

Maria B. Barnard
with The Author's love.

THE MERRY MOORISH MAIDS,

A BURLESQUE IN ONE ACT,

BY

E. H. BARNARD.

(Founded on the Spanish Ballad "The Broken Pitcher," in
"Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads.")



"A Christian Maid is weeping in the town of Oyiedo;
She waits the coming of her love, The Count of Toledo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish Maiden beside the lonely well."

"Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads."

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PRINTED BY GEO. JACKSON, BOOK AND MUSIC-SELLER, STATIONER, ETC.
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THE MERRY MOORISH MAIDS

A BURLESQUE FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE

IN TWO ACTS

BY J. H. B. & J. H. B.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

AND A LIST OF THE CHARACTERS

AND A LIST OF THE COSTUMES

AND A LIST OF THE REMARKS

AND A LIST OF THE SCENERY

AND A LIST OF THE MUSIC

AND A LIST OF THE DANCES

AND A LIST OF THE SONGS

AND A LIST OF THE PROLOGUE

AND A LIST OF THE EPILOGUE

AND A LIST OF THE AFTERPIECE

AND A LIST OF THE APPENDIX

AND A LIST OF THE INDEX

AND A LIST OF THE PREFACE

AND A LIST OF THE INTRODUCTION

AND A LIST OF THE CONCLUSION

AND A LIST OF THE END

THE MERRY MOORISH MAIDS.

A Burlesque for amateur performance.

CHARACTERS.

ALFONZO GUZMAN, *Count of Tololèdo.*

ZORAYDE, *eldest daughter of an Alcaydè.*

LEILA, *youngest ditto.*

TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

COSTUMES.

ALFONZO.—Suit of armour, spear, comie shield, helmet; and comforter in the night scene.

ZORAYDE, LEILA, AND ATTENDANTS.—Gay Moorish dresses, full trowsers, and large fans.

REMARKS.

This burlesque is intended for representation in a drawing room: at first sight, it will appear to require more scenery than is readily procured; a little ingenuity however will overcome the difficulty. The windows may be two frameworks of wood, placed on the top of a folding screen, the last fold of which may furnish the house door: a few flower pots, advantageously placed, will give a garden-like appearance to the stage: the well may be formed of canvass painted to represent brickwork. This is the simplest scenery possible, but a prettier effect may be produced by painting the entire front of a house on canvass. The girls and attendants *always* enter and exit by the house door, Alfonso *always* from the opposite side. The kisses may be given (or imagined) behind the fans of the respective ladies, according as circumstances permit, or the position of the parties require.

THE MERRY MOORISH MAIDS.

SCENE.—*The front of a Moorish house, with two windows, a well under one of the windows, a door. Curtain rises.*
Music, "A little more Cider."

ZORAYDE and LEILA are discovered dancing with ATTENDANTS.

SONG.—ZORAYDE.—AIR, "A little more Cider."

I am so fond of dancing,
It was my earliest pleasure,
So I will dance, now while I can,
That's while I have the leisure:
With joyous heart, and agile limbs,
Oh! I will dance a few:
For while I'm young, I'll life enjoy,
And, a little more dancing do.
Oh! a little more dancing do,
Oh! a little more dancing do,
I can't help fancying
Some more dancing;
A little more dancing do.

(ZORAYDE, LEILA, and ATTENDANTS dance and repeat the last five lines as Chorus.)

LEILA. And thus now every morning,
We play and dance together,
Our sun is always shining,
We've no rain, nor bad weather:
For while our hearts are light and free,
And we nothing have to rue,
My sister and I are always game,
For a little more dancing, too:
Oh! a little more dancing do, etc.

(ZORAYDE, LEILA, and ATTENDANTS dance and sing chorus as before, then dance away into the house. The music

*changes to "The girl I left behind me," after a few bars
ALFONZO marches in, and goes round the stage to the tune.)*

ALFONZO. I think that in these iron *hose*, I look uncommon well;
To tell the truth, these *hose* aint mine, but *whose* I cannot
tell;

I only know I stole them, as I rode from Oviedo,
Alfonzo Guzman is my name, the count of Tol-lol-lè-do.

SONG.--ALFONZO.--Air, "*The young man from the Country.*"

I'm a young man of discretion, my town is Oviedo,
I also am of noble birth, the count of Tol-lol-lè-do,
I'm not such a fool as I look, I know tricks two or three,
I'm a cute young Spanish cavalier, you don't come over me,
I'm a cute young, etc.

