

Crazy Rabbit Songs

*Secret Message
Come In Flying Saucer, Do You Read?
Leaving Home. Federal.*

a song cycle for soprano, flute, and piano

dédié à Catherine Issalys

music by Mark Warhol
words by Hardy Coleman

STAGING INSTRUCTIONS

This song cycle should be staged with the soprano, flutist, and pianist all participating in the movement. For example, in *Secret Message*, the soprano teaches the flutist how to dance the *chicken*. It is necessary that the soprano and flutist memorize their parts to allow them freedom of movement on stage. There is no reason for an elaborate staging requiring expensive sets and/or props as a simple staging will suffice. Note the video of a performance on the composer's website.

ACCIDENTALS WITHIN A MEASURE

normal convention : an accidental affects all notes of the same pitch in the same octave

LICENSES AND FEES

performing rights organization : ASCAP
publisher : Deaf Smith Publishing
publisher email : mw@markwarhol.net

COMPOSER INFORMATION

web : www.markwarhol.net

Secret Message

(for Larry Kemp)

by Crazy Rabbit

Ah so! Honorable Ninja Mon,
ret's see you frap your rips for the radies and gents.
Ah one, and ah two, and ah three, and ah four
pick uppa sticks and shut the door
Resrie Gore is a big fat. . .

CUT!

Your mission, should you choose to accept it
(Of course, if you don't you will self destruct.)
Your mission, should you be damn fool enough to accept it
is (Keep this QUIET, ya hear me?)
to infiltrate the ranks and bring a message from beyond.

Carefully now: Point both feet left,
left hand up and out like a cobra,
right palm up, arm down and behind.
Now, do the chicken with your head like Gladys Knight
at Smokin' Pharaoh's Jumpin' Jive. . .
Good. Keep it moving now. Repeat after me,
but pay attention kiddies,
this is the tricky part,
the sticky part,
the artsy part,
don't fart, look smart,
this is the part where you win his heart.
1, 2, 3, repeat after me:

I ain't gonna take no namby pamby
ain't gonna take no foolin' around
ain't gonna buy no commissary
gonna get me a T-bone right downtown!

I ain't gonna stand at four o'clock
gonna leave my shirt tail hanging out
I'm gonna sleep naked in my room
gonna quit eating that sewer trout.

I ain't gonna take no namby pamby
ain't gonna take no foolin' around
ain't gonna buy no commissary
gonna get me a T-bone right downtown!

I ain't gonna strip and spread my cheeks
ain't gonna piss in no plastic cup
might lay in bed and snore for weeks
get drunk, fall down, and not get up.

I ain't gonna take no namby pamby
ain't gonna take no foolin' around
ain't gonna buy no commissary
gonna get me a T-bone right downtown!

I ain't gonna say no "YES SIR! NO SIR!"
ain't gonna kiss no warden's ass
gonna step right out when I'm good and ready
gonna fly this joint, gonna have a gas.

I ain't gonna take no namby pamby
ain't gonna take no foolin' around
ain't gonna buy no commissary
gonna get me a T-bone RIGHT DOWNTOWN!

Copyright 1998 Hardy Coleman

Come In Flying Saucer, Do You Read?

by Crazy Rabbit

Flying Saucer used to drag a cardboard box up Railroad Street.
Rubber bands and tin cans
chicken bones, small smooth stones, and broken china tea cups
rattled inside.
Four or five cats,
his true believers, his faithful
(unless it was raining)
followed him and squabbled over tuna fish in oil.

He'd cross the tracks and wave a live oak stick,
holler to some rhythm from the outer reaches
which the country western stations never play
and scour the trash cans
and the alley back of Schuler's five and dime
for parts to fix his ship.

Me and Willey Joe Bounds and Artie Taylor
used to try and lurk up his back side
and heist a piece of treasure from his box
It was dangerous. He could move flat out with that cane,
and he's screech a hex on you in Martian
that'd stick like skunk and prickly pear.
I only got hit once,
and that's cause Artie yellow bellied out
running interference.
My left ear stung awhile, but the curse
made me lose eleven bucks in black jack,
a cat's eye marble, and my Green Lantern issue #12.

Old Flying Saucer was a secret agent.
We could tell about them kind of things.
But he wadn't from Russia
and he wadn't no ordinary human being.
He took his orders through microwave transmission
beamed direct to the coat hanger and Reynold's wrap antenna
that he wore around his head.
He knew stuff,
like how to keep all them cats fed,
how to breathe without air,
and which cans, rocks, and bottle caps
work best in zero G.

Some of the older kids said it weren't true.
Said no way would he land in Navasota.
He'd a gone to Washington D.C. or California
where they know how to treat celebrities.
But maybe he just didn't give a hoot about being famous.
Me? I think he wanted to get home, is all,
and our piney woods town was as good as any for a pit stop.

But finally he did leave,
Lifted off, I suppose, and took his business with him.
Half downtown's got boarded up windows now,
and he don't rant and rave down Railroad Street no more,
and don't nobody bring us nigger talk from Mars.
The stray cats yowl at the stars behind the moon,
and I wonder if he hears them, or remembers
that he still owes me a comic book, a marble,
and another hand at black jack.

I guess I'll have to wait.
He's a million years away
twinkling tonight.

Copyright 1998 Hardy Coleman

Leaving Home. Federal.

by Crazy Rabbit

When I woke up I knew you'd been a dream
because I'd slept without remembering
wanting to sleep with you.

I wasn't hungry
I wasn't horny
or particularly insane.
I just think you finally made it to my night.

You musta slipped past the guards and kissed me
'cause I swear, for a moment there I saw your face
before there was daylight
but after the stars,
that sad smile when the music's over
and everybody took you home.

So I got up and made the day.
For the first time in a week this morning
I didn't crave you like a fix
and tonight I broke down
and cried in front of men
and I was held.

You know, sometimes these dreams. . .
sometimes these dreams visit.

