

check

ROON.

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

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? *p* so long a - go

112 Rn *f* no! no! *mp* sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a -

117 Rn *rit.* go and ill done *f* how can I go on? *mp* I cannot oh

122 Rn *rit.* 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

ter-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen-

146 Rn

til-i-ty and church going and fat and rheuma-tism and child-lessness

151 Rn

Min-nie litle Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai-ly

156 Rn   
twice daily fifty years of twice daily love like a Paris horse butchers

162 Rn   
reg-u --lar what nor - mal woman wants a - ffection a kiss in the evening by the

168 Rn   
ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There *mp*

173 Rn   
is that lovely la - bur-num a - gain *A. = 60*

180 Rn   
Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall

185 Rn   
off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me

*ROON.*

190 Rn. <sup>TYL</sup>  
 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 tinkling my bell now don't you deny

201 Tyl. <sup>ROON.</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>TYL</sup>  
 it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your daughter fair

Piano accompaniment for measures 201-205.

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

212 Tyl. <sup>ROON.</sup> <sup>TYL</sup>  
 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

Piano accompaniment for measures 218-222.



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. *TYL* *ROON.*

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

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 only cur-sing un-der my breath, God and

270 Rn

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

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. *TYL* *ROON.*  
 grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we

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

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

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

312 Tyl. *ROON.* *TYL*  
 who are you going to meet? Har-dy We used to climb together I saved his

318 *rit.* 

Tyl. 8 life once I have not for got-ten it let us halt a moment and this

323 *rit.* 

Tyl. 8 vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms what sky!, what

TYL Still...

328 **Faster!** 

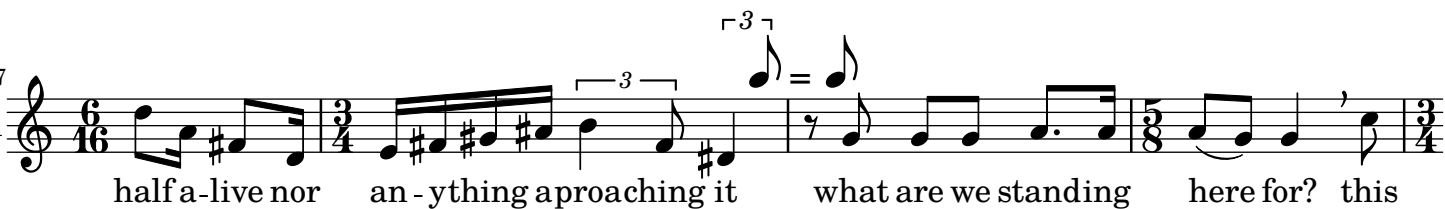
Tyl. 8 light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and

ad lib

333 **ROON.** **TYL** 

Tyl. 8 out of hos-pital. A - live? Well half ali-ve shall we say. Speak for yourself, I am not

