

A1

ROON. CHR ROON.

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

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

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

11 ROON. CHR rural sounds rural sounds

why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the ra - ces

15 ROON. molt rit CHR a tempo

per-haps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up? I suppose you

19 ROON. \* tEE?

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

23 Rn CHR ROON.

up mail I hear al-rea - dy damn the mail oh thank God for that, I

28 Rn

could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far distance

33 Chr CHR rit

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

37 Rn ROON. CHR ROON.

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

40

Rn

*rit.* *3* *3* **slower** **CHR** *piu mosso* **ROON.**

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

44

Rn

3 rit tempo 4:5

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

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the vocal line, written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It starts with a measure of rest, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, Bb4) marked '3 rit', then a quarter note (C5) marked 'tempo 4:5'. The lyrics 'an-ything bi - zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the' are written below the staff. The middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef. It starts with a measure of rest, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, Bb4) marked '3', then a quarter note (C5). The bottom staff is for the bass line, written in bass clef. It starts with a measure of rest, followed by a quarter note (G3), then a quarter note (F3). The lyrics 'an-ything bi - zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the' are written below the staff.

49

Rn

rit.

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

*p*

54

Rn

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

59 Rn

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

CHR

62 Chr

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

ROON.

66 Rn

life why are you on your feet down on the road why do you not climb up on the

rit...

70 Rn

crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car-ried a - way is it that you

rit...

74 Rn

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

CHR

ROON. poco piu (6:5)

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

Rn

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

83 *a tempo* *rit*

Rn

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

86 *roll r*

Rn

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 *arr?* *poco rit.* *rit.*

Rn

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

98 *crack!*

Rn

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

102 *rit.*

Rn

take her by the snaffle and take her eyes away from me oh this is awful

108 *arr?*

Rn

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

112 Rn

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

117 Rn

go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh let me just flop down

124 Rn

flat on the road like a big fat jelly out of a bowl and never move a - gain! a great big

129 Rn

slop, thick with grit and dust and flies, they would have to scoop me up with a

133 Rn

shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again.

138 Rn

What will become of me? *f* oh I am just a hysteri-cal old hag, I know

144 Rn

destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - i - ty and church going and fat and

149 Rn

rheuma-tism and child-lessness Minnie little Minnie love, love is all I



154

Rn

asked, a little love dai - ly twice dai - ly fifty years of twice dai - ly

160

Rn

love like a Paris horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor-mal woman wants a -

165

Rn

ffec - tion a kiss in the eve - ning by the ear and a - no ther one at morning,

170

Rn

peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. *mp* There is that lovely la -

$\text{♩.} = 60$

175

Rn

burnum a - gain

181 Rn

Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall off. De-harps.

186 Rn

vine day for the meeting oh Mister Ty-ler 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 tinkleing my bell now don't you deny

201 Tyl. ROON. TYL

it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your dau - ghter fair

206 Tyl.

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

211 Tyl. ROON.

grandchild-less grac-ious how you

214 Rn TYL

wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I...

12

220

Tyl.

were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would

226

Tyl.

that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

229

Rn

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!

240

Rn

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

249 Rn

That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of time! It is

TYL ROON.

13

253 Rn

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

259 Rn

dis-so-lution. 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 *p* man! under my breath and the wet Saturday af-ter - noon of my conception my back

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

ROON. TYL

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

poco piu

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

TYL ROON.

297 Rn

courage to look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was already

TYL

303 Tyl.

late now therefor we are dou-bly late tre-bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot

