

A1

voice

ROON. CHR ROON.

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

6 Rn 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 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds

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

15 Rn ROON. 3 molt rit 3 CHR a tempo

perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up? I suppose you

19 Chr ROON. 3 * tEE? 3

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

24 Rn CHR ROON. 3

hear al - rea - dy damn the mail oh thank God for that, I could have sworn I

2
29 Rn

heard it thundering down the track in the far distance I suppose you

CHR

34 Chr

wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung?

ROON.

38 Chr

sty-dung stydung? I like your frankness Chris - ty I'll ask the mas-ter.

CHR ROON.

41 Rn

Christy? yes ma'am do you find anything bizarre about my way of speaking

CHR ROON. piu mosso 3 rit tempo 4:5

47 Rn

I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest

rit.

53 Rn *words I think and yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry*

58 Rn *bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Never mind her maam, she's very*

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

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

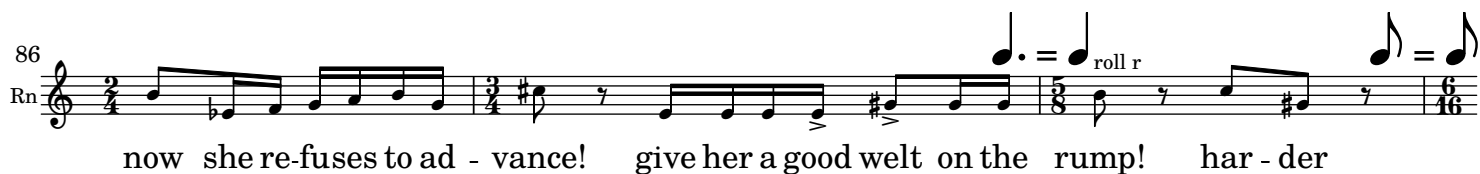
70 Rn *crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car-ried a - way is it that you*

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

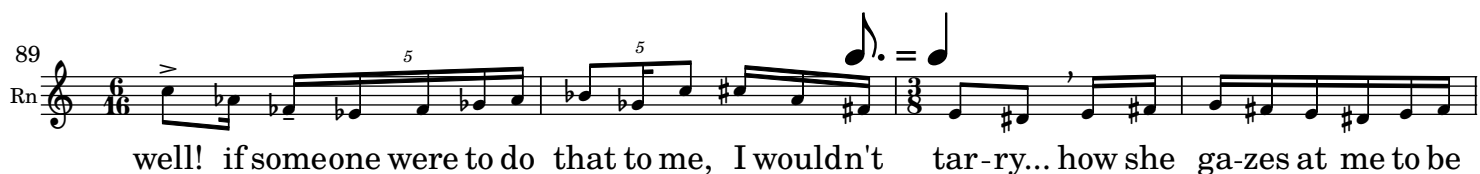
79 Rn *muscle... I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive*

83 **a tempo** *rit* 

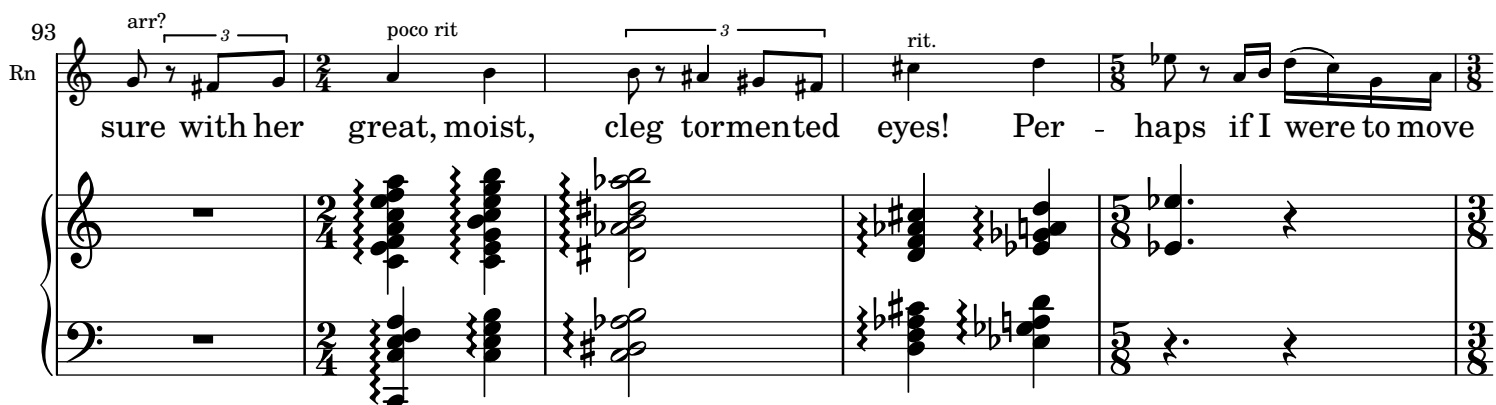
late at the station. But a moment a - go she neighed and pawed the ground and

