

With D. & J. Sulman's Comp's of the Season



ALI-BABA

AND THE

FORTY

THIEVES

# J. & J. COLMAN

Mustard, Starch, Blue & Corn Flour



## MANUFACTURERS

108. Cannon St, London. E.C.

# Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves.

Two brothers lived in Persia, and as was right and fair,  
Their father when he died, left each an equal share  
Of all the property he had, it was not much 'tis true,  
But Cassim married a rich wife, and became well to-do.  
Ali Baba the younger son, a poorer wife did wed,  
And so he had to labour to earn his daily bread,  
By going to a forest just in the neighbourhood,  
And bringing his three asses back well laden with cut wood.  
One day as Ali Baba was about his beasts to load,  
He heard a troop of horsemen riding along the road  
And thinking they were robbers, he drove his asses three  
Into the wood quite out of sight, and then climbed up a tree,  
And though by the thick boughs concealed, it gave him quite  
a shock  
When forty men, armed to the teeth, halted before a rock

Close to the tree which he had climbed, and then the lawless  
band

Dismounted, and stood round the rock, each one with sword  
in hand ;

Then with a bold and haughty mien, the captain forward  
came,

And standing close beside the rock, he said, " Open Sesame."

And even as he spoke the words, the hard rock opened wide,

So Ali Baba from the tree could see what was inside.

Treasures of gold and jewels bright in such profusion lay,

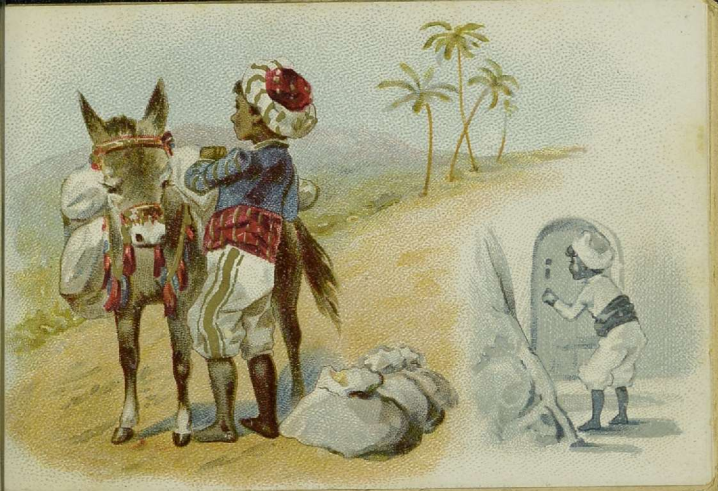
The sight of them completely took poor Ali's breath away,

And one by one the forty thieves passed through the open  
door,

The captain then said, " Shut Sesame " and all was as before.

Nought but the rock could Ali see, indeed, it almost seemed

As if he'd fallen fast asleep, and all these things had dreamed ;



But there stood forty horses, there could be no mistake,  
And yet he pinched himself to see if he were wide awake.  
But Ali Baba did not thus for long remain in doubt,  
For very soon the forty thieves came slowly filing out.  
Each bore upon his shoulders, some treasures in a sack,  
Which very quickly found its way on to a horse's back.  
The robber captain closed the rock, by saying "Shut Sesame,"  
Then all got on their horses, and rode off as they came ;  
And when the sound of horses' hoofs had in the distance died,  
Ali from out his hiding place in all directions spied,  
Then seeing all looked safe around, he left his leafy seat,  
And landed, I am glad to say, quite safely on his feet.  
And now, said Ali to himself, I see no reason why  
I should not get inside the cave ; at any rate I'll try ;  
I noticed all the captain did, and I'll just do the same.  
So going boldly to the rock, he cried "Open Sesame,"

And as he spoke the mystic words, the cavern open flew,  
And all the treasures it contained were thus disclosed to view.  
He quickly entered in, and thence six sacks of gold he bore,  
Then with the words "Be closed Sesame" he shut the cavern  
door.

His asses three outside the cave, patiently waiting, stood,  
He placed the sacks upon their backs, then covered them with  
wood.

The gold was thus concealed from sight, but the unusual  
weight

The asses carried caused delay, so he reached home quite late.  
He drove his asses in the yard, and then he brought the gold  
into the house, and to his wife his strange adventures told,  
But finished up by saying, Mind, my dear, the least said  
Is soonest mended, so pray keep a quiet tongue in your head.  
His wife agreed with him, but said that she would like to see

How much they had ; but he replied you'd better let it be ;  
The gold we'll bury out of sight, for there is such a lot,  
'Twould take us days and nights to count the coins we have  
got.

