

The King's Lute



Lyrics and Chords

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The King's Lute

lyrics by Catherine Faber, 2007
melody by Peter Alway, 2007

Oh the King possessed a lute; it sat gleaming by day,
And the timbre of its voice, there's no courtier could say
But it murmured from the windows where candlelight shone
Of joy, and of sorrow, when the King was alone.

Under his window I'd sit on the stair
My chin in my hand, and the rain in my hair
My shirt growing damper, but what did I care?
With my heart warmed by music, when the King was alone.

To the servants he was kind, but reserved and august;
To the court, though he was fair, there were few he could trust
For his lady wife was dead, and his children were grown,
And the lute still remembered, when the King was alone.

I was weeding in the garden in spring morning light
With a music in my throat I had heard in the night.
Gleaming boots paused once beside me on a path of white stone;
As I knelt in the cabbages, the King walked alone.

The people heard his will, when his time came to die.
When my name was read, was no one more startled than I.
Into cold and shaking hands, was a legacy thrown--
The lute that had spoken when the King was alone.

When the children of his children are ashes and bone,
When the stories pile deep, and his glories have flown--
When his lineage is forgotten, his songs will be known
That the King's lute would murmur, when the King was alone...
Songs of joy, and of sorrow, when the King was alone.

I fell in love with one of Peter Alway's tunes (When The King Is Alone) and asked him if I could write a song to it. He agreed. I modified the tune very slightly to make it easier to sing. Capo 2 to move it to the key it's performed in on the record.

Somebody Is Waiting

lyrics and music by Catherine Faber, 2001

Dm Am Dm
I have heard the song that every prisoner knows
Dm F C E A
How death is only freedom in her working clothes
Dm F Dm Am
Between my death and freedom lies a hell of a toll--
Dm F Am Dm
Somebody is waiting to eat my soul.

Now every time I falter, in danger's face
Dm F Gm A
Behind the door of death I hear a voice saying grace
Make my shroud a napkin and my coffin a bowl--
Somebody is waiting to eat my soul.

So call me a coward but I can't forget
That I am always working without a net.
Silverware is gleaming, there is wine, and a roll--
Somebody is waiting to eat my soul

I did the gods a favor by the river banks
And they left a little gift by way of saying thanks.
Never touch a god, not with a twenty-foot pole--
Somebody is waiting to eat my soul.

I have heard the song that every prisoner knows
How death is only freedom in her working clothes
Between my death and freedom lies a hell of a toll--
Somebody is waiting to eat my soul.

Note that these chords may not be quite the same as the ones used on the album. Also the second line of the second verse is slightly different from the second line of the other verses, and thus has a different chord.

This song was inspired by a role-playing game.

Sociopaths

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Am Dm Am
Emotions are catching; I'm sad when you cry;
Dm C G
You're cheered by the joy in a sparkling eye--
Am Dm C F
Sympathy sways us like music so clear,
Dm C Am
That four in a hundred can't hear...

So they no more can share in your pain or your glee,
Than a deaf child can hear or a blind child can see;
Human their seeming, their speaking, their stride--
But they're not really human inside.

Am G Am
Our ancestors thought that some folk you might meet
Am G Dm Am
Seem human, but only by glamour's deceit,
Dm F C G
And even the best who fell under their sway,
Am G Am
Came to grief at the hands of the Fae.

Some seek sensation, wherever it leads,
They don't give a damn who is ruined, who bleeds,
And when they're discovered, the wreckage laid bare,
They plead for your pity and care.

To them trapping the moral in nets of deceit,
Making of conscience a snare for your feet,
Tormenting the weak, or destroying the strong
Is a game, with no right, and no wrong.

Like the Fae, some are monsters who murder for years,
While some are more subtle, but live to drink tears,
And some think a meal ticket simply their due,
And are happy to batten on you.

The Fae can be seen through a hole in a stone
And by these three signs is a sociopath known:
Duty neglected, however it cries--
Promises broken, and lies.

Oak And Ash

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, copyright 2011

Dm C Dm
Oak and ash to brace and bind,
Dm Gm
Rowan and thorn to ward and wind,
Dm Am Gm Am
On the burden I had from you,
Gm Dm C Am
A key that knows what it's meant to do,
Dm C Dm
Rose and bramble are intertwined.

Oak and ash to hold the field,
Rowan and thorn to shape and shield,
To catch your killer would mean a fight;
There's a reason you bound a knight.
I may lose, but I never yield.

