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BROOK LILLI

LALLA ROOKH;

OR,

THE PRINCESS, THE PERI, & THE TROUBADOUR.

A Burlesque and Pantomime,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

[Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.]

AUTHOR OF

"Conrad and Medora," "Perdita; or, the Royal Milkmaid,"
"Prince Prettypet and the Butterfly," &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

909715

LALLA ROOKH.

First produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, under the management of MR. CHARLES DILLON, on Thursday, December 24, 1857.

The New and Gorgeous Scenery, including the magnificent Transformation Scene, painted by Mr. F. FENTON.

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. W. H. MONTGOMERY. The elaborate Mechanical Effects by Mr. H. SLOMAN. The New and Costly Dresses by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. CLARKE, Madame SIMONS and Assistants. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. HARVEY, and Assistants. The Dances arranged by Mr. FRAMPTON. The "Mise-en-Scène" by Mr. H. BARRETT.

Characters.

AURUNGZEBE (<i>an Indian Sovereign, in an Indian pickle, written in the best Indian ink, and polished off with Indian rubber</i>)	Mr. BARRETT.
FADLADEEN (<i>Lord High Chamberlain, principal stick in waiting to the Princess, and chief rod in pickle to Feramorz</i>)	Mr. S. CALHAEM
FERAMORZ ("THE TROUBADOUR")	Mrs. A. MELLON, late Miss WOOLGAR.
HAFED (<i>the Fire Worshipper of the original legend, First Fiddle amongst the Ghebers, and the Leader of their Band</i>).....	Mrs. B. WHITE.
KHORSANBAD (<i>a fabulous personage, not found in the poem—a fable with the worst of morals</i>)	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
NOGRAYT SHAYKZ, } ("A Band of fierce RETSCHID STIKH, } "Barbarians" of the LAZIB BOHNZ, } Gheber persuasion)	Mr. BIRT. M. FITZHENRY. Mr. BAILEY.
NOGO (<i>Ambassador from the Emperor of China—an extensive Tea Party</i>)	Mr. POYNTER.
TRYBAC (<i>Ambassador from Cashmere, a country it is needless to describe, as all ladies who buy shawls know the value, or "Valley," of Cashmere</i>)	Miss S. LEWIS.
LALLA ROOKH ("THE PRINCESS")	Mrs. C. DILLON.
HINDA (<i>her principal Lady in waiting, not inclined to wait any longer—than she can help—for a husband</i>).....	Miss E. JACOBS.
LALOUTE (<i>a Discreet Peri Princess</i>)	Miss M. TERNAN.
NAMOUNE ("THE PERI")	Miss E. WEBB. Her first appearance in London.
NYSITL SING, DUKKA DYMUNZ, } PETSSI WETSSI, }	(Peri Sisters) { Miss HENRADE. Miss MORGAN. Miss TURTLE.
Guards, Attendants, Ghebers, Peris, Slaves, Dancers, Minstrels, Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general.	

LALLA ROOKH.

Programme of Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.

THE BANISHED PERI.

FERTILE PLAINS NEAR THE PERI'S HOME.

SCENE II.

BOUDOIR OF LALLA ROOKH.

VISION OF

The VEILED PROPHET of KHORASSAN.

SCENE III.

Palace of Arungzebe, and View of the Royal City.

SCENE IV.

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

THE GHEBER'S HAUNT,

SCENE V.

THE JOURNEY OF LALLA ROOKH.

THE LAKE OF PEARLS.

*Advance of the Procession to Mountain Pass and Moonlight
Encampment near Bucharia !*

GORGEous EASTERN REVEL.

SCENE VI.

Outskirts of the Capital City of Bokhara.

SCENE VII.

ALCOVES OF THE PERI'S GARDEN,

With Golden Corridors of the

AERIAL AMPHITHEATRE.

L ALLA ROOKH.

THE BANISHED PERI.

SCENE I.—*Clouds covering the Stage.* NAMOUNE (*the Banished Peri*) weeping alone. Slow music. *The clouds clear away and discover Fairy Landscape with path leading to the Peri Home.* NAMOUNE approaches in an attitude of entreaty while LALOUTE, NYSITL SING, DUKKA DYMUNZ, PETSSI WETSSI, and other PERII enter, l. h., and wave her back.

Concerted Piece.

Air—“Out, John—Out, John.”

PERII. Out, miss—Out, miss,
To the right about, miss :
If you don't get out at once you'll catch it, never
doubt, miss.

NAMOUNE. Hear me but a moment, pray ;
You'll surely not refuse me.
Say at least what I have done,
That thus you all abuse me.

CHORUS. Out, miss—out, miss, &c.

NAMOUNE. Sisters, have pity !

LALOUTE. Come, don't sister us.

NAMOUNE. What have I done that you should treat me
thus ?

NYSITL SING. And she can coolly ask why thus we treat her.

NAMOUNE. Yes, why ?

LALOUTE. The brazen boldness of the creetur.

NYSITL SING. Shameful !

NAMOUNE. One word—

LALOUTE. I'll give you two—get out.

NAMOUNE. But won't you tell me what it's all about ?

I never wronged you.

DUKKA DYMUNZ. Oh, you wicked story.

NAMOUNE. But let me speak one moment, I implore ye,
A wretched Peri, whom despair half crazes.

LALOUTE. Come, we want none of your fine peri-phrases;
Your doom is fix'd—from hence we you exile;
Ne'er pass our gates, nor cross our peri-style.

NAMOUNE. But why, though, am I banish'd from your
portal?

LALOUTE. Because you've been and gone and lov'd a
mortal.

NAMOUNE. 'Tis true.

LALOUTE. You own it?

NAMOUNE. Yes, I feel 'twas wrong;
Pity my weakness.

LALOUTE. Spirits should be strong.

NAMOUNE. But see the tears that now bedew my cheek;
Spirits with so much water must be weak.

Oh, if you knew how brave he is—how clever—
How handsome—you yourselves would love him.

LALOUTE. Never.

NAMOUNE. Say, may a Peri ne'er love with propriety,
Beneath her spirit-level in society?
Love makes all equal—scorns of rank the rules;
Makes kings and beggars equal—equal fools.
Love brings (distinctions overboard all pitchin')
The low-born peeler to to the grandee's kitchen;
Makes the proud heiress of paternal acres
Smile kindly on the young man from the baker's.
Kings will forget their state at love's dictation;
Cabmen their rank, and railway guards their station.
Love makes the housemaid careless—masters wroth,
And makes too many cooks to spoil their broth.

LALOUTE. Well, have you done?

NAMOUNE. One moment more.

LALOUTE. Not so—

You've heard your doom: you're banished—so just go.

NAMOUNE. Love's arrow rooted in my heart—

LALOUTE. Do pray go;

It is that arrow-root that makes us say go.

NAMOUNE. Have you no pity?

LALOUTE. None.

NAMOUINE. Can I do nought,
Your anger to appease?

LALOUTE. Eh! I've a thought—

NAMOUINE. Oh, speak!

LALOUTE. Spite of your guilt, we'll not be hard on you;
Three tasks if you accomplish, we will pardon you.

NAMOUINE. You will? oh, name the tasks.

LALOUTE. You'll do them?

NAMOUINE. Yes!

Were they three hundred.

LALOUTE. Well, the young Princess,
Fair Lalla Rookh, will first demand your care.

NAMOUINE. Show me the Lalla Rookery; I'll be there.

LALOUTE. Listen; her father her to wed would force.

NAMOUINE. She shan't!

LALOUTE. She must though.

NAMOUINE. Then she shall of course.

LALOUTE. Her father thinks in wedlock's bonds to link her
With some great monarch.

NAMOUINE. She shall wed a tinker.

LALOUTE. Don't interrupt. Advantages of state
And sordid calculation—things I hate—
Alone would guide her father's choice. Now she,
To marry whom she likes must be left free,
With your assistance. That's task number one.

NAMOUINE. Enough, you may consider it as done.
Proceed.