309 Tyl.

by you with - out - a word who are you going to meet? Har-dy

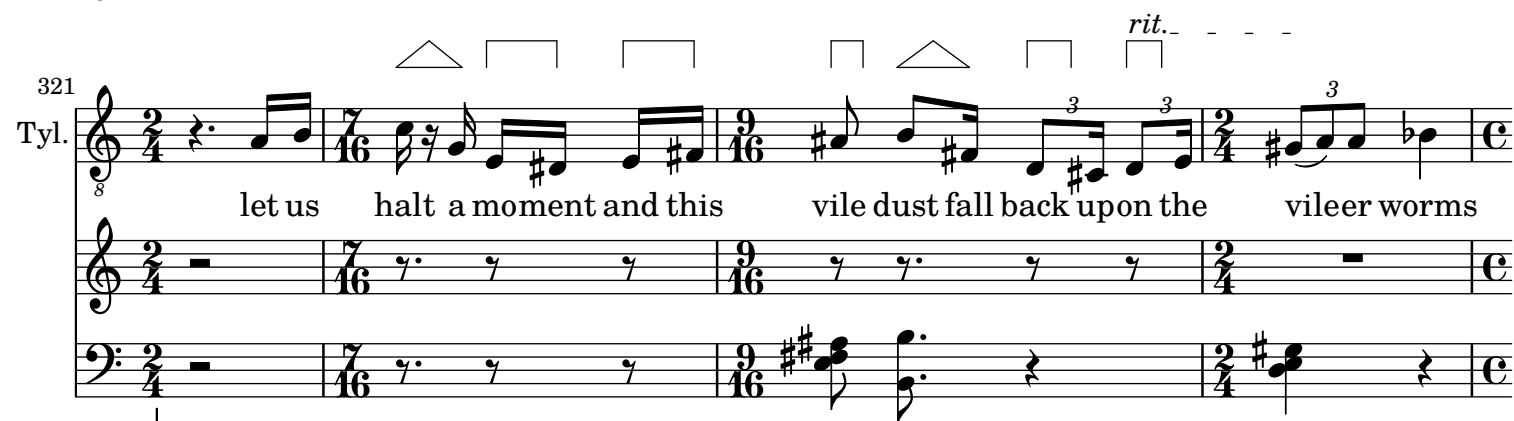
ROON.

TYL

315 Tyl.

We used to climb to get-her I saved his life once I have not for got-ten it

rit.

321 *rit.* 

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

325  $\text{♩} = 60$  Tyl Still... 

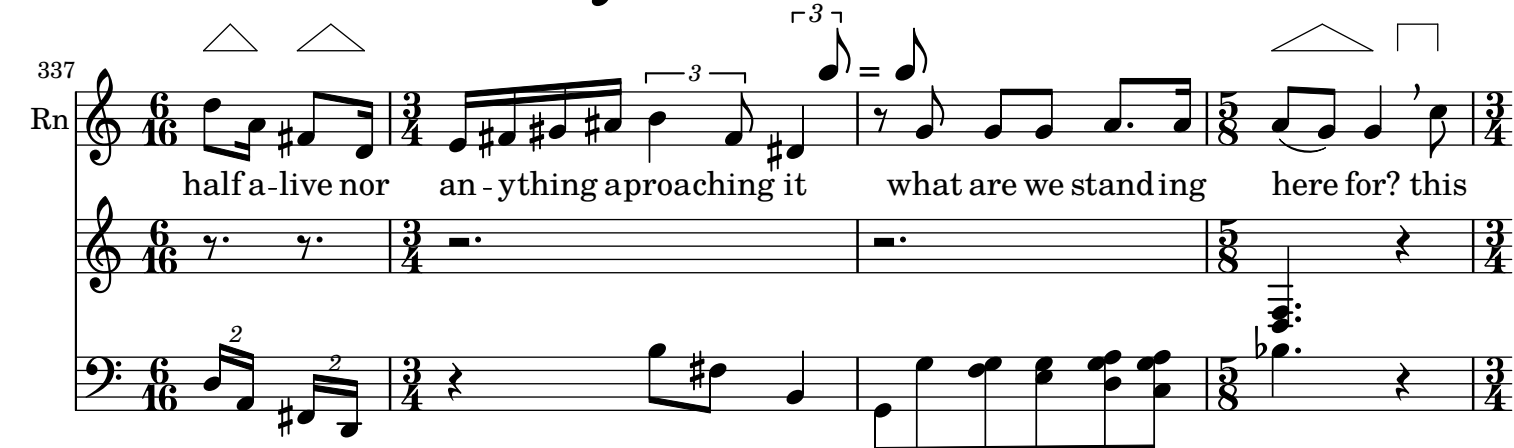
what sky!, what

328 **Faster!** 

light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a - live in such weather, and

