

# Song Of Scheherazade

Renaissance

Sultan king cruel majesty  
Ordered that his women die  
A single night this for all his wives  
Takes his pleasure then their lives

And so for many days with the dawn  
The sultan had his way  
Wives were put to death  
His name on their dying breath

Then one day as the evening came  
Sultan sends for him a wife  
Choose her well charms I wish to see  
Bring her, send her in to me

Then came Scheherazade to his side  
And her beauty shone  
Like a flower grown  
Gentle as he'd ever known

Scheherazade bewitched him  
With songs of jewelled keys  
Princes and of heroes  
And eastern fantasies

Told him tales of sultans  
And talismans and rings  
A thousand and one nights she sang  
To entertain her king  
She sings, Scheherazade, Scheherazade, etc

"The Young Prince And The Young Princess As Told By Scheherazade"

And you would cause the sun to see your light  
And then be shamed  
You cover darkness with a thousand secret flames  
With your love, oh my love, oh my love, my love  
And I would cause the winds to blow a hundred different days  
And bring the perfumes of the gardens of the ways  
Of your love, oh my love, oh my love, my love

Crystal and the clay, nights and the days  
All on the prince's seal  
Eagle of the sky, lion of the earth  
This is what the seal is worth, what the seal is worth  
Holds all of the dreams of a man  
Tapestries, wishes of man, pictures and visions of man  
The spirit of the soul of the man  
And he would vow to love her for the rest of all his days

"The Festival"

Sheherazade this day is yours  
The bearers of your gifts now all around you stand  
The finest silk made in the land  
Is waiting for your choice  
It shimmers at your hand

Sheherazade your life is one  
You have today the sultan's love  
The people watch you step into the sun  
Stalls and bars of every kind  
Food piled high on woven leaves for all to eat  
Drums and flutes at every turn  
The music winding, twisting through the crowded streets  
Caravans from far away bring people laughing  
People come to see the sultan in Baghdad today

Scheherazade her name is known  
Her tale is told  
The sultan let her life be spared  
The festival begins this day  
To celebrate her fame  
The people sing her praise  
Stories sung, the crowds are dancing  
To the music and the entertainment all the voices sing  
The people call to see the king  
The sultan smiles  
His story just begun  
The sultan and Sheherazade are one  
Scheherazade, Scheherazade

She told him tales of sultans and talismans and rings  
A thousand and one nights she sang to entertain her king  
She sings, Scheherazade, Sheherazade, Scheherazade, etc.