

THE ALHAMBRA;

OR, THE

THREE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESSES.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

Burlesque Extravaganza.

BY

ALBERT SMITH, Esq.

HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

906042
First Performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre,
Easter Monday, April 21, 1851.

CHARACTERS—IN THE OPENING SCENE.

MRS. KEELEY By a LADY.
(Not by any means her first appearance in that character.)
WILL O' THE WISP (*a light, bright, night Sprite*) MISS VIVASH.
ASMODEUS (*from the Diable Boiteux*) MR. FLEXMORE.

Fairies of all Nations, including the German Undine, the Irish Leprechaun, the Persian Peri, the Arabian Geni, and many others, known and unknown.

IN THE ROMANCE.

MOHAMED MR. WYNN.
"A Moorish King of Granada, who, either through misfortune or mismanagement, was constantly in trouble."
HUSSEIN BABA MR. HARLEY.
"A Renegado, who was reported to have a most itching palm."

The Three Christian Captives.

SIR RUPERT THE READY MRS. KEELEY.
SIR DESPERADO THE DAUNTLESS MR. A. WIGAN.
SIR TOBY THE TIMOROUS MR. KEELEY.
"They were in the flower of youth, and of noble presence, and the lofty manner in which they carried themselves, though loaded with chains and surrounded with enemies, bespoke the grandeur of their souls."

The Three Beautiful Princesses—*Daughters of King Mohamed.*

ZAYDA MISS MURRAY.
"Zayda was tall and finely formed, with a lofty demeanour and a penetrating eye."
ZORAYDA MISS C. LECLERCQ.
"Zorayda was of the middle height, with an alluring look and swimming gait, and a sparkling beauty."
ZORAHAYDA MISS M. KEELEY.
"Zorahayda was soft and timid, and extremely sensitive."
KADIGA (*their Attendant*) MISS ROBERTSON.
"She was an Andalusian by birth, whose Christian name is forgotten, being mentioned in Moorish Legends by no other appellation than that of the 'Discreet Kadiga.'"
ALARHMER (*surnamed "The Nervous"*) MR. ROLLESTON.
EBN AJEEB (*surnamed "The Noisy"*) MR. J. F. CATHCART.
AL DJACO (*the Princesses' Pet Monkey*) MR. FLEXMORE.
THE SPIRIT OF THE FOUNTAIN MISS DALY.
"She was young and beautiful, and in her hand she held a silver lute."

Moors.

BONABBEN MR. PAULO.
IBRAHIM MR. DALY.
ABU HABUZ MR. STOKES.

People of Granada, Guards, Crusaders, Peasants, Attendants, Fairies, Dancing Girls, Slaves, etc., by a large Corps of Auxiliaries.

✓ 6384533

Programme of Scenery, &c.

Brompton Square by Moonlight,

The Spot selected by the Fairy Commissioners of Woods and Forests,
as the Lodging Ground for the Fairies during the Exposition,
from its proximity to Hyde Park.

THE FAIRY PRESENTATIONS OF ALL NATIONS

Incantation and Arrival of ASMODEUS—His Departure from
London.

Balloon Voyage from Brompton to the Alhambra,

Passing over the Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park—London by Night—
Dover—The British Channel—Calais—Paris—A Valley in the
Pyrenees—The Amphitheatre of Gavernie, leading to a

MOUNTAIN PASS ON THE DESCENT to GRANADA ;

With a View of the Vega and City, the Alhambra and the
Sierra Nevada in the distance.

Chamber of the Princesses

IN THE TORRE DE LAS INFANTAS.

APARTMENT IN THE ALHAMBRA.

COURT AND FOUNTAIN OF THE LIONS,

PREPARED FOR

A Grand Moorish Festival!!!

Pas Mauresque, by Madlle. AURIOL,

Assisted by the Corps de Ballet.

"LA CORLITZA,"

BY MRS. KEELEY AND MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.

Acrobatic Evolutions of the Bounding Bricks of Babylon,

BY MESSRS. KEELEY AND A. WIGAN.

HALL OF JUDGMENT

IN THE ALHAMBRA.

Attack of the Christian Army, and Rapid Transportation to

THE PORT OF CADIZ,

With the Departure of the Knights and Princesses for Christendom,
in their

GORGEIOUS GALLEY!!!

THE ALHAMBRA;

OR, THE THREE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESSES.

SCENE I.—BROMPTON SQUARE BY MOONLIGHT.

The spot selected by the Fairy Commissioners of Woods and Forests as the Lodging-ground for the Fairies of all nations, from its proximity to Hyde Park; lights are seen in the top windows of the houses, which go out one by one during the symphony, as the people may be supposed to be going to bed; the different FAIRIES are disposed about, sleeping under the shrubs; WILL o' THE WISP flies across the Stage, and then comes on.—Music.

WILL. Now creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills all the town, from Mile End to Hyde Park;
The pulse of London throbs at fever pitch;
If you are fairies, wake, and dance as such.

(he proceeds to rouse the FAIRIES to appropriate music; when they are all awake there is a dance; at its conclusion WILL speaks.)

Break off and hide! mischief is drawing near—
A female footstep falls upon my ear.

(the FAIRIES retire to cautious music; when they are gone, enter Mrs. KEELEY.)

Mrs. K. I never was in such a fix before!
Libraries have been ransack'd o'er and o'er,
Notes have been taken from each author's desk,
And yet we've no new subject to burlesque.
What must be done? Whilst everything is thriving
And visitors from all parts are arriving,
I'm in the most deplorable of messes,
With nothing to bring out at the Princess's.

Elfin Music—WILL o' THE WISP comes on.

Heyday! Who's that? What are you doing here?
Where's the policeman—

WILL. Lady, do not fear,
I'm Will o' the Wisp—I thought perhaps I might
Upon the subject throw my little light.

Mrs. K. I hope its not expensive—if so, steady:
We pay a deal too much for light already.
In this cold age, of all romance so chary,
To think that I should live to see a fairy!
How came you here?

THE ALHAMBRA.

5

WILL.

