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Mexico City Blues - Part II

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Two-

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder
2007

Road

Strict Time \( \frac{\text{j}}{\text{d}} = 100 \)

Butte
Butte Magic of Ignorance

Butte Magic
Is the same as no-Butte

All one light
Old Rough Roads

One High Iron Main-way

Playlet: freely

Den- ver the same

"The guy I was with his un-cle was the gov-ern-or of Wy-o-ming"

"Course he paid me back"
Is a very old  God  What older God could you get

GLED ZAL-WAD-LE

The Sound of the Feathered Serpent
cause of the flood.

He came from:

"Des troyed - O - ver - Flood ed - Land
Ex iled - Him - Wa ter - Pour"

Which means:

He is Wa ter
He is the Flood
He is the O-cean that
Floods
Serpent as the sign of Flood, Ah

Double Time

Sax

Bred-feather is a sign of escape flight, exile

a tempo

The Feathered Serpent
Snakes that fly
Nail E-ter-ni-ty
To bye/

Propulsive $j = 132$

Arco

mf

f

p

f

p

The Big En-gines In the night

The Die-sel on the Pass The Air-plane in the Pan A-mer-i-can night
Night The Blazing Silence

in the Night the Pan Canadian Night The

Eagle on the Pass the Wire on the Rail the Hight Hot Iron of my

heart The blazing chicka-ball Whap by
Ex - try spe - cial Su - per High Job
Ole one-six - ty nine be

Incantatory \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( j = 56 \)

floun der-ing Down to Kill Roy

It's real ly a Brook lyn Night
the Az tec Night the Mix

Tol-tec Night
the Sar-a - goss-sa Night
the Tar-as - co Night
One night in Nineteen Forty

One I was a kid

And ran away from
college

And took a bus to the South
Where bed bugs got in my hair  
In the Heat wave Night

And all I saw  
on the long Avenue

were Ne groes

Once I went to a
movie at midnight

Nineteen Forty Mice And Men

the name of it

The Red Block Box-cars

Rolling (on the Screen) Yes-sir

Rubato

Pizz

life finally gets tired of living
Swing Tempo 1 \( \frac{J}{Q} = 112 \)

On both occasions I had wild Face looking into lights Of Streets where phantoms Slower

(s)tened out of sight In-to Me-mo-r-i-al Cello Time
Glenn Miller and I were heroes

When it was discovered that I was the most
Smooth Dance Band Style $d = 96$

beautiful Boy of my generation

They told Glenn
Where by he got inspired
And wrote the saxophone

Wrote the reed sections
like sauter-gain and finn

and then they all did dance
and kissed me

moon ing stars
and I be-came the Yo-kum of the wall gang
flow-ers and be-lieved in truth
and loved the snow-y earth and had no truck and no re-spon-si-bil-i-ty
bhikku in my heart waiting for the philos-ophy's dread-ful mur-derer
BUDDHA
Mad a-bout the Boy
Tune Fu-e
Go ing a-long with the dance
Les-ter Young in e-ter-ni-ty blowing his horn a-lone

Alone - Nobody's alone

Growl low-ten-or man

Work out your tune till the day is break smooth out the rough night

Frenetic

Wa-il

Beat but-ton bones
On the Bank of Broad England Ah Pa-too-ty Tea ward

Time Of Proust and beard-ed Ma- jes-ty

In rooms of dun a-go in long a lash a lar-um speak um

man-sions tenn-es-see of gor-y will-iam tree
I am not Greg-or-y Cor-so    The I-ta-l-ian Minne-sing er

Of the Song of Cor-si-ca    Su-bi-o-so Greg-or-i-o Cor so

The Haunt-ed Verse mak er King    Of Brat-tle Street    In streets of

snow    He wove the show    And wor-ried in tun-nels and
“Who was it wrote "Money is the root of all evil?" Was it
Oscar Wilde in one of his witties? Was it Celine nah?

Was it Alexander Pope Benjamin Franklin or William Shakespeare?

