

A1

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

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa - mi-liar how is your poor mother? No better ma'am. Your daughter then? no

10 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds ROON. 3 molt rit 3

worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the ra-ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up?

18 Chr CHR a tempo ROON. 3 * tEE? 3 CHR ROON.

I suppose you wouldn't be in need hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the up mail I hear alrea-dy damn the mail oh thank

2

27

Rn

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far distance 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 Christy I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find anything bi -

ROON.

CHR

ROON.

rit.

slower

CHR

ROON.

piu mosso

3 rit tempo 4:5

45

Rn

zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes

rit.

3

56 Rn

find my way of speaking very bi - zarre mercy what was that?! Never mind her maam, she's very fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we

CHR

ROON. 3

64 Rn

want with dung. at our time of life why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be

rit...

72 Rn

carried a - way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta hell out of that! she doesn't move a muscle... I too should be getting along

CHR 3

ROON. poco piu (6:5)

a tempo

poco piu (6:5)

82 Rn

drag a tempo rit

if I do not wish to arrive late at the station. But a moment a-go she neighed and pawed the ground and now she refuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the

88 Rn *roll r* *5* *5* *arr?* *poco rit* *3* *rit.*

rump! harder well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tarry... how she gazes at me to be sure with her great, moist, cleg tormented eyes! Per-

97 Rn *3* *3* *crack!* *f* *3* *3* *rit* *3*

haps if I were to move on, down the road out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the snaffle and take her eyes away from me oh this is

107 Rn *arr?* *p* *4*

awful What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? so long a - go no! no! sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a-

117 Rn *rit.* *f* *mp* *rit.* *5* *3*

go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never move a-

128 Rn

gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to 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-ter-i-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 Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai-ly twice dai-ly

157 Rn

fifty years of twice dai-ly love like a Paris horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor-mal woman wants a-ffection a kiss in the evening by the

168 Rn

ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There is that lovely la - bur-num a - gain

mp

A $\text{♩} = 60$

179 Rn

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

ROON.

189 Rn

life out of me sneaking up be-side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkleing my

TYL

200 Tyl.

bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your daughter fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of

ROON.

TYL

210 Tyl. *tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my*

ROON. *TYL*

222 Tyl. *hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old*

ROON.

231 Rn. *hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van! are you all*

molto rit.

244 Rn. *right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of time! It is su-icide to be a-*

TYL *ROON.*

255 Rn

broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-gering dis-so-lu - tion. now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises

264 Rn

Roo - ney nothing. I was only cursing *f* under my breath, *p* God and man! *f* under my breath and the wet *p* Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back tire has gone

276 Rn

out again, I pumped it hard as i-ron before 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 Tyl.

mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we al-ready

296 Rn

late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was already late now therefor we are dou-bly late trebly

TYL

307 Tyl.

quadruped-ly late would I had shot by you with - out - a word who are you going to meet? Har-dy We used to climb together I saved his

ROON.

TYL

318 Tyl.

life once I have not for gotten it let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms what sky!, what

rit.

TYL Still...

328 **Faster!**

Tyl.

light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and out of hospital. A - live? Well half ali-ve shall we say. Speak for your-

ad lib

336

Rn

self, I am not half a-live nor an-ything aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it does, some

345

Rn

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

B

TYL

ROON.

TYL

tQ?

352 ROON.

Rn

rit.

= 60
ROON.

TD

go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves 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 your poor wife, she told me to tell you it all came flooding over

Allegretto

100

371 Rn her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my

Pn

381
Tyl.

free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What? whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry?

390 Rn *Min - nie little Min - nie* *TYL* *rit.* *Come, 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*

399 Tyl. *rit.* *spare* *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. Come, Misses*

409 Tyl. *rit.* *ROON.* *f* *Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a - long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease mo - lesting me*

417 Rn *what kind of a country 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!*

424 Rn *heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons* *p* *ve - nus birds,*

L.V. 6

434 Rn

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 Tyler, Mister

442 Rn

Tyler! 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 pelt, out of my

450 Rn

skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Jesus... je-sus... is anything

463 Sloc.

wrong Misses Rooney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach? Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine

472

Rn

SLOC

ROON.

SLOC

May I offer you a lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we all are how is your poor mo-ther? thank you she is fair-ly

482
Sloc. *rit.* 
comf torble we man-age 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

490

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 - ven-ly, Mister Slo - cum, simply

498 Rn

hea - venly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this roof never come off?

Pn

507

Rn

No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slocum and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive

517

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! and me heaving all over back and

526

Rn

front, the dry old reprobate... Now, how shall we do this? as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-

537

Rn

posing I do get up would I ever get 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 Sloc. ROON.

oh! lo-wer don't be afraid! We're past the age where... There! now! get your shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mer-cy

557 Rn

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

568 Rn

ROON. poco piu

Dan say when he sees me! Has he then re-covered his sight? no, I mean when he knows, What would Dan say when he sees the hole?

576 Rn

what are you doing Mister Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be

slower (gagaku) SLOC 3 still brisk ROON.

584 Rn

off. This is awful... last Sunday she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her She was

SLOC p rit checkRhythm

595 Sloc.

getting too much air! mind the hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive on! what a

ROON.

606 Rn

death! one minute picking happy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles over all the

3

616

Rn

hatching and the lay-ing just one great squawk and then peace they would have 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 horn! now if instead 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 stuck. open the door and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra-ces

arp. ad lib