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Mexico City Blues - Part III

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Three -

Serenades

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder
2007

It's a powerful sock
pow'er'ful
Mock pow'er'ful breeze

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 Lar-cen-y Com-mis-sion 'll Hear of this
fight the law-yers
Up-set the sil-ly
laws

an-ger the
hare
brain
bird of
wine

In his rail-road tam o shan-ter Com-mem-(o)ra-tive ter-ma-gant a-ble to dis-
sect such ty-coon Bur-pers out-a their
B mov-ies’ In-vest-ment in Black

Slower \( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textdollar}}} = 76 \)

Even on a sail-boat I end up wri-tin bop

Faster Tempo 2 \( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textdollar}}} = 112 \)

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

music 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
"a tempo"

51

The Organ they made too

53

mos-the-nes listened by the sea

54

with a rock in this teeth

55

And complained when he spent more on bread than wine
Slower \( \overline{Q} = 76 \)

Swing \( \overline{Q} = 104 \)

Swing style

Shh... says the Ho-ly Sea

When I hear that ser-e-nade in

blue

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 $\ddot{\,}= 144$

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

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

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

back

Crash-ing inter-

rup-tions

So I'm with you

happy once a-

gain

and sing-ing all my blues in tune with you

with you

When I hear that ser-e-nade_____

in
85

\[\text{bleu O O dee de ree a} \]

87

\[\text{song I could sing in a low new voice to be re-} \]

88

\[\text{cord ed on qui et mi cro phones of the} \]

89

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

Faster $\text{~} = 104$

Or made to sing dirges Of suicide and

main in the candle of the handle of the coffin to blame
Swing \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{legato non vib} \)

\( \text{By the light of the silver moon} \)

I like to spoon

To my honey I’ll croon Love’s Dream

By the light

Of the silver moon

Well

O that’s the part I don’t remember honey 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-
but usu-(al)ly plain
pleas-ant
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
Wear-ing the huge shroud sor-cer-er's head

Pick-ing up
dead-beats offa his bed

Tuck-ing the sheets in of no con-se-quence

turn-ing and strug-gl-ing 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 mat-tress pan spang pan bang Per-do-ne-me par-don me He's
got a rich cover Lines made of wine To cover his bed with

pull in the line And un-ties his bow strings Of bath-robe and

gore His plue pa-ja-mas po-a-ping a-round all that

gore His feet clean and shi-ny Like ask-in for more And
as he keeps washing and blowing his poor nose. And waiting for death to make

out of hands he now rubs with the towel of More Coffee cup's covered

Friend does the sneeze Death 'll overcome him in Some
Bill's Dreams

Senza Misura
Repeat ad lib

Wind chimes

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

Smoking through long tubes
In which every once and a while
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.
Maracas

Wind chimes

- a guy clocking them -

- stand straight,

- don't tip over, breathe in such a wayyr fatness deflates,

Maracas

- go back to the Tombs

- ride the elevator -

- he tips over again

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

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 -

Then back at the tombs

you can't leave the building,
you get so fat
as you look you swallow,

- a guy clocking them -
as you look you swallow,
you get so fat
you can't leave the building,
Wind chimes
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

\( q = 112 \)

In-dian songs in Mex-i-co

Folk Chan-ties of Child-ren as dusk jump-rose

Sat-ur-day Night pow-er fail-ure

Ca-nuck-i-an songs my mo-ther sings

In-dian
ONLY THE MOTHERS ARE HAPPY

Camer-a    I'm walk-in down Or- i-za-ba Street

looking ev-(e)ry-where    A-head of me    I see a
man-sion with wall big lawn Span-ish in-ter-i-or-s fan-cy win-dows

ver-y im-pres-sive

Fur-ther bloa-ted cop-u-la-ted bloats Si-lent
sep-ar-a-tive fur-ni-ture

The Sto-ry of No-Mad si-lent sep-(a)ra-tive
cor-p-ses Ig-nor-i-no the In-dian Gen-er-al He Chief

wow Of South-ern So-nor-a You know the Bum
what was his name?  

As-ser-fel-ter  

Share the Marau-ding  

High-tai-ler  

South-ern  

Slo-pet-aw-va  

kram  

full of  

kers  

and kier-k-e-gaard/  

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 thous- and mil- lion Times
and I came back Spitting Pulque in Bar-
ra-cho Ork Saloons of old Sour Aztec-a
Ask-in for more I popped out-a Popoca-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 deci-ded
"Don't Come Back" They'll eat your heart alive

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

Te-o-ti-hua-can and ev-(e)ry-where else Including
Tu-ban Block Look-out Ork I got more water pissed in the Ocean As a sailor of the ser-(e)ral seas_

Than Sal-low's A-phrase 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 rather be in the desert
sand Sitting legs crossed at lizard High
noon under a wood board shelter in the Dee Go Desert just west a

L A

Or even in Chihuahua dry Zack-a-takies High
Gua-da-la-ja-ra

absence of phantoms made me no king-
ra-ther go in the high lone land of

pla-teau where you can hear at night the zing of si-
lence from the

halls of As-sem-bled