Was it Pope in one of his clever lines.

Bejamin in his Almanac of Peers has
Richard the Chicken Liver Express a private pear

or is Shakespeare

blowing wild

Conclusively wit-cis mi cal Pa-

ter-ni-ty advice
"Money is the root of all evil"

For I will Write In my will "I regret that I was not able to love money more"

For which reason I go into retreat and monastery all monastic in

And Yumas Arctic Gizoto Almanac
Priotho Consumas Konas
In the Corner & Mother Damema
Slow $q = 60$

$\dot{b} - \dot{b}$

Ten-der is the Night

Swing Style $j = 84$

Ten-der is the Eve Star

F. Scott Fitzgerald

the Al-a-

mo-an Huck-ster Crock-ett He-ro

Who burned his

Wife Down and tore up the nine-ty-five de-vils
with crashes of laughter and breaking of glass in the monocled 

I-bar ritz the little grey fox of NEW HA VEN CONN via Princeton O Sure

Slow

Ten-der is the marlin spike Ten-der is the sea Ten-der the
London Fog
That Befalls to
Swing Style \( \text{\textdollar} = 84 \)

Me
Tender is the Cat's Bath

Blue Meow
The Little Grey Fox

That nibbled at the grapes
Ten-der was his fore-skin tender his nape.

Lowell Canto

Re-membering my birth in infancy the
coughs the swallow the tear-trees growing from your eye-balls of
shame; the gray Im mense morn-ing I was conceived i the womb,
And the red gor-y af-ter-noon
de-liv-ered there-from
Wow
I could sing you hounds make you bell howl packs Zounds
I'd a lived and lived laughing as a child

If somebody could a told me it was unreal I was scared

The A Little Faster $ q = 88$

dark was full of phantoms

Come from the

o - ther side of death
to claim the hearts
of Sac - ri - fi - cial lit - tle chil - dren
laying up in the win - ter night In cribs by how - ling
win - dows of the cold and for - lorn Earth of Mass - a - chus - sets
Feb ru-ar - y Mass-a-schus sets March Wild howl Lu pine Cold the
Moon-y and loon-y nights.

I thought I was a phan-tom me my-self Suf-fer-ing

One night I saw my old-er bro-ther Ger

ard Stand-ing o-ver my crib with wild hair as if he had just
pee-visited the pail in the hall of snores and head-ed back for his room A Little Slower \( \frac{4}{3} = 88 \) ves-ti-ga-tin the Gra-il Nin and Ma's bed - room Who slept in the same bed
straight mute

A Little Faster $\frac{j}{q} = 96$

and in the crib a-long-side

O-ily is the mo-ment so that phan-tom was my bro-ther on-ly in the

sense that cot-ton is soft Only in the sense that when you

die you muf-fle in your sigh the
The thorny hard regret of rocks of life belief

I knew I hoped to go be saved. Mean-while there's my

Pa alone in street coming for supper under heaven bleak

The trees of March black
twigs against the red and gory sun-down

That blazed

across the River

sinking in the ocean
t'accel...

Salisbury latest and last grain of sand

Then all's wet

underneath Eclipse (I-van the Heaven Sea-Ice King Euclid...
Nep-py Tune) All's wet clear to Nep-tune's Seat Sensing the aura

news of that frost my father Hur-ries in his Woe-street

Con-scious he is a man Doomed to mortal

des-tin-y "Amd my poor lil Ti Pous-se," he thinks of me.
"He'll get it too."

My father in downtown red

Walked around like a shadow

Of ink black

with hat nodding in the immortal lights of my dreams

Straw hat
news - pa - per in pock-et Li - quor on the breath
bar ber shop shines - - - - - - Is the i - mage of
Ignorant Man Hurry - ing to his des-ti - ny which is Death

Arco
Pizz
Men know the mist is not their friend. They come out of fields and put coats on. And become businessmen and die stale. My remembrance of my father in downtown.

Lo well walking like
card board cut a-cross the lost lights

in the same empty material as my father in the grave.