

# *I Promised Eli*

*Songs by Catherine Faber, 2006 and early 2007*

For Eli, who won his bet.

For the Concom of Capricorn 2007, who invited me to come and give a concert.

For Aunt Dies, who asked for copies of the lyrics.

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# Brazen Hussy

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Mandolin

D A

When I come in to the work shop, you are ne ver one to

S

Mdn.

D G

shirk. You need on ly see me com ing and you hop right on my

S

Mdn.

A G D G

work! 'Cause a ten tion feels like sun light and it's such a chil ly

S

Mdn.

A D A

day You're a pre tty ski tty ki tty but you're kind of in the



# Captain James' Song

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Mandolin

Soprano

Mandolin

Soprano

Mandolin

Soprano

Mandolin

Soprano

Mandolin

Vol ly's my dra gon, my fa vor ite thing. No one can touch him for

speed on the wing Vol ly's my trea sure; the truth muust be told. I'd

ra ther have Vol ly than je wels and gold! Truth must be told, a

treasure I hold; I'd ra ther have Vol ly than je wels and gold!

D G D

G A D G D

A7 D G

D A7 D

## Captain James' Song

*Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber*

Volly's my dragon, my favorite thing  
No one can touch him for speed on the wing  
Volly's my treasure, the truth must be told;  
I'd rather have Volly than jewels and gold!  
Truth must be told; a treasure I hold;  
I'd rather have Volly than jewels and gold!

Volly's my dearest, so simple and mild  
The heart of a lion, the mind of a child  
Emerging unmarked from a courier's strife  
I'd rather have Volly than children and wife  
A courier's strife adds spice to his life,  
I'd rather have Volly than children and wife.

Some dragons are clever; some dragons are smart;  
They speak foreign tongues and learn poems by heart.  
I'd rather have Volly, my Prince of the skies,  
Than all other dragons more learned and wise.  
Prince of the skies, it's you that I prize  
Over those dragons more learned and wise.

I was fourteen when your shell broke and then  
You chose me your captain, the gladdest of men.  
We've always been partners as nature intends,  
The finest of flyers, the fastest of friends!  
Nature intends, what rises descends:  
The finest of flyers the fastest of friends!

This illness of dragons has death as its due  
And I understand it no better than you,  
But Volly my dearest, my prince of the sky,  
Volly you hear me, stay with me, don't die!  
Prince of the sky, open your eye,  
Volly, you hear me, stay with me, don't die!

Prince of the sky – come, let us fly –  
Volly, you hear me, stay with me, don't die!

# Chocolate

Catherine Faber

Soprano

The musical score is written for Soprano in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The second staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The third staff has quarter notes A5, Bb5, C6, and D6. The fourth staff concludes with quarter notes E6, F6, G6, and A6, ending with a double bar line. Chord symbols 'F' and 'C' are placed above the first and second staves, and 'C' and 'F' above the third and fourth staves respectively.

Lit tle boy Blue, come blow your horn; You've been a sleep too long! The  
sheep's in the mea dow, the cow's in the corn; They're eat ing all your choc olate!  
Choc olate, O Choc olate; I love Go di va choc olate;— Go and tell your  
mom and dad a bout Go di va choc olate!

Little Miss Muffet she sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey  
Along came a spider who sat down beside her  
And offered her some chocolate!  
Chocolate, oh chocolate, I love Godiva Chocolate  
Go and tell your Mom and Dad about Godiva Chocolate!

There was an old woman who swallowed a fly  
A spider, a bird and a cat,  
And answered whenever you asked her why  
I thought that they were chocolate!  
Chocolate, oh chocolate, I love Godiva Chocolate  
Go and tell your Mom and Dad about Godiva Chocolate!