86 

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

89 

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* 

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

98 

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

103 *rit* 

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

108 Rn *arr?* *p* *so* long a - go

What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what?

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

117 Rn *rit.* *f* *mp* go and ill done how can I go on? 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.

138 Rn *f* *oh* I am just a hys-ter-i-cal old hag, I know

What will become of me?

144
Rn
destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til-ity and church going and fat and

149
Rn
rheumatism and child-lessness Minnie little Minnie love, love is all I

154
Rn
asked, a little love dai-ly twice dai-ly fif-ty years of twice dai-ly

160
Rn
love like a Paris horse butchers reg-u-lar what nor-mal woman wants a -

165
Rn
ffection a kiss in the evening by the ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till

171
Rn
you grow whiskers on you. There is that lovely la - burnum a - gain

mp $\text{A.} = 60$

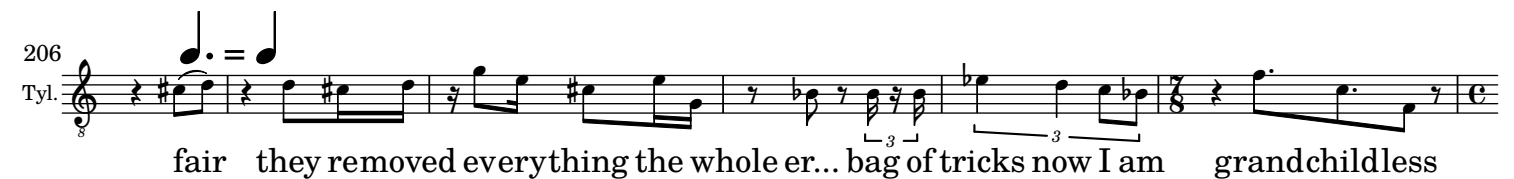
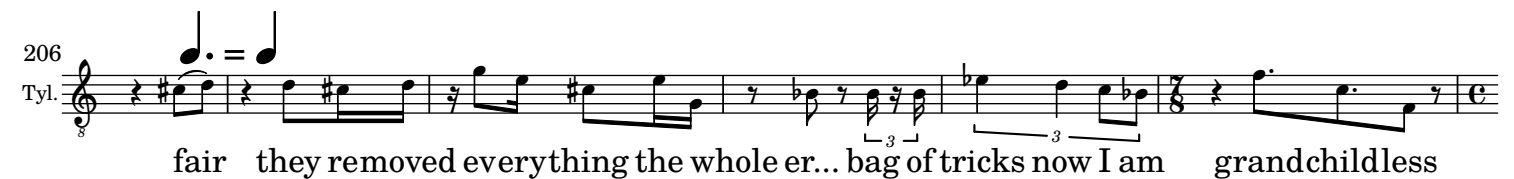
178 Rn.   Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall

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

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 tinkle-ing 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.   gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per-

Tyl. 

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

Tyl. 

