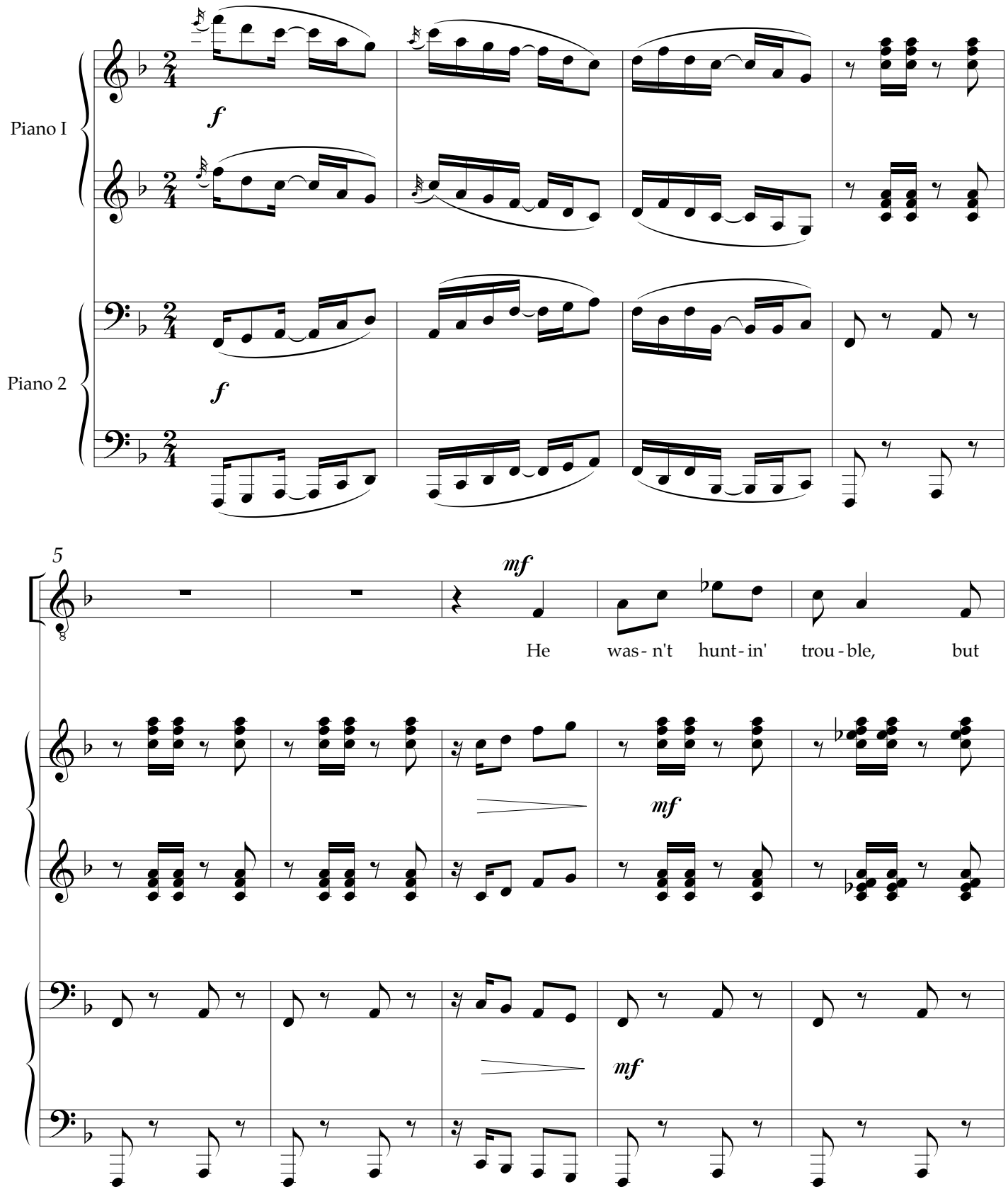
The Ballad of Hazel and Brown

Keith M. Bradshaw



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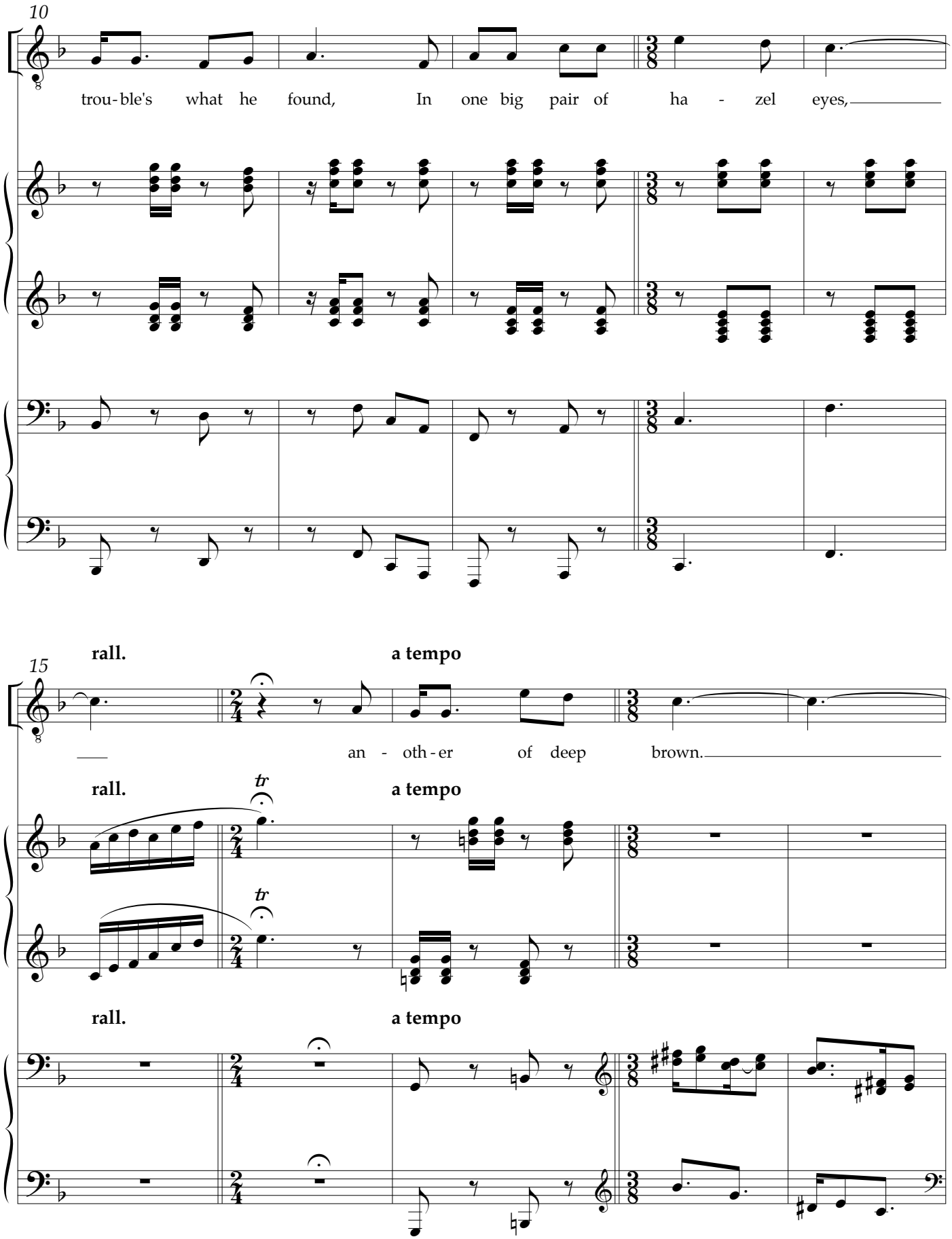
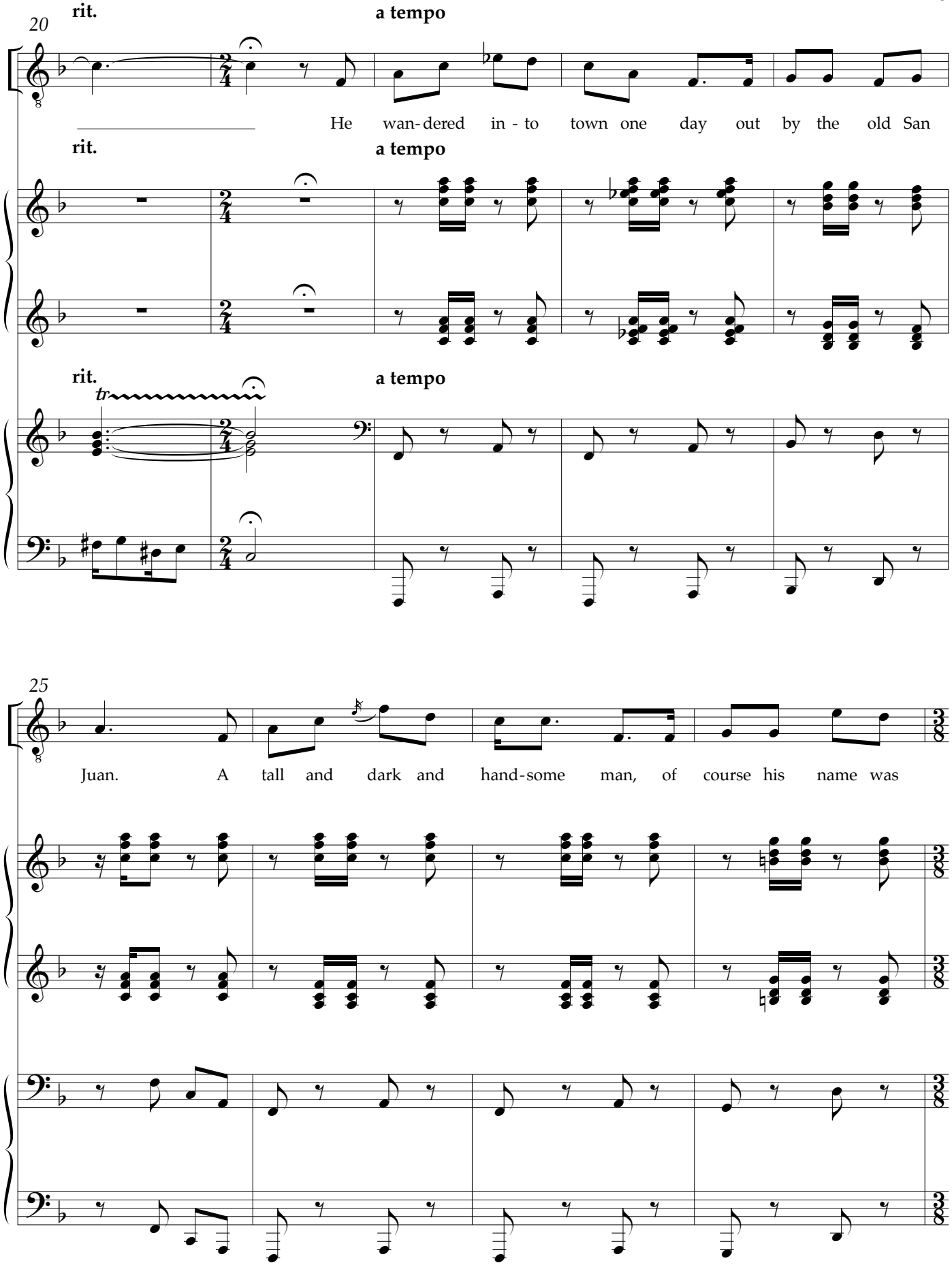
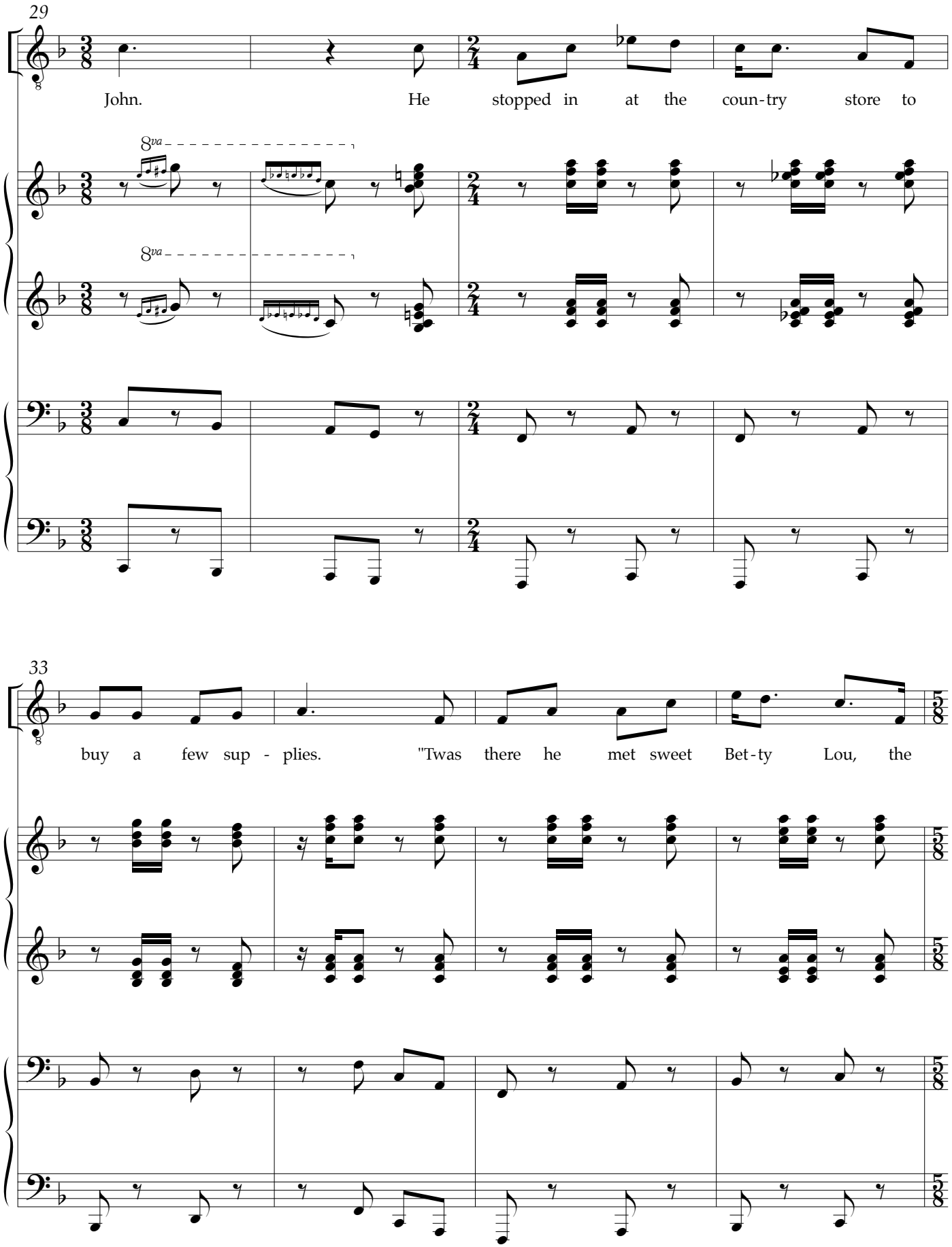
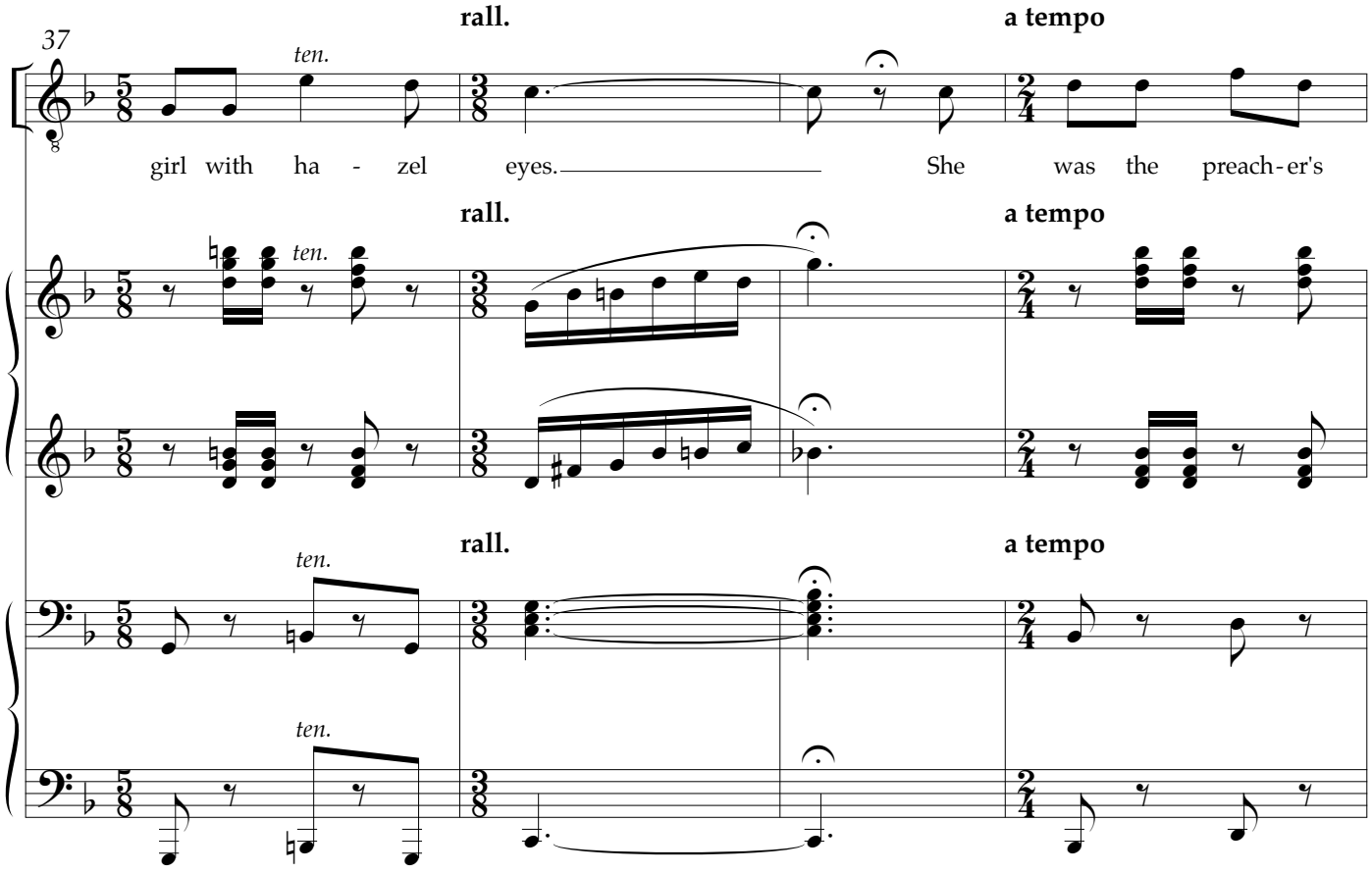
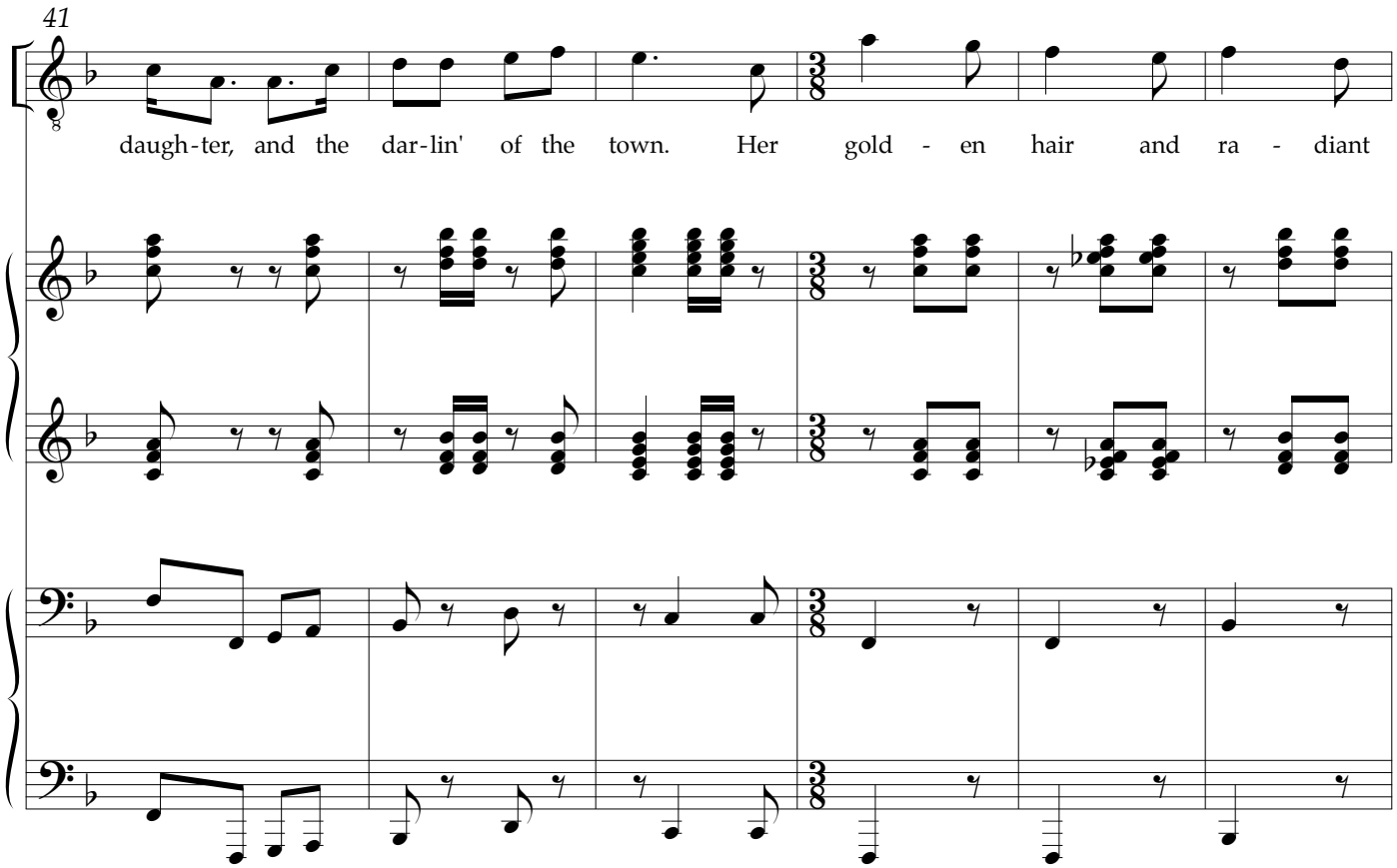