Now Mom and Dad, they may say "no."  
I tell you what to do—  
If you sing this song enough,  
Your Mom will want some chocolate.  
Chocolate, oh cocolate, I love Godiva Chocolate  
Go and tell your Mom and Dad, about Godiva Chocolate

## Description Page

(Or, "I need an extra page here to keep each song on facing pages")

- Brazen Hussy:** I started building Patience in a friend's barn workshop. Brazen Hussy (her real name) was one of the barn's cats.
- Captain James' Song:** Inspired by the Temeraire books, written by Naomi Novick. Especially the teaser at the end of the third one.
- Chocolate:** Inspired by a friend's post about songs with disclaimers, and the prospect of a children's concert.
- Dulcimer's Dance:** I wrote this for Shannon, a friend of mine who played Appalachian dulcimer. Picture of Peter Alway is by Catherine Faber, used by permission.
- Ghost Ship of Diamond Shoals:** The Carroll A. Deering was a real ship; a few lines of this song were invented to make the rhymes work, but most of it is straight out of history.
- Hymn To Athena:** While I was building my canoe, my husband went to Greece as part of a college trip. This song was the intersection.
- Ista's Answer:** Inspired by *Paladin of Souls* by Lois McMaster Bujold.
- Landless Lady:** Giant squid seem to be able to move freely up and down through the water column. Divers have disappeared; their harness telemetry showed them going straight down, very fast. Their bodies were never found.
- Lien's Song:** Also inspired by the Temeraire books.
- The Mimmoth's Song:** Seeing I wore a "Girl Genius" badge holder, some kind person whose name I failed to catch graced me with a mimmoth (miniature mammoth). (If you're that person, please let me know your name.) Despite mimmoths being vermin, and despite its tendency to sneak into my luggage, I have been vastly entertained by the mimmoth. Illustrations are by Phil Foglio, used with permission.
- Mix That Puppy Down:** I wrote this during the first Echo's Children CD, but never did anything with it until recently.
- Moontage:** Written for an OVFF song contest called "6 degrees of separation."
- Mostly Good Magics:** Inspired by a D&D game I was running. My husband warned that if I made too many magic items available, people would want discounts. What kind of magic items might be discounted? What kind of shop would carry them?
- Patience Isn't Tame:** I built a canoe. It's beautiful. It's fast. It's lively. It's the only canoe ever to buck me off without my cooperation. Picture snapped by a bystander with my camera.
- Remembering Dave:** In memory of Dave Alway. Picture by Debbie Ohi, used by permission.
- The Second Voice:** Inspired by Judi Miller, 2006 Best Performer Pegasus. Watch her and find out why! Pictures by Catherine Faber, used by permission.
- Signing Lullabye:** My own first attempt at a signing song. For those who want to see it, I have a little movie of me signing it, and then explaining the signs.
- Solemn As Life Or As Death:** Written on the way to OVFF for a song contest about recycling.
- Underground Rail:** Enslavement: being forced to labor for the good of another without recompense. Underground rail: a secret, cooperative effort to rescue people from slavery by transporting them somewhere that slavery is not allowed.

# Dulcimer's Dance

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Mandolin

D G D G D

Let the win ter wind blow, Let the win ter rain fall, Let the

S

Mdn.

G D A D G D

win ter fog rise till I can't see at all, But there's no thing so like ly to get —

S

Mdn.

A D G D A D G

— me to grin, As the dul ci mer's dance with the bright man do lin!

S

Mdn.

D G D



# Ghost Ship of Diamond Shoals

Catherine Faber

Soprano

The musical score is written for Soprano in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of seven staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Mi ghty the\_ ship that lay bro ken, Where ma ny good ships run a\_ ground. None of the\_ crew's e ver spo ken, Of what ev er ill for tune she found. Let the helms man look sharp to her steer ing Out where the bit ter sea rolls, And re mem ber the Car roll A. Deer ing Ghost ship of Dia\_ mond shoals Ghost ship of dia mond shoals!'.

Mi ghty the\_ ship that lay bro ken, Where  
ma ny good ships run a\_ ground. None of the\_  
crew's e ver spo ken, Of what ev er ill for tune she  
found. Let the helms man look sharp to her steer ing  
Out where the bit ter sea rolls, And re  
mem ber the Car roll A. Deer ing Ghost ship of  
Dia\_ mond shoals Ghost ship of dia mond shoals!