I thought I'd like to see the world, so parted from my friends,
And here at this small country town, my first days' journey
ends,

So I will stop a bit and rest, the beauties here I'll see,
I'm a cute young Spanish cavalier, they won't come over me,
I'm a cute young, etc.

I *knows* if I follow my *nose*, 'twill lead me on my way,
I *knows*, I wish, I *knowed* some girl, to give me a *nosegay*,
A flower in my button hole would look uncommon swell,
Partic'lar if 'twas given by some fine Moorish belle:
Hullo! (*points to well*) what's that I see? a well,

Enter ZORAYDE from house.

I see *as well* a swell,
A coming to the well: a story full of love I'll tell.

(ZOR. goes to well, ALF. goes behind her)
Be not alarmed most beauteous maid—

ZOR. (*drops pitcher into well*) Oh! dear, what have I done!
Oh! lor, sir how you start-led me, but per-haps you call it
fun.

But 'tis no fun for me, for look, the pitcher's in the waters;
And my father the Alcaydè, Oh, he wallops all his
daughters! (*cries*)

ALF. Now maiden, lovely maiden, thou sweet Alcaydè's daughter,
I'll lend to thee, my helmet, to carry home the water,
If to me you'll give three kisses, from those ruby lips of thine,
A blessed wopping you'll escape, what say you lady mine?
Go! I will give the cash galore, then hie thee to the shops,
But, don't spend what I give thee, on those trashy lollipops,
But buy a jug like unto that, which broken down there lies;
What sayest thou, now maiden? thou of the dark and beau-
te'us eyes.

ZOR. I thank thee for thy courtesy, thou Christian knight so gay,
Thou art the most polite young man, that ever came my
way,
And kisses three, I'll give to thee, with all the joy in life,
(*aside.*) I wish that such a cavalier would seek me for his
wife.

ALF. Then now at once without delay, the bargain let us bind,
So here's the tin, and now proceed, I'll have good kisses,
mind.

(*aside.*) For coming over young women, I really am a nailer,
(*to band*) So let the orchestra play up the tune of William
Taylor.

SONG.—Air, "*Billy Taylor.*"

ALF. Oh! she is a fine young lady,
Full of life and jollity;
So my heart I will discover,
To this lady fair and free.

CHORUS.—ALFONZO and ZORAYDE dancing and singing.

Whack fa la la la la la la,
Whack fa la la la la la la,
Whack fa la la la la la la,
Whack fa la la la la la la.

ZOR. Oh! he is a handsome fellow,
And he must be fond of me,
But I cannot give three kisses
To this knight so fair and free.

(CHORUS, same as before) Whack fa etc.

ALF. Oh ! but you are bashful very,
Now ! my darling don't be shy.
ZOR. Well, Alfonzo, you may kiss me,
For I see there's no one nigh.
(CHORUS, *same as before*.) Whack fa etc.
(*at the end of the dance they strike an attitude and embrace*)
ALF. And now I'll dip my helmet in, and draw for thee the water,
To cheat thee, it would be a sin, thou sweet Alcaydè's
daughter:
I love thee much !
ZOR. You don't say so ?
ALF. I do indeed, my sweet,
When first I saw thee at the well, my heart began to beat ;
Say dearest could'st thou look with love, upon a Christian
knight ?
Say dearest could'st thou ? say but yes, my lovely eastern
light,
Oh ! hear my vow.
ZOR. I need it not, thou Christian knight so gay,
I only know that what I wish, I hardly like to say ;
But come thou here, when darkness hides the blushes on my
cheek,
That is my chamber window, and from thence with you I'll
speak,
And tell you what I can't say now.
ALF. Oh ! then when shall I come ?
ZOR. When twelve o'clock has sounded from the top of the great
dome.
ALF. And for the present, love adieu and always think of me ;
ZOR. Now see what has arisen, from your asking kisses three.
(*exit ZORAYDE into house with ALFONZO'S helmet.*)
ALF. So well a maid I ne'er saw, I'll call her the well maid,
For by the well I met her, Oh ! I wish she'd longer stayed,
But she is not so very staid, No ! brimming o'er with fun,
Her stay was short, I rather think that corsets she has none,
And I should think her station's good, if 'tis true as she states,
Her father's an Alcaydè, now does he collect the rates,
Or what's his office in the state ? is he a sort of Khan ?
I should not wonder if he was, or else some other man,

At all events, at twelve o'clock, I'll come to her window,
I wonder if she'll send me back my hat before I go.

