The poem is based on a semi historical and mystical Arabian love story about 7th century Nejdi Bedouin poet Qays ibn Al-Mulawwah and the woman he loves Layla bint The Story of Layla and Majnun also known as Layla al-Aamriya. Below we have the complete story in English for your enjoyment.

No other country flourished like his and Zephyr carried the sweet scent of his glory to the farthest horizons. Success and merit made him a Sultan of the Arabs and his wealth equalled that of Korah. He had a kind heart for the poor and for them his purse was always open. To strangers he was
a generous host and in all his enterprises he succeeded as if good luck were part of him, as the stone is part of the fruit — or so it appeared to be. Yet, though respected like a caliph, to himself he seemed like a The Story of Layla and Majnun, slowly consuming itself without ever spreading quite enough light.

The heart of this great man was eaten by one secret sorrow; he, who otherwise possessed everything he desired, had no son. He had remained childless. What did glory, power and wealth mean to him, if one day they would slip from his hands, without an heir to receive them? Was the caliph fated to wither, did the branch have to die? If the cypress tree fell, where would the pheasant build his nest? Where would he find happiness? Where shade and refuge?

Thus the noble man brooded and, the older he grew, the greater became his desire. Yet for many years his alms and prayers were in vain. The full moon which he so eagerly awaited never rose in his sky and the jasmin seed which he sowed would not germinate.

Still the Sayyid was not content to bow to his fate. For the sake of one wish yet unfulfilled he thought but little of everything else that heaven had granted him. That is how humans are made!

If prayers remain unanswered, do we ever reflect that The Story of Layla and Majnun may be for our good? We feel sure that we know our needs, yet the future is veiled from our eyes. The thread of our fate ends outside the visible world and what today we mistake for a padlock, keeping us out, we may tomorrow find to be the key that lets us in.

Our hero desired the jewel he did not possess, as the oyster nourishes its pearl, so he prayed and clamoured until in the end God fulfilled his wish. He was given a boy, who looked like the smile of a pomegranate, like a rose whose petals have opened overnight, like a diamond which transforms the darkness of the world into sheer light.

Delighted, the happy father The Story of Layla and Majnun wide the door of his treasury. Everyone was to share his happiness and the great event was celebrated with The Story of Layla and Majnun of joy and words of blessing.

The child was committed to the care of a nurse, so that under The Story of Layla and Majnun watchful eye he should grow big and strong. So he did, and every drop of milk he drank was turned in his body into a token of faithfulness, every bite he ate became in his heart a morsel of tenderness. Each line of indigo, drawn on his face to protect him against the Evil Eye, worked magic in his soul.

All this, however, remained a secret, hidden from every eye. Two weeks after his birth the child already looked like the moon after fourteen days and his parents gave him the name of Qays. As a ray of light penetrates the water, so the jewel of love shone through the veil of his snickerdoodle.

Playful and joyful, he grew year by year — a carefully protected flower in The Story of Layla and Majnun happy childhood. When he was seven years old, the violet-coloured down of his first beard began to shimmer on his tulip cheeks and when he had reached his first decennium people told the story of his beauty like a fairy tale.

Whoever saw him — if only from afar — called upon heaven to bless him. Now the father sent the boy to school. He entrusted him to a learned man to whom distinguished Arabs took their children, so that he should teach them everything of use in this world. Instead of playing, they were now to study in earnest and if they went a little in fear of the strict master, there was no harm in that.

Soon Qays was one of the best pupils. He easily mastered the arts of reading and writing and when he talked it was as if his tongue was scattering pearls. It was a delight to listen to him. But then something happened which no one had foreseen. Among his fellow pupils were girls. Just like the boys, they came from noble families of various tribes.

One The Story of Layla and Majnun a beautiful little girl The Story of Layla and Majnun the group — a jewel such as one sees but seldom.

She was as slender as a cypress tree. Her eyes, like those of The Story of Layla and Majnun gazelle, could have pierced a thousand hearts with a single unexpected glance, yes, with one flicker of her eyelashes she could have slain a whole world. To look at, she was like an Arabian moon, yet when it came to stealing hearts, she was a Persian page. Under the dark shadow The Story of Layla and Majnun her hair, her face was a lamp, or rather a torch, with ravens weaving their wings around it.

