

## A1

perc PERC

voice

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

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mother? No

perc 8 VB

Chr ROON. rit CHR ROON. rural sounds *p* CHR rural sounds

better ma'am. Your daughter then? no worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

perc 14 PERC

Chr lg. gong ROON. 3 molt rit 3 CHR a tempo

ra-ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up? I suppose you wouldn't be in need

perc 20 bell

Rn ROON. 3 \* tEE? 3 CHR ROON.

hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the up mail I hear al-rea-dy damn the mail oh thank

perc 27

Rn 3 CHR 2

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far dis-tance I suppose you

perc 34 snares off

Chr rit ROON. CHR ROON. 3 3 3

wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung? stydung stydung? I like your frankness Christy

2

40

slower

perc

Rn

I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find an-ything bi-zarre about my way of speaking I

48

perc

Rn

do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes

56

perc

Rn

find my way of speaking ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's very

62

perc

Chr

fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of life why are you on your

68

perc

Rn

feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car - ried a -

73

perc

Rn

way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta hell out of that! she doesn't move a muscle...

80 **drag** **a tempo**  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$

*mp*

Rn  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$

*poco piu (6:5)* *rit*  $\text{3}$

I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive late at the station. But a moment a - go she

85  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{6}{16}$

*mf* *f*

Rn  $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{6}{16}$

*roll r*

neighed and pawed the ground and now she re-fu-ses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har - der

89  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

*arr?* *poco rit*  $\text{3}$

well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tar-ry... how she ga-zes at me to be sure with her great, moist, eleg tormented

96  $\text{3}$   $\text{crash}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{7}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{7}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$

*rit.* *crack!* *f*  $\text{3}$

eyes! Per - haps if I were to move on, down the road out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the

103  $\text{3}$   $\text{3}$   $\text{3}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

Rn  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{6}{8}$

*rit* *arr?*

snaffle and take her eyes a way from me oh this is aw-ful What have I done to de - serve all this?

110  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$   $\text{crash}$   $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

perc  $\text{H}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{6}{8}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

*p* *f* *mp*  $\text{4}$

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

117

perc

Rn

*rit.* - - - - -

*f*

*mp*

*rit.* - - - - -

go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh let me just flop down flat on the road like a

125

perc

Rn

5

3

big fat jelly out of a bowl and never move a - gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to

132

perc

Rn

3

4

4

scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again. What will become of me?

140

perc

Rn

*f*

3

3

3

oh I am just a hysteri-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty and church go-ing and

148

perc

Rn

*p*

3

4

fat and rheuma-tism and childlessness Minnie litle Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai-ly

156

perc

Rn

5

3

3

twice dai-ly fif-ty years of twice dai-ly love like a Pa-ris horse butchers reg-u -lar what nor - mal

164

CHIMES

perc

Rn

3

3

wom-an wants a - ffec-tion a kiss in the eve-ning by the ear and a - no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till

171  $\text{A} \text{♩} = 60$

chm

Rn

*mp*

you grow whiskers on you. There is that love-ly la - bur - num a - gain

179

chm

Rn

Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De - vine day for the meeting

187

chm

Rn

ROON.

oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me sneaking up be - side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my

TYL

195

chm

Tyl.

ROON.

bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkle-ing my bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing

202

chm

Rn

TYL

and you are a-nother what news of your dau-ghter fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of

210

chm

PERC

ROON.

TYL

tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per -

218

perc

Tyl.

VB

haps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that?

227

perc

Rn

ROON.

no, Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless

233

**molto rit.**

perc

Rn

*pp*

places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van!



241

perc

Rn

are you all right Mister Ty - ler? where is he?

CROTALES

decresc.

*ppp*

247

perc

Rn

TYL

ROON.

aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of time! It is su-icide to be a-

255

perc

Rn

broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-ger-ing dis-so-lution. now we are white with dust from head to

262

perc

Rn

foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo - ney nothing. I was only cur-sing un-der my breath, God and man! under my

271

perc

Rn

breath and the wet Sat-urday af-ter - noon of my conception my back tire has gone out a-gain, I pumped it hard as

279

perc

Rn

i-ron be-fore I went out and now I am on the rim oh what a shame! now if it were the front, I would not so much

288

perc

Tyl.

mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too much.

