Mexico City Blues - Part Eight

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Mexico City Blues
-Part Eight-

Ancestry

poems by Jack Kerouac
Randall Snyder (2016)

Horn in F

Tuba

Narrator

Who is my father?
Who is my mother?
Who is my brother?

Who is my sister?
I say you're all my father all my mother all my sister all my brother

"Rather a good thing"
that we're all brothers and sisters

Men of Good Will is something we need in the World

Men of Philosophy that Cannot be of

Good Will Are the Communists and Fanatical
It is magic That men have anything to do with

birth

Say the Prim-itives

"I ne-ver ob-jec-ted to the word of God"
Protestant has

They're Brigham Young

God hid some tablets full of

Gold Her-o-in

In the Mormon Bi-ble

And flew

pi-goons and cocks

Wel-come Home

My fa-ther loves me my
mother too I am all safe and so are you My fa-ther a-dores me

thinks I'm cute hates to see me flash sher-oot Or be-spar-ter bed-spreads with

mule of in-fant wood-sy o-dors blush a-root

A Little Faster ($\alpha = c_{76}$)

My old man's on-ly twen-ty-eight years old
and is a young insurance salesman and is confidently clacking down the
street and chuckling to think of the boys and the poker game and
gnaws his fingernails worried about how fat he's getting
"no coal bill's been high-ern this nineteen twenty-four
coal bill
I got to watch my dol-lars

watch my dol-lars pret-ty soon the poor-house" ("Wish I was God" he adds to think)

My fa-ther
Le-o Al-ci-de Ker-ou-ac

comes to the door of the porch
on the way out to down-town
red (where Ne-ons Red-ly Brown-ly flash an

aura over the city center as seen from the river where we

lived) "Prap pro-hock he's cough-ing

bu-sy "am"
bursting to part the seams of his trousers with power of assembled in-
ten tions
"B rampant Brap?" (as

years later G. J. would imitate him "your father, Zagg

he goes along Bre-hack! Brap?" rai-sing his leg
bursting his face to rouge out-pop huge mad eyes of

"big burp-er balloons of the huge world")

to see if there's any mail in the box

My fa-ther shoots a quick glan-ces in-to all hearts of the box
no mail
you see the flash of his anxious head

looking the void for nothing

I keep falling in love with my mother
I don't want to hurt her of all the people to
hurt
Ev'ry time I
see her she's grown old-er but her u-ni-form al-
- ways a-ma-zes me for it's Dutch sim-pli-ci-ty and the
Doll she is the doll-like way she stands bow-legged in my

Faster (\( \hat{\text{d}} \) = c. 76)

dreams waiting to serve me And I'm only an A-

pa-che smo-king Has-hi in old Ca-bash-y by the lamp

It was all right And I was the
strangest creature of the all

At X-mas they brought me a toy house in and out of which

Caroline my sister played little valentine armies

showing little sad people of the rime pip Vienna small toot towns with
Did any of them lil cardboard soldiers see the Sun of Sadness at Six
In the windows of their snow slope?
Gerard

"Aus die ferne" (♩ = c. 120)

Christ had a dove on his shoulder

my brother Gerard had two doves and two
lambs pulling his milky chari-

ot immersed in fragrant old spit-toon

water

He was baptized by Iron Priest Saint

Jacques De Fournier in Lowell Massachu-setts in the

(≈≈≈)
Gray Rain Year Nine-teen Nine-teen when Chap-lin had spats and
Demp-sey drank no whis-ky by the track
My mo-ther saw him in hea-ven
ri- ding a - way proph-e-sy-ing ev-'ry-thing will be al-
right which I have learned now by tri-al and con-

vic-tion in the Court of Aw-ful Glots

Coda

I tumb-led down the

street on a tri-cy-cle ve-ry fast I could-a kept go-ing
and wound up in the river or across the

trolley tracks and got cobblemashed and all smashed so that

later on I can't have grit dreams of Lake-view Avenue

and see my father die had I died at
two

but I saw my father die

I saw my brother die

I saw my mother die

my mother my mother my mother inside me

saw the pear trees die the grapes pear-Is pen-ny trees saw
little white collar girl with little black dress and

spots of rose on each cheek die in her glasses in a
coffin but I raced my bicycle safely