LALOUTE. The next task is, you must subdue
The fire-worshippers or Ghebers, who
Spread terror through our land—

NAMOUINE. All right, they're booked,
At their own fire shall every goose be cooked.
The third task?

LALOUTE. You must banish from your heart,
The mortal you have loved. Ha, ha, you start!

NAMOUINE. Not that, for pity's sake, aught else to please ye.

LALOUTE. I've told you the three tasks.

NAMOUINE. The rest were easy.
But from my heart to tear that lovely youth out—
Oh, tell me, did you ever have a tooth out—

A double-tooth, a regular tough old grinder?

If so, think of the wrench, and you'll be kinder.

LALOUTE. Nothing less can your pardon bring about;
NAMOUANE. Is't so—here goes then for the tug. (*a pause and then a deep sigh*) He's out.

LALOUTE. Bravely done—go, but two tasks now remain,
Then welcome to the Peri home again.

Exit NAMOUANE, R.; PERII form tableau, L.

SCENE II.—*Boudoir of Lalla Rookh.*

VISION OF

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

LALLA ROOKH discovered sleeping on a couch, c.—LADIES fanning her—she starts up à la Richard III in the Tent Scene.

LALLA. (*starting up*) Help! murder—don't!—release me, or I'll scream;

Let go I say. (*rubbing her eyes*) How's this?—I did but dream;

But such a dream. This comes of hearing tales Of hideous faces behind silver veils:

Why do I listen to the legends dreadful, With which that minstrel daily crams my head full? He tells such stories though—while all admire The way the story-teller strikes the lyre.

I dreamt, oh, horror! That I was the bride Of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, tied For life to one, a prophet but in name,— And yet, how many do we find the same! E'en Derby prophets lead to Derby losses When asses take to betting upon hosses.

Enter FADLADEEN, L.

Who's there?

FAD. 'Tis I, your highness—why, it seems—

LALLA. Oh, Fadladeen, I've had such awful dreams.

FAD. Shadows, my lady, pray you feel no fright of it.

LALLA. If it's a shadow—how can you make light of it? But come, your business?

Makes a sign to LADIES, who exeunt R. and L.

FAD. If you recollect,
Your highness, you this day were to select
A husband!

LALLA. I select! this idle talk shun,
You mean I was to be put up to auction,
My heart disposed of to the highest bidder,
My love knocked down—

FAD. Your highness, pray consider,
'Twere fit some slight decorum to observe.

LALLA. No; if for sale, I'll be without reserve.

But come, who bids? That I may know at least.

FAD. Monarchs from every nation of the East
Have sent ambassadors to woo your highness.

LALLA. Sent! are they all afflicted with such shyness,
That they can't come to woo me to my face?

FAD. But they send proxies to supply their place.

LALLA. Then, to my notions of what's right, pray state,
To mate by proxy won't approximate.

Who is it sends to ask this wedding favour?

FAD. The Khan of Tartary—an oldish shaver
'Tis true.

LALLA. Past fifty!—sixty—I'll engage!

FAD. But still the greatest monarch of his age.

Think—an alliance with his pow'r extensive;
Defensive, and—

LALLA. You needn't add offensive.

It would be so.

FAD. The Chinese emp'rор!

LALLA. Well,

And what's he like?

FAD. That I can hardly tell,
Ne'er having seen him.

LALLA. Well, I've no objection,—
That is, should he prove absolute perfection.

FAD. He must!—oh, joy!—the council I'll convoke,
To tell your choice.

LALLA. Stop! Does the emp'rор smoke?

FAD. Really, your highness, questions such as those—

LALLA. He won't require a latch-key, I suppose?

FAD. E'en if he should—a monarch of such powers—

LALLA. Like other husbands, should keep proper hours.

Say he won't suit.

FAD. Nay, pray those words retract;
China insists.

LALLA. How, is this China cracked?

FAD. The nation's peace—

LALLA. The peace of China! Mockery!
Don't think to tempt me with a piece of crockery.

FAD. State policy—

LALLA. This talk is past endurance,
Pray where's the policy of your assurance,
Speaking like this?

FAD. I'm forced to do so.

LALLA. Stuff!

FAD. I've no discretion.

LALLA. Well, that's true enough.

FAD. Then you won't marry?

LALLA. Not till I can find,
Some one exactly after my own mind;
Some one who's not too fast, nor yet too slow;
Who'll take me out where'er I wish to go,
Nor grudge the time I take to put my things on;
Never find fault with collars without strings on;
Nor grumble, if his shirts should lack a button,
One who on washing days will eat cold mutton.

FAD. Stop, I have one to suit—till last I've kept him,
The young king of Bucharia.

NAMOUNE. (*appearing suddenly, R. C.*) Accept him.

LALLA. Who spoke?

NAMOUNE. A friend.

LALLA. A friend indeed!

NAMOUNE. Just so.

A friend in need is always one you know.

FAD. How came you here?

NAMOUNE. What matters, here I am.

LALLA. Came you by telegraph?

FAD. Or telegram?

NAMOUNE. By neither.

FAD. P'raps by tele—what-d'ye-call?

By tele—

NAMOUNE. Listen, and I'll tell ye all.

Song—NAMOUNE.

Air, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

Ever for thee, fair princess, scheming,
 Thy hopes to crown, a spirit draws near,
 No telegraph or railway steaming,
 Swift as my wings could ever bring me here;
 Still in my heart—the thought once crossed me,
 How I should liked to have pitched into thee.
 Ah! when I reflect what thou hast cost me,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me?
 But since with me it's now all U P,
 Here I am scheming ever for thee,
 Yes, I am scheming ever for thee.

LALLA. But this young king that you so recommend?

NAMOUNE. Accept him, I repeat.

FAD. The match will tend

Unto our nation wealth and peace to bring.

LALLA. But is he handsome?

NAMOUNE. Charming.

LALLA. Does he sing?

NAMOUNE. Like any tea-kettle.

FAD. Then, 'twill advance
 Our country's glories.

LALLA. Well, but does he dance?

NAMOUNE. Divinely.

FAD. What? with of his rank a high sense,
 A king to grant himself a dancing licence?

LALLA. And pray, why not?

FAD. Think of the degradation;
 Dancing is but for slaves fit occupation:
 I never danced in all my life.

LALLA. Then stop,
 It's time you did.—Come, one, two, three, and hop.
 (*takes him round the waist and commences dancing with him*)

FAD. Your highness, pray—my breath! decorum! oh!
 Help! help!

FERAMORZ. (entering, l.) Who calls?

LALLA. He, here! I'd better go. *Exit, R.*

FER. Fly not, fair princess. Can her highness fear
A humble troubadour?

FAD. What brings you here?

NAMOUNE. 'Tis he! Down, throbbing heart.

FAD. Quick, slave, reply!

FER. The lowly troubadour was passing by,
When cries for help fell on his humble ear.

FAD. Well there, be off—we've nothing for you here.

FER. Nay, the poor troubadour ne'er yet was willing
To move on under at the least a shilling!

No force—police or not—can do the job,
He scorns the bobby, and demands the bob.

Song—FERAMORZ.

Air, "The Minstrel Boy."

The minstrel boy through the town is known,

In each quiet street you'll find him,

With his master's organ—it is ne'er his own,

And his monkey led behind him.

"Straw laid down," cries the minstrel boy,

"Some sick man here needs quiet;

"Bobbin around' will this house annoy,

"At any rate I'll try it!"

The minstrel grinds, and his victims pay;—

To his claims he's forced compliance!

To the poet's study then he takes his way—

To the men of art and science.

And cries, "My friends, in vain you'd toil

"At books, at pen, or easel;

"One roving vagabond your work shall spoil,"—

"He plays, "Pop goes the weasel."

FAD. Once for all, you refuse to quit this spot?

FER. Well, the poor troubadour would rather not.

FAD. I will, then.

FER. Don't let me detain you, pray.

