**In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.  
  
What do you weigh, O ye vendors?  
Saffron and lentil and rice.  
What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.  
  
What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,  
Bells for the feet of blue pigeons  
Frail as a dragon-fly’s wing,  
Girdles of gold for dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king.  
  
What do you cry,O ye fruitmen?  
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play ,O musicians?  
Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.  
  
What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.  
Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

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