You know I love the damp,

And as Belgravia is one great swamp,
Which sanitary measures will not touch,
I flit about there, and I like it much.

Mrs. K. I think I roused you from your mausoleum,

With many others, at the old Lyceum.

The "Forty Thieves," "Aladdin," "Robin Hood,"

"Dick Whittington," the "Demon of the Wood."

Of "Beauties," "Beasts," "White Cats," and all bereft,
Like an ex-king, I've not a subject left.

WILL. Might I suggest? from fairy lands late flew

An aerial ship, manned by an elfin crew.

(The Exhibition visitors to swell,

The fairies of all nations come as well.)

Here they alighted with a fairy cargo,

On which I vote at once to lay embargo.

Mrs. K. Free-trade forbids.

WILL. You have no cause to fear,

The Burlington Arcade is very near.

Each author there the last French play receives,

And wins new laurels—

Mrs. K. As he takes French leaves.

Let free-trade flourish then, and lose no time;

Produce these fairy friends of every clime.

Some novel tale with them they must have brought.

WILL. Lady, it shall be done, as quick as thought.

(*Music—the FAIRIES enter and form two oblique lines up the stage; a bower opens and discovers a fancy frame, in which the FAIRIES appear, when named, as tableaux, in appropriate snatches of music; ONDINE is the first.*)

From where romantic Rhine's blue waters run

The gentle Ondine comes.

Mrs. K.

She has been done!

(ONDINE makes way for the LEPRECHAUN)

WILL. The Irish Leprechaun, who tries to shun

The gaze of mortal eye?

Mrs. K.

He has been done!

(the LEPRECHAUN makes way for the PERI.)

WILL. The Peri from the East, who heaven won

By bringing back the tear?

Mrs. K.

She has been done!

(the PERI makes way for the GENI OF THE LAMP.)

WILL. The Geni, who built up, to use a pun,

Aladdin's house like bricks?

Mrs. K.

It has been done!

In fact, since fairy legends were begun,

All—all—and lastly, we ourselves are done.

(*the tableau closes.*)

Yet 'midst this world-renowned and elfin train

I see no representative of Spain.

WILL. Just use this magic wand—it has the power

To summon him before you at this hour.

Mrs. K. I'll call him, then, from where he roams at large,
The Devil upon Two Sticks, of Le Sage.

"*The Incantation.*"

(spoken by Mrs. KEELEY, through Spanish music, very piano.)

By Don Quixote's Rosinante—by Gil Blas de Santillane—
By the Spanish Legion who went out and then—came back
again—
By thy castanets and nuts, and by thy bonds, and by
Granada—
By cachucas and boleros—by thy dirty cheap posada—
By thy thirty-shilling sherry—by Amontillado dear—
By thy priests, and bulls, and barbers, I command thee to
appear!

(Music—ASMODEUS appears and salutes Mrs. KEELEY, after some business from the ballet of the "Devil upon Two Sticks.")

Alas! I fear 'tis but another one—
I recollect me now, he has been done!

(Music—ASMODEUS strikes a tuft of shrubs; it changes to a large fac-simile of the shilling green edition of the "Alhambra.")

I see—the volume issued at a shilling,
For railway travellers who may be willing,
To run and read—ah! the Alhambra, see,
Last gorgeous trace of Moorish chivalry.
Let time run back to fair Granada's glories,
Choose for me the most graceful of its stories—
"The Three Princesses,"—and so lucid make it
Unto our author's brains, that he must take it.

Asm. Trouble yourself no more about the matter,
I'll find the scenes, the music, and the patter.
So now for Spain, before to-morrow noon.

Mrs. K. How can you go?

Asm. Go—in my own balloon:
I always keep one ready for my tricks,
In these fast days of mad balloonatics.
I've one up there: I'll summons it forthwith.
My passport's made out in the name of Smith.

Mrs. K. But if you come to where the channel waves end,
Don't make a mess of it and drop at Gravesend.

Asm. Now then, balloon, (calling up) look sharp, I say, up there!

Mrs. K. He's going in a fly to take the air.

Away at once, to sport upon the Moors!

Mr. KEELEY. (without) I say—my love—you'd better come in doors!

Mrs. K. I'm coming—with a calmer, clearer head,
I'll say good night—step in—and go to bed. Exit.

(Music—the FAIRIES assist ASMODEUS, as the balloon descends, in getting the stores packed for the journey—a great coat, telescope, champagne, &c.; when all is ready, he gets into the car; clouds fall and the balloon ascends; as they clear away, they discover a

view of London by night, with the Crystal Palace; the scenery then begins to sink continuously, giving the audience the notion that the balloon is constantly rising, and presents a bird's-eye view of Dover and the Channel by night, Calais Harbour, Paris, the Pyrenees, the Amphitheatre of Gavernie, Seville, the Vega of Granada; and then the balloon drops; ASMODEUS, who has been occupied with business (putting on his great coat, drinking brandy, and wrapping himself exceedingly warm, &c.) all this time, gets out and exits; the clouds disperse and discover)

SCENE II.—A MOUNTAIN PASS ON THE DESCENT TO GRANADA, WITH A VIEW OF THE CITY; THE ALHAMBRA BEYOND IT; AND THE SIERRA NEVADA ABOVE ALL.

A Moorish fountain r., and caravanserai l.; a group of palms and vines r.; the road descends behind rocks c.; MOORS are idling about with their packages, mules, &c., near the fountain—Music. The MOORS clink their glasses.

MOOR. Ho! Hussein Baba—bring another cup
Of the best wine you have; and chalk it up.

Enter HUSSEIN BABA, from caravanserai, l..

HUS. If you must drink and break your Moslem vow,
I'll thank you not to kick up such a row;
And if you want fresh liquor, you must pay,
For chalks too often walk themselves away.

2nd MOOR. There's money!

1st MOOR. Come, some fresh juice of the grape!

HUS. What would you like? My fifteen-penny Cape
Is a domestic wine—full flavoured, very—
Only exceeded by my half-crown sherry.
Here's some old crusted port—a fruity wine
At three and six—the bouquet's very fine;
It has been kept twelve years in dark and dust,
As people say, to gain an honest crust.