FAD. (going) You shall repent this insolence.

Exit, L., threatening.

Good-day.

FER.
NAMOUNE. (aside, L.) He doesn't notice me.

FER. Halloo ! who's here ?

My friend, the Peri—how d'ye do, my dear?

NAMOUINE. (*aside*) He calls me dear. (*aloud*) Say do you mean it?

FER. What?

NAMOUINE. (*r.*) Yet stay, what am I doing?—I forgot.
You mustn't love me, please, sir.

FER. Well, I won't.

NAMOUINE. That is, I mustn't love you.

FER. Well then, don't.

NAMOUINE. Don't call me dear, then—Oh yes, please to do it,
I like it—but I mustn't listen to it.

FER. Excuse me, pray, if I am wrong in thinking
That—may I ask you, what have you been drinking?

NAMOUINE. I've skimmed the mountains, quaffed the dew
so pearly—

FER. Folks shouldn't tipple mountain dew so early.

NAMOUINE. What, 'gainst a Peri throw out hints like these?

FER. I judge a Peri by *ap-peri-ances*.

NAMOUINE. Sure, I've not fall'n in your opinion—such
A fall would be indeed a *drop too much*.

FER. Not for the world 'gainst you I'd aught allege,
I pledge my word, if you'll but *take the pledge*.

NAMOUINE. Say, then, we're friends—no joy I look for richer.

FER. (*giving hand*) Good—I'm your friend—and never
mind the pitcher.

Duet.—FERAMORZ and NAMOUINE.

Air—“I'd mourn the hopes that leave me.”

NAMOUINE. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
Is a song I've long had by me, oh!

FER. Come, don't try to deceive me,
For it's “Sing song, Polly, won't you try me, oh?”

Air—“Polly, won't you try me, oh?”

Keemo, kimo—

NAMOUINE. No, that's wrong,
It's the Irish, not the Yankee song !

Air—“I'd mourn the hopes, &c.”

It's “A rose tree in full bearing.”

FER. No; it's “Sing song, Polly, won't you try me, oh.”

Air—“Polly, won’t you try me?”

FER. But don’t let’s quarrel.

NAMOUNE. Don’t sing that;
With these Yankee airs don’t ply me, oh !
The air, I meant—what am I at?

FER. Singing, “Sing song, Polly, won’t you try me, oh.”

Air—“I’d mourn the hopes, &c.”

NAMOUNE. ’Twas another tune I meant;
But these Yankee arts defy me, oh !
Taking “Rose trees in full bearing.”

FER. To make—“Sing song, Polly, won’t you try me, oh?”

Exeunt FERAMORZ & NAMOUNE, R.

SCENE III.—*Court-yard of the Palace. Grand fête; dancing and general merry-making.*

Enter a procession of guards, &c., followed by AURUNGZEBE, L.; flourish of trumpets, &c.

ALL. (*shouting*) Long live the king!

AURUNG. Peace, slaves!—how dare you give
Orders to me how long I am to live?

What mean you by those hops, and skips, and jumps,
When you behold your sov’reign in the dumps?

None shall rejoice—while the Fates on me scowl!

Weep, all of you! (*all begin blubbering loudly*)

Slaves! I said weep, not howl!

Beware, lest I my anger let on you loose,

(aside) Yet hold! they mustn’t see that there’s a screw
loose.

(aloud) My loving subjects, pray resume your mirth.

(*all laugh loudly*)

Quietly, though! (*they laugh noiselessly*)

Was ever king on earth

So bothered? Fifteen potent monarchs send

To woo my daughter—so I must offend

Fourteen at least; the girl can wed but one of them!

Enter FADLADEEN and HINDA, R.

Your news, which is it?

FAD. Sire, she won’t have none of them.

AURUNG. What?

FAD. No, her obstinacy's quite distressing.

AURUNG. Send for her.

HINDA. She can't come, sir—she's a dressing.

AURUNG. Can't come—say won't.

HINDA. Nay, that were incivility.

Her dishabille's her only disability;

I have just been a dressing her, you see.

AURUNG. Just so, but now mind, you're addressing me,

So just be civil. Go and fetch her, girl.

HINDA. Fetch her, lor, sir, I've got her hair to curl,

To hook and eye her—and—

AURUNG. Hence! I advise

You not to heed your hooks, or mind your eyes.

Go instantly.

Exit HINDA, R.

FAD. But, see, your majesty,

Where comes the Chinese emp'ror's embassy.

Music.—Enter NOGO and a procession of MANDARINS, &c., L.; SLAVES bearing costly presents, chests of tea, &c.

AURUNG. Welcome, my noble friends. How are you—eh?

And how's the emp'ror?—pretty well to-day?

(shaking their hands)

All hearty?—that's right.

NOGO. This reception, sire,

Quite overwhelms us. But, may I enquire,

How 'tis the princess is not here to meet us?

'Tis not the way in which we hoped she'd treat us.

Such breach of etiquette our anger warms!

AURUNG. Come in, and take a seat; don't stand on forms.

See, here she comes.

Music.—Enter LALLA ROOKH and LADIES, R.

NOGO. At last.

LALLA. At last! how now!

AURUNG. Be civil, dear, or there'll be such a row.

NOGO. Lady, these gifts the Chinese emp'ror sends,

With his best china service to you.

AURUNG. Friends,

My daughter thanks you all. (*aside to her*) Pray civil be.

NOGO. The emp'ror thought he'd suit you to a tea,

So sends some chests of this, the choicest growth.
LALLA. Birch brooms and sloe leaves, you may take your oath !

Trash, of which I could never drink a cup.
NOGO. Trash ! the tea's gunpowder—don't blow it np !

I'd have you taught—
LALLA. Me taught ?—in vain thou preachest !

I scorn thy chest of tea, and all thou teachest !
NOGO. What, you refuse ?

LALLA. I do ?

AURUNG. She doesn't ! Daughter,
Reflect ! this tea will get us in hot water.

NOGO. Once for all, madam, I am come to claim

Your hand in marriage, in the emp'ror's name.

Behold his portrait.—Hah ! what means that shrug ?

LALLA. Take hence that ugly antique china mug.

NOGO. An insult ! Take head—China will resent it !

FAD. You don't suppose her royal highness meant it ?

'Tis but a way she's got.

NOGO. Hold ! who comes here ?

AURUNG. Another embassy.

FAD. That from Cashmere.

Music.—TRYBAC, with a troop of Dancing girls, carrying banners, presents, a trophy of bells, &c., enter R., and surround LALLA ROOKH.

LALLA. Another offer all this noise foretells ;

Say, who's the beau that sends such lots of bells.

Does all this tinkling mean one wedding ring ?

TRYBAC. Fair princess, pray accept the gifts we bring,

You'll not refuse when Cashmere's sovereign offers ;

Just cast your eye on all these golden coffers.

LALLA. Desist ! I scorn the wealth you hold so dear ;

Mere cash shall never win me for Cashmere.

AURUNG. She's mad ! what all these money-bags send back ?

LALLA. I want no bags ; I've given him the sack !

(*a trumpet sounds*)

AURUNG. What means that trumpet, thus so rudely blown ?
Who blew it ?

Enter KHORSANBAD, L.

KHORS. I ! I always blow my own.

AURUNG. And who are you when you're at home pray ?
KHORS. Oh !

I make myself at home where'er I go.

AURUNG. What want you here ?

KHORS. You'd learn the whole affair ?

Lend me your ears—I see you've lots to spare.

Song, KHORSANBAD.

Air, "Lovely Sally Brook."

I have not a sixpence, and I have not a friend,
And I've not one good quality myself to recommend ;
I'm a ruffian and a thief,
And of rascals I'm the chief,
And the badness of my character surpasses all belief.
I get my bread sometimes by hook,
And at other times by crook,
And I think I'm just the husband for the lovely Lalla
Rookh.

