

A1-Screen

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

is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa - mi - liar how is your poor mother? No better ma'am. Your daughter then? no

10 Chr ROON. rural sounds CHR rural sounds ROON. molt rit

worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the ra - ces perhaps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up?

18 Chr CHR a tempo ROON. * tEE? CHR ROON.

I suppose you wouldn't be in need hist! surely to goodness that couldn't be the up mail I hear alrea-dy damn the mail oh thank

81 *poco piu (6:5)* **drag** **a tempo** *rit*

Rn 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 refuses to ad-

87 *roll r*

Rn 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 gazes at me to be sure with her great, moist,

95 *rit.* *crack!* *f* *rit*

Rn 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

104

Rn

eyes away from me oh this is awful What have I done to de - serve all this? what? what? so long a - go no! no! sigh out a

p *f* *mp*

114

Rn

(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

125

Rn

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.

163

Rn

nor-mal woman wants a-ffection a kiss in the evening by the ear and a-no ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There is that

mp

174

Rn

lovely la - burnum a - gain Pardon me if I do not doff my harps.

A. = 60

184

Rn

cap, I'd fall off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me sneaking up be-side me like that like a deerstalker

ROON.

8
194 Rn TYL ROON.
Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tinkleing my bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are another

203 Rn TYL
what news of your dau - ghter fair fair they removed everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless

212 Tyl. ROON. TYL
gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my hand

223 Tyl. *ROON.*

gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old

231 Rn. *molto rit.*

hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them heavens! here comes Connely's van!

243 Rn. *TYL. ROON.*

are you all right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I alit in the nick of time! It is su-icide to

254

Rn

be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lingering dissolution. now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises

264

Rn

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

276

Rn

out again, I pumped it hard as i-ron before 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

289 *poco piu* Tyl. ROON.

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

298 Rn. TYL

look at my watch late? I on my bi-cycle as I rolled along was already late now therefor we are dou-bly late tre-bly quadruped-ly late would I had shot

309 Tyl. ROON. TYL *rit.*

by you with - out-a word who are you going to meet? Hardy We used to climb together I saved his life once I have not for gotten it let us

322

Tyl.

Still... TYL

Faster!

rit. - - - 3

♩ = 60

halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the vileer worms what sky!, what light ah in spite of

330
Tyl.
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 yourself, I am not half a-live nor

338

Rn

an-ything aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it does, some great, whirring machine will

The musical score for this section of 'The Waste Land' features a complex, multi-measure rest for the vocal line, indicating a long pause or a specific performance instruction. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some bass line activity in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is written for a vocal soloist (Rn) and piano (p).

346

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... go, Mister Tyler, go on and leave me

TYL

ROON.

TYL

tQ?

ROON.

354

Rn

listening to the cooing of the ringdoves if you see my old blind Dan tell him I was on my way to meet him

rit.

ROON.

TD

$\text{♩} = 60$

362

Rn

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

$\text{♩} = 100$

373 Rn *TYL* $\text{♩} = 60$ *rit.* - -

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

8vb

Detailed description: This system shows the musical score for the character Rn starting at measure 373. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and then a series of measures with varying time signatures (8/8, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4). The lyrics are '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'. The score includes triplets and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves, with a bass line and chords. An '8vb' (8va below) marking is present at the end of the system.

383 Tyl. *rit.* ROON. *TYL* $\text{♩} = 60$ *rit.* - -

spare. What? whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res - pect for mi --se --ry? Minnie little Minnie Come, Misses Rooney

8vb

Detailed description: This system shows the musical score for the character Tyl. starting at measure 383. The melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It starts with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and then a series of measures with varying time signatures (4/4, 2/4, 9/16, 3/4, 3/8, 3/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4). The lyrics are 'spare. What? whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no respect for miserable? Minnie little Minnie Come, Misses Rooney'. The score includes triplets and a 'rit.' marking. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves, with a bass line and chords. An '8vb' marking is present at the end of the system.

394 Tyl. *rit.* ROON. *TYL* $\text{♩} = 60$ *rit.* - -

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

8vb

Detailed description: This system shows the musical score for the character Tyl. starting at measure 394. The melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It starts with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and then a series of measures with varying time signatures (8/8, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4, 3/4, 2/4). The lyrics are 'come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare Misses Rooney come. The'. The score includes triplets and a 'rit.' marking. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves, with a bass line and chords. An '8vb' marking is present at the end of the system.

403

Rn

Tyl.

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

I don't know fifty girding up her lovely lit - tle loins getting ready for the change... for the change...

8vb

411

Tyl.

mail... Will you get a - long with you Mis - ter Roo - ney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease mo - lest-ing me

ROON.

