

A1

II

voice

ROON. CHR ROON. slower (5:6) CHR ROON. rit CHR ROON. rural sounds

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

13

fl

CHR rural sounds

ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo ROON. * tEE?

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

23

fl

VN mutes

no mutes*

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 would-n't be in need of a small load... of

36

vn

FL

slower

ROON. CHR ROON. rit. ROON. piu mosso 3 rit tempo 4:5 CHR

dung! dung?! what class of dung? stydung stydung? I like your frankness Christy I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find an-ything bi-zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the

49

fl

rit.

voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry bi - zarre mer-cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's very

121

vn

cresc.

FL

Rn

rit.

5

3

ff

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 sho-vel.

134

fl

VN

3

3

Rn

4

4

f

3

3

Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again. What will become of me? oh I am just a hys-ter-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty and church go-ing and

148

vn

TN

5

5

Rn

4

5

3

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 Pa-ris

161

tn

3

Rn

3

3

3

mp

horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor-mal woman wants a - ffection a kiss in the eve-ning by the ear and a - no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There is that love-ly la -

175

fl

A

60

VN

p

solo

Ro.

Ro.

3

3

3

bur-num 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

4

190

ob

OB

FL

VN

Rn

TYL

ROON.

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 deny it your bell is one thing and you are a nother

203

tpt

TPT 4

FL

TN

Rn

TYL

ROON.

what news of your daughter fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride

217

tn

VN

OB

TN

Rn

TYL

ROON.

on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old

231

tn

VN

OB

VN

molto rit.

sul pont.

Rn

TYL

ROON.

hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van! are you all right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah,

248

vn

TYL

ROON.

mutes

mutes

Rn

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 lin-ger-ing dis-so-lution. now we are white with

261
vn
Rn
dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon no-thing Mises Roo - ney no-thing. I was only cursing un-der my breath, God and man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter - noon of my con-ception my back tire has gone

276
vn
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 if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the

291
ob
Tyl.
grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we al-read-y late? I have not the courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled a-long was al-ready late now

304
tn
Tyl.
therefor we are dou-bly late tre - bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot by you with - out - a word who are you going to meet? Har - dy We used to climb to-get-her I saved his life once

319
fl
Tyl.
I have not for got-ten it let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms what skyl, what light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a-

332

fl

Tyl.

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 an - y-thing aproaching it what are we stand-ing here for? this dust will not settle in our

343

vn

Rn

time, and when it does, some great, whirring machine will come and blow it all sky - high a - gain. Well, shall we be getting a long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister

353

vn

Rn

Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the coo-ing of the ringdoves 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 - gain like a

365

ob

Rn

flood! Say to him 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 home. Come, Misses Roo - ney

378

fl

Tyl.

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

391

vn

Rn

TYL

rit. -

rit. -

rit. -

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 Misses Roo - ney come. The mail has not yet gone

404

vn

OB

TN

TYL

rit. -

3

rit. -

ROON.

f

3

5

up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The mail... Will you get a - long with you Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you

415

tn

FL

TPT

FL

Rn

4

now and cease mo - 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 being mo - lested by re - tired bill brokers!

425

fl

OB

FL

60

mutes

p

Rn

p

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to rib-bons ve - nus birds, coo-ing in the night all the long summer long

436

fl

pizz

FL

VN

f

3

3

Rn

3

3

O! cur-sed cor-set if I could on-ly let it out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister Ty - ler, Mister Ty - ler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's wrong with me? what's

446 vn *sul pont* *VN* *VN* *C* = 70

Rn wrong with me? Never tran-quil, see-thing out of my dir-ty old pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! *p* Je-sus... je-sus...

460 vn *VN mutes* *p*

Rn *SLOC* *3* *4* *3* *ROON.* *3* *half as fast?* *SLOC*

is a-nything wrong Misses Roo-ney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach? Well if it is-n't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his lim-ou-sine May I offer you a

473 vn *mutes* *FL* *3* *VN*

Sloc. *3* *ROON.* *SLOC* *rit.* *3*

lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di-rect-ion? I am, we all are how is your poor mo-ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf-ortble we man-age to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

487 vn *ROON.* *5* *FL* *OB*

Sloc. *ROON.* *SLOC* *ROON.* *4* *4*

Rooney, is it not? Yes in-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 lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea-ven-ly, Mister Slo-cum, sim-ply

498 ob *VN* *FL*

Rn *3* *5* *5* *3* *3* *3*

hea-ven-ly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the ground today these new balloon tires I suppose does this roof never come off? No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come

512

fl

Rn

down Mister Slo cum and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that!

TN

VN

SLOC

ROON.

