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## Mexico City Blues - Part III

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2  
8

L.M.S. Toms

S.D.

*fp*

*p < f*

*p < f*

Up to spit on the deck Of He - roing man —

11

*mf*

*p*

Ah as we sail the jib - boom U-pon the va va voom —

13

*sub p*

*mf*

*p*

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

15

*f*

*f*

the Lar - cen - y Com - mis - sion 'll Hear of this

16

fight the law-yers Up-set the sil-ly laws

18

an-ger the hare brain bird of wine

23

In his rail-road tam o shan-ter Com - mem-(o)ra-tive ter-ma-gant a-ble to dis-

25

sect such ty - coon Bur - pers out - a their

4

26 *mf* *f*

B mov-ies' In-vest-ment in Black 'Bop'

Slower ♩ = 76

28

E-ven on a sail-boat I end up wri-tin bop

1 Faster Tempo 2 ♩ = 112

30 *mf* *mp*

M. Ride Cym. *mf*

*mp*

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

32

Mer-ri-ly Mer-ri-ly all the day Roll along roll along

35

O'er the deep blue sea "Yes

37

life would-a been a mis-take with-out mu-sic"

39

Most prim-i-tive thing we know a-bout man is

41

mu-sic drums first thing we hear drums

44

*mp* *mf*

*p* *f* *mf*

fifes reed in - stru - ments

46

*p* *mf* *p*

*p* *f* *mf*

nat - u - rals cat - gut vi - o - lins and hea - ven - ly

48

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

ly - res and a -

49

*f* *ff* Rattle

*f* *ff*

long that line What the hell's the name of that instrument the Aeolian Lyre by the sea

51 *a tempo*

*p* *f*

*mp* *f*

The Or - gan they made too De -

53

*p*

3 5

mos - the - nes lis - tened by the sea

54

*fp* *pp*

3 3 10

with a rock in this teeth

55

*mf* *f*

3 3

And com-plained when he spent more on bread than wine



8 Slower ♩ = 76

2 Swing ♩ = 104

57

swing style

*p*

Brushes

*p*

Shh — says the Ho-ly Sea When I hear that ser-e-nade in

60

*mf*<sup>3</sup>

*p*

*mf*

*p*

blue Tell me dar-ling are

62

*mf*<sup>3</sup>

*mf*

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

64

*p*

*p*

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

67

*mf* *rit.....*

nade in the blue in the blue

**Faster** ♩ = 144

69

*mf*

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

71

*p*

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

73

wrong — hands Ro - mance ne - ver — came

76

back Crash - ing in - ter -

78

rup-tions So I'm with you hap - py once a -

80

gain and sing - ing all my blues in tune with you with you

83 "Mickey Style"

Woodblock When I hear that ser - e - nade in

85

*fp* *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

bleu O O dee de ree a

Slower ♩ = 76

87

Mallets *pp* *mf* *p*

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

88

*mf* *p*

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

89

*pp* *mp*

Ro-man Af - ter - noon tape a new kind of voice sung for the self

sung for your - self to hear in a room where you

92

don't want to be in - ter - rup - ted

*mp* *f*

Faster ♩ = 104

94

Or made to sing dir - ges Of su - i - cide and

Rattle

95

main in the can - dle of the hand - le of the cof - fin to blame

Singing:-

97 4 Swing ♩ = 104 *legato non vib*

Brushes 3 3 *mp*

*mf* *p* 3 3 3

By the light of the sil - ver - y moon

*mf* *p* 3 3

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

*mf* *p*

By the light Of the sil - ver - y moon Well

*p* *ppp* Coin

O that's the part I don't re - mem - ber ho ney moon Croon Love June

O I dont know You can get it out of a book  
If the right words are important

### Garver's Canto

108 **Mechanical** ♩ = 100

Xylophone

(Pome beginning with parenthesis:-  
God!)