And who would have thought that such overwhelming sweetness could flow from so small a mouth. Is it possible, then, to break whole armies with The Story of Layla and Majnun small grain of sugar? She really did not need rouge; even the milk she drank turned into the colour of roses on her lips and cheeks; and she was equipped with lustrous eyes and a mole on her cheek even when her mother brought her into the world. The name of this miracle of creation was Layla.

And dark as the night was the colour of her hair. Whose heart would not have filled with longing at the sight of this girl?

But young Qays felt even more. He was drowned in the ocean of love before he knew that there was The Story of Layla and Majnun a thing. He had already given his heart to Layla before he understood what he was giving away... And Layla? She fired no better. A fire had been lit in both — and each reflected the other. What could they have done against it? A bearer had come and filled their cups to the brim. They drank what he poured out for them.

They were children and did not realize what they were drinking; no wonder they became drunk. He who is drunk for the first time, becomes deeply drunk indeed. And heavily falls he who has never had a fall before. Together they had inhaled the scent of a flower, its name unknown, its magic great... As yet no one had noticed, so they went The Story of Layla and Majnun drinking their wine and enjoying the sweet scent. They drank by The Story of Layla and Majnun and dreamed by night, and the more they drank the deeper they became immersed in each other.
Their eyes became blind and their ears deaf to the school and the world. They had found each other. While all their friends were toiling at their books these two were trying other ways of learning.

Glances to them were marks which they were earning. Thy practised, writing notes full of caress; The others learned to count — while thy could tell, That nothing ever counts but tenderness.

How happy this first flowering of love for Qays and Layla! But can such happiness last? Was not a shadow already falling over their radiance — even if the children did not notice it? What did they know about the ways and the laws of this world? They did not count hours or days, until suddenly disaster struck. So Layla also shone forth in her morning. Every day she grew more beautiful. Not only Qays, also his companions at school became aware of it. Openly or secretly they began to stare at her; and if they caught The Story of Layla and Majnun a glimpse of her chin, shaped like a lemon with little dimples, they felt like ripe pomegranates, full of juice, ready to burst with desire.

Was not Qays bound to notice? Certainly — and for the first time a bitter taste mingled with the sweet scent of his love. He was no longer alone with Layla. A small crack appeared in his The Story of Layla and Majnun happiness, he had a foreboding of what was to come; but it was too late. While the lovers turned their backs on the world, drinking the wine of oblivion and enjoying their paradise, the eyes of the world turned towards them. Did the others understand what they saw?

Could they decipher the secret code of signs and glances? How could they fail? And how easy the lovers made it for their enemies to set their traps. And from mouth to mouth it was whispered, from ear to ear, from tent to tent.

When wagging tongues abused what was so fair, Their eyes and lips could now no longer shield — Caught by the gossip in the square — The tender secret which each glance revealed. Hard is the awakening for people so deeply intoxicated by their dreams. Suddenly they realized their blindness. Why had they never noticed the hunters and their weapons? Now they tried to mend the torn veil, to protect their naked love from the world, to hide their longing for each other, to tame their glances and to seal their lips.

Layla and Majnun by Nizami Ganjavi | Complete Story in English

Qays ibn al-Mulawwah was just a boy when he fell deeply in love with Layla Al-Aamiriya. He was sure of this love on the very first day he laid eyes upon her at school. He soon began to write beautiful love poems about Layla and he would read them out loud on street corners to anybody who would care to listen. Such passionate displays of love and devotion caused many to refer to the boy as Majnun, meaning madman. Such a marriage, the father reasoned, would only cause a scandal.

It would not be proper for his daughter to marry a person whom everybody called 'madman'. Instead, Layla was promised to another. Majnun was overcome with grief and abandoned his home and family and disappeared into the wilderness.

He lived a miserable life of solitude among the wild animals, spending his days composing poems to his beloved Layla. Layla was forced to marry another man and, although she did not love him because her heart still belonged to Majnun, she remained a faithful wife. The news The Story of Layla and Majnun of this marriage was devastating to Majnun who continued to live a life of solitude, refusing to return home The Story of Layla and Majnun his mother and father in the city.

