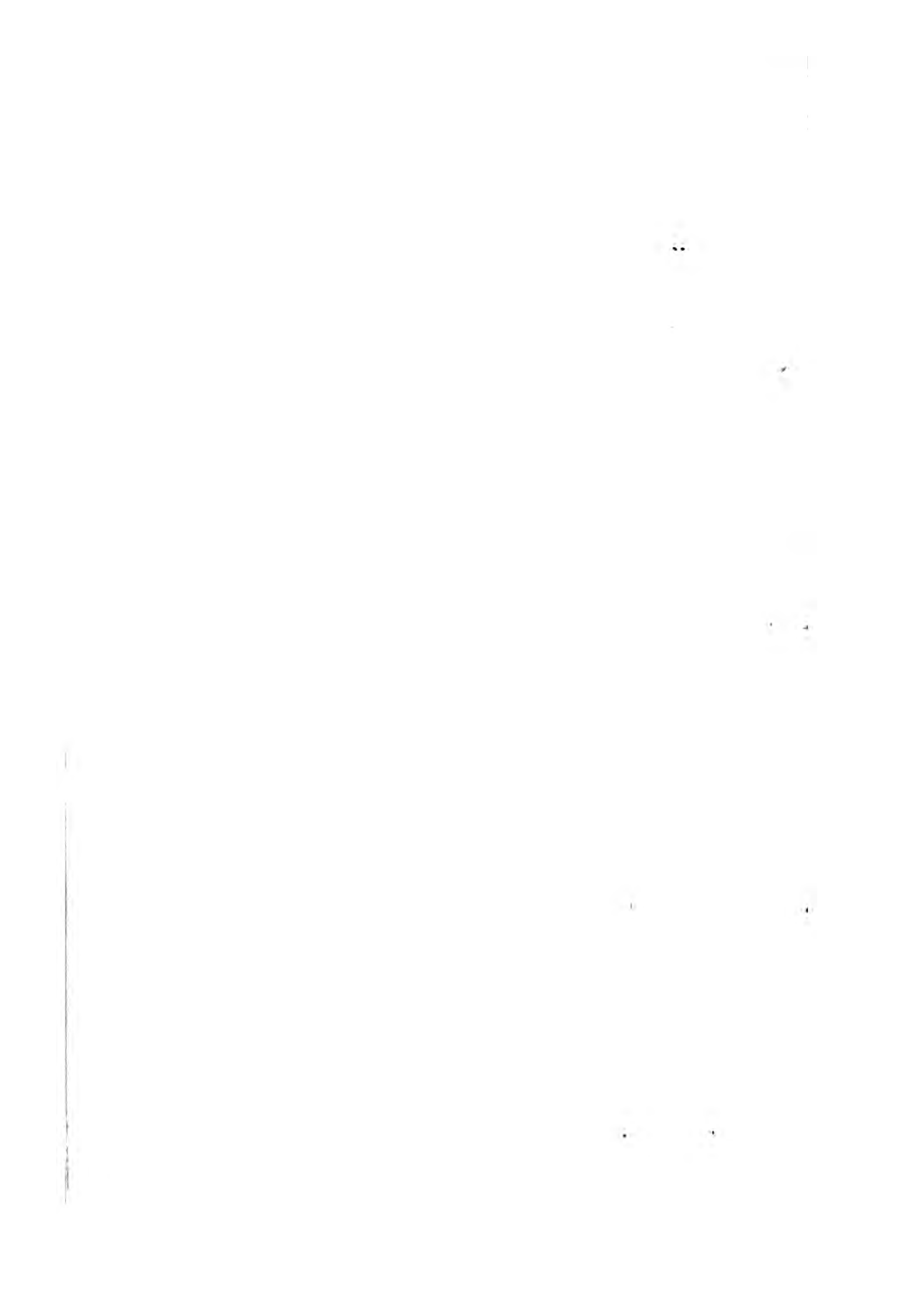
~~*Oreob.* Another lives, I say, that has your secret word obtain'd; a mortal too. If thou wouldst prove thyself worthy the mighty charge you now solicit 'tis thine by mortal means to rid thy fears and mine; for in his hand thy life, and that of all thy friends, like the unsteady balance of a quivering beam, stands now in doubtful equipoise.~~

Has. On me then rest the issue—(*kneels*)—And may sleep never close these eyes, if Bagdad's city hold him, till craft has hunted down my prey and courage plunged this dagger in his heart. (*rises*) 5

~~*Oreob.* Thy now determined purpose keep—Let me but view the purple die upon thy trusty weapon, and claim of me the bright reward of thy dark deed. Go hence! pursue the fix'd and steady purpose of thy soul—Be resolute and prosper.~~

[~~Exit severally; Hassarac through the arch.~~





1 Orco. Be wary! Mark!
The charm to enter your abode is known.

2 Orco. Dull murderer,
another has the secret.

3 Orco. Another has despoiled you of
your spoils
a crafty first, who sent the silly second:
A first who by his knowledge of the charm,
has placed my power and all your lives
in peril,
Who, curses on his chance! He calls my
enemy,
The Fairy of the Lake, far, far above me.

4 Orco: Oh! I am cramped - confined! my
rivals force
restrains me now from naming your
invader.

He must be found by mortal means alone.

5 Orco. Go, and prosper. Exit Hapsarac
through Cave. Thunder.

Chorus of Friends

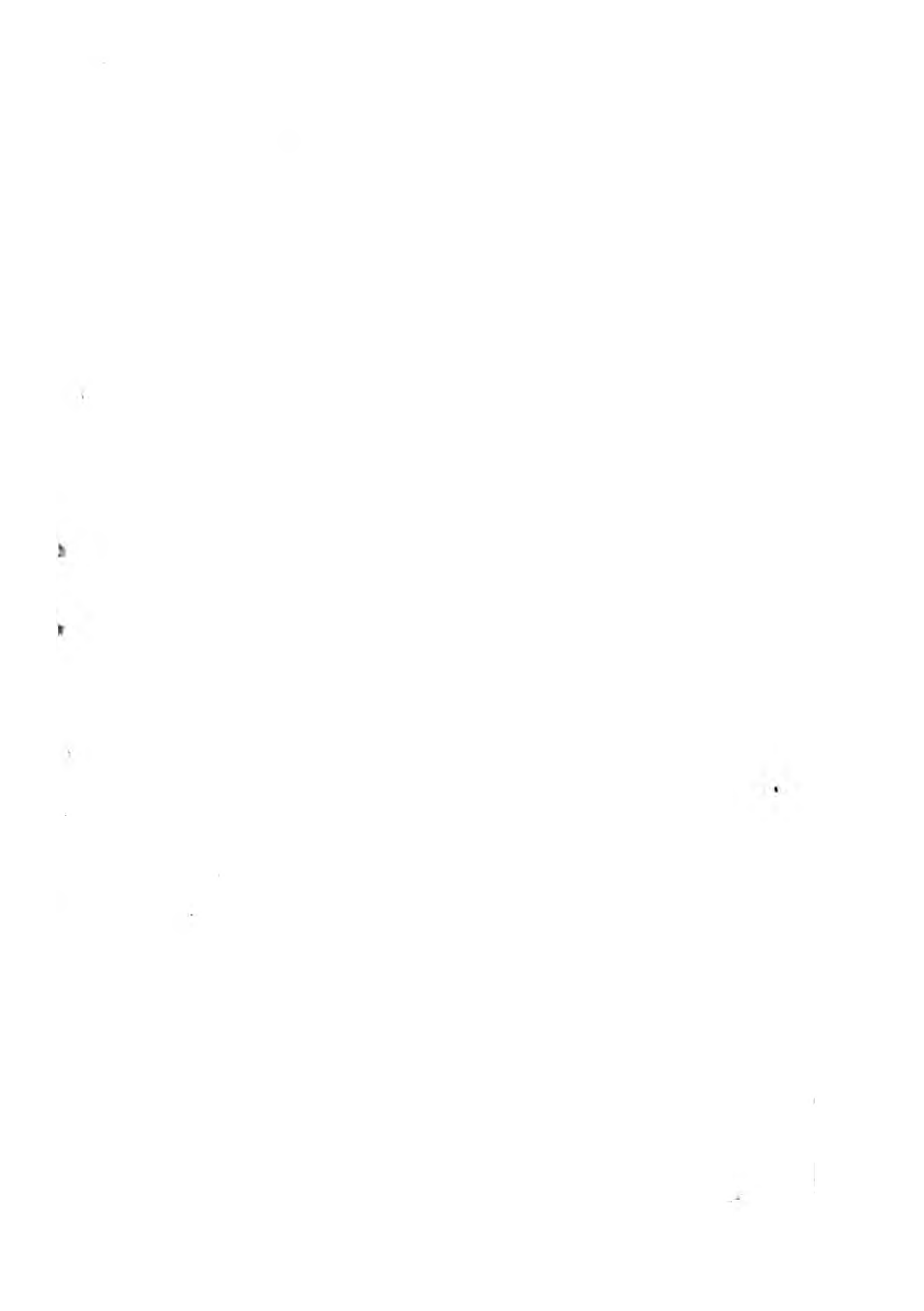
"Strike the world!" page 20

They retire as the chorus ends.