333 

out of hos-pital. A - live? Well half ali-ve shall we say. Speak for yourself, I am not

337 

half a-live nor an - ything aproaching it what are we standing here for? this



341 Rn

dust will not set-tle in our time, and when it does, some

345 Rn

great, whirr-ing machine will come and blow it all sky - high a -

348 Rn

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

352 Rn

go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me listening to the cooing of the ringdoves

356 Rn  $\text{♩} = 60$  ROON. TD  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

if you see my old blind Dan

360 Rn  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

tell him I was on my way to meet him when it all came over me a - gain like a

365 Rn  $\text{♩} = 100$

flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to tell you it

370 Rn  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$   $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$   $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

all came flooding over her a - gain and she simply went back home straight back

375 Rn  $\text{♩} = 60$  TYL *rit.*

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

8vb

380 Tyl. *rit.* ROON.

up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. What?

8vb

385 Rn

whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for

8vb

389 Rn  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  TYL

mi --se --ry? Min - nie lit-tle Min - nie Come, Misses

8vb

393 Tyl. *rit.* -

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

8vb

398 Tyl. *rit.* - - - -

8 be there with time and to spare Misses Roo - ney

8vb

402 Tyl. *rit.*

8 come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

8vb

406

Tyl.

*rit.* be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo - ney come. The

8vb

411

Tyl.

ROON.

mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis-ter Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean

*f*

414

Rn

will you get a-long with you now and cease mo - lest - ing me

*2*

417

Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the

*4*

420 Rn

highways and byways without be-ing mo - lested by re - ti-red bill brokers!

424 Rn

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to rib-bons

428 Rn

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

Tyler, Mister Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's

445  
Rn

wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tran - quil, seething out of my dirty old

449  
Rn

pelt, out of my skull! Oh to be in atoms in atoms ATOMS!

454  
Rn

Je-sus... je-sus...

463

Sloc.

wrong Misses Rooney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach?

467 ROON. <sup>3</sup> half as fast? SLOC

Rn Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for a vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes marked '3' and a triplet of sixteenth notes marked '3'. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'half as fast?'. The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a few notes and rests. The lyrics are written below the piano staves. The score is for a song titled 'The Clerk of the Course' by Robert Burns. The lyrics are: 'Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a'. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'half as fast?'. The score is for a song titled 'The Clerk of the Course' by Robert Burns. The lyrics are: 'Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a'. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'half as fast?'. The score is for a song titled 'The Clerk of the Course' by Robert Burns. The lyrics are: 'Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a'. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'half as fast?'.

473

Sloc.

lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we all are

ROON.

♩. = 60

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano (Sloc.), Alto (ROON.), and Bass. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked '♩. = 60'. The music is in 3/4 time, with measures 473-476. The lyrics are 'lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we all are'. The Alto and Bass parts are written in bass clef. The Alto part has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo of '♩. = 60'. The Bass part has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo of '♩. = 60'. The music is in 3/4 time, with measures 473-476. The lyrics are 'lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we all are'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and a key signature change from F# to C major in measure 475.





478 Rn SLOC

how is your poor mo - ther? thank you she is fair-ly comf'torble we manage

484 Sloc. rit. ROON.

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

488 Rn

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

492 Rn SLOC ROON.

wasps! May I then offer you a lift, ma'am? Oh, that would be hea - venly, Mister

497 Rn

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

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 Slocum

513 Rn

and help me from the rear! What was that? This was all

516 Rn

your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm

519  
Sloc.

com-ing, give me time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that!

ROON.

523  
Rn

and me heaving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now,

SLOC

528  
Sloc.

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

ROON.

532  
Rn

lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get

3

538 Rn SLOC

up would I ever get down? you'll get down Misses Roo - ney you'll get down, we

543 Sloc. ROON.

may not get you up but I warrant you, you'll get down! oh! lo - wer

547 Rn

don't be afraid! We're past the age where... There! now!