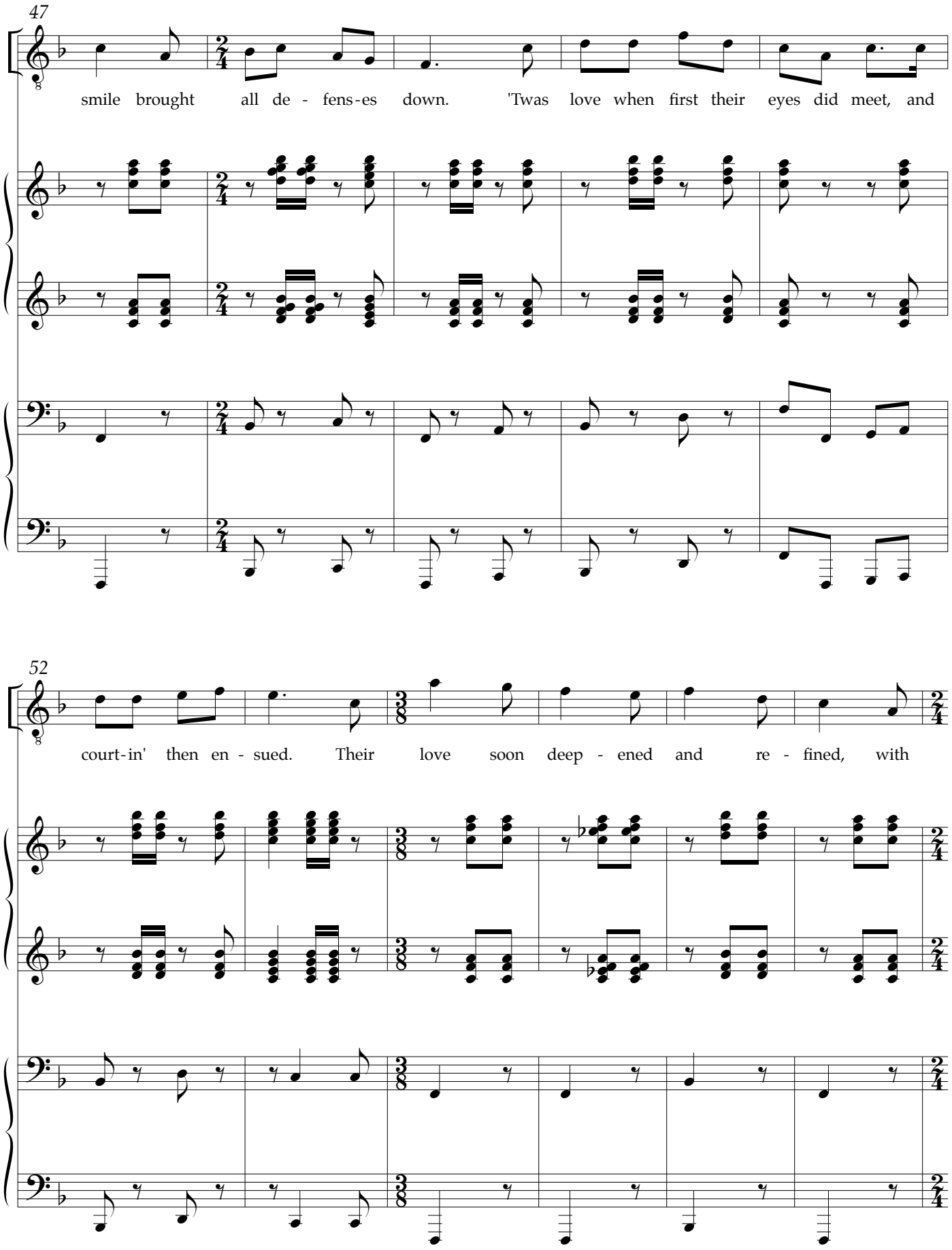

10
trou-ble's what he found, In one big pair of ha - zel eyes,
15
rall.
a tempo
an - oth-er of deep brown.
rall.
a tempo
tr
tr
rall.
a tempo

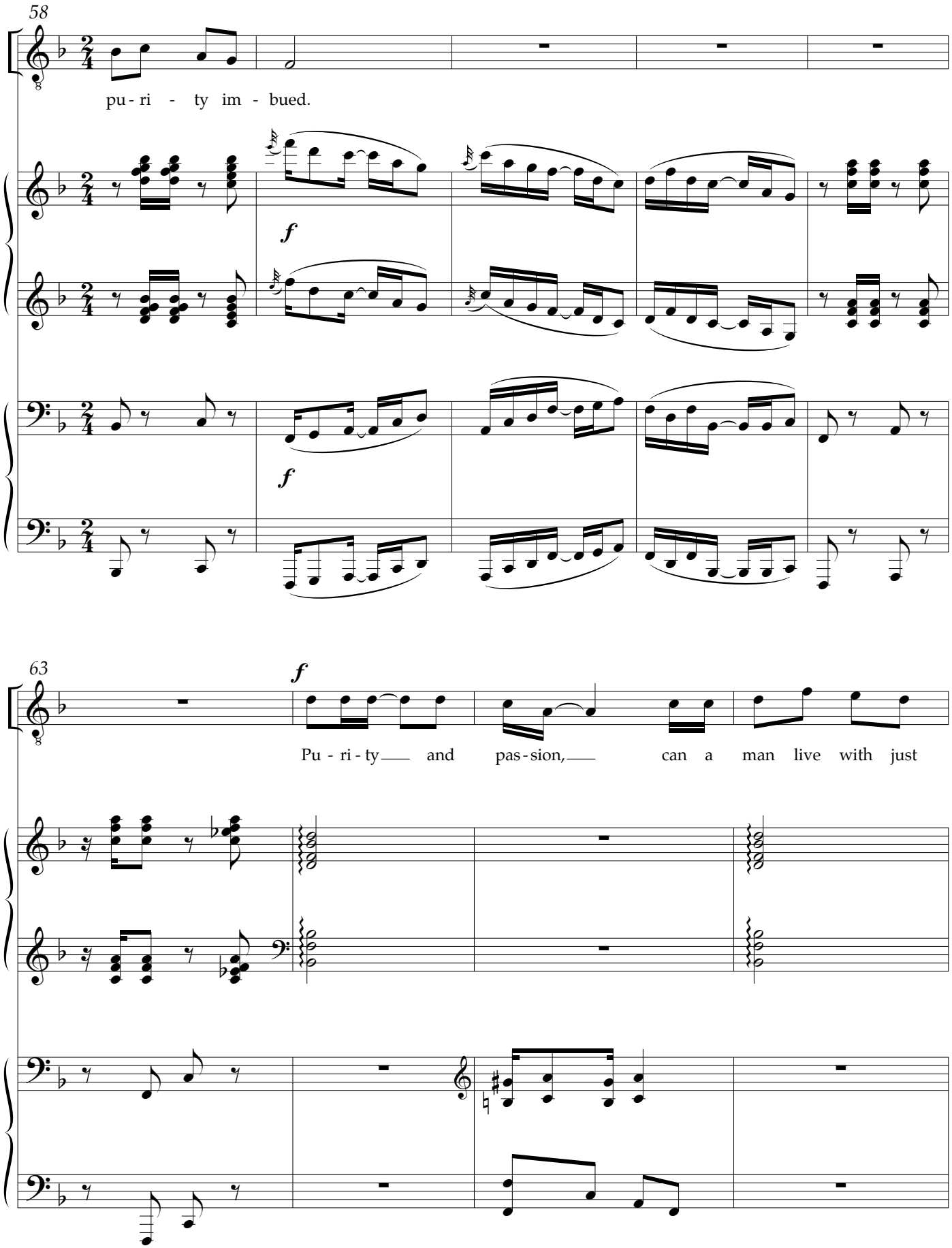

20
rit.
a tempo
He wan-dered in - to town one day out by the old San
rit.
a tempo
rit.
tr
a tempo
25
Juan. A tall and dark and hand-some man, of course his name was

