

# Christy-Tyler

CHR ROON.

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa -

5 Rn slower (5:6) CHR ROON. rit CHR

mi - liar how is your poor mother? No bet-ter ma'am. Your daughter then? no

10 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds

worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

14 Chr ROON. 3 molt rit 3 3

ra-ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up?

18 Chr CHR a tempo ROON. 3 \*tEE? 3

I suppose you wouldn't be in need hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the

22 Rn CHR ROON.

up mail I hear al-rea - dy damn the mail oh thank

Rn

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the

Rn

far distance I suppose you wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung!

Rn

dung?! what class of dung? stydung stydung? I like your frankness Chris-ty

Rn

I'll ask the mas-ter. Christy? yes ma'am do you find

Rn

an-ying bi-zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the

49 Rn *rit.*  
voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the sim-plest words I think and

54 Rn  
yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry bi-

59 Rn *CHR*  
zarre mer-cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's ve-ry

62 Chr *ROON.*  
fresh in ner-self today dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of

66 Rn *rit.*  
life why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the

70 Rn *rit...*  
crest of your ma-nure, and let yourself be car-ried a-way is it that you

74 Rn

CHR 3

ROON. poco piu (6:5)

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

79 Rn

a tempo

poco piu (6:5)

drag

muscle... I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive

83 Rn

a tempo

rit

late at the station. But a moment a - go she neighed and pawed the ground and

86 Rn

roll r

now she re-fuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har - der

89 Rn

well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tar-ry... how she ga-zes at me to be

93 Rn

arr? 3

poco rit

rit.

sure with her great, moist, cleg tormented eyes! Per - haps if I were to move

98 Rn *crack!* *f*

on, down the road out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the

103 Rn *rit*

snaffle and take her eyes a-way from me oh this is aw-ful

108 Rn *arr?*

What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? so long a - go

112 Rn *p* *4*

no! no! sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a -

117 Rn *rit.* *f* *mp* *2*

go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh

122 Rn *rit.* *5* *3*

let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never

127 Rn 
 move a - gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to

132 Rn 
 scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again.

137 Rn 
 What will become of me? oh I am just a hys-

142 Rn 
 teri-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - ity and

147 Rn 
 church going and fat and rheuma-tism and child - lessness Min-nie little

152 Rn

Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love daily twice daily fifty years

158 Rn

of twice dai-ly love like a Pa-ris horse butchers reg-u --lar what

163 Rn

nor - mal woman wants a - ffection a kiss in the evening by the ear and a - no

169 Rn

ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There is that

174 Rn

lovely la - bur - num a - gain

A. = 60

180 Rn

Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De-

186 Rn

vine day for the meeting oh Mister Ty-ler you startled the life out of me

190 Rn

sneaking up be-side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo-

196 Tyl.

- ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkleing my bell now don't you deny

201 Tyl.

it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your daughter fair

206 Tyl.

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



212 Tyl. *ROON.*  
 gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per -

218 Tyl.  
 haps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would

226 Tyl. *ROON.*  
 that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

229 Rn. *molto rit.*  
 tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and

234 Rn.  
 tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

242 Rn.  
 are you all right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are!

250 Rn

That was a na-row scrape... I a lit in the nick of time! It is su-icide to

TYL ROON.

254 Rn

be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-gering

259 Rn

dis-so-lu - tion. now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon

263 Rn

nothing Mises Roo - ney nothing. I was on-ly cur-sing un-der my breath, God and

*f* *p* *f*

270 Rn

man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back

*p*

275 Rn tire has gone out a-gain, I pumped it hard as i - ron be-fore I went out and

282 Rn now I am on the rim oh what a shame! now if it were the

286 Tyl. front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the

291 Tyl. grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we

295 Rn al-ready late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my

300 Tyl. bi-cycle as I rolled a-long was al-ready late now therefor we are dou - bly late

306 Tyl. tre-bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot by you with - out - a word

312 **ROON.** **TYL**

who are you going to meet? Har-dy We used to climb together I saved his

318 *rit.*

life once I have not for got-ten it let us halt a moment and this

323 *rit.* **TYL Still...**

vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms what sky!, what

328 **Faster!**

light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and

*ad lib*

333 Tyl. ROON. TYL ROON.  
 out of hos-pital. A - live? Well half ali-ve shall we say. Speak for yourself, I am not

337 Rn  
 half a-live nor an - ything aproaching it what are we standing here for? this

341 Rn  
 dust will not set-tle in our time, and when it does, some

345 Rn TYL  
 great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well,

349 Tyl. B  
 ROON. TYL tQ? ROON.  
 shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister

353 Rn *rit.*  
 Ty-ler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

357  $\text{♩} = 60$   
ROON. TD  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn

if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him

362  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$   $\text{♩} = 100$

Rn

when it all came over me a - gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she

367  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$   $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn

told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she

373  $\text{♩} = 60$   
TYL *rit.*

Rn

simply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

379 *rit.*

Tyl.

mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to

383 *rit.* ROON.

Tyl. *8* spare. What? whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res-

388

Rn *8* pect for mi--se--ry? Minnie little Minnie Come, Misses Rooney come. The

395

Tyl. *8* mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to

399

Tyl. *8* spare Misses Roo-ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my

405

Tyl. *8* free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The