1st MOOR. That's a long time.

HUS. It is; but then you know
That crusted port is generally slow.
No doctoring is wanted to complete it;
Hedges and Butler's first-class wines can't beat it—
(aside) Although the troops declare, bought from the Sutler,
It smacks more of the hedges than the butler.

3rd MOOR. Give us a toast—come, fill—and drink like men!

The prophet could get tipsy, now and then.

HUS. Here's to Mahomed's health, and plenty of it.

1st MOOR. How dare you jest?

HUS. I do not mean the prophet.
Not he who wrote the "Koran," but our king,
Who always flies in fight—(*the Moors threaten him*)—on
victory's wing.
And who's descendant, if the word rolls right on,

THE ALHAMBRA.

Will one day keep shampooing baths at Brighton.
To chant his history to you can't be wrong.

(*in the manner of a toast-master.*)
"Now, gentlemen, pray silence for a song."

Song, HUSSEIN, "The Cork Leg."

There's a wonderful king who lives up there,
And keeps in a tower three daughters fair,
Whom he never allows to take the air,
Like the Pagan girls in Grosvenor-square.

With their tooral, tooral.

Now when they were born an astrologer said,
That if ever these beautiful girls were wed,
He might put up his spoon and go to bed,
For the Christians would soon knock his crown from
his head. With their tooral, &c.

For fear that the prophecy should come true,
The old king lives in a terrible stew,
And his beautiful daughters mope and mew,
And all day long they have nothing to do.

With their tooral, &c.

But as all young ladies are born to be wives,
And make men happy the rest of their lives,
We will hope the enchanter has told a flam,
And that all his predictions are not worth a —

Tooral, tooral, &c.

(*as he concludes, they applaud with their cups, but break off as they hear a march in the distance, which continues louder and louder.*)

The royal band—away with everything—
Clear off the Pagan cups: it is the king!

(*march continues; they hustle away the cups and go off; the procession of KING MAHOMED returning from the wars appears—Spoils, Christian prisoners, &c.; the PRINCESSES are carried on, each enclosed in an arabesque litter, of a different colour; they make a throne for MAHOMED under the palm trees, with a carpet, &c. Flourish.*)

KING. So shaken as we are—so wan with care—
Find we a time our trappings to repair:
This time our arms o'er-matched the Christian dregs,
Last time, you may remember, 'twas our legs.
What, ho! (*HUSSEIN re-enters with cup*) you slave, a cup
of water bring.

Hus. Most overwhelming and unchristian king.
Here's water that will suit your royal throttle,
(aside to KING) From grape juice made—that's been ten
years in bottle.

KING. (*drinks*) Ha! send us up a pipe—for us alone.

Hus. Extensive Pagan, pipes are not yet known,
Because tobacco, please your royal pate,
Won't be found out till 1558.

- KING. I meant a pipe to drink, fool—not to smoke.
 Who art thou, that thou darest thus to joke?
- HUS. Unequalled infidel, in times of yore
 I was a Christian, but am now a Moor.
 Unable in the wars our troops to rally,
 We fled before a sally in the valley.
 When finding all our party in a fix,
 We, for the turbans, changed our tiles like bricks:
 In fact, in me, your slave, sire, will be found
 The "Crescent and the Cross" in one vol. bound.
- KING. I want a cunning fellow of your race
 To keep about me: you shall have *his* place.

(pointing to an Officer)

And now that all this hour of joy may share,
 Let my three daughters have a breath of air.

(Music—"Three Blind Mice."—The curtains are withdrawn from the litters, and HUSSEIN brings forward the PRINCESSES, veiled, one after the other.)

On this great day of triumph, veils despise,
 And let their beauty dazzle all our eyes.

(as the PRINCESSES unveil, the KING takes his seat upon the throne, and goes through the following scene—in imitation of MR. MACREADY in "King Lear.")

- ZAYDA! my own determined eldest girl,
 Zorayda, setting men's brains on a whirl.
 My Zorahayda, the Alhambra's toast,
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
- ZAY. Sire, I do love you, not to mince the matter,
 More than the fiercest battle's loudest clatter:
 Far more than any sort of lady's lark,
 Than driving two mad ponies in the park:
 Clearing a bullfinch with the royal hounds,
 Betting from dozen pairs of gloves to pounds:
 Better, in fact, than doing ought I could,
 Which in these days a fast young lady should.
- KING. My own gay girl, the image of your father! (kisses her)
 Now, my Zorayda, do you love me?

ZOR. Rather!

I love you better than a county ball,
 With twenty handsome partners at my call:
 Getting my chaperone set down to cards,
 Snubbing the line, and waltzing with the guards:
 Throwing my sweetheart over in a passion,
 Or dressing in the most expensive fashion.

KING. (kisses her) My Zorahayda, Now's your time to speak.

ZORAH. To say how much I love you, words are weak,

I love you better than — how can you ask it?

My pet skye terrier and my crochet basket;

In fact, my love passes all power of speech,

So let me sing it, sire, I do beseech.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Song, ZORAHAYDA.

Air, by ALFRED MELLON, in "The Phantom Dancers."

To me, my terrible papa,
I can't express how dear you are:
My love has grown to such a height,
No tongue can tell, no pen can write.
Oh! oh! don't I love my daddy!
Oh! oh! don't I love papa!

(*the PRINCESSES sing the chorus, and then dance a reel*)

KING. This moment makes amends for all our toils,
What shall we give you from the battle spoils?

PRINCESSES. Some sweethearts, pa.

KING. Sweethearts! pooh, pooh! sweet stuff!
In six years hence it will be time enough
To think of that: young maids, as times now go,
Of honour, or of all-work, high or low,
The more you shut them up the more they know.

(*a trumpet sounds without*)

Enter an ATTENDANT, pale and wounded, c.

ATT. Great monarch! on Nevada's snowy heights
We've been and fought and conquered three young knights.
They've scarcely left me breath enough to speak.