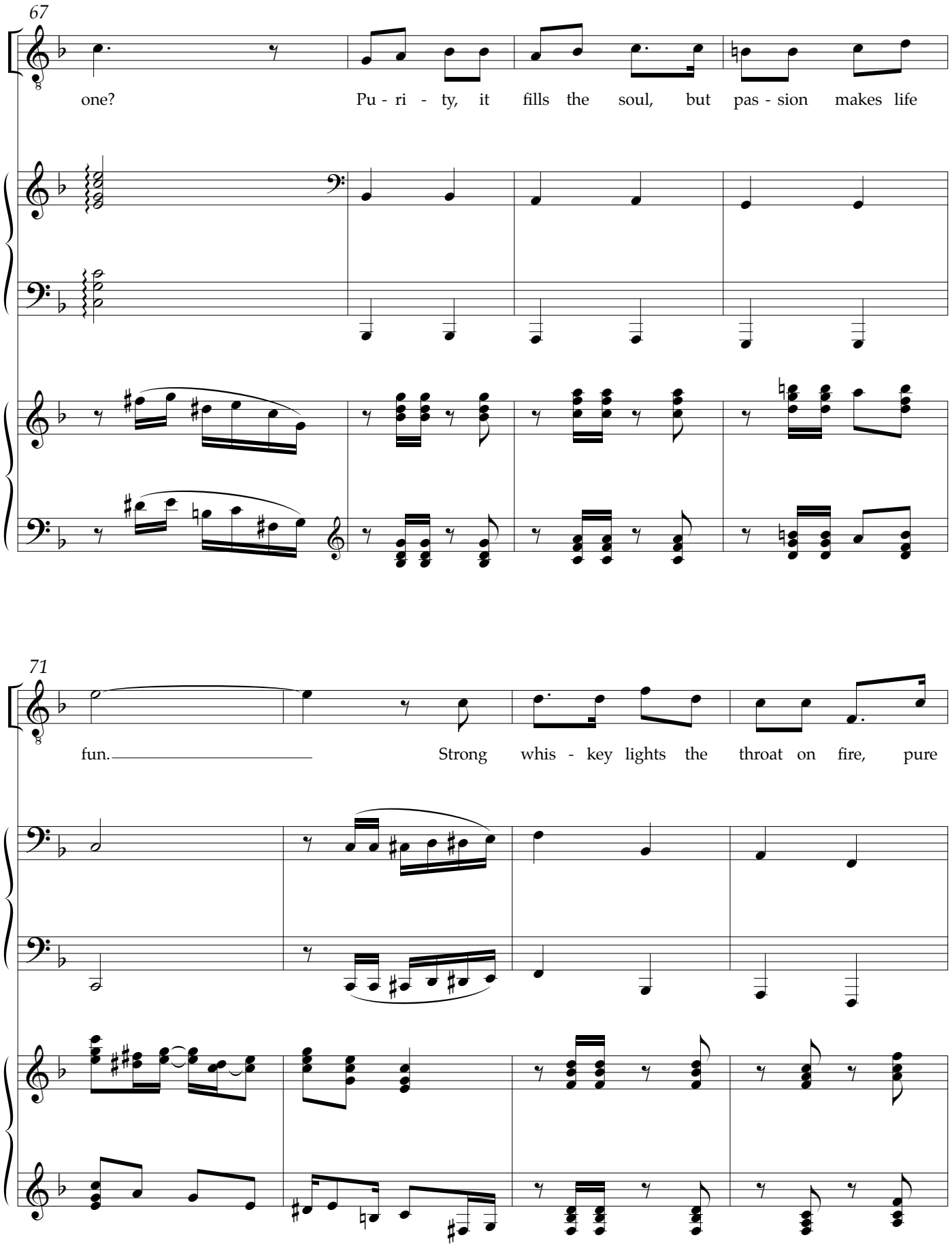

29
John. He stopped in at the coun-try store to
8va
8va
33
buy a few sup - plies. "Twas there he met sweet Bet-ty Lou, the

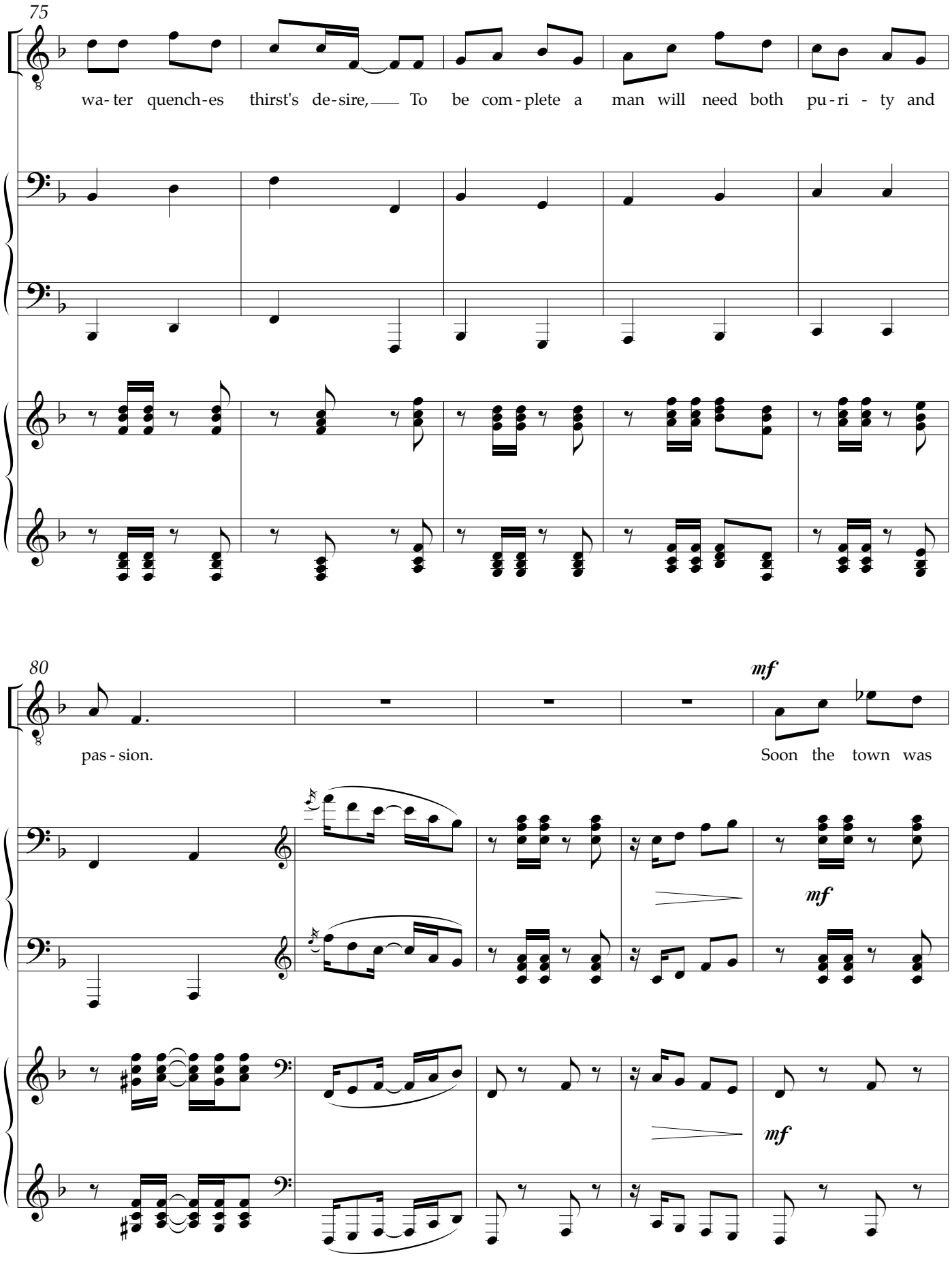

37
rall.
a tempo
ten.
girl with ha - zel eyes. She was the preach-er's
rall.
a tempo
ten.
rall.
a tempo
ten.
ten.

