

Shahrazad

Cast:

- 1 Storyteller. Dervish, King Akbar, Wicked uncle, Yaha, Masrur
- 2 Haroun al Rashid.
- 3 Jafar al Barmaki.
4. Sharyar
5. Shahrazad. Abbasa, sister of Haroun,lover of Jafar.
6. Dunyazad, sister of Shahrazad. Princess Almond in Act Two
7. Zubeidah, favourite of Haroun. Prince Jasmine in Act Two.

Note: The Story teller takes part in Acts Two and Three in several cameo roles

Prologue

Told in a Damascus cafe by the traditional Storyteller from a high desk, with a stick.

Storyteller:

RAP! RAP! RAP!.....

In the name of Allah the compassionate, the merciful!

Come Believers and listen. Tonight you will hear the last of the 1001 Nights tales..the last three tales told by Shahrazad to save her life. Each night she enchanted King Shahryar with wit and wisdom, humour and wonder, terrors and miracles. Each morning the King stayed her execution. For just one more story. Now the 999th night has come...and she knows that she is running out of time. Once more she tunes her voice, her instrument of magic and emotions....

Shahrazad Tunes her voice through (Arabic ?) arpeggios into a rich and glorious tone.

Sharyar:

Come, Shahrazad, the night has begun well.

So now tell me a tale that will beguile me...

So that your end will be forgot,

For one more day and night your fate postponed.

(to himself)

And yet when she sings, that golden voice

Spreads gold across my courtyards:

A voice of gold more precious than unspeaking gold itself.

Shahrazad:

Tonight, O glorious King' is the nine hundred and ninety ninth night.

I take a tale from the window on the garden of history, a tale of Haroun al Rashid, Caliph, Allah's ruler on earth.

A tale hard to believe, were it not true; a tale of folly and pride, of misjudgement and mischance, of forbidden love, of joy, then sorrow and blood. Blood that not even the four rivers of the world could wash away.

Act 1

Haroun is at play. At play in his harem. With Zubeidah, his favourite harem companion, and Jafar, Son of Yahya the Barmakid, his trusted Vizier. And his sister, Abbasa, hidden behind the Purdah curtain lest Jafar should see her, his favourite singer of all. They play a game that they have played many times. Picking from a brass jar a title song....and improvising .

Haroun:

Come Zubeidah, my heart's miracle, on this, my last night with you. For tomorrow sends me on my way to Mecca, and the Hajj.

Zubeidah:

My lord, what must come first is song.

Haroun:

Song first? Then song it shall be, heart's miracle. And if it is a song, call for Jafar. Jafar ho! He can sing a pretty song. And then call Abbassa, sister mine, but sings sweeter than an angel, Abbassa ho!

Zubeidah:

My lord, why call your sister too. Is not heart's miracle enough for you?

Haroun:

Zubeidah, such jealousy does not become you. Abbassa is my sister only . And she will sing behind the veil. Abbassa welcome, be seated here. Jafar, welcome friend. Be seated here.

Zubeidah picks.

Zubeidah:

Then are we ready? I will go first...The Song of [the] Jasmine
Come to me, mourn not. I am Jasmine.
My stars whiter than silver in a blue moon.
From the breast of God to the breasts of women
With wine, with me, White shines laughter.
White joy I am, my lords! .
My stars whiter than silver in a blue moon.
White shines laughter
White joy I am, my lords!

Jafar:

White joy indeed, Zubeidah. Well sung, well improvised.

Picks in his turn from the jar.

O Caliph, this is my song tonight. The song of...Lavender:
I am no city flower. Foolish talk escapes me.
I grow in hot brown dust, loving not men, but man.
No slave, no city dweller touches me.
I dwell in the wasted heat of Arabia.
Mistress of hermits, of bees ,gazelles and bitter absinthe.
A free girl, lust seeks me not, but the wild rider seeks me
In the valleys when the morning breeze
Kisses me, near to the wine of me. Allah! Allah!
Even camel boys, telling of me, forget their oaths!

Haroun:

Jafar, well picked! Well sung! I cannot do without you even for one evening!
But now it's the turn of another whom I cannot do without.
The finest singer in all of Baghdad...my own sister Abbasa. Jafar...
You know her voice, and soon...
But let her first sing!

Abbasa's hand reaches out from behind purdah and picks a song from the jar.

