

# check

## Legend

PERC

crash

gong1

snare drum

bass drum

triangle

piatti

gong2

tam tam

voice

ROON.

CHR

ROON.

slower (5:6)

CHR

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hin-ney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mo-ther? No

percussion

PERC

cart

Foley

8

Chr

ROON.

rit

CHR

ROON.

rural sounds

CHR

rural sounds

bet-ter ma'am. Your daugh-ter then? no worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

perc

VB

slow and stop

wind

p

wind

Fol.

14

Chr

ROON.

molt rit

CHR

a tempo

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

tym

PERC

lg. gong

perc

19

Chr

ROON.

\* tEE?

bell

would-n't be in need hist! surely to good - ness that couldn't be the up mail I hear al - rea - dy

perc

25

Chr

CHR

ROON.

damn the mail oh thank God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far dis-tance

2  
33

Chr

CHR

rit

ROON.

CHR

ROON.

I suppose you would-n't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung? sty-dung sty-dung?

tym

perc

snare off

39

Rn

CHR

ROON.

piu mosso

3 rit

tempo 4:5

I like your frankness Chris-ty I'll ask the mas-ter. Christy? yes ma'am do you find an-ything bi -

tym

45

Rn

rit.

zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the sim-plest words I think and

54

Rn

CHR

yet I sometimes find my way of speak-ing ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind

61

Chr

ROON.

3

rit...

her maam, she's ve-ry fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of life

tym

67

Rn

rit...

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 car-ried a -

73

Rn

CHR

ROON.

poco piu (6:5)

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

tym

perc



112

Rn

*f* no! no! *mp* sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a - go and ill done *f* how can I go on?

crash

perc

120

Rn

*mp* I cannot oh let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and ne-ver 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 sho-vel. Hea-vens there is that...

135

Rn

'up mail' a-gain. What will become of me? oh I am just a hys-ter-i - cal old hag, I know

tym

bell

Fol.

crunch

144

Rn

des-royed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty and church go-ing and fat and rheuma - tism and child - less ness

tym

perc

*p*

151

Rn

Min - nie lit-le Min-nie love, love is all I asked, a lit-tle love dai - ly twice dai - ly fif - ty years

tym

158

Rn

of twice dai - ly love like a Pa - ris horse butchers reg - u - lar what nor - mal wom-an wants a -

tym

165

Rn

ffec - tion a kiss in the eve - ning by the ear and a - no ther one at mor-ning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you.

CHIMES

perc

172

Rn

*mp* There is that love-ly la - bur - num a - gain bicycle

Fol.

*A*  $\text{♩} = 60$

180

Rn

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

Fol.

187

Rn

ROON. oh Mister Ty-ler you startled the life out of me sneak-ing up be - side me like that like a deer-stalker Oh! I rang my

TYL

195

Tyl.

bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tin- kle - ing my bell now don't you de ny it your bell is one thing

bicycle-bell

Fol.

ROON.

202

Rn

and you are a-nother what news of your dau-ghter fair fair they removed every thing the whole er... bag of tricks now I am

TYL

211

Tyl.

grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per-haps... if I...

PERC

tym

chm

220

Tyl.

ROON.

were to place... my hand gent-ly on your shoulder Miss-es Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo - ney Mister

tym

perc

VB

228

Rn

molto rit.

Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them

perc

235

Rn

heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van!

perc

pp

van-clattering

Fol.

vb

VB

CROTALES

ppp

243

Rn

are you all right Mis-ter Ty - ler? where is he? aah, there you are!

decresc.

250

Rn

TYL

ROON.

That was a na - row scrape... I a-lit in the nick of time! It is su - i-cide to be a - broad but what is it to be at

perc

vibes

257

Rn

home? a lin-ger-ing dis-so-lution. now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon no-thing Mises Roo-ney

tym

perc

Fol.