Copyright 1998 Hardy Coleman

Secret Message

Soprano: Ah so! Honorable Ninja Mon,
ret's see you frap your ribs for the radies and gents.
Ah one, and ah two, and ah three, and ah four
pick uppa sticks and shut the door
Resrie Gore is a big fat. . .

♩ = 92 *sing and play the piano wildly*

S. *fff* CUT! *ff* Your mis— sion, should you choose to ac— cept it.

Pno. *ff* *f* *Sva*

S. 3 *ppp* (Of course, if you don't you will self destruct.) *f* Your mis— sion, should you be damn

Pno. *f* *mf* *Sva*

S. 5 fool e— nough to ac— cept it *f* is

Pno. *f* *Sva*

7 *pp* *f*

S. (Keep this QUIET, ya hear me?) to in—fil—trate the ranks

Pno. *f* *mf* *15^{ma}* *15^{ma}* *15^{ma}* *3* *3* *3* *8^{vb}*

9

S. and bring a mes—sage from be—yond.

Pno. *15^{ma}* *15^{ma}* *15^{ma}* *15^{ma}* *f* *3* *3*

11 ♩ = 84 *p* (*soprano teaches the "chicken" to the flutist*)

S. Care—ful—ly now:

Pno. (*pianist repeats measure 11 until flutist is on stage*) *p* *pp* *3* *3* *3* *3*

13 *p*

S. Point both feet left,

Pno. *p* *pp* *p*

15 *p*

S. left hand up and out like a co—bra,

Pno. *pp*

17 *p*

S. right palm up, arm down

Pno. *pp*

19 *p*

S. and be— hind. Now,

Pno. *pp*

21 *mp*

S. do the chick—en with your head like Gla— dys Knight at Smok— in' Phar— aoh's

Pno. *p*

23 *f*

S. *f*
 Jump in' Jive.

8va

Pno. *f*

25 *f* *f*

S. *f*
 Good. Keep it mov—ing now.

Pno. *mf* *f* *mf*

27 *f* *mf*

S. *f* *mf*
 Re—peat af—ter me, but pay at—ten—tion kid—dies,

8va

Pno. *f* *mf* *mf* *mp*

29 *mp*

S. *mp*
 this is the trick—y part, the stick—y part, the art—sy part,

Pno. *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *mp* *mp*

31

S. don't fart, look smart, this is the part where you win his

Pno. *p* *mp* *p* *mp*

33

S. heart. 1, 2, 3, re-peat af-ter

Pno. *mp* *mf* *mp*

35

S. me: I ain't gon-na take no nam-by pam-by

Pno. *f* *mf* *f*

♩ = 88

crescendo

37

S. ain't gon-na take no fool-in' a-round ain't gon-na buy no com-mis-sar-y

Pno.

39

S. *p*
 gon— na get me a T - bone right down— town! I

Pno. *diminuendo* *p*

41

S. *pp*
 ain't gon— na stand at four o'— clock gon— na leave my shirt— tail hang— ing out

Pno. *pp*

43

S. *pp*
 I'm gon— na sleep na— ked in my room gon— na quit eat— ing that sew— er trout.

Pno. *pp*

45

S. *f*
 I ain't gon— na take no nam— by pam— by

Pno. *crescendo* *f* *mf*

47

S. ain't gon—na take no fool—in' a—round ain't gon—na buy no com—mis—sar—y

Pno.

49

S. gon—na get me a T - bone right down—town! I

Pno.

p

diminuendo *p*

51

S. ain't gon—na strip and spread my cheeks ain't gon—na piss in no plas—tic cup

Pno.

pp

53

S. might lay in bed and snore for weeks get drunk, fall down, and not get up.

Pno.

55

S. *f*
I ain't gon—na take no nam— by pam— by

Pno. *crescendo* ——— *f* *mf*

57

S. ain't gon—na take no fool— in' a—round ain't gon—na buy no com— mis— sar— y

Pno.

59

S. gon—na get me a T - bone right down— town! I

Pno. *diminuendo* ——— *p*

61

S. ain't gon—na say no "YES SIR! NO SIR!" ain't gon—na kiss no war—den's ass

Pno. *pp*

63

S. gon- na step right out when I'm good and read- y gon- na fly this joint, gon- na have a gas.

Pno.

65

S. I ain't gon- na take no nam- by pam- by

Pno. *crescendo* *f* *mf*

67

S. ain't gon- na take no fool- in' a- round ain't gon- na buy no com- mis- sar- y

Pno.

69

S. gon- na get me a T - bone RIGHT DOWN_TOWN!

Pno. *crescendo* *f*

71

S. 

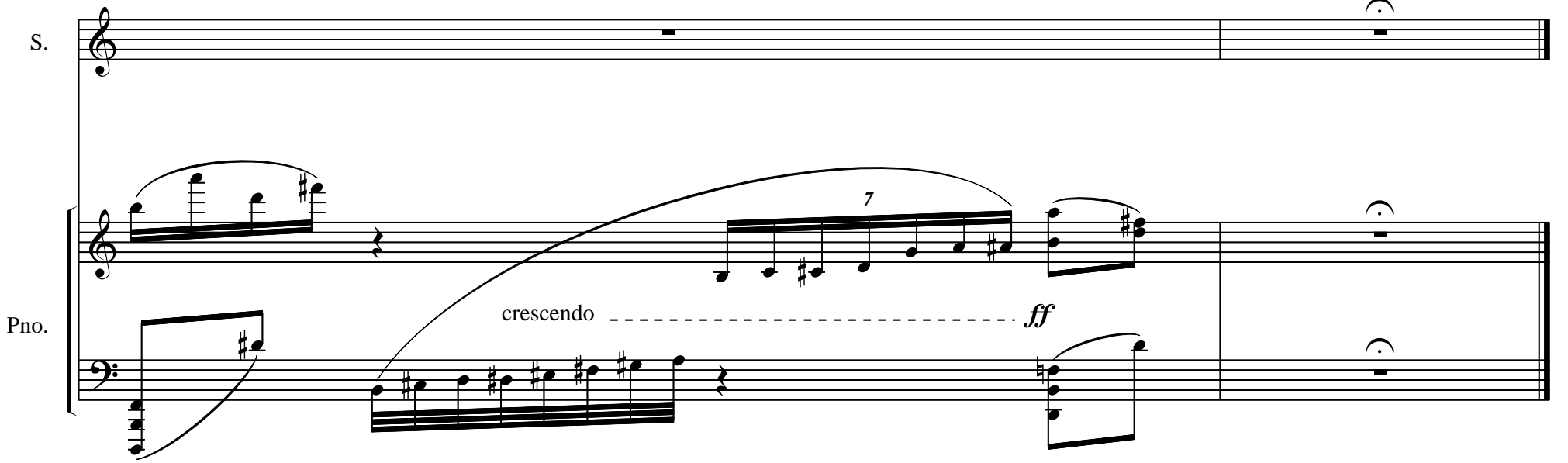
Piano part details: The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and triplets. The left hand has a bass line with triplets and rests.

