

Look at his splendor. Abide within his
Heart, as his Generals, soldiers, and I abide,
And you will feel love that is capable
Of building or dismembering Empires.

SULTANA. When I contemplate, I wonder. Prince, the
Imagination of the Bard can only
Trace Napoleon's work. He gathers power while
Russia, France and England are helpless to
Unite against him. His coalitions
Stretch an endless chain around the World. Every
Nerve of England's frame is aching. British
Somaliland, British East Africa,
Soudan, India, Baluchistan and
Afghanistan rose simultaneously.
England had no time to spare for Turkey.
England is being driven to the waves.
Morocco, French West Africa, French
Guinea, and French Congo, rose at the
Appointed hour. France is losing her hold.
Russia is more busily engaged in
War than she has ever been before. Japan
Is adding territory to her minute
Isles. The mass of Russia once more defies
The Nobles. Napoleon lends them aid.
Germany is silently waiting. Will
She choose England, or will it be France?

PRINCE. It will be both. Zaza, see how the moon
Plays upon the domes, mosques, minarets and
Palaces of the most beautiful city
In the World. Zaza, would you not like to
Be its Queen?

SULTANA. Alas, as the favorite wife of the
Sultan, I tried to make myself believe
I was its Queen. When I knew him to be
In the arms of another, could I believe