## Ghost Ship of Diamond Shoals

Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber 2007

Dm C  
 Mighty the ship that lay broken  
 Dm Bb Am  
 Where many good ships run aground  
 Dm C  
 None of her crew's ever spoken  
 Dm C Dm  
 Of whatever ill fortune she found.  
 F Gm  
 Let the helmsman look sharp to her steering  
 Bb Am  
 Out where the bitter sea rolls—  
 Dm Gm  
 And remember the Carroll A. Deering  
 Bb C Dm  
 Ghost ship of Diamond Shoals

The shoals wait to catch a ship drifting,  
 A bar the Atlantic waves hide,  
 Of undersea sand dunes a-shifting  
 Sculpted by current and tide

Sharp eyes cried the word the shoals caught her  
 For five days a storm raged at its height  
 When it cleared they ran boats to the water  
 Launching in iron-grey light.

The searchers came back with their talley,  
 Two lifeboats were missing, they said,  
 There was food half-prepared in the galley,  
 And noone else, living or dead.

With no hope of salvage, the divers  
 Blew her to shreds to float free  
 No lifeboats came in with survivors  
 No bodies washed in from the sea

Remember that sailors, like treasure,  
 Never come back from the deeps;  
 At the end of the ultimate measure,  
 What the ocean has taken, she keeps.

Bb C Am  
 Where the Carroll A. Deering sleeps...

Chorus (repeat last line)

# Hymn to Athena

Catherine Faber

Em

Soprano

Mandolin

By the blood of the\_\_ vine, by the craft of the\_\_ bee. By the

G Em Am G

S

Mdn.

strength of the\_\_ wa ter give ear to my plea Grey-eyed A\_\_ the na who

Em Am Em Am G C

S

Mdn.

bri dles the\_\_ tide; Coun sel or, craf ter, de\_\_ fen der and guide.

chorus: D Em D

S

Mdn.

Coun sel or be as I choose the de sign; Where I fal ter in

Em C 13

S skill, lay your hands o ver mine. Guard my sweet boat from mis

Mdn.

G D Em Am G C

S for tune and then, Guide us both safe ly to har \_\_\_\_ bor a gain. \_\_\_\_

Mdn.

Protector of cities, and builder of halls,  
 Girding their goods with impregnable walls,  
 Yet ever between them the owl-eyed slips,  
 Tamer of horses and builder of ships!

Joiner of battles and maker of plans,  
 Yet victories pass like the waves on the sands,  
 Athena the crafter's more worthy of note  
 Who gave us the bridle, the spindle, the boat!

Teacher of crafts, ever-near, ever-wise  
 From reason responsible actions arise,  
 Each wood has its weakness, each tool has its quirk;  
 In league with Athena, lay hand to the work.

# Ista's Answer

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Why do I ride in the spring, in the sun— light, Un der the blos soms that  
 bur den the trees? Spring in my blood tou ches rest less re— bell ion, a  
 mad ness that pil gri mage pro mised to ease. You say I am la den with gifts of the  
 spi rit; To take up that bur den I do no in tend; Long a go I was a  
 saint of the Mo ther; I've fol lowed that road to its bit ter est end.

A new pregnant wife, I was tortured with visions:  
 My husband, his family, cursed to my view.  
 He left me believing I flirted with madness  
 For fully two years ere admitting it true.  
 The Mother appeared to me, there in my garden  
 And promised me then if a man could be found  
 To die for my House three times over, the curse would be  
 Broken, my babies from shadow unbound.

Dy Lutez in secret had promised to save us  
 Our darkest dilemma he thought to attack  
 By drowning, whose victims can sometimes be rescued  
 And at his revival, I saw the curse crack.

His high courage failed at the second night's trial;  
 My error of judgement still walks in my sleep--  
 Magic most perilous, murder most piteous  
 Drowned on a mountaintop, under our Keep

The Mother's grace left me, my babes still in danger,  
 With failure and murder my work to behold,  
 And twenty years later, released by another,  
 I come to my life as a woman grown old.  
 Birth is a curse even dying can't alter,  
 Life but a wasteland of sorrow and woe  
 The world is ashes, the gods are a horror;  
 Counsel me Learned, where shall I go?

