

A1

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

Rn how is your poor mo-ther? No bet-ter ma'am. Your daugh-ter then? no worse, ma'am

11 ROON. CHR rural sounds CHR rural sounds

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

15 ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo

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

19 ROON. *tEE?

Chr wouldn't be in need hist! sure-ly to good-ness that could-n't be the

23 Rn CHR ROON.

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

28 Rn

could have sworn I heard it thun-dering down the track in the far dis-tance

33 Chr CHR rit

I sup-pose you would-n't be in need of a small load... of dung!

37 Rn ROON. CHR ROON.

dung?! what class of dung? sty-dung sty-dung? I like your frank-ness Chris-ty

40 *rit.* *3* *3* **slower** CHR *piu mosso* ROON. *3 rit* tempo 4:5

Rn I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find anything bi -

45 *rit.*

Rn zarre about my way of spea-king I do not mean the voice no! I mean the

51 *3* *3* *3* *3*

Rn words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes find my

57 *3* *3* *3* *3* CHR

Rn way of speak-ing ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Never mind

61

Chr

her maam, she's ve-ry fresh in ner - self to-day dung! what would we

64

Rn

want with dung. at our time of life why are you on your

68

Rn

feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma-

71

Rn

nure, and let your-self be car-ried a - way is it that you have no head for

93 *arr?* *poco rit* *rit.*

Rn

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

98 *crack!* *f*

Rn

on, down the road out of her field of vi-sion no! no! e - nough.

102 *rit*

Rn

take her by the snaf-fle and take her eyes a-way from me oh this is

107 *arr?*

Rn

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

111
Rn

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

116
Rn

done long a - go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh

122
Rn

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

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

Min-nie 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-ri-s

161 Rn

horse butch-ers reg-u --lar what nor - mal wom-an wants a - ffec-tion a

166 Rn

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

171 Rn

you grow whis-kers on you. *mp* There is that love-ly la - bur - num a -

176 Rn

A $\text{♩.} = 60$

- gain

181 Rn

Par-don me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall harps.

185 Rn

ROON.

off. De - vine day for the meet-ing oh Mister Ty-ler you startled the

189 Rn

TYL

life out of me sneaking up be-side me like that like a deer-stalker Oh! I rang my

195

Tyl.

bell Misses Roo - ney the mo-ment I spot - ed you I start-ed tin-kle-ing my

200

Tyl.

bell now don't you de-ny it your bell is one thing and you are a-no-ther

ROON.

203

Rn

what news of your dau - ghter fair fair they re-moved

TYL

208

Tyl.

ev-ery-thing the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grand-child - less

212 Tyl. ROON.

grac-ious how you wob-ble! Dis-mount for mer-cy's sake

216 Rn TYL

or ride on. per-haps... if I... were to place... my hand

223 Tyl.

gent-ly on your shoul-der Miss-es Roo-ney how would that be, would you permit that?

227 Rn ROON.

no, Mister Roo-ney Mister Ty-ler I mean. I am tired of light old

231 *molto rit.*

Rn hands on my shoul-ders and o-ther use-less pla-ces sick and ti-red of them

2

235

Rn hea-vens! here comes Con-nely's van!

3

tr

242

Rn are you all right Mister Ty-ler? where is he? aah, there you are!

3

249

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

4

TYL ROON.

8

r-3 7

253

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

r-3 7

3

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 no-thing. I was only cur-sing un-der my breath, God and

270 Rn

man! under my breath and the wet Saturday after - 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. *poco piu*

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

291

Tyl. *TYL*

grease the brakes the gear no it is too much.

294

Rn. *ROON.*

are we al-ready late? I have not the cour-age to

298

Rn. *TYL*

look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was al-ready late now

304

Tyl.

there-for we are dou-bly late tre-bly quad-ru-ped-ly late would I had shot

309 Tyl. *ROON.* *TYL*

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

315 Tyl. *rit.*

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

321 Tyl. *rit.*

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

325 Tyl. *♩ = 60* *TYL Still...* *Faster!*

what sky!, what light

329
Tyl.

ah in spite of all it is a bless-ed thing to be a - live in such wea-ther, and

333
Tyl.

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

337
Rn

half a-live nor an-y-thing aproach-ing it what are we stand-ing 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 - gain. Well,

TYL

349
Tyl.

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

B
ROON. TYL tQ? ROON.

353
Rn

Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the coo-ing of the ring-doves

rit. - - - 3 - -

356
Rn

if you see my old blind Dan

♩ = 60
ROON. TD

360 Rn

tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came ov-er me a-

364 Rn

gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to

369 Rn

tell you it all came flood-ing o-ver her a - gain and she simply went back

374 Rn

home straight back home. Come, Miss-es Roo - ney come. The

Tyl.

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

rit.

8vb

Tyl.

rit. ROON.

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

8vb

Rn

pect for mi --se --ry? Min-nie lit-le Min-nie Come, Misses

TYL

8vb

Tyl.

rit.

