

THE FEDORAS



THE TRAGEDY
OF ADMIRAL KING

PRODUCTION NOTES

In 2003, Ben wrote "Admiral King", one of our first songs. The lyrics were good, but the music we added was not. It was shelved and we went on, writing more songs, playing gigs, learning to record, and eventually producing our first album, "Trouble on the High Seas". Along the way, Jacob had an idea to do a series of songs to find out more about Admiral King. The idea for this rock opera was born, and in January 2006, Jacob, Ben, Tim, and Scott worked out the story and all the songs. Two and a half years later, after many stops and starts, Admiral King was finally ready.

THE ROCK OPERA

In the tradition of works like Tommy, Quadrophenia, The Wall and 2112, a rock opera is not just an album of songs. Each song must tell a part of a larger story, both lyrically and musically. There are musical themes, and the songs flow from one to the next while the story is told. The challenge of producing an album is difficult enough, and we take off our hats to any who have successfully done it. Adding all the requirements of a rock opera makes this process even more challenging. You can't just write a song and decide where it fits on the album. You have to write a song for each part of the story, one that tells the plot and conveys the mood at that specific point. It must flow from the previous song, and set up the next song. There are many, many times when it seems an impossible task. However, when it's finally done, the effect is greater than any set of individual songs. A bigger story is told—one that couldn't be told any other way. In a world dominated by hit singles, the long-form album still has a place, and the rock opera a special place within that. Some songs are meant to be heard together, and some stories are too big for a track or two. We hope that the time you spend listening to Admiral King will reward you with a satisfying experience, and that you will gain a deeper understanding of the rock opera's unique, rare and vital place in the modern music landscape.

The Tragedy of Admiral King

PART I

1 OVERTURE (INSTRUMENTAL)

2 MISFORTUNE FORETOLD

Here we are again, at the end of this affair • And after all we find, we had lost before the start • It appears that we, being nothing but forgotten • Were swallowed by the ocean, and spit out into darkness • [CHORUS] • The ship was swaying, our hearts were weighing • The fate of our existence, in the hands of such a saint • And the wind was crying, our hope was dying • Misfortune had its way, misfortune had its way

3 THE CALM BEFORE

On the corner of Devon Street and West Portshead Lane, there is a pub. I found myself passing beneath the creaky sign of this particular pub swinging in the light wind of April, and it occurred to me that I had not tasted draft in several weeks. Having just returned from the colonies on a small trading vessel, I found that I could not resist the temptation. Upon entering the filthy establishment, I cast my eyes upon the man sitting in the corner entertaining the regulars. I asked the barkeep who the man was. The keep told me he was a regular, a man named King. Everyone knew his music, but no one really knew him. As I contemplated the stone-faced man, I found that my interest in him came not from his appearance, for he was not much to look at, but from his playing. I looked around and found that I was not alone. All through the simple establishment, people were keeping to themselves, but as he began to sing, others sang with him. By and by, a tumult of raspy, heartfelt, and thoroughly drunken voices joined in the revelry.

4 ROUND ONE

Good men, my friends, lend me your ears, lend me your hearts, or lend a pound • For when I came to London town, I found I've not but the wind at me back • [CHORUS] • Round one, our fun has just begun, the night is but a child, our spirits running wild • Round one, the tears that I would cry, to hear the ladies' sighs, our spirits running wild • Round one • So, drink, my friends, drink hearty now, drink with a smile, and not with a frown • Fill it all up, and drain it all down, then, perhaps, you'll buy me one too • [CHORUS]

5 LAST CALL

As the moon rose, the sorry vagrants of London stumbled into the night, until all that was left was a handful of drunks, including several Naval officers under the command of the distinguished Captain Basil. A veteran of both war and whiskey, Basil was in the company this evening of a vibrant flower. This Rose, however beautiful, acted as all roses do in the clutch of disrespect. In response to slander, she stung the faces of several brash sailors, and stormed into the night. Undetected by all save me and King, the sailors stole out the door after Rose.