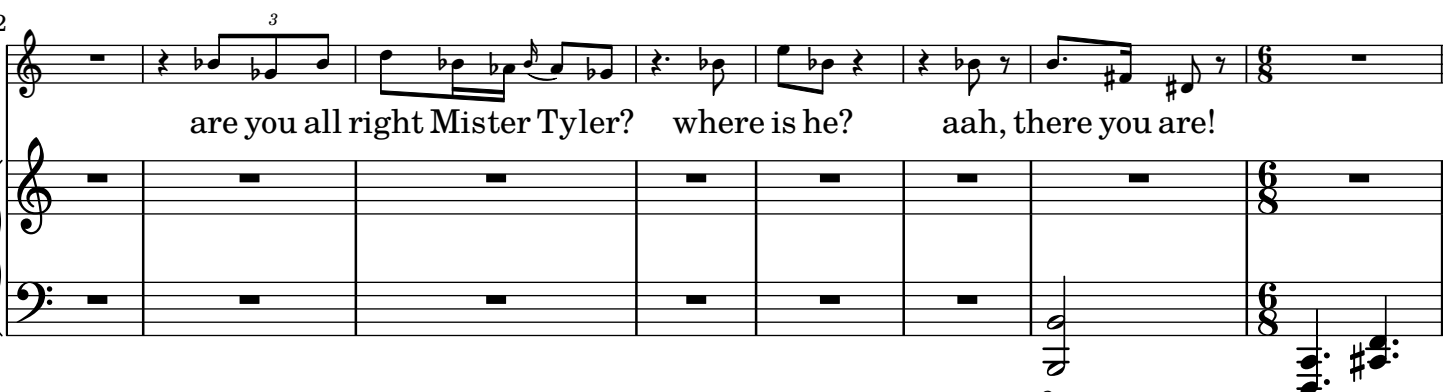
that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

Rn 


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

Rn 

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

Rn 

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

Rn 

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

254 Rn be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lingering disso-lu-tion.

260 Rn now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo-ney

265 Rn nothing. I was only cursing under my breath, God and man! under my breath and the wet

272 Rn Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back tire has gone out a-gain, I

278 Rn pumped it hard as i-ron before I went out and now I am on the rim oh what a

284 Rn shame! now if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the

290 Tyl. back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we

Rn

already late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I

pp

Tyl.

rolled along was already late now therefor we are doubly late trebly quadrupedly late

308 Tyl.

would I had shot by you with-out - a word who are you going to meet? Hardy

ROON.

315 Tyl.

We used to climb together I saved his life once I have not for gotten it let us

rit.

322 Tyl.

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

rit.

♩ = 60

326 Tyl. **Still...** **Faster!**

what sky!, what light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a-

ad lib

332 Tyl. ROON. Tyl.

live in such weather, and out of hos - pital. A - live? Well half ali-ve shall we

335 Tyl. ROON.

say. Speak for yourself, I am not half a-live nor an - ything aproaching it

339 Rn.

what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it

344 Rn. Tyl.

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

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

353 Rn. *rit.* *ROON.* $\text{♩} = 60$
 Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves if you

358 Rn. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$
 see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came

363 Rn. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ $\text{♩} = 100$
 over me a - gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to tell you it

370 Rn. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$
 all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back

375 Rn. $\text{♩} = 60$ TYL *rit.*
 home. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my

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

386 Rn. can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry? Min-nie

391 Rn. lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone

396 Tyl. up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare

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

406 Tyl. be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Rooney come. The mail... Will you get a-

412 Rn. long with you Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you

415 Rn. now and cease mo - lesting me what kind of a country is it where a woman can't

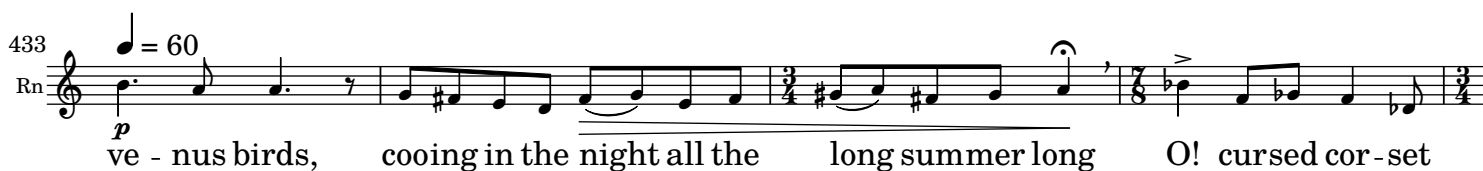
419 Rn. cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without being mo - lested by re-tired