523

vn

Rn

and me heaving all 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! lower wait! no, don't let

SLOC

ROON.

OB

FL

536

fl

Rn

go. Sup - posing I do get up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney you'll get down, we may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh! lo-wer don't be afraid! We're

TN

SLOC

ROON.

8vb

549

tn

Rn

past the age where... There! now! get your shoulder un-der it oh! oh! oh mer - cy up! up! AHH, I'm in my frock, you've nipped my frock! my nice

VN arc

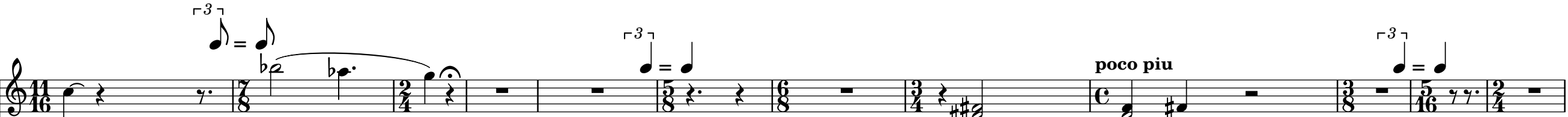
harm

FL


8vb

564

fl



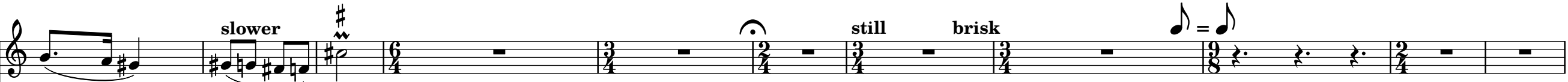
Rn




Frock! look what you've done to my nice frock! what will 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 sees the hole?

576

fl



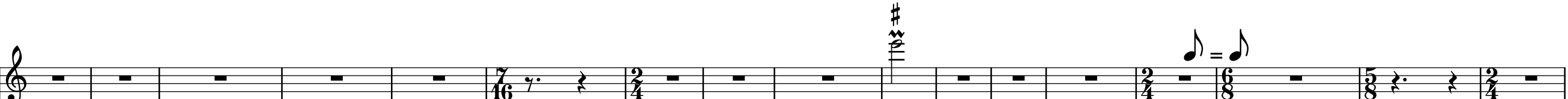
Rn



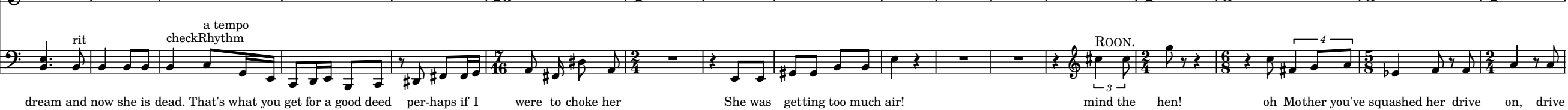
what are you doing Mis-ter Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be off. This is aw-ful... last Sun day she ran like a

587

fl



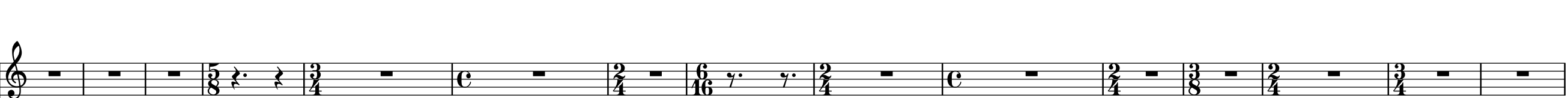
Sloc.




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 getting too much air! mind the hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive

604

fl



Rn



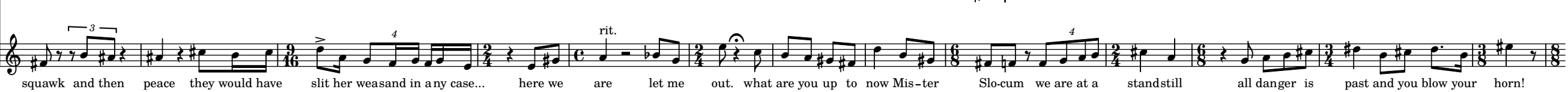
on! what a death! one minute picking ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a dust bath and then bang! all her troubles o-ver all the hatching and the lay-ing just one great

619

fl



Rn



squawk and then peace they would have slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me out. what are you up to now Mis-ter Slo-cum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn!

632

ob

Rn

TN

SLOC

TOM

now if instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that poor unfortunate will you come here, Tommy, and help this la-dy out, she's stuck. open the door and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces