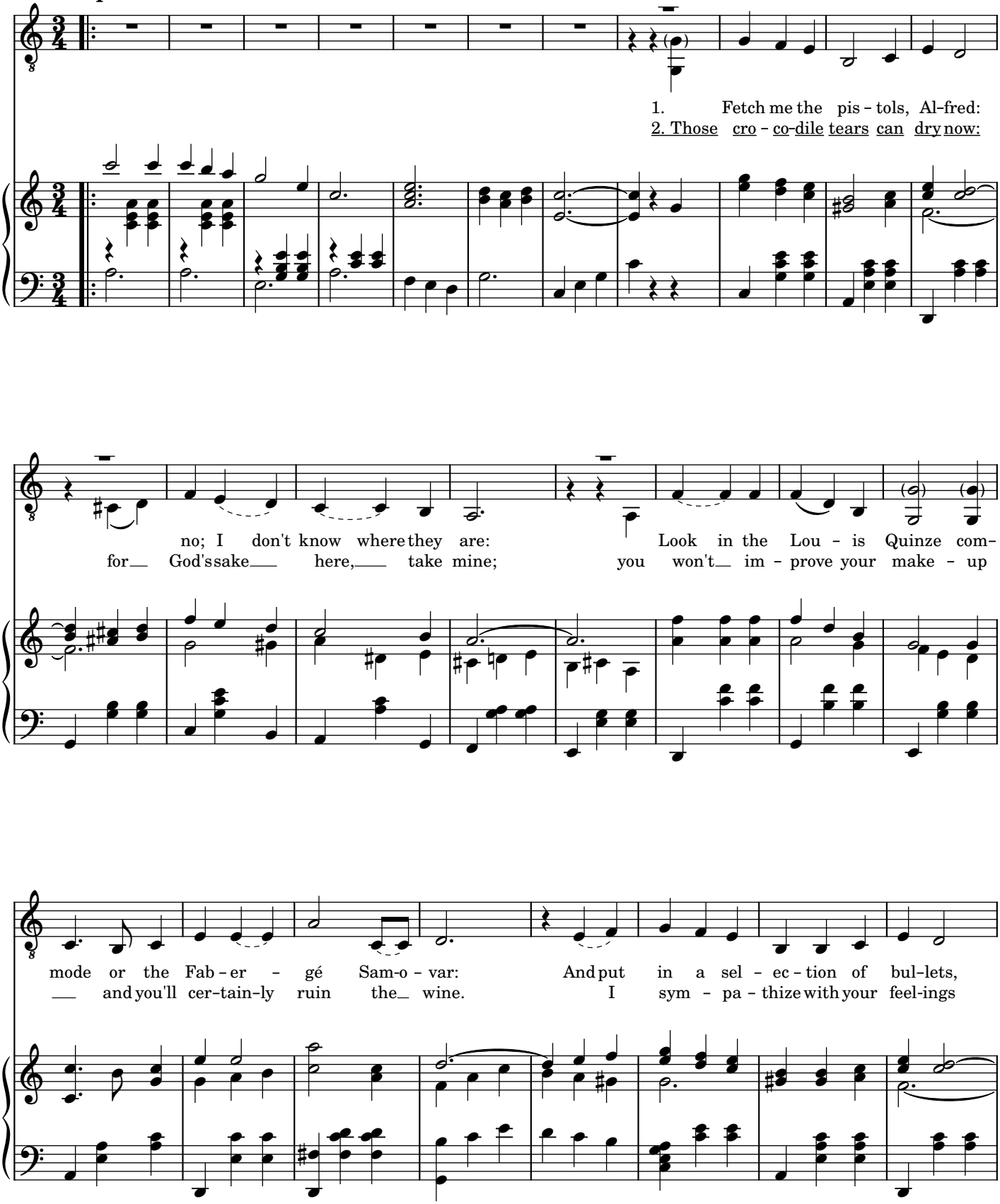
‘A Near Thing’

(underlined phrases to be sung;
others to be said, but not in the rhythm of the notes)

music by
Peter Tranchell

Tempo di Valse



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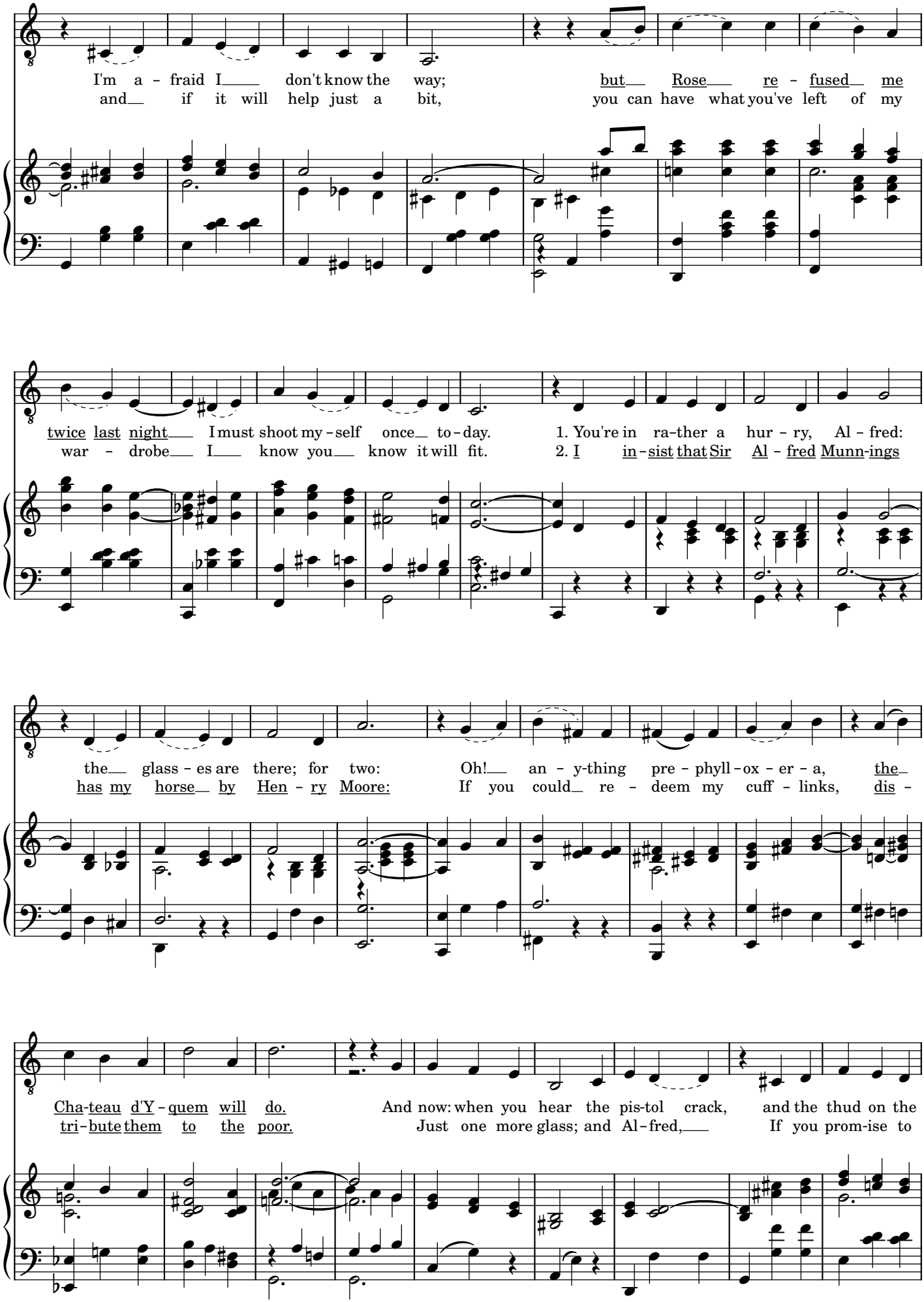
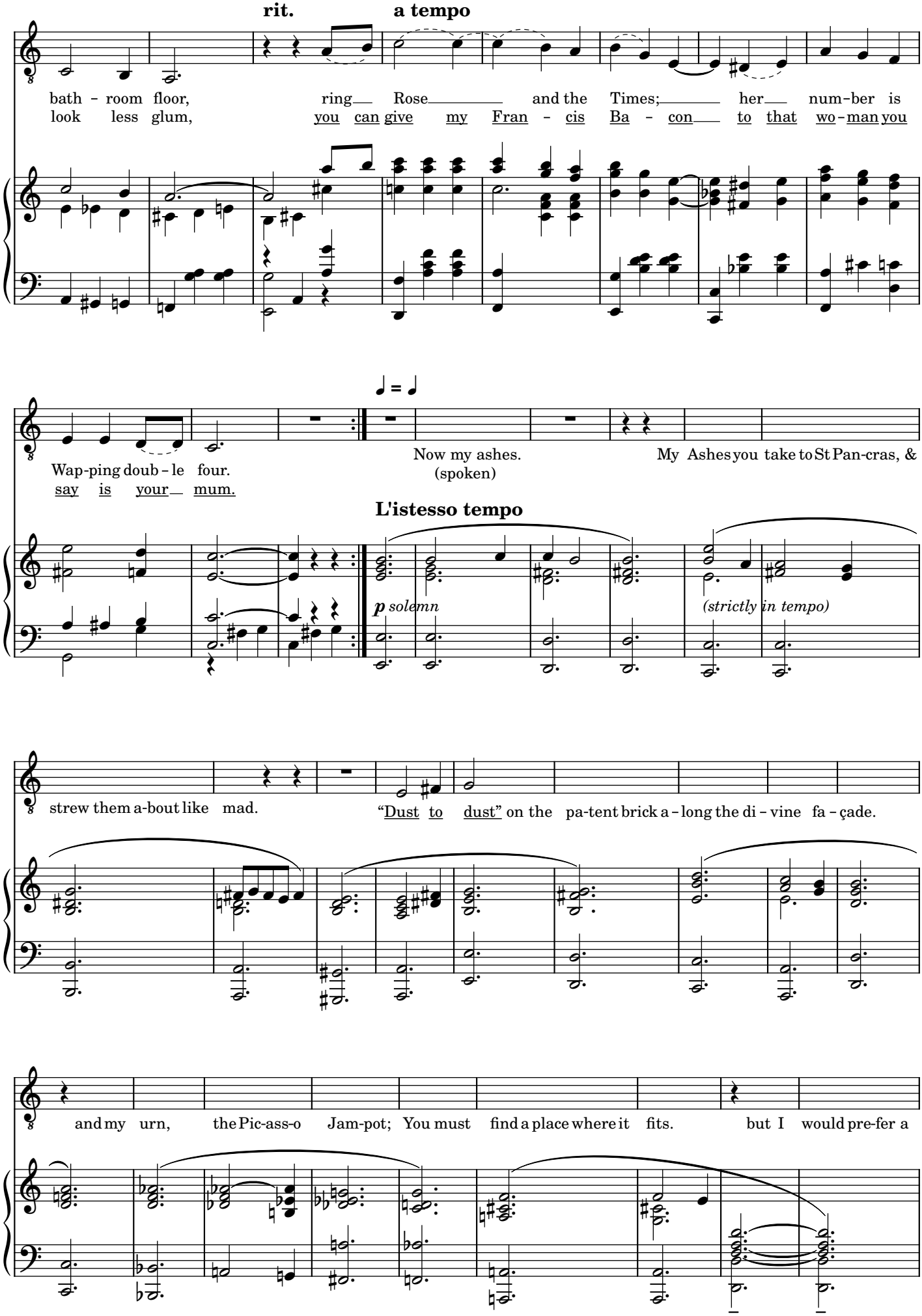
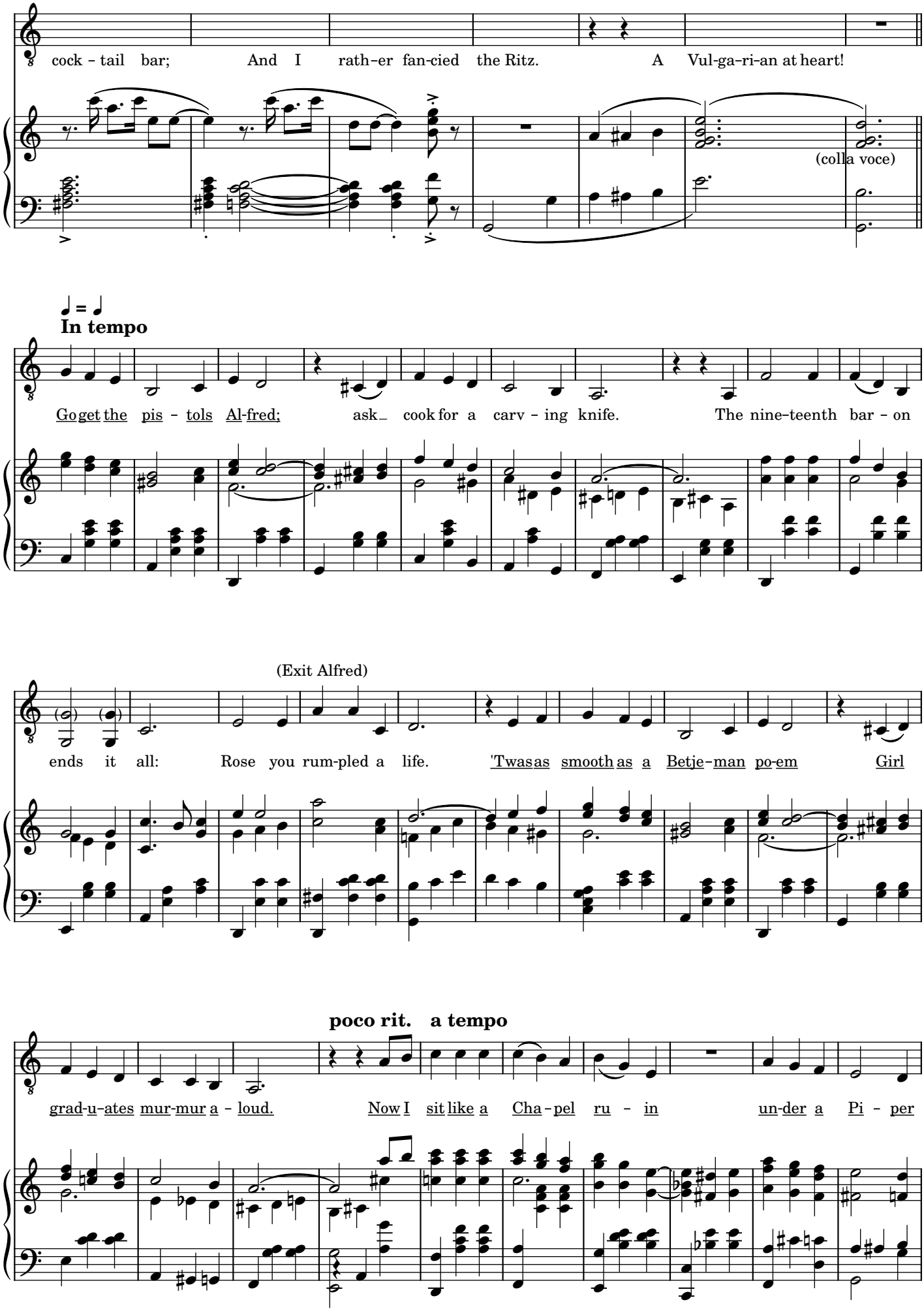
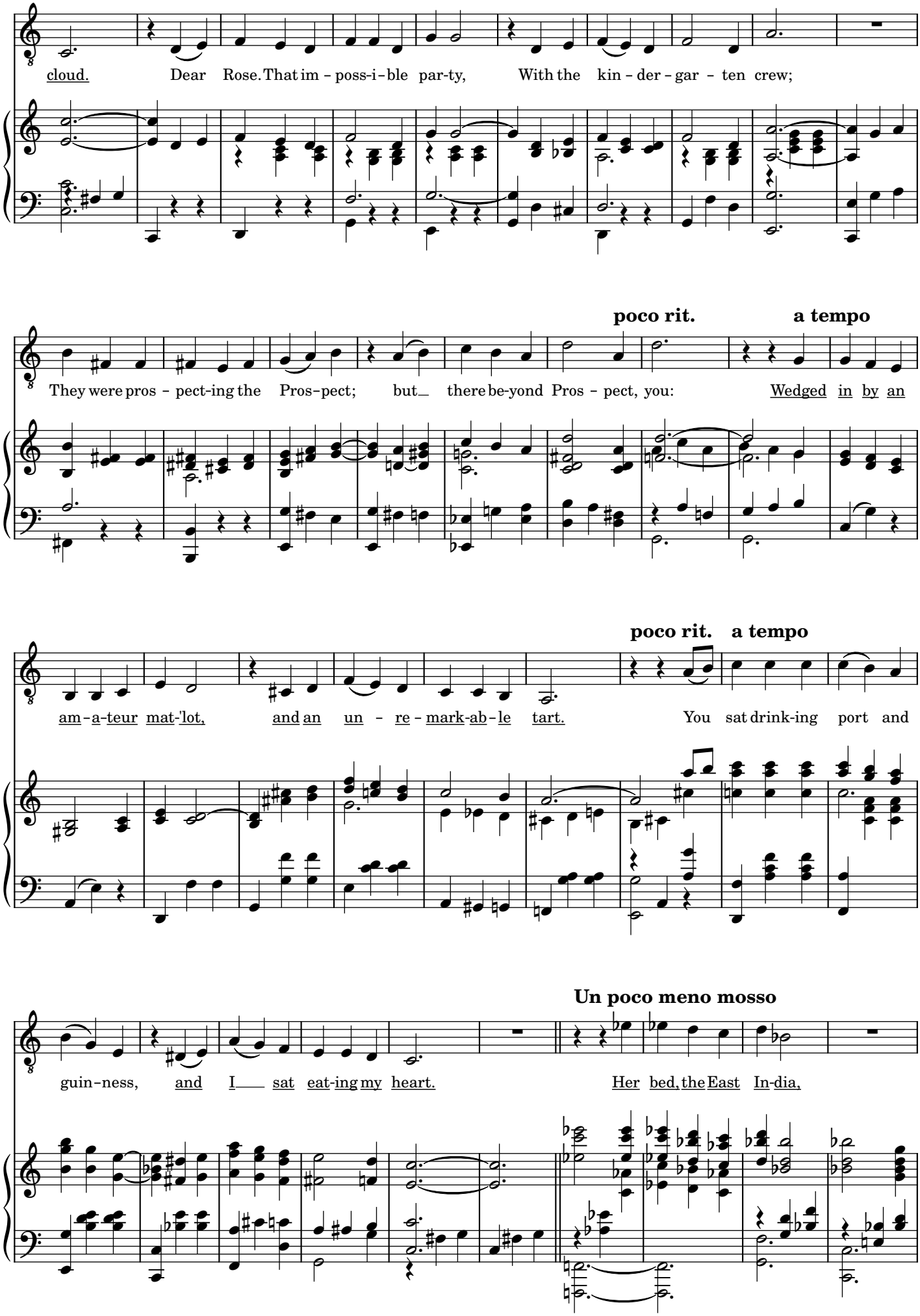
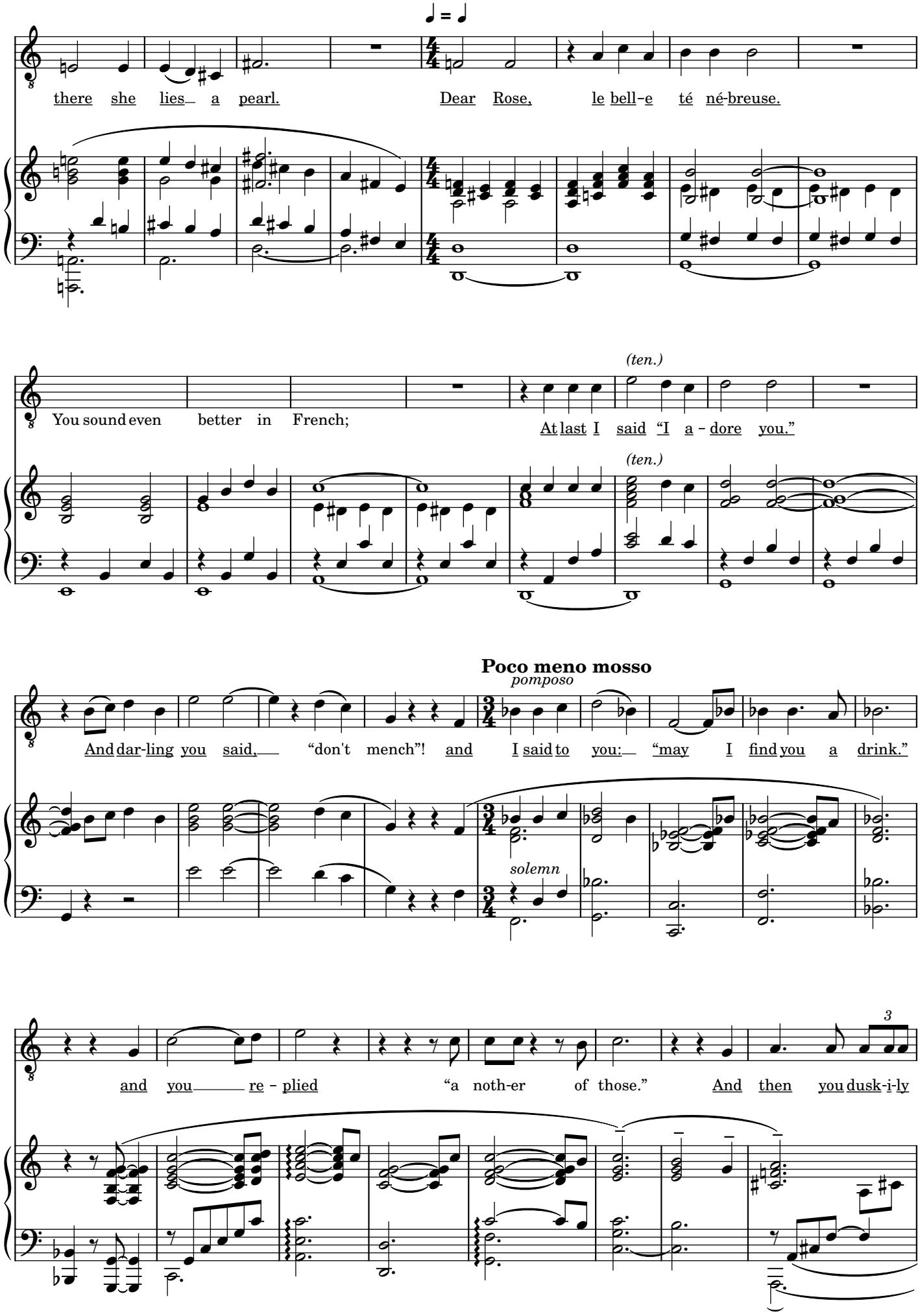