Rn 

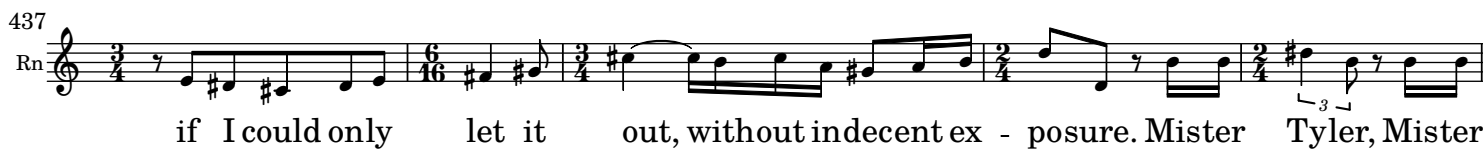
bill brokers! heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to

Rn 

rib-bons

Rn 

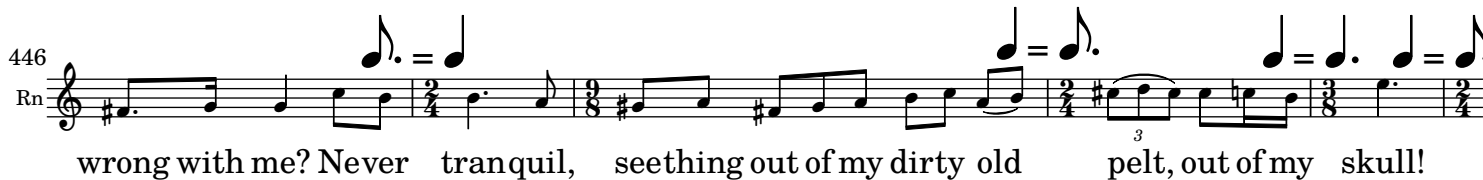
p ve - nus birds, cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cursed cor-set

Rn 

if I could only let it out, without indecent ex - posure. Mister Tyler, Mister

Rn 

Ty-ler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's wrong with me? what's

Rn 

wrong with me? Never tranquil, seething out of my dirty old pelt, out of my skull!

Rn 

Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Jesus... jesus...

Rn 


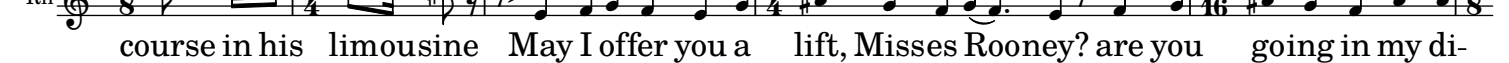
is anything wrong Misses Rooney you are bent all double

465

Sloc.  *ROON.* 


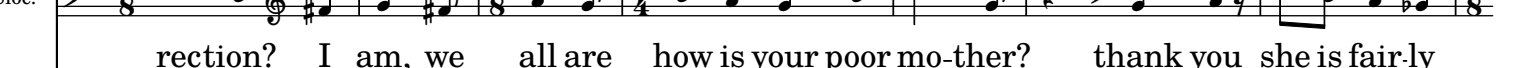
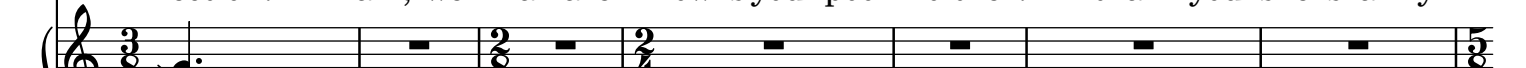
have you a pain in your stomach? Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the