Enter LEILA, working, at window above the well.

Hullo ! why there's another, her sister, that's quite plain,
Which she is not, so help me Bob, I'll try my luck again :
Be not alarmed most beauteous fair. (*LEILA drops wool
into well.*)

LEILA. Oh ! dear what have I done,
Oh, law ! Sir how you startled me, but perhaps you call it
fun,
But it's no fun for me, for see, my worsted's in the well ;
And how to get it out again, I really cannot tell.
These slippers I am working for my gov'nor the Alcaydè,
He likes to have them made by me, or any other lady ;
But how am I to finish them ? I've lost my ball of wool,
And he wops all his daughters : the irascible old fool.
ALF. Now, maiden, if with those ^{slippers} tips, you'll give me kisses three,
If you'll do so, I'll take good care you shall not wop-ped be,
For with the point of my good spear, your worsted I'll fish out,
You really have not anything, to make you cry and pout :
What say you, lovely Leila ?

LEILA. Oh ! Sir you are too kind,
And kisses three, I'll give to thee, our bargain sure to bind ;
I'll come down stairs and in a trice, before the door will stand ;
(*aside.*) I wish that such a cavalier, would ask me for my
hand. [*Exit from window and enter from house.*]

SONG.—LEILA.—*Air*, " Kiss me quick and go."

The other night as I was sleeping, soundly in my room,
A vision through the casement dark, to me appeared to loom,
It entered, stopt, and then walked up, so ghostly to my bed,
It knelt and whispered, what d'ye think ? now what d'ye
think it said ?

(*almost in a whisper.*) Why kiss me thrice and go, my
honey

Kiss me thrice and go,

If you are nice, you'll kiss me thrice,
Oh ! kiss me thrice and go.

(*ALF. and LEILA dance and repeat the last four lines as Chorus.*)

I answered that such liberties, could scarcely be endured,
I would not kiss him, till for me, a licence he'd procured:
He told me then upon his oath, he wanted me to wed,
He pressed me for an answer so, that what d'ye think I said.
(*low.*) Why kiss me thrice, etc.

(*Chorus and Dance as before, at the conclusion they strike an attitude and embrace.*)

LEILA. And now I hope, Sir, that with me you're going to keep
your word,

And fish up from the well, my wool, as you said.

ALF. Like a bird,

(*ALFONZO goes to well and makes dabs with his spear.*)

Ah! now I've got you, No, I've not, it's been and dropped
again,

Now! Now! I've bagged you, Oh! I thought I should not
try in vain;

(*Hauls up the wool on the spear and gives it to LEILA.*)

My angel take it;

LEL. Thank you, Sir!

ALF. And now before we part;

I must request you will be kind, and give me back my
heart?

Or give me yours?

LEILA. Oh! really, Sir, I don't know what to say,
But if to night, by any chance you should come round this
way:

I'll give an answer if you like, just tap at my window,
But *gently*, for my father the Alcaydè sleeps below;
Sop'raps at one o'clock you'll come, before the morning breaks,
For at *that* time, he's fast asleep, and then he rarely wakes;
Now, fare thee well, thou Christian knight, and always think
of me;

ALF. I will thou charming lady and of those sweet kisses three.

[*Exit LEILA into house.*]

Upon my word, I think that now, my *suit* has prospered well;
This *suit* must *suit* me, for in love both these young maidens
fell,

So *sweet* on me, without a *suite*, and travelling all alone;
It's clear that sordid intentions they really can have none:

Sordid, Oh! no, my heart is *sore*, since that fine pair I
saw,

Sweet *Sorceresses*, never man beheld such girls before:
Such *saucy* maids, so full of fun, there's an old *saw* I know,
Which tells you to be careful to have two strings to your bow,
Young ladies think it better, to have two beau's to their string,
So I myself will have two belles, which is the self-same
thing:

I don't know which I like the best, I can't make up my mind,
Such doubled charms it ne'er before, was my good luck to find.

(*Enter ZORAYDE at her window. N.B. Leila's window is
over the well, and Zorayde's is opposite it.*)

ZOR. My Christian knight, with many thanks, your helmet I
restore;

But yet before I give it back, I'll ask one question more,
My heavy swell, to me pray tell, how are you known to fame?
In other words I wish that you would let me know your name?
Please don't refuse me.

ALF. Well! fair maid, I come from Oviedo,
Alfonzo Guzman am I hight, the Count of Tol-lol-là-do!

ZOR. The Count of Tol-lol-là-do! my father's mortal foe,
But still my life I love thee, so I think you'd better go,
Tell me no more, until the time when midnight strikes the
hour,

So here's your helmet back my love, of chivalry the flower.

(*ZORAYDE throws helmet at ALFONZO who tries to catch it
but misses.*)

ALF. Now fare thee well, Zorayde dear, (*looks sorrowfully at
helmet.*) Oh! what a sad disaster,

She's been and gone and made a dint, a top of my new
castor.

[*Exit ALFONZO, stage darkens.*]

ZOR. Alfonso, wherefore is thy name Alfonso?

I cannot tell what does make me take on so:

Why art thou Christian, thou belov-ed man?

Or if so, why love a Mahometan?

I love *thee* *night*! both that which with a k

Is spelt, and that men spell the other way.

Oh! night, the bright moon, and the twinkling stars,

Smile on the meeting of Venus and Mars;

SONG.—ALFONZO.—*Air, "Old dog Tray."*

Now unless my watch is fast,
The midnight chime has past,
So I've put on a woollen thing, all made of fur ;
For I find the evening air,
It is more than I can bear ;
So I've put on a comforter.

Oh dear ! I'm faithful very,
Cold shall not drive me away ;
Though they say that love is blind,
Yet you'll never, never, find,
Me doing foolish things I say.

Enter ZORAYDE at her window.

Oh! what voice is that I hear,
Tell me is it thine my dear?
Oh! Alfonso, my lover, my lover, is it you?
I've been thinking of you so,
That to sleep I could not go;
Oh! Alfonso, will you be true?

Oh ! dear { I'm } faithful very,
Cold could not drive { your } away;
 { me }
 { you }

And I think that to my mind,
You'll never, never, find,
A truer knight than { me }
 { you } I say.

Zor. We must not make a noise, pray don't you know,
My father, the Alcaydè sleeps below,
If he should hear you—but I trust he w'ont,
Pray don't make such a noise, for my sake don't :
Alfonzo, you I love and none but you.

ALF. My dearest sweet, peruse this billet-doux.

ZOR. You're not of my religion, but I can
Only wed you, (*aside*) or else some other man ;
And so Alfonso, take me for your bride,
The blushes on my cheek, the night will hide ;
Or if you think I am too quickly won,
I'll turn as crusty as a hot cross bun.
Don't think me light, for I'm uncommon heavy (*yawns*)
With sleep : and now I'll hold no longer levy,
At my window, so now, one last goodnight,
Farewell—I hope that you'll get home all right ;
I'll read your billet—In the morning early,
Come to the well, adieu ; [*Exit ZORAYDE from window.*]

ALF. I will, my pearly,
My eastern love, my rose, my—Oh! dear, what?
Hullo! she's mizzled, Oh! how sad my lot,
I could not get a word in; (*goes to LEILA's window.*)
Leila dear,
My darling duck, your own Alfonso's here.
(*Taps at window with spear, enter LEILA at window.*)

LUI. Be quiet, hush, Alfonso is that you?

ALF. My dearest love, peruse this billet-doux.

LEL. Alfonso, hear the truth, I worship thee ;
The blushes on my cheek you cannot see,
You say you love me—If so, I am thine,
Only say that thou art for ever mine :
Love in a cottage, with you would be nice,
A glorious place ! A second *Paradise* !

ALF. A pair of dice, wouldst play backgammon then?

LAM. Ah! gentle Sir, I only gammon men.

I play for hearts: Oh! for to think that I
Would play with puppets, or a *pair-o-die*.

ALF. A *Parody*; Lady, hear one of mine,
'Tis after Byron, and uncommon fine.
There be no Moorish daughter
With a Magic like thee;
And like gin without the water
Is thy spirit to me:
When as if its—

LEILA. Oh! really Sir, I think we've had enough,
Pray "howl your homage to the moon," if you repeat such
stuff;
Besides, you do make such a noise, that someone's sure to
hear,
And now I think I'll go to rest, adieu, Alfonso dear:
The morning dawns, (*stage lightens gradually*) well!
later I will meet you at the well;
Goodnight, or rather morning, Alfonso fare thee well.
[Exit LEILA from window.]