**Ista's Answer***Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber 2007*

Dm C  
 Why do I ride in the spring, in the sunlight  
 Dm C  
 Under the blossom that burdens the trees?  
 Dm C F  
 Spring in my blood touches reckless rebellion,  
 F C Dm  
 A madness that pilgrimage promised to ease  
 C Dm  
 You say I am laden with gifts of the spirit  
 C Bbm C  
 To take up that burden I do not intend  
 Dm C Dm C  
 Long ago I was a saint of the Mother  
 Dm C F Dm  
 I've followed that road to its bitterest end.

A new pregnant wife, I was tortured with visions:  
 My husband, his family, cursed to my view.  
 He left me believing I flirted with madness  
 For fully two years ere admitting it true.  
 The Mother appeared to me, there in my garden  
 And promised me then if a man could be found  
 To die for my House three times over, the curse would be  
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 And at his revival, I saw the curse crack.  
 His high courage failed at the second night's trial;  
 My error of judgment still walks in my sleep--  
 Magic most perilous, murder most piteous  
 Drowned on a mountaintop, under our Keep.

The Mother's grace left me, my babes still in danger,  
 With failure and murder my work to behold,  
 And twenty years later, released by another,  
 I come to my life as a woman grown old.  
 Birth is a curse even dying can't alter,  
 Life is a wasteland of sorrow and woe  
 The world is ashes, the gods are a horror;  
 Counsel me, Learned, where shall I go?

# Landless Lady

Catherine Faber

Soprano

The wa- ter is cha- nging and she is a- ware, A- wa- kened though  
 wea- ry and old Lure- fish are lit as they sight- less- ly stare,  
 Caught in the crush and the cold. Tube- worm and star- fish draw  
 back as she shows. Crabs hud- dle fright- ened and stark Co- ral un-  
 flow- ers then blooms as she goes Draped in the depths of the dark.  
 Land- less the La- dy, un- riv- alled her rule, An- cient her hopes and her  
 hates; Those who de- fy her will find her no fool, Where in the  
 wa- ter she waits.

**Landless Lady***Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2007*

Dm Bbm Dm  
 The water is changing and she is aware  
 Dm C Am  
 Awakened, though weary and old;  
 Dm Gm Am  
 Lurefish are lit as they sightlessly stare  
 Am C Dm  
 Caught in the crush and the cold.  
 Am C F Dm  
 Tubeworm and starfish draw back as she shows,  
 C Am  
 Crabs huddle frightened and stark  
 C Bbm Am  
 Coral unflowers, then blooms as she goes  
 Bbm Am Dm  
 Draped in the depths of the dark  
  
 Dm F Dm  
 Landless the Lady, unrivalled her rule  
 C Am  
 Ancient her hopes and her hates;  
 Dm C Bbm Am  
 Those who defy her will find her no fool,  
 Am Dm  
 Where in the water she waits.

The taste of the turn of a farway tide,  
 Stirs up a memory old.  
 Slowly she rises to memory's guide,  
 Blood running seawater cold.  
 Eyes of old amber, as brilliant as stars  
 In nothing we know as a face,  
 Seek out the whales; they still carry the scars  
 Left by her mighty embrace.

A predator hunting, swoops in like a jet  
 Dark and illusion her garb  
 Tentacles wide in a thorn-tangled net  
 Piercing her prey with each barb  
 Strong as the ocean, as ruthless as hate  
 All of her passing we mark  
 Is divers gone missing; to speak of their fate  
 A GPS track that goes dark.

# Lien's Song

Catherine Faber

Dm C Gm C Dm  
 Soprano From here to his grave — there lie ten-thousand li, And  
 Mandolin

C Dm  
 S ten thou-sand more — be-tween ven-geance and me. Ten thou-sand years —  
 Mdn.

Bbm Dm C Dm  
 S — won't see ha-tred-un-done. I shake out my wings - and step  
 Mdn.

C Dm  
 S in - to the sun.  
 Mdn.

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for a song in 3/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (Soprano or Soprano) and a mandolin line (Mandolin). The lyrics are: 'From here to his grave — there lie ten-thousand li, And ten thou-sand more — be-tween ven-geance and me. Ten thou-sand years — — won't see ha-tred-un-done. I shake out my wings - and step in - to the sun.' The guitar chords are: Dm, C, Gm, C, Dm for the first system; C, Dm for the second; Bbm, Dm, C, Dm for the third; and C, Dm for the fourth. The mandolin part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.



