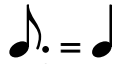


# Christy-Tyler

## Legend

crash gong1 snare drum bass drum  
triangle piatti gong2 tam tam



voice CHR ROON. slower (5:6) CHR

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

percussion

Foley

8 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

Fol. wind

14 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

19 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 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

Chr

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.

slower

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

79 a tempo poco piu (6:5) drag a tempo rit

Rn muscle... I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive late at the station. But a moment a - go she

tym *mp*

perc *mp*

85 roll r

Rn neighed and pawed the ground and now she re-fuses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har-der well! if someone were to do

tym

perc *mf* *f*

90 arr? poco rit rit.

Rn that to me, I would n't tar-ry... how she ga-zes at me to be sure with her great, moist, cleg tor-men-ted eyes! Per - haps if I were to move

98 crack! whip crash

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

tym

perc *f*

105 arr?

Rn a way from me oh this is aw-ful What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? so long a - go

perc crunch

Fol.

112

Rn

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

crash

perc

120 Rn *mp* 2 *rit.* 5 3

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 3

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

tym

Fol.

'up mail' a-gain.

What will become of me?

oh I am just a hys-ter-i-cal old hag, I know

bell

crunch

144

Rn

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

tyrn

perc

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

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

BELLS

172 *mp*  $A \text{ } \text{♩} = 60$

Rn There is that love-ly la - bur - num a - gain

182  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  ROON.

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

189 TYL

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-

198 ROON.

Tyl - ed you I started tin-kle-ing my bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are a-nother what news of your dau-ghter

205 TYL  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  ROON.

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

tym

perc

214 TYL  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. per-haps... if I... were to place... my hand gent-ly on your shoulder Miss-es

tym

perc

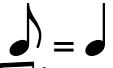
225 ROON.


Tyl Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo - ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old

tym

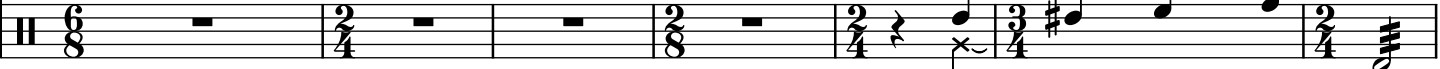
perc

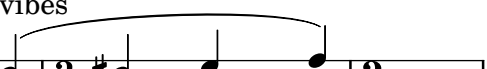
vibes

231 **molto rit.** 

Rn 

hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van!

perc 

vibes 

*pp*

238

Rn 

are you all right Mis-ter Ty - ler?

perc 



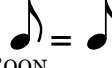
crotales *ppp*


245

Rn 


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


decresc. 

252 **ROON.** 

Tyl. 

time! It is su-i-cide to be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-ger-ing dis-so-lu-tion.

perc 

vibes 

260

Rn 

now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon no - thing Mises Roo - ney no-thing. I was on-ly cur-sing un-der my

tym 

perc 

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

269

Rn

*f* *p*

breath, God and man! un der my breath and the wet Sat-ur day af - ter - noon of my con-ception my back tire has gone out a -

tym

perc

7

277

Rn

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

tym

ROON.

TYL

285

Tyl.

if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the

perc

3

poco piu

291

Tyl.

grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we al - read-y

perc

TYL

ROON.

vibes

drag creak

Fol.

296

Rn

late? I have not the cour-age to look at my watch late? I on my bi - cycle as I rolled a - long was al - read-y

tym

perc

Fol.

BELLS

303

Tyl.

tym

perc

bells

311

Tyl.

tym

Fol.

318

Tyl.

Fol.

325

Tyl.

perc

Fol.

cow

333

Tyl.

ROON. TYL ROON.


339

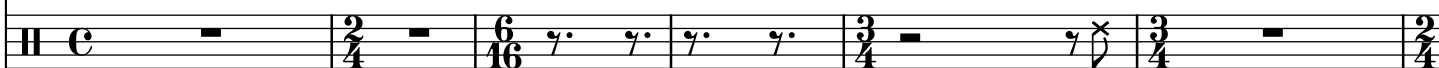
Rn

perc



346 **B**

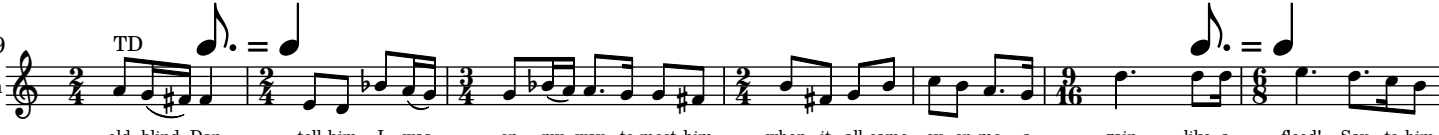
Rn 
  
come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well, shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney...

perc 


352 **ROON.** *rit.* **ROON.**  $\text{♩} = 60$

Rn 
  
go, Mister Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the coo-ing of the ringdoves if you see my


359 **TD**  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn 
  
old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came ov-er me a - gain like a flood! Say to him

366  $\text{♩} = 100$

Rn 
  
your poor wife, she told me to tell you it all came flooding o-ver her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back

375  $\text{♩} = 60$  **TYL** *rit.*

Rn 
  
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.