294

perc

Rn

are we al-read-y late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I

BELLS

301

perc

Tyl.

rolled a-long was al-ready late now therefor we are dou - bly late tre-bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot

bells

309

perc

Tyl.

by you with - out - a word who are you going to meet? Har-dy We used to climb to-get-her I saved his

318

perc

Tyl.

life once I have not for got-ten it let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vile-er worms

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

perc 

Tyl. 

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

333

perc

Tyl.

ROON. TYL ROON.

out of hospital. A - live? Well half ali - ve shall we say. Speak for yourself, I am not half a - live nor an - y - thing aproaching it

339

perc

bell

Rn

what are we stand-ing here for? this dust will not set-tle in our time, and when it does, some



345 **B**

perc  $\text{H } \frac{9}{8}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{9}{8}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$  TYL ROON.

great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well, shall we be getting a long in that case? No

351

perc  $\text{H } \frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{3}{4}$

Tyl.  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{3}{4}$  TYL tQ? ROON. rit. - - - 3 -

Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me lis-tening to the cooing of the ringdoves

357  $\text{H} = 60$

perc  $\text{H } \frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$

Rn  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$  ROON.

if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came ov-er me a -

364  $\text{H} = 100$

perc  $\text{H } \frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{5}{16}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{6}{8}$   $\frac{5}{16}$   $\frac{6}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver

371  $\text{H} = 60$

perc  $\text{H } \frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$

Rn  $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{5}{8}$  TYL rit. - - -

her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

379

perc  $\text{H } \frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$

Tyl.  $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{9}{16}$  ROON. rit. - - -

mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What? whats all this then?

386  $\text{H} = 60$

perc  $\text{H } \frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$

Rn  $\frac{9}{16}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\text{C}$   $\frac{2}{4}$  TYL

can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry? Min-nie little Min-nie Come, Misses

10

393

perc

Tyl.

Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare

400

perc

Tyl.

Misses Roo-ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare.

408

perc

Tyl.

Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean

414

perc

Rn

will you get along with you now and cease mo - lesting me what kind of a country is it where a woman can't

419

perc

Rn

cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without be-ing mo - lested by re - ti-red bill bro-kers!

425

perc

Rn

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

433

♩ = 60

perc

Rn

ve - nus birds, coo-ing in the night all the long summer long O! cur-sed cor-set if I could on-ly let it

439

perc

Rn

out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister Tyler, Mister Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's

445

perc

Rn

wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tran-quil, seething out of my dirty old pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in

452

perc

Rn

atoms in atoms ATOMS! Jesus... je-sus...

462

perc

Sloc.

is anything wrong Misses Roo-ney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach? Well if it isn't my old ad-

469

perc

Rn

mirer the clerk of the course in his lim-ou-sine May I offer you a lift, Misses Roo-ney? are you going in my di-

475

perc

Sloc.

rection? I am, we all are how is your poor mo-ther? thank you she is fair-ly comfortble we man-age

484

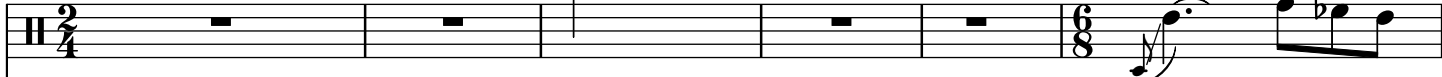
perc

Sloc.

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


12

490

perc 

Rn 

thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these wasps! May I then of-fer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea-



496

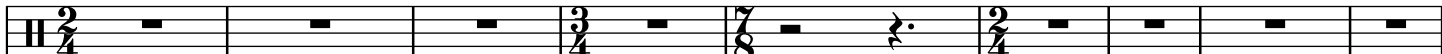
perc 


Rn 

- ven-ly, Mister Slo - cum, sim-ply hea - ven-ly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the



502

perc 

Rn 

ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this roof never come off? No? no. I'll never do it.

511

perc 

Rn 

You'll have to come down Mister Slo-cum and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all your sug-ges-tion, drive

517

perc 

Rn 

on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that!

523

perc 

Rn 

and me heaving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this? as if I were a bale.

530

perc

Rn

Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get up would I ever get

539

perc

Rn

down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down!

545

perc

Rn

oh! lo-wer don't be a-fraid! We're past the age where... There! now! get your

553

perc

Rn

shoulder un-der it oh! oh! oh mer - cy up!