417

Rn

what kind of a country is it where a woman can't cry her eyes out in the highways and byways without being mo - lest-ed by re - tired bill brokers!

424 Rn $\text{♩} = 60$

heavens you're not going to ride her flat! you'll tear your tubes to ribbons

p ve-nus birds,

434 Rn

cooing in the night all the long summer long O! cursed cor-set if I could only let it out, without in-decent ex - posure. Mister Tyler, Mister

442 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

f Tyler! come back and unlace me be hind the hedge! What's wrong with me? what's wrong with me? Never tran - quil, seething out of my dir-ty old

460

467

467 ROON. half as fast? SLOC $\text{ROON.} = 60$

Rn Well if it isn't my old ad-mirer the clerk of the course in his limousine May I offer you a lift, Misses Rooney? are you going in my di - rection? I am, we

477 Rn

all are how is your poor mother? thank you she is fairly comfortable we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

SLOC

rit.

3

3

3

487 Sloc.

Rooney, is it not? Yes indeed Mister Slocum, that is the great thing, I don't know how you do it... aah! these wasps! May I then offer you a lift, ma'am?

ROON.

5

3

3

3

SLOC

5

495 Rn

Oh, that would be heavenly, Mister Slocum, simply heavenly. but can I ever get up? You look very high off the ground today these new balloons

ROON.

4

3

5

5

504 Rn

tires I suppose does this roof never come off? No? no. I'll never do it. You'll have to come down Mister Slocum and help me from the

514 Rn

rear! What was that? This was all your suggestion, drive on, drive on. I'm coming Misses Rooney, I'm coming, give me

520 Sloc.

time, I'm as stiff as your - self stiff! well I like that! and me heaving all o-ver back and front, the dry old re-probate... Now, how shall we do this?

529 Rn

ROON. 3

as if I were a bale. Don't be afraid that's the way! lower wait! no, don't let go. Sup-posing I do get up would I ever get

539 Rn

SLOC ROON.

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 a-

548 Rn

fraid! We're past the age where... There! now! get your shoulder under it oh! oh! oh mer-cy up!

558 Rn

up! AAM I'm in my frock, you've nipped my frock! my nice Frock! look what you've done to my nice frock!

567 Rn

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

575 Rn

hole? what are you doing Mister Slo - cum? gazing straigh befor me through the windshield out at the void... Start her

583 Rn

up I beseech you and let us be off. This is awful... last Sunday she ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I

SLOC *p* rit a tempo checkRhythm

592 Sloc.

were to choke her She was getting too much air! mind the hen! oh Mother you've

starter grinding squeal squawk

motor

602 Rn

squashed her drive on, drive on! what a death! one minute picking happy at the dung in the road in the sun with now and then a dust bath and then

3

613 Rn

bang! all her troubles over all the hatching and the lay-ing just one great squawk and then peace they would have slit her weasand in any case...

622 Rn

here we are let me out. what are you up to now Mister Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn!

632 Rn

now if instead of blowing it now, you had blown it at that poor unfor-tunate will you come here, Tommy, and help this la - dy out, she's stuck. open the door

638 Sloc. TOM ROON.

and ease her out certainly Sir. Nice day for the ra - ces who do you fancy don't mind me! Don't take a-ny notice of me.

f

645 Rn SLOC TOM ROON.

I do not ex - ist the fact is well known Do as you're told Tommy for goodness sake Yessir now, Misses Roo - ney... wait! Tommy,

ff *mp*

652 Rn

wait! don't bustle me let me just wheel round and get my feet to the ground now! watch your feather ma'am

ff

659 **little faster**
Tomm. TOM ROON. TOM ROON.

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

[illegible]

677

Tomm.

coming! Straighten up now there am I in? Tom - my? Tom - my? where the hell are you? You wouldn't have something for the Ladies' plate

default ROON. BARR TOM

p

685
Tomm.

8
sir? I was given Flash Harry Flash Harry! that carthorse Tommy! Blast your bleeding bloody oh, Misses Roo-ney

693
Br

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

701
Rn

Cissy Slocum! and you an orphan What are you doing stravaging down here on the pub - lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get up there on the platform

709

Br

now, and whip out the truck nice to see you up and a bout again you were laid up there a long time not long enough, Mister Barrell, would I were still in

BARR

ROON.

3

3

6

716

Rn

bed, Mister Barrell would I were still laid up in my comfortable bed, Mister Barrell. Just wasting slow - ly pain less-ly a - way

♩. = 60

3

723

Rn

keeping up my strength with arrowroot and calf's foot jelly till in the end you couldn't see me under the covers any more than a board, oh no coughing or

4

3

731

Rn

spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drift-ing slow-ly down in-to the high-er light, and re-mem-bering remembering

739

Rn

all the silly un happiness as though it had ne - ver happened... How long have you been master of this station now mister Barr-ell? don't

BARR

748

Br

ask me Misses Rooney, don't ask me. You stepped in-to your father's shoes, I suppose when he took them off. Poor pappy He didn't live long

ROON.