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

8vb

398 Tyl. *rit.* be there with time and to spare Miss-es Roo - ney

8vb

402 Tyl. *rit.* come. The mail has not yet³ gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

8vb

406 Tyl. *rit.* be there with time and to spare. Come, Miss-es Roo - ney come. The

8vb

ROON.

411

Tyl.

mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo-ney Mis-ter Tyl-er I mean

414

Rn

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

417

Rn

what kind of a coun-ry is it where a wo-man can't cry her eyes out in the

420

Rn

highways and byways without being mo - lest-ed by re-tired bill brokers!

425 $\text{♩} = 60$

Rn

p ve-nus birds, cooing in the night all the

429

Rn

long sum-mer long O! cur-sed cor-set if I could on-ly let it

433

Rn

out, with-out in-dec-ent ex - po-sure. Mis-ter Ty-ler, Mis-ter Ty-ler! come

437 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn

f back and un-lace me be hind the hedge! What's wrong with me? what's

440 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn

wrong with me? Ne-ver tran - quil, see-thing out of my dir-ty old

443 Rn

pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in at-omt in at-oms AT-OMS!

448 Rn

Je-sus... je-sus...

454 Rn

is anything

457 Sloc.

wrong Miss-es Roo-ney you are bent all dou-ble have you a pain in your

460 Sloc. ROON. half as fast?

sto-mach? Well if it is-n't my old ad-mir-er the clerk of the course in his

465 Rn SLOC

lim-ousine May I offer you a lift, Misses Roo-ney? are you going in my di-

469 Sloc. ROON. SLOC

rec-tion? I am, we all are how is your poor mo-ther? thank you

475 Sloc. rit.

she is fair-ly com-fort-ble we man-age to keep her out of pain, that is the

480 Sloc. ROON.

great thing Miss-es Roo-ney, is it not? Yes in - deed-Mis-ter Slo-cum,

483 Rn SLOC

that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these wasps! May I then

487 Sloc. ROON.

offer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea - venly, Mister Slo - cum, simply

492 Rn

hea - ven-ly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the

496 Rn

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

501 Rn

No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slocum

507 Rn

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

510 Rn

your sug-ges-tion, drive on, drive on. I'm com-ing Miss-es Roo-ney, I'm

513 Sloc.

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

517 Rn SLOC

and me hea-ving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-pro-bate... Now,

522 Sloc. ROON.

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

526 Rn

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

532 Rn SLOC

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

537 Sloc. ROON.

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

541 Rn

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

546 Rn

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

551 Rn

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

556 Rn

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

560 Rn

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

door starter

SLOC

565 Sloc.

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

ROON. poco piu

568 Rn

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

slower (gagaku)

starter

573 Sloc.

just sta-ring through the wind-shield out at the void... Start her

SLOC still

brisk ROON.

577
Rn

up I beseech you and let us be off. This is aw-ful... last Sun-day she ran like a

p SLOC

581
Sloc.

dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed per-haps if I

rit *a tempo* checkRhythm

586
Sloc.

were to choke her She was getting too much air! grinding

starter *motor*

592
Sloc.

watch the hen! oh Mo-ther you've

ROON. *squeal* *squawk*

Rn

squashed her drive on, drive on! what a death! one mi-nute

Rn

pick-ing 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

Rn

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

Rn

peace they would have slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me

619
Rn

what are you up to now Mis-ter Slo-cum we are at a stand - still

624
Rn

all danger is past and you blow your horn! now if in-stead of blowing it

628
Rn

now, you had blown it at that poor un-for-tunate will you come here, Tom-my, and

631
Sloc.

help this la - dy out, she's stuck. o-pen the door and ease her out

634
omm.

cer - tain-ly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces

636
omm.

ROON. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$.

who do you fan-cy don't mind me! Don't take a - ny

639
Rn

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

SLOC $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$.

643
Sloc.

TOM ROON. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$.

for good-ness sake Yes-sir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tom-my,

ff *mp*

647
Rn

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

651 Rn skip this bar?

now watch your feath-er ma'am

654 omm. little faster TOM ROON.

ea - sy now, ea-sy Wait for gods sake. You'll have me be - headed! Crouch

659 omm. ROON.

down Misses Roo-ney, crouch down and get your head into the open! Crouch

664 Rn TOM

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

673 674 675 676 677

omm. com-ing! Straight-en up now there am I in? Tom-my? Tom -

p

678

Br

my? where the hell are you? You would-n't have some thing for the La-dies' plate

TOM

The musical score for 'My Ladies' Plate' features a Baritone Saxophone (Br) and a Tom. The Br part is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The Tom part is written in treble clef. The score is divided into three measures. The first measure is in 6/16 time, the second in 7/16, and the third in 2/4. The lyrics are 'my? where the hell are you? You would-n't have some thing for the La-dies' plate'. The Tom part has a triplet of eighth notes in the third measure.