552 Rn

get your shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mer - cy

557 Rn

up! up! AHH, I'm in my frock, you've door

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

571 Sloc.

ROON. poco piu

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

574 Rn

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

slower

starter

578 Rn

(gagaku)

SLOC

ga-zing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the

582 Sloc.

still

brisk ROON.

void... Start her up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... *p* last

SLOC

585 Sloc.

rit

a tempo checkRhythm

Sun-day she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed

591

Sloc.

perhaps if I were to choke her starter She was getting too much air! grinding motor

597

Sloc.

ROON. mind the hen! oh Mother you've squeal squawk

602

Rn

squashed her drive on, drive on! what a death! one minute

608

Rn

picking ha-ppy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a

32

612 Rn

dust bath and then bang! all her troubles o - ver

615 Rn

all the hatching and the lay - ing just one great squawk and then

620 Rn

peace they would have slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me

624 Rn

out. what are you up to now Mis-ter Slocum we are at a stand-still

629 Rn

all danger is past and you blow your horn! now if instead of blowing it



633 Rn

now, you had blown it at that poor unfortunat will you come here, Tommy, and

SLOC

636 Sloc.

help this la - dy out, she's stuck. o - pen the door and ease her out

639 TOM

certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces who do you fancy

642 Rn

don't mind me! Don't take a - ny no - tice of me. I do not ex - ist the

ROON.

646 Rn

fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy for goodness sake Yessir

SLOC

TOM

650 pmm.

now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy, wait! don't bustle me let me just wheel

ROON.

*ff* *mp*

654 Rn

round and get my feet to the ground now!

658 Rn

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

little faster TOM

ROON.

*ff*



678  
omm.

up now there am I in? Tom - my? Tom - my? where the hell

default ROON. BARR

*p*

683  
Br

are you? You wouldn't have something for the La-dies' plate sir? I was given Flash

TOM

686  
omm.

Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody

SLOC BARR

690  
Br

oh, Misses Roo - ney who was

695

Br

that cruci-fying his gear box Tommy Old Cissy Slocum Cis-sy Slocum!

TOM ROON.

699

Rn

That's a nice way to re - fer to your elders and you an orphan What are you doing

BARR

703

Br

stravag-ing down here on the pub - lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get

707

Br

up there on the platform now, and whip out the truck nice to see you up and a

BARR

710 Br

bout a-gain you were laid up there a long time not long e-nough, Mis-ter

ROON. <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup>

714 Rn

Bar - rell, would I were still in bed, Mis - ter Bar - rell

6

716 Rn

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

3

♩. = 60

718 Rn

wast - ing slow - ly pain less-ly a - way

722 Rn

keeping up my strength with ar-row root and calf's foot jel-ly till in the end you

4

726 Rn

couldn't see me under the covers any more than a board, oh no coughing or

730 Rn

spitt - ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drift - ing

734 Rn

slow - ly down in-to the high-er light, and re - membering remembering

738 Rn

all the silly un happiness as though it had ne - ver happened... How

742 Rn

long have you been master of this sta-tion now mister Barr - ell? don't

Br

ask me Misses Rooney, don't ask me. You stepped in - to your father's

ROON.

Rn

shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy He didn't live long

BARR

Br

to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a small fer-re-ty purple faced widow-

ROON.

Rn

wer, deaf as a doornail, ve - ry tes-ty and snappy I sup-



762

Rn

pose... You'll be re - tiring soon your - self Mister Ba - rrell and growing your

766

Rn

ro - ses did I understand you to say, the twelve thir - ty will soon be u -

770

Rn

pon-us? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less

774

Rn

right, or was, according to the eight oclock news the time is

778

Rn

now... geting up to twelve... thir - ty six! and yet upon the other

782 *poco meno mosso* *meno*  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped by me unbe - knownst to me

788  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Rn for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sorrow, I

792

Rn wouldn't have heard a steamrol - ler go ov - er me don't go Mister Barrell, Mister

797 *BARR*

Rn Bar - rell Mister Bar - rell What is it Maam? I have my work to do...