I've every bad habit in a husband you'd wish ;
I smoke like a limekiln, and I drink like a fish ;
Then I gamble and I bet,
I'm over head and ears in debt ;
I play billiards, loo, (unlimited) blind hookey and roulette,
So now I think if you but took
At my many claims a look,
You'd accept me as the husband of the lovely Lalla Rookh.

AURUNG. You wed our daughter ?—Never !

KHORS. Ah, refused !

Scorned—sacked—rejected—kicked out—mocked—
abused !

Tremble ! a day of reckoning is at hand,
A cry for vengeance shall ring through the land.
My wrongs be shouted forth in tones, in fact,
Loud as Big Ben's before Big Ben was cracked.
You do not know the man you have been scorning,
Tremble !—Despair !—Ha, ha !—Revenge !—Good-
morning.

Exit L.

NOGO. (*coming forward*) My emp'ror's vengeance too
you'll have to fear.

Exit, followed by MANDARINS, &c., L.

TRYBAC. (*ditto*) Of course you'll have to settle with
Cashmere. *Exit, followed by dancing girls, &c., L.*

AURUNG. Go on—who's next?

FERAMORZ. (*entering R.*) I am.

LALLA. (*aside*) That voice, 'tis he!

AURUNG. You?

FER. The poor troubadour would bow the knee
To beauty's queen—and if he may be heard, he
Would sing. (*strikes chords*)

FAD. Come, move on with that hurdy-gurdy.

AURUNG. What means this insolence? Rise, I command;
Surely *you* don't intend to ask her hand!

LALLA. Oh, don't I wish he would—that's all!

FER. I do.

LALLA. You do?—oh, joy!

AURUNG. Peace, girl!

FAD. What! marry you,
A low-born fiddler?

FER. Nay, 'tis for another
That the poor troubadour would plead.

LALLA. Oh, bother!

FER. Bucharia's king—lord of an empire splendid—

LALLA. (*aside*) The very one the Peri recommended.
'Tis strange.

AURUNG. Let his ambassadors come in.

Enter a procession of YOUTHS, with guitars, R.; a CHILD, as Cupid, carrying a rose.

FAD. More hurdy-gurdies, bid them drop this din.

LALLA. What mean these instruments, all too of one sort?

FER. Lady, they come to offer you a consort.

AURUNG. A concert, all stringed instruments won't tell,
Say, can't your master *raise the wind* as well.

LALLA. What does he offer?—riches I suppose.

FER. (*leading CUPID forward*) He sends his love, and
offers you this rose.

AURUNG. Only a rose?

FER. And his true love.

AURUNG. No tin?
 Thinks he thus cheaply then my child to win?
 FER. If the poor troubadour might make so bold,
 As use a joke he owns is rather old;
 He'd say the king, his master, thinks 'twere pity,
 The song of Cupid, should be *cupid-ditty*;
 Nay, might he try a still more ancient pun, he
 Would grieve if marriage were a *matter o' money*.

AURUNG. Pickles!

LALLA. I know not why, this simple flow'r is
 Dearer to me than all their splendid dowries.

AURUNG. He offers nothing.

LALLA. Wherefore try extortion?
 He gives his whole heart, why demand a portion?

FER. Oh joy! then you accept?

LALLA. (*looking lovingly at him*) Would you rejoice,
 If on Bucharia's king I fix my choice?

FER. Beyond expression—say but that you love him.

LALLA. Is there *none* other you'd prefer above him?

FER. None.

LALLA. (*aside*) He won't take a hint—my hopes grow dim;
 Would it were leap-year, I'd propose to him.

AURUNG. My child, reflect!

FAD. Yes do, your highness, pray
 Don't go and throw your precious self away
 On a poor wretch that's not a rap to give.

AURUNG. Love's very well, but how are you to live?
 Think of the butcher's bills you cannot pay.

FAD. Think of the poor's rates!

AURUNG. Think of quarter day!

FER. Peace!—with insinuations of this sort;
 Deem you Bucharia's *an insolvent court*!
 Tremble! vile hucksters, slaves of sordid pelf. (*draws sword*)

AURUNG. How?

FER. (*very humbly*) The poor troubadour forgot himself!
 Lady, will you go back with me?

LALLA. With you?

Anywhere, gladly.

FER. You consent?

LALLA. I do.

When shall we start?

AURUNG. Hold ; though this act's distressing,
It can't be help'd ; so you'd best have my blessing ;
And though this choice her father's heart has wracked,
Go, slaves, and get her highness' boxes packed.

LALLA. Father, at parting with me, do not weep.

AURUNG. Forgive these tears—you have gone off so cheap.

Concerted Piece.

Air "Old Dog Tray."

FER. Cheer up, old chap, don't cry,
Since we're forced to say, good bye :

It's no use your blubbering in that stupid way.

AURUNG. This at parting's most unkind ;
Could you never, never find,

Some better tune than "Old Dog Tray."

FAD. "Old Dog Tray" is getting hateful
From our ears we can't drive it away,
From each organ that one meets,
From the boys in all the streets,

There's nothing heard, but "Old Dog Tray."

ALL (*repeat in Chorus*)—Old Dog Tray is getting
hateful, &c.

(group formed as scene closes in)

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

SCENE IV.—*Haunt of the Fire Worshippers, rude altars with fires burning very low.*

GHEBERS seated c., asleep.

HAFED. (*outside, R.*) Halloo here ! some one ! (*enters*)

How's this, all asleep ;

Fellows, is this the way your watch you keep ?

Look at your fires—your duties thus deferring,

They're nearly out—Why aren't you up and stirring ?

(GHEBERS stir the fires which burn up)

Nice Ghebers you are—who can be content

When almost out of your own element.

LAZIB. Pardon great Hafed, but the fact is we—

(yawns)

to RETSCHID) You speak; I can't.

RETSCHID. Just so; the fact—you see. (yawns)

HAFED. What means this?

NOGRAYT. Well, 'tis as my friend here said.

The fact is—(yawns)

HAFED. What!

NOGRAYT. We want to go to bed.

(all yawn)

HAFED. Leave me.

Exeunt GHEBERS, L.

They'd best not on my actions frown,
I, who have kept them up, can keep them down.
What's their fatigue compared with mine? Each night,
Compelled to climb that turret's giddy height;
Few would have breath to stand it. Oh, my Hindal!
So high thy lattice—'tis indeed a *winder*?
What tho' a simple waiting maid she be,
From loving Hindal, that shan't hinder me.

Song.—HAFED.

Recitative—“Oberon”

So now the love for her I feel,
If you'll but wait awhile,
To plaintive music I'll reveal
In operatic style.

Air—“I see her at the window.”

I love a maid—this tune I fear
Is scarcely operatic;
But it will do—this maid so dear
Lives high up in an attic.

I see her at the winder,
My own dear little Hindal;
And there each night
Her eyes so bright
My heart scorch to a cinder.

Few travellers in so short a time
Could journey such a distance,
For I start off for a fresh *climb*
Each night of my existence.

I climb up to her winder,

And there I see my Hind;

While all else sleep,

Up there I creep

When her window blinds unpinn'd are.

Enter KHORSANBAD, moodily, R.

KHORS. Revenge! revenge!

HAFED. How now, what words are these?

What, Khorsanbad!

KHORS. Don't interrupt me, please.

Let's see, where was I?—Oh I know—once more

Revenge! revenge!

HAFED. Yes, you said that before.

Who is he?

KHORS. Who?

HAFED. The party—the offender.

KHORS. He! 'tis a woman of the female gender.

HAFED. A woman, eh? and pray then who may she be?

KHORS. The daughter of the haughty Aurungzebe,

Our deadliest foe.

HAFED. His daughter?

KHORS. Yes.

HAFED. Pooh, pooh!

Why how on earth can she have injured you?

KHORS. How injured me?—oh, madness! rage! despair!

How? She won't have me for a husband—there!

HAFED. You—love a daughter of that hated race?

KHORS. 'Twas wrong; I couldn't help it.