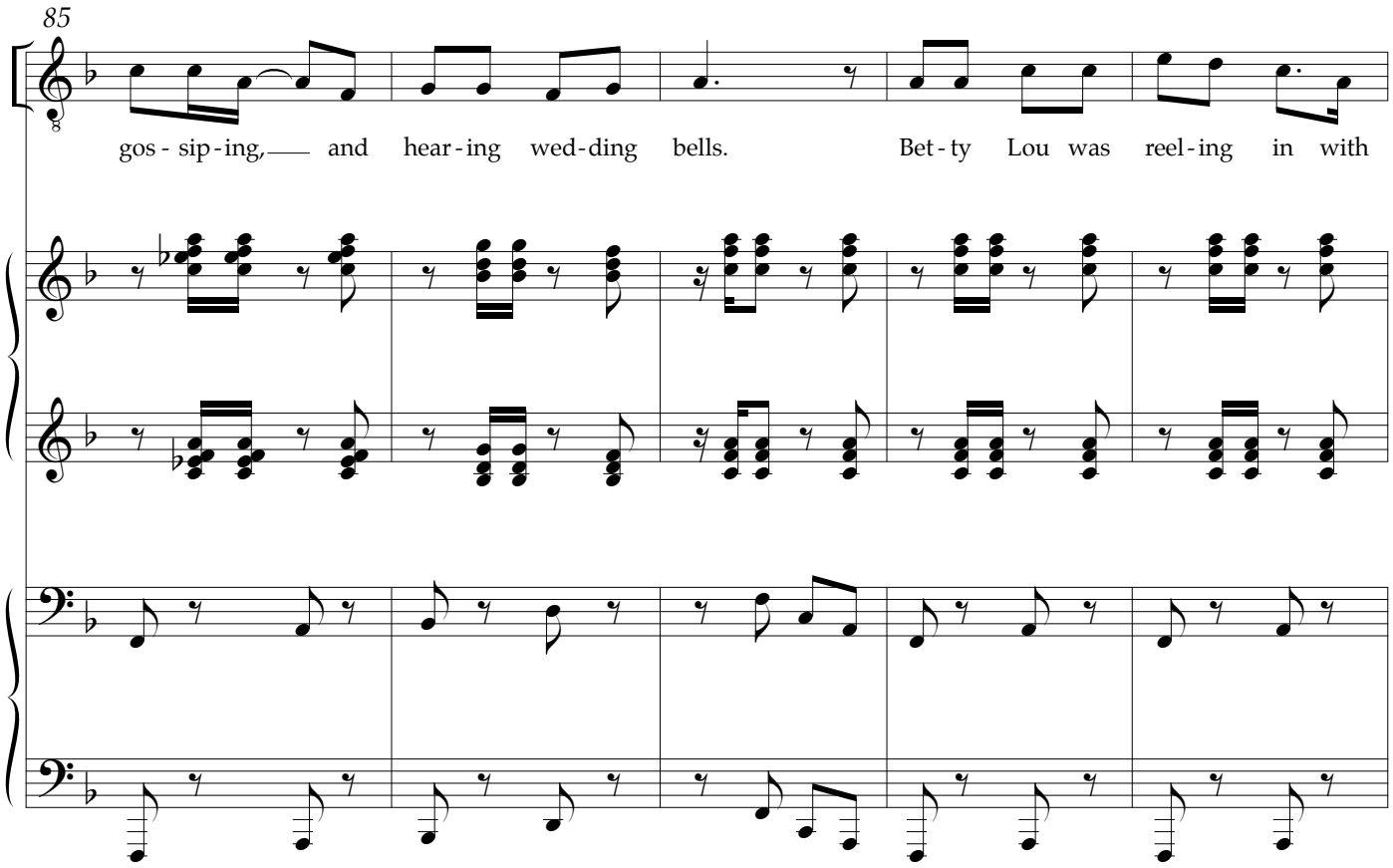

41
daugh-ter, and the dar-lin' of the town. Her gold - en hair and ra - diant

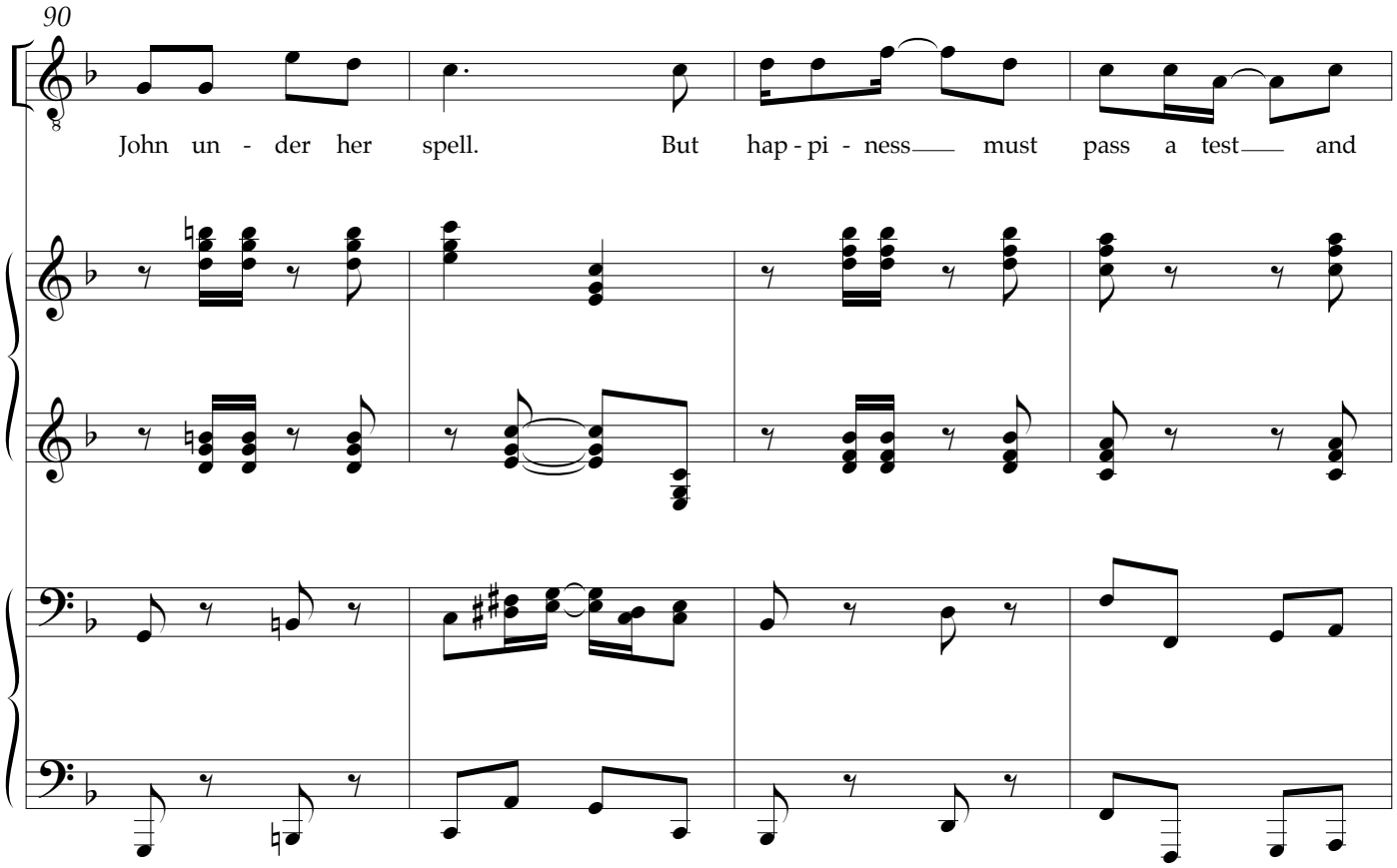

47
smile brought all de - fens-es down. 'Twas love when first their eyes did meet, and
52
court-in' then en - sued. Their love soon deep - ened and re - fined, with

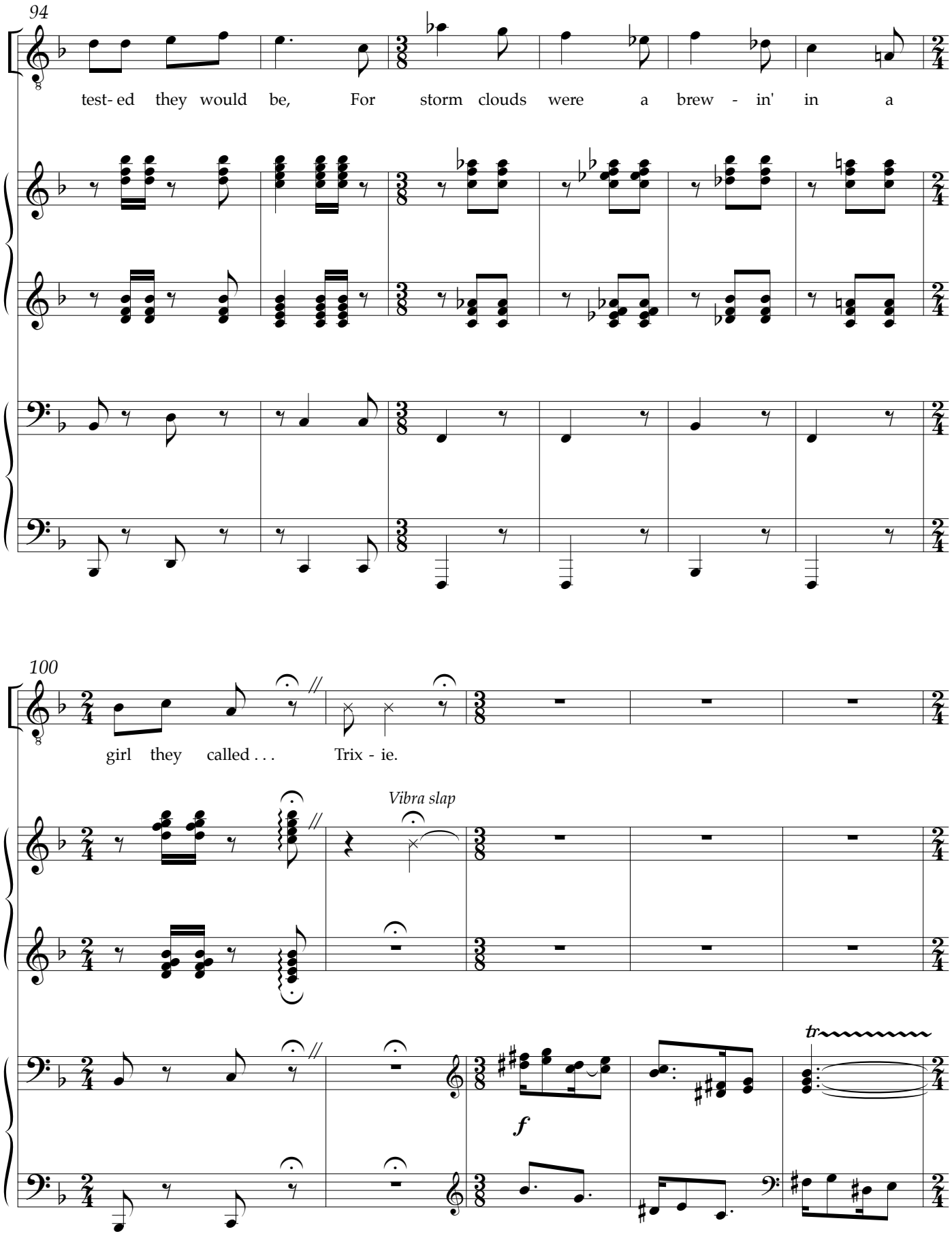

58
pu - ri - ty im - bued.
f
f
63
f
Pu - ri - ty and pas - sion, can a man live with just

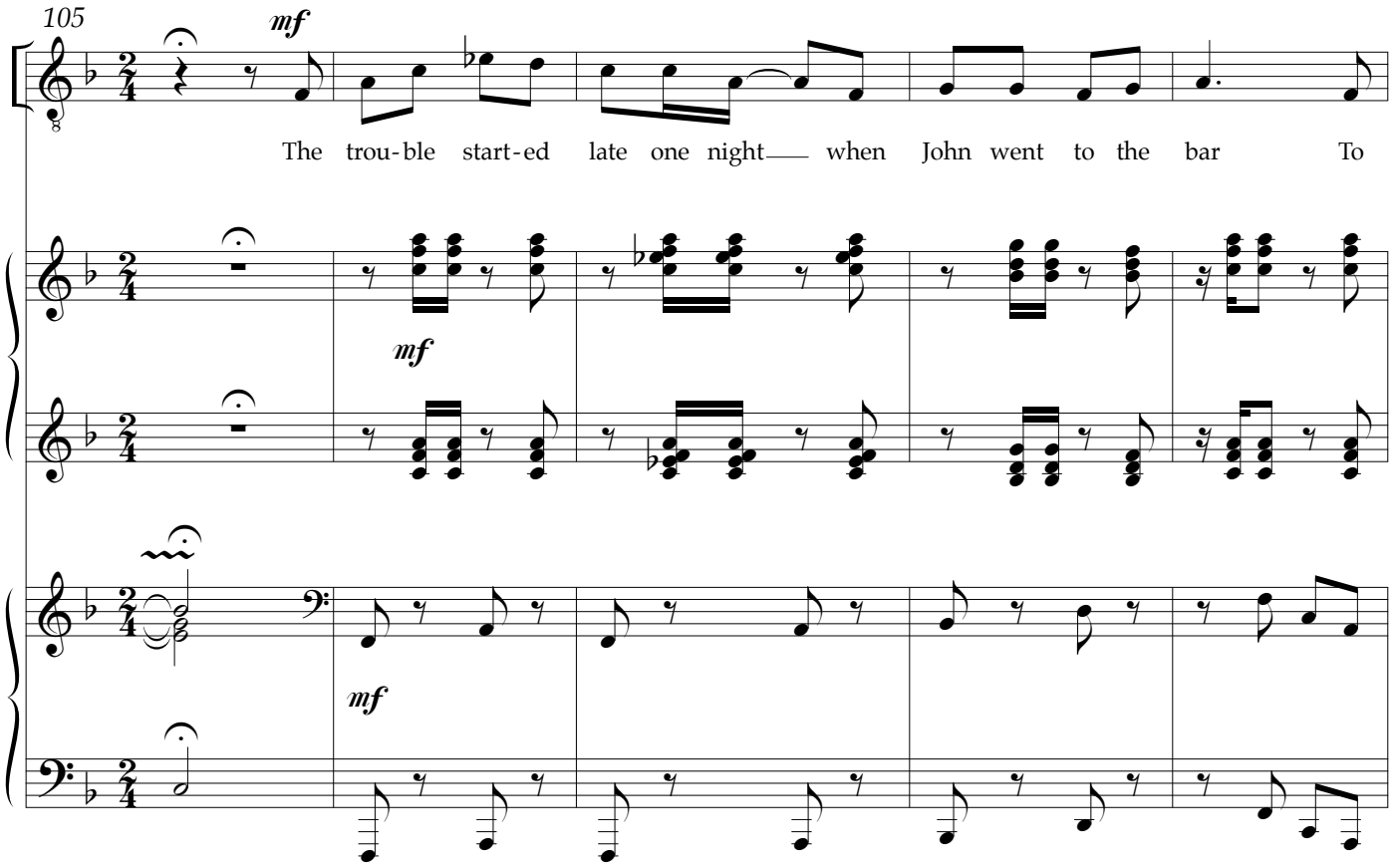

67
one?
Pu - ri - ty, it fills the soul, but pas - sion makes life
71
fun.
Strong whis - key lights the throat on fire, pure

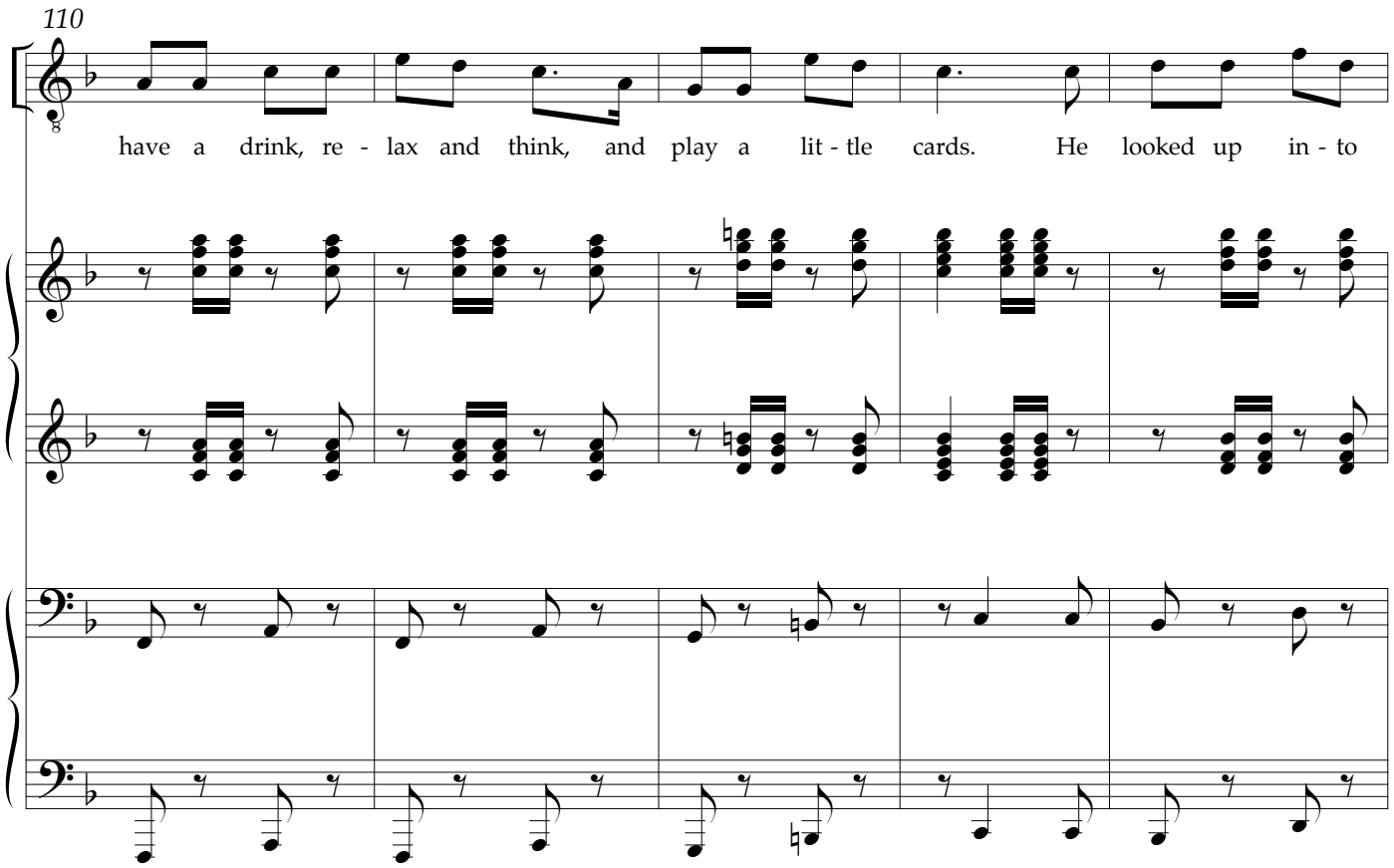

75
wa- ter quench-es thirst's de-sire, To be com-plete a man will need both pu-ri - ty and
80
pas - sion.
mf
Soon the town was
mf
mf

