

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Zuleika

#### Zuleika

Zuleika was fair to see,  
A fair Persian maiden was she;  
She lived in Baghdad  
Where all men were bad,  
But none was so bad as she.

Her husband was very old,  
With millions in silver and gold.  
He kept her locked in, away from all sin,  
For Persians are very bold.  
He kept her locked in, away from all sin,  
For Persians are very bold.

On her head she wore a turban,  
Which came from the looms of Iran.  
Where no one could see she kept a small key,  
Which she threw out again and again.  
Where no one could see she kept a small key,  
Which she threw out again and again.

The first time she threw the key out,  
It fell by the old water spout.  
She sighed and she cried as the door opened wide  
And in walked her lover, Mahout.  
She sighed and she cried as the door opened wide  
And in walked her lover, Mahout.

The next time she threw out the key,  
It fell by the old banyan tree.  
She sighed and she cried as the door opened wide  
And in walked her lover, Ali.  
She sighed and she cried as the door opened wide  
And in walked her lover, Ali.

She threw out the key once again,  
Expecting her love, Suleiman.  
She sighed and she cried and she virtually died  
As in walked a whole caravan.  
She sighed and she cried and she virtually died  
As in walked a whole caravan.

The leader then bowed his head low,  
And waited her wishes to know.  
"The most of you stay," Zuleika did say,  
"But the children and camels must go. "  
"The most of you stay," Zuleika did say,  
"But the children and camels must go."

Recorded by Oscar Brand