HAFED. (*aside, sighing*) Just my case.

KHORS. Though me a fire-worshipper they call,

She is the flame I worship after all;

She's burnt my heart to tinder—it would catch

The slightest spark.

HAFED. Yet she refused the match!

KHORS. Yes; for when I, midst other suitors rose up,

Her royal highness turned her royal nose up.

Her father scorned me, while the entire court

Mocked—how shall I express it?—laughed in short.

HAFED. You own then that you love this princess?—

Traitor!

KHORS. I loved her once; but now, ha, ha! I hate her.

Vengeance on all her race ! I'll even be with them ;
 They've turned me sour, and I won't agree with them.
 Dogs ! I'm your foe ! I'll hunt, attack you, storm you,
 I am a fire-worshipper—I'll warm you.

HAFED. Be calm !

KHORS. Calm, when thus to despair I'm *druv* !

HAFED. What do you common fellows know of love ?

I love a maid. (*sighing*)

KHORS. But not as I loved !

HAFED. Nay,

For I love in a gentlemanly way.

Restrain this anger.

KHORS. No ! find vent it must,

Or where you see this breast there'd be a *bust*.

Listen !—fair Lalla Rookh sets out this day

To meet her husband—she must pass this way.

HAFED. What then ?

KHORS. What then—'tis fate that brings her hither.

HAFED. One word, will her young waiting maid be with her ?

KHORS. Of course ; what lady yet—I never met one—

Could do without a maid—if she could get one ?

To make the princess prisoner here's our plan.

HAFED. (*aside*) And Hinda will be with her—I'm your man.

Duet.—Air, " Hoop de dooden doo."

HAFED. Here for them in wait we'll lie,

Vainly they for help shall cry.

KHORS. To their prayers we'll but reply

Hoop de dooden doo.

KHORS. Plump upon our foes we'll fall,

Pulverizing one and all,

Shouting for a battle call,

Hoop de dooden doo.

HAFED. (*aside*) In the scuffle, I've no doubt

Hinda I can single out ;

Bear her off the while they shout,

Hoop de dooden doo.

KHORS. Thus to be revenged we swear.

HAFED. Hand in hand our foes we dare.

KHORS. Tremble tyrants and despair.

Hoop de dooden doo.

Repeat last verse together—Exeunt, L.

Enter LALLA ROOKH and FERAMORZ, hand in hand, R.

LALLA. Go on, pray.

FER. Lady, would'st thou have me paint,
The home which were it mine—but which it ain't—
To which, could love fulfil his prayer, I'd lead you.
Say, shall I paint that home?

LALLA. Oh, no, why need you?
With dirty work like that yourself acquainting;
Send for the workmen, if your home *wants* painting.

FER. Listen! A palace screened by Alpine hills,
From the rude world, its cares, its duns, its bills,
Midst flow'rs that charm, with nought a sigh that
raises,—

Plenty of cowslips, and no *lack o' daisies*.

LALLA. How nice!

FER. A lake, whose clear bright sparkling water,
Prevents the turncock calling every quarter!
Gardens, whose clustering fruits delight the eyes,
And make the most delicious apple pies;
Greens and potatoes to appease the hunger,
So that you'll ne'er require a costermonger.
Dost like the picture?

LALLA. Oh, do tell me more.

FADLADEEN. (*outside, R.*) Halloa!

FER. Who calls?

LALLA. Old Fadladeen the bore!

FER. See, here he comes; he's seeking us, appearing
Quite out of breath.

LALLA. Would he were out of hearing.

FADLADEEN. (*outside*) Halloa! (*enters*) So, here you are!
—I'm hoarse with bawling,

And this loud shouting suits not my high calling.

Why did your highness leave us?

LALLA. I suppose
It must have been because my highness chose.

FER. (*slapping him on shoulder*) All right, old chap.

FAD. (*drawing sword*) Old chap!—low fiddling slave!
I'll teach you to your betters to behave!

LALLA. Spare him!

FER. Fear not, fair princess; it's all right;
Though humble, the poor troubadour can fight.

FAD. Can he? nay, then, my notice he's beneath.
Madam, at your request my sword I sheathe.

(*about to do so*)
Mind, though, should danger threaten you, I wield
(*flourishes his sword valiantly*)

A blade which—

KHORSANBAD. (*entering, R., sword in hand*) Hold! you
are my pris'ners!—yield!

FER. Your pris'ners?

FAD. (*dropping sword*) Murder!

FER. That we'll quickly see.

KHORS. Exactly so.

FAD. (*falling on his knees*) Don't!—mercy!—'twasn't me!

KHORS. Come, Hafed, now's your time; our foes are here.

HAFED. (*peeping out, L.*) Hinda not with them?—I shan't
interfere.

KHORS. (*calling*) Ho, Ghebers, to the charge!—come this
way flock!

Enter the three GHEBERS with white cotton night-caps on,

LAZIB. What's happened?

RETSCHID. What's the matter?

NOGRAYT. What's o'clock?

FER. The odds are fearful; still, I'm not afraid.

Come on!—I challenge your whole fire brigade!

(*general conflict, KHORSANBAD seizes LALLA
ROOKH who struggles; FERAMORZ fights all the
GHEBERS at once; FADLADEEN falls flat on his
face*)

LALLA. Help! help!

FER. I'm done—those cries my nerves unsteady.

FAD. Don't kill me, gentlemen, I'm dead already.

(*GHEBERS have their swords pointed at FERAMORZ
and FADLADEEN*)

FER. Farewell, sweet princess !

LALLA.

Lost !

FER.

Out-numbered !

FAD.

Sold !

KHORS. She's mine ! ha, ha ! Shout, lads, for victory.

NAMOUNE. (*suddenly appearing, R.*)

Hold !

KHORS. I beg your pardon.

NAMOUNE. To your knees, I tell you ;

You hesitate—thus then do I compel you.

(she raises a burning brand and waves it over them,
all fall down)

LAZIB. We can't resist you, while you hold that flame.

KHORS. That burning brand !—Oh, it's a burning shame !

Crawls out, followed by GHEBERS, R.

NAMOUNE. Thus before fire all Ghebers prostrate fall.

LALLA. Saved !

FAD. (*getting up*) To be sure; we've whacked 'em after all.

FER. Thanks, charming Peri.

NAMOUNE. Oh, he calls me charming !

FER. You've saved us from a peril most alarming.

NAMOUNE. Yes ; but don't look at me like that.

FER. Explain.

NAMOUNE. (*aside*) I'm falling rapidly in love again.

Listen : whene'er with Ghebers you've to fight,
Before you strike a blow, just strike a light ;—
The sight of fire subdues them.

FAD. I'll make use of her

Hint, and henceforth ne'er be without a lucifer.

NAMOUNE. And now, farewell.

FER. (*taking her hand*) Nay, don't go yet; first tell us—

NAMOUNE. Another time.

LALLA. (*aside*) It's strange, but true, I'm jealous.

Feramorz, don't you hear she must go ?—let her.

NAMOUNE. You're right ; the sooner I am gone, the better.

(*going, R.*)

FER. But wait until her highness thanks you, pray.

LALLA. Madam, we're much obliged to you. Good day.

FAD. Come, dinner waits ; don't let the joints get colder.

FER. Hot joints for us ; for her, naught but cold shoulder.

*Concerted Piece.**Air, "Fly not yet."*

FER. Fly not yet ; 'tis just the hour
 At which we dine ! Had I the power,
 To join us you I would invite.

NAM. For dinner I've no appetite—
 And so, good afternoon.

FAD. To all appearance, I'm afraid
 For her no knife and fork are laid.
 Her highness' frowns too well are showing
 'Tis time your Peri friend were going.
 Don't stay ! don't stay !

FER. The colour in your cheek now glowing,
 Betrays the pain you're undergoing.
 Oh, stay ! oh, stay !

NAM. The princess' frowns, my duty showing,
 Declare 'tis time that I was going.
 Good day, good day.