470

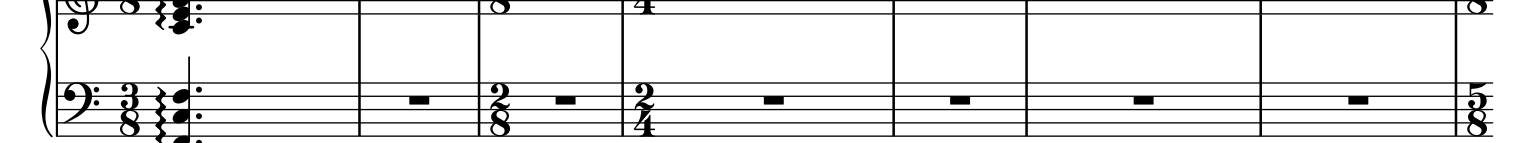
Rn.  *SLOC* 

course in his limousine May I offer you a lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di-


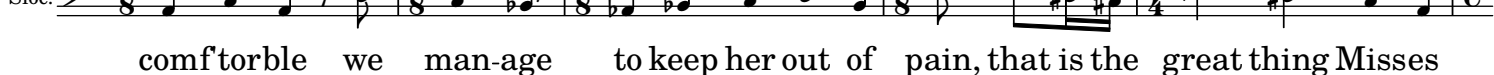
475

Sloc.  *ROON.*  *SLOC* 

rection? I am, we all are how is your poor mother? thank you she is fair-ly


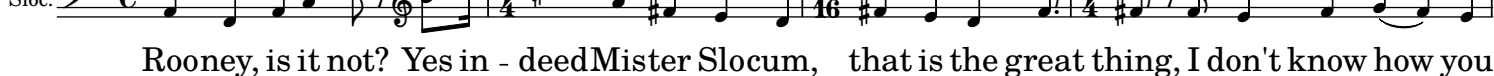


482

Sloc.  *rit.* 



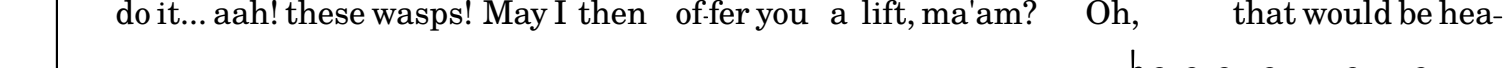
comfortable we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

487

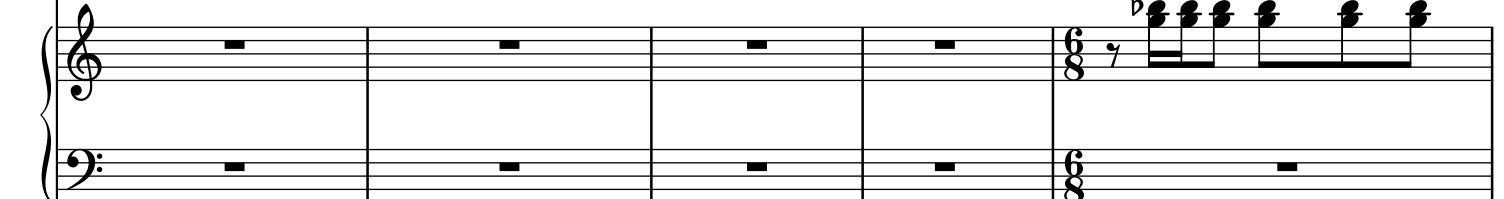
Sloc.  *ROON.* 

Rooney, is it not? Yes in - deed Mister Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you


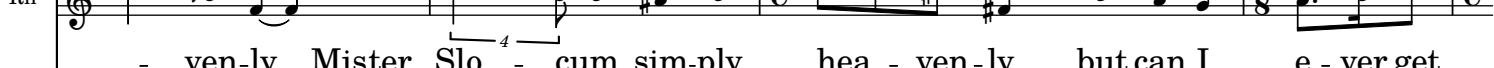
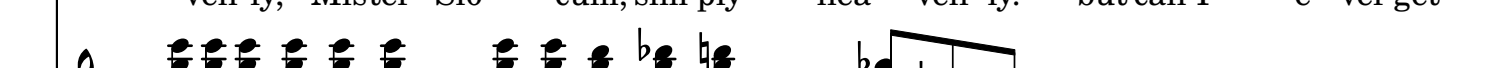
491

Rn.  *SLOC*  *ROON.* 


do it... aah! these wasps! May I then offer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea-



496

Rn.   

