A1

V / voice: is that you Christy? it is ma'am I thought the hinney was fa – mi – liar how is your poor mother? No

Chr: bet-ter ma'am. Your daughter then? no worse, ma'am why do you halt? but why do I halt? nice day for the

bn / Chr: ra – ces per – haps it is, but will it hold up? will it hold up? I suppose you

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

bn / Chr: damn the mail oh thank God for that, I could have sworn I heard it thundering down the track in the

bn / Rn: far dis tance I suppose you wouldn't be in need of a small load... of dung! dung?! what class of dung?

bn / Chr: stydung stydung? I like your frankness Christy I'll ask the master. Christy? yes ma'am do you find

The lyrics beneath the staves read:

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

words I think and   yet I   sometimes   find   my   way of speaking ve-ry   bi – zarre mer-cy   what was

that?!   Ne-ver mind   her maam, she's   ve ry   fresh in ner – self today   dung! what would we   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   car – ried a – way   is it that you   have no head for heights?   Wiyya ta

hell out of that!   she doesn't move a   muscle...   I   too should be getting along   if I do not wish to arrive

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-

cb

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

ga-zes at me to be sure with her great, moist, cleg tor-mented 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 eyes away from me

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

no! no! 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 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 scoop me up with a

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

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

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

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

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

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

is that love-ly la – bur-num a – gain

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 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

tin kle–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

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

wobble! Dismount for mercy's sake or ride on. perhaps... if I... were to place... my hand gently on your

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

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

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

right Mister Tyler? where is he? aah, there you are! That was a na-row scrape... I a lit in the nick of

time! It is su-icide to be a-broad but what is it to be at home? a lin-ger ing dis-so-lu tion.

now we are white with dust from head to foot, I beg your pardon nothing Mises Roo-ney nothing. I was on ly cur sing

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

The lyrics beneath the staves read:

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

if it were the front, I would not so much mind, but the back the back the chain the grease the brakes the gear

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

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

would I had shot by you with – 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-got-ten it let us halt a moment and this vile dust fall back upon the

vile er worms — what sky!, what light — ah in spite of all it is a blessed thing to be a–

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

an – y-thing 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 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 Ty-ler, go on and leave me lis-ten-ing to the

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

when it all came ov-er me a – gain like a flood! Say to him your poor wife, she told me to

Lyrics line 1: tell you it all came flooding o ver her a – gain and she simply went back home straight back home. Come, Misses

Lyrics line 2: 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. What?

Lyrics line 3: whats all this then? can't you see I'm in trouble? have you no res – pect for mi --se --ry? Min – nie

Lyrics line 4: lit-tle Min – nie Come, Misses Roo – ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my free arm, and we'll

Lyrics line 5: be there with time and to spare Misses Roo – ney come. The mail has not yet gone up, just take my

Lyrics line 6: free arm, and we'll be there with time and to spare. Come, Misses Roo – ney come. The mail... Will you get a–

Lyrics line 7: long with you Mister Rooney Mister Tyler I mean will you get along with you now and cease mo – lesting me

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

rib-bons   ve – nus birds,

coo-ing in the night all the   long   summer long   O! cur–sed cor – set   if I could on–ly   let   it

out, without in–decent ex – posure. Mister   Tyler, Mister 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   pelt, out of my   skull!

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

is a nything wrong Misses Roo–ney you are bent all double have you a pain in your stomach?

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

going in my di – rection? I am, we all are how is your poor mo – ther? thank you she is fair – ly

comf'torble we manage to keep her out of pain, that is the great thing Misses Rooney, is it not? Yes in–

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

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   high off the   ground today these new balloon tires I suppose   does this   roof never come off?

No?   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 your sug gestion, drive   on,   drive on.   I'm   coming Miss es Rooney, I'm   coming, give me

time, I'm as stiff as your – self   stiff!   well I like that!   and me   hea-ving all   o-ver back and front, the dry old

re-probate... Now,   how shall we do this?   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   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 afraid! We're   past the age where...   There!   now!   get your shoulder un-der it   oh!

oh!   oh mer – cy   up!   up!   AHH,   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

still brisk

580

bn

Sloc.

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

586

bn

Sloc.

VN mute

p

rit

a tempo
checkRhythm

TN

ran like a dream and now she is dead. That's what you get for a good deed perhaps if I were to choke her She was

595

tn

Sloc.

squeal

VN

ROON.

getting too much air! mind the hen! oh Mother you've squashed her drive on, drive

604

vn

Rn

CB

8

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

612

cb

Rn

8

dust bath and then bang! all her troubles over all the hatching and the lay-ing just one great squawk and then

620

cb

Rn

VN s.p.

f

8

rit.

peace they would have slit her weasand in any case... here we are let me out. what are you up to now Mis-ter

627

vn

Rn

Slocum we are at a standstill all danger is past and you blow your horn! now if instead of blowing it

now, you had blown it at that   poor un-for – tu nate   will you come here, Tommy, and   help this la – dy out, she's