Scene closes.

Hapsarac ascends the rocks as before
led by the Imps during the chorus.





Quet. "Ah cruel maid!" 3
see page 25.

2 Zaida runs and throws herself
into Ali Baba's arms.

Zaid. Oh, my dear, dear brother-in-law!
How happy I am to see you in the midst
of my misfortunes.

3 Zaid: And you a brother! Oh! night and
day we must never cease to lament
him.

Ali: Then let us split the difference, and
divide the four and twenty hours be-
-tween us! and if he fulfilled the da-
-ties of a husband, as he observed the
-ties of a relative, your lamentations
for your losses by night, and mine
by day, will be pretty equal. - Now,
go to your chamber, dry your eyes and
be comforted. -

Zaid. Alas! chamber, mansion, fortune,
every thing now is yours.

Ali. Well, well, I must take possession;
- but I shall forget that all is my own,
on your account, if you won't put me in
mind of it. -

Zaid. My good, good brother! kisses
his hand and Exits R.

SCENE II.

Cassim's elegant Turkish Pavilion. ~~Booove~~

Enter MORGIANA, meeting GANEM. ~~I~~

Gan. Oh! Morgiana, I've been seeking you every where ~~(pleas'd)~~

Mor. No, have you? But this is a very busy night, and we hav'nt time to talk now, my late master just dead, ~~and~~ ^{you know} and my new one just taking possession.

Gan. True: and though close on the heels of a funeral, an entertainment (according to our custom) is preparing for the inheritor. But, dear Morgiana, spare me a few moments to talk to you, and no longer keep me in suspense.

Mor. Oh, Ganem, this isn't a time—nay, nay, let go my hand. ~~(~~exit~~)~~ *R*

Enter ZAIDE. ~~R~~

Zaide. Oh, Morgiana!

Mor. Don't give way to grief, madam; consider 'tis Mahomet has taken my master from you;—do take comfort. ~~I don't~~ ^{am}

Zaide. ~~I don't know~~ how ^{am} I'm to find comfort, when Mahomet, in taking away your master, forgot to leave me his money; that low brute, his brother, Ali Baba, inherits house, goods, chattels, and every sequin.

Mor. But Ali Baba was here last night, you know, madam, after the fatal event, and promised to be kind to you ~~(retires.)~~

Zaide. He! and must I depend upon him? I never could bear the sight of him,—a poor narrow-minded, dirty, wood-cutting—

Enter ALI BABA. (~~ex.~~) ~~I~~ 2

~~*Zaide.* Oh, my dear brother! (~~embracing him~~)~~

Ali. Come, come, cheer up; death has always his hatchet in his hand, and sooner or later he cuts up all families,—root and branch. You have lost a husband?

Zaide. And you a brother. ~~3~~

~~*Ali.* Yes, but he took so much pains when he was alive to inure me to the loss of a brother, that I don't think I shall sink under the affliction.~~

~~*Zaide.* Ah, I shall never cease to lament him.~~

~~Ali. Then let us divide the four and twenty hours between us; and if you lament him at night, as much as I shall by day, our lamentations will be pretty equal.~~

~~Zaida. By his death I am left destitute;—all is yours.~~

~~Ali. I must now take possession, but I should cease to remember all was mine, if you did not remind me of it. There, there, dry your eyes. Go to your chamber and be comforted.~~

~~Zaida. (aside) Oh, hang your comfort. My dear brother, I will try to follow your advice, but I fear in vain, my dear, dear brother.~~ *[Exit (v.p.)]*

Ali. I hate the kiss of a flatterer; if any thing can choke charity, 'tis treacle stuff'd down our throats by a beggarly hand that administers wormwood as long as it ~~can~~ *could* grasp a piece of gold. *going to*

MORGIANA advances.

Mor. Sir, sir!

Ali. Morgiana, is it you?

Mor. Yes, and now your slave. *My benefactors!*

Ali. My slave? my friend. My wife told me, *you gave!* her, and my children, a meal when they were almost starving. I never shall forget it. *2*

~~Mor. Nay, my dear master, don't talk of it, but tell me, when you follow'd your brother to the forest, what became of you?~~ *aye* *thither*

Ali. I crept to the forest in the dusk to watch the event of his expedition; and my blood curdled when I beheld *dear* his remains in the stream *beside* the cavern, no doubt thrown there by the robbers; but how they were convey'd to this house, ~~the infernals and celestials that watch over their abode, can best determine.~~ *As*

Mor. Certainly by supernatural means—and last night entering his chamber, there I found his corpse; his severed head lay near it; on his breast was placed this scroll. *(Produces it. Written on Canvas.)*

Ali, (reading) 'Morgiana, upon you depends the safety of the family.' Well, how did you act? *countenanced*

Mor. I remembered to have seen a shrewd merry knave who whistles over his daily work, in a low shed many streets distant, opposite the fountain.

Ali. I'll be hanged if you don't mean the cobbler.

Mor. The same.

1 when I came home yesterday, that
you brought her &c.

2 Mory We have no time to waste. I
have a secret, which if known might be
full of danger.

Ali Reflecting my brother?

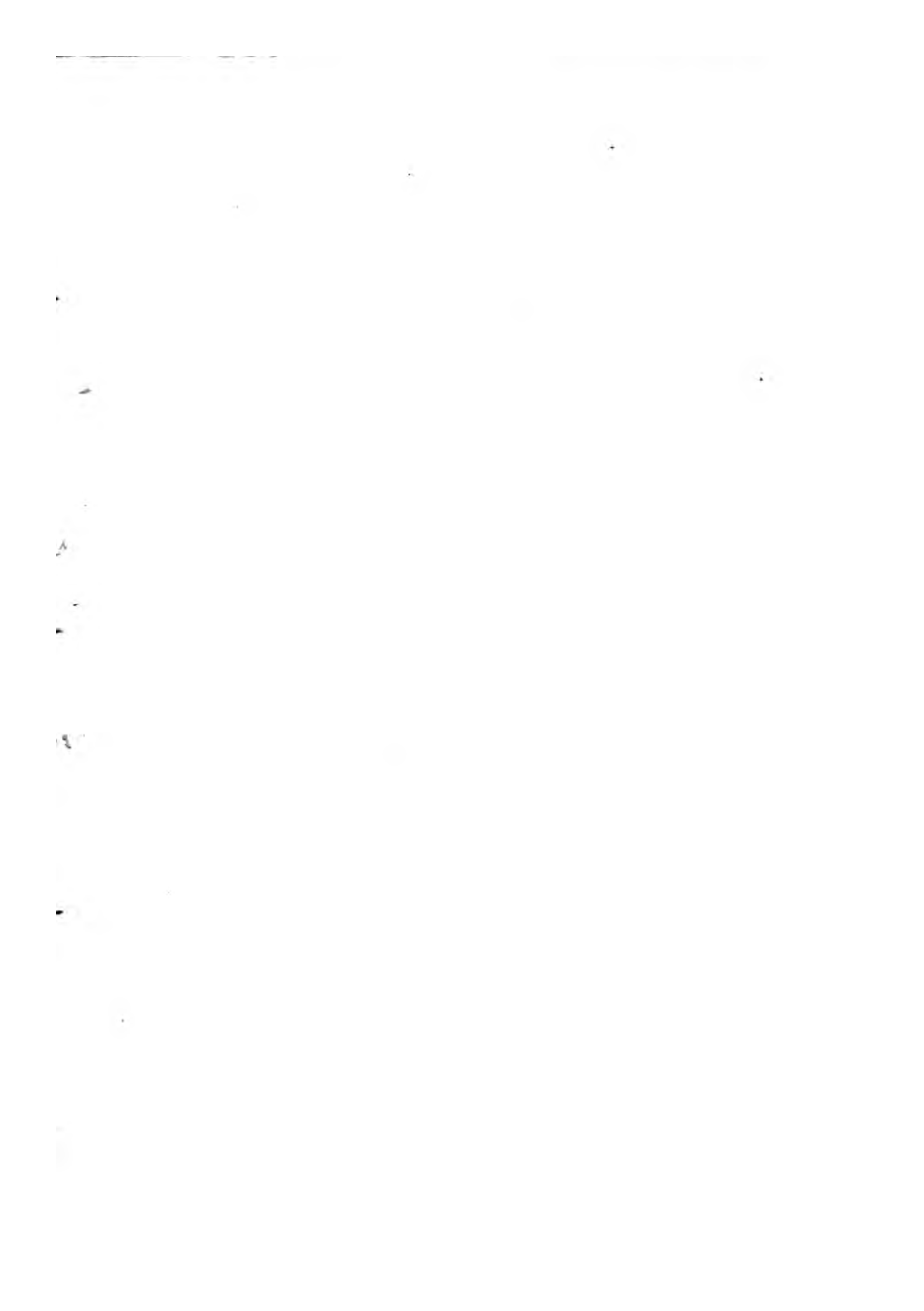
Mory. ~~Says~~ Yes.

