

check

ROON. CHR ROON.

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

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

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

11 ROON. CHR rural sounds CHR rural sounds

why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the ra - ces

15 ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo

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

19 ROON. * tEE?

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

23

Rn

up mail I hear al-rea - dy damn the mail oh thank God for that, I

CHR

ROON.

3

28

Rn

could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far distance

2

33

Chr

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

CHR

rit

37

Rn

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

ROON.

CHR

ROON.

2

2

3

3

3

40

Rn

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

rit.

3

3

3

slower

CHR

piu mosso

ROON.

8vb¹

44 *3 rit* tempo 4:5

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

49 *rit.*

Rn 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 *CHR*

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

62 Chr *ROON.* *3* *rit.*

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)* *3*

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 **a tempo** *rit*

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

86 *roll r*

Rn 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 *arr?* *poco rit* *rit.*

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

98 Rn

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

102 Rn

take her by the snaffle and take her eyes away from me oh this is awful

108 Rn

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

112 Rn

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

137 Rn

What will become of me? *f* oh I am just a hys-

142 Rn

ter-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty 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 dai - ly twice dai - ly

157

Rn

fif - ty years of twice dai - ly love like a Pa - ris

161

Rn

horse butchers reg - u - lar what nor - mal woman wants a - ffection a

166

Rn

kiss in the eve - ning by the ear and a - no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till

171

Rn

mp you grow whiskers on you. There is that lovely la - bur - num a -

176

Rn

- gain

A ♩. = 60

181 Rn

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

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 ROON. TYL

Tyl. it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your dau - ghter fair

206

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

211 ROON.

Tyl. grandchild-less grac-ious how you

214 TYL

Rn wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I...

12
220

Tyl.

were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would

226

Tyl.

that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

ROON.

229

Rn

tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and

molto rit.

234

Rn

tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

240

Rn

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

249 Rn

That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of time! It is

TYL ROON.

253 Rn

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

259 Rn

dis-so-lution. 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 *p* 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 front, I

287 Tyl. poco piu would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear

292 Tyl. no it is too much. are we already late? I have not the

297 Rn

courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was already

TYL

303 Tyl.

late now therefor we are dou-bly late tre-bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot

309 Tyl.

by you with - out - a word who are you going to meet? Har-dy

ROON.

TYL

315 Tyl.

We used to climb toget-her I saved his life once I have not for got-ten it

rit.

321 Tyl. *rit.* 3

let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms

325 Tyl. $\text{♩} = 60$ TYL Still... what sky!, what

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

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

great, whirr-ing machine will come and blow it all sky - high a -

348 Rn

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

352 Rn

go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

356 Rn

if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was

361 Rn on my way to meet him when it all came over me a - gain like a flood! Say to him

366 Rn $\text{♩} = 100$ your poor wife, she told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver

371 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back home.

376 Tyl $\text{♩} = 60$ TYL Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my

381 Tyl *rit.* ROON. free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What? whats all this then?

386

Rn

can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry?

390

Rn

Min - nie little Min - nie Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

395

Tyl.

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

8vb-----

399

Tyl.

spare Misses Roo - ney come. The

8vb-----

20
403

Rn

Tyl.

I don't know fif-ty

mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

8vb

406

Rn

Tyl.

loins getting ready for the change...

be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

8vb

411

Tyl.

mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean

414

Rn

will you get a-long with you now and cease mo - lest - ing me

2

417

Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the

420

Rn

highways and byways without be-ing mo - lested by re - ti-red bill brokers!

424

Rn

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to rib-bons

428

Rn

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

433

Rn

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

Rn

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

Rn

Tyler, Mister Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's

Rn

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

Rn

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

454

Rn

$\text{C} = 70$

p
Jesus... jesus...

461

Rn

SLOC

is anything wrong Misses Rooney

464

Sloc.

you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach? Well if it

468

Rn

half as fast?

SLOC

isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his lim-ousine May I offer you a

473 Sloc. *ROON.* $\text{♩} = 60$

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

478 Rn. *SLOC*

how is your poor mo - ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf'torble we manage

484 Sloc. *rit.* *ROON.*

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

488 Rn.

deed Mister 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 - venly, Mister

497 **Rn**

Slo-cum, simply hea-venly. but can I e-ver 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 Slocum

513 **Rn**

and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all

516 Rn SLOC

your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm

519 Sloc. ROON.

com-ing, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that!

