

Christy-Tyler

V

voice

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

CHR **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

BN

CHR **ROON.** ***tEE?**

wouldn't be in need hist! surely to good-ness that could-n't be the up mail I hear al-rea - dy

25

BN **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**

Rn **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

BN **OB** **BN** **slower**

CHR **ROON.** **p** **rit.** **CHR**

sty-dung sty-dung? I like your frankness Chris-ty I'll ask the mas-ter. Christy? yes ma'am

bn CB mutes

Chr ROON. piu mosso 3 rit tempo 4:5 8

do you find an-ything bi - zarre about my way of speaking I do not mean the voice no! I mean the

cb 8

Rn 3

words... I use none but the simplest words I think and yet I sometimes find my way of speaking ve-ry

bn BN

Rn CHR 3

bi - zarre mer - cy what was that?! Ne-ver mind her maam, she's ve-ry fresh in ner - self today

bn CB 8

Rn ROON. 3 rit...

dung! what would we want with dung. at our time of life why are you on your feet down on the road

cb 8

Rn rit...

why do you not climb up on the crest of your ma - nure, and let yourself be car - ried a - way is it that you

cb 8

Rn CHR 3 ROON. poco piu (6:5) 3 a tempo

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

cb drag a tempo 8

Rn poco piu (6:5) 5 rit 3

I too should be getting along if I do not wish to arrive late at the station. But a moment a - go she

85

cb

Rn

neighed and pawed the ground and now she re-fu-ses to ad - vance! give her a good welt on the rump! har - der

roll r

89

cb

Rn

well! if someone were to do that to me, I wouldn't tarry... how she ga-zes at me to be sure with her great, moist, cleg tormented

arr? poco rit

96

cb

Rn

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

crack!

103

cb

Rn

snaffle and take her eyes away from me oh this is aw - ful What have I done to de - serve all this?

arr?

110

cb

Rn

what? what? so long a - go no! no! sigh out a (something something) tale of things

116

cb

Rn

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

det. rit. mp

124

cb

8

5/16

2/4

6/16

2

3/8

Rn

rit.

5

3

5/16


2/4

6/16

3/8

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

131



flies, they would have to scoop me up with a shovel. Heavens there is that... 'up mail' a-gain.

138

bn CB

Rn

f 3 3 3

What will become of me? oh I am just a hys-ter-i-cal old hag, I know destroyed with

145

cb

Rn

sorrow and pining and gen - til - i-ty and church go-ing and fat and rheuma-tism and child - lessness

151

cb

Rn

Min - nie lit - le Min - nie love, love is all I asked, a lit - tle love dai - ly twice dai - ly fif - ty years

158

OB

ob

Rn

of twice dai - ly love like a Pa-ris horse butchers reg-u --lar what nor - mal

164

vn

Rn

wom - an wants a - ffec - tion a kiss in the evening by the ear and a - no

169
vn *pizz*
Rn *mp*
ther one at morning, peck, peck, 'till you grow whiskers on you. There is that love-ly la - bur - num a -

176
vn *A* $\text{♩} = 60$ *BN* *p*
Rn *3*
- gain Pardon me if I do not doff my cap, I'd fall

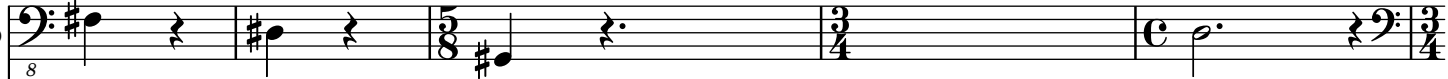
185
bn
Rn *ROON.* *3*
off. De - vine day for the meeting oh Mister Tyler you startled the life out of me sneaking up be - side me like that


192
bn
Rn *TYL*
like a deerstalker Oh! I rang my bell Misses Roo - ney the moment I spot - ed you I started tin-kle - ing my

200
bn *CB* *8*
Tyl. *ROON.* *4* *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

207
cb *8*
Tyl. *ROON.* *3* *3*
they removed everything the whole er... bag of tricks now I am grandchildless gracious how you wobble! Dis-

215
cb *8* *pizz* *arco*
Rn *TYL* *3*
mount for mercy's sake or ride on. per-haps... if I... were to place... my hand gent-ly on your

cb 


Tyl. 


shoulder Miss-es Rooney how would that be, would you permit that? no, Mister Roo-ney Mister Tyler I mean. I am

229 bn 

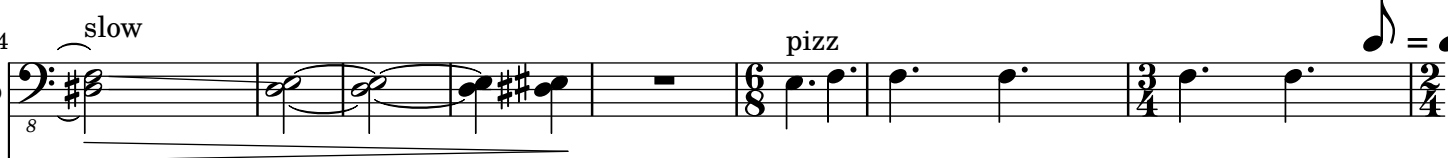
Rn 


tired of light old hands on my shoulders and other useless places sick and tired of them

235 vn 

Rn 

heavens! here comes Con-ne-ly's van! are you all

244 cb 

Rn 

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 

Tyl. 

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 

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

8

f

Rn

p *f* *p*

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 BN

cb

8

Rn

4

3

3

3

3

ROON.

TYL

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 CB pizz

bn

8

arc

TYL

3

poco piu

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

cb

8

TYL

3

ROON.

3

no it is too much. are we alread-y late? I have not the courage to look at my watch

299 BN

bn

8

TYL

3

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

ROON.

4

TYL

8

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.

8

rit.

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

cb

8

tyl.

8

rit. 3

vileer worms what sky!, what light ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a-

332

cb

8

tyl.

8

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

cb

8

Rn

8

an - y-thing aproaching it what are we standing here for? this dust will not settle in our time, and when it

344

bn

8

Rn

8

2

BN CB BN

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

350

bn

8

tyl.

8

ROON. TYL tQ? ROON.

long in that case? No Come Miss --es Rooney... go, Mister Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the

355

cb

8

Rn

8

rit. 3

ROON. TD

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