Ali His avarice has been his death.

Mory. I know it. - His wife's joy betrayed
to me the charm you had imparted;
and I learnt yesterday he had gone
and ventured to the robber's cave.

3, they were

4 the spirits that watch round the
abode alone can determine.



1. Balloons in Orchestra. Funeral
Music.

2 Alors. Ah! dear Lanem - but I forget
that his father is now my master.
So he will look down on the poor slave
Morgiana. Ah, love! your only delight
is to torment us.

Song 4
"Ah! little blind boy &c"
See page 32. Exit L.



Ali. He would do any thing for money.

Mor. I thought so—him I engaged. I brought him blindfolded to Cassim's chamber, there he sewed the head to the body; that done, with the same precaution I led him back to his stall, and vanished from his sight.

Ali. Excellent Morgiana, how can I reward you?

Mor. Don't mention that; but, dear sir, what has happened to you?

Ali. Just as I reached the forest— /

Mor. The mourners are at the gate, you must hasten to meet them.

Ali. True: let us go—hold, the Fairy of the Lake gave me this (*gives a small phial to Morgiana,*) one single drop produces instant death; do you, Morgiana, take care of it; and when I visit the cave, we must contrive to give some of the robbers a dose.

Mor. No doubt that was the intention of the fairy.

Ali. Now for a sorrowful countenance. Ah! I'm afraid if the face shewed the feelings of the heart,—many a mourner would prove a merry one. [*Exit (as) C.*]

²
~~Enter GANEM, (O. P.)~~

~~*Ganem.* Stay, Morgiana. Why do you thus cruelly keep me in suspense? Why thus delay? [*takes her hand.*]~~

~~*Mor.* Let go my hand.~~

DUET—GANEM AND MORGIANA. *page 23*

Ganem. Ah, cruel maid, too soon retiring,
Love's tender vows all fears remove;

Mor. Ah, cruel youth, too much desiring,
I dare not say how much I love.

Ganem. Yet why this haste?—

Mor. No more delay me, you must not stay,

Ganem. One moment yet—

Mor. You must not stay,

Togeth. { Ah, cruel maid, &c.
 { Ah, cruel youth, &c.

Mor. By love's pure and tender power,
This hand and heart I pledge to you;
By the blessings of this hour,
To plighted vows for ever true,
No more delay me, you must away;

D

Ganem. Yet why this haste? one moment stay.
Togeth. { Ah, cruel maid, too soon retiring, &c.
 { Ah, cruel youth, too much desiring, &c.
 No more delay, you must away, &c.
 Yet why this haste? one moment yet—
 Ah, let me stay, &c.
 Good night, good night, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street with a Cobbler's Stall—MUSTAPHA the Cobbler discovered in his Stall.

Mus. Pshaw! my stall this evening is as hot as Beelzebub's back-kitchen in the dog-days; there should be something like a breeze between the streets here, (*brings out his sign, stall, &c.*) So here I'll work, and if there's no air to be had any where else, I'll sing one.

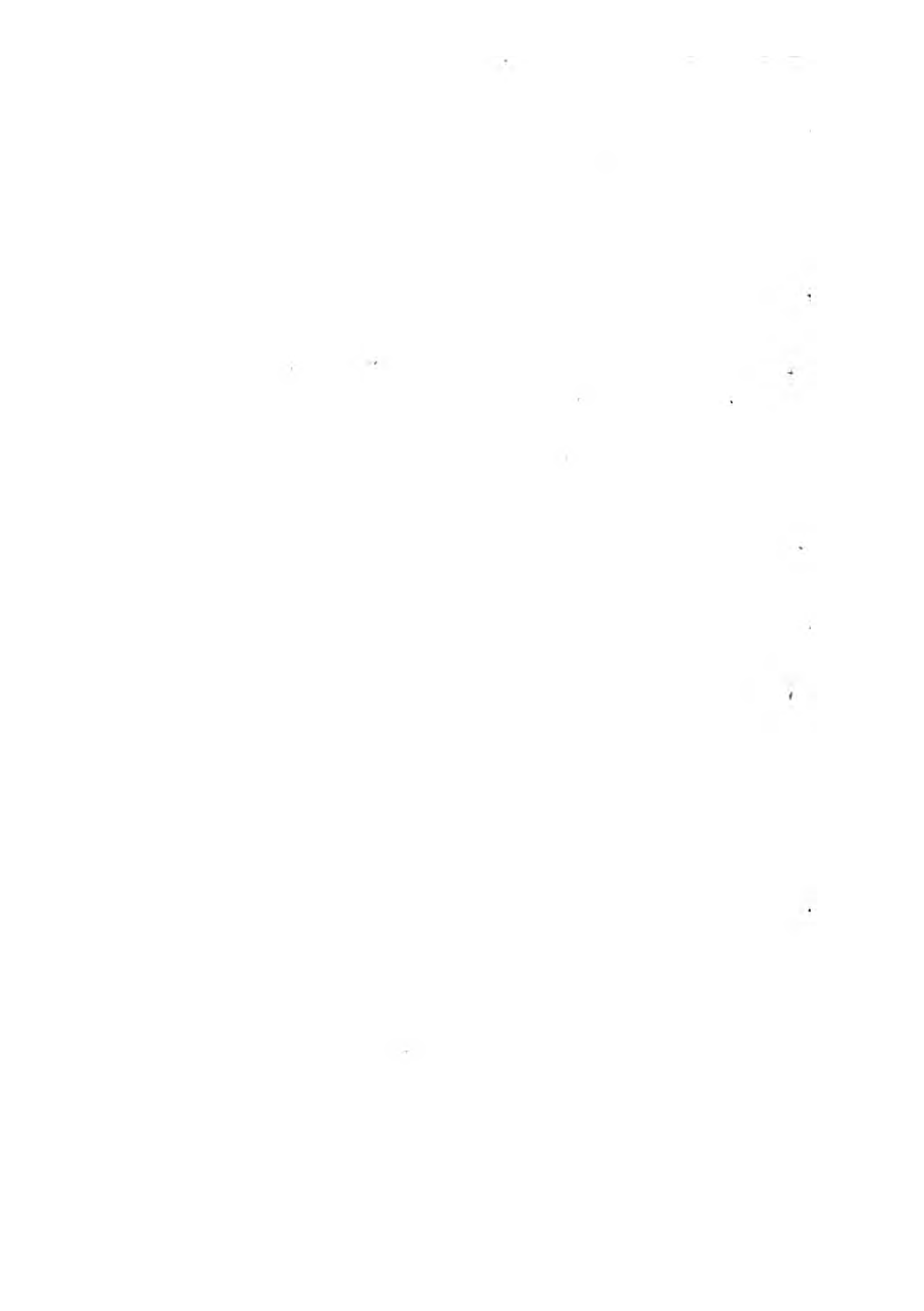
SONG:

Last week I took a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vow'd to stick thro' life
 Like cobbler's wax unto her;
 But soon we went, thro' some mishap,
 To loggerheads together,
 And when my wife began to strap,
 Why I began to leather.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

My wife, without her shoes,
 Is hardly three feet seven,
 And I to all men's views,
 Am full five feet eleven;
 So when to take her down some pegs,
 I drubb'd her neat and clever;
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away for ever.

When she was gone, good lack!
 My hair like hog's hair bristl'd,
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,
 So went to work and whistl'd.
 Then let her go, I've got my stall,
 Which may no robber rifle,
 'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,
 To lose my wife's a trifle!

The cobbler's stall is formed by an
opening in a of flat.



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1. Hassanac has a disguise over his own
adjs being a long gown, and sleeves,
with a small turban same as cloak, as
an Armenian Merchant.

Enter HASSARAC and MIRZA. (over)

Has. Here will I begin my search. I'll question this fellow—(Mirza retires)—cobbler!

Must. Sir, to you—Tol de riddle, &c.

Has. ~~Can you tell me~~ what news is stirring?

Must. Rare news! we have a new tax upon leather. Tol rol de rol, &c. (*hammering and going on with his song.*)

Has. Do you call that rare news? why it will be the ruin of the shoe-makers.

Must. So much the better for the cobblers. Take away the physicians, and there's more work for the apothecaries. *Not so*

Has. Why the apothecaries thrive by the physicians.