558

perc

Rn

up! AAM I'm in my frock, you've nipped my frock! my nice Frock! look what you've done to

565

perc

Rn

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

571 **poco piu**

perc

Sloc.

sight? no, I mean when he knows, What would Dan say when he sees the hole? what are you doing Mis-ter

577 **slower** **japanese block** **still** **brisk**

perc

Rn

Slo - cum? ga-zing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her

583

perc

Rn

up I beseech you and let us be off. This is aw-ful... last Sun-day she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you

590

perc

Sloc.

get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her She was getting too much air!

598

perc

Sloc.

mind the hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive on! what a death! one minute

608

perc

Rn

picking ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles

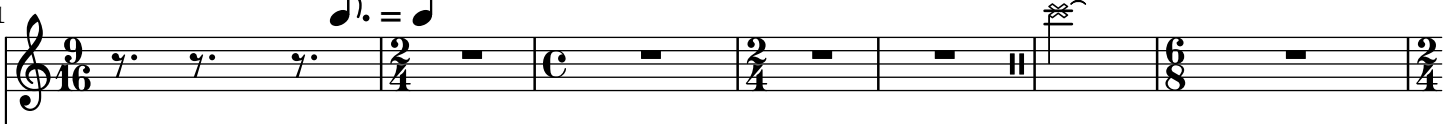
614


perc 

Rn 

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

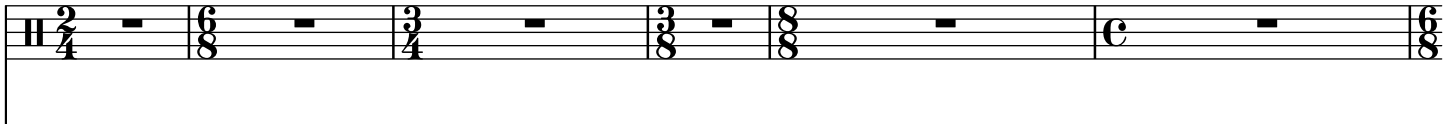
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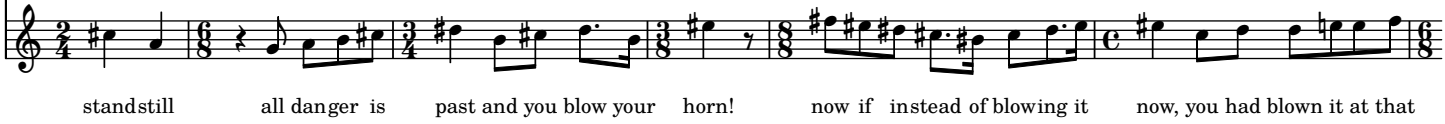
perc 

Rn 

slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me out. what are you up to now Mis-ter Slocum we are at a

628

perc 

Rn 

standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn! now if instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that

634

perc 

Rn 

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

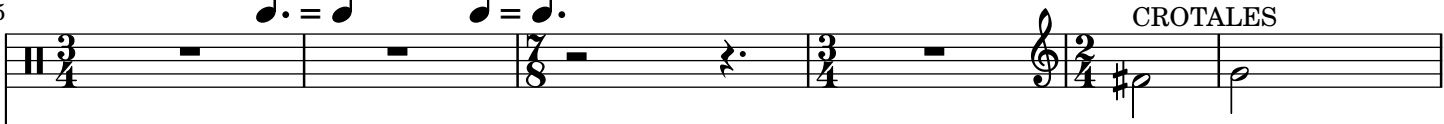
639


perc 

Tom. 

certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra-ces who do you fancy don't mind me! Don't take a-ny no-tice of me.

645

perc 

Rn 

I do not ex - ist the fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy for goodness sake Yessir now, Misses Roo - ney...

651 rainsheet CROTALES VB

(b.d.) ROON.

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

657 PERC little faster rain sheet

Rn TOM ROON.

watch your feather ma'am ea - sy now, ea - sy Wait for gods sake. You'll have me be-

663 trash

Rn TOM ROON.