Oak and ash to front the fray,
Rowan and thorn to mark the way.
Just how long is your curse's chain?
Who am I, to hold domain,
A liege to shelter the least of Fae?

Oak and ash and bone and dust,
Rowan and thorn and faith and trust
Before your eyes were closed for good,
I never knew you understood--
The one who can is the one who must.

If you like, and have some people willing to help, this song can be done against a background of "Oak and ash and rowan and thorn." whispered in unison. If you choose to do the hold on "understood" in the last verse, your whisperers should voice that particular line as "Oak and ash and rowan and thorn, and rowan and thorn." to handle the extra beats.

This song was inspired by the October Daye books by Seanan McGuire.

Chords as given work with the melody but would have to be modified in a couple of places to work with the mandolin harmony on the album.

Last Spaceship

Lyrics and Melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

There are friends I see too seldom; there's so much I want to do--
See the sights and make strange music there, and better yet, with you
So I'll meet you in two weeks in that exotic foreign clime
If the last spaceship leaves on time.

If the ship's engines blaze without holds or delays--
Why that boat could amaze in its prime!--
Fortune smiles on strays and audacity pays
If the last spaceship leaves on time!

In the rocket's mighty roar I hear the future's siren call,
From its earliest beginnings I have learned about it all
It's my last big chance to see it, giving up would be a crime--
If the last spaceship leaves on time.

So I'm hazarding adventure, though its nature does depend,
On the luck that follows travelers, not always as a friend,
But I'll dare the deal of fortune, even put it all in rhyme--
If the last spaceship leaves on time.

Peter Alway came to visit me, early in a vacation that consisted of driving around to see different things over a couple of weeks. The last few days of his journey were going to depend on whether the last launch of the space shuttle was expected to happen on time or not a few days out (it was two or three days' drive to see it, so he had to decide a few days before.) One phrase kept popping up as we discussed his prospective journey, and the day after he left, I wrote a song about it.

**Because of the way the easy fingering falls on the mandolin, I routinely play A and Am as the same power chord; I leave the C#/C note out of the chord. This makes A minor indistinguishable from A major.*

What that means for you is that sometimes I write Am when I should have written A and vice versa, because for me there is no difference. I have made a special effort to get it right in this book, but if you get to an A or an Am, and it sounds wrong, try the other chord. And if you want for some reason to play it exactly like me, play the power chord, which is composed of the pitches A and E.

Atheist's Anthem

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Some call it despair or accuse me of pride
In perceiving no purpose laid down from outside.
The world that I see calls for hope and resolve,
Full of good to rejoice in, and evils and problems to solve.

There isn't a Ringmaster--life's not a toy,
But surely a pageant of wonder and joy.
I bring what I hope for, when push comes to shove:
Truth and compassion and justice and laughter and love.

Look up, or look down, to the heavens aglow--
So vast even photons seem lazy and slow.
From the dust of beginnings comes all that we are,
Atoms first forged in the death of the heart of a star.

Born of an instinct not easily stilled,
Ravens are tool-users, bowerbirds build.
As our engineering grows tiny or great,
What will we build or become, in our urge to create?

For wrongs to be righted, for evil to fall
The hands must be ours, if it happens at all.
By our eyes and our minds is the universe known;
If you want purpose, then pick one and make it your own!

There isn't a Ringmaster--life's not a toy,
But surely a pageant of wonder and joy.
I bring what I hope for, when push comes to shove:
Truth and compassion and justice and laughter and love.
Truth and compassion and justice and laughter and love.

This song was originally written for a song contest whose theme was "Ringmaster" and it was titled "No Ringmaster." After a few days I decided "Atheist's Anthem" was a better title for it.

Hold The Line

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Dm Gm Dm
The employer wants to break us, but the boss is on our side,
Dm C A
And the money this will make us is worth a little pride.
Dm Gm
We will meet their fucking deadline; we will build their damn design;
Dm A Dm A Dm
Hold the line, mates; hold the line!

It's a rotten situation; Let him bitch and strut, and frown--
It takes more than just frustration to break the union down.
So we'll smile and take his money, turn it into yours and mine;
Hold the line, mates; hold the line!

