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Mexico City Blues - Part III

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Three-

Serenades

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder
2007

Alto Sax

Percussion

Narrator

**Satirical** \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \)

**Faster** \( \frac{4}{4} \)

\( \frac{4}{4} \)

PO-EM WRIT TEN ON A SAIL-BOAT

one two three

It's a power-ful sock pow-er-ful Mock pow-er-fu breeze

p m

Hi-Hat (closed) open

3

\( \frac{3}{4} \)

\( \frac{3}{4} \)

\( \frac{3}{4} \)

blow in a-cross this lee-ward shirsh of fought wa ters thrash in
Up to spit on the deck Of Heroing man

Ah as we sail the jib boom Upon the va va voom

And Sal- pe- ter's her pet- ter a- gain

the Larceny Commission 'll Hear of this
fight the lawyers
Upset the silly laws

anger the hare brain bird of wine

In his railroad tam o' shanter Commemorative terma-gant able to dis-
sect such tycoon Burpers out a their
B mov-ies’ In-vest-ment in Black

Slower $\frac{3}{4} \doteq 76$

Even on a sail-boat I end up writ-in bop

Faster Tempo 2 $\frac{3}{4} \doteq 112$

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long Dee de lee dee dee doo doo doo

Mer-ri-ly Mer-ri-ly all the day Roll along roll along
O'er the deep blue sea

"Yes life would-a been a mistake without music"

Most primitive thing we know about man is

mu-sic drums first thing we hear drums
What the hell's the name of that instrument
the Aeolian Lyre by the sea

fifes reed instruments

naturals cat-gut violins and heavenly

lyres and a-

long that line
The Organ they made too

mos: the: nes
list: ened by the sea

with a rock in this teeth

And complained when he spent more on bread than wine
Slower \( \downarrow = 76 \)

Shh... says the Ho-ly Sea

Swing \( \downarrow = 104 \)

When I hear that ser-e-nade in

Tell me dar-ling are

these things the same That we had al-ways known well

all a-lone and true it's that ser-e-nade O ser-e-
nade in the blue

Faster $\downarrow = 144$

Oo-pli da da ao-w dee a dee e

da ha you ne-ver had no chance fate dealt you

wrong hands Romance ne-ver came
Swing \( \frac{d}{d} = 104 \)

back

Crashing inter-

raptions

So I'm with you happy once a-

gain and singing all my blues in tune with you with you

When I hear that serenade in
bleu  O O dee de ree

song  I could sing  in a low  new voice  to be re-

cord - ed  on  qui - et  mi - cro - phones of the

Ro-man  Af - ter - noon tape  a new kind of voice  sung for the self
sung for yourself to hear in a room where you don't want to be interrupted

Or made to sing dirges Of suicide and

main in the candle of the handle of the coffin to blame
Swing $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ legato non vib

By the light of the sil-very moon

I like to spoon
To my hon-ey I'll Croon
Love's Dream

By the light
Of the sil-very moon
Well

O that's the part I don't re-mem-ber
ho-ney moon
Croon
Love
June
O I don't know You can get it out of a book
If the right words are important

Garver's Canto

Mechanical

Xylophone

(Pome beginning with parenthesis:-
God!)

Gar-ver has an Az-tec Ham-mer to

bat-ter the tacks in

It's made of Pyr-a-mid Stone

The shape of a Knot

Cle-o-
patra's Knot

Knotty issue_ Marc Brandel__ian An_

tonio Julius Marc McAnthony Thorny horn of

hare Pro-pen-si-ties and hair And dis-gus-ting to the
it's take an artist to do all this" Careful man of cellophane
but u-su-(al)ly plain
plea-sant pa-per

Sir Gar-ver is clean-ing His At- tic and
Cas-tle Snif-fing and snap-pin

The Bar-dic Be Gar-ters
Wearing the huge shroud sorcerer's head

dead-beats offa his bed

Tucking the sheets in of no consequence

turning and struggling to
kneel to a stand

Off the bed of dimensions and middles and spans that

wont let him lie straight In the South American Pan

Pan mattress pan spang pan bang Per-done-me pardon me He's
In One \[ j = 60 \]

\[ \text{p} \]

got a rich cover Lines made of wine To cover his bed with And

pull in the line And unties his bow strings Of bathrobe and

gore His plue pajamas popping around all that

gore His feet clean and shiny Like asking for more And
as he keeps washing and blowing his poor nose And waiting for

dearth to make V re-pose Out of hands he now rubs with the

towel of More - - Coffee cup's a - cov-ered

Friend does the sneeze Death - 'll o-ver - come him in Some
Fleece of Sleep  Nir-van-na is Snow-ing  Right down on his
head  Ev-(e)ry-thing's all right  In Hean-ven in
High  In-side this blue bot-tle us flies rage and
Coin  But out-side is the Ro-sy of Pur-ple O
Senza Misura
Wind chimes
repeat ad lib