Well, said the wife, you dig the hole ; perhaps that will be best  
But I will get a measure, for I shall never rest  
Until I have some notion of what gold we possess ;  
Your brother's wife will lend me one, what it's for she  
won't guess—

So saying, without more ado, to Cassim's wife she went,  
And asked her for the measure, which readily she lent ;  
But Cassim's wife was very shrewd, and somehow smelt a rat  
And so she smeared the measure inside all over fat.  
As soon as Ali's wife reached home she measured out the gold.  
Then buried it in a deep hole, and covered it with mould,  
She did not notice all the fat that in the measure lay





And took it back just as it was to Cassim's wife next day.  
Who, when she got her measure back, sought well among the  
lumps

Of fat, to see whether the trick she'd played had turned up  
trumps ;

But when she drew a golden coin from out the mass of grease,  
She scarce found breath to utter " Wonders will never cease."

But rallying from her surprise, she to her husband ran

And said, " Its no use telling me your brother's a poor man,  
Although he always does pretend he can't make both ends  
meet —

Mark my words, Ali Baba's no better than a cheat."

Cassim just stared in blank surprise, as very well he might,

But when he heard the story, he thought his wife was right.

They talked until they envious grew, but only talked in vain

For neither Cassim nor his wife the mystery could explain,

Then Cassim, out of patience, said, "I'll take Ali to task,  
And see if I can't manage his knavery to unmask."  
So he went to his brother's house and very quietly told  
Him, all that he'd heard from his wife, and then showed him  
the gold ;

So Ali, seeing 'twas no good the matter to conceal,  
Proceeded his adventure to his brother to reveal.  
By his brother's good fortune, Cassim was so much struck,  
That he at once determined he'd go and try his luck.  
On reaching home, he told his wife as little as he could,  
And started the next morning with ten mules to the wood ;  
He reached the wood, he spoke the words, the cavern opened  
wide ;  
He quickly entered, closed the door, and left the mules outside,  
Then twenty sacks all full of gold, he to the entrance brought,  
But when he wanted to get out, the words he vainly sought,

Which would unclosethe cavern, they'd slipped his memory  
quite,

And Cassim, as you may suppose, was in a dreadful fright.  
Too late he now regretted his foolish greed for gain,  
And sore bewailed that he was doomed a captive to remain ;  
But just about the hour of noon, his grief to terror grew,  
For riding fast along the road, he heard the robber crew,  
And, when they saw poor Cassim's mules standing outside  
the cave,

They swore in loud and angry tones that vengeance they  
would have

Then like a flash of lightning on his bewildered brain  
The mystic words "Open Sesame" resounded once again.  
No sooner did the forty thieves the trembling man behold  
Standing within the cavern, surrounded by the gold,  
Then they all fell upon him and cut him into four,  
And hung two pieces right and left inside the cavern door.

But still the thieves were ill at ease, for there could be no  
doubt,

The murdered man had managed to find their password out.

However, as they'd work to do, they all the cavern left,  
Saying they'd bring the following day the proceeds of a theft.  
Cassim's wife watched till late that night for her husband's  
return,

Then went across to Ali's, to see if she could learn

Anything of his movements, but he could only say

That he would go in search of him as soon as it was day.

So Ali took one ass with him, and started to the wood,

Nor did he rest until once more within the cave he stood.

There hung the mutilated corpse as though to bar the way,

The sight of it filled Ali's breast with horror and dismay ;

But as he had no wish to share Cassim's untimely fate,

He thought he'd get outside the cave before it was too late.

He took his brother's body down and put it in a sack,  
Then hurried off, for fear the thieves should be upon his track.  
He reached home, and the body to his slave Morgiana showed,  
And told her the four pieces must be together sewed  
So she proceeded to the task without the least delay,  
As Cassim Baba's funeral was to take place next day.  
The thieves meanwhile on their return were much surprised  
to find

The body gone, and that no trace of it was left behind,  
And as they were concerned to know, how this had come about,  
They said that they would go to town, and try to find it out.  
So next day, when they got to town, whilst passing through  
the gate,

They met a crowd of mourners bewailing Cassim's fate,  
And speaking to some women, gossiping at a door,  
They heard that the poor man had died, through being cut in  
four :

They further heard that Ali was the dead man's next-of-kin,  
And so concluded that 'twas he who to the cave had been.  
They then discovered where he lived, but not till after dark,  
So lest they should mistake the house, a red cross as a mark  
Upon the door they quietly made, and then away they sped,  
Vowing that 'ere the next day passed they'd have poor Ali's  
head.

