

A1

V

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

8

VC solo

ROON. rit CHR ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds

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

14

BN

ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo

ra - ces 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! surely to good-ness that could-n't be the up mail I hear al-rea - dy

25

VN mutes

CHR ROON.

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

32

BN CB BN

CHR rit ROON.

far distance I suppose you wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung?

38

OB BN slower

CHR ROON. rit. - - - CHR ROON. piu mosso

stydung stydung? I like your frankness Christy I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find

44

bn CB mutes

Rn *3 rit tempo 4:5*

anything bi-zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest

53

cb

Rn

words I think and yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was

60

bn BN

Rn CHR

that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's very fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we want with dung. at

65

bn CB

Rn *rit...*

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-

71

cb

Rn CHR

nure, and let yourself be car - ried a - way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta

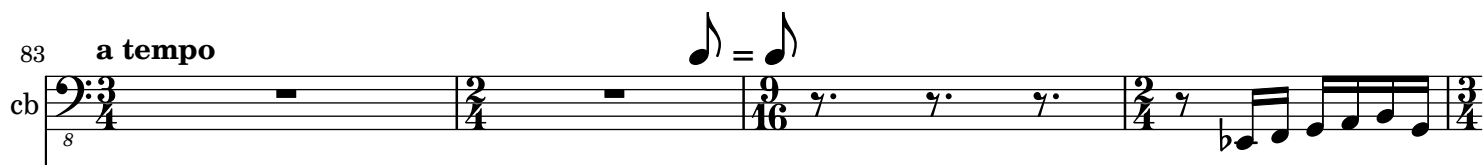
77

cb drag

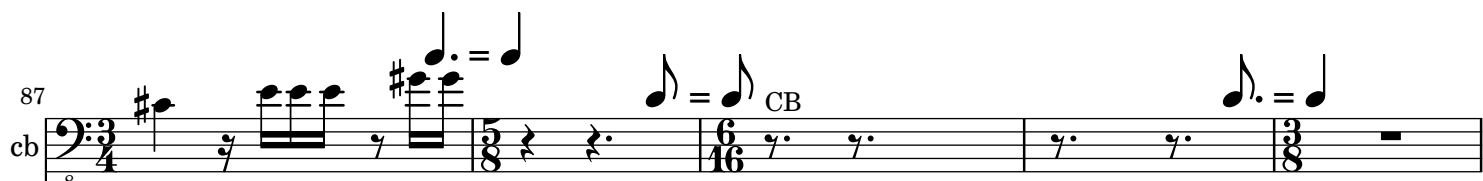

Chr ROON, poco piu (6:5) a tempo poco piu (6:5)

hell out of that! she doesn't move a muscle... I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive

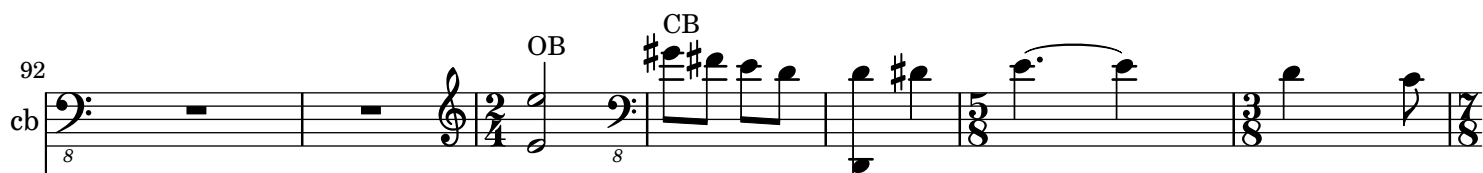

83 **a tempo**

cb 
 Rn 
 late at the sta-tion. But a mo-ment a - go she neighed and pawed the ground and now she re-fu-ses to ad -

87  CB

cb 
 Rn 
 vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har-der well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tar-ry... how she

92  OB

cb 
 Rn 
 ga-zes at me to be sure with her great, moist, cleg tormented eyes! Per - haps if I were to move on, down the road

99  

cb 
 Rn 
 out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the snaffle and take her eyes away from me

106 
 Rn 
 oh this is aw - ful What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? *p* so long a - go

112 
 Rn 
 no! no! sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a - go and ill done how can I go on?

120

cb

Rn

mp

rit.