**ROON.**

337 

Rn. 8 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

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

349 Tyl.

shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister

353 Rn

Ty-ler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

357 Rn

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

362 Rn  $\text{♩} = 100$

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

367 Rn  $\text{♩} = 100$

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

373 Rn  $\text{♩} = 60$  TYL *rit.*

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

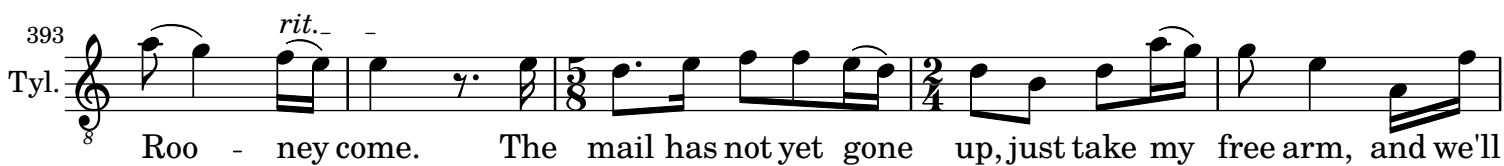
379 Tyl. *rit.*

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

383 Tyl. *rit.* ROON.

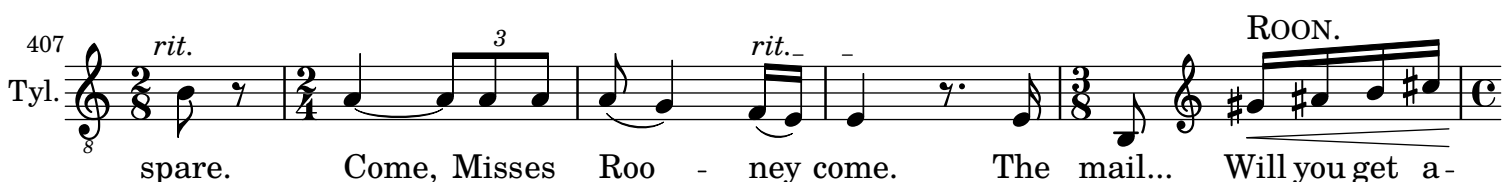
spare. What? whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res-

388  
Rn   
pect for mi --se --ry? Min - nie lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses

393  
Tyl.   
Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

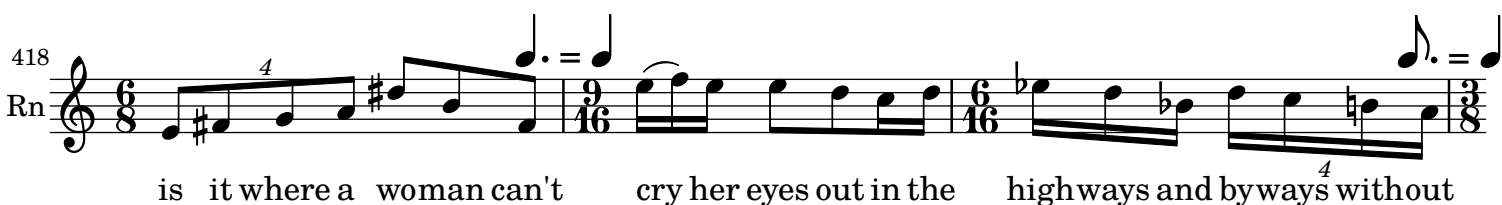
398  
Tyl.   
be there with time and to spare Misses Roo - ney come. The

403  
Tyl.   
mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to

407  
Tyl.   
spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a -

412  
Rn   
long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you

415  
Rn   
now and cease mo - lest - ing me what kind of a count - ry

418  
Rn   
is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without

421 Rn being mo - lested by re-tired bill brokers! heavens you're not going to ride her

426 Rn flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons

L.V. 6

433 Rn *p* ve - nus birds, cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cursed cor-set

437 Rn if I could on-ly let it out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister

441 Rn Ty-ler, Mister Ty-ler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's

445 Rn wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tran-quil, seething out of my dirty old

449 Rn pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS!



455 *p* Jesus... jesus... is anything

*C* = 70 SLOC

463 wrong Misses Rooney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach?

467 ROON. half as fast? Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a

473 lift, Misses Roo-ney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we all are

ROON.

478 SLOC how is your poor mo-ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf-orable we man-age

484 *rit.* to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses Rooney, is it not? Yes in-

ROON.

18

488 Rn  deed Mis-ter Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these

492 Rn  wasps! May I then offer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea - ven-ly, Mister

497 Rn  Slo - cum, simply hea - ven-ly. but can I ever get up? You look ve-ry high off the

502 Rn  ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this roof never come off?

507 Rn  No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slo-cum

513 Rn  and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive

517 Rn SLOC  
on, drive on. I'm coming Miss-es Rooney, I'm com-ing, give me

520 Sloc. ROON.  
time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me heaving all

525 Rn SLOC  
o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this?

529 Rn ROON.  
as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait!

535 Rn SLOC  
no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses

541 Sloc.   
Roo-ney you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down!

545 Sloc. ROON.

oh! lower don't be afraid! We're past the age where... There! now!

552 Rn

get your shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mer-cy up!

558 Rn

up! AAM I'm in my frock, you've nipped my frock! my nice

564 Rn

Frock! look what you've done to my nice frock! what will

568 Rn SLOC ROON.

Dan say when he sees me! Has he then re-covered his sight? no, I mean when he

572 **poco piu**

Rn

knows, What would Dan say when he sees the hole?