801 *still* *ROON.*

Rn the wind is getting up the best of the day is o-ver soon the rain

807 Rn will begin to fall and go on falling all after noon then

812 Rn at eve-ning the clouds will part the setting sun will

817 Rn shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister

822 Rn Bar-rell! I estrange them all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by-gones,

828 Rn full of kindness gen-uinely pleased to see you a - gain looking so well a

834 Rn   
 few simple words from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss

841 Rn   
 Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so becoming to me that I merge

845 Rn   
 into the masonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will final-ly dis - tinguish a

849 Rn   
 once female form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last

853 Rn   
 Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We knelt side by side at the same al - tar

856 Rn

drank from the same chalice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in

*rit* *FITT*

861 Ft

church, misses Rooney, in church I am a-lone with my ma-ker are not you? why

*3* *3* *4* *3*

865 Ft

even the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll - ection knows that it's

*3*

868 Ft

*poco piu*

use-less to pause before me, I simply do not see the plate, or bag, or whate-

*4* *3*

871 Ft

- ver it is they use, how could I? Why, even when all is over and I go out in to the

*slower* *a tempo* *3*



876 Ft

sweet fresh air, why even then, for the first hour or so I stumble in a kind of

881 Ft

daze as you might say, o - blivious to my co-re - ligious and they are ve - ry

885 Ft

kind I must ad-mit the vast ma-jo-ri - ty ve - ry kind and understand - ing, they know me

890 Ft

now and take no um - brage there she goes, they say, there goes The Dark Miss

897 Ft

Fitt, a - lone with her ma-ker take no notice of her. and they step down off the

901 Ft

path to avoid my running in to them. Ah yes, I am dis - trait ve-ry dis-

905 Ft

trait even on weekdays ask mother if you do not be lieveme 'Hettie', she

908 Ft

sais when I start eat - ing my doi - ly in - stead of the thin bread and but - ter,

910 Ft

'Hettie', how can you be so dis - trait? I believe the truth is I'm just not

913 Ft

there, Misses Rooney just not really there at all. I eat drink sleep, I

917 Ft

go through the us-u-al motions but my heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it

921 Ft

left to my-self, with no-one to stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I

925 Ft

cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a big red blur



929 Ft

just another big red blur. Is something a - miss, Misses Rooney you don't seem

935 Ft

nor - mal some how so bowed and bent? Maddey Rooney nee Dunne the

939 Rn

big red blur, you have pier - cing sight, Miss Fitt, liter - ally pier - cing

943 Ft

well.. is there an-ything I can do now that I'm here? if you could help me up the

947  
Rn

face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma-ker would requite you if no-one

951  
Rn

FITT

else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth into me! Re - quite! I make these

955  
Ft

sac-rifices for no - thing or not at all! I take it you want to

960  
Ft

ROON.

lean on me? I asked Mister Bar - rell to give me his arm, just

965  
Rn

FITT

give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a - way... Is it my arm you

968 Ft

want then? is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your arm! a-ny

ROON.

973 Rn

arm! a helping hand, for one moment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you

FITT

978 Ft

know what it is Misses Roo - ney I don't think it is wise of you to be going a - bout at

3

981 Ft

all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I

ROON.

3

985 Rn

scream down the whole county.

990 Rn

Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do..

994 Rn

Pismires do it for oneanother I have seen slugs do it!

998 Rn

no the other side if its just the same to you

1002  
Rn

accel poco a poco

I'm left handed on top of everything else!

1010  
Rn

heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up!

1016  
Rn

this is worse than the Matterhorn! have you ever been up the

1020  
Rn

Matterhorn? great honeymoon resort...

1024  
Rn

why don't they have a handrail?

1029

Rn

wait

1034

Rn

till I catch my breath.. Don't drop me!

1041

FITT (hums)

Rn

*p* the en - cir - cleing gloom turn turn me on *f* the night is

1049

Rn

*p* dark and I am far from home tum tum stop it Misses Rooney stop it or I'll drop you!