- ven-ly, Mister Slo - cum, simply hea - ven-ly. but can I e - ver get



500 Rn up? You look ve-ry high off the ground today these new balloon tires I suppose

505 Rn does this 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

519 Sloc. coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me

524 Rn heaving all over back and front, the dry old reprobate... Now, how shall we do this?

529 Rn as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait! no, don't let

536

Rn

go. Supposing I do get up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney

SLOC

542

Sloc.

you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh!

ROON.

546

Rn

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

553

Rn

shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mercy up! up! AAM I'm

560

Rn

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

565 Rn. **SLOC**

my nice frock! what will Dan say when he sees me! Has he

570 Sloc. **ROON.** **poco piu**

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

573 Rn. **slower** (gagaku)

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

(down - koto)

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

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

583 Rn. **SLOC** **rit**

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

588

a tempo

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!

599

Sloc.

mind the hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive

604

Rn

on! what a death! one minute picking happy at the dung in the road in the

610

Rn

sun with now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles 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 any case... here we are let me

624

Rn

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 instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that

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

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

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

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

Yessir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy, wait! don't bustle me

653
Rn

let me just wheel round and get my feet to the ground now!

657
Rn

little faster
TOM

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

ROON.

661
Rn

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

TOM

666
pomm.

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

ROON.

671
Rn

heavy
TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON.

luna-cy press her down (grunt) (grunt) (grunt)(grunt) (grunt)(grunt) mer de

676 Rn TOM ROON. BARR D

now! She's 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 gi-ven Flash

686 Tomm. SLOC BARR

Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody oh, Misses

691 Br

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

697 Br TOM ROON.

Old Cis-sy Slocum Cis-sy Slocum! That's a nice way to re - fer to your elders

701 Rn BARR

Cissy Slocum! and you an orphan What are you doing stravaging down here on the public

706
Br

road? This is no place for you at all! Get up there on the platform now, and whip out the truck

710
Br

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, Mis-ter Bar-rell

717
Rn

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

ar-row-root and calf's foot jel - ly till in the end you couldn't see me

728 Rn

under the covers a-ny more than a board, oh no cough - ing 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 ne-ver happened... How long have you been master of this

745 Rn

station 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

BARR

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

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 thirty will soon be u-ponus? Those were my words but, according to my

BARR

ROON.

774
Rn

watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the eight oclock news

778
Rn

the time is now... geting up to twelve... thirty six! and yet upon the other

783
Rn

hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped by me unbe-knownst to me

poco meno mosso

meno

789
Rn

for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sor-row, I

793

Rn

wouldn't have heard a steamroller go ov-er me don't go Mister Barrell, Mister

799

Rn

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

804

Rn

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

809

Rn

rain will begin to fall and go on falling all after noon then

815


Rn


at evening the clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and


821


Rn

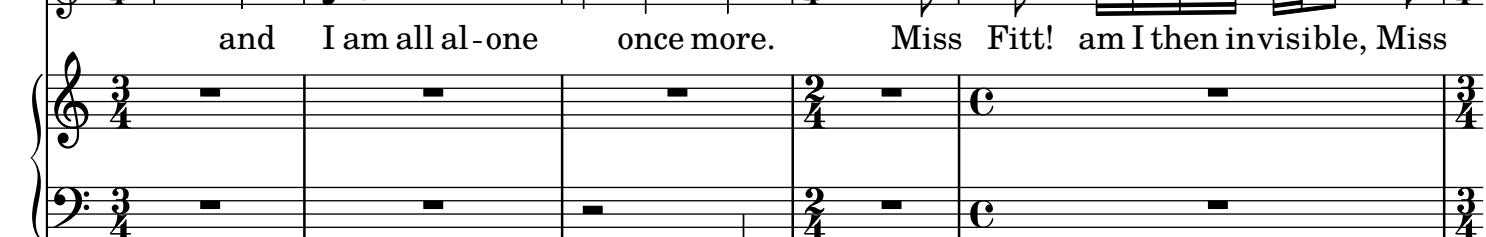
sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell! I estrange them

Rn  all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by - gones, full of kindness gen-uinely