576 **slower** (gagaku) SLOC 3

Rn

what are you doing Mister Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me

(down - koto)

580 **brisk** ROON. **still**

Sloc.

through the windshield out at the void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be

584 SLOC **rit**

Rn

off. This is aw-ful... *p* last Sun - day she ran like a dream and now she is

589 **a tempo** checkRhythm

Sloc.

dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her She was

Sloc.

getting too much air! ROON. mind the

hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive on! what a

death! one minute picking happy at the dung in the road in the sun with

now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles over all the

hatching and the lay-ing just one great squawk and then peace they would have

slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me out. what are you up to

now Mister Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your

horn! now if in-stead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that

634 Rn SLOC

poor unfor - tunate will you come here, Tommy, and help this la - dy out, she's

637 Sloc. TOM

stuck. open the door and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces

arp. ad lib

641 mm. ROON. ♩ = ♩.

who do you fan - cy don't mind me! Don't take a - ny no - tice of me.

645 Rn SLOC

I do not ex - ist the fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy

648 Sloc. TOM ROON. ♩ = ♩.

for goodness sake Yessir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy,

652 Rn

wait! don't bustle me let me just wheel round and get my feet to the ground

656 Rn

now! watch your feather ma'am ea-sy now, ea-sy Wait for

little faster TOM ROON.

661 Rn

gods sake. You'll have me be - headed! Crouch down Misses Rooney, crouch

TOM

666 mm.

down and get your head into the open! Crouch down at my time of life this is

ROON.



671 **heavy**  
Rn TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON.  
luna-cy press her down (grunt) (grunt) (grunt)(grunt) (grunt)(grunt) merde

676 TOM ROON. BARR  
Rn now! She's coming! Straighten up now there am I in? Tommy? Tom - my? where the hel  


683 TOM  
Br are you? You wouldn't have something for the La-dies' plate sir? I was given Flash  


686 SLOC BARR  
omm. Harry Flash Harry! that carhorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody oh, Misses  


691  
Br Rooney who was that cru-ci - fy-ing his gear box Tom-my  


697 TOM ROON.  
Br Old Cis-sy Slocum Cis-sy Slocum! That's a nice way to re - fer to your elders  


701 Rn   
 Ci-ssy Slocum! and you an orphan What are you do-ing stravag-ing down

705 Br   
 here on the pub-lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get up there on the platform

709 Br   
 now, and whip out the truck nice to see you up and a bout again you were laid

712 Br   
 up there a long time not long e-nough, Mister Barrell, would I were still in

716 Rn   
 bed, Mis-ter Bar-rell would I were still laid up in my com-for-ta-ble

718 Rn   
 bed, Mister Barrell. Just wasting slow-ly pain less-ly a-way

723 Rn   
 keeping up my strength with arrowroot and calf's foot jel-ly till in the end you

727 Rn

couldn't see me under the covers any more than a board, oh no coughing or

731 Rn

spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drift-ing slow-ly

736 Rn

down into the higher light, and re - membering remembering all the silly un

740 Rn

happiness as though it had never happened... How long have you been master of this

745 Rn

station now mister Barrell? don't ask me Misses Rooney, don't ask me. You

750 Rn stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy

755 Br He didn't live long to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a

758 Rn small fer-re-ty purple faced wid-ow-er, deaf as a doornail, ve-ry

761 Rn tes-ty and snappy I sup-pose... You'll be re-tiring soon your-

765 Rn self Mister Ba-rrell and growing your ro-ses did I understand you to

769 Rn say, the twelve thir-ty will soon be u - pon - us? Those were my words

773 Rn but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the

777 Rn eight oclock news the time is now... geting up to twelve...

781 Rn thir-ty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone

786 Rn through! Or has it slipped by me un-be - knownst to me for there was a

790 Rn

time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sor - row, I wouldn't have heard a

794 Rn

steamrol-ler go ov-er me don't go Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell Mister