523 Rn SLOC

and me heaving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now,

528 Sloc. ROON.

how shall we do this? as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way!

532 Rn

lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get

538 Rn

up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney you'll get down, we

543 Sloc.

may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh! lo-uer

547 Rn

don't be a-fraid! We're past the age where... There! now!

552 Rn

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

557

Rn

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

562

Rn

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

door

566

Rn

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

door starter

SLOC

571

Sloc.

ROON. poco piu

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

?

574 Rn

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

slower (gagaku)

starter

579 Sloc.

ga - zing straigh be-for me through the wind-shield out at the

SLOC

582 Sloc.

void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... last

still

brisk ROON.

SLOC

p

585 Sloc.

Sun-day she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed

rit

a tempo checkRhythm

Sloc.

perhaps if I were to choke her starter She was getting too much air! grinding

motor

Sloc.

ROON.
mind the hen! oh Mother you've squeal squawk

Rn

squashed her drive on, drive on! what a death! one minute

Rn

picking ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a

Rn

dust bath and then bang! all her trou-bles o - ver

615

Rn

all the hatching and the lay - ing just one great squawk and then

620

Rn

peace they would have slit her weasand in a - ny case... here we

623

Rn

are let me out. what are you up to now Mis - ter

627

Rn

Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn!

632

Rn

now if instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that poor unfor - tunate

635 SLOC

Sloc.

will you come here, Tommy, and help this la - dy out, she's stuck. open the door

638 TOM

Sloc.

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

641 ROON.

mm.

who do you fancy don't mind me! Don't take a - ny notice of me.

645 SLOC

Rn

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

648 Sloc. ROON. $\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$

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

TOM

ff *mp*

652 Rn ROON. $\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$

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

656 Rn little faster
TOM

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

ff

660 mm. ROON. $\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$

ea - sy Wait for gods sake. You'll have me be - head - ed! Crouch

TOM

664 mm. **ROON.**

down Misses Rooney, crouch down and get your head into the open! Crouch

668 Rn **TOM**

down at my time of life this is luna-cy press her down

673 Sloc. **heavy SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON. TOM**

(grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) mer - de now! She's

677 mm. **D ROON. BARR**

coming! Straighten up now there am I in? Tommy? Tom - my? where the hell

683 Br TOM

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

8 3

686 mm. SLOC BARR

Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody

3 3 3 3 4 6

690 Br

oh, Misses Roo-ney who was

3

695 Br TOM ROON.

that cruci-fying his gear box Tommy Old Cissy Slocum Ciss-y Slocum!

8 3

699
Rn

That's a nice way to re - fer to your el-ders Ci-ssy Slocum! and you an or-phan

703
Rn

BARR

What are you doing stravag-ing down here on the pub - lic road? This is no

707
Br

place for you at all! Get up there on the platform now, and whip out the truck

710
Br

BARR

ROON.

nice to see you up and a bout again you were laid up there a long time not long e-

714
Rn

nough, Mis-ter Bar-rell, would I were still in bed, Mister Bar-rell

717 Rn $\text{♩} = 60$

would I were still laid up in my comfortable bed, Mister Barrell. Just wasting

720 Rn

slow - ly pain less-ly a - way keeping up my strength with

724 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

arrowroot and calf's foot jelly till in the end you couldn't see me under the covers any

729 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

more than a board, oh no coughing or spitting or bleeding or sweating or

38

733

Rn

vomiting, just drift-ing slow-ly down in-to the high-er light, and re-

738

Rn

member-ing remember-ing all the silly un hap-pi-ness as though

741

Rn

it had ne-ver happened... How long have you been master of this sta-tion

746

Rn

now mister Barr-ell? 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

ROON.

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

761 Rn testy 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

BARR

773 **ROON.**

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 **poco meno mosso meno**

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 Bar - rell Mister

800

Rn

Bar - rell What is it Maam? I have my work to do... 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 after 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-uinely 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

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

pp

FITT ROON.