I cannot oh let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never

127

cb

Rn

mp

BN

move a - gain! a great big slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to scoop me up with a

133

bn

Rn

f

shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' a gain. What will become of me? oh I am

141

cb

Rn

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

149

cb

Rn

rheuma-tism and child - lessness Min - nie lit-le Min-nie love, love is all I asked, a lit-tle love

155

cb

Rn

OB

dai - ly twice dai-ly fif-ty years of twice dai - ly love like a Pa-ris horse butchers

162

ob

Rn

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

3

VN

9

166

vn

Rn

kiss in the evening by the ear and a - no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There

3

pizz

mp

173

vn

Rn

is that love-ly la - bur-num a - gain Pardon me

A. = 60

BN

p

3

183

bn

Rn

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

3

ROON.

3

190

bn

Rn

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

TYL

199

bn

Tyl.

tinkle-ing my bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your dau - ghter fair

ROON.

4

TYL

206

cb

Tyl.

fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you

ROON.

3

3

214

cb *pizz* *arco*

Rn *TYL*

wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your

224

cb

Tyl. *ROON.*

shoulder Miss-es Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

229

bn *BN* *CB* *molto rit.*

Rn

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

235

vn *VN range* *CB*

Rn

heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van! are you all

244

cb *slow* *pizz*

Rn *TYL*

right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I a lit in the nick of

252

cb *pizz*

Tyl. *ROON.*

time! It is su-icide to be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-gering dis-so-lution.

260 BN
bn 
Rn 
now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo - ney nothing. I was only cursing

268 CB
bn 
Rn 
un-der my breath, God and man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back tire has gone

276 pizz BN
cb 
Rn 
out a-gain, I pumped it hard as i - ron be-fore I went out and now I am on the rim oh what a shame! now

285 pizz CB
bn 
Tyl. 
if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear

292
cb 
Tyl. 
no it is too much. are we already late? I have not the courage to look at my watch

299 BN
bn 
Tyl. 
late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled a-long was al-ready late now therefor we are dou - bly late tre-bly quadruped-ly late

308 CB *pizz* *sul pont*

cb *8*

Tyl. *ROON.* *4* *TYL*

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

317

cb *8*

Tyl. *rit.* *3* *rit.* *3*

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

324 *♩ = 60* **Still...** **Faster!** *♩ = ♩.*

cb *8*

Tyl. *rit.* *3* *TYL* *3* *3* *3*

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

332

cb *8*

Tyl. *ROON.* *TYL* *ROON.*

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

338 *♩ = ♩* *pizz* *norm*

cb *8*

Rn *3*

an - y-thing aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it

344 CB BN

cb *8*

Rn *2* *TYL*

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

391

cb

Rn

lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

p

TYL

rit.

mutes

398

cb

Tyl.

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

rit.

rit.

405

cb

Tyl.

free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a -

rit.

rit.

ROON.

412

cb

Rn

long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease mo - lesting me

f

BN

417

cb

Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without

CB

VN

12

4

421

bn

Rn

being mo - lest by re - tired bill brokers! heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to

BN

CB

427 ♩ = 60
VN
mutes

cb *p*

Rn *p*

rib-bons ve - nus birds,

434 CB 2

vn *p*

Rn

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

439

cb *f*

Rn 3

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

445 VN CB 3

cb *p*

Rn 3

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

451 mutes ♩ = 70

cb *p*

Rn *p*

Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Je-sus... je-sus...

460 CB 3

cb *p*

Rn SLOC

is anything wrong Misses Roo-ney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach?

467

cb

Rn

Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limou-sine May I offer you a lift, Misses Rooney? are you

474

cb

Sloc.

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

482

bn

Sloc.

comf'torble we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses Rooney, is it not? Yes in-

488

cb

Rn

deed Mis-ter Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these wasps! May I then of-fer you a

494

bn

Sloc.

lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea- venly, Mister Slo-cum, simply hea- ven-ly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry

501

cb

Rn

high off the ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this roof never come off? No?

509 CB
vn 8
Rn 3
no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slo-cum and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all

516 BN
cb 8
Rn 3
your sug-gestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Miss-es Rooney, I'm coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as your-

521 CB BN BN
bn 8
Sloc. ROON. SLOC
self stiff! well I like that! and me hea-ving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now,

528 CB pz VN esp
bn 3 8
Sloc. ROON. 3
how shall we do this? as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower

534 VN
vn p
Rn 3 3 3
wait! no, don't let go. Sup - posing I do get up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney

542 CB
vn 8
Sloc. ROON.
you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh! lo-wer don't be a-

cb

Rn

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

556 cb

Rn

oh mer - cy up! up! AHH, I'm in my frock, you've

562 vn

Rn

nipped my frock! my nice Frock! look what you've done to my nice frock! what will Dan say when he sees

569 vn

Rn

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

575 vn

Rn


hole? what are you doing Mis-ter Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me through the windshield


581 bn

Sloc.