FER. If to-day you can't remain,
 We'll find you, when you come again,
 A knife and fork and spoon.

FAD. Come, you hear she can't remain ;
 Some day, perchance, she'll call again ;
 And so, good afternoon.

NAM. Alas, 'tis true !—my course is plain,
 To cut, and not to come again.
 And so, good afternoon.

Exeunt LALLA ROOKH, FERAMORZ, and FADLA-DEEN, R., NAMOUNE, L.

Enter KHORSANBAD, buried in thought, R. U. E.

KHORS. So my scheme's failed, on which so much I'd reckoned ;
 My first plan foiled—let me reflect a second.
 If—but no—yet why not ?—of course—but then—
 Suppose—precisely—Hah ! but then again—
 No—yes—I have it. Stop—that's it. I knew it.
 Ha ! ha ! I've made my mind up—and I'll do it.

Exit. L.

(together)

THE JOURNEY OF LALLA ROOKH.

SCENE V. *Halt of the Procession accompanying LALLA ROOKH, on the banks of the Lake of Pearl.*

LALLA ROOKH seated c., FERAMORZ, with guitar, standing by, FADLADEEN smoking a long hookah, r. c., GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

LALLA. Oh! I could listen to your songs for ever,
They are so sweet, so charming, and so clever.
Fadladeen, you're allowed to be a judge,
Say what is your opinion of them?

FAD. Fudge!

FER. (*bowing*) Nay, sir; you flatter me.

FAD. I never flatter.

FER. Well, critics seldom do though, for that matter.
But to go on with my descriptive lecture.

(points with wand after the manner of lecturers)
This is the Lake of Pearl. If you direct your
Eyes to the right, you'll see in ripples whirl,
'Neath the sun's early light—the early pearl.
Look to the left—

FAD. No more; 'tis time we went.

Ladies, conduct her highness to her tent.

LALLA. Can we not rest a little longer?

FAD. No.

My pipe's smoked out, so it's full time to go.

LALLA. I shan't be long. *Exeunt with LADIES, L.*

FAD. (to FERAMORZ) And you, go bid them bring
My palanquin.

FER. (*indignant*) I?

FAD. You!

FER. Confound the thing!

I'm constantly forgetting my humility.

FAD. Go!

FER. The poor troubadour is all agility.

Exit L., FADLADEEN following.

Enter HAFED and HINDA, R.

HINDA. Do pray, be careful.

HAFED. It's all right, my dear.

HINDA. Oh, but they don't allow no followers here.

HAFED. Followers, dearest ! Pray you do not speak
Of me, as though I were an area sneak !
I am a gentleman, well-born and rich.

HINDA. I know you are, and you behave as such,
But, if they found you here ?

HAFED. Why, in that case,
I s'pose you'd have to seek another place,—
What then, here's one you may at once accept,
This place—one where no other maid is kept.

HINDA. Oh, goodness ! see, here's master ! run !
(*touching his heart*)

HAFED. Not I.

Enter FADLADEEN, L.

FAD. That troubadour's past bearing—I will try,
If stripes will cure him, just one round half dozen ;
(*sees HAFED*) How's this,—a stranger !

HINDA. (*frightened*) Please, sir, it's my cousin.

FAD. What seek you here, young man ?

HAFED. To be admitted
Amongst the princess' slaves.

FAD. Hold ! are you fitted
For such a post as—

HAFED. Fit for anything.

FAD. Can you tell stories, dance, play, conjure, sing ?

HAFED. All. I can sing in every yet-known school ;
Can play the fiddle, and can play the fool !
Play tricks, play cards, play anything.

FAD. Who knows :
He might put out of joint that minstrel's nose.
A good idea. But, see, the Princess comes !

Enter LALLA ROOKH, in palanquin, L.

Stand back. And now sound trumpets—strike up
drums ! (*a palanquin is brought for him—he gets in*)
Form a line. March !

Enter FERAMORZ running, L.

FER. Hi ! don't leave me behind.

LALLA. Not for the world !

FER. Your highness is too kind.

Music—The procession moves on ; Scene gradually changes to rocks, &c.

FER. Halt! (*procession stops*) To resume! We're passing now among

The mountains which—

FAD. Slave, will you hold your tongue?

Fellows! how dare your stop without my orders?

FER. You see, we're nearing now the frozen borders
Of—

FAD. Ease him! back him! stop him!

FER. Cease this hectoring;
The lowly troubadour was only lecturing.

FAD. March! Try again to stop us, if you dare.

(*procession moves on*)

HAFED. (*aside*) 'Tis time my followers joined me. Hah!
they're there.

(*GHEBERS are seen peeping from rocks, &c.*;
HAFED exchanges signs with them; the Scene is now a range of snowy mountains)

FER. The snow-capped mountains that we now behold—

FAD. Peace!

LALLA. Nay, be cool.

FAD. Cool! I'm half dead with cold.

LALLA. I'm shiv'ring too; go, Fadladeen, desire,
That here they pitch the tent and light a fire.

FAD. By all means—Go, slaves, run—cut firewood quick.

You too go. *Exeunt ATTENDANTS R. and L.*

FER. I?—all right—I'll cut my stick. *Exit L.*

FAD. (*to GUARDS*) Follow the troubadour,—and, do you hear?—

Confine him a close prisoner in the rear.

Exeunt GUARDS, L.

Come, bustle—cut—

Exeunt GUARDS, HAFED, FADLADEEN, &c. different ways.

LALLA. (*to LADIES*) And while they seek supplies,
Bring me my boots—I'll try some exercise.
For dancing, I am told, of all pursuits is
The best to warm one's little tootsey pootseys.

Dance, and exeunt LALLA ROOKH and LADIES, L.

Enter KHORSANBAD (disguised as an Indian Juggler) and HAFED, R.

HAFED. Speak, Khorsanbad—your news—

KHORS. All you'd desire:

Henceforth we need fear no alarm of fire.
All day disguised—we, following on their heels,
Contrived to steal their flints and bone their steels;
Empted each tinder-box—damped every match,
Till not a lucifer 'll come to the scratch.
All our friends dread, you know, is fire—that raises
Their fears like—if I may say so—like blazes.

HAFED. But that fear conquer'd, all as we'd desire works;
Our enemies' defensive works are fire-works.
If they can't light one—

KHORS. Not a single spark,
To save their lives.

HAFED. But some one's coming ! Hark !

Enter LALLA ROOKH and FADLADEEN, L.

LALLA. What's that ?—no means a fire of lighting ?

FAD. No ;

We've tried in vain—

KHORS. (to HAFED) Did I not tell you so ?

LALLA. Send Feramorz here.

FAD. Sorry to refuse you,—
This is the party that must now amuse you.

LALLA. What !

HAFED. (bowing) Let me dance or sing for you.

LALLA. No thank'ee !

KHORS. (bowing) Or let me do a little hanky-panky—
Bolt knives—or balance ladders on my chin.

Hi ! hi ! walk up—just going to begin.

LALLA. Desist !

KHORS. One daring feat—

LALLA. None such I choose;

Your *daring feet* tread in another's shoes.

Oh, Feramorz, where are you ?

Enter FERAMORZ, L.

FER. Here !

FAD. How now !

How did you get away ?

LALLA. What matters how ?

FAD. Was it by force of arms, or legs, though ?

FER. Nay,
From danger I ne'er run,—but cut a way.

Trio.—(Three Waltzes harmonised).

"Hungarian Waltz."

FER. But since I am free, now,
Your slave I would be, now.

"Lieber Augustin."

HAFED. Nay, madam, hear me, now,—
I'd sing songs for you.

"Polly Hopkins."

KHORS. Pretty, pretty princess, see now
What I'll do—what I'll do—
Playing tricks that even he, now,
Couldn't get through—couldn't get through.

FER. Fair princess, let me now
Your humble slave be, now;
I think you'll agree, now,
'Tis only my due.