800 Rn

Barrell What is it Maam? I have my work to do... still ROON. the

805 Rn

wind is getting up the best of the day is o - ver soon the rain

810 Rn

will begin to fall and go on falling all af-ter noon then

815 Rn

at eve-ning the clouds will part the setting sun will

820 Rn

shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister

825 Rn

Bar-rell! I estrange them all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by-gones,

831 Rn

full of kindness gen-u-inely pleased to see you a-gain looking so well a

837 Rn

few simple words from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss

E♭. = 60

844  
Rn  
Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so becoming to me that I merge

848  
Rn  
into the masonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will final-ly dis - tinguish a

852  
Rn  
once female form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last

856  
Rn  
Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We knelt side by side at the same al - tar

859  
Rn  
drank from the same chalice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in

864  
Ft  
church, misses Rooney, in church I am a-lone with my ma-ker are not you? why



868 Ft *2/4* *11/16* *3/8* *2/4*  
 even the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll - ection knows that it's

871 Ft *2/4* *9/16* *4/8* *3/8*  
*poco piu*  
 use-less to pause before me, I simply do not see the plate, or bag, or whate-

874 Ft *3/8* *2/4* *3/8* *2/4*  
*slower* *a tempo*  
 - ver it is they use, how could I? Why, e-ven when all is o-ver and I go

878 Ft *3/8* *2/4* *6/16* *2/4*  
 out in to the sweet fresh air, why e-ven then, for the first hour or so I

883 Ft *2/4* *9/16* *7/16* *6/16*  
 stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o - bli vi - ous to my co - re-

886 Ft *6/16* *5/16* *3/8* *2/4*  
 li - gionists and they are ve - ry kind I must ad-mit the vast ma - jo - ri - ty ve - ry

891 Ft *mf*  
kind and un-derstand - ing, they know me now and take no um - brage there she

896 Ft *mp* *mf*  
goes, they say, there goes The Dark Miss Fitt, a - lone with her

902 Ft *mf*  
maker take no notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running

905 Ft *rit* *mf*  
in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait very dis - trait even on weekdays ask

909 Ft *mf*  
mother if you do not be lieve me 'Hettie', she sais when I start eating my doily in-

912 Ft *mf*  
stead of the thin bread and but-ter, 'Hettie', how can you be so dis-

914 Ft

trait? I be-lieve the truth is I'm just not there, Miss-es Roo-ney

917 Ft

just not really there at all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the us-u-al

921 Ft

motions but my heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it left to my-self, with

925 Ft

no - one to stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I

928 Ft

cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a big red blur

932 Ft *3* just another big red blur. Is something a - miss, Misses Rooney you don't seem

938 Ft *rit.* nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the *3* *ROON.*

942 Rn *3* big red blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - ally pier - cing *rit.*

946 Ft *FITT* well.. is there any-thing I can do now that I'm here? *ROON.* if you could help me up the

950 Rn *3* face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma-ker would requite you if no-one *3*

954 Rn *FITT* else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re - quite! I make these *3*

958 Ft *rit.*

sac-ri-fices for no-thing or not at all! I take it you want to

963 Ft ROON.

lean on me? I asked Mis-ter Bar-rell to give me his arm, just

968 Rn FITT

give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a - way... Is it my arm you

971 Ft ROON.

want then? is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your arm! a - ny

976 Rn FITT

arm! a helping hand, for one mo-ment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you

982 Ft

know what it is Misses Roo-ney I don't think it is wise of you to be go-ing a - bout at

985 Ft

all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I

ROON. little slower

989 Rn

scream down the whole county. Well, I suppose it is the

FITT

995 Ft

protestant thing to do.. Pismires do it for oneanother I have seen

ROON. molto rit

999 *a tempo rit.*

Rn slugs do it! no the other side if its just the same to you

1004 *accel poco a poco*

Rn I'm left handed on top of everything else!

1012

Rn <sup>3</sup>heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up!

1019

Rn this is worse than the Matterhorn! have you e-ver been up the Matterhorn? great

1023

Rn <sup>3</sup>honey-moon resort... <sup>4</sup>why don't they have a handrail?

1030

Rn wait till I catch my breath.. Don't

FITT  
(hums)

1039

Rn drop me! *p* the en-cir-cleing gloom turn turn me

on the night is dark and I am far from home tum tum stop it Misses Rooney