

Rape of the Creature  
Act 1 Scene 8  
Song of Insult

Mark Dunbar

Caustic  $\text{♩} = 100$

Deirdre *f* he is the com - plete arse-hole (Spoken) the full package

Dick oh what a plea - sant wi-fey dear so sweet so suave

Piano *ff* *mp* *ff*

16

Deid. he thinks he's such a card *mp* no way Tim! he's got to go! *ff*

Tim would you like a cup of tea Dick? be-fore the day's hard yard?

Dick no thanks Tim we've got to go *ff* who would have thought *f*

Pno. *mf* *f* *mp* *mp*

32

Deid. (to audience) the prick's an op - por - tu - nist a re-vi-sion-ist a rat Tim drank the

Tim ex - nun

Dick my mate Tim would marry a nun! and the babe ev-en has i - deas Marx Mao Cas-tro rolled in-to one!

Pno. *f* *mp* *mp*

48

Deid. dregs when he made friends with that! *mp* no way Tim! his lungs would kill a cat! *mf*

Tim like to hold the ba-by Dick? she's my lit-tle kit-ty cat!

Dick (to audience) *p* no thanks Tim would-n't touch the brat! *f* she wears her fey po-li - *mp*

Pno. *ff* *f* *mp* *mp*

62

Deid. he has no ge-nu - ine po-li - tics he pre-tends to be - lieve

Dick tics on her self lessmug sleeve and like all pi-ous do - good-ers her pu - ri-ty's na - ive ve-ry na - ive

Pno.

80

Deid. *mf* it's all e-go on his sleeve just to be seen to a - chieve he does not fool me like he baf-fles my Tim he'll reap what he sows and I'll rub it well in he does not fool me like he baf-fles my

Dick she does not fool me like she baf-fles poor *mf*

Pno. *f* *p* *mf*

100

Deid. Tim he'll reap what he sows and I'll rub it well in he'll reap what he sows and I'll rub it well in

Tim *mp* they say op-po-sites at-tract and friends should have things in com mon be-tween my

Dick Tim she'll reap what she sows and I'll rub it well in she'll reap what she sows and I'll rub it well in

Pno. *p*

122

Tim Dick and my Dei-dre it's a path all too well trod-den to fight for the prize to give no quar-ter to puff up like pea-cocks to ver-bal-ly slaugh-ter what

Pno. *mf* *mp* *p* *mp*

145

Tim a pa-ra-dox it is when eith-er one feels green a-round the gills slay-ers are now sud-den-ly fine saints and their swords turn in - to warm milk they will gen-ty en quire pes-ter and ca-jole a-bout the poor health of the

Pno.

166

Deid. they say op-po-sites at-tract share and that sly words

Tim loath-some arse- hole me thinks they pro- test far far way too much be -twixt my Dei- dre and Dick's feigned hate love's crook-ed clutch

Dick *mf* and friends should have things to share

Pno. *mf* *mp* *p*

186

Deid. bite with ir-o-ny bear-ing barbed mean-ings to snare the kind-ness that binds us of mouth sel-dom be when we speak there's a flood where lies on-ly dross and de-bris

Dick bear-ing barbed mean-ings to snare the kind-ness that binds us of mouth sel-dom be when we speak there's a flood where lies on-ly dross and de-bris

Pno. *mp* *f*

207

Deid. *f* they say op - po - sites at - tract and friends should have things to share the kind - ness that binds us of mouth sel - dom be when we

Tim *f* me thinks they pro - test far far way too much me thinks they pro - test too much the kind - ness oh the

Dick *f* they say op - po - sites at - tract and friends should have things to share the kind - ness that binds us of mouth sel - dom be when we

Pno. *p* *f*

220

Deid. *pp* speak there's a flood where lies on - ly dross and de - bris *pp* op - po - sites at - tract *ff* arse - hole! to Dick

Tim *mp* *pp* kind kind - ness on - ly dross and de - bris they say op - po - sites at - tract

Dick *pp* *pp* speak there's a flood where lies on - ly dross and de - bris *pp* op - po - sites at - tract *ff* arse - hole! to Deidre

Pno. *ff*