Abbasa

My song, my lords, is.....The Song of the Swan!
(*Then from behind curtain*)
Mistress of my desires, I cruise the skies,
The waters and meadows equally.
Calm, confident, my lily bended neck I show.
Mistress of mysteries of waters and green
Dim glinting drifts of treasure submarine
I sail, myself. With adventure, riches grow.
The timorous shore waders stay-at-home
Desiring pearls just nets the bitter foam!

Haroun/Jafar:

Wah! Wah! Wah!

Jafar:

Her song of the swan is serene and strong. But her voice has the sound of the nightingale's. Liquid notes pouring down from the shady weeping willow tree.

Haroun:

Sister...Jafar.. Our revels do not sit well behind a veil.

Abbasa, tear down that curtain ! Come sit with me and Jafar! No.. Have no fear! I have a plan, a command indeed.

Marry Jafar! Marry for music, marry for poetry. Marry your souls and reach for the prizes that paradise affords!

Abbasa moves from behind the curtain and sits beside Jafar opposite Haroun and Zubeidah.

Haroun:

Abbasa, Jafar, my dearest companions. You give me joy. You give me pleasure. Just remember though...this is but a marriage of souls.

(he picks)

The song of the Falcon.

That I am sombre and spare of words is very well known among the birds.

The rule of silence is my profession. My sole virtue is discretion.

When I am snared, I remain discreet. I give no sign of defeat.

You will not see my head downcast or my hooded eyes weep for what's past.

Bit by bit my master yearns for me,

Fears lest my reserve should be

Loss of love. He blinds me with this hood.

Koran says, ' To veil the eyes is good'

He ties my tongue down to my underbeak,

Koran says, ' Tis wisdom not to speak'

Stops my freedom with a silken thread.

'Walk not in pride', says Koran again.

So wisdom ripens in my hooded night. Kings become servants.

Royal hands cast up my wings to beat.

I spurn their hands beneath my soaring feet.

Jafar/Abbasa/Zubeidah:

Wah! Wah! Wah! O Caliph! What song could better that! What song indeed?

Haroun:

The one which you will both sing together. Choose now. What do you pick?

Abbasa:

It is the Song of the Rose

Jafar:

My time is shorter than the nightingale's, between winter and summer.

Hasten to play with me. Time is a sword.

Abbasa:

My breath is balm. I am the colour of love.
I quiver in the hand of the girl that plucks me.
Don't hold me long. The nightingale calls.

Jafar:

Thorns burst out of my stems like steel arrows .

Abbasa:

Men hurry me along, burn my heart, collect my tears.

Jafar:

I feel fire. My spirit melts. Sweet sweat returns my pain.

Both:

My body goes but my soul remains.
The wise do not regret my little time in the garden
But lovers, silly pretty lovers would have me there for ever.

Haroun:

O prettily done! Prettily sung. You silly pretty lovers! (*fondly*).
But what now do we have?

(*picks from jar*).

This is for all of us. The Song of the Hoopoe

(*They all know and love it well*)

Note: this is a Mystical poem, from the Sufi book of Attar ud Din, "Conference of the Birds".

All:

When I came up out of Saba with a love note for the golden king
A love note from the queen of long blue eyes,

Abbasa:

Suleiman said to me, 'O Hoopoe ,you have brought
News which has set my heart to dancing'

Zubeidah:

So he blessed me and set a crown on my head. I wear it still.

Jafar:

Suleiman taught me wisdom. Even now, after ages past,
I go apart and say over the lessons of Suleiman.

Haroun:

O Hoopoe, if conscience had good understanding,
She would hear glad tidings.

Abbasa:

If the soul was sleepless, she would take light from the stars.

Zubeidah:

If the body was pure, the eyes would see love.

Haroun:

If a man put off the cloak of pride and walked naked with God
He would have no evil thoughts.

Jafar:

If a man put off that cloak, he would see the health of the soul
Poised in the balance. He would cool himself with the fan of God

Abbasa:

He would possess the cherry tree of refuge, the plum tree of righteousness.

Zubeidah:

His soul would be a mortar of patience, a sieve of humility.

All:

And after a night awake, he would walk with the friend alone at dawn.

Pause, and the tempo rises in an ever quickening whirling dance..

All:

O Hoopoe, who sees no portent in the creaking of a door,
In the buzz of flies, in the murmur of insects in the dust,
That man will not see the walking of the mists,
The light of mirage, the colours of the sea fog;
For there is no wisdom in that man.

