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Mexico City Blues - Part Eight

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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 Today

Men of Philosophy that Cannot be of

Good Will Are the Communists and Fanatical
It is magic That men have any thing to do with birth
Say the Prim i tives
"I ne ver ob jec ted to the word of God"
The cra zy sex the

Jews Fa nat i cal spews Fa nat i cal mews
Prot-est-tant has

God hid some tab-lets

Gold Her-o-in

pi-geons and cocks Wel-come Home

My fa-ther loves me my
mo-ther too  I am all safe and so are you  My fa-ther a-do res me

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

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

A Little Faster (d = c.76)
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 higher this nineteen twenty-four"
coal bill I got to watch my dol-lars

watch my dol-lars pretty 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
(where Ne-ons___ Red-ly Brown-ly____ flash an
au-ra o-ver the cit-y cen-ter as seen from the ri-ver 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 intestines

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

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

"big burp-er bal-loons of the huge world")

to see if there's an-y mail in the box

My fa-ther shoots a quick glan-ces in-to all hearts of the box
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 uni-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 dreams waiting to serve me
And I'm only an A-

pa-che smok-ing Has-hi in old Ca-bash-y by the lamp

It was all right And I was the
strang-est creature of the all
At X-mas they brought me a toy house in and out of which
Car-o-line my sis-ter played lit-tle val-en-tine ar-mies
show-ing lit-tle sad peo-ple of the rime pip Vi-en-na small toot towns with
"What is this? mys't'ry of lit-tle peo-ple

Is each one a frighten-ing as me?
Is each one afraid as me?
Is each one got to sleep in the dark of the night?

Did any of them lil cardboard sol-diers see the Sun of Sadness at Six
In the win-dows 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 Massachusetts 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 trial 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 cobble-mashed 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 pearl pen-ny trees saw
lit - tle white col - lar girl with lit - tle black dress and

spots of rose on each cheek die in her glass-es in a

coff-in but I raced my bi - cy - cle safe - ly___