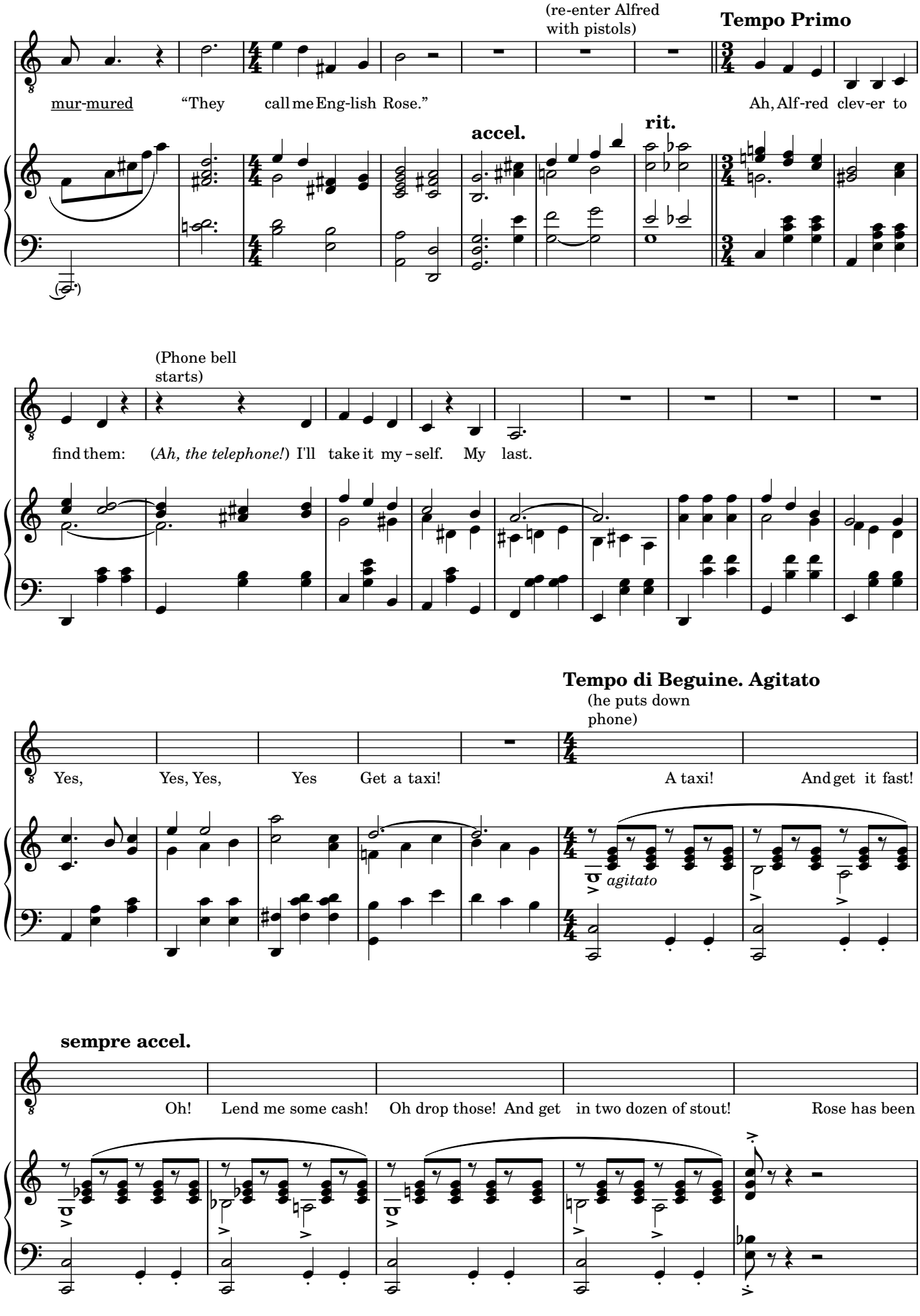

I'm a - fraid I don't know the way; but Rose re - fused me
and if it will help just a bit, you can have what you've left of my
twice last night I must shoot my - self once to - day. 1. You're in ra-ther a hur - ry, Al - fred:
war - drobe I know you know it will fit. 2. I in - sist that Sir Al - fred Munn-ings
the glass - es are there; for two: Oh! an - y-thing pre - phyll - ox - er - a, the
