

A1

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 3

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

18 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? *f* 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

ROON.

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

190

Rn

TYL

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.

ROON.

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

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

388
 Rn
 TYL
 spect 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 *rit.* ROON.
 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

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

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

flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons

p
ve-nus birds, cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cur-sed cor-set

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

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

wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tranquil, seething out of my dirty old

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

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

492 Rn SLOC ROON.
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 e - ver get up? You look ve - ry

501 Rn
high off the ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this

506 Rn
roof never come off? No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come

512
Rn
down Mister Slo-cum and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all

516
Rn
your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm coming, give me

SLOC

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

ROON.

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


SLOC

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

ROON.

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


SLOC


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

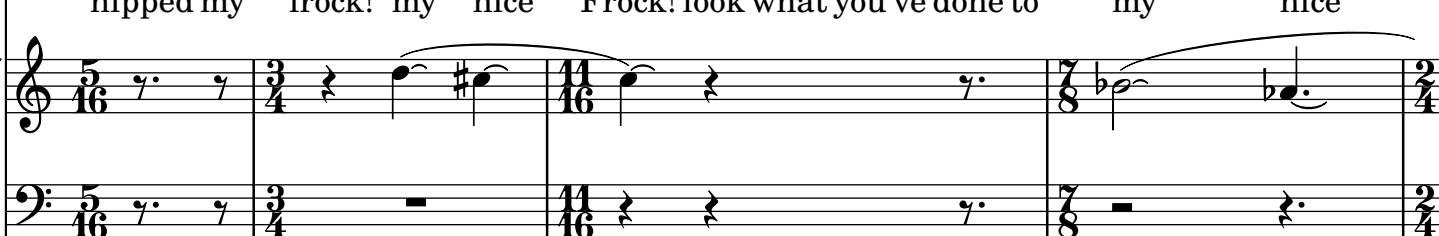
545
Sloc. 
oh! lo-wer don't be afraid! We're past the age where... There!



551
Rn 
now! get your shoulder un-der it oh! oh!

556
Rn 
oh mer-cy up! up! AHH, I'm in my frock, you've

562
Rn 
nipped my frock! my nice Frock! look what you've done to my nice



566
Rn 
frock! what will Dan say when he sees me! Has he then re-covered his



571 Sloc. **ROON.** **poco piu**

sight? no, I mean when he knows, What would Dan say when he

574 Rn **slower** (gagaku)

sees the hole? what are you doing Mister Slo - cum?

(down - koto)

579 Sloc. **SLOC** **3** **still** **brisk ROON.**

gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her

583 Rn **SLOC** **p** **rit**

up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... last Sunday she ran like a dream and

588 a tempo
checkRhythm

Sloc. now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her

594

Sloc. She was getting too much air! ROON. mind the

600

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

606

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

611

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

616

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

621

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

626
Rn
now Mister Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your

631
Rn
horn! now if in-stead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that

634
Rn
poor unfor-tunate will you come here, Tommy, and help this la - dy out, she's

SLOC

637
Sloc.
stuck. open the door and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra-ces

TOM

arp. ad lib