SONG.—ALFONZO.—*Air*, "So early in the morning."

Oh! but I hope it will be fine,
Now fortune smiles, the day is mine;
The day I say, for night has sped;
And I really cannot go to bed,
"So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,
So early in the morning,"
Just at the dawn of day.

(LEILA, ZORAYDE and ATTENDANTS sing the chorus over outside, during which, ALFONZO goes out and LEILA enters from house.)

SONG.—LEILA.—*Air*, "The same."

I cannot sleep so 'twould be better,
For me to read Alfonso's letter,
'Cause I could not leave his note unread,
Though it's seldom I get out of bed—
"So early in the morning," etc.

(Chorus of ZORAYDE and ATTENDANTS outside.)

So fond am I of Alfonso, he's such a gallant knight,
A gal's aunt really could not think that a gal ar'nt done
right,

With such a man, in such a manner, by night to elope,
For he will run away with me, to-morrow night I hope:
(reads) "Leila, my dear, I write these lines, to show you
how I love

My darling girl, my sweet gazelle, my pearl eyed cooing
dove,

In a few days, I hope to fly, with thee my love! my life!
To where we shall find some one to unite us: Man and wife
We then shall be." Well I do think Alfonso's in no hurry,
But I should like to fly to-night I am in such a flurry:
(reads) "Wait a few days, I ask you to, because 'twould be
as well,

To make good preparations, for my lovely Moorish belle";
Ah, that is right, although of course his love is what I prize,
Yet a good house and furniture are things one don't despise.

Enter ZORAYDE from house unperceived.

(reads) "For necessary it will be to put my house to rights,
Before I wed my lovely bride, I'll order some wax lights;
We then will fly, my darling girl, and after we have gone so,
You then shall be A No. 1 with your true knight Alfonso."

ZOR. Sister, I think that note must be for me, so fork it out:

LEI. Sister, I know the note's for me and so you need not shout:

ZOR. (gives letter.) I think when you've read over this, you'll be
convinced its mine:

LEI. (glances at it.) Well! 'pon my word I think it's odd, these
two are line for line.

ZOR. Pray what's the odd's? perhaps now you see, the letters
are for me;

LEI. Excuse me, sister, for I bought his love for kisses three.

ZOR. Oh! base deceiver now I see he's made us both his sport,
My Leila dear, both you and I in the same trap are caught;
Sweet sister mine, I also gave him flattering kisses three,
And at the self-same time he vowed, his constancy to me.
We'll be revenged, if like to me, your love has turned to
hate:

What say you darling, on the wretch shall we our fury sate?

LEI. Oh ! as for me, I burn with rage so tell me quick your plan ;
 ZOR. And 'stead of this deceiver, I will wed some other man.

Now to my plot: you meet him first, and pray be very fond,
 Agree to all that he may say, and so make firm your bond,
 Then you retire to the house, I'll come and take my turn,
 (To think he should have sold us so, with rage it makes me
 burn ;)

Well ! while he is making love to me, I'll drop into the well
 A ring, and then the knight so brave to get it out I'll tell ;
 When he is leaning over, you enter from the house,
 And in the well we'll drown him, which I think will be no chouse.

LEI. Now we'll revenge his *popping*, in this he's gone too far,
 We'll pop him in the well, because, he is so *popular*.
 He's always *pop*—

ZOR. (holding her foot to Leila.) *You lace my shoe, for it is
 coming undone.*

LEI. The *population* of the world we will decrease by one,
 The *poplar* groves, the *poppy* fields, no more shall hear his
popping. Eh ?

The question to unwary girls, or pistols at a *popinjay*.
 But still I think it's *rather* hard that Alfonzo should die,
 I do feel half inclined to sit, and have a real good cry,
 I also think it's *very* hard, when I'd so near a husband got,
 To lose him so, I feel remorse—

ZOR. Oh ! do shut up, what rot ;
 Think how he has deceived us, how our tender feelings
preyed on,
Pray who told you to *prate* to me ! there nothing is to be
 afraid on :

But if you have so little pluck, thus to become a Christian's
sport,
 Why I will do the deed myself, if you don't help me as
 you ought.