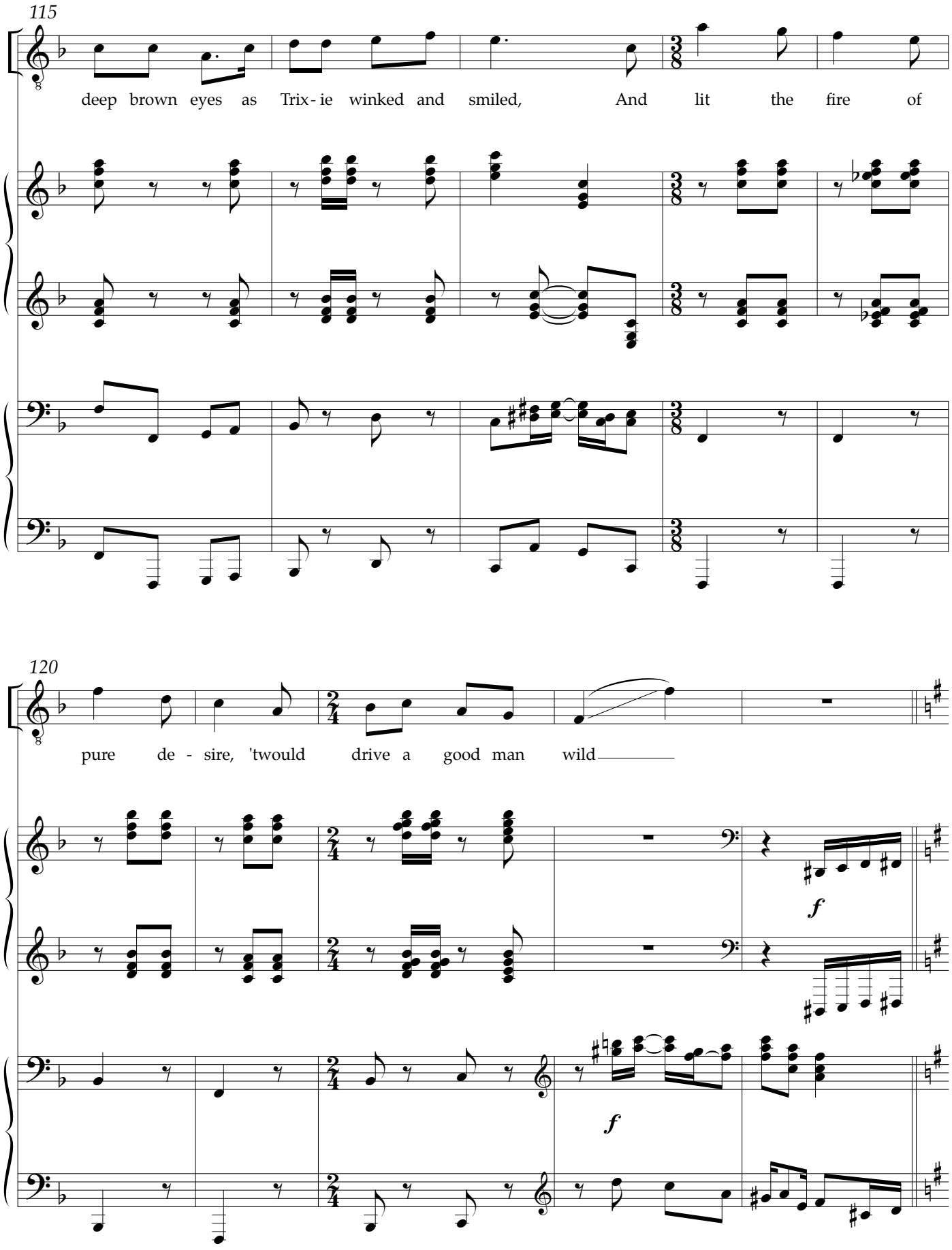

85
gos - sip - ing, and hear - ing wed - ding bells. Bet - ty Lou was reel - ing in with

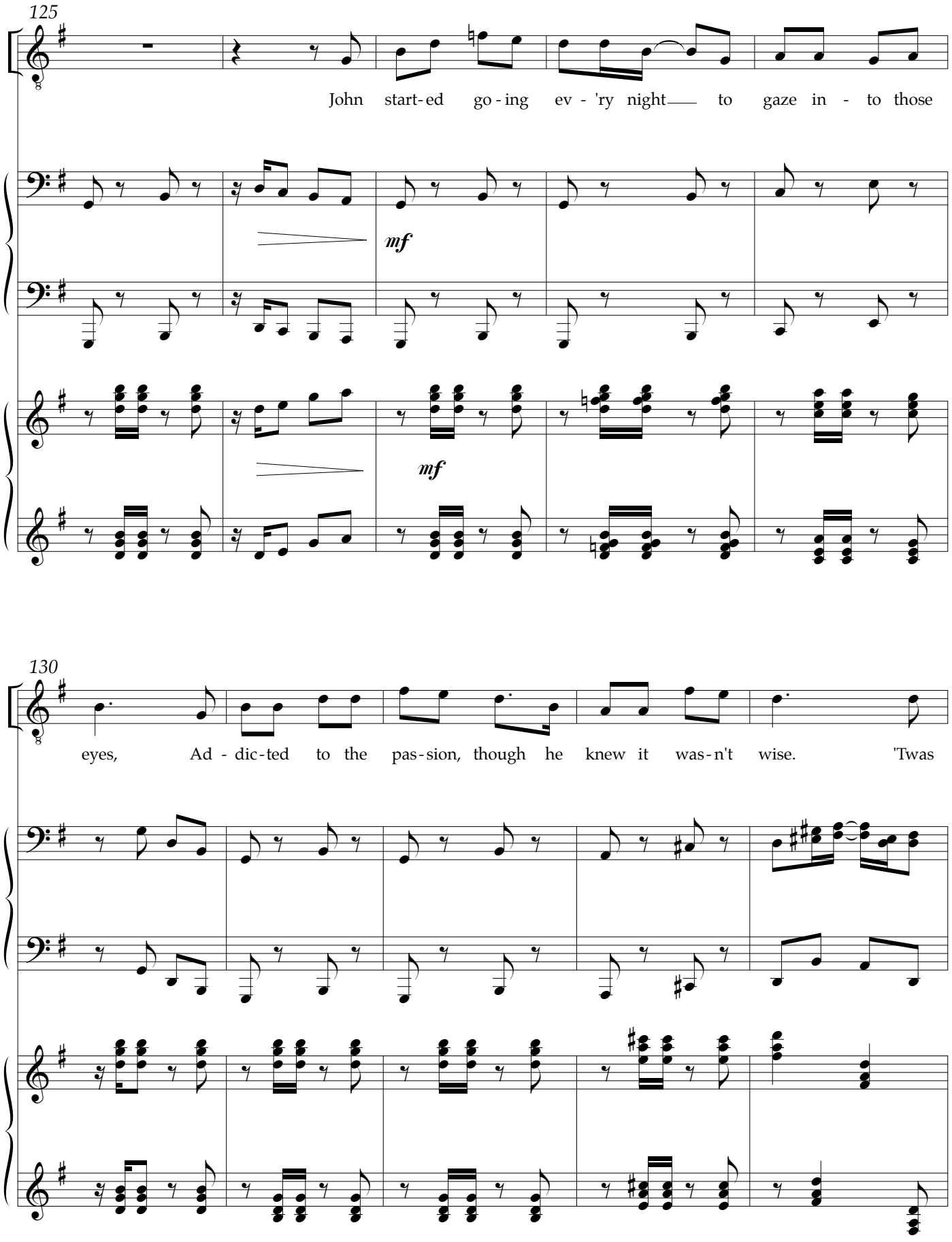

90
John un - der her spell. But hap - pi - ness must pass a test and

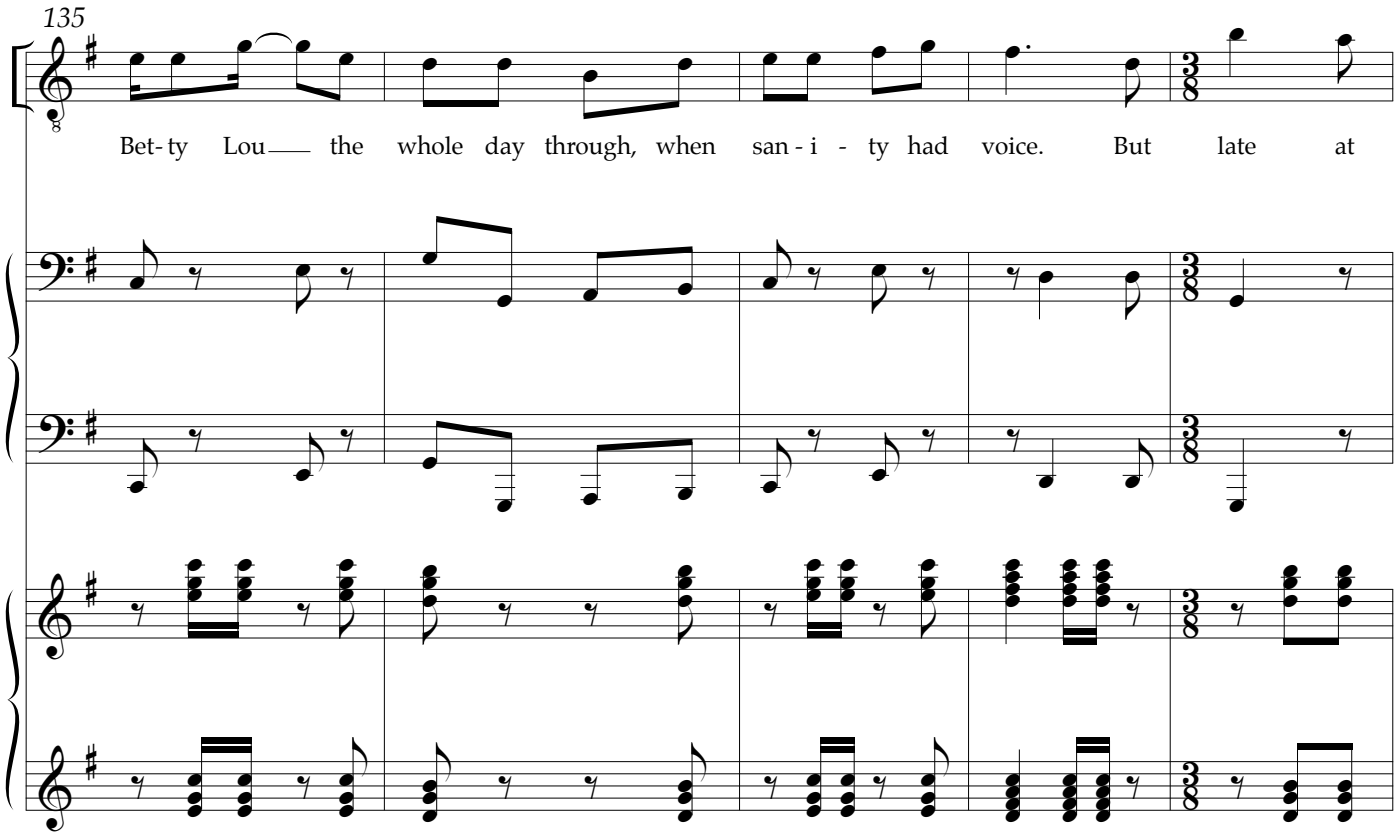

94
test- ed they would be, For storm clouds were a brew - in' in a
100
girl they called . . . Trix - ie.
Vibra slap
f
tr

