

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 CB mutes

bn

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 BN

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

ROON.

3

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

65 CB

bn

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

3

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

77 drag

cb

Chr

ROON.

poco piu (6:5)

3

a tempo

poco piu (6:5)

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

rit

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

8

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

cb

8

Rn

roll r

5

5

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

99

cb

8

Rn

arr? 3

poco rit

3

rit.

3

3

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

106

cb

8

Rn

3

arr?

3

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

112

cb

8

Rn

4

rit. - - - -

f

mp

f

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

120

cb

8

Rn

2

rit. - - - -

5

3

mp

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

8

2

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

8

f

3

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

141

cb

Rn

8

3

just a hyster-i-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

8

4

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

155

cb

Rn

5

3

OB

BN

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

162

bn

Rn

3

3

9

VN

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

166

vn

Rn

pizz

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

mp

173

vn

Rn

$A \text{ } \text{♩} = 60$

BN

p

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

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

ROON.

190

bn

Rn

TYL

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

199

bn

Tyl.

ROON.

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

CB

8

4

206

cb

Tyl.

ROON.

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

8

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
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
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 *TYL*

cb *8*

Rn *2*

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

398

cb

8

Tyl.

8

rit.

rit.

3

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

405

cb

8

Tyl.

8

rit.

3

rit.

ROON.

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

412

cb

Rn

f

3

5

3

5

8

BN

8

long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease molesting me

417 CB VN

cb 8 12 12

Rn 4 4

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

421

bn

BN CB

8

Rn

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

427

cb VN mutes p

Rn rib-bons p ve - nus birds,

VN mutes p

434

vn CB 2

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 8 3

Rn 3 f 3 out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister Tyler, Mister Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's

445

cb VN CB 3 8

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

cb mutes C 70 p

Rn 3 p Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS! Je-sus... je-sus...

460

cb CB 3

Rn SLOC 3 3 4 3 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

Rn

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

Rn

your sug-ges-tion, 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

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 pzn VN esp

bn

Sloc.

how shall we do this? as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower

534 VN

vn

Rn

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

Sloc.

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-

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

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

nipped my frock! my nice 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? 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 Sunday she ran like a dream and

588

vn 

Sloc. 

a tempo
check Rhythm

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

squeal

596

vn 

Sloc. 

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

606

cb 

Rn 

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

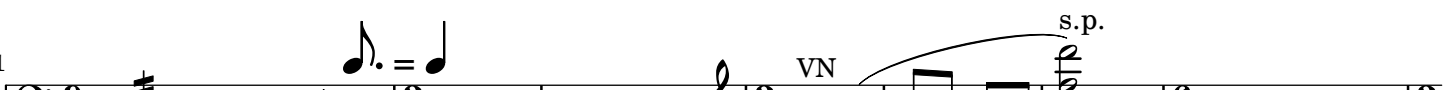
613


cb 

Rn 

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


621

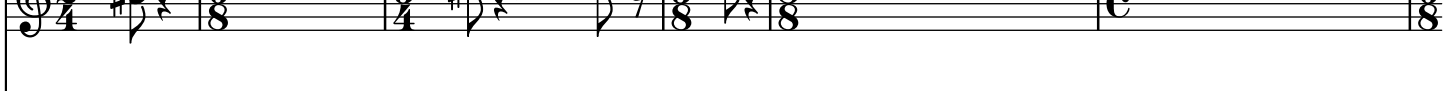
cb 

Rn 

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

cb pizz

BN

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 VA

CB

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

cb BN

CB

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

cb BN

little faster

VN

Rn TOM

ROON.

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

661

cb CB

TOM

Rn

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

667

cb

heavy

Tommm.

ROON.

TOM

SLOC

TOM

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

674

cb

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

8

6/16

7/16

VN

mutes

CB

Br

8

6/16

7/16

TOM

3

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

8

2/4

3/8

4

OB

Tommm.

3

SLOC

3

BARR

3

4

3

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

693

ob

3

4

7/8

2/4

C

2/4

5/8

2/4

Br

5

TOM

ROON.

3

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

700 BN CB pizz

bn *mp* 8

Rn

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

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

711 BN

cb

Br

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

716 *p* *mp* *ROON.* 60

bn

Rn

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

720 BN

bn

Rn

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

727

bn

Rn

couldn't see me under the covers a-ny more than a board, oh no coughing or spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or


733


bn 

Rn 

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


739


bn 

Rn 

all the silly un happi-ness as though it had ne-ver happened... How long have you been master of this station

746

bn 

Rn 

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-er, 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 CB pizz

Rn

did I understand you to say, the twelve thirty will soon be upon-us? Those were my words but, according to my

774

cb

Rn

watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the eight o'clock news the time is

779

cb

Rn

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

786

cb *poco meno mosso* pizz OB BN CB

Rn

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

791

cb

Rn

now, I was so plunged in sorrow, I wouldn't have heard a steamroller go over me don't go Mister Barrell, Mister

799

cb VN still

Rn BARR ROON.

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

806 rit

vn

Rn

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

vn

Rn

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

822 CB

vn

Rn

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

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 pizz

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 move? CB pizz

ob

Rn

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

865 BN CB pizz

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 arco

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

bn

Ft

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

bn

Ft

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

cb

Ft

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

cb *arco* *pizz*

Ft *mf* *mp* *mf*

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

903

cb *pizz* *f* *pizz*

Ft *rit*

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

vn *CB* *arco*

Ft *3* *3* *3* *3* *5* *3* *3*

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 *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 *rit*

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

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

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

943

cb

8

Rn

blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - ally pier - cing well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm

949

cb

8

pizz

Ft

here? if you could help me up the face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma - ker would re-quite you

953

cb

8

p

Ft

if no - one else... Now now, Miss-es Roo-ney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re - quite! I make these

958

cb

8

BN

Ft

sac - ri-fices for nothing or not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mister

965

bn *pizz* CB 8

Rn *FITT* 3 2

Bar-rell to give me his arm, just give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a - way... Is it my arm you

971

cb 8

Rn *ROON.* 2 3 16

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

979

vn *BN* 3

Rn *FITT* 3

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

bn *CB* 8

Rn *ROON.* 3

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

cb *pp* *mute* *pizz* *ROON.* *molto rit* *a tempo* *rit...*

Rn *ROON.* *molto rit* *a tempo* *rit...*

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

1002

vn $\text{trill} = \text{half note}$

Rn

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

accel poco a poco

1010

vn

Rn

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

1020

vn

Rn

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!

f *p*