# The Mimmoth's Song

Catherine Faber  
copyright 2006

Soprano

## The Mimmoths' Song, or "A Proud History of a Short People"

*Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber*

Clever scholars start in poetry and art  
 Illuminating the mimmoth mind;  
 This is effort wasted if you haven't faced the  
 Proud beginnings of mimmoth kind.



\*

We were mammoths, mighty mighty mammoths  
 Long ago, as our forms reveal,  
 Rising in the cooling, conquering and ruling  
 An Earth that trembled beneath our heel.

Leaving our deposits lying in your closets  
 In your larders we hang our hats.  
 Mimmoths all, we rage against our fall; we'd  
 Rule the world if it weren't for cats!

We would smell the roses underneath our noses  
 Feared wherever we chose to go  
 Munching on the peaches never out of reach--the  
 Sabertooth was our only foe!

A youngster with the Spark saw mammoths in the park  
 Her youthful wishes her parents nixed  
 Saying don't forget; it's too big to be a pet, but  
 That, she realized, could be fixed.

When results were checked a detail unexpected  
 Left our maker a bit unnerved--  
 When you plan on turning mammoths into mimmoths,  
 Total mass is of course conserved!

Ancient legends swear I am a mammoth's heir,  
 A living link to the royal line;  
 I am a mimmoth, a mighty mighty mimmoth;  
 Any thing I can take is mine!



\*



\*

\*All mimmoths appear courtesy of Studio Foglio, and are ©2007 Phil Foglio; click on a mimmoth to go to Girl Genius; the wonderful comic book in which they occasionally appear.

# Mix That Puppy Down

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Go and tell the en gin eer, we will mix that pup py down!

Let's break out the chips and beer, We will mix that pup py down! Cause the har mo nies are

tight and the voi ces re verbed right So we'll mix that pup py, mix that pup py,

mix that pup py down! And the bass is push ing through with touch of warm E

Q. We'll just mix that pup py, mix that pup py, mix that pup py down.

Go and tell the engineer  
 We will mix that puppy down  
 The flute is playing sweet and clear  
 We will mix that puppy down.  
 The guitar is in a groove I don't think I can improve  
 Mix that puppy, mix that puppy, mix that puppy down  
 And nobody's gonna care if it stumbles here or there  
 Mix that puppy, mix that puppy, mix that puppy down!

Go and tell the engineer  
 We will mix that puppy down  
 Midnight and we're outta here  
 We will mix that puppy down.  
 What fan is going to scoff if the timing's slightly off?  
 Mix that puppy, mix that puppy, mix that puppy down.  
 If the harmony's a joke, that's what puts the "f" in folk.  
 Mix that puppy, mix that puppy, mix that puppy down!

# Mostly Good Magics

Catherine Faber

Soprano

He llo, young he ro, I see you ad ven ture; The steel of your eyes makes it  
 plain at a glance. I'm sure you know how a dea ler in ma gic can be your best friend if you  
 give her a chance, (Can sell li ttle wi dgets to help you ad vance!) We're Hon est An ge la's  
 Mo stly-Good Ma gics My shop is re plete with po ten tial un told. I'm a fraid you must  
 fill out this wai ver, Be fore I al low you to part with your gold!

Here's the thing for defending your party  
 A wand of chain lightning obtained by a friend  
 On sale today 'cause the aim's a bit quirky  
 Just set it down fast if your hair stands on end

We're Honest Andrea's Mostly-Good Magics  
 Twenty percent puts an item on hold...

A scout's alone when she faces the enemy  
 Life in the balance wherever she goes.  
 I have this cape that can turn you invisible  
 All but your feet, and who notices those?

We're honest Elena's mostly good magics  
 That scroll is still potent—just brush off the mold,

Here's a weapon I'm sure is enchanted,  
 Its previous owner, alas, went insane;  
 Just ignore the deep resonant laughter;  
 It's only attempting to rattle your chain.

We're Honest Abitha's Mostly-Good Magics  
 I'm sorry; that map wasn't meant to unfold...