HUS. Pooh, stuff! you know three knights can't make one weak

KING. Bring straight before me these misguided men:

Mashallah! providence is great—

Music—GUARDS go up and return with SIR DESPERADO, SIR RUPERT, and SIR TOBY, struggling with their CAPTORS.

Now then!

DES. Saracen's Head, behold three Christian martyrs,
In whom these Turks of yours have caught three Tartars.
You niggers, let me loose, or if you fret me
I'll make a ghost of him who doesn't let me.
Hands off, I say, you'd best not try a tussell man,
Or, tho' no Turk, I'll show you I'm a muscle-man.

(*knocks ATTENDANT down*)

TOBY. (*to his GUARDS*) Oh! don't do that—I say, now, let me go.
(*aside*) I'll make it precious worth your while, you know.
Now there's good fellows, only see me thro' it.

(*to the KING*) Please, sir, it wasn't me. I saw him do it.

RUP. (*to his GUARDS*) I say, come none of that: so stop your cheek:
Two upon one! I wouldn't be a sneak.

Keep furthur off, nor thus my wrists indent,
You're not policemen, and I'm not a gent.

ZAY. With such great courage I must own I'm struck.

ZOR. What grace! What elegance!

ZORAH. Oh! what a duck!

Sestette, The Olga Waltz, ZORAH and PRINCESSES.

On all our ears thus falling,
Every sense entralling,

Though in a fix appalling,
 Come their enchanting words.
 Vows will ere long be spoken,
 Each will exchange a token—
 Promises kept unbroken—
 When we have cut those cords.

La, la, la, la.

(KNIGHTS join with PRINCESSES)

Hush!—hark!
 Keep dark,
 Don't—down,
 Fright, smite,
 Strike when we get free.

(at the end, the Knights waltz en deux temps with the PRINCESSES,
 to the great consternation of the KING and COURT.)

KING. Stop! stop! stop!

(he stops the band)

Mosques and Mosquitos! robbery and ruin!
 Why, what the devil are you all a-doing?
 Tear them asunder, their death knell is rung!

(GUARDS advance)

HUS. I fear this string of beaux will be bowstrung.

RUP. You would not have us thus like cattle slaughtered.

KING. Pooh! let them at once be hung, drawn, and quartered—

(the PRINCESSES are about to intercede)

—I tell you I wont have it; mutes, advance,
 And teach these infidels an air to dancee.

(some MUTES come forward and place bow-strings round their necks.)

RUP. He looks too much in earnest to be jesting;
 I say, it's getting rather interesting.

TOBY. Why was I led away by thoughts of fame
 To show the pagans I could not die game;
 I whe was only known to be a fool,
 And always wopped by all the boys at school?
 Why did I come my taper out to snuff?
 Echo replies, "because you are a muff!"

DES. What! hang a knight? I'd send, ere thus I'd dangle,
 My body with my mail shirt to the mangle.
 This hempen collar from my neck unloose,
 Remember, Sir, "that no news is good news."
 Saracen's Head, give not the fatal sign,
 That bids yon mutes get this gent in a line:
 Or if you do—

RUP. Be calm, or I'm mistaken,
 This rasher mood will never save our bacon:
 See how I'll gammon him. We fear not death—

TOBY. Oh, don't we—

RUP. Silence! or I'll stop your breath:
 But don't you think 'twill better serve the nation
 To find us some hardworking situation.

DES. Make me your turnspit: I can be of use;
 A second Soyer, glad to cook your goose.
RUP. Or set us to cut down your forests thick—
TOBY. For my part, I will gladly cut my stick.
RUP. If you would wish his favour to obtain,
 You'd better not try those old jokes again.
TOBY. They like it: old jokes are well known as true ones,
 Whilst there's a doubt sometimes about the new ones.
ZAY. Sire, let them live. These foreigners have powers
 Unknown, that may divert your leisure hours.
KING. On second thoughts, our birthday fête is nigh,
 They first shall grace our triumph, and then die.
DES. Never say die—by dint of elocution,
 I'll try and stir them up to revolution.
 Smithfield was long the nuisance of the town,
 But even Smithfield is at last put down.
 Friends, you're all slaves, degrading thought, oh, go it!
 And save me, who thus taught you first to know it.
 Each man, up with himself, down with his neighbour,
 And cut off the king's head with his own sabre.
 Fire! murder! robbery!

TOBY. Hurray! hurray!

DES. Liberté, égalité, fraternité.

KING. What does he say?

A red-hot Red Republican, by jingo!

Gag him at once, stop his infernal lingo.

Concerted Piece, "Barber of Seville."

(the PRINCESSES surround the KING, and implore him)

RUP. Sir, I'm sure you'll never rail if
 I'll explain this Moorish bailiff
 Collar'd us,
 Made this fuss:
 Oh, most venerated Caliph!

DES. Sir, this villainous black soldier,
 As this gentleman has told you,
 Made this riot;
 Therefore quiet
 Sure I cannot keep my tongue.

TOBY. Sir, with your polite permission,
 I'll express my deep contrition;
 Spare my life—
 End this strife:
 Sir, oh grant me my petition!

PRINCESSES. Sir, have pity on your daughters—
 Send us bac' unto our quarters;
 We'll be grave,
 And behave

As your Majesty has taught us.
KING. Silence!

(all retire in confusion up the stage; tableau, and the scene closes.)

**SCENE III.—THE CHAMBER OF THE PRINCESSES IN
THE TORRE DE LAS INFANTAS.**

An arch c., with balcony beyond; a tapestry frame R.; some flowers L.; a bird-cage L. C. Sunset, which gradually darkens.

Enter KADIGA.

KAD. All day beside this lonely window seated,
Was ever ladies' maid so badly treated!
Ne'er knowing what my neighbours are about;
No followers—never a Sunday out;
No footman kept, nor valet—'tis so slow,
That is the only valley that I know.

Song, KADIGA.—“Katty Mooney.”

I'll courted be by some young man,
'Twill be so snug and cosey!
So let him choose me while he can,
He'll find my lips so rosy!
And if I chance to be so blest,
His only wife he'll find me;
I'll have no others like the rest
To carry false tales behind me.
Och hubbaboo!—och philliloo!
Allah! how I'll tear 'em!
Ay de mi! she soon shall see
All is harem-scarem!