6 DERRINGER

Just outside the scuffle breaks, dance that dance that shakes her conscience • On their breath the devil speaks, that makes men lust, the flower shrieks • Insinuating glances bare, the mark of sin on her soft skin • That glows beneath the lamp outside, with no one there to hear her cry • She's breaking down, she's breaking down, she's breaking down, she's breaking down • No one is the name of he, who sees the evil in the night • King is no on to deceive, but for his Rose he fights the fight • Stand for her who makes you quake, may chivalry reclaims it's face • For her he draws the battle line, for her he raises hell tonight • He joins the show,

of misery, he joins the show of misery • To keep the virgin maiden's power, to find the justice in a man • As cold as one in Satan's land, to be there in her darkest hour ... Come what may, as fate would say, cloaked in sailor's visage • The product of a fearing world, one shot to kill a man • Residing in the hand of his, resounding in the night • Whiskey cannot wake the dead, thus the guilty take their flight ... Bloody, battered, he stands alone, she's grateful but her horror shows • And the Captain's standing behind him, and death is on his hands

7 THE VERDICT

Rose, Rose, where is your heart? Who is this man? My officers, how could they? How could they have touched my Rose? The shot. That man had no gun. What did they call him - the Admiral? I'll send him to hell! I'll send them all to hell. She's mine, she's mine. My officers are innocent. They wouldn't, they couldn't. No, not Rose. It had to have been that man. • Basil, Basil, Basil. Calm yourself down. King will be punished and sent away. Rose will be mine. My men in the fray will be forgotten. No one saw it. No one can prove it wasn't him.

8 TRIAL AND TESTIMONY

How could such a man in such a time be not the one? • Guilty is as guilty does, and guilty is who shot the gun • Take this man away • [CHORUS] 'Twas grace to face that killed the man, merry men crossed the line • The officers fled their own crime, and King will bite the bullet • This is my testimony, injustice must not take its toll • Unbind this man and leave him be • Let this man be free! • After much deliberation and in much anticipation • There appears there is no contest, and it's much to our dismay • Take this man away • [CHORUS] • Taking one last chance, I stood in a frenzied rage, ranted and raved • My patience runs dry, how can this decision be? • You filthy little monster, you were paid off by the sea • You have no proof, the only witness was the man • I saw the scene. He's being framed. Ask his maiden. No, not the captain's. she is King's! • Apprehended, I was taken, I was beaten, I had lost • On his throne of lies, he sat spitting • Take these men away

9 WAVES AND CHAINS (INSTRUMENTAL)

10 CAPETOWN

Hear me men, our time has come. Break free our bonds, we'll take this ship • [CHORUS] • Without a fight, without resistance, our prison became our prize • By his resolve and my insistence, our breakout to the skies • Breakdown! ... At the port where most men sell their souls, we began our true adventure • Where most men are sold as slaves, we retrieved our freedom • With our newly taken ship, we set out towards the rising sun • With neither rhyme nor reason, we sailed away - Free Men! • [CHORUS]

PART II

11 LUCK OF THE DAMNED

It was dark and grey on that stormy day, when the ship set sail for the sea • Though the wind was a' howlin' and the waves were high, the ship fought on with a rage • The crew worked as hard as the dogs that they were, though they knew not where they were to go • For their fate rested, lo, in the hands of a man, a man named Admiral King.

12 SEVEN SEAS (INSTRUMENTAL)

13 FRENCH ANTILLES

Just about a year since we left that awful place, but my heart still beats steady for her grace • And though the wind is at our back, it seems I have to face the fact, that we travel further from Rose every day • [CHORUS] • And so we go, about our way, quite content, for now we stay • In the French Antilles, until the day, the waves bring us back • We spend our days at ease, doing anything we please, these islands have so many pretty girls • But my heart has never failed, and it's clear that soon we sail, towards the rotten soil that harbors lovely Rose • [CHORUS]

14 STARING AT THE MOON

It's so late, and I'm so tired, and I'm just sitting here, just killing time • but I'm alright, I'm alright, I'm alright, I'm alright • It's been too long since I've seen your face, but by providence or by simple grace • I shall find you, I shall find you, I shall find you, I shall find you • [CHORUS] • Staring at the moon, I'm in love with you, deep beneath its glow I come home • Restlessly awaiting I pray some day we'll be one • Staring at the moon, I'm in love with you, deep beneath its glow I come home • Restlessly waiting I pray this travesty's done • It's so hard without one as you, with your soft eyes, and your soft soul, and you're on my mind as I stare at the stars • we're so close but you're so far, and you're so far, you're so far, you're so far, you're so far • [CHORUS]