Blessed being that channels God's power  
 Your faith is a shelter, your healing a boon  
 Holy armor will guard and defend you--  
 Remember, it has to be blooded at noon.

We're Honest Abraham's Mostly-Good Magics  
 The previous owner is out with a cold...

If it is broken, consider it sold!

# Moontage

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Mandolin

The moon is our bal ance, a bi nar y pla net, But lack ing the—

S

Mdn.

mass that would bank or a lign, Stone sculp ting fi res that moun tains of

S

Mdn.

gran ite For all of their ma jes ty bare ly con fine The blows of the ag es have

S

Mdn.

sha ttered and scarred A world with out wea ther to smooth an y shard.

S

The mir-ror of more than the— sun she a— ppears,— the dust where the

Mdn.

S

e ons have lay-ered their track, The her-ald who taught us the— dance of the—

Mdn.

S

spheres— The— door step that marks where our foot-prints turn back.

Mdn.

Dark turns the moon unexpected and fey,  
 Forsaking the night we pretend is her realm  
 In favor of sailing abroad in the day  
 Charting her course with no hand on the helm,  
 And sometimes when all is precisely aligned  
 Brief night out of season her shadow will bind.

Waxing her crescent is vivid and bright  
 A bow fully bent to take aim at the sun,  
 Two fingers that point to the heart of the night,  
 Uncowed by a race that can never be won.  
 Though she is barren, like treasure she glows  
 Ever retreating the brighter she grows.

Full the fair moon comes to face in her run  
 Caught in the cogs of a clockwork so vast  
 Over our shoulder the glare of the sun;  
 Sometimes she hides in the shadow we cast,  
 Reflecting a dusk dyed deep red by the glow  
 Of the dawn that embraced it two seconds ago.

Waning, the moon comes to close up the dance;  
 Later each night she will rise into play.  
 Retreat come full circle becomes an advance,  
 Patiently sidling into the day.  
 We call her inconstant--the light is to blame;  
 The face that she shows us is ever the same.

# Patience Isn't Tame

Catherine Faber

Soprano

Pa tience is my new ca noe, she dan ces o'er the foam. In

truth she is the swift est thing I've e ver pad dled home. She's

strong and fair and spi rit ed for all ad ven tures game,

Pa tience is a love ly boat, but Pa tience is n't tame!

Pa tience is n't tame my lads; Thank you all the same my lads.

Pa tience is a love ly boat but Pa tience is n't tame.

## Patience isn't Tame

*Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber, 2006*

Patience is my new canoe; she dances o'er the foam.  
In truth, she is the swiftest thing I've ever paddled home  
She's strong and fair and spirited: for all adventures game.  
Patience is a lovely boat but Patience isn't tame!

Patience isn't tame, my lads,  
Thank you all the same, my lads!  
Patience is a lovely boat but Patience isn't tame!

With bungees in the thwarts to hold my coat when it might rain,  
And tie-downs in the bilges floating luggage to retain  
She's perfect in most every way, except one minor claim:  
Patience is a lovely boat but Patience isn't tame!

A trout, a gull, a thoroughbred, she's long and lean and sleek  
Unsuited to the faint of heart whose swimming skills are weak  
If you come home sopping wet you've got yourself to blame;  
Patience is a lovely boat but Patience isn't tame!

Handle her respectfully; beware her boatish wrath;  
One wrong move and she'll decide it's time you had a bath!  
Other boats are couch potatoes; she's a spunky dame.  
Patience is a lovely boat but Patience isn't tame!



# Remembering Dave

Catherine Faber

Soprano

verse

G D Em C

On live jour nal that mor ning, I saw tracks, though eyes still wet, Where the

D C Em G

pas sing of Dave Al way swept a cross a griev ing net. It's not un til a

Am Em G D

thread is cut we see how deep it dives, How com plete ly it was wo ven in the\_\_

C Em chorus Em D

fa bric of our lives. We shared mem o ries on pa per and in

C Em D Am

let ters draw on light - Worked in thread on coun ted fa bric ar chived safe ly byte by

D G D C G

byte. Ev ery post prompts new re\_\_ mem brance, line by line the filk ers drew A con

D Em D (finish with G)

sen sus men tal mod el of the\_\_ Da vid that we knew.