Must. Why that's true;—but take away physicians and apothecaries, I know a third set of men that would starve.

Has. Who are they?

Must. The undertakers. *hand some*

Has. You have some ~~the~~ houses in this quarter; ~~do you know~~ who inhabits them?

Must. Mostly cobblers. *have*

Has. Why you ~~know~~ there is not a single shed ~~in~~ *near* the whole place except your own.

Must. No; they are cobblers on a greater scale. This neighbourhood is full of statesmen and lawyers—law founders and law-expounders; so they cobble the constitution between ~~them~~.

Has. You are a shrewd fellow. But how can you ~~see~~ *manage* to work by this light? 'tis near dark.

Must. By any light, or no light, I am the man for a job in the dark.

Has. Indeed!

Must. What think you? last night I sewed a man's head to his body—there's a job.

Has. (*eagerly*) Where, where?

Must. That's past my cunning to find out.

Has. How so?

Must. Why I was blindfolded there and back.

Has. (*aside*) Ah, it must be the same; they have plann'd it deeply—Blindfolded you say? then you have no idea of the road you took?

Must. Not so bad as that, neither. I am too much

used to go to bed without a candle to lose my way in the dark;—I counted ^{every} the turns I made.

Has. Ah, did you? do you think you could find them again?

Must. Yes—hood wink'd, but not otherwise.

Has. I should like you try, for curiosity only. If you succeed, this shall reward you—(*shows a purse*)

Must. On with the bandage then—I am your man.—Stop—let me shut up my shop first (*puts in stool and closes shutter*) (*Hassarac blinds him*) Draw it tighter; if I see in the least I shall lose my way. (*kneels*) Now Fortune, dear blind lady, look down upon your poor blindfolded cobbler, see that he doesn't lose his way, and he'll run upon your blind errands for the rest of his life. (*rises*) Now follow me. [*Exeunt (orn)*]

SCENE IV.

A View of Bagdad, with Cassim's house--A step at the door.

Re-enter MUSTAPHA and HASSARAC, (orn)

Has. You're sure you're right?

Must. Don't puzzle me. Which way did I turn last?

Has. To the left.

Must. That's right.

Has. And now to the right.

Must. No, the right's wrong. (*pauses*) Let me see, let me see. *Let you see*

Has. Then I'll take off the bandage.

Must. Be quiet;—I'm like an owl, and see best in the dark.—(*goes to door of Cassim's house*) This is the house.

Has. This! *over your eye the door.*

Must. It has one step, I know I had nearly broke my neck in coming out.

Has. It has—it has.

Must. Fortune be praised! the purse is mine.

Has. Take it. (*gives it. throws the purse*) *He*

Must. I always like to look at my money, so pull off the bandage. *Takes it off, and picks up the purse.*

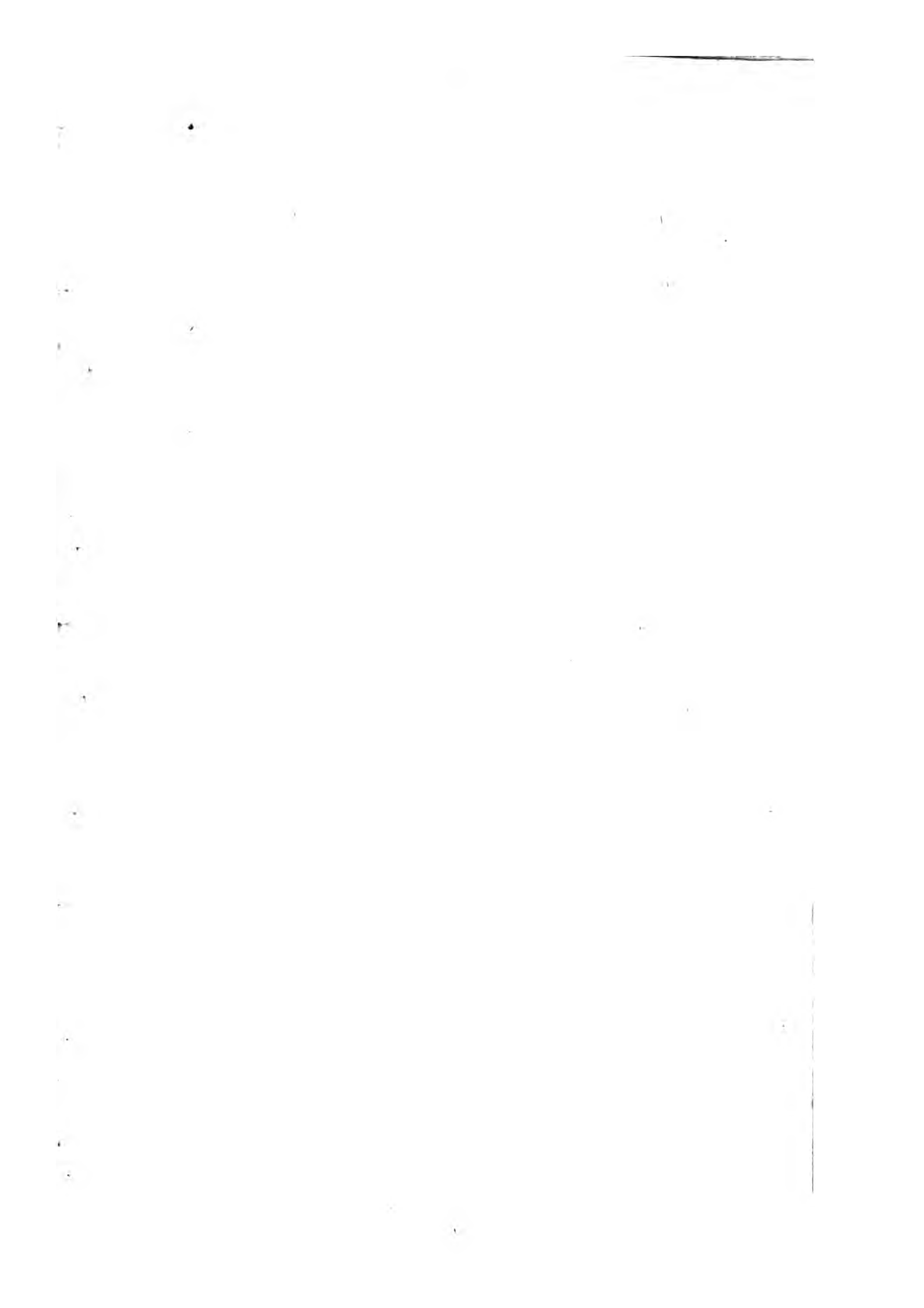
Has. Know you who lives here?

Must. (*examining the house*) Yes—it is!—this was Cassim's the rich merchant, who I heard this morning died suddenly. Now his brother has it—he who cuts wood in the forest where the thieves are. You have heard of them?

Has. Yes, yes, often, *often.*

1. Scene 4th

Two or three doors, in the scene, one in
the centre practicable. Cassim's House
centre. -



- 1 Crosses to B
- 2 Ulling. Fear was not me. Exit B.
- 3 Ali Baba is now dressed in a rich Turkish robe and Turban &c

Must. A pack of rascals! but there's a rope growing for each of them. As for the captain, I would go any length to see him hang'd—wouldn't you?

Has. Yes, whenever he is hang'd I ^{should} ~~shall~~ certainly be present. Damnation! (*aside*)

Must. Farewell, sir!—if ever you have lost your way or your heel-piece, I shall be proud of your custom. I work at fix'd prices in general; but if ever you wish to employ me in this way again, you'll always find me ready for a blind bargain.

Exit MUSTAPHA, (O.P.)

Pickering *Enter MIRZA, (O.P.)*

Has. Come near, come near. Where are your comrades?

Mirza. All ready in the oil jars.

Has. But where?

Mirza. At the next turning of the street.

Has. You all know the signal?

Mirza. Yes, all.

Has. This house contains our enemy; to-morrow's sun shall not see an inhabitant alive; away, away—~~but~~ stay—the gateway ^{leading to the path} ~~leads~~ to the path behind the house—there go, and wait my coming. ² [*Exit MIRZA, (O.P.)* What ho! ~~within there~~—(*knocks at the door*) I have a subtle foe to deal with, and therefore the more dangerous.

Enter a Slave from the house. MD with

Tell your master a stranger wishes to speak to him.—(*Exit Slave into the house*) Now for stratagem. A well told lie ^{and} makes me and my band tenants for death within these walls, or this night cancels the lease of life vested in the landlord.

³ *Enter ALI BABA and Slave from the house.*

Ali. A stranger did you say?

Has. Pardon this intrusion, sir, but—

Ali. No intrusion at all, sir, for you haven't got into my house yet. ^{yet} Who are you? ^{What's your business?}

Has. I am a merchant, arrived in this city with a ^{rich} ~~valuable~~ and valuable cargo; the caravansera is too full to admit me, and being a stranger here—

Ali. You're ~~afraid~~ ^{not} fearful of being robbed in the streets; there are a plaguy number of thieves in this town, I assure you.