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

669 crash heavy

Rn TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON.

my time of life this is luna-cy press her down (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) mer-de

676 D

Rn TOM ROON. BARR mp

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



are you? You wouldn't have something for the La-dies' plate sir? I was given Flash Har-ry Flash Harry! that carthorse

Tommy! Blast your bleeding blood-y oh, Misses Rooney who was that cru-ci-fy-ing his

gear box Tom-my                      Old Cis-sy Slocum                      Cis-sy Slocum!    That's a nice    way to re - fer to your elders    Ci-ssy Slocum!

and you an orphan      What are you do-ing      stravag-ing down      here on the pub-lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get

up there on the platform now, and whip out the truck nice to see you up and a bout again you were laid up there a long

time not long e-nough, Mister Barrell, would I were still in bed, Mister Barrell would I were still laid up in my comfortable

718

♩. = 60

perc

Rn

bed, Mister Barrell. Just wasting slow-ly pain less-ly a-way keeping up my strength with ar-rowroot and calf's foot

725

♩. = ♩

♩. = ♩

perc

Rn

jel-ly till in the end you couldn't see me under the covers a-ny more than a board, oh no coughing or spitting or

732

♩. = ♩

perc

Rn

bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drifting slowly down into the high-er light, and re - membering remembering

739

♩. = ♩.

♩. = ♩

perc

Rn

all the silly un happi-ness as though it had ne - ver happened... How long have you been master of this station

746

perc

Rn

now mister Barr-ell? don't ask me Misses Rooney, don't ask me. You stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose

752

VB

♩. = ♩

vb

Rn

when he took them off. Poor pappy He didn't live long to enjoy his rest.. I rem - em - ber him clearly. a

758

♩. = ♩

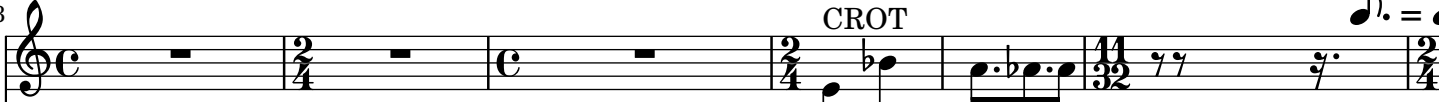
♩. = ♩


vb

Rn

small fer - re-ty purple faced wid - ow - wer, deaf as a doornail, ve - ry tes-ty and snappy I sup-

763 **CROT**


vb 

Rn 

pose... You'll be re - tiring soon your - self Mister Ba-rrell and growing your ro - ses did I understand you to


769 **VIBES**

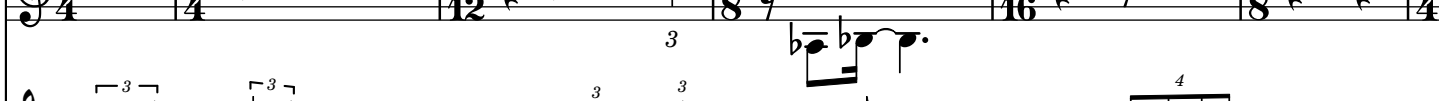
vb 

Rn 

say, the twelve thirty will soon be u - pon - us? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less

775

vb 

Rn 

right, or was, ac-cording to the eight oclock news the time is now... get-ing up to twelve...

781 **poco meno mosso**

vb 

Rn 

thir-ty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped by me un-be-

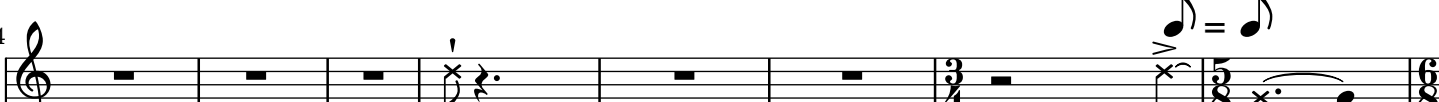
788 **meno** **VIBES**

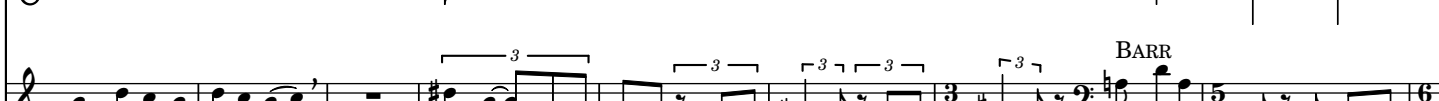
vb 

Rn 

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

794 **BARR**

vb 

Rn 

steamroller go ov-er me don't go Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell Mister Barrell What is it Maam? I have my

still

VBS- motor on

802

vb

Br

work to do... the wind is getting up the best of the day is o-ver soon the

*Red.* *ROON.*

3

809

vb

Rn

rain will begin to fall and go on fall-ing all af-ter noon then at eve-ning the

*rit*

4

3

817

vb

Rn

clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister

5

5

825

vb

Rn

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

2

4

3

833

vb

Rn

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

4

4

VIBES

E♭. = 60

scrape

840

vb

Rn

and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then invis-ible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so be-