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

111

bat-ter the tacks in It's made of Pyr-a - mid Stone

114

The shape of a Knot Cle-o-

♩. = 75

117

Tambourine *mf*

*mf* *p*

pat - ra's Knot \_\_\_\_\_ The

119

*mf* *p*

Knot - ty iss - ue \_\_\_\_\_ Marc Bran - del - i - an An -

120

*mf* *p*

ton - i - o Ju - lius Marc Mc - An - tho - ny Thorn-y horn of

122

*mf* *p*

hare Pro-pen-si-ties and hair And dis - gus - ting to the



*f* *fp* *f* *mf*  
 Xylo *mf*  
 bare Az-tec ham-mer ne-ver

*p*  
 stop Fold-ed rip-ple fold o-ver there nice Tacks went in

*p* *mf*  
*p* *mf*  
 "it's take an ar-tist to do all this" Care-ful man of cel-lo-phant

*p*  
 decks and some-times - cer - e - mon - i - al sil-ver foil

135

but u - su - (al)ly plain plea - sant pa - per

137

5 *a tempo*

Sir Gar-ver is clean-ing His At - tic and

139

Cas-tle Snif-fing and snap-pin

141

The Bar-dic Be Gar-ters

143

*mf* *p*

Wear-ing the huge shroud sor-cer-er's head Pick-ing up

145

*mf* *p*

dead-beats offa his bed

146

*mf* *fp*

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

147

*mf*

turn-ing and strug-gling to

148

*f* *f* *mf*

kneel to a stand Off the

149

*p* *f*

Tamb Mallets

bed of di - men - sions and mid - dles and spans that

151

*p* *f*

5:3

wont let him lie straight In the South A - mer - i - can Pan

153

*mp*

Mallets

Pan mat-tress pan spang pan bang Per - do - ne - me par - don me He's

got a rich cov - er Lines made of wine To cov - er his bed with And

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

174 7

*pp* *mp* *p*

as he keeps wash - ing and blow - ing his poor nose And wait - ing for

179

*mp* *pp*

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

184

*mp* *p*

tow-el of More - - - Cof-fee cup's a - cov-ered

188

>

Friend does the sneeze Death - 'll o-ver - come him in Some

Slower ♩ = 72

192

*fp*

Rattle

*pp* *f*

Fleece of Sleep Nir-van-na is Snow-ing Right down on his

195

*mf* *fp* *sub p*

head Ev-(e)ry-thing's all right In Hean-ven in

197

*sub p*

High In-side this blue bot-tle us flies — rage and

199

*mf* *sub* *p*

Coin

*p*

wait But out-side is the Ro-sy of Pur-ple O

201 *Long* Dream Sequence

Glock

*pp* *p* *pp*

*mf*

Gate O - J - O Bill's Dreams

204 *Senza Misura*  
Wind chimes

*p* *repeat ad lib*

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

206

Smoking through long tubes  
In which every once and a while  
An attendant places drug  
In a central bowl,  
And as they smoke on,

208

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



210

Maracas

Wind chimes

Then back at the tombs

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

212

8

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 -

214

- 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,

216

Maracas

go back to the Tombs

ride the elevator -

he tips o-ver a-gain

218 Wind chimes

gazes on the Lights,  
eats them, is clocked,

gets so fat  
he cant leave elevator

has to stand straight  
and breathe out the fat -

220

hurry back

to the Tombs

222

*ppp* < >

4/4

Sinuous (as before) ♩ = 112

*Fellaheen*

223 *p*  
Log Drum

*p*

In-di-an songs in Mex-i-co the

225 *mf p*

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

227

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

229

*3* *3* *3* *3*

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

231

*mf*

Round-e - lays Row Ca-noe Ma ta wack-a

234

*mf*

John-ny Pi - co - tee Wish-tee Wish-tee

236

Small Gong

*f*

Neg - wa - ya - ble Ta - ma -

238

*f*

ya - ra Pa - ra ya Az - tec squeaks

240

*f*

ON - LY THE MO - THERS ARE HAP - PY

242

*p*

Mex - i - co

245

*f p f p*

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

247

*mf*

B.D.