Has. It struck me that might be the case the moment I and my followers entered it.

Ali. And you ~~want a place of safety~~ ^{are apprehensive} for your merchandize?

Has. Exactly so. ¹

Ali. ~~Your precaution was necessary:~~ where's your cargo?

Has. At your gate behind the house. ²

Ali. ~~Here Hassin, Benin!~~ place the merchant's cargo under the veranda in the garden—it will be safe there.

Has. How ~~soon~~ ^{soon} I thank you?

Ali. Tell me I have done ~~my duty~~ any thing more is flummery. What do you deal in?

Has. Oil from Bassorah.

Ali. Oil!—why what door ~~can~~ ^{could} creak on the hinge in opening to you? ~~Come in, sir,~~ and in the morning ^{but} I may assist you in the sale, ~~will take of that in the morning.~~ ⁴

Has. (aside) ~~This morning, you shall never see.~~ ¹ I can never return ~~his kindness.~~

Ali. Yes, you may ~~do~~ ^{can} the same to ~~the next~~ ^{any} stranger that requires it, and we are quits. ~~Come, sir, in this way!~~ Come. [Exit into the house.]

~~Lamp a little down.~~ SCENE V.

The Verandu in Cassim Baba's House. 3 Hr.

The oil jars are discovered, a part in sight—the rest supposed to be hid behind the building.

Enter MORGIANA, with a Lamp, which she sets down, counting, as she enters. 3 Hr.

Mor. ~~Thirty one to~~ ^{among the jars behind.} forty jars—It's lucky they are here, for in the hurry and bustle ^{of} have forgotten to provide for the night's entertainment—even this lamp wants replenishing. I'll make free with our friend the oil-merchant—he sure may spare a little. ^{oil} (Goes to a jar, and taking up the lid, a Robber peeps out.)

Rob. Is it time?—is it time?

Mor. (who has staggered behind the jar) Not yet—but presently. [Robber closes his head.]

Mor. (goes to next jar, and so on) Not yet—but presently. In every jar there is a robber! Their design is plain—it is to murder us! What's to be done? Ah!—the charm the Fairy gave my master—it produces instant death! The words of the label then on Cassim ^{Baba's} breast must now be verified—'Morgiana, on you depends the safety of the family.'

1 Ali. Then don't be frightened any longer.
- There's my door, and while it has a
hinge it shall never be shut against
a stranger who seeks my protection.

2 Ali. Hapson, lead the merchant's mules
into the stable, and place his cargo in
the court, under the veranda, it will
be safe there. Exit Hapson C.D.

3 Ali done, the duty one man owes to
another, any thing more is mere flum-
-mery &c!

4 Haps: (aside) The morning! That you
will never see.

Ali. Come! In, in!

Haps. I can never repay your kindness.

Scene 5

The back of the house - a long balcony
practicable - a practicable door leading
to balcony in center. Another practicable
door under the balcony in center.

6 Oil jars, made out of basket covers

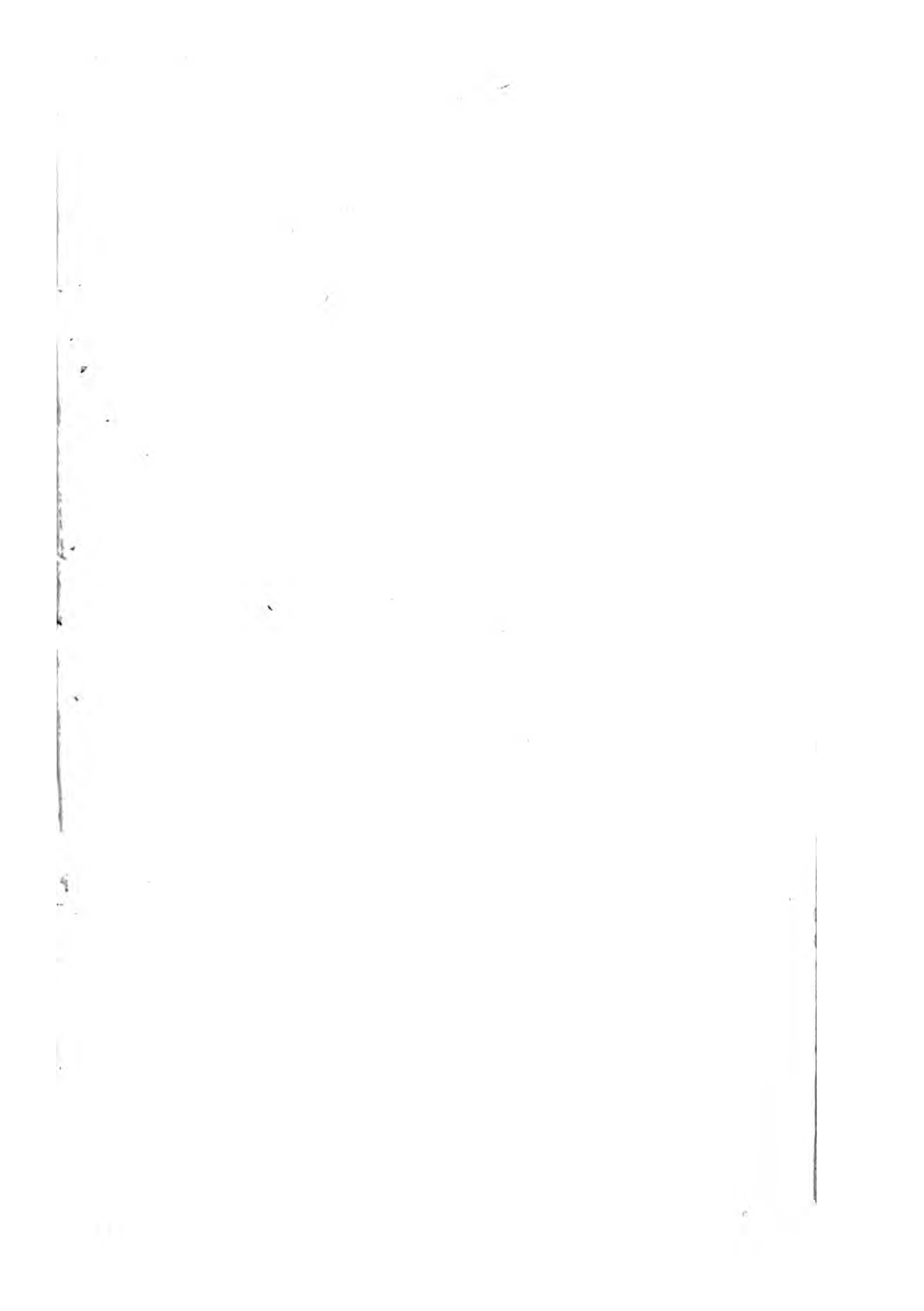


Six Oil Jars.

5 He is supposed to have counted the
rest behind.

Marg. (as she enters) Thirty one 32. 33. 34.
(enters) 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40, forty jars &c.

3. Music. Morgiana, takes the lid off
the lamp and goes to fill it at 170. 8.
opens it, a Robbers head appears. -
2nd rob. Is it time? Is it time!
Morg: (Who has fallen back, surprised
dropping the lid of the lamp, recovers.)
Not yet. (The Robbers head sinks
and the cover of the Jar falls in its
place. she goes to the other jars, and
taps them again, saying) Not yet,
but presently. (Comes forward.)



Music. She kneels to heaven for protection. Approaches the jars with caution and trembling, lifts up the covers of those in sight, pours part of the contents of the charmed phials into each, at the time she pours the poison, into a jar, a groan is heard, which is done by balloon in Orchestras, - as though the robber expired. The poisons four - (change of music). She runs forward - as exhausted - but recovers her ~~own~~ ^{own} courage, Poisons the other two in sight then runs off. B.R.R. poisoning as she goes. (Music piano.) Leaves the Lamp behind her.

2. Haffarac Opens one of the jars and smoke arises from it, starts astonished, goes to others, and so on to four, from all of which smoke issues.

3. Ganem and Bogia, are now dressed in Real Turkish habits.

~~(Music she approaches the jars cautiously, and pours the contents of the charmed phial into them, until she is out of sight, leaving the lamp behind her. A slight smoke rises from each jar, and the groan of a robber. (Exit.~~

Enter HASSARAC on the Veranda, ^{above} from door

Has. 'Tis time to give my comrades orders for the manoeuvres of the night. Ha! a lamp! then the servants are yet ~~on foot~~ ^{still} about the court—I must retire and wait a moment, ^{filler of opportunity} [Exit into house.

