

A1

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 rural sounds CHR rural sounds

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?

ROON. molt rit

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

27 Rn

God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the far distance I suppose you wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung!

37 Rn

dung?! what class of dung? stydung stydung? I like your frankness Christy I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find anything bi -

45 Rn

zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes

56 Rn

find my way of speaking very bi - zarre mercy what was that?! Never mind her maam, she's very fresh in ner - self today dung! what would we

64 Rn

want with dung. at 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 - nure, and let yourself be

72 Rn

carried a - way is it that you have no head for heights? Wiyya ta hell out of that! she doesn't move a muscle... I

81 **Rn**

poco piu (6:5)

drag a tempo rit

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 **Rn**

roll r

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 **Rn**

crack!

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!

113 Rn

sigh out a (something something) tale of things done long a - go and ill done how can I go on? I cannot oh let me just

123 Rn

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

132

Rn

scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' again. What will become of me? *f* oh I am

141
Rn

just a hyster-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with sorrow and pining and gen - til - ity and church going and fat and rheuma-tism and child - lessness

151

Rn

Min-nie lit-le Min-nie love, love is all I asked, a lit-tle love dai-ly twice dai-ly fifty years of twice dai-ly love like a Paris

161 Rn

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

171 Rn

mp you grow whiskers on you. There is that lovely la - bur-num a - gain

♩. = 60

A

181 Rn

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

ROON.

189 Rn

TYL

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 - ed you I started tinkleing my

200 Tyl.

ROON.

TYL

bell now don't you deny it your bell is one thing and you are another what news of your dau - ghter fair fair they removed

208 Tyl.

ROON.

everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake

216 Rn TYL

or ride on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your shoulder Misses Rooney how would that be, would you permit that?

227 Rn ROON.

no, Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean. I am tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them

molto rit.

235 Rn

heavens! here comes Connely's van! 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 su-icide to be a - broad but what is it to be at home? a lingering

TYL ROON.

259 Rn

disso-lution. now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo - ney nothing. I was only cursing under my breath, God and

270 Rn

man! under my breath and the wet Saturday after - noon of my conception my back tire has gone out again, I pumped it hard as i-ron before I went out and

282

Rn

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

ROON.

TYL

poco piu

Musical score for Rn (282). The score is written for three staves: Treble, Bass, and a third Treble staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature changes from 3/2 to 6/4 to 8/4. The lyrics are: "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". There are musical markings including a triplet of eighth notes, a slur over a half note, and a slur over a triplet of eighth notes. The word "ROON." is written above the first staff, and "TYL" is written above the second staff. The word "poco piu" is written above the third staff.

291

Tyl.

grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we already late? I have not the courage to look at my watch

TYL

ROON.

Musical score for Tyl. (291). The score is written for three staves: Treble, Bass, and a third Treble staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature changes from 8/4 to 3/2 to 6/4 to 2/4 to 2/2. The lyrics are: "grease the brakes the gear no it is too much. are we already late? I have not the courage to look at my watch". There are musical markings including a slur over a half note, a slur over a triplet of eighth notes, and a slur over a triplet of eighth notes. The word "TYL" is written above the first staff, and "ROON." is written above the second staff.

299

Tyl.

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 by you with-

TYL

Musical score for Tyl. (299). The score is written for three staves: Treble, Bass, and a third Treble staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The time signature changes from 8/4 to 3/2 to 2/4 to 3/8 to 3/4 to 3/8. The lyrics are: "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 by you with-". There are musical markings including a slur over a triplet of eighth notes, a slur over a triplet of eighth notes, and a slur over a triplet of eighth notes. The word "TYL" is written above the first staff.

310 Tyl. *ROON.* *TYL* *rit.*

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

322 Tyl. *rit.* *Still...* *Faster!*

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

330 Tyl. *ROON.* *TYL* *ROON.*

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

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

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

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

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ $\text{♩} = 100$

373 Rn

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

$\text{♩} = 60$ TYL *rit.*

8vb

383 Tyl.

ROON.