73

S. 

Piano part details: The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and triplets. The left hand has a bass line with triplets and rests.

75

S. 

Piano part details: The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and a 7-measure phrase. The left hand has a bass line with slurs and rests. Dynamics include *crescendo* and *ff*.

Come In Flying Saucer, Do You Read?

♩ = 60 *in a melancholy mood*

S.

Fl.

3
S.

Fl.

5
S.

Fl.

7
S.

Fl.

9
S.

Fl.

11
S. Fly ing Sau cer used to drag a card

Fl.

13 *3* *3* *3*

S. *3* *3* *3*
 board box up Rail road Street.

Fl. *3* *3* *3* *pp*

15 *pp*

S. *pp*
 Rub-ber bands and tin cans chick-en bones, small smooth stones,

Fl. *ppp*

17

S.
 and bro-ken chi-na tea-cups rat-tled in-side.

Fl. *pp*

19 *pp* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

S. *pp* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 Four or five cats his true be-liev-ers, his faith-ful,

Fl. *ppp* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

21 *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

S. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 (unless it was raining) fol-lowed him and squab-bled o-ver tu-na fish in oil.

Fl. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

23 *♩* = 63 *ff* *3* *3* *3* *3*

S. *ff* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 He'd cross the tracks and wave a live oak stick,

Fl. tremolo *f* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

25

S. hol—ler to some rhythm from the out—er reach—es which the coun—try west—ern sta—tions nev—er play

Fl. *ff* *f* *ff* *f* *ff* *f* *ff*

27

S. and scour the trash cans and the al—ley back of Schu—ler's five and dime

Fl. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*

29

♩ = 66

S. for parts to fix his ship.

Fl. *f* *ff* *mf*

31

S. Me and Wil—ley Joe Bounds and Art—ie Tay—lor used to try and lurk up his back—side

Fl. *f*

33

S. and heist a piece of treas—ure from his box. It was dan—ger—ous.

Fl. *f* *mf*

35

S. He could move flat out with that cane, and he'd screech a hex on you in Mar—tian

Fl. *f* *mf*

37

S. that'd stick like skunk and prick-ly pear. I on-ly got hit once,

Fl. *f* *mf*

39

S. and that's 'cause Art-ie yel-low bel-ied out run-ning in-ter-fer-ence.

Fl. *f*

41

S. *f* My left ear stung a-while, but the curse made me lose e-lev-en bucks in black-jack,

Fl. *mf*

43

S. a cat's eye mar-ble, and my Green Lan-tern is-sue num-ber twelve.

Fl.

45 $\text{♩} = 69$

S.

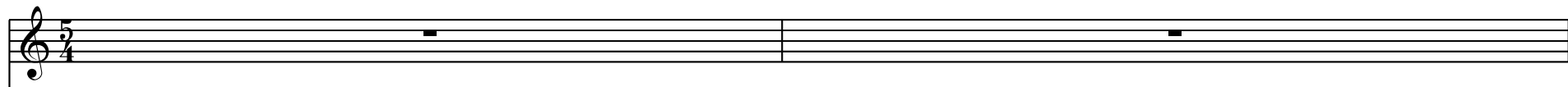
Fl. *mf* *mp*

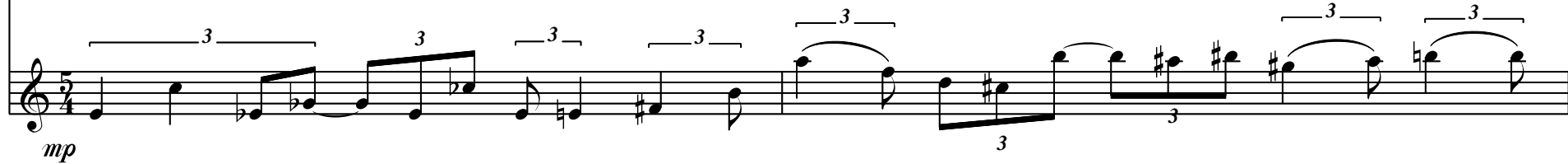
47

S.

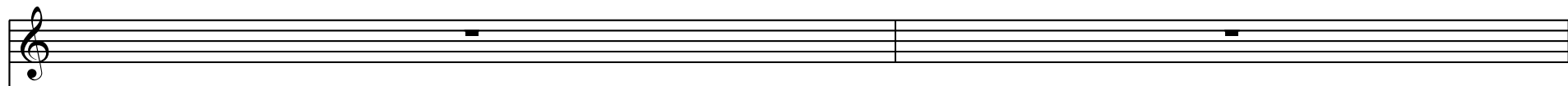
Fl. *mf*

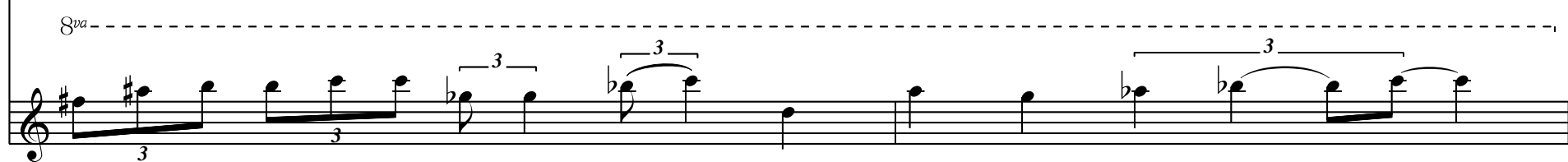
49

S. 