Re-enter MORGIANA. ^{3 B B} ~~2~~

Mor. ^{lowered} The groans of the expiring villains have nearly overcome me. Now for my master! (takes up the lamp,) My master,—oh, a thought rushes on me!—the false merchant, leader of the gang, before I reach him, may have plunged his dagger into Ganem's and his father's breast. Alla send I be not too late to preserve them.

Stage quite dark. [Runs off with lamp. ~~2~~

Enter HASSARAC, ~~(on)~~ ^{from door un-}
~~-der Veranda.~~

Has. All is dark at last. Now for the signal, (whistles) No answer!—At such a moment sure they cannot sleep? (whistles) Still silent! what can this mean? ~~2 opens a jar on two, and starts astonished~~ Death and hell! my faithful band destroyed. This is the Fairy's art—brave hearts, you shall be revenged, amply revenged. How shall I act? Shall I, with my sabre, force the rooms? My life I hold as nothing,—but no—alarmed as they are, it would be vain: I must try art.—Comrades, brave comrades, an hour shall not pass, ere I avenge or share your fate.

[Exit. ~~2~~

As before. SCENE VI. ^{Lamps up.}

An Apartment in Cassim's House. ^{1st}

~~3~~ Enter ~~ALI BABA~~, GANEM and COGIA, ~~followed by~~
^{following} MORGIANA. ~~2~~

Mor. This way—this way.

Cog. Well, but what's the matter?

Mor. Where is the merchant?

Ganem. Gone to inspect the jars, as he told me.

Mor. Then he has escaped.

All. Escaped!

Mor. Yes, for in each of those jars was concealed a robber of the cave, brought here by their artful leader.

Cog. But how were we saved?

Mor. By the charm the Fairy gave my master, I have locked them up in death.

Ali. Faithful Morgiana! I not only owe my own life to you, but perhaps those of the whole family. You're no longer a slave, but my preserver, and shall before long become my daughter. [Exit, P. S.]

SONG—MORGIANA. *page 35.*

Ah, little blind boy, much too often you prove us,
What tricks you delight in, how restless you reign;
To all kinds of folly your aim is to move us,
And pleasure derive from creating our pain.

Ah, little blind boy, &c.

Ah, to what mischief your malice poor mortals exposes,
While nothing the sting of your dart can abate;
Yet so strong is the spell your cunning imposes,
That your absence is worse than the pain you create.

Ah, little blind boy, &c.

[Exit, P. S.]

SCENE VII.

Cassim's Pavilion.

R. Enter HASSARAC disguised, and a Slave, (*etc.*)

Slave. Who shall I say, sir, to my master? *what visitor must I announce*

Has. A dear friend returned from travel, whom ^{he} your master has not seen for years. (*Exit Slave*) A friend, who will despatch him on his travels to the other world² But I must make him believe me ^{his} brother's friend, who has set forth on his journey a very little while before him.

Enter ALI BABA and ³Slaves (*etc.*)

Ali. A stranger did you say?

Slave. Yes, sir. (*Addressing him.*)

[Exit Slave]

Has. My bosom's companion, playmate of my youth,

I—

Ali. (*stares*) So, here's an ^{strange} ~~old~~ bosom's friend, and an ^{companion} ~~old~~ infant playmate ~~that~~ I never saw in my life before.

1 Coq. Excellent Morgiana! good girl!
what recompence can I offer? You are
no more a slave, you are my daughter
indeed.

Trio. Happy the day! Exeunt R.

Enter a slave introducing Bassanio
in another disguise. R. He is now dressed
in a rich Turkish dress and Turban,
long cloak, with long wide sleeves, in
one of which he conceals his dagger.
2 immediately.



made him forget every thing. He could
not recollect a single word, and that
occasioned his death.

1. Ali. Yes; and his brother, Ali Baba, who is now alive, and talking to you, inherits the mansion.

Hafiz. Dear Bassim &c.

2. of grief to a true friend, that he can =
= not

3. Consider this house as much your own, as if he were still living. This way, and take refreshment.

Hafiz. I follow you. Exeunt R

Scene 7th

4. A Vestibule. (A Palace with servants.)

The slaves discovered preparing a banquet. They bring forward a low oval table, covered with rich embroidered cloth, and covered with rich gold goblets, vessels for wine, golden plates with fruits, as oranges, apples, grapes

&c. &c. 4 low stools or cushions, with rich embroidered covers. They place the table and stools near 1st St.

Sanem and Borgia enter inspecting the preparations

San. Won't it be very pretty, mother?

Bog. Very. - But, ah! my dear Sanem, I can't help thinking how often this feast might have kept my poor children for a month.

San. Don't think of that now mother. - See, here comes my father, and yes - and &c.

5. Ali. Wife this is a very old friend of my late brother's.

Bog. Did you know him intimately, sir?

Ali. Him! A very strange one, he was attacked with a giddiness in the head, which

(Starting back)
 Has. I am mistaken—yet I cannot have mistaken the house—is ~~not~~ ^{is} this the residence of Cassim Baba?

Ali. It was till last night—but now he is in more confined apartments, and ~~sleeps~~ ^{sleeps} on a ground floor. He's dead.

Has. My friend, Cassim Baba? ~~poor Cassim!~~ while a friend's heart is bursting for you, a brother I find can let his fancy play over your ~~silent~~ ^{recent} grave. *funeral*

Ali. And that brother can tell you, he is so ~~just~~ ^{just} in paying his ~~true~~ debts, ~~that he can't~~ afford the hypocrisy of a tear ~~when it is not due to the departed.~~ But ~~come,~~ ^{come,} ~~my brother's friends are mine, as if he were alive.~~ ^{still} This way, sir, and take refreshment.

[*Exeunt, &c.*]

SCENE VIII. *4*

~~An elegant Chamber in the Turkish style—At the back an Arch, with folding doors. Cogia and Ganem discovered.~~

~~Cog. Here comes Ali Baba and a stranger with him.~~

~~and 3 slaves, following Ali Baba~~

~~Enter ALI BABA and HASSARAC, (O.P.) 3 B.T.~~

~~Ali. Wife, a friend of my late brother's. Bring forth the banquet. (The folding door opens, and two slaves bring on a round table decorated with an elegant banquet, and four stools with handsome covers.)~~

~~Has. What, have you an entertainment~~ ^{one} ~~forward?~~

~~Ali. Only a slight~~ ^{repast} ~~repast, sir, quite in the family way.~~

~~Has. (aside) This may interrupt my plan.~~ *5*

~~Cog. Were you and my late brother acquainted intimately, sir?~~

~~Has. Intimately, madam. Was his death sudden?~~

~~Ali. So sudden, that he had not time to send for any assistance.~~

~~Has. (aside) I believe not. What was his complaint?~~

~~Ali. An affection of the head; a giddiness seized him so violently, that he could not hold it up, and carried him off all of a sudden.~~

~~Has. (aside) Artful evasion. Poor man!~~

~~Ali. But come, sir, we must not indulge in mournful~~ ^{recollections} ~~reflections—sit down, sit down. (they all sit)~~

Has. (aside) I did not expect this feast ^{no matter} but it shall not deter me from my purpose. (*They all sit.*)

Ali. (calling) Morgiana! ^{rich Turkish habit} come here.

Enter MORGIANA in a dancing dress, veiled; a dagger in her girdle with a gold ^{goblet} and a carved gold goblet, and a pitcher ^{with precious stones} set round with precious stones.

What have you got there?

Mor. Some ^{finest} Balsore wine of the highest flavour. (pours wine into the goblet, and presents it to Hassarac, who receives it and starts)

Has. (aside) As I live, the cavern goblet! 3

Ali. What surprises you, sir?

Has. The—the—exquisite workmanship of this gob-

let.

Ali. Yes, it's beautiful.

Has. Beautiful indeed! where did it come from? 4

Ali. It was my brother Cassim's.

Has. Oh, it was his! did he purchase it?

Ali. Yes—and paid pretty dearly for it.

Has. And did he give it to you?

Ali. No—he left it.

Has. (eagerly) Where?

Ali. Why, in the cav—pooh!—why, he left it to me, to be sure, ^{to me.}

Has. Oh, in his will. 5

Ali. No, in the cav—pooh!—yes, in his will, to be sure. (*aside to Ganem and Cogia*) I'd just popped out the cavern.

Has. (aside) This goblet is yet to be paid for.

Ali. Come, sir, fill. I'll give you a toast that nearly concerns me—and I'll tell you why before we part.—Here's confusion to the memory of the robbers of the forest! Now for a dance—Morgiana! 7

[Hassarac attempts to drink, but on hearing the toast, starts, and drops a dagger out of his sleeve, picks it up again with his right hand, puts it into his belt, and drinks with left hand—Morgiana observes the dagger.]