Haroun:

Now children, I must leave you to play. Duty calls me to Mecca. The Hajj is a long journey, a long sojourn in Arab lands. Sing songs for me while I'm gone. Play music. But remember your vows. No passion here. Nothing that is not of the soul. Jafar, I trust you to look after Abbasa until my return. Then we will have song and wine and laughter. Farewell!

Haroun and Zubeidah leave. Jafar and Abbasa remain. Silent. They reach into the brass jar for one last song.

Jafar:

It's a strange one . New to me, Abbasa. The Song of the Moth and the Candle. I am the Moth, it seems. And you are the Candle.

Jafar (Moth):

I am the lover whose love burns up his heart
Love' s law for me is to perish of desire, to be consumed by fire.
The Candle's kisses tear the tissue of my wings
But listen to the song the Candle sings

Abbasa (Candle):

I suffer too. The flame loves me ,as I love you.
As I love you.
The flame sighs and burns me up. The flame drinks and melts the cup.
By fire it was I came away from where I and honey loitered yesterday
To shed my life, to waste away, to weep hot tears,
To jet my little hour to light the years.

Moth:

Then Fire burst out to Candle and Me

Both:

You drank your death. Eternity was in it.
But have we not lived all living in a minute?

Jafar and Abbasa embrace very slowly and carefully. Lights fade.

End of Act One

Act Two

Storyteller:

RAP! RAP! RAP!

In the name of Allah the compassionate, the merciful!

Listen, believers, to the tale that Shahrazad tells on the 1000th night .

Far from the heavy fate of Jafar and Abbasa, she spins a gossamer web

Of lightness and joyful love in the story of Princess Almond and Prince Jasmine.

Shahrazad tunes her voice as before..but lightly...sweetly.

Shahryar:

Come Shahrazad, last night's tale has darkened my soul. Tonight give me love and dancing, beguile me so that your end will be forgot, for one more day and night your fate postponed.

(to himself)

And yet when she sings her silver tongue spreads light like the moon silvering gardens, silvering lovers, her voice of silver more precious than unspeaking silver itself.

Shahrazad:

Tonight, O auspicious king, I will tell you the delicious tale of the love of Princess Almond and Prince Jasmine.....Jasmine!

O Jasmine, the lily fades when you walk by!

Stance like a cypress, cheeks as tulips, curls dark

Dark as the dark of one thousand nights,

Eyes long beneath a brow that shames the moonlight,

Teeth like diamonds, a tongue of Rose,

Speech sweeter than the sugar cane'

This Jasmine was the youngest son of King Nujam. For all his beauty he just kept the royal buffaloes. Out of the palace, with just his cattle for company, he espied a dervish approaching.

Dervish (Storyteller cameo):

Herdsmen, I beg you, give me a little milk to slake my thirst

Jasmine (Zubeidah):

Why, Sir, I have just milked my buffaloes. Drink from this foaming pail!

Dervish:

Graceful Boy! How appearance doth deceive! I sought you out and now I can deliver my message of love from this fairy girl of royal blood. Look!

Jasmine looks into the painted frame the Dervish holds

Jasmine:

Her face shames the moon! A pearl living in a basket!
Her stance as a box tree, her waist a hair's breadth,
Hair like Hyacinth, eyes like the swords of Isfahan,
Her mouth cut from rubies, her breast a flash of perfume!

Dervish:

She is the daughter of your neighbour, King Akbar. And she burns!
Burns with love for the Boy in her dreams. So my message is clear.
May Allah preserve you and lead you to your destiny!"

Note: The scene cuts to Princess Almond alone in her chamber. She is played by 'Dunyazad'.

Almond:

In my dream I dreamed of a boy in the garden.
The roses told of his beauty, Jasmine the perfume of his garments.
Like cypress the balance of his body, Like narcissus his long blue eyes...
But when I woke, there was nothing....nothing there! O woe is me!

Dervish:

Princess Almond, be of good cheer. I have seen him in the fields.
The very same boy as in your dream. The lily fades when he walks by.
He stands like a cypress, and his curls are dark as the dark on 1000 nights

Almond:

O praise be to Allah! O joy! I will write to him at once.

(writes / dictates a letter)

All praise to him who puts such beauty in the garden,
A Rose who infatuates the nightingale!
When I dreamed of your beauty, my heart slipped from my hand.
When I gazed on your face, my cares just faded away.
The arrows of your eyes cut my heart in two.
You are the water and clay of my being, but now the roses of my bed
Are turned to thorns. So show me your beauty in the garden
And let my heart's road lead to your heart!