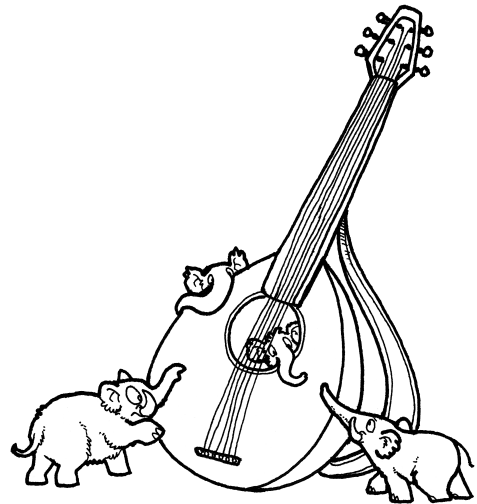
If we break, it won't be funny. He will treat us just the same;
We'll just make a lot less money, and eat a lot more shame.
So we'll build to spec exactly, though it's pearls in front of swine;
Hold the line, mates; hold the line!

Seven twelves at this location. When we're done, for my reward,
I will take that damn vacation I'll be able to afford.
I'll go biking in the mountains, up around the timberline.
Hold the line, mates; hold the line!

Dm A Dm A Dm
Hold the line, mates; hold the line!

This was written for a friend of mine whose crew was being treated badly at her job. I like unions—because I had enough history in grade school to know what working conditions were like before they existed.

*The little pachyderms that enliven this book were inspired by the mimmoths in **Girl Genius**. I was walking around with a Girl Genius badge holder one day and received a mimmoth, because I looked like someone who would appreciate one. I couldn't turn it lose in the hotel, because it might get into the walls and breed, and I couldn't kill it because I didn't have a biohazard bag for its verminous little corpse. I took it home and discovered to my dismay that mimmoths reproduce by credit card fraud. They get your credit card number, go online, and order more copies of themselves. For the longest time I couldn't figure out why I kept getting mimmoths in the mail. Friends have reported getting mimmoths in the mail as well. Be warned! (All mimmoth portraits ably drawn by artist Tod Wills.)*



Providence Skies

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Through highsec and lowsec the warp engines sound
And through zero-zero, for Providence bound--
For Eve will forever be making it plain:
You have to defend what you want to maintain.

So it's X up for fleet, form up and clear comms
We need more repair ships, and ammo, and bombs,
With fire in our bellies, and stars in our eyes,
We'll scour the pirates from Providence skies!

In deep zero-zero, where trust often dies
Strangers fly safely in Providence skies;
But some would destroy that in hopes to recall
The chaos incarnate of all against all.

Some people are parasites, taking their joy
In friendships they ruin and hopes they destroy,
While some folks are builders, who hold in our hearts
A dream that is more than the sum of its parts!

Pirates are poison; no trip is too far
To hound them to death like the vermin they are!
But they are good for one thing--the way that they die
In firework-flowers all over the sky!

(chorus)

We'll hunt them like dogs till the last of them dies!

This song is written about Eve Online and dedicated to the coalition of CVA, Yulai Federation, and allied pilots who defend Providence, that it may be free to all of good will.

All YouR SoNgZ R BeLonG 2 US!

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Dm C A
We welcome you--and we love your song
Dm A Dm Gm A
And we'll try our best to sing along
Bb A Dm
Music lingers in this place
A Dm
'Cause it can't escape from our embrace!

Dm Gm
We'll preserve this song, that brought down the house
Dm A Bb C
With recorder, voices, keyboard, mouse--
Dm Gm
With the subtlety of a blunderbuss
A Dm
All your songs are belong to us!

We must learn this song, cause we love it--yup!
Why it's just so cute, we could eat it up!
We'll perform this song--we'll arrange it too--
For ukelele and kazoo!

We'll arrange this song...

And you'll find next week that the lyrics bent
And no longer say what you thought they meant
You'd stop us treating your song so rough
If you could just stop laughing long enough!

We'll pervert this song...

You'll find pieces scattered, west to east
Like grisly bones from a cannibal feast
As tune--or words--we cheerfully steal
And drop the rest like an orange peel!

We will peel this song...

We will filk this song...

This song was written after attending a UFO (Utah Filk Organization) housefilk by Skype. Someone said they wanted all my songs, and "All YouR SoNgZ R BeLonG 2 US!" popped out of several mouths at once, including mine. And I thought, "Hmm...."

Mayday

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Dm C Dm
A Fetch, she wears, through sun and storm,
Dm G A
Mirror of your face and form,
Dm C Dm C
But though your death she's bound to bring,
Dm C Bb A
You can get used to anything--
Dm C Dm
You can get used to anything.

You're October; she is May;
She is something more than fae,
You are just a Changeling;
You can get used to anything--
You can get used to anything.

May Day dusk she wakes you all,
To drag you to the Beltane Ball,
But while the coffee she will bring,
You can get used to anything--
You can get used to anything.