Rn  pleased to see you a-gain looking so well a few simple words from my heart




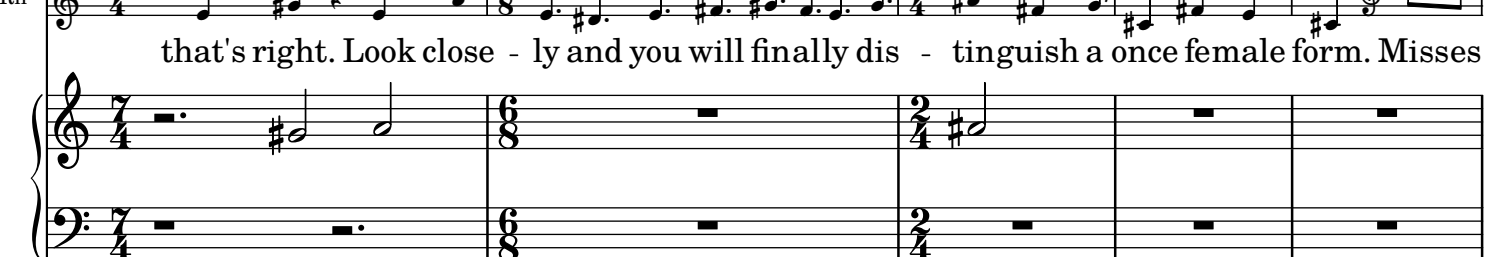
Rn  and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss



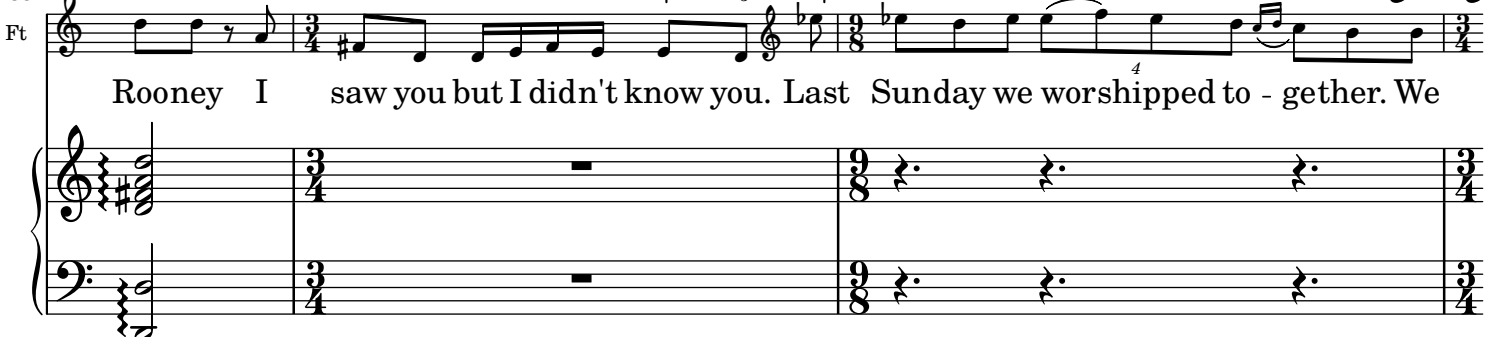
Rn  Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so be-coming to me that I merge in-to the ma-sonry?



Rn  that's right. Look close - ly and you will finally dis - tinguish a once female form. Misses



Ft  Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We



857 Rn *3* *rit*
 knelt side by side at the same altar drank from the same chalice have I so changed since

862 Rn *FITT* *3* *3* *4*
 then? Oh, but in church, misses Rooney, in church I am a-lone with my ma-ker

867 Ft
 are not you? why e-ven the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll-

870 Ft *3* *poco piu* *4*
 ec-tion knows that it's use - less to pause before me, I simply do not see the

873 Ft *slower*
 plate, or bag, or whate - ver it is they use, how could I? Why,

876 Ft *a tempo* *3* *3*
 e-ven when all is o-ver and I go out in to the sweet fresh air, why e-ven

881
Ft

then, for the first hour or so I stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o-

885
Ft

blivious to my co-re - li-gionists and they are ve-ry kind I must ad-mit the vast ma-