*p* *p* [light-cue: dust]

265

Rn

no-thing. I was only cur-sing un-der my breath, God and man! under my breath and the wet Sat-urday af-ter-noon of my con-ception

tym

perc

*f* *p* *f* *p*

274

Rn

my back tire has gone out a-gain, I pumped it hard as i-ron be-fore I went out and now I am on the

tym

perc

*f* *p* *f* *p*

283

Rn

rim oh what a shame! now if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the

perc

ROON. TYL

289

Tyl

back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. vibes

perc

Fol.

*poco piu*

8  
294

Rn. ROON.

are we al - read - y late? I have not the cour - age to look at my watch late? I on my

tylm

perc

Fol.

TYL

BELLS

300

Tyl.

bi - cycle as I rolled a - long was al - read - y late now there - for we are dou - bly late tre - bly quadru - ped - ly late

tylm

perc

bells

308

Tyl.

would I had shot by you with - out - a word who are you go - ing to meet? Har - dy We used to

tylm

Fol.

ROON.

TYL

316

Tyl.

climb to - get - her I saved his life once I have not for got - ten it let us halt a mo - ment and this vile dust fall back upon the

Fol.

rit.

324

Tyl.

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

perc

Fol.

Still... Faster!

birds

cow



332 Tyl. ROON. TYL ROON.  
live in such weather, and out of hos-pital. A - live? Well half ali - ve shall we say. Speak for your-self, I am not half a - live nor

338 Rn. an - y-thing aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it does, some  
perc. bell

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  
perc.

351 Tyl. TYL ROON. Come Miss -es Rooney... go, Mister Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the coo-ing of the ringdoves  
perc. doves  
Fol.

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

372 Rn. TYL rit. 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

381 Tyl. *rit.* ROON. *4 2*  
 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-

388 Rn. *TYL* *rit.*  
 pect for mi --se --ry? Min - nie lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone

396 Tyl. *rit.*  
 up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare Misses Roo - ney come. The

403 Tyl. *rit.* *3* *rit.*  
 mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

411 Tyl. ROON. *f* *3* *5*  
 mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean will you get a-long with you now and cease mo-  
 tym *b*  
 perc *med*

416 Rn. *4*  
 lest-ing me what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without  
 tym  
 perc *med*

421 Rn. *4*  
 be-ing mo - lest-ed by re - ti red bill bro-kers! heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to rib-bons  
 tym bicycle  
 Fol. *6*



473 Sloc. lift, Misses Roo-ney? 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. comfotble we man-age to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses Rooney, is it not? Yes in - deed Mis-ter Slocum,

489 Rn that is the great 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-

tym

perc

Fol.

MOTOR

496 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 ground today

tym

perc

503 Rn these new ba-lloon tires I suppose does this roof ne-ver 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 your sug-gestion, drive on, drive on. I'm

tym

perc

vibes

518  
Sloc.

coming Miss es Rooney, I'm coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me hea-ving all

525  
Rn

o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this? as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way!

perc

Fol.

push

532  
Rn

lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup - posing I do get up would I ev-er get down? you'll get down Misses

tym

perc

Fol.

pull

541  
Sloc.

Roo - ney you'll get down, we may not get you up but I war-rant you, you'll get down! oh! lo-ner don't be a-

perc

548  
Rn

fraid! We're past the age where... There! now! get your shoulder un-der it oh!

tym

perc

med

CHIMES

561

Rn

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

VIBES

DOOR

STARTER

Fol.

568

Rn

perc

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

SLOC

ROON.

poco piu

3 8 6 3 4 C 3 5 16

574

Rn

sees the hole? what are you doing Mis-ter Slo - cum? ga-zing straigh be for me through the windshield

perc

japanese block

SLOC

581

**still** **brisk** **ROON.** **SLOC**

Sloc. *p*

out at the void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be off. This is aw-ful... last Sun-day she ran like a

perc

587

rit a tempo checkRhythm

Sloc. dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed per-haps if I were to choke her She was get-ting too much

tym

perc

Fol. starter

596

ROON.

air! tempo ad lib - accel mind the hen! oh Mo-ther you've squashed her drive

tym

perc

Fol. motor squeal squawk-thump

603

Rn on, drive on! what a death! one minute pick ing ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with

Fol. MOTOR

611

Rn now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles o-ver all the hatching and the lay-ing just one great

Fol.