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

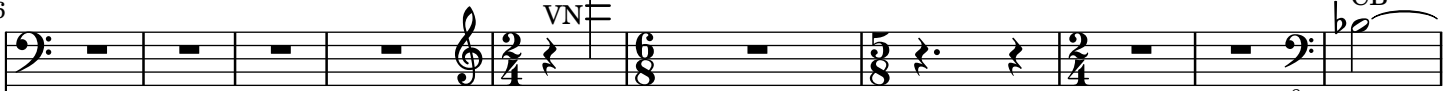
588


vn  TN

Sloc.  *a tempo*
checkRhythm

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

596

tn  *squeal*

Sloc.  ROON.

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

606

cb  8

Rn  3

death! one minute picking ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a dust bath and then

613

cb  8

Rn  3

bang! all her troubles over all the hatching and the laying just one great squawk and then peace they would have


621


cb  8

Rn  4

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


628

vn 

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

vn  CB

Rn  SLOC

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 pizz BN $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

cb 8

Tomm. TOM ROON.

certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces who do you fancy don't mind me! Don't take a - ny

644 VA CB 8

va 8

Rn SLOC TOM

no-tice of me. I do not ex - ist the fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy for goodness sake Yessir

650 BN CB $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

cb 8

Tomm. ROON.

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

655 BN VN little faster VN

cb 8

Rn TOM ROON.

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

661 CB $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

cb 8

Rn TOM

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

667 VN heavy CB $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

cb 8

Tomm. ROON. TOM SLOC TOM

open! Crouch down at my time of life this is luna-cy press her down (grunt) (grunt)

674 cb *mp* default

Sloc. SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON. TOM ROON. BARR

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

681 cb

Br TOM

my? Tom - my? where the hell are you? You wouldn't have something for the La-dies' plate sir? I was given Flash

686 cb OB

Tom. SLOC BARR

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

693 ob

Br TOM ROON.

who was that cruci fying his gear box Tommy Old Cissy Slocum Cis-sy Slocum! That's a nice way to re-

700 bn *mp* BN CB pizz

Rn BARR

fer to your elders Ci-ssy Slocum! and you an orphan What are you do-ing strav-ag-ing down here on the pub-lic

706 cb

Br BARR

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 a-gain you were laid up there a long time not long e - nough, Mis-ter Bar-rell, would I were still in

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

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 drift-ing slow-ly down in-to the high-er light, and re-member-ing remem-ber-ing

all the silly un-happi-ness as though 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 ask me. You stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose

752

bn

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

vn

Rn

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

763

bn

Rn

pose... You'll be re-ti-ring soon your-self Mister Ba-rrell and grow-ing your ro-ses

768

vn

Rn

did I understand you to say, the twelve thirty will soon be u-pon-us? Those were my words but, accord-ing to my

774

cb

Rn

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

779

cb

Rn

now... get-ing up to twelve... thirty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone

VN mutes

pizz

BARR

ROON.

CB

pp

3

6

8

12

16

24

32

48

64

80

96

112

128

144

160

176

192

208

224

240

256

272

288

304

320

336

352

368

384

400

416

432

448

464

480

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544

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672

688

704

720

736

752

768

784

800

816

832

848

864

880

896

912

928

944

960

976

992

1008

1024

1040

1056

1072

1088

1104

1120

1136

1152

1168

1184

1200

1216

1232

1248

1264

1280

1296

1312

1328

1344

1360

1376

1392

1408

1424

1440

1456

1472

1488

1504

1520

1536

1552

1568

1584

1600

1616

1632

1648

1664

1680

1696

1712

1728

1744

1760

1776

1792

1808

1824

1840

1856

1872

1888

1904

1920

1936

1952

1968

1984

2000

786 **poco meno mosso** **meno** **pizz** **OB** **BN** **CB**

through! Or has it slipped by me un - knownst to me for there was a time there I remember it

791 **3** **7** **OB** **BN** **CB**

now, I was so plunged in sor - row, I wouldn't have heard a steamrol - ler go ov - er me don't go Mister Bar - rell, Mister

799 **3** **7** **VN** **still** **p** **BARR** **ROON.**

Barrell Mister Barrell What is it Maam? I have my work to do... the wind is getting up

806 **rit**

the best of the day is o - ver soon the rain will begin to fall and go on fall - ing all af - ter



813 **VN** **mute** **3** **4**

noon then at eve - ning the clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and sink behind the

822 **CB** **5** **4** **5**

trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister Bar - rell! I estrange them all! They come towards you un in - vit - ed, bygones

