

# For A Storyteller

Phillip Mills

D F#m G D F#m

Once there was a wiz - ard With  
Once there was a prin - cess, Proud

G D G G6

spells and wands and tomes, Who lived deep in the  
beau - ti - ful and kind, With frail wings at her

D G Em

wood - land In his qui - et cot - tage home. He  
shoul - ders And strong wings in her mind. She

D F#m G

wished the world would leave him To pur - suit of an - cient  
dreamed of court and cas - tle With each knock up - on the

Em Em7 G G6 D G C#dim7

lore. He loved his si - lent stud - y, But he loved his prin - cess  
door. She loved the roy - al gla - mour, But she loved her wiz - ard

G D G Em D Em7 D Em7

more. A man has died. He was no King Nor  
more.

D Em D Em7 D Em7  
 lord of the land; No gen-er-al; no sor-cer-or With  
 D Em A7 Em  
 pow-er in hand, But a sto-ry tell-ing teach-er, Mak-ing  
 A7 Em G D G D  
 mag-ic with his mind, Who spun the tales that spun the world That his  
 G G6 A7 C#dim7 G D  
 art-is-try de-signed. Some-where there's a  
 F#m G D G G6  
 wiz-ard Star-ing, thought-ful in his trance. Prin-cess paus-es,  
 D G Em D  
 wait-ing For the next step in her dance. If words should come to  
 F#m G Em Em7 G G6  
 move them, They would go on as be-fore. They loved the lives they  
 D G C#dim7 G D G D  
 dreamed of, But they loved each oth-er more.

History:

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