What will young Princess Zorahayda say
When she finds out her monkey's stole away?
He's such a dear—such grace in every antic!
There's something in that creature quite romantic.
My love for monkeys I cannot dissemble,
There's some young men they do so much resemble.

Music—“Little Love is a mischievous boy.”—As she goes to sleep, (music changes) AL DJACO, the favourite monkey, appears. The monkey goes through various antics, and at last kisses KADIGA, knocks down a box, and, frightened at the noise, runs off.—KADIGA starts up.

What's that? come in! I thought I heard a knocking,
And dreamt that some one kissed me—oh, how shocking!
(looks from the window)
And as I live—by all that bright array,
My mistresses are coming back to-day!

Air without—“Sich a getting up stairs!” and then the three PRINCESSES enter.

ZAY. *(sits)* Heigho!

ZOR. *(sits)* Heigho!

ZORAH. *(sits)* Heigho!

ZAY. At home once more,

Locked in our lofty chamber.

ZORAH. What a bore!

ZOR. There—fold our things, and lay them on their shelves.

ZORAH. There's a good girl—now leave us to ourselves.

KAD. Whenever they have anything to say

That is worth hearing, I am sent away.

Exit

ZAY. (*at her frame*) I cannot work to-day as once I used,
My wools appear all dazzling and confused.

ZOR. Away, dull glass! you are not worth inspection—
I find more pleasure in my own reflection.

(*Throws away mirror.*)

ZORAH. My bird begins to bore me with his song,

Piping "Der Freyschutz" badly all day long.

Did I but know where pines my gallant spark,

I'd give my linnet up, to have a lark.

Dearest Zorayda, trip us up some new measure.

ZOR. If you will sing, dear sister.

ZORAH. Oh! with pleasure.

Zayda, love, take your bells, and here alone

We'll have a chamber concert of our own.

(*ZAYDA takes some musical bells, with which she accompanies the air. She seats herself on a divan, L. ZORAHAYDA, with tambourine, sits down, R. ZORAYDA dances a Pas Seul to the following*

Song, ZORAHAYDA, "A Life by the Galley Fire."

Oh, the life of a girl may tire,

Shut up in a fortress wild;

And no cavalier to admire

Don't 'zactly suit this child.

For a sweetheart's vows we pine,

And each pleasure becomes a bore;

Oh give me a suitor fine,

Though Pa he may storm and roar.

(*At the conclusion of the dance a guitar is heard below, and immediately afterwards the voices of the knights, in imitation of the street beggars.*)

ZORAH. Oh, girls!—the family jewels to a farden—

Our three young knights are working in the garden.

Oh, the dear souls, so manly, yet so meek!

Hark, hark—the little one's about to speak.

TOBY. My Christian friends (if there in hearing be

A single Christian friend) oh, pity me!

Three Christian knights forced by the cruel Turk

Among their pagan pothersbs for to work.

DES. We lie and starve all night in dungeons damp and murky;

They tell us we may eat the fruit, which the only fruit in
the garden's rhubarb,

And unfortunately that's Turkey.

ZOR. Oh! let me look!

ZAY. Hush! stop! it will be better:
Instead of signs to send them a love letter.

ZOR. Alas! we've neither paper, pens, nor ink.

ZORAH. But here are flowers, sister, and I think

A note we'll make, if my advice you'll follow,

Will beat "The Complete Letter Writer" hollow.

(*ZORAHAYDA brings down a vase of flowers. The PRINCESSES kneel round it, and select their emblems by turns.*)

First, here's the Rose—that means with love we burn—

ZOR. The Jonquil—we desire a return.

ZAY. Convolvulus—in hopeless bonds we pine.

ZORAH. Forget me not—to no one else incline.

ZOR. Nutmeg geranium—an expected greeting.

ZAY. And Oleander, for a cautious meeting.

ZORAH. Now, whosoever first these flowers receives,

Will know that he may venture, by our leaves.

They tie the flowers into a bouquet, and throw it over the balcony.

ZOR. See! the young one makes signs—he bids us take
Our scarves, and with their lengths a ladder make.

(*They take their scarves, and throw them over balcony.*)

That's it—pray tie it tightly—there, 'tis done,
But I am sure 'twill only carry one.

ZORAH. That shall be mine—the one that sings so sweetly.

ZOR. Mine, if you please, who planned the rope so neatly.

ZAY. No, sister, mine—that jolly little man!

ZORAH. We'll each pull in our own, as best we can.

Now let your lines hang clear—

See! the fish bite, although the baits are here.

(*draw up their respective lovers.*)

TOBY. (*as he is climbing up*) When we get in, oh, sha'n't we be in
clover!

Come, I say, Rupert, give us a leg over.

RUP. I would do so with pleasure, but you know
Ere I help you I must myself let go.

When first we thought on't, no scheme could be madder—
Three scaling lads, and ne'er a scaling ladder.

(*They enter over balcony.*)

DES. And now, sweet ladies, 'spite of bolt and bar,
As the clown says at Christmas, "here we are!"

SIR TOBY comes down to the front with ZAYDA, as the others retire up
the stage.

TOBY. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
I fear with serious damage to my smalls.

ZAY. Oh, Toby, Toby! wherefore art thou Toby?
Deny thy country—give thy faith the go-by;
Or if thou wilt not, thou dear little man,
I will no longer be Mahomedan.

TOBY. What! take an alias? If it's all the same,
I'd rather not.

ZAY. Then be some other name.
What's in a name? Gloves cleaned, however well,

By any other name the same would smell.
You little dear you!

- TOBY.** At my size don't sport—
You know, in summer, nights are always short.
ZOR. Sweet knight, be brief—we've really scarce a minute
Ere they'll lock up our chamber, and us in it.
ZORAH. If you would pop, pop quick—no time to spare;
Our maid comes soon, to put up our back hair.
DES. If we would pop?
RUP. She says, "if we would pop."
Oh, come with us—your Pagan parent drop!
You have no notion (with your Harem life)
Of all the freedom of a Christian wife.
DES. You can go shopping, with no husband near,
Provided you have tick, "cela va vous dire."
RUP. Enjoy your opera-box, and cram it so
That when your husband comes, he's forced to go.
TOBY. And after gadding all the town about
Your mother needn't know that you were out.