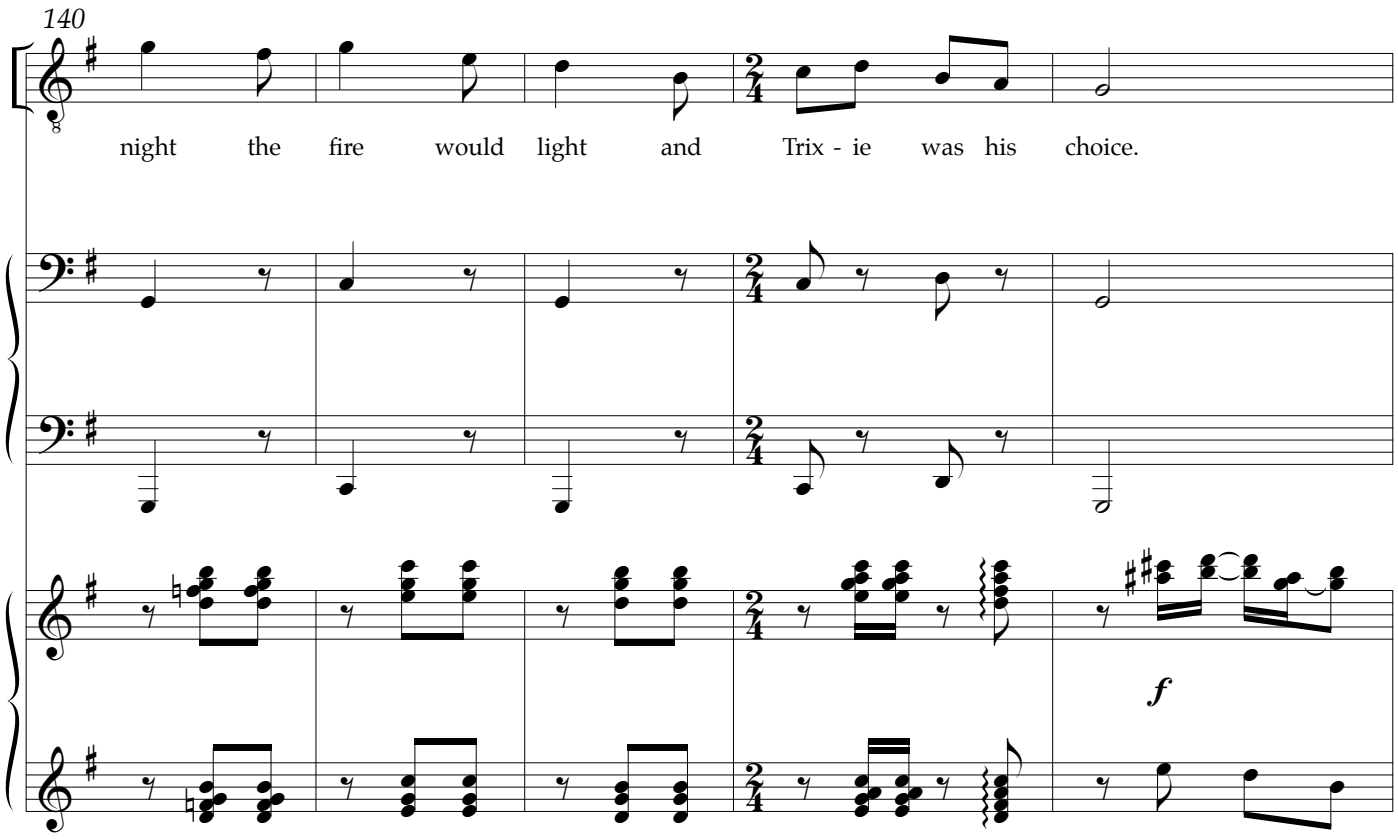

105
mf
The trou-ble start-ed late one night when John went to the bar To
mf
mf

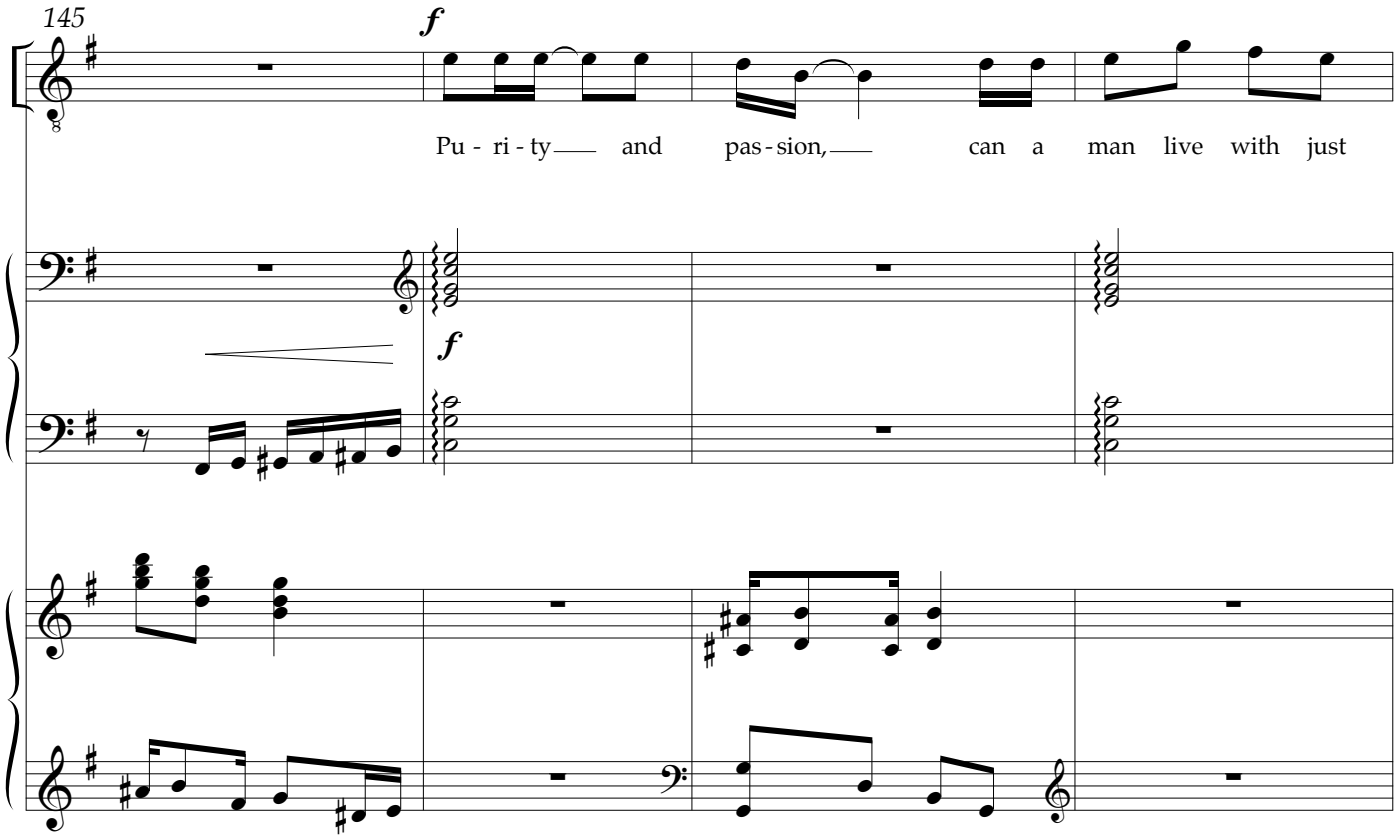

110
have a drink, re - lax and think, and play a lit - tle cards. He looked up in - to

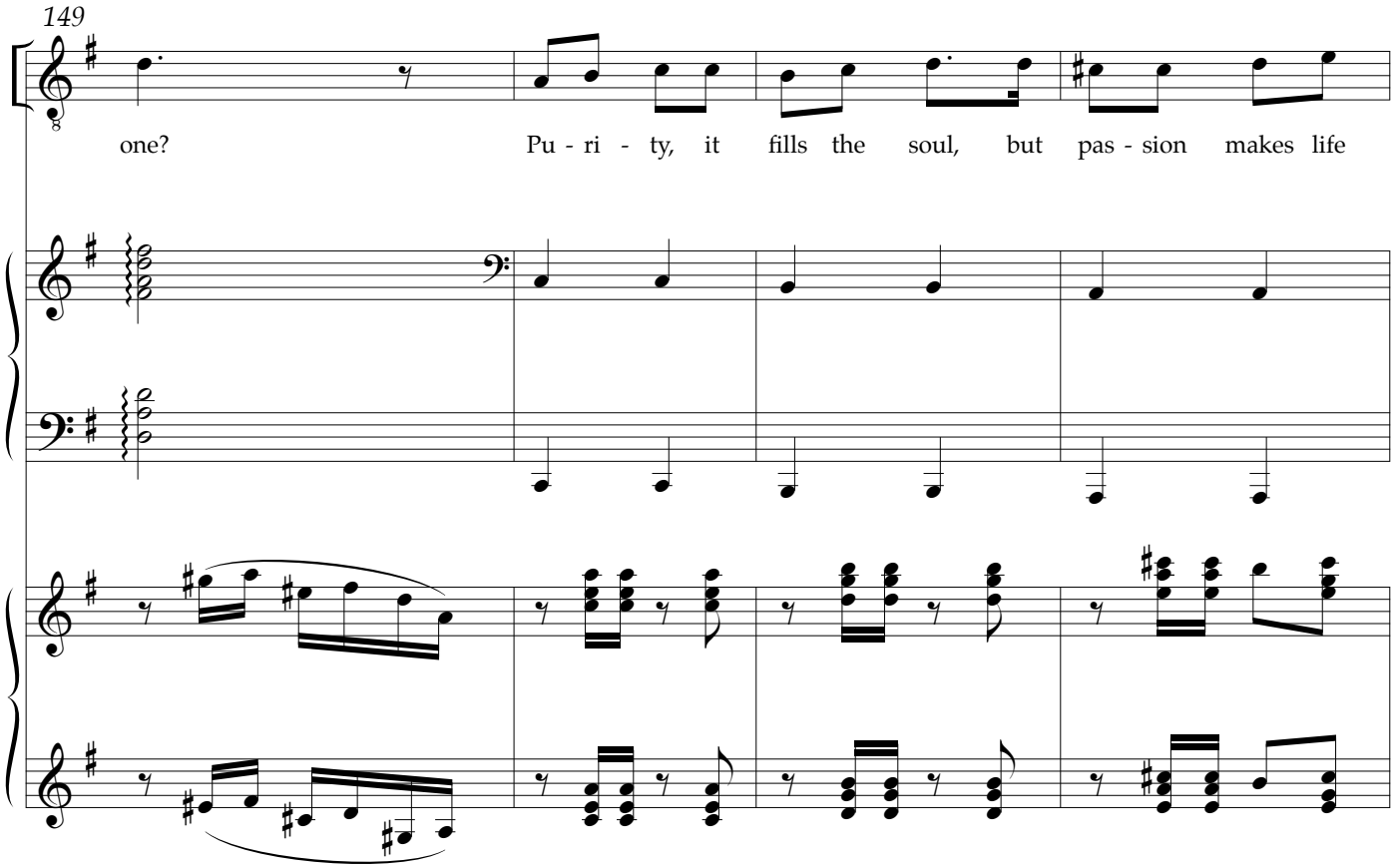

115
deep brown eyes as Trix-ie winked and smiled, And lit the fire of
120
pure de - sire, 'twould drive a good man wild
f
f

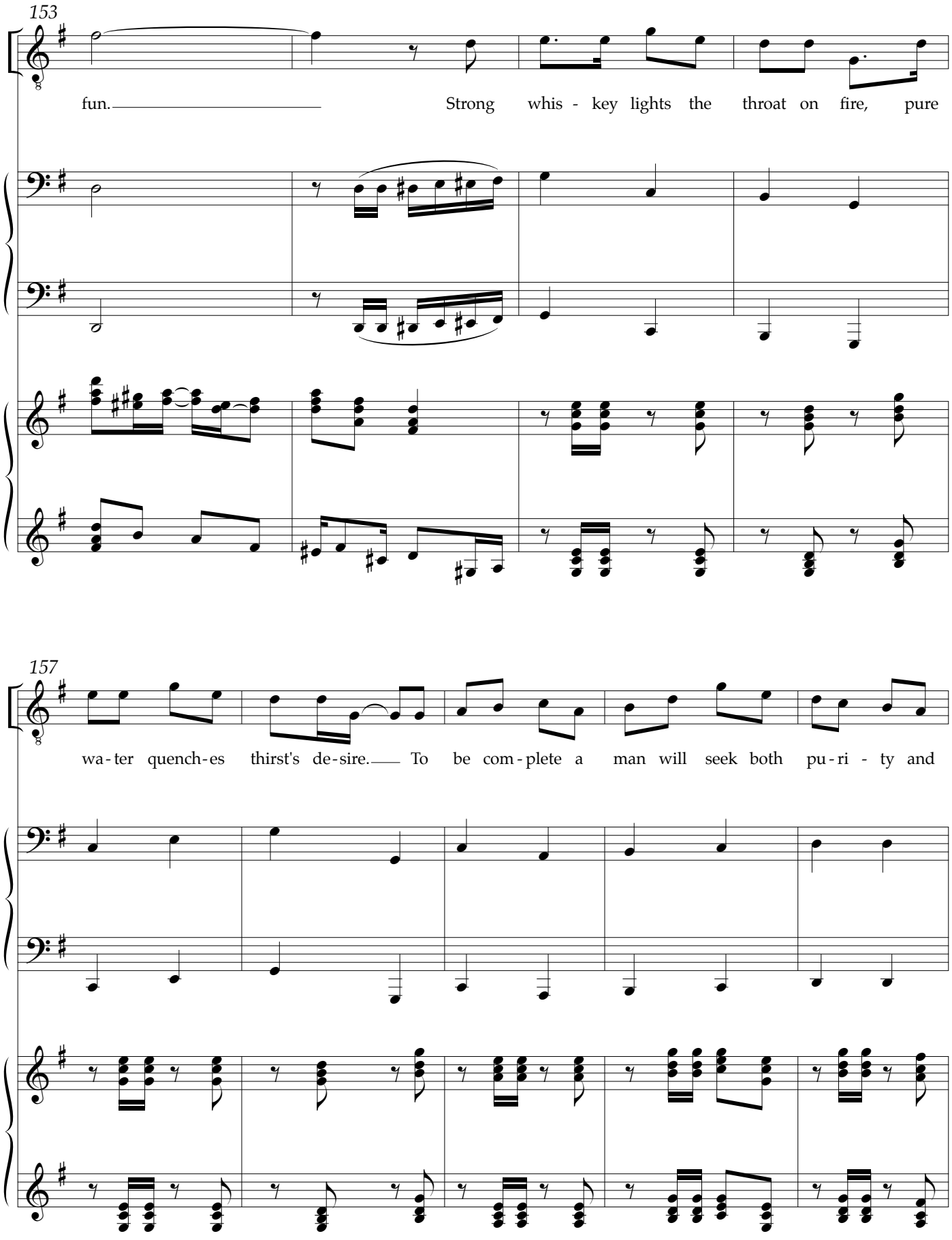

125
John start-ed go-ing ev-'ry night to gaze in-to those
mf
mf
130
eyes, Ad-dic-ted to the pas-sion, though he knew it was-n't wise. 'Twas