Fl.  *mp*

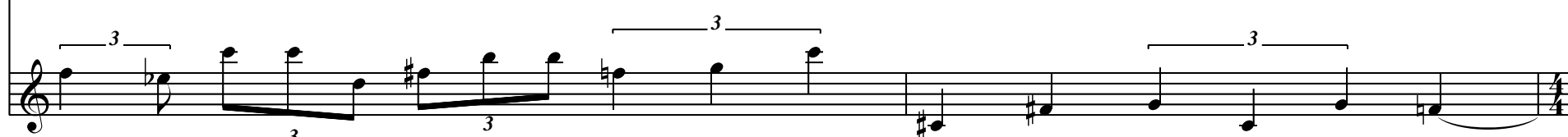
51

S. 

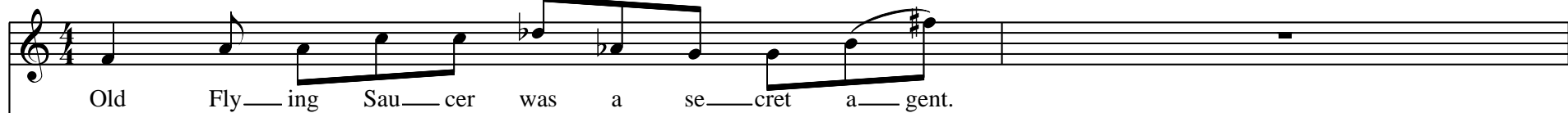
Fl.  *8va*


53

S. 


Fl. 

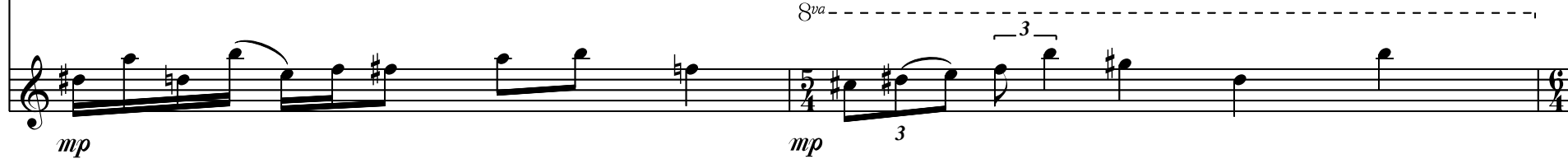
55 *mf*

S.  Old Fly—ing Sau—cer was a se—cret a—gent.


Fl. 

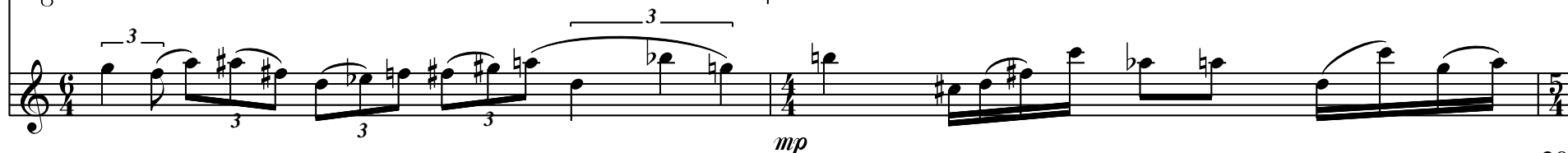
57 *mf*

S.  We could tell a—bout them kind—a things. *mf* But he wad—n't from Rus—sia

Fl.  *8va* *mp*

59

S.  and he wad—n't no or—di—nar—y hu—man be—ing. *mf* He took his or—ders through mi—cro—wave trans—mis—sion

Fl.  *8va* *mp*

61

S. beamed di-rect to the coat hang-er and Rey-nold's wrap an-ten-na that he wore a-round his head.

Fl.

63

S. *mf* He knew stuff, like how to keep all them cats fed,

Fl. *mp*

65

S. how to breathe with-out air, and which cans, rocks,

Fl.

67

S. and bot-tle caps work best in ze-ro G.

Fl.

69

S.

Fl. *p*

$\text{♩} = 66$

71

S. *mp* Some of the old-er kids said it weren't true. Said no way

Fl. *p*

73

S. would he land in Na—va—so—ta. He'd a gone

Fl. *p*

mp

75

S. to Wash—ing—ton D. C. or Cal—i—for—nia. where they know how to treat ce—leb—ri—ties.

Fl. *p*

mp

77

S. But may— be he just did—n't give

Fl. *p*

mp

79

S. a hoot a—bout be—ing fa—mous. Me? I think he want—ed

Fl. *p*

mp

81

S. to get home, is all, and our pine—y woods town was as

Fl. *p*

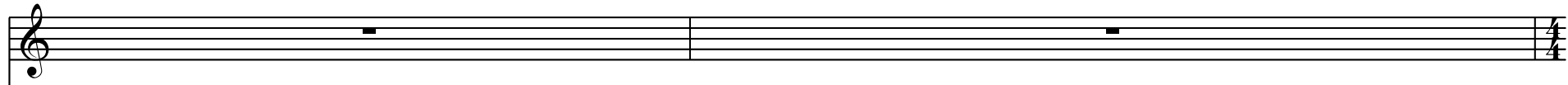
83


S. good as an—y for a pit— stop.

Fl. *p*


85

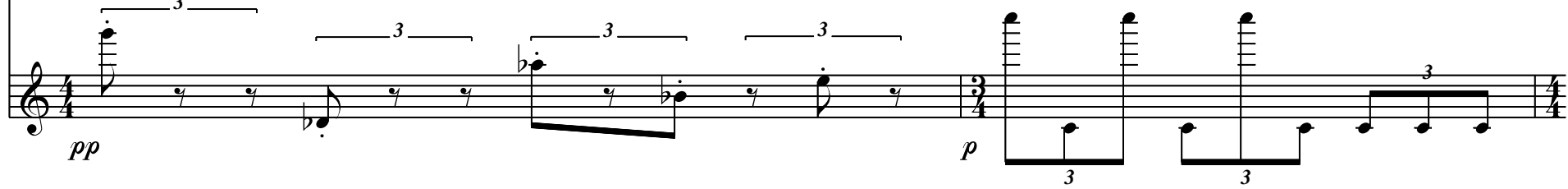
♩ = 63

S. 