She can mold to her commands,
Fresh-caught magic in her hands:
A little blood, a little sting...
You can get used to anything;
You can get used to anything.

May is dancing, stomp and whirl,
Courting with a Raven girl,
Back and forward, dip and swing;
You can get used to anything--
You can get used to anything.

Your death will be her end, so hey--
You need a roommate anyway
She does the dishes--that's the thing....
You can get used to anything--
You can get used to anything!

This song was inspired by the character May Daye from the October Daye books by Seanan McGuire.

It's Okay To Be Takei

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Some boys love boys, some girls love girls;
It's simply how they're made.
They too are normal kids, who shouldn't
Have to be afraid

It's okay to be Takei
Some folks are just that way
It's always right to say
It's okay to be Takei

We all have things in common
We're none of us the same
Our differences and samenesses
Were never cause for shame

The way your heart is structured
Is something you can't choose
But keep this knowledge with you
Like a light of many hues.

The wide green earth beneath you,
The open sky above--
Of all the things life offers,
The best was always love

"Takei" is pronounced "Ta KAY"

D4 is a D with a G in it.

I wrote this because of Tennessee's "don't say gay" bill that prohibited teachers from mentioning gays at all, and George Takei's offer to let them substitute his name instead, which I thought was a great idea.

True To A 16th

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2010

I've worked in the boatshop for months now
Building another canoe,
And when I am stressing, this boatbuilder's blessing
Says what I already knew.

This isn't some space engineering
Sweetie it's cedar and glue
This isn't a rocket you're building--
If it's true to a sixteenth, it's true!

I want to make everything perfect.
It's something I simply can't do.
For comfort in sooth, I must cling to this truth:
If it's true to a sixteenth, it's true.

The forms must be laid out exactly
Any flaw will forever show through.
Any bend, any twist, will forever exist...
If it's true to a sixteenth, it's true.

Common Ground

Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2003

C G
You are the sun, I the sunflower near
G Dm F C
Swayed by a music you make but can't hear.
C F
My starveling heart has me twisted around;
F C G C
Surely, it pleads, we can find common ground.

C C Dm Dm C
Blossom and feather, shelter together
C F Dm C
Troubles to weather, on common ground.

My folk and yours different paths have to walk,
Lives as distinct as the hawthorn and hawk.
You who are rooted, in blossom are crowned;
Still I can hope to achieve common ground

Firefly-eager, I orbit you now,
Confused as my wee, simple brain will allow.
I cannot surrender this joy I have found;
I'll fight or I'll flee but I'll find common ground

Strange is the counterpoint woven and dared,
Partnered where not even meter is shared;
In juxtaposition new harmonies sound,
Working in concert to make common ground.

(chorus twice at end)

This lyric goes with the counterpoint lyric on the opposite page if you can find another singer. This lyric is done in 3/4 and the one on the other page in, effectively, 2/4. The easiest way to handle this is to strum the chords in 6/8.

Common Ground

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2003
(harmony and harmony lyrics by Catherine Faber 2012)

C G
Shining flower, so entrancing,
G Dm F C
In the sunny meadow dancing,
C F
Hungry winds have turned me round--
F C G C
Till I stand on common ground

C C Dm Dm C
Blossom, feather, stand together,
C F Dm C
Storms we'll weather, on common ground.

My folk, your folk, sep'rate walk,
You as free as flying hawk,
I as still as tree green-crowned
Still I hope for common ground.

You call fireflies to surround me;
You delight me and confound me.
I must keep this joy I've found;
I will find us common ground!

In the music we discover,
Be my partner, be my lover.
Let our song together sound--
I the descant; you my ground!

(chorus twice at end)

Wise Hands

lyrics by Catherine Faber, 2011

melody by Peter Alway, 2011

Em Am Em Am
Partly wood and mostly care
Em Am Dm G
Boats must ever be tight, and fair--
Em Am Em Am
Staunch to answer the storm's demands.
Em Am Dm Em E
The crew's first guardian ever stands--wise hands!

A D E
The captain intrepid, the crew that will dare
A E
Shall heed the adventurer's call
A D E
The boat-builder's craftsmanship, born of her care
A E
Unseen, is a partner in all.
F C F C
Beyond the horizon new worlds to explore--
F C G
New winds and new currents run free;
F C F C
The skill of the builder runs ever before
F C G D A
The root and the heart of the tree shall sail the sea.