Almond seals the letter with a loving kiss and gives to the Dervish, who in turn passes it to Prince Jasmine. He kisses the letter, and moves towards the Garden of Princess Almond

Jasmine:

Here comes the night! The full moon rising. Soft!
I hear the sound of silks. Rustling there she comes.
Dressed in green, a violet in her hand. The dervish did not lie!
This girl is the moon of all moons.

Almond:

(Song of the Violet)

I wear a green shift and a purple hood of honour.
I am quite little and yet delightful.
My sister Rose is the pride of morning,
But I am a dark child.
Boys tug me, use me, sell me, sing songs about me,
Wiser men take me as balm for diseases.
I am a little green army of purple shields,
Riding to victory.

*Jasmine and Almond embrace and swoon to the garden ground....for a long time!
When they rise at last, both pray...*

Both

May the master of love protect us from the bolts of the sky
And never let the seam of this enchantment be unpicked!

More swooning and rising.

Almond:

Jasmine my love, I will go straight to my father the King.
He always agrees to everything I ask and he will surely agree
To take you on as our herdsman. So strong. So handsome.

Runs across to speak with her father

Almond:

Father, Father...I am so happy! Where once I was sad

King Akbar(Storyteller cameo):

My daughter happy? There is nothing better in my kingdom!
But what is the source of your happiness...and why so sad?

Almond:

Your herds of buffaloes were left alone, all beaten and beset by flies.
But now a clever herdsman keeps them. I just saw him.
Clever, hard-working, caring - O put him in charge for good!

King Akbar:

Well I never yet appointed a herdsman in the middle of the night
But if it makes you happy, let him be the herdsman of my cattle.

Shahrazad:

And so at first all went well for Almond and Jasmine. By day he tended buffaloes in the fields, by night he tended Almond in the garden.
And Almond sent him delicious dishes in the day:
Pistachios, cherries, sweetmeats and honeycakes.
But then one day her wicked uncle passed them by...

Uncle (Storyteller cameo):

Just what is this silver dish of sweetmeats doing in the wood?
Speak, herdsman, or you will pay for your thieving!

Jasmine:

Why, sir! Please help yourself. Eat your fill. Here!

Uncle:

Foolish boy! d'you think that your dissembling can fool me?
I know your game! For shame! Give me that dish!

Uncle Returns to palace and seizes Almond by the hair.

Uncle:

Hussy! Shame on you and shame on our family! Truly spoke the Prophet:
'Wives and daughters are the chief of our foes. They lack reason and honesty.
They are born of the twisted rib.'
Kneel, hussy!

Shahrazad:

King Akbar was told, and King Akbar was furious.
'Let that herdsman die a thousand deaths! Let loose the leopards in that wood, and let them hunt him down'.
Poor Prince Jasmine! He knew nothing, just played his flute. Played so gently, so beguilingly that when the leopards came they stopped and stared. Lay down and whimpered. Let themselves be led into a cage he had nearby.
'I'll take them to the King' said Jasmine.
'He's sure to like them!' And so he did.

King Akbar:

Who are you really herdsman? What powers your music? But enough of that! Today's the day my wayward daughter marries. A fine young noble that we found her. Music, ho! Let the wedding begin!

Dumb show: Princess Almond all dressed up is led in. She sobs. The wedding music swirls Round her. She sinks to the floor. Wedding shenais tremble and crescendo.

But in all the noise, Prince Jasmine slips in and takes her by the hand.

A terrific crescendo of drums, flutes, whistles and saxophones.

No one notices the happy couple escape!

Shahrazad:

And since that time, no-one has heard or seen them. Where they went,
No-one knows. But surely they are walking down the road of happiness.

May Allah pour his blessings on them!

So with this happy tale, auspicious King, I end this thousandth night .

A thousand tales I've told for your delight.

Do with me what you will!

And if you must, your songbird you may kill!

End of Act Two

Act Three

Storyteller:

RAP! RAP! RAP!

In the name of Allah the compassionate ,the merciful!
Listen, O believers, to the last tale that Shahrazad did tell.

Sharyar:

Come Shahrazad, last night's tale of love, laughter and delight beguiled my heart, beguiled me. But tonight a thousand nights have come and gone. Tonight you must finish the dark tale of Jafar and Abbassa's forbidden love, of Haroun's wrath and merciless revenge. Tell it well so that your end will be forgot, your fate postponed. See how she takes the coal, black coal, black coals of human folly and turns them into diamonds, clear, hard, unspeaking diamonds themselves!