619

Rn squawk and then peace they would have slit her weasand in a-ny case... here we are let me out. what are you up to

VIBES

perc

CROTALES

HORN

Fol.

16

626

Rn

now Mis-ter Slo cum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn! now if in-stead of blowing it

tym

perc

633

Rn

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

tym

perc

SLOC

638

Sloc.

and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces who do you fan-cy don't mind

tym

perc

TOM

ROON.

643

Rn

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

tym

SLOC

649

omm.

Yes sir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy, wait! don't bustle me let me just wheel round and get my feet to the

tym

crot

ROON.

TOM

CROTALES

rainsheet

CROTALES

(b.d.)



655 **little faster**

Rn TOM ROON.

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

tym

crot VB PERC CHIMES

rain sheet

*p*  $\angle$

661

Rn TOM

gods sake. You'll have me be - head-ed! Crouch down Misses Rooney, crouch down and get your head in-to the

tym

perc VB

667

omm. ROON. TOM

o-pen! Crouch down at my time of life this is lu-na - cy press her down

tym

perc trash crash

VB

*Red.*

**heavy**

673 SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON. TOM ROON.

(grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) (grunt) mer - de now! She's coming! Straighten up now there am I

CHIMES

VB

Red.

680 Rn

BARR TOM

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

CHIMES

VIBES

mp

Red.

686 SLOC BARR

Har-ry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding blood-y oh, Misses Rooney who was

GEARS

695

Br

that cru-ci-fy-ing his gear box Tom-my Old Cis-sy Slocum Cis-sy Slo-cum! That's a nice way to re - fer to your elders

VIBES

BELLS

perc

701

Rn

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

13 1 3 1

3 1 3 1

typ

perc

CHIMES

*mf*

708

Br

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-

BARR

ROON.

3 1

perc

ch

714

Rn

nough, Mis-ter Bar-rell, would I were still in bed, Mister Bar-rell would I were still laid up in my com-fortable bed, Mist-er Barrell. Just

3 6

719

Rn

wast-ing slow - ly pain less-ly a - way keeping up my strength with ar-row root and calf's foot jel-ly till in the end you

60

727

Rn

couldn't see me under the covers a-ny more than a board, oh no coughing or spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just

4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3

734

Rn

drift ing slow-ly down in-to the high-er light, and re - membering remember-ing all the silly un happi-ness as though

rit

741

Rn

tym

it had ne - ver happened... How long have you been master of this station now mister Barr-ell? don't ask me Misses Rooney, don't

*mp*

749

Br

tym

perc

ask me. You stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy He did n't live long

VB

756

Br

vb

to en-joy his rest.. I rem - em - ber him clearly. a small fer - re-ty pur-ple faced wid - ow - wer, deaf as a doornail,

CHIMES

760

Rn

ve - ry tes-ty and snappy I sup - pose... You'll be re - ti-ring soon your - self Mister Ba - rrell and

766

Rn

tym

vb

grow-ing your ro - ses did I understand you to say, the twelve thirty will soon be u - pon - us? Those were my words

CROT

*p*

CHIMES

773 ROON. 3

Rn

but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less right, or was, ac-cording to the eight oclock news the time is

tym

vb

VIBES

779

Rn

now... get-ing up to twelve... thir-ty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped

tym

vb

CHIMES

787 **poco meno mosso**

Rn

by me un-be - knownst to me for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sor - row, I

tym

vb

VIBES

CHIMES

793 BARR

Rn

wouldn't have heard a steamrol-ler go ov - er me don't go Mister Bar-rell, Mister Bar-rell Mister Bar-rell What is it

vb

801

Br *still* ROON.