(Drum without at back)

- RUP.** Hark! as Shakspeare says—a drum, a drum!
TOBY. The Guards! and blackguards too. Oh, let's bolt, come.
DES. Sure as a gun they're there with bow and arrow.
TOBY. They'll shoot me as Cock Robin did the sparrow.
GUARD (without). Ready!
TOBY. (hanging to scarf) Oh my!
GUARD. Present!
TOBY. Good gracious!
GUARD. Fire.
TOBY. Oh! that's into me.
RUP. 'Tis well it was no higher. (arrows fly in)
TOBY. They're pointing up again; I've got the shivers,
And they've got lots more arrows in their quivers.
The next time they'll shoot higher—

- RUP.** Look sharp, come! (TOBY falls.)
ZAY. Allah!
ZORAH. Bismillah!
RUP. He's fallen through the drum!

(Noise below, and alarm; rolling of drums. The KNIGHTS descend hurriedly. KADIGA comes in and sends the PRINCESSES to their rooms. All this time, and through the scene, at intervals, the MONKEY has been playing his tricks. Hurried music. All exit R.)

SCENE IV.—AN APARTMENT IN THE ALHAMBRA.

Enter HUSSEIN BABA as Master of the Ceremonies, followed by SLAVES.

Hus. Now, for the last time, pay your best attention
To some important things I have to mention:
There has been so much robbery of late,

You, Muley, look sharp out, and watch the plate.
 Bonabben, take your place at the first wicket,
 And mind that no one comes without his ticket;
 Receive the caps and cloaks from every guest,
 And don't let those who go first, take the best.
 Ahmed, don't be too generous with the ices,
 And don't cut up the cake in too large slices;
 If you should find the negus running shorter,
 Fill up the jugs, upon the sly, with water.
 That's all at present. Go back to your hall,
 And when again I want you, I will call.

Exeunt SLAVES.

Heyday! here comes Kadiga, all unmuffled!
 Why, what has the young lady's feathers ruffled?

Enter KADIGA, angrily.

- KAD. Was ever my propriety so wounded?
 I, who have been by tempters so surrounded,
 To be insulted thus!
- HUS. What is the matter?
- KAD. Matter enough to make a dumb slave chatter!
 The three princesses, whom I guard above
 Have dared—bold, forward things!—to fall in love.
 And who with, think you? Guess it if you can.
- HUS. A light upon me breaks—I am the man!
- KAD. You! you absurd half-pagan mongrel fright!
 No—each is thinking of a Christian knight;
 And all three just this moment dared to say
 They'd pay me if I'd look another way!
- HUS. Kadiga, all this virtuous indignation
 Is most becoming in your situation.
 But listen! There the Christians' prison see:
 I am the jailor, and this is the key.
 What did the ladies offer?
- KAD. Sums untold,
 Coins from their hair, and anklets of pure gold.
- HUS. I see. Now don't you think it would be fair,
 To let these poor knights sometimes breathe fresh air?
 I know your virtue is far over proof,
 But you've a promenade upon the roof
 Where your young mistresses might walk the whiles,
 And thus enjoy themselves upon the tiles.
 You are a wonder—young, and quick, and pretty—
 You have a heart—
- KAD. Heigho! the more's the pity.
- HUS. Let us assist these poor young lovely things—
 And—share whatever swag, the project brings.
- KAD. But, Hussein—fancy if we were found out!
- HUS. The sequel don't admit of any doubt.
 A mere toss-up, without a chance to choose—
 The monarch would cry heads, and we should lose.
 But, most discreet and fair, we need not stay,

If the princesses choose to run away.

KAD. (*aside*) Although at first he really was not striking.
There's something in him vastly to my liking.

HUS. Lovely Kadiga, queen of Spanish beauties,
It's time to go, and look about our duties.
I'll turn the matter over, that's enough,
And you shall see my turn-over's no puff.

Duet, HUSSEIN and KADIGA, "The Charity Boy."

HUS. My dear Kadiga, one fine day
I think we both may bolt away;
And then, if my advice you'll take,
A decent living we may make.

I'll start a first-rate barber's shop,
And scandal sell whilst polls I crop.

KAD. And I'll sell fans to ladies gay,
And carry love notes, whilst they pay.

HUS. Oh! I'm so happy!

KAD. So am I.
And from Granada when we fly,

BOTH. We'll sing, and dance, and play the fool,
Like children loose from charity school.

(*dancing*) Tiddy toll lol, &c.

HUS. On Sundays, in our best things drest,
We'll go to bull-fights with the rest.

KAD. Rich lace and satin I will wear,
And in a silk net tie my hair.

HUS. And sometimes hence we perhaps might see
Some little barbers on our knee.

KAT. Now pray don't talk about such things,
But quietly take what fortune brings.

BOTH. Oh, I'm so happy, &c.

(*They dance off together.*)

SCENE V.—THE COURT AND FOUNTAIN OF THE LIONS, ILLUMINATED FOR THE FETE.

Enter ZORAHAYDA, despondingly.

ZOR. My bosom's lord has tumbled from his throne,
And left me wretched, hopeless, and alone.
What must be done? I fear we cannot wed,
Better I lose my heart, than he his head,
Or else discovered, followed and brought back,
He'd be turned off, and I should get a sack.
A husband hung! that would be such a drop!
Oh! I could drown myself with grief—yet stop!
What throws the fountain into such confusion,
As if in anger at my rash intrusion?
There seems to be, what in another quarter
They so much want—a fresh supply of water.

Music—The water of the fountain gleams with light, and the SPIRIT OF THE FOUNTAIN rises through it, holding a silver lute in her hand.

SPIRIT. Why weep ye by my tide, lady? Oh stop
These briny tears that in my basin drop!
If you will tell the secret of your grief,
I may afford you some outdoor relief.