BARR

756

Br

to enjoy his rest.. I rem-em-ber him clearly. a small fer-re-ty purple faced wid-ow - wer, deaf as a doornail, ve-ry testy and snappy

ROON.

762

Rn

I sup - pose... You'll be re - tiring soon your - self Mister Barrell and growing your ro - ses did I understand you to say, the twelve thirty will soon be u-

771

Rn

ponus? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the eight oclock news the time is

BARR

ROON.

779 **poco meno mosso**

Rn

now... geting up to twelve... thirty six! and yet upon the other hand the up mail has not yet gone through! Or has it slipped by me unbe-

788 **meno**

Rn

knownst to me for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sor-row, I wouldn't have heard a steamrol-ler go ov-er me

797 **BARR** **still** **ROON.**

Rn

don't go Mister Barrell, Mister Bar - rell Mister Bar - rell What is it Maam? I have my work to do... the wind is getting up

806

Rn

the best of the day is o-ver soon the rain will begin to fall and go on falling all after noon then at evening the

817

Rn

clouds will part the setting sun will shine a moment and sink behind the trees... Mister Barrell, Mister Barrell, Mister Bar-rell! I estrange them

827

Rn

all! They come towards you un in-vit-ed, by-gones by-gones, full of kindness gen-u-inely pleased to see you a-gain looking so well a few

838

Rn

simple words from my heart and I am all al-one once more. Miss Fitt! am I then invisible, Miss Fitt? Is this cre - tonne so becoming to me that I merge

D. = 60

3

848

Rn

into the masonry? that's right. Look close - ly and you will final-ly dis - tinguish a once female form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last

pp

FITT

ROON.

856

Rn

Sunday we worshipped to - gether. We knelt side by side at the same al-tar drank from the same chalice have I so changed since then? Oh, but in

rit

FITT

864

Ft

church, misses Rooney, in church I am a - lone with my ma - ker are not you? why e-ven the pastor him - self, you know, when he takes up the coll-

870 Ft *poco piu* *slower* *a tempo*

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, how could I? Why, even when all is

877 Ft

over and I go out in to the sweet fresh air, why even then, for the first hour or so I stumble in a kind of daze as you might say, o - blivi-ous to my co-re-

886 Ft *mf*

li-gionists and they are ve - ry kind I must ad-mit the vast ma-jori-ty ve-ry kind and understand - ing, they know me now and take no um - brage there she

896 Ft

mp goes, they say, *mf* there goes The Dark Miss Fitt, a-lone with her maker take no notice of her. and they step down off the path to avoid my running in to them. Ah

906 Ft

yes, I am dis - trait very dis - trait even on weekdays ask mother if you do not believe me 'Hettie', she sais when I start eat-ing my doily in-

912 Ft

stead of the thin bread and butter, 'Hettie', how can you be so dis - trait? I believe the truth is I'm just not there, Misses Rooney just not really there at

918 Ft

all. I eat drink sleep, I go through the us-u-al motions but my heart isn't in it, but heart is in none of it left to my-self, with no-one to

926 Ft

stop me I would soon be flown home. So if you think I cut you just now Misses Rooney you do me an injustice All I see is a big red blur just another big red

934 Ft

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

943 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 here? if you could help me up the

950 Rn

face of this cliff, I have little doubt your ma-ker would requite you if no-one else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth in-to me! Re-

957 Ft

quite! I make these sac-rifices for no-thing or not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mister Bar-rell to

966 Rn

give me his arm, just give me his arm! he turned on his heels and strode a - way... Is it my arm you want then? is it my arm you want? or what is it? Your

974 Rn

arm! a-ny arm! a helping hand, for one moment Christ, what a planet.. Really! do you know what it is Misses Roo-ney I don't think it is wise of

984 Ft

you to be going a - bout at all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I scream down the whole county.

992
Rn

Well, I suppose it is the protestant thing to do..
Pismires do it for oneanother
I have seen slugs do it!

1000
Rn

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

1011
Rn

heavens child! you're just a bag of bones! you need building up!
this is worse than the Matterhorn!

1021

Rn

have you ever been up the Matterhorn? great honeymoon resort... why don't they have a handrail?

1029

Rn

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

FITT
(hums)

1041

Rn

p the en-circling gloom turn turn me on *f* the night is dark and I am far from home *p* tum tum stop it Misses Rooney stop it or I'll drop you!