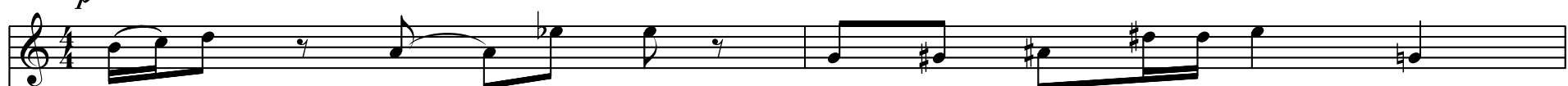
Fl. 


87

S. *p*  But fi—nal—ly he did leave.

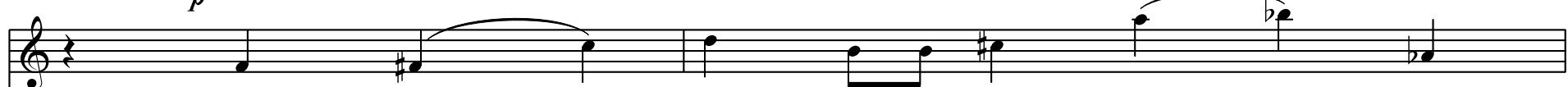
Fl. *pp* 

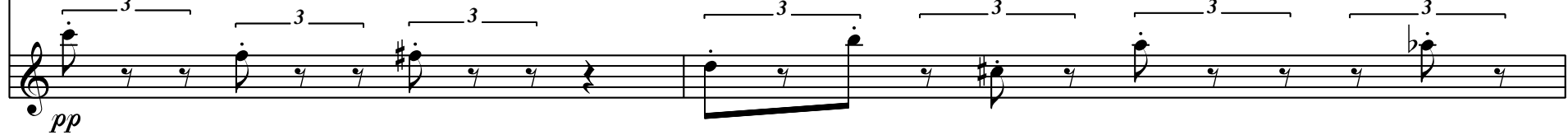
89

S. *p*  Lift—ed off, I sup—pose, and took his busi—ness with him.


Fl. *pp* 


91

S. *p*  Half down—town's got board—ed up win—dows now,


Fl. *pp* 

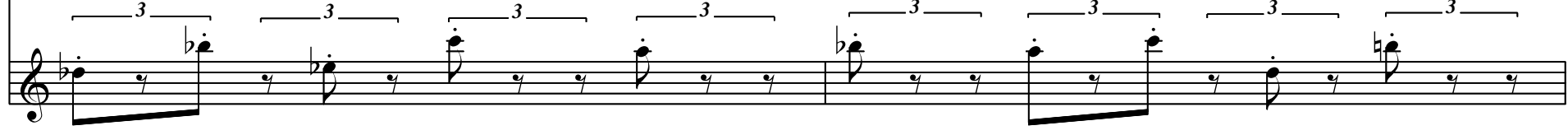
93

S.  and he don't rant and rave down Rail—road Street no more,

Fl. 


95


S.  and don't no—bod—y bring us nig—ger talk from Mars.

Fl. 

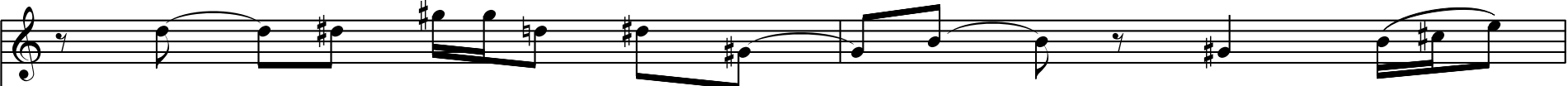
97

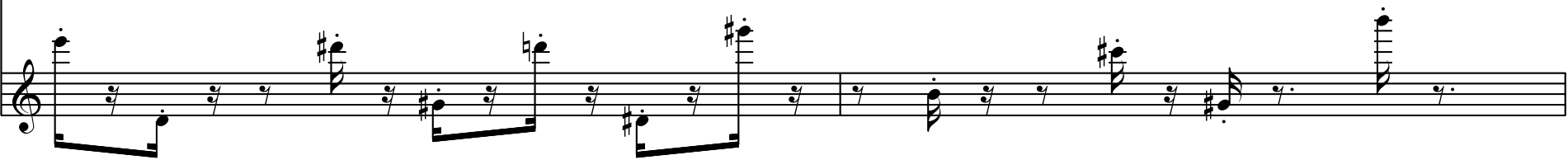
p

S.  The stray cats yowl at the stars behind the moon,


Fl. 

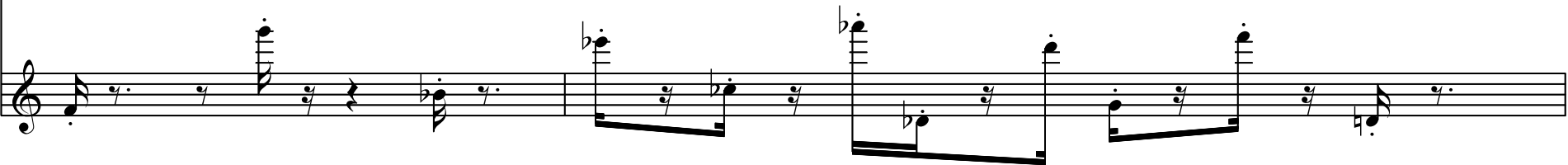
99

S.  and I wonder if he hears them, or remembers


Fl. 

