2016

Mexico City Blues - Part IX

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Snyder, Randall, "Mexico City Blues - Part IX" (2016). Randall Snyder Compositions. 212.
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Tenor Saxophone

Narrator

Bop Style \( \frac{\text{\#}}{\text{\#}} \) \( \frac{\text{\#}}{\text{\#}} \) \( \frac{\text{\#}}{\text{\#}} \)

\( \text{(alternate with narrator)} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{(alternate with sax)} \)

Everything is perfect, dear friend

When you wrote the letter I was writing you one

I checked out the dates

Just about right, and One

You don't have to worry about colics and fits from me any more
or evermore either

You don't have to worry bout death

Everything you do, is like your hero

Slower $j = 94$

The Sweetest Angelic tenor of man

Wailing Sweet Bop on a front afternoon

When not leading the band

And every note plaintive

Every note Call for Loss of our Love and Mastery, just so, eternalized-
You are a great man

Tempo 1  \( \dot{\text{f}} = 104 \)

I've gone inside myself
And there to find you

And little ants too

Balloons

Kris-sake  Wake-up!

Nuts like  Carl -Sol-o-man a sharp Jew I know

say that all's  al-re-a-dy end - ded  a dream a  long time
done

Sit in the Bed-lam high

inside mind lying dreaming to the

music of the time coming through the Aura Hole of old father

time mustache on a Jimmy the Greek stage

Ork song of
No-va Sco-tia silly any songs float-ing in the O- pen Blue bal- an-cing on Bal-loons Bal-loons BAL- LOONS

BAL- LOONS of rose hope Bal-loons Bal-loons BAL-

LOONS

the Vast In-te-gral Crap a Bal-

loons BAL- LOONS is your time Bal-

loons

Vast In-te-gral Crap a Bal-

loons BAL- LOONS is your time Bal-

loons
Empty balloons of gorgeous?

Wild upskies bedazzling radiant?

Immense arcades of secret joy?

Caves of light Ya Ving-o

Slower \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 80

dream-material palaces high in the texture of the high thought?

Nir-va-na Hea-ven? X?
What you call it? Swear Huge milky

ar-e-as of si-lence per-me-a-ted by

rose pet-a-ls crushed in dia-mond vats Great baths of

Glor-y? Sing-ing qui-et hum-sound?

Golden Secret Figures Of Unimaginable Inexpressible Flowers

Blooming in the One Own Mind
Essence

That other part of your mind Where every thing's refined to thin hair

scream ers must be in the cavern somewhere but

was its self-nature of location? Nadar

na-dir na-par-in-nir-va-na ni par-in-nir-va-na but Most
Ex-\textit{cal-lent} and \textit{Wise} of \textit{Glor-i-ous \textit{Ser-vant}} of \textit{Senti}t-\textit{tian-ent \textit{Needs}} Ta-tha-ga-ta Ak-sho-by-a \textit{brother} of Mer-

udh-vha-\textit{ga kin to Sar-i-\textit{pu-tra}} \textit{Ho-ly and Wise like}

No location to thin hare screamers
\textit{In the mind's} (minute and long ago lament) central comedy

\textit{Balloons}

"Was it a bright afternoon, bright with
Asks the literary type sitting in a chair in an afternoon dream. And you see his buddy coming in. Holding his coat to the hook. After closing the door. You see it on a Thurber Cartoon. In New York the funny fat figures. V-cut and Z-cut in.
squares spill-ing car-tons of spag-het-ti to their orb

ball OON LINE A_NOON POP CLOUD

and peo-ple thumb through

Reg-al-y And up comes the laugh

Re-gal-ly And up comes the laugh

FunnY Thurber Cartoon there

"Was it a bright af-ter-noon bright with see-ing?"
All things are empty of self-marks
If it is space
that is perception of sight
You ought to know,
and if we were to substitute
One for the other, who'd win?
Santivedam St. Francis, A Kempsis Hara

A sinner may go to heaven
by serving God as a sinner

At Sea

The fresh-water eels of Europe that climb up their
ri-vers and presum-a-bly raid fjords and eat up pools
cur-i-ous Proust-i-an vis-i-tors from up the moun-tain of the sea which

when they die they re-cross to Ber-mu-da from whence they came to
die

Must be that these
eel have a yen to ex-plore the veins of old At-

lan-tis from their sunk-en moun-tain-top this side Ca-
nar-y-as but no they slide from Eur-o-pe to U-
kraine and down the Belg-ian - ri-vers and blank-ly in the 

void swim back to spawn and die with long - faced pouts

Poor fish.

In the o-cean_ there's a ver-y sad tur-tle (Eve-ven though the
Main-line Fish-in ship is reeling in the merit like mad)

swims long-mouthed and sad looking for the Im-possible

Except Once afternoon when the Yoke oh the old Budd-ha Yo-ke set a-

float-in is in the water where the turtle raises his be-

wat-er-y snap to the sea and the Yo-ke yokes the turtle a E-ter-ni-ty
"Tell me O Bhikkus, what are the chances of such a happening, for the turtle is old and the yo-ke is free, and the 7 oceans bigger than any we see in this tiny party."

Chan-ces are slen-der in a mil-lion mil-lion bil-lion ko-tis of ae-ons and In-cal-cu-la-bles Yes the Tur-ple will set that Yo-ke free but till then hard-er yet are the chan-ces for a man to be re-born a man in this kar-ma earth
epilog

Bop Style \( \frac{d}{=} 104 \)

(alternate with narrator) Brown wrote a book called the White and the Black

(alternate with sax) Brown wrote a book called the White and the Black

Narcotic City switchin on

Anger Falls -

(musician stops.
brooding on bandstand)