barnums

Vox: is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mo-ther? No bet - ter ma'am. Your daughter then? no worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do

I halt? nice day for the ra - ces   per-haps it is,   but will it hold up?   will it hold up?   I suppose you wouldn't be in need   hist!   surely to goodness that couldn't be the

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

The lyrics under the vocal line (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-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 find my way of speaking very bi - zarre mercy what was that?! Never mind her maam, she's very fresh in ner - self today

ROON. dung! what would we 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 car-ried 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   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 re-fuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! harder well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tarry... how she ga-zes at me to be sure with her

Lyrics (Rn): great, moist, cleg tormented 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 snaffle and take her eyes away from me oh this is

aw-ful 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 - 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 - 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.   What will become of me?   oh   I   am   just a hyster-i-cal old   hag,   I know   destroyed with   sorrow and pining and gen - til-ity and   church going and

fat and rheuma-tism and child-lessness Min-nie litle Minnie love, love is all I asked, a little love dai - ly twice dai - ly fif-ty years of twice dai - ly love like a Paris

horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor - mal wom-an wants a - ffec - tion a kiss in the evening by the ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There

BELLS

Lyrics: is that lovely la - burnum a - gain ... Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De - vine day for the meeting

oh Mister Ty-ler you startled the 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 tinkle-ing my bell now don't you de-ny

Lyrics (Tyl.): it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your daughter fair fair they removed ev-erything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchild·less gracious how you

wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake   or ride on.   perhaps...   if I...   were   to place... my   hand   gent-ly on your shoulder Misses   Rooney how would   that be, would you permit that?   no, Mister Rooney Mister

Ty - ler I mean. I am tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

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

su - icide to   be a - broad but   what is it to be at   home? a   lingering   disso - lu - tion.   now we are white with   dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon   nothing Mises   Roo - ney nothing.   I was only cursing

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

rim oh what a shame! now if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we already

late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was al-ready late now therefor we are dou - bly late tre-bly quad-ru ped - ly late would I had shot by you with-

Tyl.: out-a word | who are you | going to meet? | Hardy | We used to climb together | I saved his life once | I have not forgotten it | let us | halt a moment and this | vile | dust fall back upon the

vileer worms / what sky!, what 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 self, I am not

Lyrics (Rn line): half a·live nor an·ything a proaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it does, some great, whirring ma·chine will come and blow it all sky - high a-

Rn: gain. Well, shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... 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 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 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 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? Min-nie little Min-nie 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 spare