*p*

bell

*p*

847

vb

Rn

coming to me that I merge in-to the ma-sonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will fin-al-ly dis - tinguish a once female

3

3

853

vb

Rn

FITT

ROON.

form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We knelt side by side at the

858

vb

Rn

rit

FITT

same al-tar drank from the same chalice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in church, misses Rooney, in

865

vb

Ft

church I am a-lone with my ma-ker are not you? why even the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll-

870

vb

Ft

poco piu

ection knows that it's useless to pause before me, I simply do not see the plate, or bag, or whate - ver it is they use,

875

vb

slower

a tempo

VB

how could I? Why, e-ven when all is o-ver and I go out in to the sweet fresh air, why e-ven then, for the first

882

vb

Ft

hour or so I stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o - bli vi - ous to my co - re - li - gionists and

887

vb

PERC on bell

Ft

they are ve - ry kind I must ad-mit the vast ma-jori-ty ve-ry kind and understand - ing, they know me now and take no um-

894

perc

Ft

*mf* *mp* *mf* *p*

- brage there she goes, they say, there goes The Dark Miss Fitt, a - lone with her ma ker take no

903

perc

Ft

notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait ve-ry dis-

908

perc

Ft

trait e-ven on weekdays ask mother if you do not be lieve me 'Hettie', she sais when I start eat-ing my doily in-

912

perc

VB

Ft

stead of the thin bread and but - ter, 'Hettie', how can you be so dis - trait? I be-lieve the truth is I'm just not

916

vb

Ft

there, Misses Rooney just not really there at all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the us-u-al motions but my

922

vb

Ft

heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it left to myself, with no one to stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I

928  
vb  
Ft  
cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a big red blur just a nother big red blur. Is something a-

935  
vb  
Ft  
miss, Misses Rooney you don't seem nor-mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the big red

943  
vb  
Rn  
blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - ally pier - cing well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm

949  
vb  
Ft  
here? if you could help me up the face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma-ker would requite you if no-one

954  
vb  
Rn  
else... Now now, Miss-es Roo-ney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re - quite! I make these sac - ri-fic-es for

959  
vb  
Ft  
no-thing or not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mis-ter Bar-rell to

966

vb

Rn

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

FITT

3

2

972

vb

Ft

is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your arm! a - ny arm! a hel-ping hand, for one moment

PERC

ROON.

mp

f

2

3

6

980

perc

Rn

Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you know what it is Miss-es Rooney I don't think it is wise of you to be going a - bout at

FITT

3

985

perc

Ft

all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I scream down the whole county.

ROON.

3

little slower

991

perc

Rn

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

FITT

ROON.

VB

3

998

vb

Rn

onea-no-ther I have seen slugs do it! no the o - ther side if its

PERC

snare off

p

Red.

molto rit

a tempo

rit..

3



1003

perc

Rn

just the same to you I'm left handed on top of everything else!

accél poco a poco

The image shows a musical score for a song. It features two staves: a percussion staff (perc) and a right-hand piano staff (Rn). The percussion staff starts with a 9/16 time signature, followed by a 2/4 time signature, and then a 3/4 time signature. The right-hand piano staff starts with a 9/16 time signature, followed by a 2/4 time signature, and then a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the piano staff. The tempo is marked 'accél poco a poco'. There is a 'VB' (Vibrato) marking above the first measure of the piano staff. The score is numbered 1003 in the top left corner.

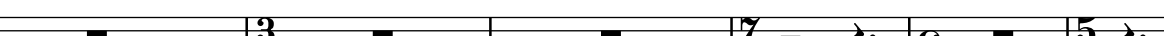
1013

vb

Rn

heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up! this is worse than the Matterhorn!

1021



have you e-ver been up the Mat-terhorn? great hon-ey-moon resort... why don't they have a

1027

Handwritten musical score for two staves, labeled 'vb' and 'Rn'. The score is divided into two sections: 'handrail?' and 'wait till I'. The 'handrail?' section consists of five measures, each containing a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note. The 'wait till I' section consists of five measures, each containing a whole rest. The staves are connected by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

vb

Rn

handrail?

wait till I

1038

vb

Rn

catch my breath.. Don't drop me!

FITT  
(hums)

*p* the en - cir - cle - ing gloom turn

1048

vb

Rn

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!