

# Mayday

Note: key is D dorian

Catherine Faber

♩ = 90

Verses D m C D m D m G A m

1 A Fetch, she wears through sun and storm, Mir - ror of your face and form But  
You're Oc - to - ber, she is May. She is something more than fae. ———  
May - day dusk she wakes you all. To drag you to the Bel - tane Ball, But  
She can mold to her commands, Freshcaught ma - gic in her hands. A

5 D m C D m C D m C B $\flat$  A m

though your death she's bound to bring, You can get used to a - ny-thing.  
You are just a Chang - e - ling  
while the cof - fee she will bring,  
lit - tle blood, a lit - tle sting...

9 D m C D m

You can get used to a - ny-thing

13 D m C D m G A m

May is dan - cing stomp and swirl. Cour - ting with a ra - vengirl.

17 D m C D m C D m C B $\flat$  A m

Back and for - ward, dip and swing... You can get used to a - ny-thing.

21 D m C D m

You can get used to a - ny-thing

In the last three lines, the voice with the red notes (stems down) is the harmony for this verse.

Last verse:

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