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

rit. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ TYL

8vb

393 Tyl. *rit.* - - - - - *rit.* - - - - - *rit.* - - - - -

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

8vb

402 Tyl. *rit.* - - - - - *rit.* - - - - - *rit.* - - - - - *rit.* - - - - -

come. The 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

8vb

411 Tyl. *ROON.*

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

f

3 5

2 4 6 16 2 4 10 16

2

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 - lested by re - tired bill brokers!

4

2 4 6 16 3 8 3 4 2 4 1

424 Rn

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

p ve-nus birds,

60

2 4 6 16 3 4 2 4 1

434 Rn

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

442 Rn

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

449 Rn

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

461 Rn

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

467 Rn

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

476 Rn

am, we all are how is your poor mo - ther? thank you she is fairly comf torble we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses

487

Sloc.

ROON.

SLOC

Rooney, is it not? Yes in - deed 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?

495

Rn

ROON.

Oh, that would be hea - venly, Mister Slo-cum, simply hea-venly. but can I e-ver get up? You look ve-ry high off the ground today these new balloon

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

SLOC

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?

ROON. SLOC

529 Rn

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

ROON.

539 Rn

SLOC

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-

ROON.

21

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

door door door

575 Rn

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

starter

SLOC

gagaku

slower

3

3

still

brisk ROON.

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

7

16

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!

rit.

4

632 Rn

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

SLOC

2

2

3

638 Sloc.

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.

TOM

ROON.

f

645

Rn

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,

SLOC TOM ROON.

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

Tomm.

little faster 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

668

Rn

down at my time of life this is luna-cy press her down (grunt)(grunt) (grunt)(grunt) mer-de now! She's

heavy
SLOC TOM SLOC TOM SLOC TOM ROON. TOM

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

685

Tomm.

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

SLOC BARR

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

and you an or-phan What are you do-ing strava-ging down here on the pub - lic road? This is no place for you at all! Get up there on the platform

708

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

715 Rn $\text{♩} = 60$

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

722 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

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

730 Rn $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

spitt-ing or bleeding or sweating or vomiting, just drift-ing 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 long have you been master of this station now mister Barr-ell? don't

747 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

755 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

761

Rn

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

769

Rn


thirty will soon be u - pon-us? Those were my words but, accord - ing to my watch, which is more or less right, or was, according to the eight oclock news

777

Rn

the time is 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

786 **poco meno mosso** **meno** 

Rn 

by me unbe - knownst to me for there was a time there I remember it now, I was so plunged in sorrow, I wouldn't have heard a steamroller go ov-er me

795  **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 the

804    **rit**  

Rn 

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

814 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

824 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

835 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 - tonnes 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 once female form. Misses Rooney I saw you but I didn't know you. Last

pp

853 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

861 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-

867 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, how could I? Why, even when all is

874 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-

883 Ft

li-gionists and 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 - brage there she

893 Ft

goes, they say, 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

903 Ft

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

909 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

915 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

923

931

941

949 Rn

ma-ker would requite you if no-one else... Now now, Misses Rooney don't put your teeth into me! Re - quite! I make these sac-rifices for nothing or

FITT

957 Ft

not at all! I take it you want to lean on me? I asked Mis-ter Bar - rell to give me his arm, just give me his arm! he

rit. - - -

ROON.

966 Rn

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 arm! a - ny arm! a

FITT

ROON.

974 Rn

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 you to be going a - bout at

FITT

981 Ft

all! Come down here Miss Fitt, and give me your arm before I scream down the whole county.

ROON.

990 Rn

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

FITT

ROON.

molto rit *a tempo*

998

Rn

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

accel poco a poco

1009

Rn

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

1019

Rn

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

1027

Rn

Diagrammatic notation above the staff: \triangle \square \triangle \square \triangle \square

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

FITT
(hums)

1039

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!