ZORAH. I'm the most miserable of princesses,
Plunged in a sea of terrible distresses:
Madly in love, and love beyond all hope,
Not leading to the altar but the rope.
Can you assist me?

SPIRIT. From the days of old,
Poor girls to us their troubles always told;
And my fair sisters of the stream and fall
Have always aided them. I give thee all,
I can no more, though poor the offering be;
This lute is all the store I bring to thee.
Its silver cords if you will gently sweep,
'Twill soon send everybody fast asleep.

ZOR. At concerts where our Almeé's play and sing,
I've heard long solos do the self-same thing.
Oh, thanks, a thousand thanks! this very hour
I'll try upon the court its magic power.

(*Music—“My Heart and Lute.”—SPIRIT descends.*)

Song, ZORAH—Air, “Uncle Ned.”

Oh, I'm very much obliged for the kind things she has said,
And I'll try in an hour or so,
To keep them asleep until we all have fled
To a place where we all ought to go.
Hang up the sabres in a row, a row,
Lay down the string of the bow;
There's no more work for the cruel Moor or Turk,
We'll have gone where all true lovers go.

Air, “Polacca, Puritani.”

But then you know,
But then you know,
Poor virgins veiled so, sirs,
They really can't know, sirs,
Which way they should go, sirs,
Unless you point it out, sirs,
From scymitar's gleaming,
And lances bright beaming,
Fearing each day to die.
Oh, what a treat to fly,
And what a rout to find it out.

March—MOHAMED enters with his Court, preceded by TORCH BEARERS, LANTERN CARRIERS, &c.; LADIES, KADIGA, PRINCESSES, and ATTENDANTS.

KING. On this blest day, victorious from the wars,
Free from all loss, captivity, and scars,
We give a grand fête free from Vauxhall damps,
With an additional ten thousand lamps.

Son of a scullion! are our slaves at hand?

HUS. They are, great Moor, awaiting your command.

KING. What have you got to show?

HUS. Tremendous king,

In every line we have got everything—
Arabian Acrobats and Bounding Brothers,
Mad dancing dervishes, with many others.
Great wizards of the north, south, west, and east,
Snake charmers, clown; and though the last not least,
In yonder gallery will be unfurled
A panorama of all round the world.
It measures ten miles long, and as I'm told
Will take about six weeks to be unrolled.

KING. How, slave! A panorama long as that—
All round the world? pooh! stuff! all round my hat!
Well—call some of these wondrous people in.

HUS. I will, great King. (*rings bell*) Now all in to begin!
Now, first of all, your royal highness sees
The Bounding Sister of the Pyrenees.

"Grand Pas," by MADAME AURIOL and LADIES OF THE CORPS DE BALLET.

KING. Well, Zorahayda, what think you of this?

ZORAH. The whole performance, pa, is not amiss.

But don't you think those Christians you o'erthrew,
Could give us something rational and new?
Oh, do papa, let them supply their skill.

PRINCESSES. Oh! do, papa.

KING. Well, as you wish, I will.
Hussein, unlock the knights, and let us see
If in them any talent there may be.

(Music—"Dusty Bob and African Sal;" HUSSEIN gives the signal; street music of drum and pandean pipes; the three KNIGHTS enter in chains, with their hands over each other's shoulders, in the manner of street acrobats; they bow to the KING and then to their audience.)

ZOR. My one how elegant!

ZORAH. And mine how tall.

ZAY. And my dear little man, the best of all.

KING. Sons of burnt fathers, say, what can you do
To save your heads?

RUP. I know not for these two,
They're doubtless ready in their several lines
To stoop to make sport for the Philistines.
For me, with your fair sister Zorayda,
If I've her pa's consent, I'll dance a pas.

HUS. All impudence this Christian coquetry flogs!
Shall Moorish maids stand up with dancing dogs?

KING. Bismillah! peace, I say, you canting knave,
Or I'll—unlock the fetters of the slave.
HUS. Methinks if they must dance before their betters,
They might tip us a hornpipe *in* their fetters.

"Pas de Deux," RUPERT and ZORAYDA, assisted by CORPS DE BALLET.

KING. Now, you two hulking fellows, let us know
What you can do for us, that's apropos?
DES. We're warriors—can draw bows of any length,
We'll show you feats—

TOBY. I may say hands of strength.
RUP. Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission,
We'll represent our famous exhibition.
Professor Desperado and his brother
Will show their daring feats to one another.
From which the appellation they have won,
Of the two Bounding Bricks of Babylon.
Now make a ring, gents, if please; for me.
Stand back, you boys, and let the ladies' see.
The Farnham Hercules will be the first.

(*statue music; business of breaking chains*)
By human force alone the bonds are burst.
Observe! there's no deception!

HUS. Bravo, Rouse!
KING. Silence, you slave, keep quiet as a mouse.
RUP. Encourage the performance, if you please,
We've pose plastiques more wonderful than these.
Things that you've never seen surpassed, my masters;
Gents, don't forget to pitch in the piastres.
We've had shy business in the Moorish towns,
And are not proud—come, gents, a shower of browns!
(aside to TOBY) It ain't worth much, so cut it short—(*aloud*)
Next scene,
The Persian Pyramids of Turnham Green.

(*statue music—business with chairs, &c.*)
The jungle lion-hunters, if you please,
As shewn last year before the Nepaulese.

DES. Come, give us a back—ah, that's the time of day!
Tuck in your twopenny—all right?

TOBY. Yes.

DES. Play!

Music, "Dusty Bob." DESPERADO jumps over TOBY's back—picture.

HUS. Very good! (*applauding*)
KING. Silence, presumptuous worm! the thing's a bore;
We've seen much better in the streets before.
Come, give us a set-to, dogs!

DES. Oh dear, no!

The prize ring now is voted very low.

RUP. But if you wish for battles' mock alarms,
We'll shew what's now called a *grand assaut d'armes*.

DES. Use of the foils, with souls above a button,
Severization of the leg of mutton.