## Remembering Dave

Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber 2007

G D Em C  
 On livejournal that morning, I saw tracks, through eyes still wet,  
 D C Em  
 Where the passing of Dave Alway swept across a grieving net.  
 G Am Em G  
 It's not until a thread is cut we see how deep it dives,  
 D C Em  
 How completely it was woven in the fabric of our lives.  
 Em D C Em  
 We shared memories on paper and in letters drawn on light  
 D Am D  
 Worked in thread on counted fabric, archived safely byte by byte  
 G D C G  
 Every post prompts new remembrance, line by line the filkers drew  
 D Em D (end mod to G)  
 A consensus mental model of the David that we knew.

Our quiet, gentle giant, Dave made filk, at least for me  
 Sweeter, like a spoon of amber honey in my tea.  
 Like a cup of rich hot chocolate, so comforting to hold  
 Whose warmth I took for granted till the hour the cup is cold.

We remember art and wordplay, buttons, jokes and poetry,  
 How he always pushed the envelope of all that filk might be;  
 His chair is cold and empty yet we feel his spirit rise,  
 Where parody is waiting with a giggle in her eyes.



Photo by Debbie Ridpath Ohi

# The Second Voice

Dedicated to Judi Miller, 22 October 2006.

Catherine Faber

Soprano

G D  
 Ju dy makes us laugh Ju dy makes us cry - Her  
 C G C D  
 face is bright and her hands are light, and we love to watch them fly—  
 G D  
 Songs take shape and form, and from her stance they shine, And the  
 C G C D  
 lyrics feel more alive and real as she echoes them in sign.

I almost understand and never wonder why.

The sweet songs play while she lights their way as a lantern draws the eye.

Beauty draws me in, enticed into her net,

As the music stands with her body's dance in a dual-tongued duet.

Judy's smart and strong; Judy's sweet and bold

A mirror true, with a different view of the story being told

Queen Chameleon of all the actor's art,

She shows her stuff leaving space enough for imagination's part!

**Judi Miller, interpreting English songs into ASL on the fly at FKO 2007**



These pictures, which don't by any means do her justice, are by Catherine Faber

# Signing Lullabye

Catherine Faber

Soprano

The musical score is written for Soprano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: 'Hush a bye, lull a bye, slee py by babe, Dad dy is wan der ing'. The second staff contains: 'far. But you\_ and I\_ will just\_ stay here, And wait right'. The third staff contains: 'where\_ we are, my love, And wait right where\_ we are'. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes, with some rests and slurs.

Hush a bye, lull a bye, slee py by babe, Dad dy is wan der ing

far. But you\_ and I\_ will just\_ stay here, And wait right

where\_ we are, my love, And wait right where\_ we are

Mommy is hearing and baby is hearing,  
 But Daddy is deaf through and through.  
 I promised him Mommy will learn to sign  
 And you'll have languages two, my love  
 And you'll have languages too.

You'll grow up and your hands will soar  
 Like birds whose travel is true  
 And you must be patient when Mommy can't sign  
 As well as Daddy and you, my love,  
 As well as Daddy and you.

# Solemn As Life Or As Death

Catherine Faber

Voice

Plastic and paper and steel and aluminum Sorting by color the  
bottles you smash; Down on the surface you say you're recycling but  
that's only sorting your trash! Phosphorus, nitrogen,  
sulfur and hydrogen, Carbon and oxygen, body and breath -  
Really recycling's a serious business as solemn as life or as death!

G	D	C	D	Ecology wrapping a fragile blue planet
G	D	C	D	Maintaining a system where sentience thrives
G	D	C	G	Honor and cherish it, try not to damage it,
G	D	C	G	Sharing the stuff of your lives.
C	D	G		
Really, recycling's a serious business,				
As solemn as life or as death.				

G	D	C	D	Feeding and care of ourselves and technology
G	D	C	D	Isn't the least of the spacefaring arts;
G	D	C	D	First we reuse, then repair, then recycle them
C	D	G		Stripping them down to their parts.