Slim girls in thin kimonas
Of blue silk, thin gossamer,
Long, that you could see thru,
Lying down, half-sitting,

An attendant places drug
In a central bowl,
And as they smoke on

An attendant sprinkles
their eyes with talcum powder
And they flutter their eyes
To the joy of it.
Then back at the tombs

Maracas

Wind chimes

He's smoking in his cell
And the smoke became
Singing people fading

Maracas

Then back at the tombs

And coming with smoke
and a guy passing bread
Passes him up -

Left the tombs to go
and look at the
Millions of cut g;ass -

- a guy clocking them -
as you look you swallow,
you get so fat
you can't leave the building,
-stand straight,
don't tip over, breathe
in such a wayyr fatness
deflates,

Maracas

go back to the Tombs
ride the elevator -

he tips o-ver a-gain
gazes on the Lights, eats them, is clocked, gets so fat he can’t leave elevator, has to stand straight and breathe out the fat -

hurry back to the Tombs
Fellaheen

\( q = 112 \)

Log Drum

\( \log_{\text{Drum}} \)

In-dian songs in Mexico the

Folk Chan-ties of Child-ren as dusk jump-rope at

Sat-ur-day Night pow-er fail-ure are like the lit-tle French-

Ca-nuck-i-an songs my mo-ther sings In-dian
ONLY THE MOTHERS ARE HAPPY

I'm walking down Orizaba Street

looking everywhere

Ahead of me I see a
mansion with wall big lawn Spanish

ter-i-ors fancy windows

very impressive

Fur-ther bloated cop-u-la-ted bloats Si-ent
what was his name? Asser-felter Shnard Ma-
rade the Marauding High-tailer of South-
ern Slop-aw-via krum full of Whistle
kers and kierkegaard/ and bash
caught a cold from the sun
When they tore my heart out
At the top of the
Pyr - a - mid

O the rut - tle toot - y bloot - y
win - dow - poop - ies
of Fel-lah Ack Ack Town that rus-set

noon when priests dared to lick their lips o-ver my

thump-ing meat heart

the Sac-ri-leg-i-ous beasts Ate me ten thou-sand mil-lion Times
and I came back Spitting Pulque in Bor-
ra-cho Ork Saloons of old Sour Aztec-a
Ask-in for more I popped out-a Po-po-ca-ta-pet-l's
Hungry mouth

And when they saw me Row-in my sail-in canoe a-cross the lake of dreams... In the Lotus Valley Swamp And arrested em For the size of my heart T's then I decided
"Don't Come Back"
They'll eat your heart alive Ev (e)ry
time
Slower \( \frac{q}{d} = 88 \)

But there's more blood I shed out-a my pump-in heart At

Te-o-ti-hua-can and ev-(e)ry-where else In-clu-ding
Sinuous (as before) \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 112

Tu-ban Block Look-out Ork

I got more

wa-ter pissed in the O-cean

As a sai-lor of the ser-(e)ral seas

Than Sal-low's A-phon-is-m will al-low
Epilog

Ruminative \( \frac{d}{80} \)

I'd rather die than be famous
I want to go live in the desert
With long wild hair
eating at my campfire full of sand
Hard as a donut
Cooked by Sand

The Pure Land
Moo Land
Heavenland Righteous
sping the thing
I'd ra-ther be in the des-ert
sand Sit-ting legs crossed at li-zard High
noon un-der a wood board shel-ter in the Dee Go De-sert just west a
L A Or e-ven in Chi-hu-cha dry Zack-a-ta-kies High
Gua-da-la-ja-ra

-absence of phantoms made me no king-

rather go in the high lone land of

pl-ateau where you can hear at night the zing of si-lence from the

halls of As-sem-bled