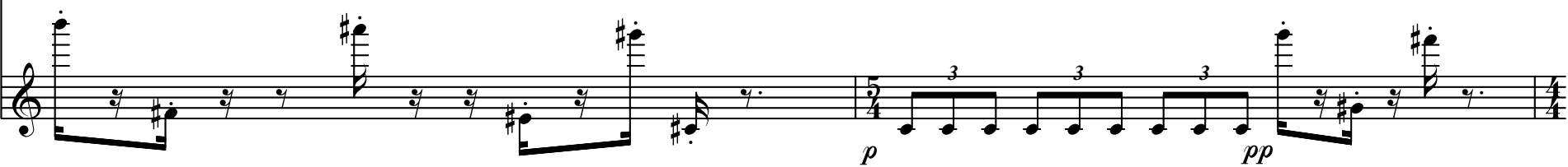
101

S.  that he still owes me a comic book, a marble,

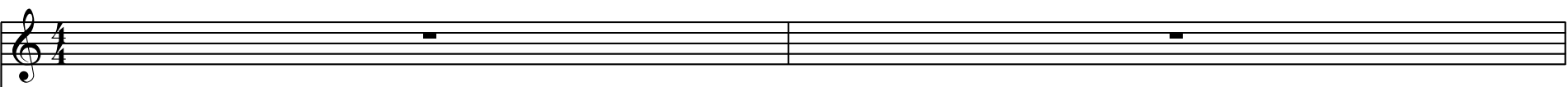
Fl. 

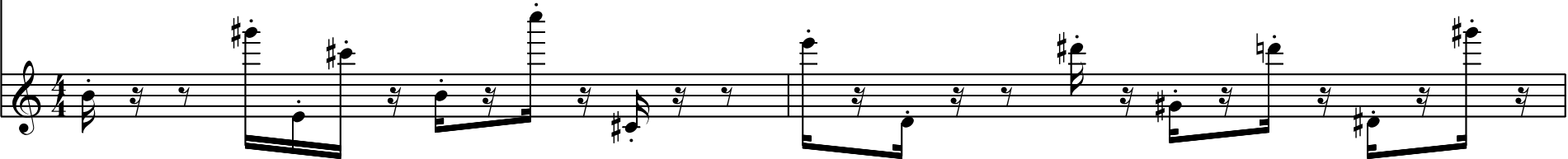
103

S.  and another hand of black-jack.


Fl. 

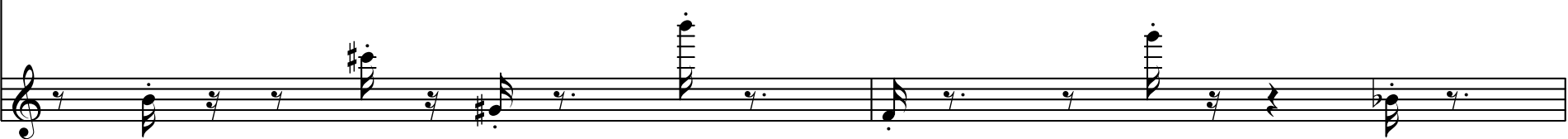
105

S. 


Fl. 

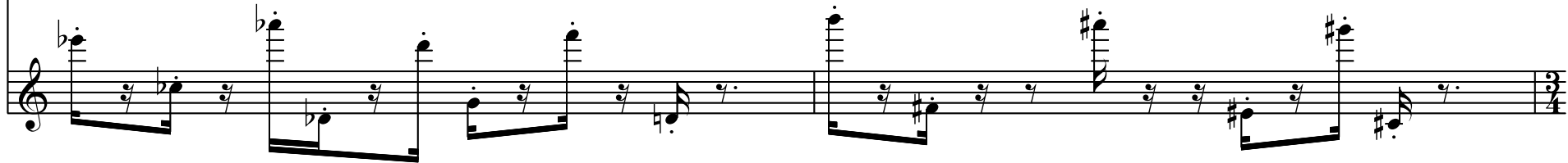
107

S. 


Fl. 

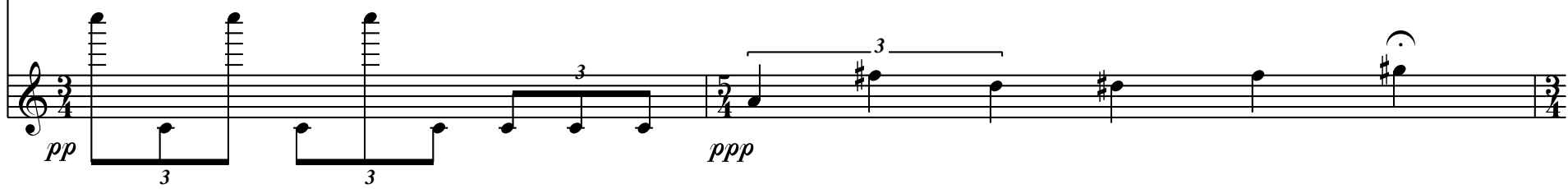
109

S. 

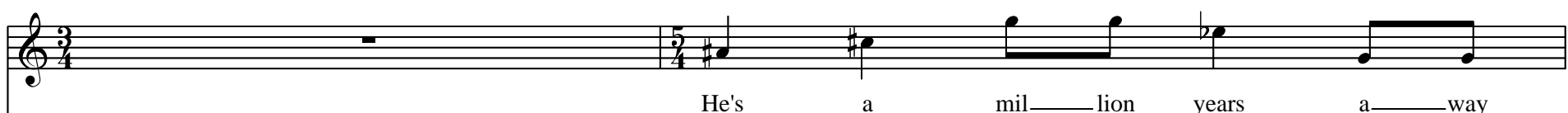
Fl. 