Every plank must be true of grain
Fitted tightly with saw and plane
To brace the hull I will sand and shave
Decks and gunwales to help her brave--the wave.

Run the rigging and step the mast;
Stays in tension will hold it fast.
Shape the rudder a course to hold;
Bright at morning the sails dawn gold--unfold!

Peter Alway sent me this melody saying the verses should be about the cares of everyday life and the chorus should be about a bold sea adventure. I sent a version back explaining that the verses were actually about the trials of building a canoe and the chorus about the joy of paddling it. We compromised on this version.

Cedarglass

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2008

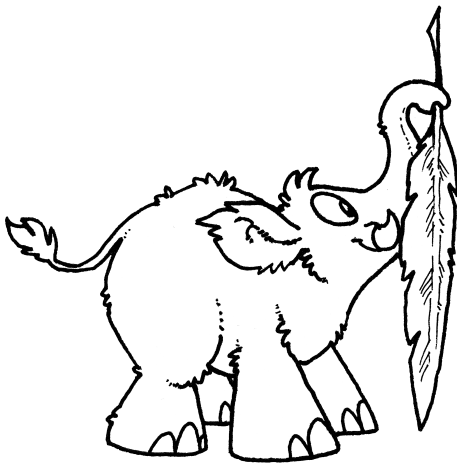
C G C G
Nyad and Dryad are drifting awake
C G C G
Lazily lifting their heads by the lake
Am G Dm G
Watching a step-daughter curtsey and pass
C Am C G
Wood's celebration of cedar and glass.

C G Am G
We're shaped by old forces no eye can still see
C G Am G
As shading the sapling is shaping the tree
F C F G
The mold is long gone, yet its lines still preserve
F C Dm G
A sense of the true that informs every curve.

The strength of the heartwood, the sapling's lithe grace,
Bending and twisting to slip into place;
Sawdust like pollen--perfume in each grain,
Curls fall like petals from spokeshave and plane.

Stained by my blood and the salt of my tears,
Dance on the water and laugh at my fears.
I wish you safe journey, by white ashwood finned,
Light as a leaf on a fortunate wind.

G C
On a fortunate wind.



One Salt Sea

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Dm Gm
The Hollow Hill's a stew it seems, cats have manned the walls
C Dm C Dm
Bogies cling to ceiling beams, pixies roam the halls
Dm Gm C
Quarter-bloods don't shiver, changelings mingle free
C F A Dm
As every rushing river runs to one salt sea.

Dm Gm Dm
Blood to blood is calling, salt and water flow,
Dm C Dm C Gm A
Closer to the sea as farther back in time we go--
Dm Gm Dm
Blood for blood is calling; tears more tears decree
C F A Dm
As every rushing river runs to one salt sea.

The past in all its starkness—the traces lay it plain:
Children trapped in darkness, boxes full of pain,
A single silver sliver, to paint the scene for me--
As every rushing river runs to one salt sea.

The kingdoms gird for slaughter, this won't be done in play.
Lives are spilled like water, in war among the fae.
All eagerness, they quiver, deaf to wisdom's plea,
As every rushing river runs to one salt sea.

Two the ocean races that of one blood remain;
A single skin encases the slayers and the slain,
But blood will blood deliver, though later comes the fee,
As every rushing river runs to one salt sea.

This song was inspired by the book One Salt Sea by Seanan McGuire.

On the album I did it with a capo at the second fret.

Boats Have Bones

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

Boats have bones, did you know?
They last forever even though
They're gone before the building ends;
Every wood strip twists and bends.

Boats have bones; take good care
Keels be straight and curves be fair.
How we start constrains our ends;
Every wood strip twists and bends.

Boats have bones; no mistake
Can be hidden from the lake;
Hull and water must be friends.
Every wood strip twists and bends.

Boats have bones; these are mine
From design and re-design,
Miscalculations and amends....
Every wood strip twists and bends.

Boats have bones; through this lens
Gauge the time your setup spends.
From perfection practice tends;
Every wood strip twists and bends.

(repeat 1st verse)

The "bones" this song is referring to is the plywood form over which a wood strip canoe is built, which is removed when the outside of the hull has been fiberglassed. Any imperfections in the form are faithfully transferred to the canoe and remain with it for its lifetime.