HAFED. You know, madam, he now
Is banish'd—and we now
Are chosen to be, now,
Attendants on you.

KHORS. Pretty, pretty princess, &c.

FER. Tol de rol lol lol ido, &c.

HAFED. La, la, la, &c.

KHORS. Tooral, looral, looral, liety, &c.

together

(after each verse they dance to symphony, imitating automaton figures on an organ, FERAMORZ and LALLA ROOKH waltzing, c.)

FER. Who are our friends here though, may I inquire?

KHORS. That you shall see—(whistles; GHEBERS flock in)

FAD. The Ghebers! murder! fire!

KHORS. In vain you call for fire—you've none, you know it.

The Peri NAMOUNE darts down in the form of a flame, L. to R.

FER. A spark! my kingdom for a bellows!

KHORS. Blow it!

(NAMOUNE appears R., with a torch—GHEBERS rush off

NAMOUINE. Villains, away !

HAFED. You see our plans are vain ! *Exit*, R.

KHORS. Once more disposed of—that is, sold again !

Exit, R.

NAMOUINE. Now, friends, resume your journey—

FER. Nay, but hear me !

NAMOUINE. You always are so grateful—don't come near me—

FER. But why ?

LALLA. You hear she doesn't wish—so don't !

FER. One word—

NAMOUINE. I mustn't hear it—and I won't. (*disappears*, R.)

LALLA. Feramorz ! Come here—

FAD. At your peril, slave !

The danger's over, so I may be brave.

Forward once more !—You fall back to the rear :

March ! (*procession moves on*, GUARDS try to keep FERAMORZ back)

FER. Oh, I can't stand this !

FAD. Fall back ! d'ye hear ?

LALLA. Don't quarrel—Fadladeen, what's this about ?

Get in your palanquin, and don't fall out !

(FADLADEEN gets into palanquin, L.)

FAD. (*threatening*) No matter—when our journey's end we've got to—

(*they raise palanquin ; he falls through bottom*)

Oh !

FER. Why did you fall out—she told you not to.

FAD. Ah ! you may laugh ;—but won't I tell your master !

FER. And now, while they're repairing this disaster,

Let me resume my lecture—

FAD. Hold ! I'll walk :

Anything better than endure your talk.

March !

(*procession moves on ; Scene changes to a moonlit landscape*)

I can walk no more, I'm used up quite.

Halt ! Pitch the tents we'll rest here for the night.

ATTENDANTS *bustle out* R. and L.

FER. Here the poor troubadour must say adieu.

FAD. The best thing the poor troubadour could do.

LALLA. Oh, no ; don't leave me.

FER. Lady, I regret
To say we're at our journey's end.

LALLA. Not yet.

FER. We're in Bucharia. I can only wait
While here they entertain you with a fête ;
Come then, on light fantastic toes be treading,
In honour of your Princess Royal's wedding.

Grand ballet. During which LALLA ROOKH reclines on a splendid couch ; all steal off, leaving FERAMORZ alone, lying at the feet of LALLA ROOKH playing the guitar.

GORGEOUS EASTERN REVEL & FEAST OF LANTERNS.

Scene closes.

SCENE VI.—*Outskirts of the Capital City of Bokhara.*

Enter KHORSANBAD in a fury, l. ; GHEBERS following.

LAZIB. Cheer up, old fellow.

KHORS. Stand back ! don't come near me ;
I'm desperate ! Let no one try to cheer me.

RETSCHID. You'll do no good by blustering.

KHORS. If I could
I shouldn't bluster—I hate doing good.

NOGRAYT. Have moral courage.

KHORS. Peace ! or we shall quarrel ;
You know I won't have anything that's moral.

I hate morality—the thing I jolly call,

Is doing everything that's diabolical !

Yet, spite of all attempts, we've got the worser.

Virtue's triumphant—vice is *vice versa*.

LAZIB. Well, it's too bad, I must say.

KHORS. Too bad ! stuff !

Nothing's too bad, or even bad enough.

All bad things have some good in them. 'Tis sad,

But true, there's nothing altogether bad.

E'en from bad eggs some good you may evoke ;

When they lead slaves to spurn the hateful yoke.

Everything that seems bad with good is tainted,

And nothing's half so black as it is painted.

Go ! leave me here alone with my despair !

Go to our once glad home !

LAZIR. You'll join us there?
KHORS. Join you?—ha, ha!—well, well—it matters not,
 Go, get me something nice for supper—hot!

Exeunt GHEBERS, R.

Song.—KHORSANBAD.

Air.—“The Dodger’s Lament.”

Left here to ruminate alone, my sorrows I’ll express;
 My case is hard—it may be called, a case of real distress!
 The world is getting honest, and my wretchedness thus
 speaks—

I’m out of work, and haven’t had a crime for many weeks.
 Then fare thee well!—my occupation, like Othello’s, gone;
 For there’s nothing no how criminal, not nowhere going on!
 At least I cannot meet with none, which proves for me a sell:
 Then good-bye to my business, and my happiness farewell!

Hark! I hear footsteps—stay, this may provide
 Something atrocious in my line;—I’ll hide. *Exit, R.*

Enter HINDA, L.

HINDA. I’ve done with Hafed, that I have, for good;
 Oh! I could tear his eyes out, that I could,
 A base, designing, mean, deceitful thing.
 What shall I do? Let’s see—suppose I sing.

Bravura.

Air.—“Io sono docile.”—Il Barbiere.

I’ll show no tenderness; I’ll show no weakness;
 Show no more calmness; show no more meekness;
 No more be kind to him,
 I’ll speak my mind to him.

Him, I’ll assail—tongue, tooth, and nail.
 For since, so wickedly, that fellow’s cheated me,
 I long to bring him to the scratch;
 He’s caught a tartar, who since thus he’s treated me.
 Will prove his match—will prove his match.

Enter HAFED, L.

HAFED. Nay, why this anger?

HINDA. Why! Say, are you not
 Connected with a low-lifed Gheber lot?
 A nasty set of good-for-nothing sweeps:
 I judge folks by the company they keeps.

HAFED. Then judge me by your own sweet self, love, do;
For do I not keep company with you?

You know I love you—once more hear me swear it.
HINDA. Don't swear at me, young man : I can't abear it.

Be off about your bus'ness!

HAFED. Bus'ness ! dear ?
I have no bus'ness.

HINDA. No—you've got none here.

HAFED. Nor anywhere. All trade my soul's above;
And all professions, except those of love.

Will you not hear them ?

HINDA. No, I wont—that's flat.

She is going ; KHORSANBAD enters R., and catches her by the wrist.

KHORS. Oh, yes, you will, young woman.

HINDA. (screams) Oh ! who's that ?

KHORS. All right.

HINDA. Let go !

HAFED. You here ! what are you doing !

KHORS. Lending a hand, that's all, to help your wooing.

HAFED. Release her !

KHORS. Tell me ; don't you want to marry her ?

HAFED. I do ; but she wont come with me.

KHORS. Then, carry her.

HAFED. I cannot.

KHORS. Stuff ! the notion's an absurd 'un :

You want a wife, yet can't support the burden.

HAFED. Would she consent ?

HINDA. No, never !

KHORS. Don't be silly !

Carry her off, I tell you, willy, nilly.

HAFED. Would she but let these loving arms enfold her.

KHORS. Your arms ? pooh, pooh ! just chuck her on your shoulder !

HAFED. I dare not.

KHORS. Then let me ! (seizes her)

HINDA. Help ! murder ! oh !

Monster !

KHORS. Exactly.

HINDA. Fiend !

KHORS. Precisely so.

HAFED. This outrage ! hold—I can't endure the sight.
KHORS. Don't look then—come, young woman, it's all right. (*HINDA* struggles)

It's no use kicking, for I've got you fast,
 So there's one bit of villany at last.

Drags her out, R.

HAFED. Hold ! 'tis too much—release her for your life !

Khorsanbad—Hinda—stay ; my love, my wife !

