Book, Music & Lyrics by

Lionel Bart

based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist"

Vocal Score

2003

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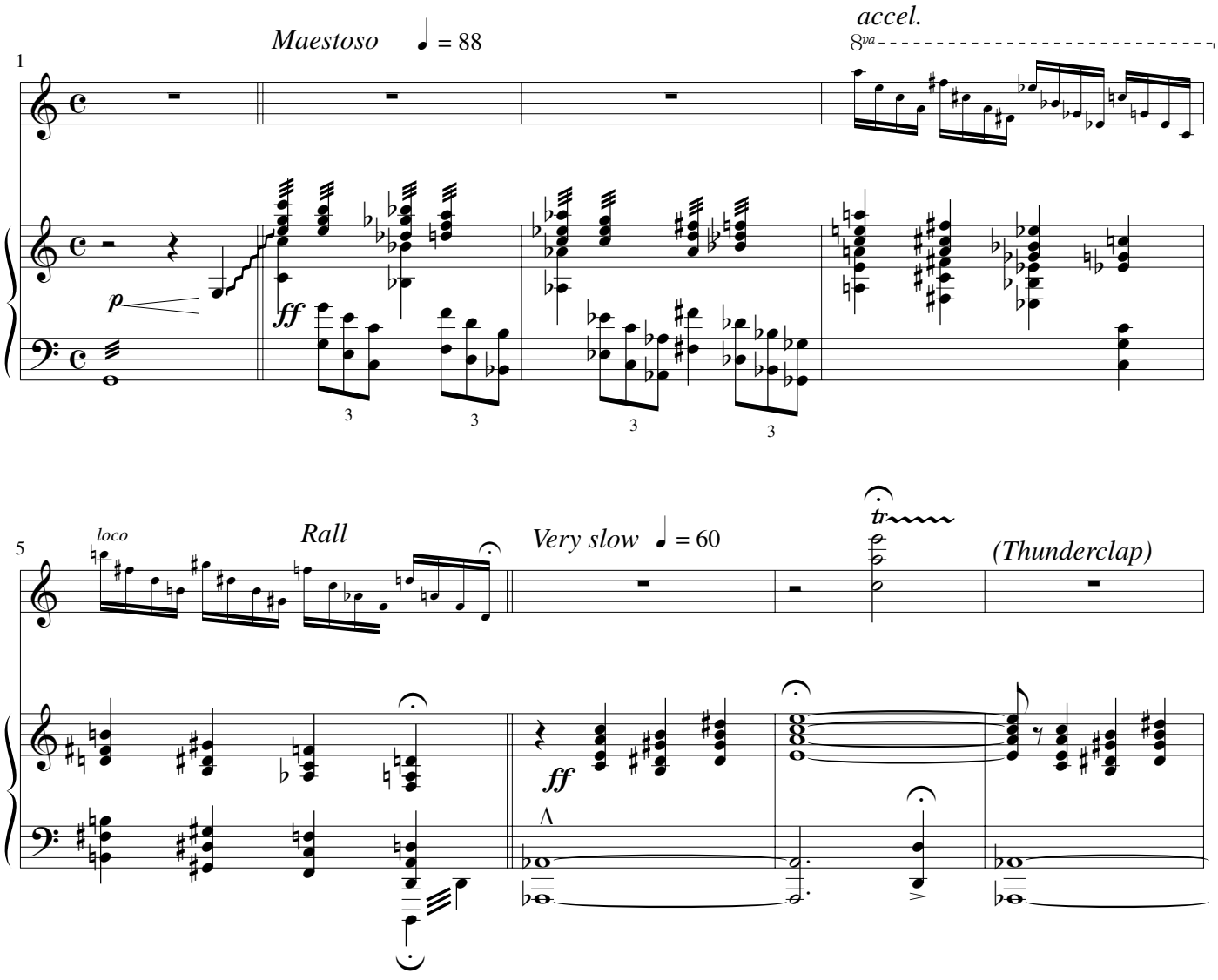
1. Prologue

The curtain rises on a windswept moor. There is a storm, and in the near darkness we begin to make out the figure of a woman, dressed in rags, slowly but purposefully heading towards us. The storm rages and grows stronger, flashes of lightning briefly illuminating her agonised face. As she arrives downstage a huge clap of thunder and flash of lightning light up a set of enormous wrought iron gates which read "Workhouse" (in reverse). As she collapses, a little old serving maid rushes to her aid. As the wind blows, she is dragged inside and the music of the storm grows calmer. In the darkness the cry of a little baby is heard. There is a beat, then, out of the black a large bell is revealed and rung . . . This sets up the rhythm of the entrance of the boys, nine years later, into the daily ritual of eating in the workhouse, and the music runs into the song.