Morgiana next morn saw the cross, and thought that bodes no  
good,

For she'd heard of her master's adventures in the wood.  
So she marked a score of houses to right and left the same,  
Saying, "I think this trick of mine, will spoil their little  
game."

And so it did, for when the thieves looked for the cross-  
marked door;

To their surprise, instead of one, they saw at least a score;





So finding that their labour had all been spent in vain,  
The only thing they had to do, was to begin again ;  
But to avoid suspicion was not an easy task,  
And they could scarcely venture the passers by to ask.  
So after much discussion the captain undertook  
To find out Ali Baba's house either by hook or crook ;  
And after hours of watching, and pacing to and fro,  
A passing beggar told him all that he wished to know.  
Now, Morgiana saw the captain spying round the house,  
And kept her eye upon him as a cat does on a mouse ;  
Of course she could not help it, if he would look at the place,  
Still she took care that come what might she'd not forget his  
face ;  
At last he went, and then she closed the window with a jerk,  
And without any loss of time she set about her work.  
Now on that very night there came just as 'twas getting late  
A man followed by twenty mules, and halted at the gate ;

He told Ali Baba, who came in answer to his knock,  
That he was an oil merchant travelling with all his stock,  
Further that he was Cassim's friend, but hearing he was dead,  
He came to ask if Ali could let him have a bed.  
His mules each bore two heavy jars and sorely needed rest,  
So Ali, being a kind man, said that he'd do his best.  
As soon as they were in the yard, the man began to unload  
His mules; saying, at break of day, we must be on the road  
To the city of Ispahan, as I have business there.  
So Ali told Morgiana the supper to prepare;  
As soon as Morgiana on the stranger set her eyes  
She recognised the spying man, but betrayed no surprise.  
However, she determined that come of it what might,  
No power should induce her to go to bed that night.  
At supper time she waited on Ali and his guest,  
And when the meal was over they both retired to rest;  
Morgiana then made up her fire, for it was cold and damp,  
And then went to the cupboard to fetch oil for her lamp,

But there she found the can upset, so she was in a plight,  
And did not relish the idea of being without light;  
But suddenly a happy thought entered Morgiana's head,  
Why there are forty jars of oil just outside in the shed.  
I'll go for some quite quietly before my lamp is out,  
For I don't want my master to know that I'm about.  
And so she went on tiptoe to the first jar in the shed,  
But nearly shrieked with terror, when a voice within it said,  
"Well, captain, if you're ready, you'll have to help me out;"  
But still she summoned strength to say, "The slave is still  
about."

When she went to the second jar, to try some oil to get,  
A voice said, "Are you ready?" and she replied "Not yet."  
The same thing was repeated just thirty-nine times o'er;  
At last she reached the fortieth jar that stood behind the door.  
No voice proceeded from this one, she found it full of oil,  
So filled a cauldron with it, then put it on to boil.



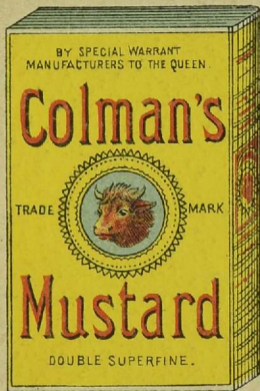
As soon as it was steaming hot, she poured it in a can,  
Then poured some into all the jars, and thus killed every man.  
Then to the kitchen she returned, and closed the shutters  
tight,  
So that nobody from outside could see there was a light,  
And soon she heard her master's guest come quickly down the  
stairs,  
And as he passed the kitchen door, pounced on him unawares,  
She poured a can of boiling oil upon the captain's head,  
And as you may of course suppose, at once he fell down dead.  
Ali Baba came running down bringing a loaded gun,  
And said to Morgiana "Woman, what have you done?"  
And when she quietly answered, "I've killed the forty  
thieves."  
He said, "Do you think I'm a child, who any tale believes?"

So Morgiana took him with her into the shed,  
And when he looked inside the jars saw thirty-nine men dead.  
Ali Baba was so surprised, that he could only say,  
"Morgiana had you not done this, we'd all been dead 'ere day,  
And as myself and family we all owe you our life,  
My eldest son shall marry you, if you will be his wife."  
Morgiana then consented, and all the neighbours said,  
She was a lucky woman her master's son to wed:  
But still we must remember, all was not due to luck,  
For things would have been different had she not shown such  
pluck;  
The moral of this story is very plain indeed,  
Just take the right tide at the flood, it will to fortune lead.

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