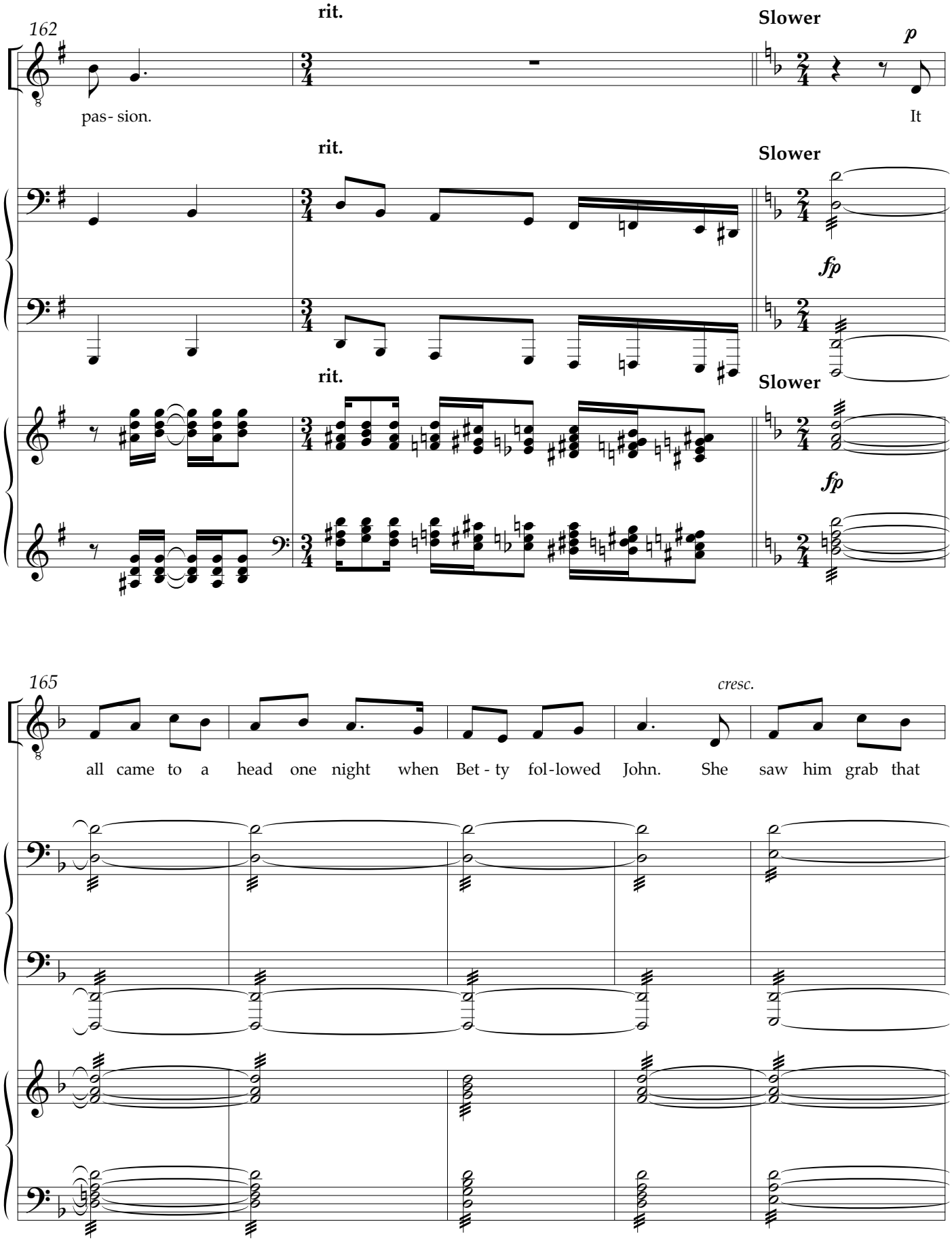

135
Bet- ty Lou the whole day through, when san - i - ty had voice. But late at

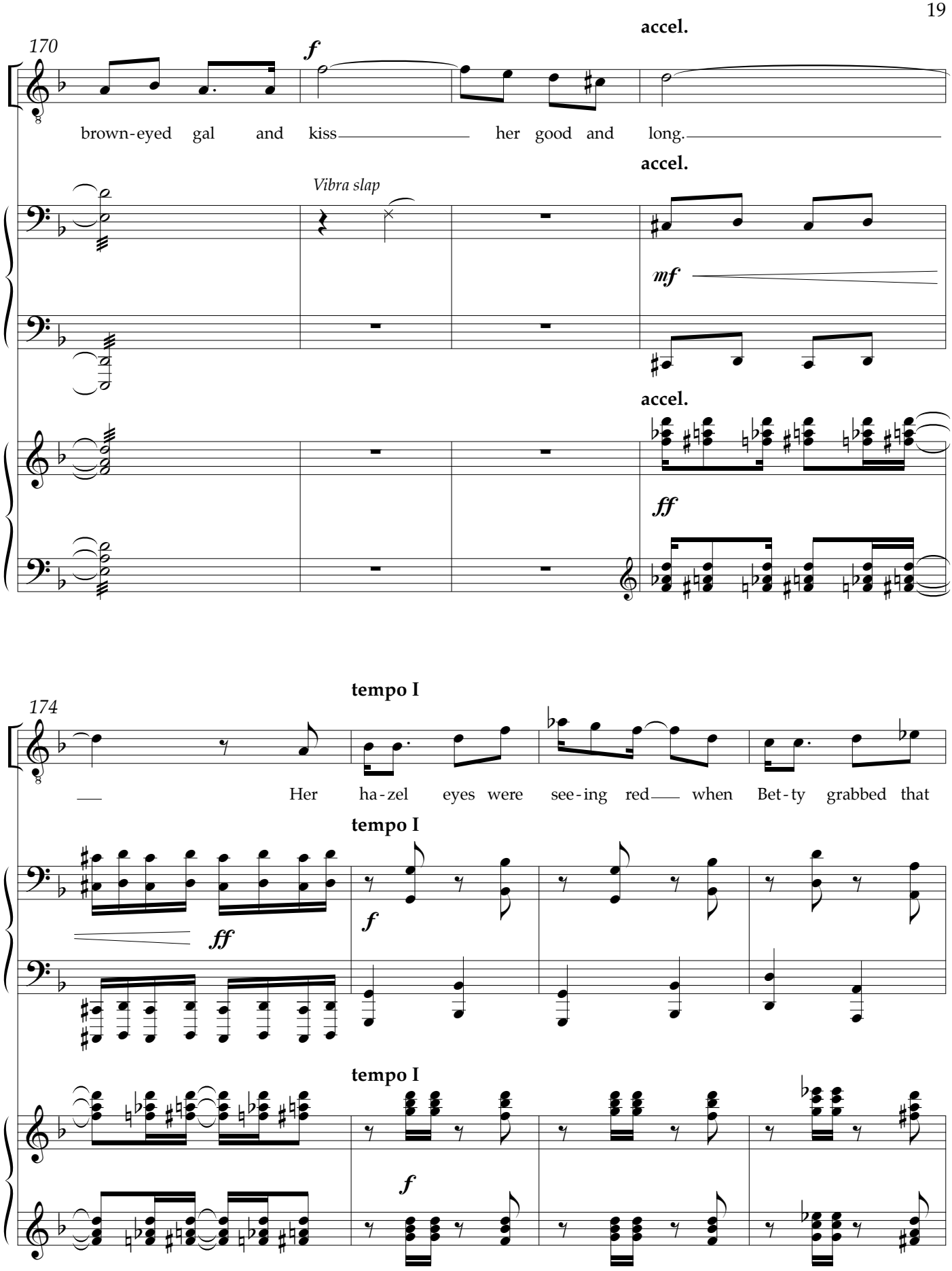

140
night the fire would light and Trix - ie was his choice.
f

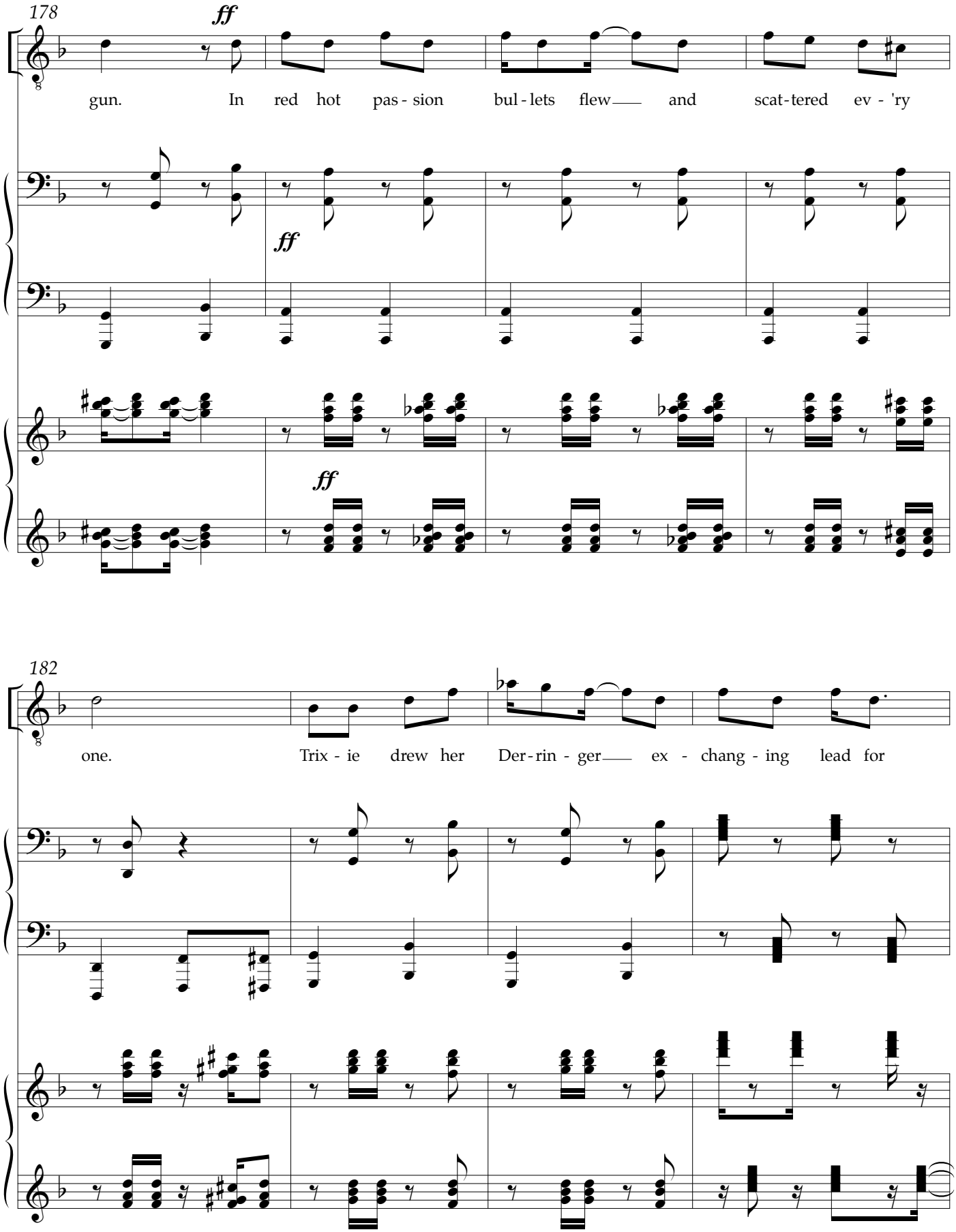

145
f
Pu - ri - ty and pas - sion, can a man live with just
f

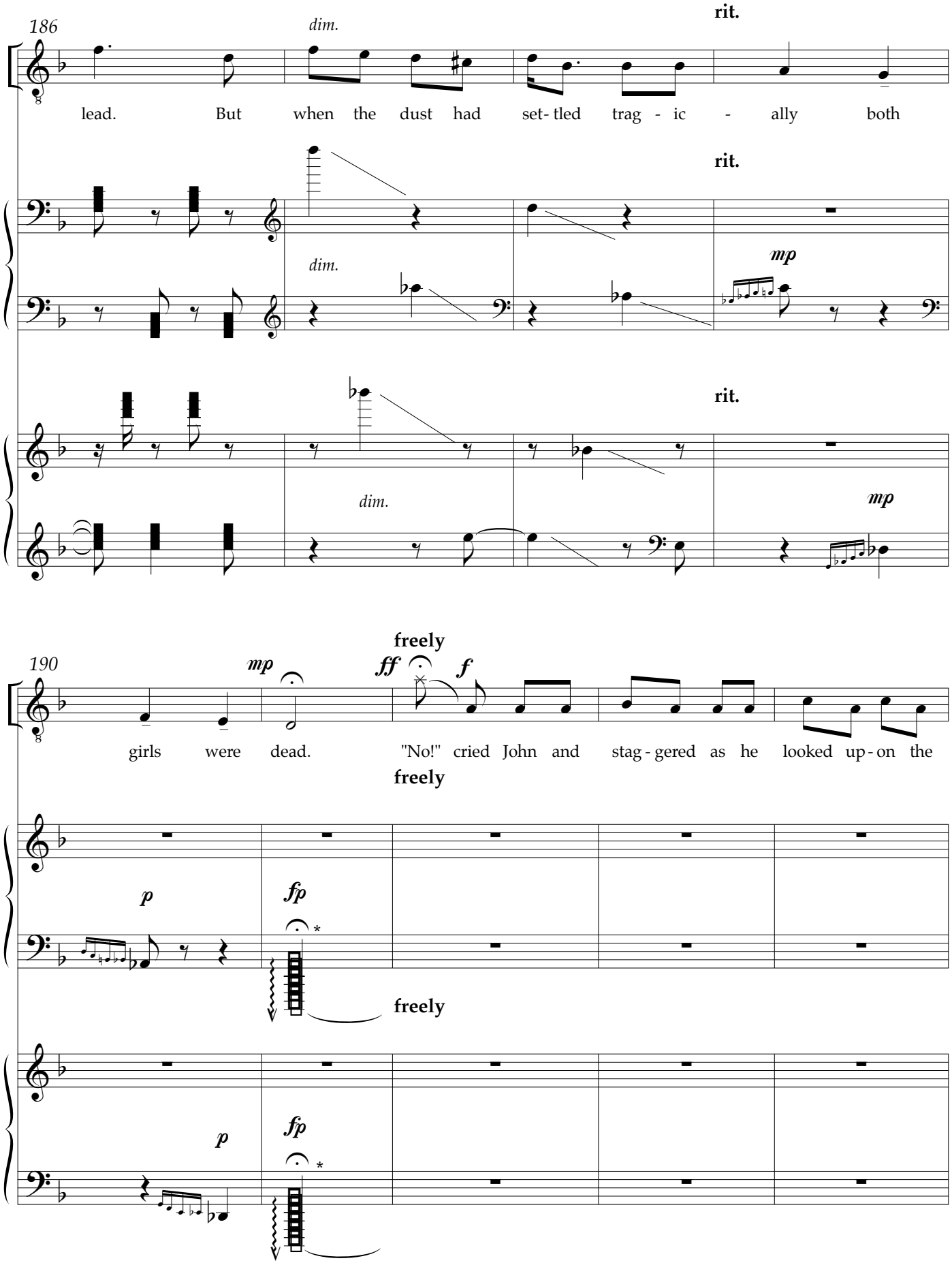

149
one? Pu - ri - ty, it fills the soul, but pas - sion makes life


153
fun. Strong whis - key lights the throat on fire, pure
157
wa - ter quench - es thirst's de - sire. To be com - plete a man will seek both pu - ri - ty and