# Underground Rail


Catherine Faber

Soprano



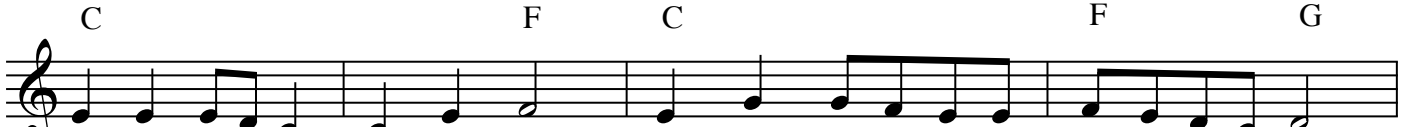
C F C G C F

You come to me with your face all white, Your fu ture sha ttered in a



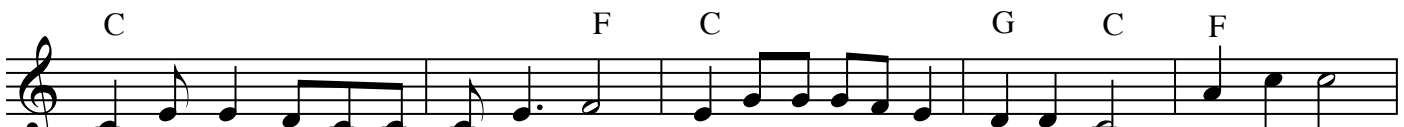
C G C F C F C G C

sin gle night. A bor tions are n't le gal here, but you've got op - tions, don't you fear!



C F C F G

I know Jen i fer, Jen knows Jane; Jane knows Kam i la who's work ing on a train.



C F C G C F

Friend to friend we sent the mes sage forth; Help ing a run a way safe ly north. You need be



C

some where free - We help wo men out of sla ver y Kam knows Ca the rine,



F C G C

Cat knows Gail; A no ther tie in the Un der ground Rail!

**Underground Rail**

Lyrics and melody by Catherine Faber

C F C G  
 You come to me with your face all white;  
 C F C G  
 Your future shattered in a single night.  
 C F C F  
 Abortions aren't legal here  
 C G C  
 But you've got options; don't you fear.

C F  
 I know Jennifer, Jen knows Jane;  
 C F G  
 Jane knows Kamila who's working on a train  
 C F  
 Friend to friend send the message forth  
 C G C  
 Helping a runaway safely north!  
 F  
 You need be somewhere free?  
 C  
 We help women out of slavery!  
 C F  
 Kam knows Catherine; Cat knows Gail  
 C G C  
 Another tie in the underground rail.

It'll be quiet here—have no doubt  
 "Staff " signs keep the passengers out  
 When the train pulls in at dawn,  
 You'll be two states farther on.

The living room couch is the best I got  
 Soft and warm, it's a friendly spot  
 It ain't much but the food is free:  
 Oatmeal cookies and herbal tea.

Slavers wait for such as we  
 Who cross from slave states into free.  
 They check the road, but what we'll do--  
 The bike trail crosses the border too.

When no one needs abortions done,  
 That's the day our battle's won.  
 We'll see our children, girl and boy  
 Conceived on purpose and born in joy!

## Index

Songs in this songbook are presented in alphabetical order by title.

The order of the songs on the CD is:

The Mimmoth's Song, or A Proud History Of A Short People .....	page 20
Solemn as Life or as Death.....	page 33
Dulcimer's Dance .....	page 8
Remembering Dave.....	page 28
Captain James' Song.....	page 4
Underground Rail.....	page 34
Lien's Song .....	page 18
Ista's Answer.....	page 14
Patience Isn't Tame .....	page 26
Brazen Hussy .....	page 2
Signing Lullabye.....	page 32
Ghost Ship of Diamond Shoals.....	page 10
Hymn to Athena.....	page 12
Landless Lady.....	page 16
Moontage.....	page 24
The Second Voice.....	page 30
Chocolate.....	page 6
Mix That Puppy Down.....	page 22
Mostly Good Magics.....	page 23

Description Page (short notes about each song) page 7

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 Remembering Dave page 29, picture of Dave Always by Debbie Ridpath Ohi, 2007  
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