111 $\text{♩} = 60$

S. 
I guess I'll have to wait.

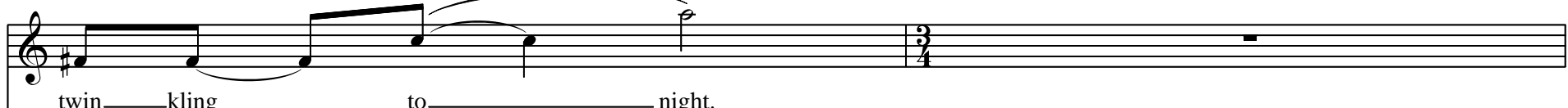
Fl. 

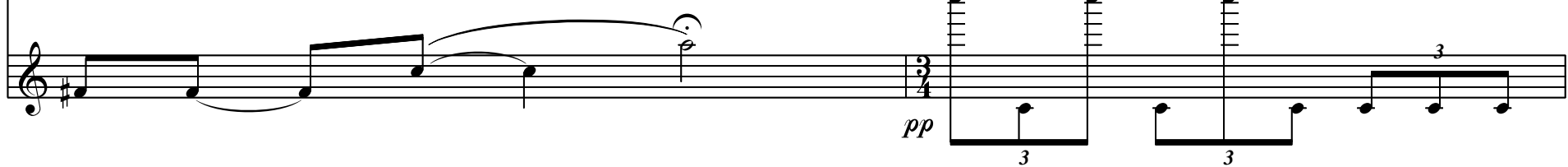
113

S. 
He's a mil— lion years a— way

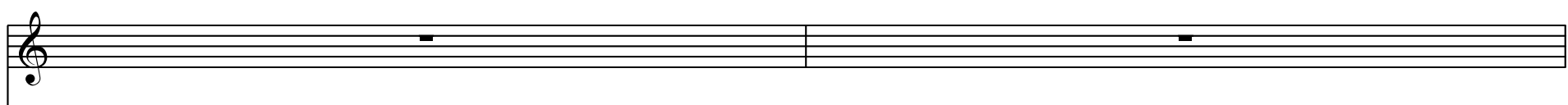
Fl. 

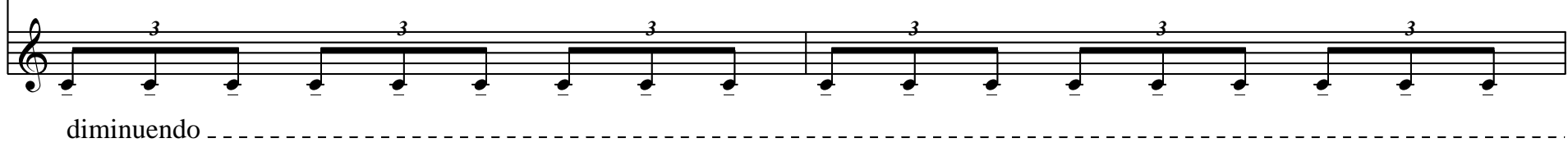
115

S. 
twinkling to night.


Fl. 

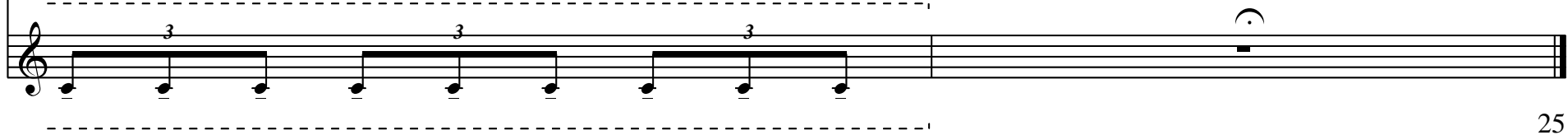
117

S. 

Fl. 

119

S. 

Fl. 


Leaving Home. Federal.

♩ = 50 *simultaneously sad and hopeful*

S. *mp*
When I woke up I knew you'd been a dream be-cause I'd slept with-out re-mem-ber-ing

Fl.

Pno. *mp*

Red.  (pedal locked down with wedge)

4 *mp* $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$
want-ing to sleep with you. I was- n't hun- gry

Fl.

Pno. *mp*

7 $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$
I was- n't horn- y or par- tic- u- lar- ly in- sane, I just think you

Fl.

Pno.

10 ♩ = 60

S. *fi—nal—ly made it to my night.*

Fl.

Pno.

13

S. *You must— a slipped past the guards and kissed me*

Fl.

Pno.

16

S. *'cause I swear for a mo—ment there I saw your face be—fore there*

Fl. *pp*

Pno.

19

S. was day light but af ter the stars,

Fl.

Pno.

22

S. that sad smile when the mu sic's o ver and eve ry bod y took you

Fl.

Pno.

25

S. home.

Fl.

Pno.

28 $\text{♩} = 76$
pp 3 3 3

S. So I got up and made the day.

Fl. *ppp* 3 3 3 3 3 *pp* 3 3 3 3

Pno. *pp* 15^{ma} 8^{va} 8^{vb}

31 *pp*

S. For the first time in a week this morn—ing I did_n't crave you like a fix

Fl. *ppp*

Pno. *pp*


33

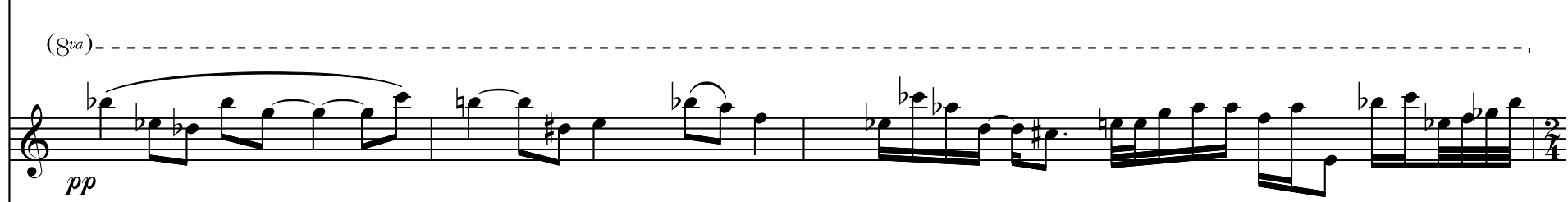
S. and to— night I broke down and cried in front of men and I was held.