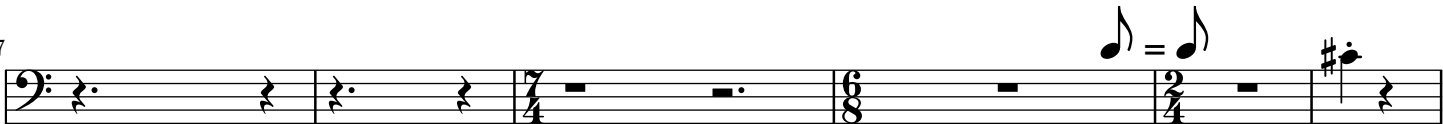
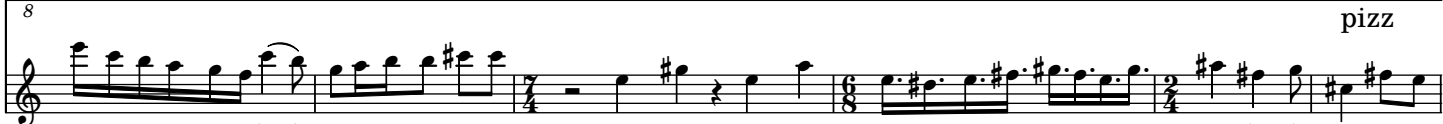
830

cb 
 Rn 
 by-gones, full of kindness gen-u inely pleased to see you a-gain looking so well a few simple words

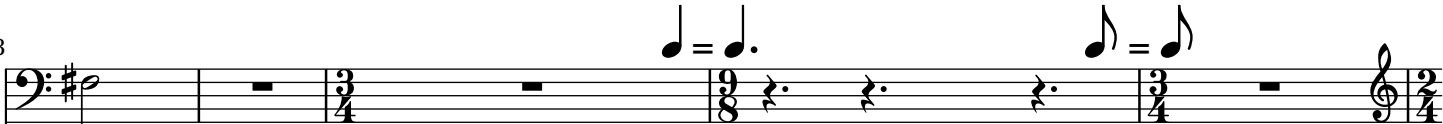

839

D. = 60 
 cb 
 Rn 
 from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so be-

847

cb 
 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

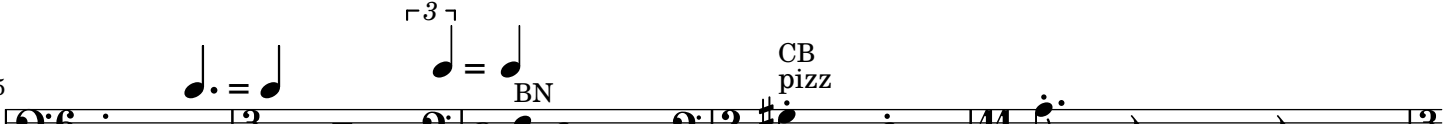

853

cb 
 Rn 
 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

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

865

cb 
 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

cb 
 Ft 
 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 **slower** BN **a tempo**

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 CB pizz

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 pizz

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

894 arco pizz

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

903 VN pizz

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 CB arco

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

912

cb

8

VN

p

BN

Ft

4

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

916

bn

Ft

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

922

bn

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

bn

8

CB pizz

Ft

3

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

935

cb

8

p

Ft

3

rit...

ROON.

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

942

cb

8

Rn

3

rit...

FITT

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

948

cb

pizz

Ft

ROON.

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

953

cb

pizz

Rn

FITT

if no-one else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth in to me! Re - quite! I make these sac-rifices for

959

cb

BN

Ft

ROON.

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

966

bn

CB

pizz

Rn

FITT

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?

972

cb

8

Ft

ROON.

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

979

vn

BN

FITT

mo-ment Christ, what a planet.. Real-ly! do you know what it is Miss-es Rooney I don't think it is wise of

984 CB *little slower*

bn *8*

Ft ROON.

you to be go-ing a - bout at all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I

989

cb *8*

Rn FITT

scream down the whole county. Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to

996 VN pizz *mute* *pp*

cb *8*

Ft ROON. *molto rit* *a tempo* *rit...*

do.. Pismires do it for onea-no-ther I have seen slugs do it!

1002

vn

Rn *accel poco a poco*

no the o-ther side if its just the same to you I'm left handed on top of everything else!

1010

vn

Rn *3*

hea-vens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up! this is

1020

vn

Rn *3* *3*

worse than the Matterhorn! have you e-ver been up the Mat-terhorn? great hon-eymoon resort...

1026

vn

Rn

why don't they have a handrail? wait

1036

vn

Rn

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

FITT (hums)

p the en - cir-cleing gloom

1047

vn

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!