

**LALLA ROOKH: AN
ORIENTAL
EXTRAVAGANZA. FOUNDED
ON MOORE'S POEM**

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Lalla Rookh: An oriental extravaganza. Founded on Moore's poem by Vincent Amcotts

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VINCENT AMCOTTS

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EXTRAVAGANZA. FOUNDED
ON MOORE'S POEM**

LALLA ROOKH.

An Oriental Extrabagunda.

FOUNDED ON MOORE'S POEM.

BY VINCENT AMCOPTS.

THE MUSIC PRINCIPALLY SELECTED FROM OFFENBACH'S
OPERA-BUFFE, "BARBE-BLEUE."

CHARACTERS.

LALLA ROOKH, Daughter of the Emperor Aurungzeb.
FADLADREN, Grand Chamberlain.
AZIM, his Son.
NOURMAHAL, Favourite Attendant of Lalla Rookh.
THE WIDOW MOKANNA, Lalla Rookh's Duenna.
ALIRIS, Prince of Bucharia, disguised as FERAMORX.
MARZAVAN, Ambassador from Bucharia.
ALMANSOR, Khan of Cashmere.

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LALLA ROOKH.

ACT I.

SCENE: *A room in the palace of Aurungzeb at Delhi. A window to l. c., looking out upon a balcony, with a landscape beyond. Doors with rich hangings r. and l.*

Nourmahal is leaning out of the window, while Azim is seen on the balcony outside. It is early morning, and the sunlight gradually appears.

AIR.—“*On prend un ange d'innocence.*”

AZIM.— **T**HUS ere the dawn begins to peep
Hither to your balcony I fly:
While all the world is fast asleep,
Oh, we are waking—you and I.
As the lover did in *Maud*,
When “the black bat night had flown,”
And he sang that charming serenade,
At the garden-gate alone.
So ere the dawn begins to peep, &c.

NOUR.—These stolen sweets are far the sweetest:
How dear is every stolen kiss!
But ah!—such moments are the fleetest,
Soon passeth by an hour like this.

AZIM.—Look, look! the sun begins to rise,
And brighter glow the morning skies,
My heart within me faints and dies:
Alas! 'tis time to go.

ENSEMBLE.

Oh, yes, it's clear the dawn doth peep,
 And it's clear that parted we must be;
 For soon the world will wake from sleep,
 And they'll be catching you and me.

AZIM.—Mark every moment how the light grows
 stronger,

My Nourmahal, I cannot linger longer.
 If at your window by my pa' I'm caught,
 He'll warm me so—I shiver at the thought.
 You know he says instead of courting *you*,
 Some horrid rich old Begum I'm to woo.
 So he informed me, but I answered flat,
 "A Begum! No, *by gum!* I won't do *that*."
 On which he boxed my ears, and said, "You
 speak
 Of Begums, boy, with *unbecoming* cheek!"

(*Sighing*) Ah! well, I must be going, willy-nilly,
 From this dear window-sill.

NOUR. Now don't be *silly!*

Azim,—Why run away so early, pet?
 See! on the grass does not the *dew* lie yet?

AZIM.—You talk like *Juliet* that night when she
 Flirted with Romeo from her balcony;
 But those two had to part, and so must *we*,

NOUR.—Ah! woful destiny that parts us so!

AZIM.—Since I can't stop, 'tis useless to cry "*Wo!*"
 Farewell!

NOUR. Farewell! Roam hence, my Romeo!

(*They repeat the ensemble of the song, kissing hands to each other fondly; and Azim gradually disappears from the window, going L.*)

NOUR. (*looking after him, L.*) Thus every morn he
 comes to me. I warrant

He'd come although it rained a perfect torrent.

Yes—dripping wet he'd still be here—dear
fella!

And we should meet beneath the same um-
brella:

A waterproof he'd put on for protection;

Oh! *what a proof*'twould be of his affection!

(*Begins to hum the refrain of the song again, when the Widow Mokanna, who has entered r. softly, unobserved by Nourmahal, claps her hands sharply close by the latter's ears, making her jump.*)

NOUR. (*annoyed*)—I wish you wouldn't do that.

