

The Festival

Renaissance

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.

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