

A1

ROON. CHR ROON.

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa -

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

mi - liar how is your poor mother? No bet-ter ma'am. Your daughter then? no

10 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds

worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

14 Chr ROON. 3 molt rit 3 3

ra-ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up?

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

I suppose you wouldn't be in need hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the

22 Rn CHR ROON.

up mail I hear al-rea - dy damn the mail oh thank

Rn

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the

Rn

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

Rn

dung?! what class of dung? stydung stydung? I like your frankness Chris-ty

Rn

I'll ask the mas-ter. Christy? yes ma'am do you find

Rn

an-ything bi-zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the

49 Rn *rit.*  
voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the sim-plest words I think and

54 Rn  
yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry bi -

59 Rn *CHR*  
zarre mer - cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's ve-ry

62 Chr *ROON.*  
fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of

66 Rn *rit.*  
life why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the

70 Rn *rit...*  
crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car-ried a - way is it that you

74 Rn

CHR 3

ROON. poco piu (6:5)

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

79 Rn

a tempo

poco piu (6:5)

drag

muscle... I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive

83 Rn

a tempo

rit

late at the station. But a moment a - go she neighed and pawed the ground and

86 Rn

roll r

now she re-fuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har - der

89 Rn

well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tar-ry... how she ga-zes at me to be

93 Rn

arr? 3

poco rit

rit.

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

98 Rn *crack!* *f*

on, down the road out of her field of vision no! no! e - nough. take her by the

103 Rn *rit*

snaffle and take her eyes a-way from me oh this is aw-ful

108 Rn *arr?*

What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? so long a - go

112 Rn *p*

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

117 Rn *rit.* *f* *mp*

go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh

122 Rn *rit.*

let me just flop down flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never

Rn

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

Rn

scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' a gain.

Rn

What will become of me? *f* oh I am just a hys-

Rn

ter-i - cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen-

Rn

til - i - ty and church going and fat and rheuma-tism and child - lessness

L.V.

151

Rn

Min-nie litle Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai-ly

156

Rn

twice daily fifty years of twice daily love like a Paris horse butchers

162

Rn

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

173

Rn

is that lovely la - bur-num a - gain

A. = 60

180 Rn

Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall

185 Rn

off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me

190 Rn

sneaking up be - side me like that like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo-

196 Tyl.

- ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkling my bell now don't you deny

201 Tyl.

it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your daughter fair

206 Tyl.

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



212 Tyl. *ROON.*  
 gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per -

218 Tyl.  
 haps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would

226 Tyl. *ROON.*  
 that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

229 Rn. *molto rit.*  
 tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and

234 Rn.  
 tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

242 Rn.  
 are you all right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are!

250 Rn

That was a na-row scrape... I a lit in the nick of time! It is su-icide to

TYL ROON.

254 Rn

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

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 nothing. I was on-ly cur-sing un-der my breath, God and

*f* *p* *f*

270 Rn

man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back

*p*


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 front, I

287 Tyl.   
would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear

292 Tyl.   
no it is too much. are we already late? I have not the

*pp*

297 Rn   
courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled a long was already

303 Tyl.   
late now therefor we are dou-bly late trebly quadruped-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 together I saved his life once I have not forgotten it let us

322 Tyl. *rit.* *3* *3* *3* *60*

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

326 Tyl. *Still...* *Faster!* *ad lib*

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

332 Tyl. ROON. TYL

live in such weather, and out of hos - pital. A - live? Well half ali - ve shall we

335 Tyl. ROON.

say. Speak for yourself, I am not half a - live nor an - y - thing aproaching it

339 Rn.

what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it

344 Rn.

does, some great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a -

348 Rn. B ROON. TYL tQ?

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

352 Rn *ROON.* *rit.* - - - 3 -  
 go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

356 Rn *ROON.* *TD* *♩. = ♩*  
 if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him

362 Rn *♩. = ♩* *♩. = 100*  
 when it all came over me a - gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she

367 Rn *♩. = ♩* *♩. = ♩.*  
 told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she

373 Rn *♩. = ♩* *TYL* *rit.* - -  
 simply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

379 Tyl. *rit.*  
 8 mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to

383 Tyl. *rit.* ROON.  
 8 spare. What? what's all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res-

388 Rn. TYL  
 8 pect for mi --se --ry? Min - nie lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses

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

398 Tyl. *rit.*  
 8 be there with time and to spare Misses Roo - ney come. The

403 Tyl. *rit.*  
 8 mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to

407 Tyl. *rit.* ROON.  
 8 spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a-

16

412 Rn *f* long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you

415 Rn now and cease mo - lest - ing me what kind of a count - ry

418 Rn is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without

421 Rn being mo - lest - ed by re - tired bill brokers! heavens you're not going to ride her

426 Rn flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons


433 Rn *p* ve - nus birds, cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cursed cor - set

437 Rn if I could on - ly let it out, without in - decent ex - posure. Mister


441 Rn Ty - ler, Mister Ty - ler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's





478  
Rn   
how is your poor mo-ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf torble we man-age

484 *rit.* ROON.

Sloc. 

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

488  
Rn deedMister Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these

492

Rn

SLOC

ROON.

wasps! May I then of-fer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea - ven-ly, Mister

497

Rn

Slo - cum, simply hea - venly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the

A musical score for a song. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is for the piano, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are: "Slo - cum, simply hea - venly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the". There are musical notations for a triplet of eighth notes and a triplet of sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

502  
Rn

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

507

Rn

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

513

Rn

and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive

517

Rn

on, drive on. I'm coming Miss-es Rooney, I'm com-ing, give me

520

Sloc.

time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me heaving all

525

Rn

o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this?

529

Rn

as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait!

541  
Sloc.   
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!

551  
Rn

now! get your shoulder un-der it oh! oh!

556  
Rn

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

562

Rn

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

566 Rn

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

SLOC

571 Sloc.

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

ROON. poco piu

574 Rn

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

slower (gagaku)

579 Sloc.

gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her

SLOC 3 still brisk ROON.

583 Rn *p* SLOC rit  
up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... last Sunday she ran like a dream and

588 Sloc. *a tempo* checkRhythm  
now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her

594 Sloc. ROON.  
She was getting too much air! mind the

600 Rn hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive on! what a

606 Rn death! one minute picking happy at the dung in the road in the sun with

611 Rn now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles over all the

616  
Rn   
hatching and the lay-ing just one great squawk and then peace they would have

621  
Rn   
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

631  
Rn   
horn! now if in-stead 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