Runs out after them

Enter LALLA ROOKH, weeping, l. ; ATTENDANTS following, also weeping.

LALLA. Ladies, don't cry ; it's very wrong you know ;
 We ought to be all smiles—my bridegroom—oh !
(cries again)

I don't want to be married, that I don't—
 At least to him ; no, and what's more, I won't !
 And here in state he's coming to receive me—
 How cruel 'twas of Feramorz to leave me.
 Oh ! oh ! *(all recommence crying)*

Do ladies, pray, subdue your grief—
 Give me another pocket-handkerchief.
 We must be firm—this king I am to wed ;
 Why didn't Feramorz propose instead ?
 At thoughts of him again, the salt tear flies out !
 Oh, I could sit down here and cry my eyes out.

Enter NAMOUNE, r.

NAMOUNE. Don't, lady, pray, those eyes are far too bright.
LALLA. Oh, you've come to exult o'er me, that's right—

'Twas you took Feramorz from me, of course ;
 And thereby caused me this unfair remorse ?

NAMOUNE. I scorn the charge !

LALLA. Think you, I had such blindness ?
 As not to see for him your sneaking kindness ?

NAMOUNE. Think you, a Peri then would condescend
 To be your rival ?—no I am your friend ;
 Fear nothing, from your troubles, you ere long
 Shall come out happy, and shall come out strong ;
 Not so the Peri, she submits though meekly.

LALLA. That *peri-odd-I-call* that comes out weakly.

AURUNGZEBE. (*outside*) Holloa ! Who calls ?

Enter AURUNGZEBE, L., with carpet bag and umbrella.

AURUNG. Oh, I'm so glad I've caught you !

LALLA. My father, what on earth has hither brought you ?

AURUNG. Let your poor dad gain breath before he speaks,

I have been running after you for weeks ;

And at my age you can't call long runs, nuffin' ;

Mine's like the present age—the age of puffin'.

(*seeing PERI*) Eh ! How did you get here before me ?

NAMOUNE.

I !

Oh, I don't run you see, I take a fly.

AURUNG. But what you told me—is it true ?

NAMOUNE. Each word of it.

AURUNG. I started off the moment that I heard of it.

LALLA. Tell me, is anything the matter, father ?

AURUNG. Well then, if I may use strong language—rather;

Where is the troubadour ?

LALLA. He's gone—alas !

AURUNG. Where's Fadladeen ?

Enter FADLADEEN, R.

FAD. Here !

AURUNG. Oh, you blind old ass !

FAD. Your gracious majesty.

AURUNG. I am not gracious.

FAD. My goodness !

AURUNG. You've no goodness—be veracious.

You dull old imbecile, how could you make

Such an absurd, ridiculous mistake—

That troubabour—

FAD. My liege, I always bid

You not to trust him.

AURUNG. Yes ; I know you did.

FAD. The wretched verses that he tried to sing,

Proved him to be a swindler.

AURUNG. He's a king.

LALLA. A king !

FAD. A king ! } (together)

AURUNG. And 'twas your duty, slave, to know it.

FAD. I always said he was a first-rate poet.

Where is his majesty?

AURUNG. You are too late.

He's gone!

NAMOUNE. But, see—where he returns in state
His bride to welcome. Now, fair princess, say
Do you still wish to cry your eyes out?

LALLA. Nay.

Forgive me.

NAMOUNE. (*giving hand*) There (*aside*) The struggle gives
me pain.

'Tis done, Namoune is herself again.

Music.—Enter FERAMORZ in royal robes, L., attended.

LALLA. 'Tis he, indeed; I scarce can trust my eyes.

FER. Now, wait, while I explain my late disguise
Which I will do in fashion operatic.

FAD. Sing—sing, by all means, sire.

FER. Don't be extatic.
You didn't like my singing once, you know;
Are you all listening? Well, then, off we go.

Song, FERAMORZ.

Air, "The Troubadour."

Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar
When he came in disguise to your papa;
Singing so very small, none him saw thro',
Lady love, lady love, 'twas all a do.

The fact was, the troubadour wanted to see
What sort of girl his intended might be;
Singing fatigues me though—this 'tis I mean,
Lady love, lady love, it's all serene.

FER. And now bring in the pris'ners.

AURUNG. Who are they?

FER. Some fellows we encountered in our way
Trying to carry off this maid by force.

KHORSANBAD, HAFED, and HINDA are brought in, L.

AURUNG. Hold! Let us try them in the regular course.
Slaves! guilty or not guilty? plead this minute.

How say you?

KHORS. Guilty!—and we glory in it.

HAFED. One word, dread sovereign—Be indulgent, pray,
with me,

I tried to get this maid to run away with me.

A mere elopement—nothing more, good sir
She wouldn't, so I ran away with her.

HINDA. Yes please, sir, that's the truth.

AURUNG.

Off with his head.

HINDA. Oh, don't, sir. Let me marry him instead.

AURUNG. Between these two dread punishments, then
choose.

Speak, slave, which shall it be—the block or noose?

HAFED. The noose! in ties of gratitude 'twill bind me,
Henceforth a loyal subject you shall find me.

(*kneels; KHORSANBAD eyes him with contempt*)

KHORS. Out on such cowardice—I hate such drivelling;
A Gheber on his knees for mercy snivelling.

AURUNG. Does not the other prisoner seek a share of it?

KHORS. Not if the other prisoner is aware of it.

I've lived your enemy, I'll die the same;
You've a full right to shoot me, for I'm game.

I have been wicked—and I won't beg pardon—
So do your worst and I don't care a farden;

No one shall on my name the stigma cast:
Of saying that I turned out good at last.

Come.

AURUNG. Lead him straight to some sequestered spot,

Where he with other rubbish may be shot.

The PERI LALOUTE enters.

LALOUTE. Let me plead for him!

AURUNG. What is there about him
To interest you?

LALOUTE. We can't do without him—

At least the Piece can't.

KHORS. Mind, though, I'll be quite

As bad a character to-morrow night—

I won't reform!

AURUNG. I grant the boon you ask.

LALOUTE. Thanks! Now, Namoune, you've fulfilled each
task;

No more shall you on earth an outcast roam

We bid you welcome to the Peri home.

NAMOUANE. Oh, joy ! but grant me one more boon—I pray you

Let my friends have a glimpse of it.—What say you?

FER. See it ?—of course we shall !

NAMOUANE. What do you mean ?

FER. Fenton would break his heart if 'twasn't seen !

AURUNG. (to KHORSANBAD) As to your crimes, we'll from our thoughts dismiss 'em.

KHORS. Can I have no revenge ?—Yes—ha, ha ! (to audience) Hiss 'em !

FER. Pray don't. The humble troubadour once more—Now humbler even than he was before—

Sues for your favour. Say not we've done wrong,
To make thus free with Moore's delightful song.

With Moore we have made merry ; our endeavour
To make the Moore the merrier than ever.

Finale.

Air, "The Express Galop."

FER. Hoping, fearing, we in doubt before you stand ;
—Let your cheers calm our fears ; say we've pleased to-night.

HAFED. Helpless we, unless you kindly lend a hand—
You know how—do so now—smile, and we're all right.

KHORS. I would counsel something villainous !

NAMOUANE. Heed him not.—Don't think of killin' us.

HINDA. Smile, with joy and gladness fillin' us.

FAD. Many nights look kindly still on us.

ALL. Hoping, fearing, we in doubt, &c.
(Scene opens and discovers *Alcoves of the Peri's Garden, with golden corridors of the Aërial Amphitheatre*)

END OF THE BURLESQUE.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION !!

CLOWNS	Mr. T. MATTHEWS.	{	Mr. R. STILT.
PANTALOON	Mr. A. STILT.		
HARLEQUIN	Mr. J. RICKETTS.		
SPRITES.....	Herr ZELISKI & SONS	{	Miss A. MALCOLM.
COLUMBINES			Miss MARIAN LEES.