(*Comes down stage.*)

WIDOW. Oh! I see
I'm interrupting a soliloquy;

Well—though the fancy you may think ab-
surd—

I thought it was a duologue I heard.

NOUR.—Did you?

WID. I *did*, and came to make a third in it.

NOUR.—Oh! I avcr, of truth there's not *a word* in it.

I was alone here, humming unawares

Some simple air.

WID. (*scornfully*) We give ourselves such airs!

Think we sing well perhaps, but I'm quite
sure a

Bray from a donkey rivals our *bravura*!

NOUR. (*curtseying*)—On the politeness of your obser-
vations

Accept my most sincere congratulations.

So sweet a temper is indeed a treat.

WID.—Its sweetness you shall feel, miss, *tout de suite*.

First tell me—is it true what people say,

(*With intensity, pointing up c.*)

Some *lad* is at your lattice every day?

NOUR. (*starting involuntarily*)—Ah!

WID. You remarked?—

- NOUR. (*confused*) Oh, nothing.
- WID. (*aside*) There I had her!
 (*aloud*) Some morn no doubt the lad will bring a ladder;
 In *demi-toilette* by the *twilight dim*
 You'll *ope* the window and clope with him.
 I sec it all; and what's the greatest shame,
 The poor duenna's sure to get the blame.
- NOUR.—You talk so wildly, that I can't help thinking
 You're cracked, or else—I have it! You've
 been drinking.
 Fie, fie! old lady!
- WID. (*furiously*) You'll repent your gibing.
- NOUR. (*laughing*)—Yes, it's the rum and milk you've
 been imbibing.
- WID.—'Tis for my health I take it.
- NOUR. Oh, come, come!
 If so, you'd take more milk, ma'am, and less
 rum.
 I noticed that your steps seemed far from
 steady,
 And then your nose! Why, that's all red
 already.
- WID.—Stop!—or those ears I vow I'll soundly smack.
 Miss, you're a baggage! So you'd better *pack*!
- NOUR.—(*going up c.*)—Shan't! You began it; so it's
 tit for tat.
- WID. (*rushing after her with raised hand*)—Then take
 the consequence!
 (*Hurried music.*)
- NOUR. (*laughing, running away from her round stage*)—
 Take time!
- WID. Take *that*!
 (*Brings down her hand violently, but misses Nourmabal, and hits
 Fadladeen, who is entering r., backward, bowing to some one
 off stage. Nourmabal runs to l.*).

FADL. (*turning round, indignantly*) Mrs. Mokanna!

NOUR. (*laughing, aside L.*) That was a good hard 'un.

WID. (*taken aback*) Illustrious Fadladeen, I beg your pardon.

The fault was Nourmahal's, not mine; scold her;

These accidents *will* sometimes happen, sir.

FADL. (*crossly*) Accidents! I'm surprised that one of sense

Should have been guilty of an *act so dense!*

To hit *as hard as* that is really hazardous.

(*Pointing off R.*) But see! The *cortège*

WID. (*looking R.*) Whose?

FADL. Why, the ambassador's.

Surely you've not forgotten 'tis to-day

He takes our princess, Lalla Rookh, away.

Off to remote Bucharica hence he'll carry her,

For Prince Aliris—lucky dog!—to marry her.

CHORUS AND AIR.—“*Sur la place il faut nous rendre.*”

NOUR., WIDOW, FADL., and CHORUS, *without R.*

Don't you hear the sound of coaches?

Don't you hear the roll of drums?

The procession now approaches—

And the royal envoy comes.

RECITATIVE.

MARZAVAN (*without R.*)

Halt, soldiers! Stand at ease,

Until you're wanted, please.

(*He enters R., with Aliris behind him, disguised as Feramorx, a minstrel, with a guitar slung on his shoulder. The rest bow to Marzavan, who bows to them.*)

Good morning, friends!—(*Bis*)

His kind regards the Prince, my master, sends.