LEI. Zorayde dear, now don't get riled, for what you say I'll do,
 Alfonzo Guzman, he shall die, his perfidy he'll rue ;
 For though he may be very good, yet to you sister, I'm
abettor
 Of your designs, he shall repent he ever wrote me such a
 letter ;

ZOR. He shall repent he ever dipt his helmet in the waters ;
 LEI. He shall repent he ever kissed us two Alcaydè's daughters ;
 ZOR. He shall repent, that ever he from his dwelling did rove ;
 LEI. He soon shall feel that Moorish girls can hate as well as love ;
 ZOR. Now to the tune of Rosalie, we'll sing to those before us ;
 Call the attendants.

LEI. (goes to house door.) Girls come in, and keep time in the
 chorus ; [Enter attendants from house.]

SONG.—ZORAYDE.—*Air, "Rosalie the Prairie flower."*

Now with rage I'm burning, Oh ! the traitor vile,
 We will punish sorely, 'tis enough to rile,
 Anyone to think of ; pop him in the waters,
 For kissing us—Alcaydè's daughters.
 Free from all fancy, heart-whole were we ;
 Joyous as sunshine, him we did see ;
 Then he did deceive us, in the bubbling waters
 He'll think of the Alcaydè's daughters.

(They all dance and repeat last four lines as Chorus.)

LEI. I will soon forget him, find another love,
 He shall die, I swear it, by the gods above ;
 Oh ! for his impertinence, pop him in the waters,
 For kissing us Alcaydè's daughters.
 Then free from fancy, heart-whole we'll be,
 Joyous as sunshine, both you and me
 For he did deceive us ; in the bubbling waters,
 He'll think of the Alcaydè's daughters.

(They dance and repeat last four lines as Chorus.)

ZOR. So sister mine brace up your nerves, your energies prepare,
 Like Lady Macbeth on the stage: we will our triumph
 share ;

I now will leave you for a while, for he will soon be here ;
 Then Leila, keep your spirits up (Exit ZORAYDE and
 attendants into house.)

LEI. I will, Zorayde dear ;
 No more he shall *parade* the earth, let his *pa aid* him if
 he can ;

His *pa(r)*! a *pet* no doubt he is, I ne'er saw such a *parlous* man,

For our Don it is *apparent*, that a *parent* dear has he,
To his *pa* I pray for *pardon*, for a *pa* Don he must be:
We should have a *pa* at us if he knew we burked his son,
Apparatus to destroy him we have really us-ed none:
If his *pa* appeared before us, a *pa* I *shun* he would be,
Apparition terrible! both to my sister and to me:
Partition slight 'twixt him and death, Oh! it will be a *part*
I shun,

To help to drown him, still I think that something really
must be done:

And then the news his *pa* may kill, *parricide* he then will
be,

His *pa* I *sighed* for when the deed first proposed was to me:
But the part I now have taken, I will play out that is clear,
Hush! he comes, and now to meet him. [ALFONZO enters.]

ALF. Lovely Leila, (*à la Fechter*) I am here,
What say you now in answer to my tender billet-doux?

Say sweetest, will you trust to me, your lover brave and true?

Tell me LEI. But Alfonzo, ^{can} have you enough to keep my dress from holes?
Or To buy me gowns, bonnets and shawls and nice new *parasols*?

ALF. Oh! Leila dear, our *pair o' souls* congenial are enough,

With joy But still I'll buy you anything if you don't cut up rough.

LEI. I have no lady relatives, my mother dear is dead,
But I have one old maiden aunt who loves me dear instead;

ALF. And what of her my Leila dear, my Moorish *antelope*?

LEI. Oh! it would make so ill that *aunt*, *elope*, I really hope,

It won't be needful to do that, is there no *antidote*?

'Twould make an *aunt* I *dote* on, cast me on the world afloat:

An *aunt* ill would be in the way, I *a'rn't* a punning I *a'rn't*,

But still if you insist my love, I can't refuse I can't.

ALF. Now Leila love, if you say no, your Alfonzo will dye

His soul with crime and wickedness; I never tell a lie,

Which will be all your doing, for my bosom is on fire,

Oh! loved one, I shall then become a terrible *soul dyer*.

For *suicide*—

LEI. For *Sue* you *sighed*, Oh! you inconstant knight,

ALF. My sweetest love you quite mistake, but I will set you right,

Pelo-de-se I will commit, I swear it by this hand.

LEI. Oh! pop a sailor into a quod, Ah! now I understand:

Fellow de sea must mean a man who sails upon the ocean.

ALF. I mean sweet girl, I'll kill myself.