Shahrazad:

Tunes her voice as before, but heavier, richer, sadder.

Zubeidah, queen of the harem, was the cause of it. This story is full of tears.

Zubeidah:

My Lord, My Lord, the Guardian of our Harem is too strict!
That Yahya, Jafar's father, locks our doors and hides the keys!

Haroun:

Well, pretty one, he must be doing his duty then!

Zubeidah:

Duty you say ! Duty, pah! If he truly cared about duty then he would do something about the doings in your harem. Jafar's doings!

Haroun:

Zubeidah, you speak in riddle. What doings of Jafar in my harem?

Zubeidah:

No riddles here! Jafar is seeing your sister every night.
Every night he comes.
They have a child. What better proof is that?

Haroun:

And where is this child of my sister and my Vizier?

Shahrazad:

Haroun boiled inside but hid his wrath. He led the Hajj as Caliph.
A long slow journey to Mecca. There he left his caravan and went
To seek the child. Found him. Poised over him. But stayed his hand.
For now. Wrath curdled his brains in silence.
On the Hajj was Yahya, Jafar's parent. Shuffling round the Kaaba,
Watched by Zubeidah as he makes prayers three times.

Yahya(Storyteller cameo):

O God, my sins are a mighty number, which none but you may count!
If punishment must be, let it be in this world not the next.
Take my hearing, my sight, my wealth ,my family...
Until I recover your blessing!"
O God, if indeed you need to punish me, punish me then take
Any one of us, but not Jafar, I pray.
O God, how dare I ask you any such thing?
If it please you, take Jafar too!"

Shahrazad:

Haroun knew all. But said nothing. Returned home with the Hajj.
Stopped short in the desert before Baghdad and went alone.

Haroun:

I am sombre and most spare of words,
The most silent among the birds.
My eyes fierce anger hidden with a hood.
Koran says' to veil the eyes is good'.
My anger ripens in my hooded night.
My people will bear witness to my might.
No mercy here for sinners with such stains.
In the purity of Allah, this Caliph reigns.

Shahrazad:

Haroun returned to his party. And sent a message to Masrur, his executioner, on a
boat sailing on the great Euphrates.

Haroun:

In the name of Allah the compassionate, the merciful!
When you cast eyes on this letter, if you are standing....sit!
And if you are sitting.....stand.
Masrur, come close. I have sent for you in a matter so secret
That if the button of my shirt knew it, I would cut it off
And throw it in the river. Go, go this instant to the City of Peace.

Surround the Barmakids. Put a man on each of their doors.
No man to come in. No man to come out.

Jafar: *(from afar)*

O Caliph, you have returned! I made a feast ready for you!

Haroun: *(dissembling)*

Jafar! Alas. I cannot come. I am with the women tonight.
But you must stay, drink and be merry!

Jafar: *(from afar)*

O Caliph, I have no taste for these things if you're not there.

Haroun: *(explodes)*

By God, you will feast and you will drink if I tell you!

Musical interlude to take the tone to a very dark level.

Haroun:

Masrur, it is time. No man escapes. Death comes for sure. By night or day!

Masrur takes up position outside Jafar's door.

Masrur: *(loudly)*

Jafar, what comes to you comes by night.
You must answer to the Commander of the Faithful!

Jafar is shocked. Silence for a time.....

Jafar:

Masrur! Let me go inside and make my farewells.

Masrur:

Jafar, there is no going in. Make your will and testament now.

Haroun: *(from a distance)*

Masrur! Speed! Speed! I want his head. Now!

Jafar:

O God, O God, Masrur, He's drunk. I know it.
He's only ordered this while drunk. Spare me!

Masrur: *(shouting to Haroun)*

Master, let your eye fall on him one last time.

Haroun: *(to himself)*

This cannot be. He knows I could not kill him then.

Masrur: *(shouting to Haroun)*

Master, put this off till morning!

Haroun: *(to Masrur)*

You son of a black whore! If you call again without his head in your bloody hand, I will send someone else. He'll take your black head first and then Jafar's!

Silence again, and then from inside the door.....

Jafar: *(very quietly and slowly)*

We are the lovers, we are the lovers whose love burned up our hearts.
Love's law for me is to perish of desire, to be consumed by fire.

Pause.

So Fire blaze out to Candle and to Moth..and drink our death.
Eternity is in it. But have we not lived all, living in a minute!

Storyteller makes two loud RAPS with his story stick on the desk. Silence.

