

Inseminator Song

Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 2021

Tune: Bizet, "Toreador Song"

Performance note: The approach to scansion in French opera is very different from English-language traditions. It took a bit of forcing to get the lyrics to fit and may require some imagination to make them scan while singing, but it can work.

Context: Rep. Chris Rabb introduced a bill in the Pennsylvania legislature that would mandate forced sterilization of "inseminators" (known in a less enlightened time as "men") who have three children or reach age 40. This echoes the eugenics laws of the twenties and thirties, under which thousands of Americans, mostly poor and nonwhite, were in fact forcibly sterilized. Rabb and his followers seem to think this is hilariously funny.

You are toast, it's you we're going to render,
Senor, senor, into a eunuch now.
To our fine surgeons you must surrender.
Under anesthesia so you won't have to say "Yow!"
The truth is plain, to this you're fated,
The truth is plain, you have to yield.
Don't fear you're going to be castrated.
Don't fear the going to a fate already sealed.

Texas laws gave us the idea,
And we don't care if you are furious.
Now to parenthood say "See ya!"
Now for acts injurious.
Come on! Lie down! Come on! Come on! Ah! ...

Insem'nator, unguarded.
Insem'nator, inseminator.
Now think well, yes, think while being chopped,
It's as meat you're regarded,
Your family will be stopped, inseminator.
Your family will be stopped.