LEI. I rather have a notion

You will do nothing half so rash,

ALF. I really will my dear,

Unless you run away with me, at last my meaning's clear:

LEI. Well! then Alfonzo, since it seems that nothing else will do,

Why take me, knight, and I will trust entirely to you,

When you are ready, me to wed, I pray you let me know,

I'll be prepared and until then, adieu my Alfonzo.

[Exit LEILA into house.]

ALF. Was ever man in such a fix, I don't know which to take,

They both are so in love with me, the others heart will break;

I still will trifle with the pair, when I've made up my mind

I'll run away with her I like, the other leave behind;

Oh! here's Zorayde

Enter ZORAYDE.

ZOR. Gallant man, I don't know what to say,

I answer to the letter, that you gave me yesterday,

Or rather *night*, for it was *night*, when you my *knight* I saw,

You sang so sweetly, that it made Zorayde wish for more;

For never *knight in gala* dress sang so like a *nightingale*;

(aside.) Never *knight in gal's* affections made such havoc

I'll go bail:

Oh! no *knight in gallantry*, with my lover can compete:

My Alfonzo, I love thee so;

ALF. (kneels.) Zorayde, I am at thy feet,

At your feet your lover kneels, your features now a smile

would grace,

Then fly with me, I see consent is written dear upon your

face.

SONG.—Concerted piece.—Air, "Camptown Races."

ALF. My dearest love give me that ring,

Do dear! Do dear!

ZOR. Yes ! if a chorus you will sing,
Oh ! do dear ! do !
Without preparation, I can't fly ;
Do dear ! Do dear !
ALF. If you'll deign but my love to try,
Oh ! do dear ! do !
ZOR. Bound to fly by night,
Bound to run away :
When darkness reigns, I do lots of things
I dare not do by day.

(Both repeat last four lines as Chorus.)

ZOR. On your hand I'll put a ring, (*drops it into well.*)
ZOR. & ALF. Oh ! dear Oh ! dear !
ZOR. I've dropt it in, what a sad thing,
ZOR. & ALF. Oh ! lack a day !
ZOR. Alfonzo, fish it out for me,
Do dear ! Do dear !
And I'll consent to fly with thee
Oh ! do dear, do !
ZOR. & ALF.
ALF. Bound to fly by night,
Bound to run away :
When darkness reigns, I do lots of things
I dare not do by day.

(Both repeat Chorus.)

ALF. Now that ring I will fish up, or in the attempt I'll die,
ZOR. (*aside*) The last is very likely—Well then now my darling try.
[ALFONZO leans over the well.]

Enter LEILA.

ALF. Ah ha ! I've got you, steady now, toho ! now steady steady.
ZOR. (*aside to LEILA.*) Leila, dear, take the other leg, my sister are you ready ?

(ZORAYDE and LEILA take ALFONZO by legs and tip him into the well.)
Murder ! I'm drowning, Oh ! dear Ah ! I now am really undone, (*gurgling.*)

Better—for—me—it—had—been—far—I—had—let—well—alone.
ZOR. Then lie thou there deceiver base, beneath the cold cold waters,
Thus perish all who may deceive us two Alcaydè's daughters;
Young men who go into the east, remember, that no one evades
Our sure revenge, should he offend one of us MERRY MOORISH MAIDS ;
(ALFONZO rises from well, and comes behind, and touches both on their shoulders—they start.)
ALF. It may be so, but you should bear in mind,
That those before the stage, can't see behind ;
I'm not defunct, I come to tell you so,
Being sent by truth, which virtue you all know,
Is found in wells, and therefore—here am I,
Along with *truth*, pray could a mortal lie.
(*to Lei. & Zor.*) Our burlesque ended you no spite can bear,
For with me blame or credit you must share,
Our friends are tired, we'll not detain them long ;
But finish our performance with a song.

Enter ATTENDANTS.

SONG.—ALFONZO.—Air, "Billy Taylor."

N.B. The girls and attendants dance all the time and join in the Chorus.

ALF. Oh ! we shall be happy very,
If you'll give us your applause ;
And we hope that you wont think us
All a set of awful bores.
Chorus. Whack fa la la la la la la etc.
ALF. If you please don't be hard upon us,
We being humble amateurs ;
And as you have sat for our pleasure,
Hope we have contributed to yours.
Chorus, Whack fa la la la la la la etc.
(They dance till the end of the chorus then form a tableau.)

CURTAIN.

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