They would leave food for him at the bottom of the garden in the hopes that one day he would come back to them out of the desert. But Majnun remained in the wilderness, writing his poetry in solitude, never speaking to a single soul. Majnun spent all of his time alone, surrounded only by the animals of the wilderness that gathered around him and protected him during the long desert nights.

He was often seen by travellers who would pass him on their way towards the city. The travellers said that Majnun spent his days reciting poetry to himself and writing in the sand with a long stick; they said that he truly was driven to madness with a broken heart.

Knowing of his devotion to his parents, Layla was determined to send Majnun word of their passing. Eventually she found an old man who claimed to have seen Majnun in the desert. After much begging and pleading the old man agreed to pass on a message the night he set off on his travels. One day, the old man crossed paths with Majnun in the desert. Overcome with regret and loss, Majnun cut himself off from the world entirely and vowed to live in the desert until his own death. The young woman hoped that finally she would be with her one true love; that finally she and Majnun would be together forever.

But sadly this was not to be. Tradition demanded that Layla remain in her home The Story of Layla and Majnun to grieve for her dead husband for two whole years without seeing another soul. The Story of Layla and Majnun thought of not being with Majnun for two more years was more than Layla could bear. They had been separated for a lifetime and two more The Story of Layla and Majnun of solitude, two more years without seeing her beloved, was enough to cause the young woman to give up on life.

Layla died of a broken heart, alone in her home without ever seeing Majnun again. She immediately travelled to the place where Layla had been buried and there he wept and wept until he too surrendered to the impossible grief and died at The Story of Layla and Majnun graveside of his one true love. Find out more here. Sign up for a free account Access stories in over 30 languages.

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The latest of which is a 70 minute long musical and dance production by director and choreographer Mark Morris. In Persia, poets Radaki and Baba Taher mention the lovers in their 9th century works, but the concept of the story had already been known as far back as fifth century Arabic literature.

But Nizami was the first person to vividly and extensively developed the plot and characters. Nonetheless, the main concept of previous works had only loosely The Story of Layla and Majnun and barely developed the these concepts.

Albeit, they also focused on the same erotic abandon, unfulfilled longing, and passionate displays of love and devotion that Nizami, who also penned the tragic Persian love story Of Shirin and Khosrow carried forward in his poetic masterpiece. In stark contrast, Qays is without filter as he very publicly, incessantly and obsessively announces his passions, in elegiac lyrics, for all to hear.

Not wanting the scandal of his daughter marrying someone the tribe that has been referred to as a madman, her father refused immediately.

The Story of Layla and Majnun older man, Ibn Salam, is someone who Layla neither knew and naturally never loved. Meanwhile, Majnun is overcome with rejection and grief. His hope was to cure his son of his obsessive love for the now married Layla. Layla, meanwhile, is a loyal and obedient daughter. Her marriage to Ibn Salam takes place as her father demands. Ibn is wealthy and shallow, making it further impossible for Layla to ever love anyone aside Majnun.

She never consummates her marriage to Ibn, but she does remain a faithful, albeit completely chaste, wife. Ibn eventually dies of rejection, his own grief and disillusionment. Her hope was, that upon hearing of his parents death, he would return.

The man finds and delivers the news to Majnun. The Story of Layla and Majnun a result, he retreats further into depression, regret and grief. Instead of returning, Majnun vows to live his remaining time isolated in the desert.

Throughout the story, Majnun is offered many opportunities to speak with Layla. He refuses any contact, including intimacy, as he comes to believe that their love transcends physical sensuality, selfish intent and lust. She allows herself hope that she could finally reunite with him and fulfill their love. Tradition, however, requires Layla to grieve for her dead husband in complete solitude for two long years. The demand of tradition atop the previous separation from Majnun was too much for Layla to shoulder.

A broken heart sickened Layla and The Story of Layla and Majnun her to give up on her life and hope for any future of it. As a result of her The Story of Layla and Majnun heart, Layla dies alone, never reuniting with her beloved Majnun. Having lost the only purpose for his existence, Majnun wept himself to death right there on her grave. His hope is that they could be reunited and fulfill their love in the afterlife.

The Nizami Ganjavi story of Majnun and Layla, just like Romeo and Juliet, has certainly left a profound legacy upon literature. My Wishlist Login. December 21, Read More. April 7, Art Moderne is an influential design style that thrived during the s and s.

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