681
omm.

sr? I was given Flash Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your

SLOC BARR

6

685

Br

bleeding bloody oh, Misses Roo-ney

690

Br

who was that cru-ci-fy-ing his gear box Tom-my Old Cis-sy Slo-cum

694

Rn

Cis-sy Slo-cum! That's a nice way to re - fer to your el-ders and you an or-phan

698

Rn

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

702

Br

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

705

Br

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

709

Rn

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

712

Rn

would I were still laid up in my com-for-ta-ble bed, Mist-er Bar-rell. Just

♩. = 60

714

Rn

wast - ing slow - ly pain less - ly a - way

718 Rn

keep-ing up my strength with ar-row-root and calf's foot jel-ly till in the end you

722 Rn

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

726 Rn

spitt - ing or bleed-ing or sweat-ing or vo-mit-ing, just drift - ing

730 Rn

slow - ly down in-to the higher light, and re - mem-ber-ing re-mem-ber-ing

734
Rn

all the silly un hap-pi-ness as though it had ne-ver hap-pened... How

738
Rn

long have you been mast-er of this sta-tion now mis-ter Barr-ell? don't

743
Br

ask me Miss-es Roo-ney, don't ask me. You stepped in-to your fath-er's

746
Rn

shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy He didn't live long

751
Br

to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a small fer-re-ty purple faced widow-

754
Rn

wer, deaf as a door-nail, ve-ry tes-ty and snap-py I sup-

758
Rn

pose... You'll be re - ti-ring soon your - self Mis-ter Ba - rrell and

761
Rn

grow - ing your ro - ses did I un-derstand you to say, the twelve

765
Rn

thir-ty will soon be u - pon-us? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my

BARR ROON.

769
Rn

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

773

Rn

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

777

Rn

yet upon the o-ther hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped

782

poco meno mosso **meno**

Rn

by me un-be - knownst to me for there was a time there I remem-ber it

786

Rn

now, I was so plunged in sor-row, I would'n't have heard a steam-rol-ler go ov-er me

791

Rn

don't go Mister Bar-rell, Mister Bar - rell Mister Bar - rell What is it

BARR

795 **still**
ROON.

Br

Maam? I have my work to do... the wind is getting up the

800

Rn

best of the day is o-ver soon the rain will begin to fall and go on falling

805 **rit**

Rn

all after noon then at eve-ning the clouds will

811

Rn

part the set-ting sun will shine a mom-ent and sink behind the

815

Rn

trees... Mis-ter Bar-rell, Mis-ter Bar-rell, Mis-ter Bar - rell! I es-trange them

820
Rn

all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by-gones, full of kind-ness

826
Rn

gen-u-inely pleased to see you a-gain look-ing so well a few

831
Rn

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

837
Rn

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

841
Rn

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

845 Rn

once fe-male form. Miss-es Roo-ney I saw you but I did-n't know you. Last

pp

FITT

ROON.

849 Rn

Sun-day we wor-shipped to - ge-ther. We knelt side by side at the same al-tar

pp

852 Rn

drank from the same cha-lice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in

rit

FITT

857 Ft

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

rit

FITT

861 Ft

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

864 Ft

poco piu

use-less to pause be-fore me, I sim-ple do not see the plate, or bag, or what-e-

867 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

872 Ft

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

877 Ft

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

881 Ft

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

886 Ft

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

893 Ft

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

897 Ft

path to a-void my run-ning in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait ve-ry dis-

901 Ft

trait even on week-days ask mo-ther if you do not be lieve-me 'Het-tie', she

904 Ft

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

p

906 Ft

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

909 Ft

there, Miss-es Roo-ney just not really there at all. I eat drink sleep, I

913 Ft

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

917 Ft

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

p

921 Ft

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

925 Ft

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

931 Ft

rit. nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Madd-ey Roo-ney nee Dunne the

935 Rn

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

939

Ft

FITT

ROON.

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

943

Rn

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

947

Rn

FITT

else... Now now, Miss-es Roo-ney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re-

950

Ft

quite! I make these sac-ri-fices for no-thing or not at all! I

955

Ft

ROON.

take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mis-ter Bar-rell to

959 Rn

give me his arm, just give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a-

963 Rn

way... Is it my arm you want then? is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your

967 Rn

arm! a - ny arm! a hel-ping hand, for one mo-ment

972 Rn

Christ, what a pla-net.. Real-ly! do you know what it is Miss-es Roo - ney

975 Ft

I don't think it is wise of you to be go-ing a - bout at all! Come down here Miss

978 Rn

Fitt, and give me your arm be-fore I scream down the whole

982 Rn

count-ty.

987 Ft

FITT Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do.. ROON. Pismires do it for

991 Rn

one a-no-ther I have seen slugs do it!

molto rit *a tempo*

995

Rn

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

999

Rn

accel poco a poco

handed on top of everything else!

1006

Rn

heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up!

1012

Rn

this is worse than the Matterhorn! have you ever been up the

1016

Rn

Matterhorn? great honeymoon resort...

54

1020

Rn

why don't they have a hand-rail?

1025

Rn

wait

1030

Rn

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

FITT

(hums)

1036

Rn

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

1045
Rn

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

p *FITT* *3*