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

FITT

864 Ft

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

868 Ft

even the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll - ection knows that it's

871 Ft

poco piu

use-less to pause before me, I simply do not see the plate, or bag, or whate-

874 Ft

slower *a tempo*

- ver it is they use, how could I? Why, even when all is over and I go out in to the

879 Ft

sweet fresh air, why e-ven then, for the first hour or so I stumble in a kind of

884 Ft 

daze as you might say, o - blivious to my co-re - ligious and they are ve - ry

888 Ft 

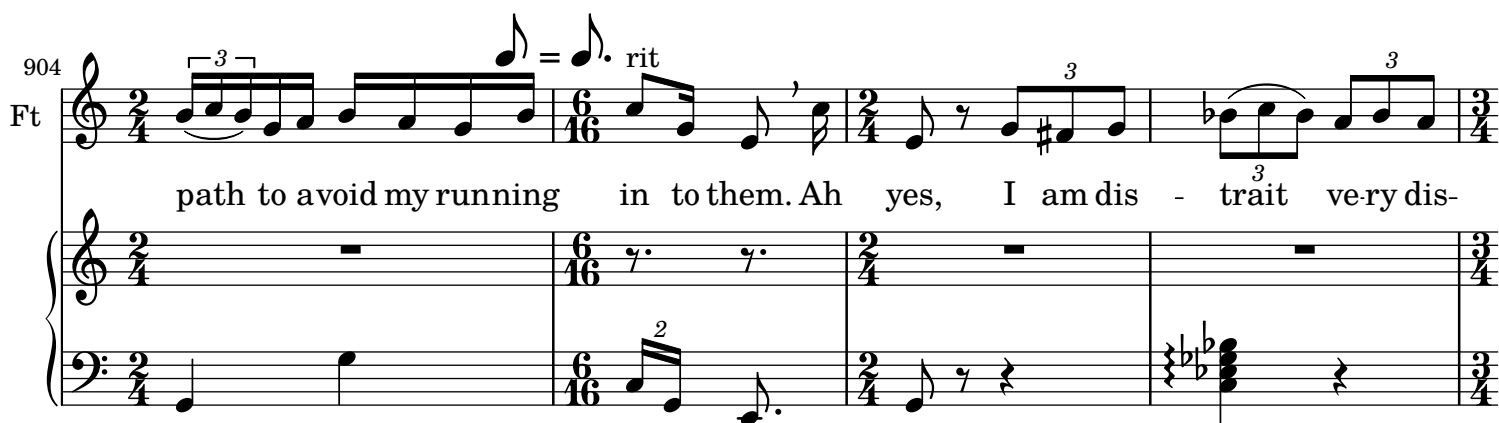
kind I must ad-mit the vast ma - jo - ri - ty ve - ry kind and un - der - stand - ing, they know me

893 Ft 

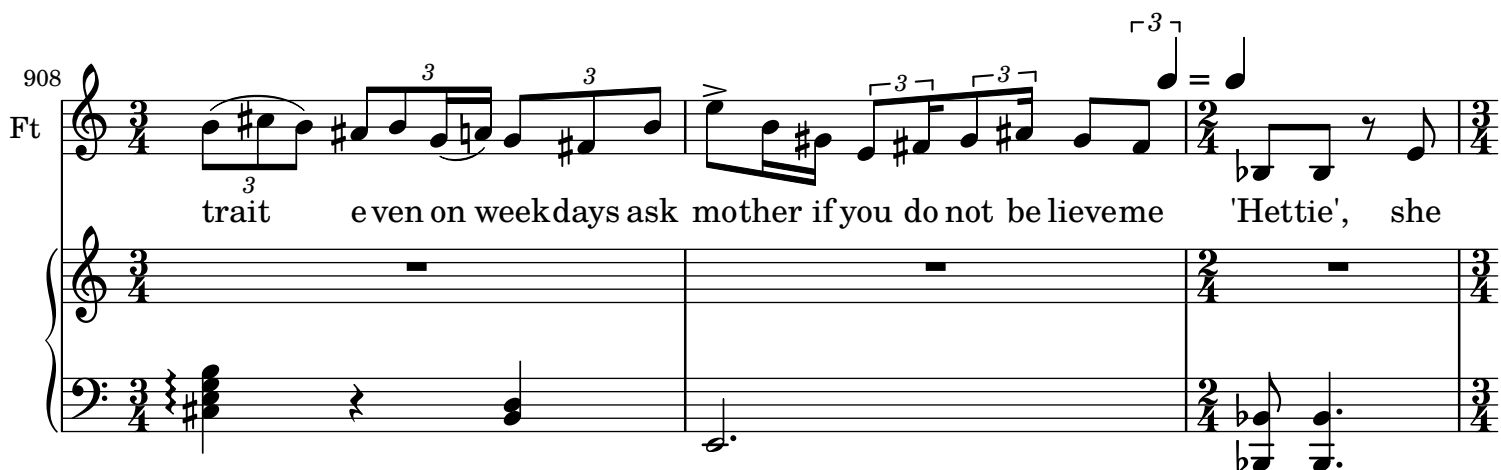
now and take no um - brage there she goes, they say, there goes The Dark Miss