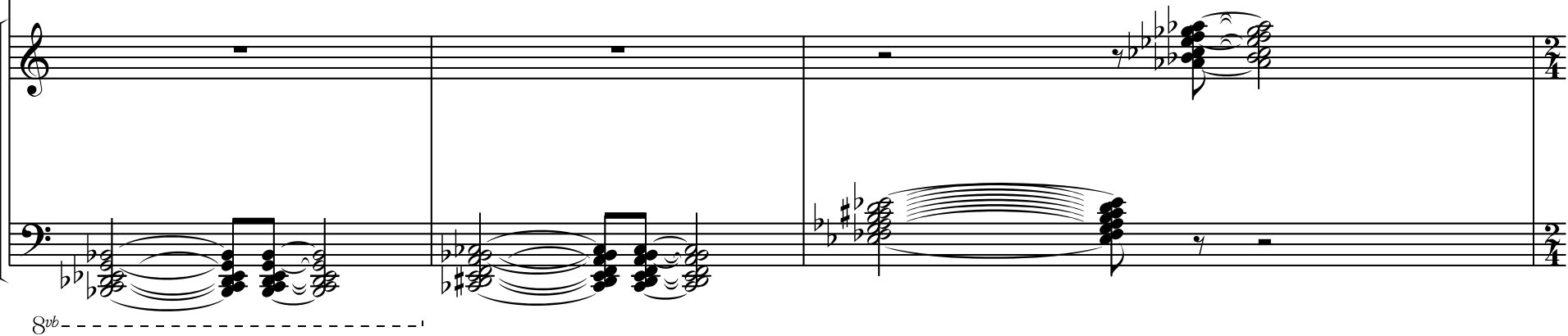
Fl. 8^{va}

Pno.

36

S. 

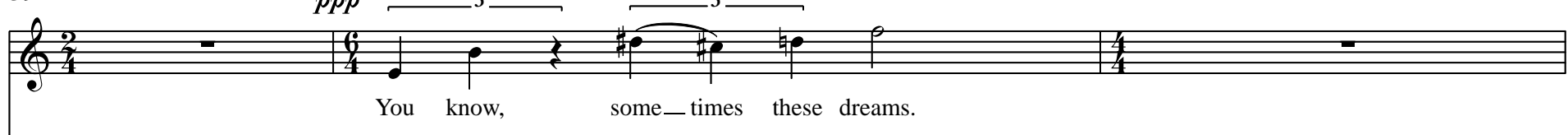
Fl.  *pp*

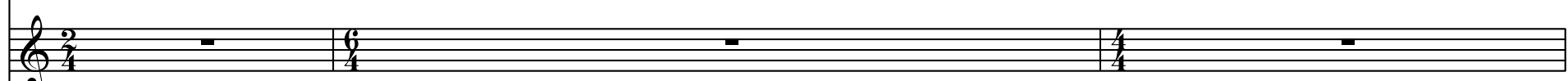
Pno. 

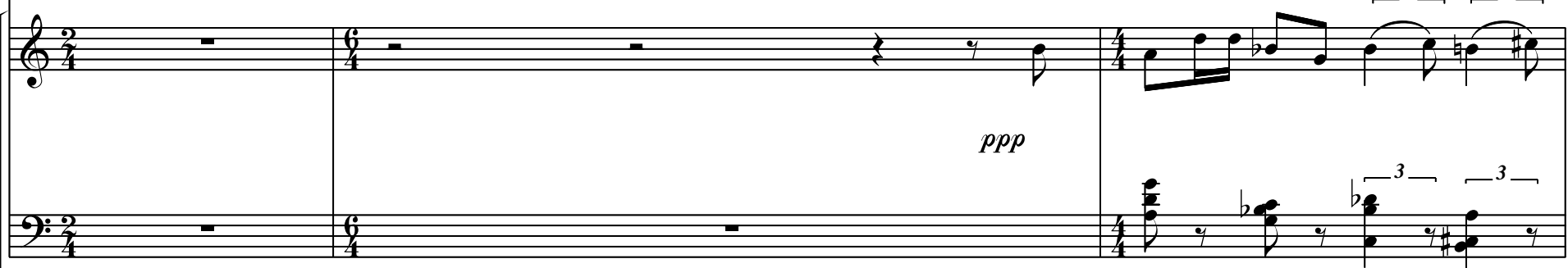
(8va)-----
8vb-----

39

$\text{♩} = 60$
ppp

S.  You know, some—times these dreams.

Fl. 

Pno.  *ppp*

42


$\text{♩} = 50$
ppp

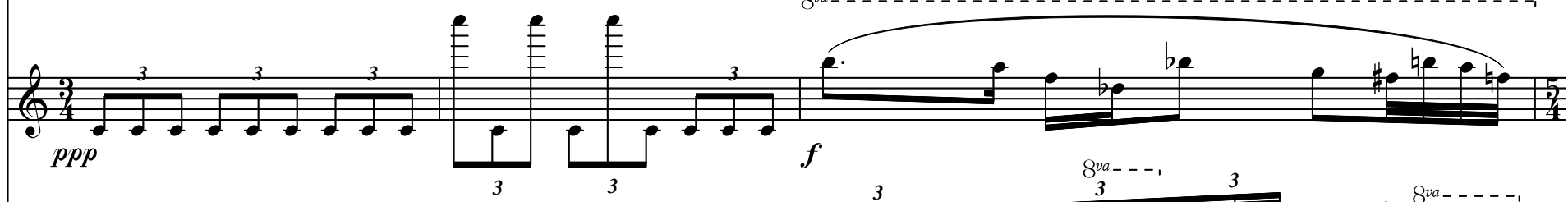
S.  some—times these dreams vis— it.


Fl. 

Pno. 

45

S. 

Fl. 

Pno. 

48

S. 

Fl. 

Pno. 

50

S. 

Fl. 

Pno. 