

THE DENVER EARLY MUSIC SCENE

S-Sally
A-Mary
T-Nancy
B-Ann
C
V-Connie

Way back in nineteen-sixty-three (moderato)
Recorders were a rarity
And those folks who did not like rock
Thought music had begun with Bach (slower)
With a soulful sigh and a weary moan
The closet consorts played alone
All waiting to attain their dream
Of a Denver early music scene.

V-Connie
A-Mary
T-Nancy
C

But then a lady came to town (pick up)
Who said, when she had looked around
"Things never will come right-unless
I start a Denver A R S"
With a-one-and-a-two and a clap-clap-clap
She put this Chapter on the map
So hail Augusta - she's the queen
Of the Denver early music scene.

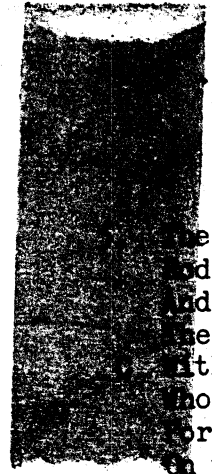
S-Ann
S-Sally
C

3. The word went out to players all
To gather in Augusta's hall
She passed out lovely music which
Each played at his accustomed pitch
With an eek-squeak-squawk - the winds blew free
God spare us this cacaphony
"Ah, sacre' bleu" Augusta cries
"We'll tune and then we'll organize".

V-Nancy
A-Sally
T-Connie
C

4. Dick Bostwick passed the jobs around
But then to his chagrin, he found
Of leadership they were bereft
And he, the only member left
With a ha-ha-ha- and a ho-ho-ho
It serves you right, you so-and-so
You tried to shirk, but you'll repent
While serving as first President.

R-Ann
B-Mary



the years passed by - the Chapter grew
and Horton joined, and Connie too
and in our land, like a bilious bird,
the voice of the krummhorn first was heard
With a te-ke-te-ke-te-ke and a daht-daht-daht
who shall we have for Spring Workshop?
For the vibes are good-what growth there's been
on the Denver early music scene.

V-Ann
N-Sop Buz
M Sop Buz
Sally Alto

6. But then our President ran away (minor key-
What happened there we cannot say (deplorando)
We were naive - we did not ken
The power of those Kansas man!
C With a ticky-ticky-ticky (major key-
and a hey-diddle-diddle a tempo)
What makes a lady flip her fipple?
And though we thrilled to the hint of sin
Such things can do a Chapter in.

7. We made authentic garb to wear
And went off to the Renaissance Faire
We sang "cuckoo" and played each set
For all the money we could get
C With a hey-nonny-nonny and the old whiplash
Connie, hold out for more cash!
For we'll give our all - each knave and wench
In perfect medieval French!

Nancy Voice
Connie - Tamb
+ Voice
Mary-bass

8. So now our Chapter's reached fifteen -
An adolescent, squeaky-clean (maestoso)
In just six years, what joy there'll be
When we achieve adult-ery!
C With a tra-la-ia- and a hey-ding-a-ding (a tempo)
Come join us as we do our thing
For every day's like Hallwe'en
In the Denver early music scene.

Alto in
Buz