has my horse by Hen - ry Moore: If you could re - deem my cuff - links, dis -
Cha-teau d'Y - quem will do. And now: when you hear the pis-tol crack, and the thud on the
tri - bute them to the poor. Just one more glass; and Al - fred, If you prom-ise to

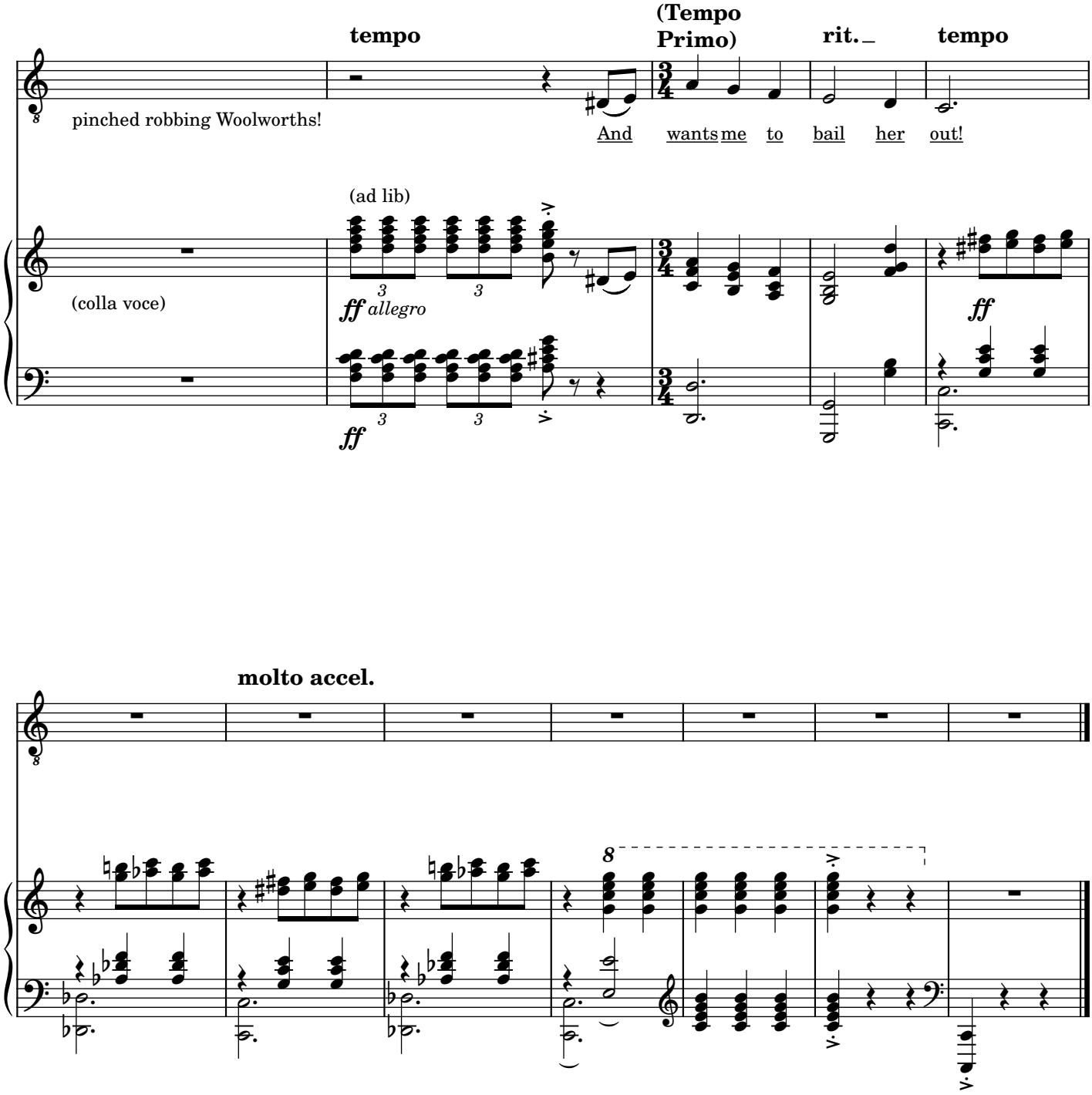

rit.
a tempo
bath - room floor, ring Rose and the Times; her num-ber is
look less glum, you can give my Fran - cis Ba - con to that wo-man you