890
Ft

jo-ri-ty ve-ry kind and un-derstand - ing, they know me now and take no um - brage

895
Ft

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

902
Ft

ma-ker take no notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running

905
Ft

rit in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - *3*trait very dis - *3*trait even on weekdays ask

909 Ft

mother if you do not be lieveme 'Hettie', she sais when I start eating my doily in -

912 Ft

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

914 Ft

trait? I believe the truth is I'm just not there, Misses Rooney just not really there at

918 Ft

all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the usual motions but my heart isn't in it, but

923 Ft

heart is in none of it left to my-self, with no-one to stop me I would soon be flown

927
Ft

home. So if you think I cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a

931
Ft

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

938
Ft

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

943
Rn

blur, you have piercing sight, Miss Fitt, liter-ally piercing well.. is there anything I can

948
Ft

do now that I'm here? if you could help me up the face of this cliff, I have little doubt your

952
Rn

ma-ker would requite you if noone else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your

956
Ft

teeth into me! Re - quite! I make these sacrifices for nothing or not at all! I

962
Ft

take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mister Bar-rell to give me his

967
Rn

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

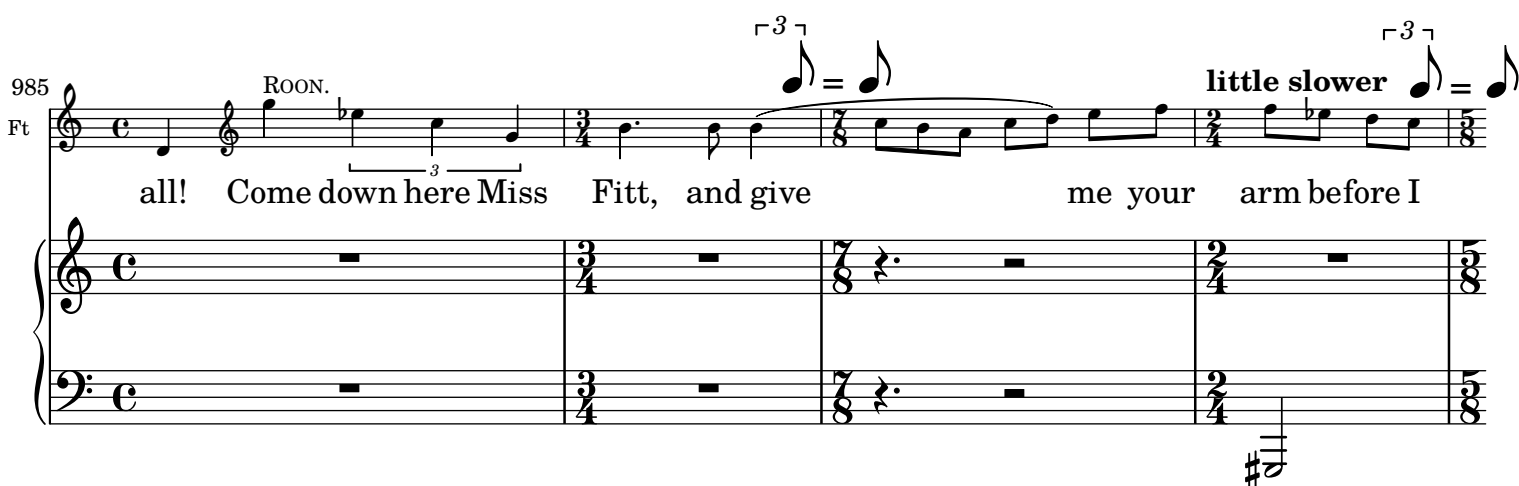
971
Ft

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

976
Rn

arm! a hel-ping hand, for one moment 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

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

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

999 *a tempo* *rit.* *no the other side if its just the same to you*

Rn

slugs do it!

1004 *accel poco a poco*

Rn

I'm left handed on top of everything else!

1011

Rn

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

honeymoon resort... why don't they have a handrail?

1030

Rn

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

1040

Rn

p *f*

FITT (hums) the en-circleing gloom turn turn me on the night is

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