Shahrazad:

Thus, Auspicious King, was the love of Abbasa and Jafar extinguished.
The Caliph ,like the Falcon, exulted in his strength and ,unleashed, exacted
Cruel vengeance on this pair of doves.
May Allah the compassionate,the merciful,pour his blessings on them!

Pause.

With this I end my tales. Already one night beyond a thousand.
So do with me what you will. Allah knows all!

Shahrazad sinks to the ground in submission to her fate.

End of Act Three

Epilogue

Storyteller:

RAP! RAP! RAP!

In the name of Allah the compassionate ,the merciful !

Listen ,Believers, for we are at the end.

Shahrazad: *(still on the ground, but alive and stuttering a prayer....)*

Allah! Allah! A virtuous woman never troubles her husband.

Is content with her own beauty, her words are soft,

Her tender love is for her children. Such a woman

May enter Paradise and walk with the chosen of The Lord.

Sharyar:

There weeps my Beauty, my Queen,my Life

Broken in spirit. She fears my knife.

But far from that Fate she lies prostrate there.

She has opened my eyes. I see now quite clear!

For a King has Power,enough Power to crush

Any one of his subjects. But he must not rush

To Anger and Hate!

No,No he must wait

Wait for the calming of passion by Wisdom

And see the Walking of Mists .Then

Choose a course of action advisedly

And rule his kingdom in all things wisely.

And she?She's not just Fair, Graceful and Wise.

She can tease and delight. She can open my eyes.

She's mothered my children.Two strapping sons,

And a sweet little daughter. No doubt wise in her turn!

Turn away from Anger and Hate.

Turn off the Road of Vengeful Fate.

Turn to a Life of Joy and Delight!

Turn to a Path of Wisdom and Right!

So marry her,Fool! Too long I have tarried!

Ho! Slaves! Awake there! I'm going to be married!

Today? Yes,today! As soon as we can!

Bring wedding robes! Summon the Band!

Dunyazad and Zubeidah come rising in together...laughing and clapping.

Dunyazad:

Shahrazad! Sister! It's all going to work out fine. You're saved!
We took your children this morning to see the King.
Your toddler and the twin babes. The Kings sons of 1001 nights.
They laughed and played. He could say nothing.
Just looked at them for a long, long time.

Zubeidah:

I asked him,' Can you cut off the head of their mother?
Can you leave these three little kings as orphans?'
' No No' said the King. ' O Shahrazad, you have been in my heart
From the very first night. I found you chaste. I found you tender.
Silver tongued, discreet, straight talking, wise. Above all,wise.
O Shahrazad, these nights have turned out brighter than the days!'

Dunyazad:

Sister, he will not kill you. His heart has turned. No, he will marry you!

Shahrazad:

O joy! O happiness!

Dunyazad:

and what's more...he told his brother king to marry me!
' No more anger! No more revenge, brother. We have found
The wisest, gentlest, most beautiful wives in the world!
Here all the time, before our very eyes, telling their tales.'

Zubeidah:

And now they are summoning the qadi and all the court,
Musicians, dancers, jugglers and a feast...the wedding feast!

Shahrazad :

but not before I give my permission to your marriage, little one!

Dunyazad :

O sister, you are teasing me! Surely you will consent!

Shahrazad:

Of course! How else could I thank you for saving me?
Go tell the King that I will marry him and you will marry too.

Dunyazad runs away to give the news, returns and with Zubeidah the three girls sing..

Zubeidah .(*The song of the Jasmine*). Words to follow.

Dunyazad: (*The song of the Violet*).

Shahrazad: (*The song of the Swan*).

Sharyar:

Marry me ,fair one, Queen of my heart,
Mother my children. Be the better part
Of my palace, my kingdom,my entire world,
Come with your sails of Wisdom unfurled.

Sharazad :

O King, I feared for my life, night after night.
A Thousand Tales told, some dark and some light,
I watched your eyes dim with anger and hate,
Then I saw your eyes sparkle as you conquered your fate

Dunyazad:

Sister..I'm happy , delirious with joy.
Dance, dance to the music. Dance with delight.
A bitter man turned to a life loving boy.
Dance ,dance to the music. Dance all the night!

Zubeidah:

Kings I have seen who never recover
From the folly of Power. They murder their lovers.
This king sensed Wisdom in time. He listened
To Poetry's Power. He saw the Walking of Mists then!

Haroun: (*The song of the Hoopoe*)