Mor. (*comes down*) A dagger in his sleeve!—what can this mean? (*looking at him.*)

[Hassarac looks with confusion at Morgiana, who assumes a careless air then turns to Ali Baba and speaks to him in dumb show, as if satisfied that no one had noticed him.]

1
2
This half the stage
left for Morgiana
dancing.

Ali Baba

Cassim

Saprapae



Ali Baba

11
12 Ali Morgiana, what?

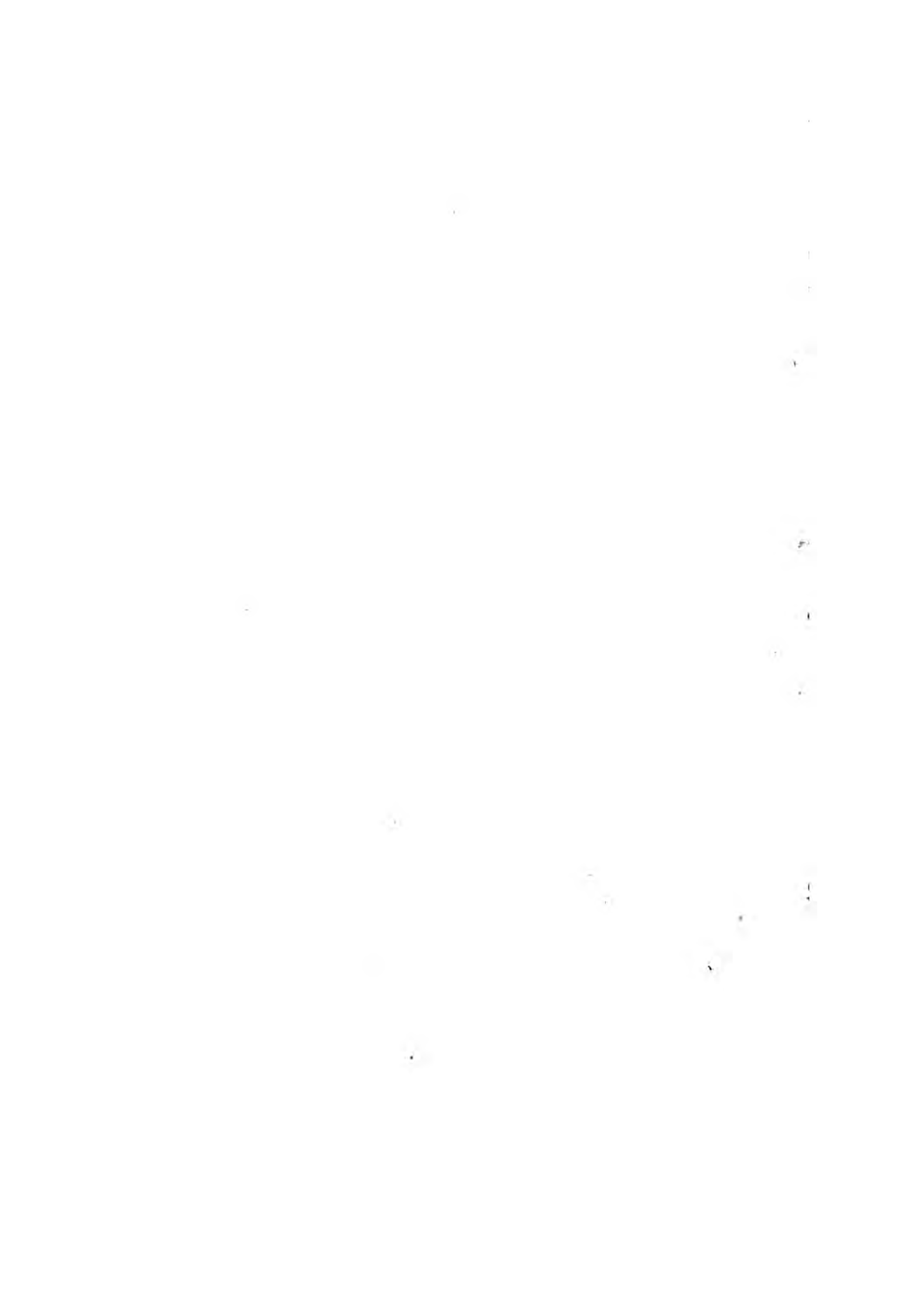
13 Ali, why, sir, what?

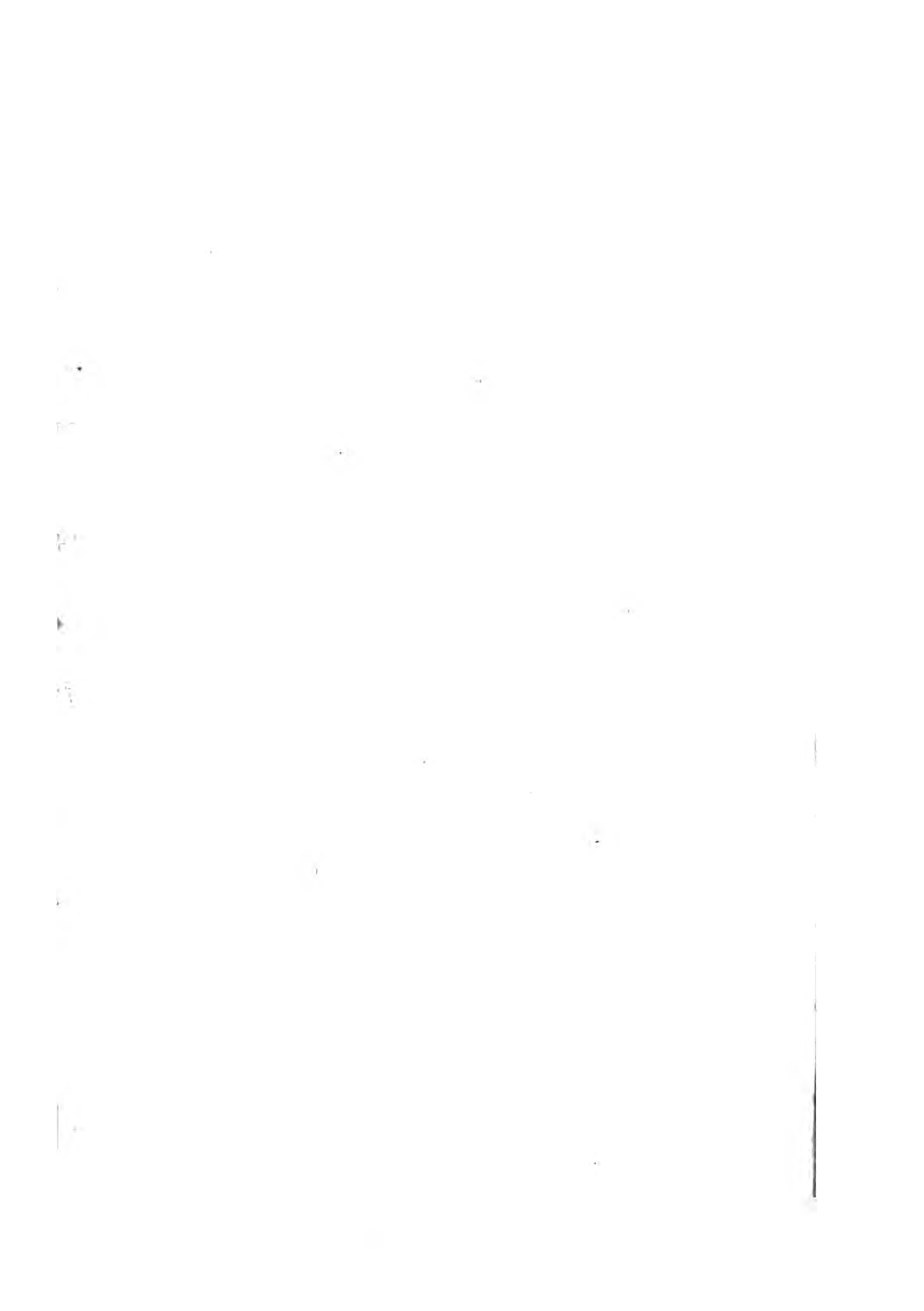
14 Ali From the - my brother Cassim.

15 Ali Certainly, how else could it be?
(aside) I was just blundering out the cavern.

16 Ali, ~~let~~ it up, Morgiana.

17 During the foregoing speech, Saprapae is holding out the goblet for Morgiana to fill - but upon the mention of the robbers, he turns suddenly round and drops a dagger from his sleeve, hastily picks it up, and conceals it.





Ali come, now for a dance!

Georgiana's Dance.