PART III

15 THE RETURN OF THE RAGGED SAINT

Lonely, lowly, dogged scum, banished by the smoking gun
• We were meant to be forgotten, to the fish and to the rum •
But we're back to claim what's ours, despite the wounds,
despite the scars • We're still the men we used to be, though
the sea is now our home • [CHORUS] • It's the return of
the Ragged Saint. The time is nigh, to meet our fate •
Sailing forward, in the night, ever closer, out of sight. •
The return of the Ragged Saint, her broken heart can
hardly wait • And as London sleeps tonight, the crew's
work hastens, silently • No mercy's held in English waves,
as both the Saint and coastline know • Though the ship and
coast share little, the stone-faced men don't let it show • Their
fear is near, but muscled down. They sail for King, but not
for crown • The sea, it roars tenaciously, but King and crew
don't make a sound • [CHORUS] • Having sailed around
the world, having seen so many girls • Having kissed the
sea mist at dawn, daggers drawn, black flag unfurled •
[CHORUS]

16 REUNITED WITH ROSE (INSTRUMENTAL)

17 ESCAPE

The wind is on our side, no longer have to hide • From evil
we are free, forever may we be, joyous • We live in peace,
we live in peace • Brothers we have been, survived the
lie of sin • Rose may now be safe, forever in a place, solace
• Running and running, we escape • Running and running, we escape •
Running and running, we escape

18 THE STORM (INSTRUMENTAL)

19 MISFORTUNE ON THE BAY OF BISCAY

Here we are again, at the end of this affair • And after all we
find, we had lost before the start • It appears that we, being
nothing but forgotten • Were swallowed by the ocean, and
spit out into darkness • [CHORUS] • The ship was swaying,
our hearts were weighing • The fate of our existence, in
the hands of such a saint • And the wind was crying, our
hope was dying • Misfortune had its way, misfortune
had its way • Fleeing towards our refuge, it was Spain that
we did seek • It was Spain that would accept us. It was there
that we'd be free! • It appears that we, being nothing but
forsaken • Were followed by the demon, and now we meet
our end • [CHORUS]

20 THE END OF THE FUSE

Hey, hey, bullets fly, sailors shout and sailors die • Hey, hey,
cutlass drawn, dead men sing their farewell song • Hey, hey,
battle call, moon will rise as good men fall • Hey, hey, come
what may, but none will live another day • Hic sunt dracones!

21 THE FALL OF THE KING

Sabres drawn, and sabres met, no mercy here, and no
forgiveness • They circle round, and stare each other down ...
King is felled, and Basil bled, Rose lays on her death bed •
None of them shall see another day • It was never meant to be
like this, as King draws in another kiss from Rose • Soon they'll
place our names among the stars! • Soon we'll be at peace
among the stars • He spoke to her, and then he closed his eyes

22 FIN

This tale will never be forgotten, wherever the salt is in the
air • Wherever bold songs are passed along, wherever good
men and rebels dare • Some fight for glory, and some for gold
• For Rose and freedom, this bell did toll • Their flag was black,
but their cause was just • no matter if destined for ashes or
dust • Their tale will live on in the flap of the sails and the
creak of the ropes, and the pluck of the string • This man
named Admiral King, this man named Admiral King • His name will
be carried on the wings of the wind, and the ships and the
sails, and the waves and the gales • This man named
Admiral King, this man named Admiral King ... His name will
be carried on the wings of the wind, the ships and the sails,
and the waves and the gales • This man named Admiral King,
this man named Admiral King, this man named Admiral King

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and mastered by The Fedoras. Completely produced on
a Mac iBook using Garageband. www.thefedoras.net

THE FEDORAS

Ben Jones - *lyrics, lead vocals, bass,
viola, accordian*

Tim Moehring - *drums*

Scott Moehring - *backing vocals, electric and
acoustic guitar, tin whistle,
didjeridu, bodhran*

Jacob Hawkins - *mandolin, electric and
acoustic guitar*

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

David Hawkins - *cello*

**Megan Moehring, Emily Astorian
& Anna Piper** - *choir in End of the Fuse*

Matt Thacker - *2nd electric guitar solos in
Capetown and End of the Fuse*

2008 Bluecoats Drum & Bugle Corps -
field snares and brass
Chris, Jeremiah, Bryan, Niles,
Jeff, Drew, and the rest of the
best drum corp in the world

The Bryn Du Bandits - *pub and pirates*
Steve, Spencer, Cam,
Schmitty, Ben, Tim,
Andrew, and Super

*A sincere and heartfelt thanks to everyone who helped
us with this project, directly or indirectly. It would
never have been completed without your support
and encouragement. Raise a glass to King!*