

SONG # 1 - LET'S PARTY!

WORDS & MUSIC: STEVE LAYFIELD

Might - y A - ha - seur - as in the zen-ith of his pow;r

sum - moned to the moth - er of all feasts no - bles, un - a - ware

in the fren - zy there, God on high had set His eye on Mor - de - cai - the priest!

Eight - y and a hun - dred days were sched - uled by and by to

man - i - fest the trea - trea - sures of the king; furn - i - shings of gold, pure

Chords: CM, G+, Eb, F9, Ab, Eb/G, FM7, Eb, D7, Gsus7, CM, G+, Eb, F9, Ab, Eb/G

2 **Fm7** **E^b/G** **D⁷** **G⁷_{SUS}**

14 beau-ty to be-hold sig-ni-fied this par-ty now was sure-ly in ___ fulkwing! Let it

C **C⁺/B^b** **FMAJ⁷/A**

17 flow, let it flow! drink up an - oth - er gob - let then

Fm⁶ **B^b** **C** **C⁺/B^b**

20 raise your cup a - gain; What a show, what a show! A - has -

FMAJ⁷/A **Fm⁶** **F/G** **G⁷_{SUS}** **C**

23 uer - as is the great - est, a quint - es - sen - tial king!

Cm **G⁺**

26 Sev - en roy - al cham - ber - lains who served be - fore the king

E^b F⁹ A^b E^b/G

28
scur-ried to a call with-in the court, "Since the no-ble queen is

F^{M7} E^b D⁷ G^{7sus}

31
stun-ning-ly pris-tine let us now par-ade her fea-tures, let her here be brought!"

C^M G⁺

34
Vash-ti though a dar-ling, shud-dered at the thought

E^b F⁹ A^b E^b/G

36
she was not a man-ne-quin for 'show her sum-mons she de-nied, then

F^{M7} E^b/G D⁷

39
sneaked a-way to hide, prompt-ing king Ahas-suer-as in great

4

G⁷SUS C C⁺/B^b

41 wrath his fuse to blow. What a blow! What a blow! can a

FMAJ⁷/A Fmi^b C

44 wo-man be so mad? Can a lov - er be so cru - el? Should she stay? Should she go?

C⁺/B^b FMAJ⁷/A Fmi^b F/G G⁷SUS C

47 Would she treat me with con-tempt? Shall she take me for a fool? Should she go?

Mighty Ahasuerus
 In the zenith of his power
 Summoned to the mother of all feasts
 Nobles unaware,
 In the frenzied air,
 God on high had set His eye
 On Mordecai the Priest

Eighty and a hundred days
 Were scheduled by and by
 To manifest the treasures of the king;
 Furnishings of gold -
 Pure beauty to behold
 Signified this party now
 Was surely in full swing!

Chorus

Let it flow, let it flow!
 Drink up another goblet
 Then raise your cup again
 What a show, what a show!
 Ahasuerus is the greatest -
 A quintessential king!

Seven royal chamberlains
 Who served before the king
 Scurried to a call within the court
 Since the noble queen
 Is stunningly pristine
 Let us now parade her features
 - Let her here be brought!

Vashti, though a darling,
 Shuddered at the thought
 She was not a mannequin for 'show'
 (Her) summons she denied
 And sneaked away to hide
 Prompting king Ahasuerus
 In great wrath his fuse to blow

Chorus

What a blow, what a blow!
 Can a woman be so mad?
 Can a lover be so cruel?
 Should she stay? Should she go?
 "Would she treat me with contempt?
 Shall she take me for a fool?"