INTRODUCTION

In my trademark literal-minded style, these lyrics are meant to conform exactly to the rhythms of voices (guitar parts) in two works. I probably did not achieve exactly that.

First, John Wiesenthal of Rochester’s Hochstein School of Music and Dance (50 Plymouth Ave. North, Rochester NY 14614) has written and arranged, and is continuing to write and arrange, fun pieces for guitar ensemble. Chaparral is an original trio, and sounds like a rather harmonically-adventurous theme for a western TV series or movie. If you like equinacious prose, check out the Carulli Romance Programs #3.

Second, Bugs Bower’s Bop Duets, treble clef edition, are still in print (Charles Colin Publisher, 23 Gregg Court, Tappan NY 10983), and the complete set is available in one volume from several vendors on the web as well as the publisher. This lyric is for part 1 of No. 12.

– Chris Brown 2010
SCRUB OAK SCALENE

Chaparral
Irreg.

Christopher Brown, 2009
John Wiesenthal, Trios for Guitar, 1994

Girl Vocal Solo (Top Line):
I love that cowboy! Love his jeans, love his boots.
How he plays his guitar, how he rides... and shoots!
I’m young and lusty, rancher’s daughter, rich of course –
How can he just ignore me? It couldn’t... be that horse!?
(Last time) No!

(Cow) Boy Vocal Solo (Middle Line):
Blonde mane, golden shine – love that pal-o-mine oh,
Soft nose, five gaits, we’re hot to trot when we go out on dates.
We’ll get a grub stake, we’ll buy a spread.
Someday those laws will change and... we’ll be wed!
(Last time) Whoa!

Horse Vocal Solo (Bass Line):
Love it when he’ll fork my oats for supper, and cinch my crupper, curry my hocks, and
When he pats me and calls me ‘Brown Eyes’, I’m thrilled right down to my four fetlocks.
Still doubt slithers along my withers since he’s poor, dips snuff, and wears spurs.
But that ranch girl, she makes my hooves curl, I’d just love to be hers.
(Last time) Oh!

Last Time: Tutti, with Big Finish.
GOOD FRIENDS

Bop Duet Number 12
Irreg.

Christopher Brown, 2009
Bugs Bower Bop Duets, 1980

Violets are showing,
Tulips are growing,
Sunday sun’s shining,
But still my heart is pining,

’Cause your flirting is so teasy,
Manner’s so breezy,
It all makes me queasy:
We’re GOOD FRIENDS – I could die!

The crocus poking,
Flame tree a-smoking,
I don’t think I can keep-this-up
You are going to drive me crazy!

How-can-I make you see
You mean so much to me?
It’s not enough to be
Your GOOD FRIEND.

Every bunny, butterfly, Bambi;
Every bluebird, bumblebee
Buzzing by the brook,
Thinks it’s funny you’re so namby-pamby
That you never even give me a look.

Now the Tem-per-a ture’s falling,
Wild geese are calling,
Back I keep crawling,
But here we are just where we were so
Why-can’t-I just face it?
Love won’t replace it
Guess I’ll embrace it –
We’re GOOD FRIENDS.