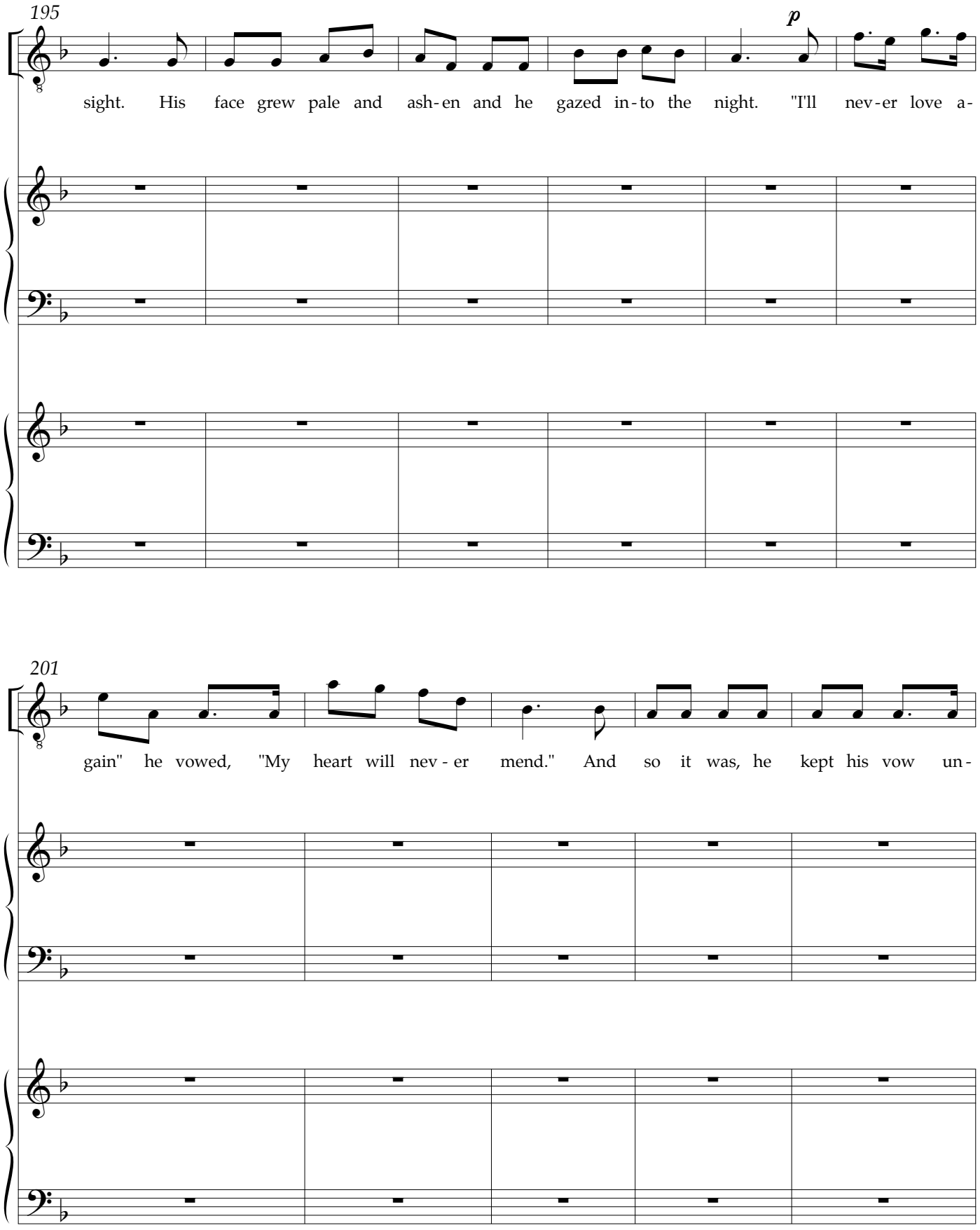

162
rit.
Slower
p
pas- sion.
It
rit.
Slower
fp
rit.
Slower
fp
165
cresc.
all came to a head one night when Bet - ty fol-lowed John. She saw him grab that

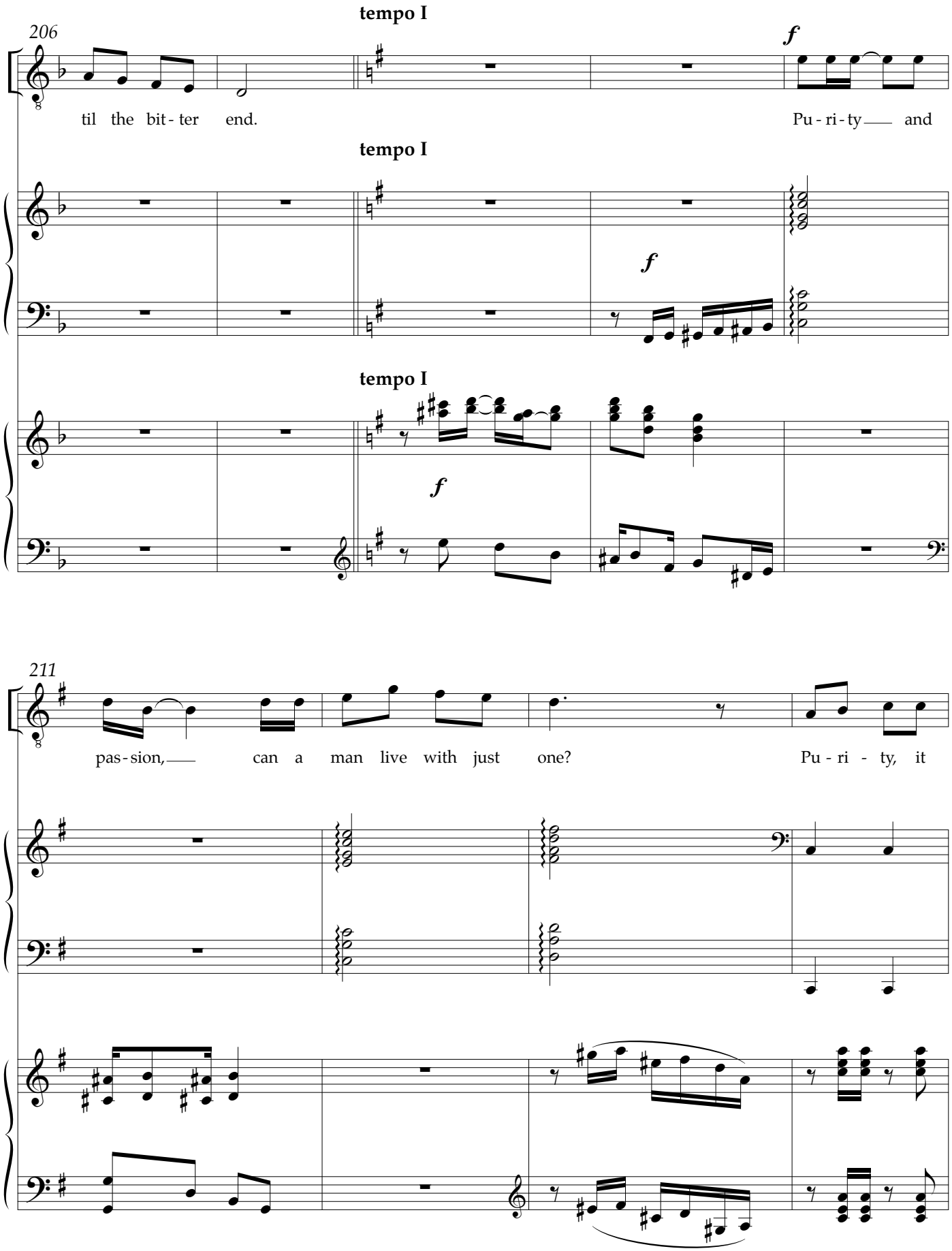

accel.
170
f
brown-eyed gal and kiss her good and long.
accel.
Vibra slap
mf
accel.
ff
tempo I
174
Her ha-zel eyes were see-ing red when Bet-ty grabbed that
tempo I
ff
f
tempo I
f

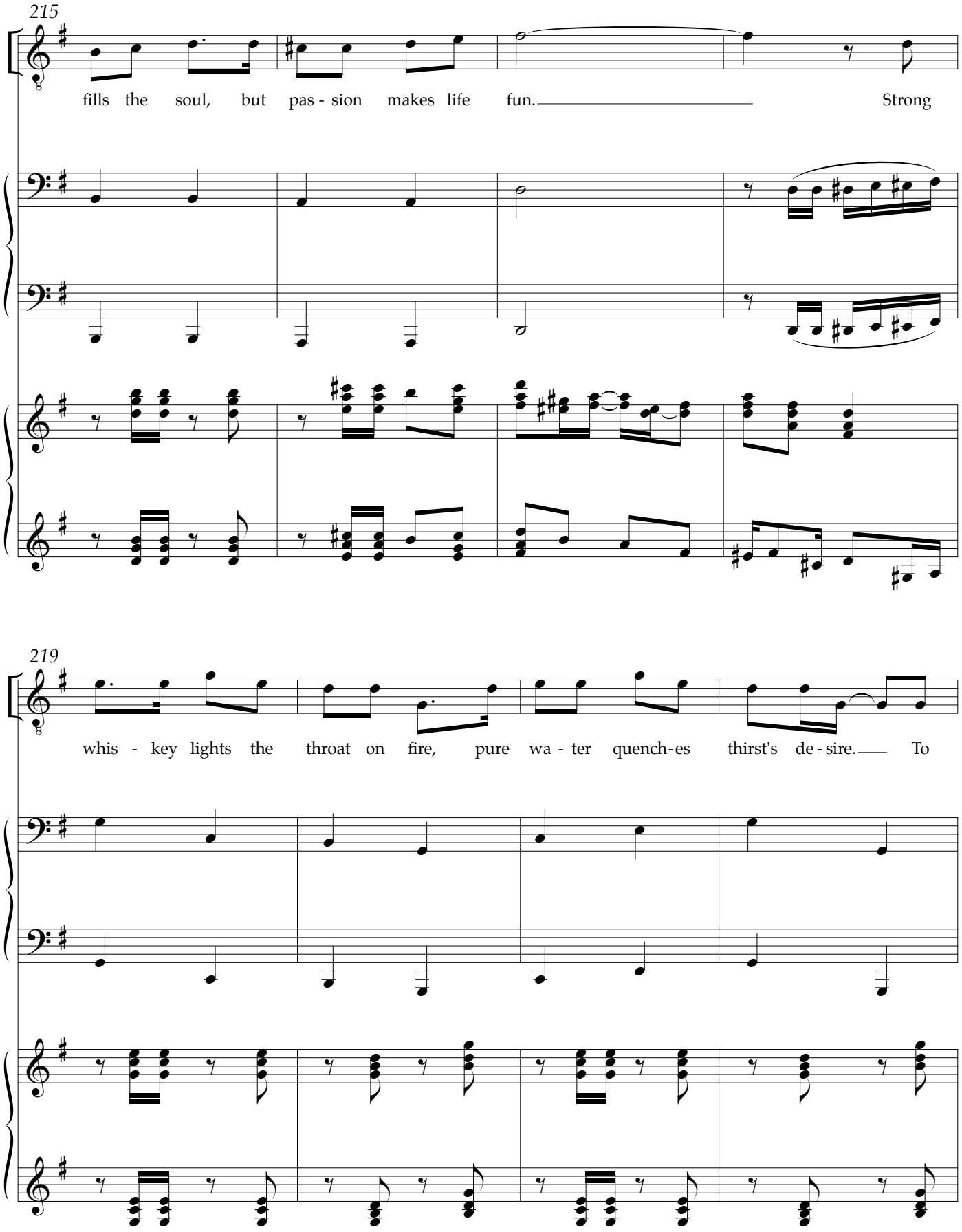

178
ff
gun. In red hot pas - sion bul - lets flew and scat - tered ev - 'ry
ff
ff
182
one. Trix - ie drew her Der - rin - ger ex - chang - ing lead for

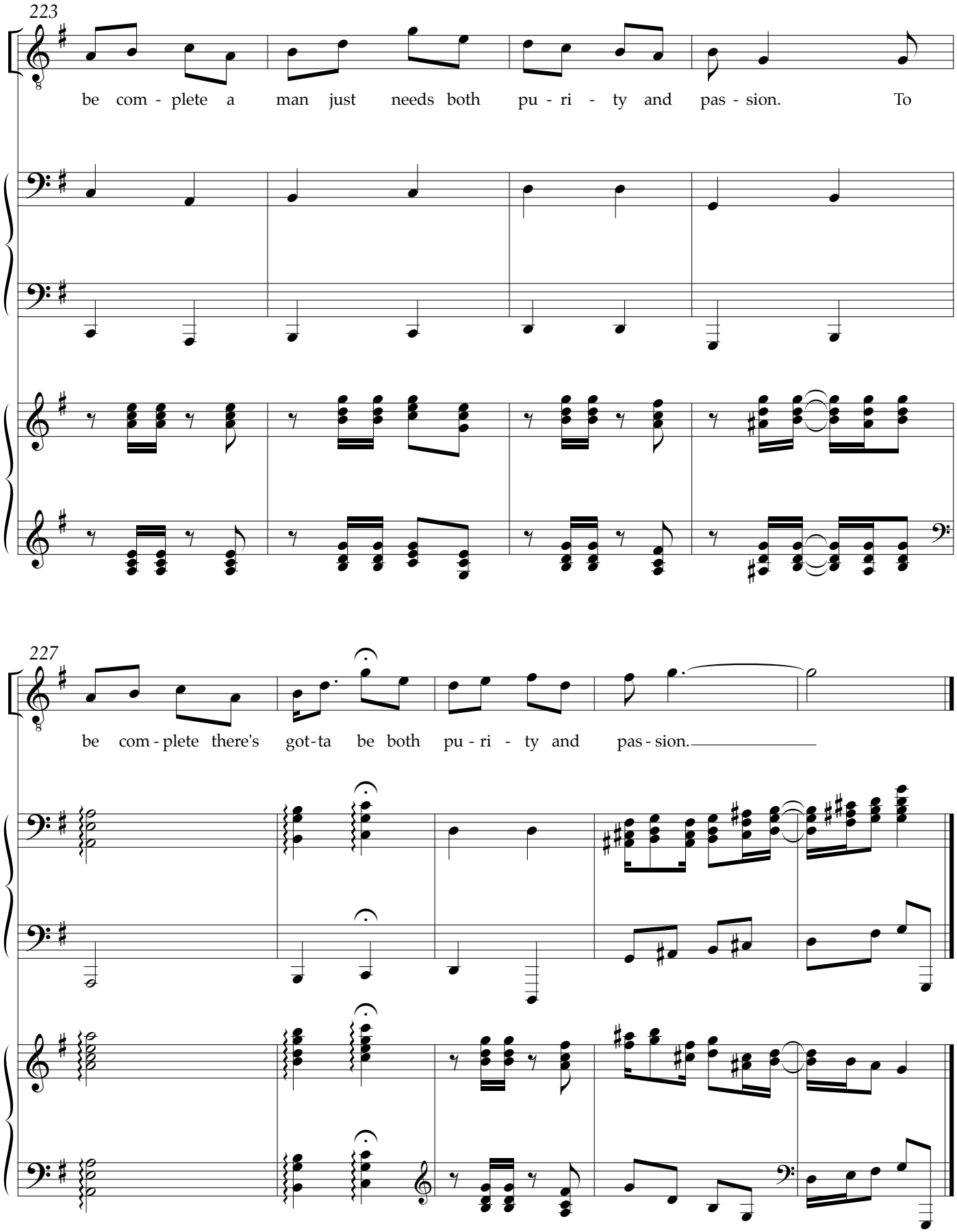


*Die with forearms on the black and white keys.


195
p
sight. His face grew pale and ash-en and he gazed in-to the night. "I'll nev-er love a-
201
gain" he vowed, "My heart will nev - er mend." And so it was, he kept his vow un-


tempo I
206
f
til the bit - ter end.
Pu - ri - ty and
tempo I
f
tempo I
f
211
pas - sion, can a man live with just one?
Pu - ri - ty, it


215
fills the soul, but pas - sion makes life fun. Strong
219
whis - key lights the throat on fire, pure wa - ter quench-es thirst's de - sire. To


223
be com - plete a man just needs both pu - ri - ty and pas - sion. To
227
be com - plete there's got-ta be both pu - ri - ty and pas - sion.