*mf*

look - ing ev - (e)ry - where A - head of me I see a

249

man - sion with wall big lawn Span-ish in -

251

ter - i - ors fan - cy win-dows

253

ver - y im - pres-sive

255 Slower: Declamatory

Fur - ther bloa - ted cop - u - la - ted bloats Si - lent

257

sep - ar - a - tive fur - ni - ture

259

The Sto - ry of No - Mad si - lent sep - (a)ra - tive

261

corp - ses Ig - nor - i - no the In - dian Gen - er - al He Chief

263

wow Of South - ern So - nor - a You know the Bum

265

what was his name? As-ser-fel-ter Shnard Ma-

267

rade the Ma-rau-ding High-tai-ler of

268

South-ern Slop-et-aw-vi-a krum full of

270

Whistle

kers and kierk-e-gaard/ and bash



10 Sinuous (as before) ♩ = 112

272

*mf*

Log Drum

*f* *mf*

bah the Plap I

274

*p* *subp*

3 3 3 3 3

caught a cold from the sun When they tore my heart out At the top of the

276

*p*

3/4

Pyr - a - mid

278

*f* *f*

4/4 2/4

O the rut-tle toot-y blood-y win-dow-poop-ies

280

*mp*

*mp*

of Fel - lah Ack Ack Town that rus - set

282

*mp*

*p* *f*

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

284

*p* *mf*

*p* *mf*

thump - ing meat heart

286

*ff*

*ff*

the Sac - ri - leg - ious beasts Ate me ten thous - and mil - lion Times

288

*mf*

and I came back Spitt-ing Pul - que in Bor -

290

ra - cho Ork Sa-loons of old So - ur Az - tec - a

293

*mf* *f* *p*

ra - cho Ork Sa-loons of old So - ur Az - tec - a

296

*fp* *mf* *p* *f*

Ask-in for more I popped out - a Po - po - ca - ta - pet - l's

299

*mf* Hung - ry mouth *f* And when they

301

*f mp* saw me Row-in my sail-in ca-noe a-cross the lake of dreams \_\_\_\_\_ In the Lo-tus

303

Val - ley Swamp And ar - res - ted em For the size of my

305

heart T's then I de - ci-ded

307

*f*

"Don't Come Back" They'll eat your heart a - live Ev (e)ry

309

Maracas

*f*

*p* *f* *p*

time

Slower ♩ = 88

311

*mf* *p*

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

313

*mf* *p*

Te - o - ti - hua - can and ev - (e)ry - where else In - clu - ding

## Sinuous (as before) ♩ = 112

315

*mp*

Tu - ban    Block    Look - out    Ork    I got more

317

*f p f p f p*

wa - ter    pissed in the O - cean    As a    sai - lor of the ser - (e)ral seas \_

319

*fp mp pp*

—    Than    Sal - low's A - phor - is - m — will al - low

Ruminative  $\text{♩} = 80$ *Epilog*

322

Mallets Rattle  $\text{—} 3 \text{—}$  B.D.

*pp mp pp mp p*

I'd ra-ther die than be fa-mous I want to go live in the

325

Gong toms  $\text{—} 3 \text{—}$

*mf p*

de-sert With long wild hair eat-ing at my camp-fire full of

327

*mp p*

sand Hard as a do-nut Cooked by Sand The

329

*p*

Pure Land Moo Land Heav-en-land Right-eous

331

sping the thing I'd ra-ther be in the de - sert

333

sand Sit - ting legs crossed at - li - zard High

335

noon un-der a wood board shel-ter in the Dee Go De-sert just west a

337

L A Or e-ven in Chi - hu - cha dry Zack - a - ta - kies High



339

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

342

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

345

halls of As-sem-bled