Look, I'm sorry about the B flats. I wrote this on the mandolin. B flat is easy on the mandolin so I use it a lot. Try using the chords below and singing it a fourth lower:

Am F
Am E
Am Dm Am E
Am G F E Am

Quetico

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2009

Dm C Dm C Dm
Chiseled out by glaciers in the hands of long ago,
Dm Am Dm Am*
Where the loons slide in to landing, in the sunset's molten glow,
Dm Am F C Dm
She has called to me all winter, from beneath the ice and snow--
Dm C Dm Bb Am Dm Am C Dm
Quetico-- Quetico

You may see the moose and marten as down to drink they steal,
Or the snapping turtle sulking seven feet beneath your keel,
And the Stellar's Jays come jostling when the food bag you unstow--
Quetico-- Quetico

By the molten gold of sunrise are the western treetops kissed,
While the lake is like a mirror in a shawl of shade and mist,
And my heart fills up with silence in the only prayer I know:
Quetico-- Quetico

Dry and clean and empty, my canoe lies in her den;
When her hull is kissed by water, she will wake and live again.
When our exile's term is over, we will grab our gear and go--
Quetico--- Quetico
Quetico--- Quetico.

Quetico Provincial Park, in Canada, is north of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, in Minnesota. Both parks are accessible only by canoe, since there are no roads, and the only foot trails are short rough paths from one lake to the next. I spent a week in Quetico a few summers ago. We crossed the border at a customs office so remote it is supplied by weekly drops from a float plane. I wrote these lyrics on the drive home, though coming up with the right tune took several years. Someday I will go back.

These chords work with the melody but may not work for all the harmonies.

**This Am can also be A major if you prefer; the others seem best as A minors.*

Swan May

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2011

/G D /G D C D
Sweet Swanmay, your notice I courted at length
G D C D
I asked, and was given, your sweetness and strength;
C G C D
Why thrust in my arms, in the first light of dawn
/G D /G D G D
Your shirt of white feathers that makes you a swan?

C G
Forever can never be given away;
C G Em D
It's chosen and re-chosen, day after day,
C G D
As footstep by footstep a mountain we climb--
C G Em D
We walk to forever one day at a time--
C G C /Em/Am G G4 G G4
We walk to forever one day at a time.

To lock up your choices and give me the key
Makes a prisoner of you, and a captor of me.
The caged bird could never my whole heart command--
Like the wild bird that chooses to come to my hand.

Wherever you go, my heart follows your charms,
So here is your feather-shirt, set in your arms.
For truly, what love would ask more than do I?
A sweetheart who's mistress of water, and sky!

(first four lines of last chorus, then)

C G C C
We walk to forever, we swim to forever,
C G C /Em/Am G
--we fly to forever one day at a time!

The /G means the last beat of the measure is a G; the first two are something else. Silence, in the case of the first one, since "Sweet" is a pickup, and D in the case of "your". So for the first line the downbeats are "Swan" "no-" "cour" and "length." I hope that's not too confusing.

The C /Em/Am notation means the first beat gets a C, the second an Em and the third an Am.

True Dragon Treasure

lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2012

Dm C Dm
Jewels and gold shine under the sky,
F C Gm Dm
Fabrics unfold, a delight to the eye,
Bb Dm F C
Bounty kept safe, in storeroom and pen,
Dm C Dm
But true dragon treasure is men.

Respect humans earn, advances the goal.
The dragon, in turn, earns fame for the whole.
The family grows; I tell you again,
True dragon treasure is men.

Men's lives we can't store, as each dragon finds.
Of course, making more requires both kinds;
You'd best plan ahead, or what will you do then?
True dragon treasure is men.

You laugh at our measure, and yet even you
Hold dear to your treasure, but dearer your crew.
We all understand. It's natural, when
True dragon treasure is men.

Jewels and gold shine under the sky,
Fabrics unfold, a delight to the eye,
Bounty kept safe, in storeroom and pen,
Dm C F A
But true dragon treasure, our treasure is men;
Dm C Dm
True dragon treasure is men.

This song is about the latest Temeraire book, Crucible of Gold by Naomi Novik. One dragon telling a younger dragon from a different culture, how it really is.

The bonus song does not come with the album; to get it you mention my album, and my bandcamp page catfaber.bandcamp.com, on your LJ or Facebook or Twitter and e-mail me a link. I e-mail you back a code you can use to get the bonus song at Bandcamp.

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I had fun writing these songs. I hope you have fun singing them!

Lyrics and chords for songs on Cat Faber's album "The King's Lute"

This pdf songbook can be obtained as part of the album extras at <http://catfaber.bandcamp.com>, or for free at <http://www.hwaet.org/CatPDFs/Songbook.html>.

For those who prefer sheet music, a sheet music songbook is also available at these locations.

Thank you for your interest in my music!