Wap-ping doub - le four.
say is your mum.
♩ = ♩
Now my ashes.
(spoken)
My Ashes you take to St Pan-cras, &
L'istesso tempo
p solemn
(strictly in tempo)
strew them a-bout like mad.
"Dust to dust" on the pa-tent brick a - long the di - vine fa - çade.
and my urn, the Pic-ass-o Jam-pot; You must find a place where it fits.
but I would pre-fer a


cock - tail bar; And I rath-er fan-cied the Ritz. A Vul-ga-ri-an at heart!
(colla voce)
♩ = ♩
In tempo
Go get the pis - tols Al-fred; ask cook for a carv - ing knife. The nine-teenth bar - on
(Exit Alfred)
ends it all: Rose you rum-pled a life. 'Twas as smooth as a Betje-man po-em Girl
poco rit. a tempo
grad-u-ates mur-mur a - loud. Now I sit like a Cha - pel ru - in un-der a Pi - per


cloud. Dear Rose. That im - poss-i-ble par-ty, With the kin - der - gar - ten crew;
poco rit. a tempo
They were pros - pect-ing the Pros-pect; but there be-yond Pros - pect, you: Wedged in by an
poco rit. a tempo
am-a-teur mat-'lot, and an un - re - mark-ab-le tart. You sat drink-ing port and
Un poco meno mosso
guin-ness, and I sat eat-ing my heart. Her bed, the East In-dia,


there she lies a pearl.
Dear Rose,
le bell-e té né-breuse.
You sound even better in French;
(ten.)
At last I said "I a - dore you."
(ten.)
Poco meno mosso
pomposo
And dar-ling you said, "don't mench"! and I said to you: "may I find you a drink."
solemn
and you re - plied "a noth-er of those." And then you dusk-i-ly
3


(re-enter Alfred with pistols)
Tempo Primo
mur-mured "They call me Eng-lish Rose."
Ah, Alf-red clev-er to
accel.
rit.
(Phone bell starts)
find them: (*Ah, the telephone!*) I'll take it my-self. My last.
Tempo di Beguine. Agitato
(he puts down phone)
Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes Get a taxi! A taxi! And get it fast!
agitato
sempre accel.
Oh! Lend me some cash! Oh drop those! And get in two dozen of stout! Rose has been



Typeset by Crispin Flower, 10 February 2024.
With minor amendments to lyrics, in line with Peter Tranchell's own recording of the song.
That recording did not feature a telephone, and instead Tranchell spoke the words that I have included in italics.