900 Ft 

Fitt, a - lone with her ma - ker take no notice of her. and they step down off the

904 Ft 

path to avoid my running in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait ve - ry dis-

908 Ft 

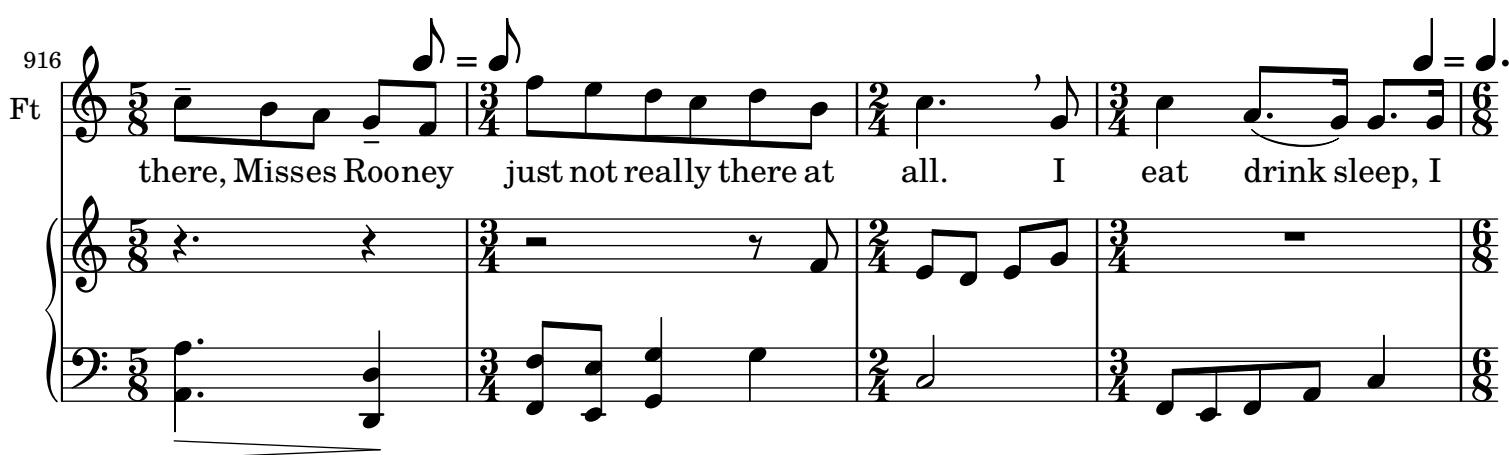
trait even on weekdays ask mother if you do not believe me 'Hettie', she

911 Ft 

sais when I start eat - ing my doi - ly in - stead of the thin bread and but - ter,

913 Ft 

'Hettie', how can you be so dis - trait? I believe the truth is I'm just not

916 Ft 

there, Misses Rooney just not really there at all. I eat drink sleep, I

920
Ft

go through the us-u-al motions but my heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it

924
Ft

left to my-self, with no-one to stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I

rit

p

928
Ft

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

p

932
Ft

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

p

938 Ft *rit.* ROON.

nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the

942 Rn *rit.*

big red blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - ally pier - cing

946 Ft FITT ROON.

well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm here? if you could help me up the

950 Rn

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

954 **FITT**

Rn

else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth into me! Re - quite! I make these

958

Ft

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

963 **ROON.**

Ft

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

968 **FITT**

Rn

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

971 **ROON.**

Ft

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

976 Rn arm! ^{16th} a helping hand, for one moment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you

FITT

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

985 Ft ROON. all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I

little slower

989 Rn scream down the whole county.

993 Rn *FITT*

Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do..

997 Rn *ROON.*

Pismires do it for oneanother I have seen slugs do it!

molto rit *a tempo rit...*

1001 Rn

no the o-ther side if its just the same to you I'm left

1005 Rn *accel poco a poco*

handed on top of everything else!

1036

Rn

till I catch my breath.. Don't drop me!

1043

Ft (hums)

Rn

p the en - cir-cleing gloom *f* turn turn me on the night is

1051

Rn

p dark and I am far from home tum tum stop it Misses Rooney stop it or I'll drop you!