

Renaissance

"SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE"

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"The Sultan"

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.

