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MARCO POLO

Little musical

Narrator:

*Korkyra Nigra was Marco Polo's home,
There he lives with Nicola his father and his uncle Mateo, so he was never
alone
They hold a market where they sell wine and honey
So through the years they earned a bit of money
He went to school, had good education, Koryira was always his inspiration.
He learned languages, he loved the nature,
But most of all he loved the sea
There he is looking for adventure,
There he feels free !*

***Marco's grandmother: Maaaarcooooo.... Come home, get back to
the harbour, a storm is coming.***

***Marko: Let me be gran, let the wind and the sea break into my
chest. For me the sea is life, sailing joy, and journeys - the joy of
life.***

Korkyra island

A bit of sunshine,
A bit of sea
It was enough then
Just to feel free

All of my childhood
That I can recall
With love and the care
Has fulfilled my soul

Korkyra island, Korkyra island
Now I can tell, that it was my land
All of my memories go to that island
Korkyra island was only mine then.

There was no money,
There was no food,
But we used a smile
A smile to feel good

With sun in our eyes
We played the games
On Korkyra island
Where it never rains.

*Marco and Mateo traded with China
The most sophistic merchandise
Bringing from China the touch of paradise
But, while they were in China, Marko's mother died.
He was only fifteen, when his father did decide
With the money they saved
They went to Venice for bigger trade.*
**Nicola: Marco, childhood time is over, we are leaving for Venice.
It's time to leave Korkira behind.
Books await you in the divine Venice.
Marco: Goodbye Korkyra, I'll never forget you.**

Venezia

Now the time has come to, say goodbye to childhood
To bella Venezia.
Father gave a promise that we'll soon return to
A nostra Dalmazia.

It was nice to live, in Korkyra nigra
The place, where I was born.
But I always try to, reach the new horizons
To bella Venezia.

Venezia, Venezia,
Tu sei la mia cara liberta
Venezia, Venezia,
Tutto il mio cuore con te sara.

Since I left Korkyra, all my life has changed to
La bella Venezia.
But I'm always asking what is going on now
Nella mia Dalmazia.

*Two years passed, since his mother died
Nicola and Mateo planned to go to China
With the money they put aside
But, everything went better
As they received from Pope a letter
He wanted them to visit great Khan
So, they sailed to China, passing Armenia, Peru, Afghanistan
The silk route to China was across Caspian Sea, the Persian Gulf and Gobi desert
And finally they appeared to great Khan's court for Chinese tea.
Marco soon became famous in China's country
And he became the governor of Young chow county.*

***Marco: Silk, paper, pepper, pasta and porcelain Venice has not seen yet.
China seems to be the land from gran's stories, unreal and yet so close.
Thanks to you great Khan for enriching me not with glowing diamonds
but with knowledge so unreal.
Kublai Khan: All my knowledge has found a patient pupil in you and this
virtue of yours I will be rewarded.***

Yang chow

Twelve hundred seventy and one
Year that we went to faraway China
With father Nicola and uncle Matte
After four years to China we have come

When we reached the end of our journey
That land looked to us like the land of the sun
We didn't know that we have made it
Until we met Kublai Khan

Yang chow, Yang chow
I rule with that city all alone
Yang chow, Yang chow,
But I was still thinking of my home.

I have met people, lands and heard stories
In the land where stars have different shine
To the big country that makes me smaller
I gave what was left of the heart of mine.

*For more than 17 years Polo's with Khan stayed,
they earned a fortune in gold
but to go home they prayed
Finally Kublai Khan agreed and allowed their return
So, In twelve hundred ninety five they return to Venice, after three years
of journey
they were home again.*

Nicola: My son, we have come a long way. From a boy you became a man.

Marco: The greatest knowledge comes from the lives' journey and I wouldn't trade mine to no ones.

Coming home

Time that has been passing
And the time that's now
We are carrying deeply
For days that will come

And all of our life
Can stay in one rime
No one can or will
Ever stop the time

It is time to go now
Now it's time for home
India and China are now far behind us
Venice is waiting for her son to come
To tell the stories no one told before.

Marco, Marco, Marco Polo,
He has been where no man has been
Marco, Marco Polo
To tell us what he has seen.

Marco, Marco, Marco Polo,
Do not think of Venezia
Marco, Marco Polo
Don't forget your Dalmazia.

Let now Venice wait
Can you hear our pray
Come back to Dalmatia where you have been born
This is the land where you should return
This is the land, the land of Marco Polo.

***Twelve hundred ninety eight - three years after his return
Marco was in Korkyra again
He came back home
And became a commander of a galleon***

***The war against Genoa
Threw him into the dungeon for a year
There he starts to write his story
He wanted to share
He wrote about China, India and Africa
Using his imagination.***

***Il Millione became the most popular book amongst European
nations***

***Marco: For my writing the credit should go to the battle for my Korkyra,
it is only because of my imprisonment in the dump dungeon that my
spirit could stand still and remember all that had past and let the hand
write what no one has written before.***

The fight

A Korkyra son arrivatti Genovezi
And Marco has to go to a fight
Galleys have surrounded Marco's island
Houses were burned, everything was bright.

For Korkyra Marco lead the battle
Death was then all around us
Enemy was stronger, and stronger
We lost the battle, we lost lives

For the freedom I offered my heart
For the freedom I offered my life
But instead they put me in the dungeon
They didn't let me, didn't let me die.

Now he's locked in a dungeon
Where he's writing il milione
About his travels to the countries
That no one has travelled to before.

*In the summer of twelve hundred ninety nine
the treaty between Venice and Genoa was signed
In Venice he marries Donata Badoers
and she gives him three daughters.
He remains in Venice till his death in thirteen twenty four
His last words were:It was worth living for !
I have told only half of what I saw
Marco Polo was the first man who understood the spirit of the cultures of
the east. Travelling thousands of miles through deserts, rain forests,
mountain passages, exposed to various whether conditions, and wild
beasts
Marko becomes a writer - the most influential one,
on the silk route and paves the way to many travellers through centuries
to come.*

***Donata: Marco, where do your thoughts wonder off I always ask
myself. If only I could be part of your dreams?
Marco: Dona, all my journeys will live in me forever, but you are
the peaceful harbour that calmed me down. I have given all my
love to you and to Korkyra negra.***

Korkyra, mia Korkyra

When all storms of lifetime
And the wars are ending
You then start to think of
People you have loved

You feel that friends were
All you ever needed
The Korkyra sea,
And the sky above

I gave to the Venice
All my life and freedom
But I kept my heart
For Korkyra nigra

And in my mind
I'm always sailing
To Korkyra mia,
to Korkyra nigra

Korkyra mia,
Korkyra cara,
You will always be now
My only true love
And all our treasures
That we brought from China,
Cannot shine like once shined.....The Korkyra's cove.

*Today Marco Polo enjoys the respect of the world entire,
because it has come to be known that the places he wrote about became
everyone's desire
Marco was the first traveller who charted the route through the length of
Asia
marking kingdom after kingdom telling us a stories of these lands of
fantasia.*

And now, at the very end, words of Marco Polo himself:

***I believe that our return was Gods will, so that people can find
out about the world outside Europe, for not one man, Christian or
Saracen, Mongol or Pagan, explored so much of the world as did
Marco, son of Nicola Polo, the great and noble citizen of Korkyra
and Venice.***