Maam? I have my work to do... VBS- motor on the wind is getting up the best of the day is

vb

Fol. *Red.* GENTLE-WIND

808

Rn *rit*

o - ver soon the rain will be-gin to fall and go on fall - ing all af - ter noon then

vb

815

Rn

at eve - ning the clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister

vb

823

Rn

Bar-rell, Mis-ter Bar-rell, Mis-ter Bar - rell! I es-trange them all! They come towards you un in - vit - ed, by-gones by - gones,

vb

831

Rn

full of kind-ness gen - u - inely pleased to see you a - gain look-ing so well a few simple words

vb

839

Rn *E. = 60*

from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then in vis-i-ble, Miss Fitt? Is this cre-

vb *p* *VIBES* *scrape* *bell*

846

Rn

tonne so be-coming to me that I merge in-to the ma-sonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will fin-al-ly dis - tin-guish a

vb

*p*

852

Rn

once female 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

*FITT* *ROON.*

858

Rn

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

*rit* *FITT*

865

Ft

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

tym

870

Ft

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

tym

*p*

875

Ft

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 hour or so I

VB

vb

883

Ft

stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o - bli-vi-ous to my co-re - li-gionists and they are ve - ry kind I must ad-

VB

vb

889

Ft

mit the vast ma-jo-ri-ty ve-ry kind and understand - ing, they know me now and take no um - brage there she goes, they say,

tym

vb

PERC on bell

VB

*mf* *mp*

898

Ft

there goes The Dark Miss Fitt, a - lone with her ma-ker take no notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running

perc

VB

*mf* *mp* *p*

905

Ft

in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait very dis - trait even on weekdays ask mother if you do not be lieve me 'Het-tie', she

tym

perc

*rit* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

911

Ft

sais when I start eat-ing my doily in - stead of the thin bread and but - ter, 'Het tie', how can you be so dis - trait? I be-lieve the truth is

tym

perc

VB

*p* *p*

915

Ft

I'm just not there, Miss es Rooney just not real-ly there at all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the us-u-al



921

Ft

VB

Red.

rit

motions but my heart is-n't in it, but heart is in none of it left to my-self, with no-one to stop me I would soon be flown

927

Ft

vb

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

934

Ft

3

rit.

ROON.

blur. Is something a - miss, Misses Roo-ney you don't seem nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the

942

Rn

VB

big red blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - al-ly pier - cing well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm

949

Ft

ROON.

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

tym

vb

954

Rn

FITT

3

2

2

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 no-thing or

vb

3

960

Ft.

not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mis-ter Bar-rell to give me his arm, just

v.b.

rit. - - -

ROON.

♩. = ♩.

968

Rn

3

2

2

2

2

2

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

vb

2

3

9

2

12

2

4

4

16

8

16

8

973 ROON. FITT

Ft

is it? Your arm! a - ny arm! a hel-ping hand, for one moment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you

tymb

vb

PERC

CHIMES

VB

*mp* *f*

982

Ft

perc

know what it is Miss-es Roo-ney I don't think it is wise of you to be go-ing a - bout at all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give

CHIMES

987 **little slower** **FITT**

Rn me your arm before I scream down the whole county. Well, I suppose it is the

tym

perc

995 **ROON.** **molto rit** **a tempo** **rit.**

Ft protestant thing to do.. Pis mires do it for one-a-no-ther I have seen slugs do it!

perc

1001 **p** **accél poco a poco**

Rn no the o-ther side if its just the same to you I'm left hand-ed on top of ev-ery-thing

tym

vb **PERC** **snare off** **VB**

1007

Rn else! hea-vens 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 Mat-terhorn? great hon-eymoon resort...

1026

Rn why don't they have a handrail? wait

1036

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

**FITT** **p** **(hums)** the en-cir-cle-ing gloom

1047

Rn

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!