TOBY. With legs of mutton when I go to work,
I don't use swords, I take a knife and fork.

DES. Your three best knights to try their skill we dare,
TOBY. No; two will do. I'll stand and see all fair.

(gives signal; trumpet; two Moorish OFFICERS step forward)

KING. Now for Granada's honour meet this pack—
(to OFFICERS) When they're not looking, stick them in the back.
(HUSSEIN hands sticks.)

Set me the stoups of drink upon the table,
And if to beat these Giaours we are able,
The king shall drink bad luck to these vile pups;
Hussein, dost hear me, slave? Fill me the cups.
And let the kettle to the trumpet bellow,
The trumpet to the first violoncello:
The violoncello to the violin,
And that to Mr. Hughes—now then, begin.

(a combat of four to the Valze d'Amour; at the end the KNIGHTS strike the MOORS down.

In the wrong box I fear our friends have got;
Up, guards, and at 'em—spifflicate the lot!

(the MOORISH GUARDS prepare to rush on them—ZORAHAYDA rushes in the middle with her lute.

ZORAH. Ha! is it so? To save my Christian youth
Now is the time. I'll see if the lyre speaks truth!

RUP. They're chloroformed like those in public places,
Who've pocket-hankerchiefs thrust in their faces.

(begins to play on lute—everybody stands transfixed; they form an avenue, through which the KNIGHTS and PRINCESSES pass; HUSSEIN and KADIGA; vain attempts of TOBY to carry ZAYDA; business with MONKEY, and the scene closes.)

SCENE VI.—THE HALL OF JUDGMENT.

Enter HUSSEIN.

Hus. (confidentially to the audience) I just stepped back because
I'd stowed away
A small sly bag against a rainy day,
And mean to carry with me my collection—
For just now, I don't think much of protection. (Trumpet.)
Here comes the king, and looking most malicious—
I never saw a party half so vicious.

Enter GUARDS and the KING.

KING. Fathers, make straws your children. Can I ever
Survive my disobedient girls? No, never,

Alas! I would have cut them off—but they
 Cut off themselves—and all three in a day.
 My tears have drowned my spirits with their waters!
 What shall I do? My daughters! oh, my daughters!

Hus. I think some soothing word I ought to say—
 Take comfort, Sir, and hope a better day.

KING. Who can at Wolverton drink hot tea up,
 By thinking of a Blackwall cyder cup?
 Or in a frost a third-class carriage try,
 By thoughts of omnibusses in July?

Hus. Your majesty, the business of the nation
 May perhaps alleviate your irritation.

(Takes out petitions from pocket.)

Most extraordinary and unconscious king,
 Your miserable subjects dare to bring
 A few petitions to your royal door,
 And your unusual clemency implore.

KING. Well, hand them up—when I have heard the missions
 They'll find the usual fate of all petitions.

Hus. This, Sire, is a request to do away
 With all the taxes that the people pay—
 Especially on hats—too hardly dealt.

KING. A tax on hats, go tell them, *must* be felt.

Hus. A tax on books, great king, the authors say
 Will benefit them, taken right away.

KING. Pooh, stuff and nonsense, tell the scribbling quacks
 I won't take off their pen and ink' em tax.

Hus. The tax on carriages they wish to go,
 Affecting as it does both wheel and wo.

KING. I say it sha'n't, and if to pay they grudge it,
 I'll double every one, in my next budget,
 And turn the world quite inside out, I swear,
 Like that Wyld monster globe in Leicester Square.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Well, who are you? Speak out, Sir, what's the row?

CAPT. Our troops, great king, have been and done it now.
 Ere from the palace heights they had descended,
 Your daughters and their knights were apprehended.

KING. Order three stout bowstrings their necks to lash on,
 Also three ladies' sacks, the latest fashion.

Exit CAPTAIN.

Hus. As poor Tom Hood once said, the joke's not mine,
 They soon will be enlisted in the line.

KING. Now shall these dogs of Christians pay their losses,
 In this unlucky game of noughts and crosses.

Enter frightened OFFICER.

OFF. Sire, a wild horde of vagabond crusaders
 Have join'd Granada's infidel invaders.

THE ALHAMBRA.

KING. Then beat them back and make no further fuss.

OFF. Sire, we would do so, but they've beaten us.

Exit.

HUS. I'll pack the gold up from the royal store,
And quickly bolt with it, by the back door.

Exit, r. h.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Great King; by sudden floods and fall of waters,
The Christian army's driven from its quarters.

KING. Then haste at once and put the miscreants down.

Exit CAPTAIN.

Enter frightened OFFICER.

OFF. It's all U.P., they've got into the town.

KING. Then take thou that, till thou bring better news.

(knocks him down; he scrambles off)

Now, who comes next my senses to confuse?

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. The Christians come, great King, with whip and rowel,

To make of their intent a frank avowal.

Our gates are hard—their cannon balls are harder;

They'll give us grenade and take Granada.

KING. Out on ye, owls?—I still remain unshaken.

Exit CAPTAIN.

Enter frightened OFFICER.

OFF. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.

KING. The Duke of Buckingham! What's that you say?

You stupid ass, that's in another play.

Exit OFFICER.

Now by the prophet's holy stone of Mecca,

And by the last zecchin in our exchequer,

When once these Christians on our walls have got

There'll be some one to pay, and no pitch hot.

Exit KING and GUARDS.

(Drums, trumpets, alarums, artillery; the siege of the ALHAMBRA begins; the CHRISTIAN TROOPS pour in on all sides; general conflict; the MOORS are driven to each side; the wings change to fortifications; the back draws away and discovers the port of Cadiz, the front of the scene, wings, &c., forming the harbour; the MOORS appear on the towers; numbers of people are painted on the distant scene; a large ship comes on, with the KNIGHTS and PRINCESSES on board.)

Finale by the CHARACTERS, amidst salvoes of artillery and the chorus of the multitude. Air—"Roberto le Diable."

If our follies have offended,

Ere the shadows disappear,

Think of this, and all is mended—LIBRARIES

'Twas but to promote your cheer.

FREE LIBRARIES

Curtain.