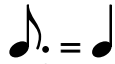


Christy-Tyler

Legend

crash gong1 snare drum bass drum

triangle piatti gong2 tam tam



voice

CHR ROON. slower (5:6) CHR

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hin-ney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mo-ther? No

percussion

Foley

8

Chr ROON. rit CHR ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds

bet-ter ma'am. Your daugh-ter then? no worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

perc

Fol. VB wind p wind

14

Chr ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo

ra - ces per - haps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up? I suppose you

tym

perc

lg. gong

19

Chr ROON. * tEE? bell up mail I hear al-rea - dy

would-n't be in need hist! surely to good - ness that couldn't be the bell up mail I hear al-rea - dy

perc

25

Chr ROON.

damn the mail oh thank God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far dis-tance

Chr

2
33

Chr

CHR

rit

ROON.

CHR

ROON.

I suppose you would-n't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung? sty-dung sty-dung?

tym

perc

snare off

39

Rn

CHR

ROON.

slower

piu mosso

3 rit

tempo 4:5

I like your frankness Chris-ty I'll ask the mas-ter. Christy? yes ma'am do you find an-ything bi -

tym

45

Rn

rit.

zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the sim-plest words I think and

54

Rn

CHR

yet I sometimes find my way of speak-ing ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind

61

Chr

ROON.

3

rit...

her maam, she's ve-ry fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of life

tym

67

Rn

rit...

why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car-ried a -

73

Rn

CHR

ROON.

poco piu (6:5)

way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta hell out of that! she doesn't move a

tym

perc

79 *a tempo* *poco piu (6:5)* **drag** *a tempo* *rit*

Rn *muscle...* *I* *too should be* *getting along* *if I do not wish to arrive* *late at the station. But a* *moment a - go she*

tym *mp*

perc *mp*

85 *roll r*

Rn *neighed and pawed the ground and* *now she re-fuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the* *rump! har-der* *well! if someone were to do*

tym

perc *mf* *f*

90 *arr?* *poco rit* *rit.*

Rn *that to me, I would n't* *tar-ry... how she ga-zes at me to be sure* *with her* *great, moist, cleg* *tor-men-ted eyes! Per - haps* *if I were to move*

tym

perc

98 *crack!* *whip* *crash* *rit*

Rn *on, down the road* *out of her field of vision* *no! no!* *e - nough.* *take her by the* *snaffle and take her* *eyes*

tym

perc

105 *arr?*

Rn *a way from me* *oh this is* *aw-ful* *What have I done to de - serve all this?* *what? what?* *so long a - go*

tym

perc *crunch*

Fol.

112

Rn

no! no! sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a - go and ill done how can I go on?

crash

perc

120

Rn

I cannot oh let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and ne-ver move a -

128

Rn

gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to scoop me up with a sho-vel. Hea-vens there is that...

135

Rn

'up mail' a-gain. What will become of me? oh I am just a hys-ter-i - cal old hag, I know

tym

Fol.

bell

crunch

144

Rn

des-troyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty and church go-ing and fat and rheuma - tism and child - less ness

tym

perc

151

Rn

Min - nie lit-tle Min-nie love, love is all I asked, a lit-tle love dai - ly twice dai - ly fif - ty years

tym

158

Rn

of twice dai - ly love like a Pa - ris horse butchers reg - u - lar what nor - mal wom-an wants a -

tym

165

Rn

flec - tion a kiss in the eve - ning by the ear and a - no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you.

BELLS

172 Rn *mp* $\text{A} \text{♩} = 60$

There is that love-ly la - bur - num a - gain

182 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ ROON.

Par-don me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the

189 Rn TYL

life out of me sneaking up be - side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot-

198 Tyl. ROON.

- ed you I started tin-kle-ing my bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are a-nother what news of your dau-ghter

205 Rn TYL $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ ROON.

fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you

tym

perc

214 Rn TYL $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per-haps... if I... were to place... my hand gent-ly on your shoulder Miss-es

tym

perc

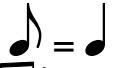
225 Tyl. ROON.


Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo - ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old

tym

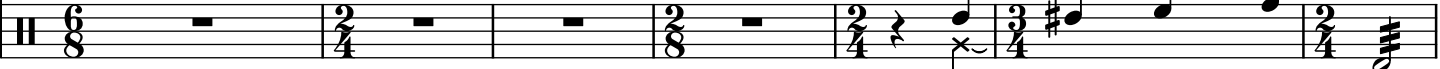
perc


vibes

231 **molto rit.** 

Rn 

hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van!

perc 

vibes 

pp

238

Rn 

are you all right Mis-ter Ty - ler?

perc 



crotales

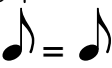
ppp


245

Rn 


where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I a-lit in the nick of


decresc. 

252 **ROON.** 

Tyl. 

time! It is su-i-cide to be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-ger-ing dis-so-lu tion.

perc 

vibes 

260 

Rn 

now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon no - thing Mises Roo - ney no-thing. I was on-ly cur-sing un-der my

tym 

perc 

p *p* *f* *p*

269

Rn

f *p*

breath, God and man! un der my breath and the wet Sat-ur day af - ter - noon of my con-cep tion my back tire has gone out a -

tym

perc

7

277

Rn

gain, I pumped it hard as i - ron be - fore I went out and now I am on the rim oh what a shame! now

tym

ROON. TYL

285

Tyl.

if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear

perc

3

292

Tyl.

no it is too much. drag creak -

perc

Fol.

ROON.

vibes

are we al - read - y late? I have not the

297

Rn

cour-age to look at my watch late? I on my bi - cycle as I rolled a - long was al - read y late now there-for we are

tym

perc

Fol.

BELLS

305

Tyl. *ROON.*

dou - bly late tre-bly quadruped - ly late would I had shot by you with - out - a word who are you

tym

perc

Fol.

bells

313

Rn. *TYL*

go-ing to meet? Har - dy We used to climb to-get - her I saved his life once I have not for got - ten it

tym

Fol.

321

Tyl. *TYL Still...*

let us halt a mo-ment and this vile dust fall back upon the vile-er worms what sky!, what

Fol. *adbn.*

cow

328

Faster!

Tyl. *ROON. TYL*

light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and out of hos-pital. A - live? Well half ali - ve shall we

perc

335

Tyl. *ROON.*

say. Speak for yourself, I am not half a - live nor an - y-thing aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle

perc

342

Rn

in our time, and when it does, some great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well,

perc

bell

349

Tyl.

shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the

perc

B

ROON. TYL tQ? ROON.

355

Rn

coo-ing of the ringdoves if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him

rit. *- 3 -*

ROON. TD

$\text{♩} = 60$

362

Rn

when it all came ov-er me a - gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to tell you it

$\text{♩} = 100$

370

Rn

all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she sim-ply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses Roo - ney

$\text{♩} = 60$ TYL *rit.*

378

Tyl.

come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What? whats all this then?

rit. ROON. *rit.*

386

Rn

can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry? Min-nie lit tle Min-nie Come, Misses Roo - ney

TYL *rit.*

394

Tyl.

come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare Misses Roo - ney

rit. *rit.*

402

Tyl.

come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

rit. *rit.*