In which imitating two, or three of
the passions, she prevails to Hapsarae's
attempts to stab Ali Baba without
her intentions being discovered.
Georgiana, dances with a tambourine,
and each time Hapsarae appears pre-
-paring to strike Ali Baba, she strikes
the tambourine close to Hapsarae,
sometimes between him and Ali Baba,
at others on his right hand. Hapsarae
each time pretends to observe the
dance, and bows to her as pleased
with her performance. Ali Baba,
Cogia and Genem continue eating and
looking at dances, without observing
Hapsarae design. The tune changes to
a livelier air, in the midst of which
they rise and walk forward. Hapsarae
has at length raised his arm, and
is going to strike when she rushes
forward and forces him to plunge
the weapon into his own heart, - done
to a passage in the music. Hapsarae
when stabbed staggers behind Georgiana
and falls. Georgiana at the same time
is falling, and caught by Ali Baba in his
arms.

Ali (with horror) Merciful prophet! What
have you done!

Cogia } Georgiana!
Genem }

Mor. (*looks at Hassarac—aside*) Allah protect us! it is the pretended oil-merchant, the captain of the robbers ^{banditti} that dagger explains his purpose. Fairy of the Lake, inspire me! ¹⁰

[~~Morgiana takes a tamborine and performs a dance, in the course of which Hassarac makes several attempts to stab Ali Baba, which Morgiana observing, prevents by assuming different attitudes before Hassarac, and striking the tamborine in his ear, without her intention being discovered by any one present. At the end of the dance Hassarac makes three motions—first, with his hand forward, as if to say 'Now!'—second, points his left hand to Ali, the right hand on his dagger—the third, pulls it out to make a great blow at Ali—Morgiana seizes his hand, wrests the dagger from him, and stabs him, leaving the dagger sticking in his breast.~~

Hes. Oh!

[~~Draws the dagger out with great pain, and aims a blow at Ali, but misses—staggers back, falls and dies.~~

Ali. Rash girl! what have you done, Morgiana?

Mor. Preserved your life—destroyed your enemy!—Look there—that dagger was aimed at you. Know you not that face? (*Crossing to Hassarac.*)

Ali. (*looking at him*) 'Tis the captain of the banditti.

Mor. (*joyfully*) The last of your foes. (*Exit.*)

Ali. It is, it is! Ill fated man, you have met the punishment justly due to your crimes. Morgiana, you are indeed my daughter. But let us haste from this scene of blood, and seek the Fairy of the Lake, to offer up our gratitude to her for our deliverance from the cruel monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A Landscape.

GOSSAMER enters sportively, waving her wand to bring on Ali Baba, &c. then goes off.

ALI BABA enters, followed by Canem, Cogia, and Morgiana—they congratulate each other, and go off rejoicing at their escape from the hands of their enemies.

ORCOBRAND enters watching them, full of rage and disappointment—but at length expresses his joy that he shall now have them in his power—follows exultingly, waving his wand.

~~SCENE X.~~~~Oreobrand's Cave.~~

~~Ali Baba, Cogin, Ganem, and Morgiana discovered,
guarded by Oreobrand and Demons.~~

~~Oreob. Detested mortals! confederates of my deter-
mined foe—whose potent machinations yield at length
to my supremacy, and all her vaunted powers are va-
nished in oblivious vapour! you are now within my grasp,
and direst vengeance shall await your crimes. (strikes
the rock, the back of the arch opens and discovers~~

~~A FIERY TRANSPARENCY.~~

~~Famine, Fraud, War, and Rapine drag on Abdalla
and Zelic.~~

~~There behold my victims! bear witness to the inven-
tive torments that shall piece meal tear them. Ye active
agents of my fell design, prepare! fast bind the wretches
to you massy rock. Morgiana, in Zelic behold your
sister.~~

~~Mor. My sister!~~

~~Ard. (behind) Detested wretch, forbear!~~

~~Abdal. To virtue true, we'll live and die together.~~

~~Oreob. Then take thy wish; this moment ends the
doubtful strife, and bitter anguish seals thy doom eter-
nal.~~

~~Enter ARDINELLE, (D.S.)~~

~~Ard. Hold, blasphemer! and for thy impious threats,
now take the death you merit.~~

~~[Strikes Oreobrand with her wand, and he sinks in a
flash of fire—thunder and lightning waves her wand,
and the scene changes to~~

~~A SPLENDID FAIRY PALACE.~~

~~Gossamer and all the fairies discovered.~~

~~[Ardinelle joins the hands of Ganem and Morgiana,
Abdalla and Zelic.~~

~~A PAS SEUL~~

~~by Gossamer, or a principal fairy, at the end of which
all the fairies join in.~~

~~CURTAIN FALLS!~~

Ali. Unfortunate wretch! This is a just
punishment for your treachery. Remove
the body. (Slaves bear off the body R., at
the same time other slaves remove the
banquet R. D.) To you then, I owe my
fortune, life, every thing.

Alorq: When I used the Fairy's charm
I vow'd obedience to her will.

Lamps down. Thunder, Lightning.
Scene changes to the Abode of Oro-
brand, no throne. (Alorq Rap) as
Orobrand rises at Grave Rap Ali
and ogia L., but their escape is pre-
vented by four fiends rushing in
on them, two on each side.

Oro: The Fairy triumphs in my captain's
death, she shall find I am yet to be
feared, if vanquished I will not
fall alone. (Thunder strikes with
his sceptre, the rock opens and dis-
covers Abdallah and Ulic in chains
L.

Oro: Now I triumph. (Demons
advance.)

Cavity R. opens and discovers the
Fairy of the Lake with a silver wand
in her hand. (A line is fixed over
the Fairy's head from the flies, and
down to the stage out at R. D. Oro =
brand stands near the R. D., the
line being close behind him - a ball
of fire falls down the line and appears

to strike him.

Order. O detested wretch forbear!
Orc. This is my triumph and you
shall witness it. Ha! ha! ha! prevent it
if you can, I defy you, you and your
prophet.

Order. That impious threat gives me
the power that arms my hand. Blas-
phemer take the death you merit.

Ring Trap, Thunder, a ball of fire
from above strikes Orcobrand's hands
near 2 B's, he falls, and is borne
off by Demons. Lilies and Abdallah's
chains fall off, Abdallah and Lillie
come down, Fairy waves her wand,
and the scene changes to a splendid
Fairy Palace. Lamps up, Lake of
walis, pleasure boats of fanciful
forms decorated with flowers and
streamers, containing Cupids, nymphs
to be sailing different ways, they leave
the boats and dance, the Fairy blows
all.

A.B. The last scene, consists of the
Fairy's Palace. The side wings formed
of Palm Trees, Flowers, with figures
of Nais, in different postures amid
the Trees on each wing - beyond the
Palace which ends as a Rotunda is
seen a transparent lake with a tem-
-ple in the centre, several fanciful

boats decorated with ribbons and wreaths
of flowers are seen sailing backwards and
forwards, filled with Cupids, Nymphs &c.
when the boats disappear, the Cupids &c.
enter U.S. R. & T. During the sailing of
the boats, The Fairy advances in the
centre, - gives her benediction to the par-
ties on the stage, all of whom kneel to
her, she then leads up centre of stage
Abdallah, and Tibie, following, next
Ali Baba and Cosie, then Faheem and
Morgiana. Remain at back.

Curtains..



Act 1st

- 1 Ardenelle --- Wards
- 2 Paines --- d^r.
- 2 Ali Baba ---
Ganem ---
aff. ---
- 3 Laida ---
Cogia ---
Guests ---
- 4 Cogia ---
Morgiana --- Small basket, covered
with a white napkin
- 5 Ali Baba --- Axe. Log of wood
Ganem --- Axe.
- 6 Abdallah ---
Hajjarac ---
All the robbers. Booty.
Bugles ready, R & L.
- 7 Ganem ---
aff. ---
Cogia ---
- 8 Ali Baba ---
Ganem ---
aff and Panniers Booty,
Cogia --- Measure
Cassim Baba ---
Laida ---
- 9 All the robbers.
Selim
Letic
2 Ladies
Guards
Procession

Act 2^d

- 1 Orcobrand -----
- Friends -----
- Hassarac -----
- 2 Morgiana ----- Scroll
- Ganem -----
- 3 Zaida
- Ali Baba ----- Phial
- 4 Mustafa ----- Cobblers seat
- Tools &c
- Handkerchief
- Hassarac ----- Purse
- 2^d Robber -----
- 5 Mustafa -----
- Hassarac -----
- 1 Slave -----
- Ali Baba -----
- 2 Slaves -----
- 6 Morgiana ----- Lamps and Phial
- Hassarac -----
- 2^d Robber -----
- 7 Ganem -----
- Cogia -----
- Morgiana -----
- 8 1st Slave - 2 -----
- Hassarac - 2 ----- Dagger
- Ali Baba - 2 -----
- 2 Slaves - 2 -----
- Ganem -----
- Cogia -----
- 9 Morgiana ----- Pitcher with wine
- Goblet
- Tambourine
- 10 Every Body -----