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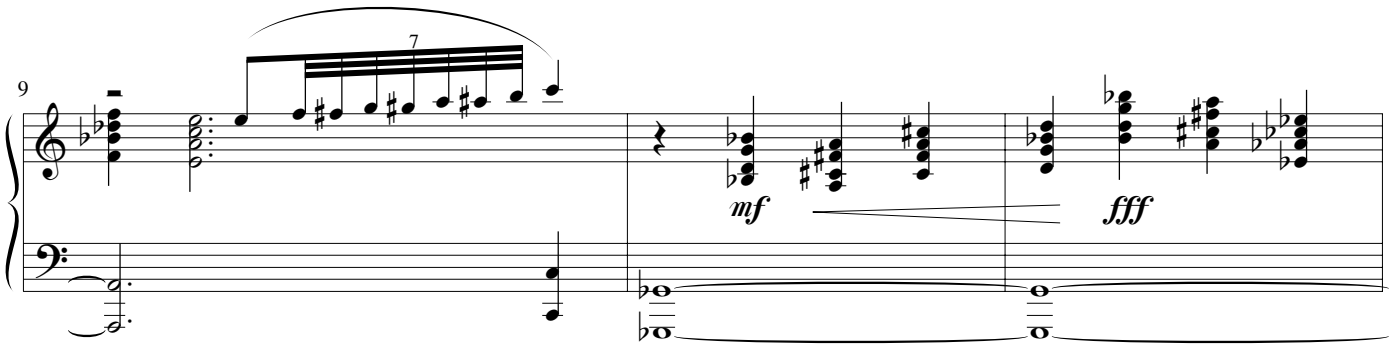
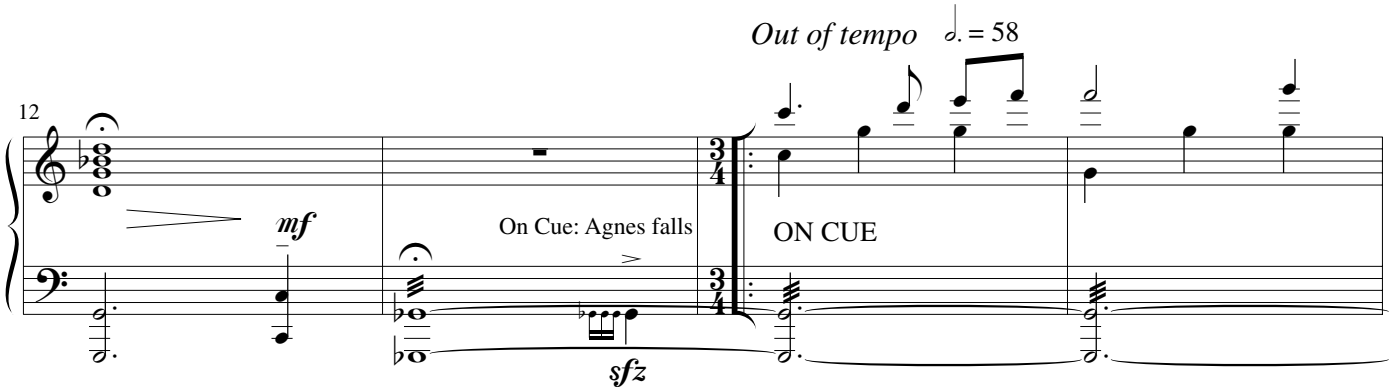
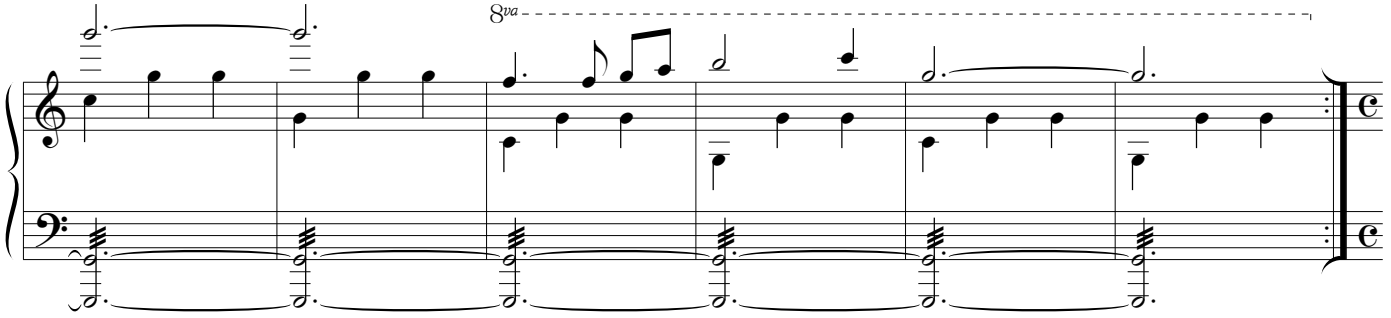


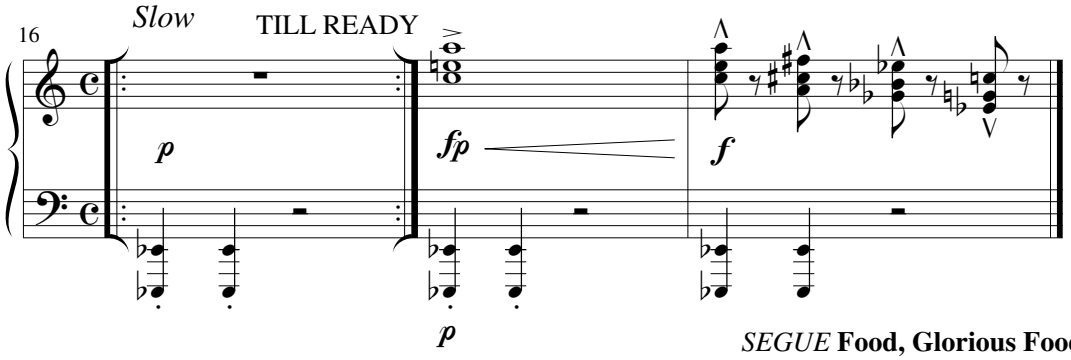




CUE: When *'God is Love'* is in place

CUE: When workhouse is set.

GO ON GREEN LIGHT

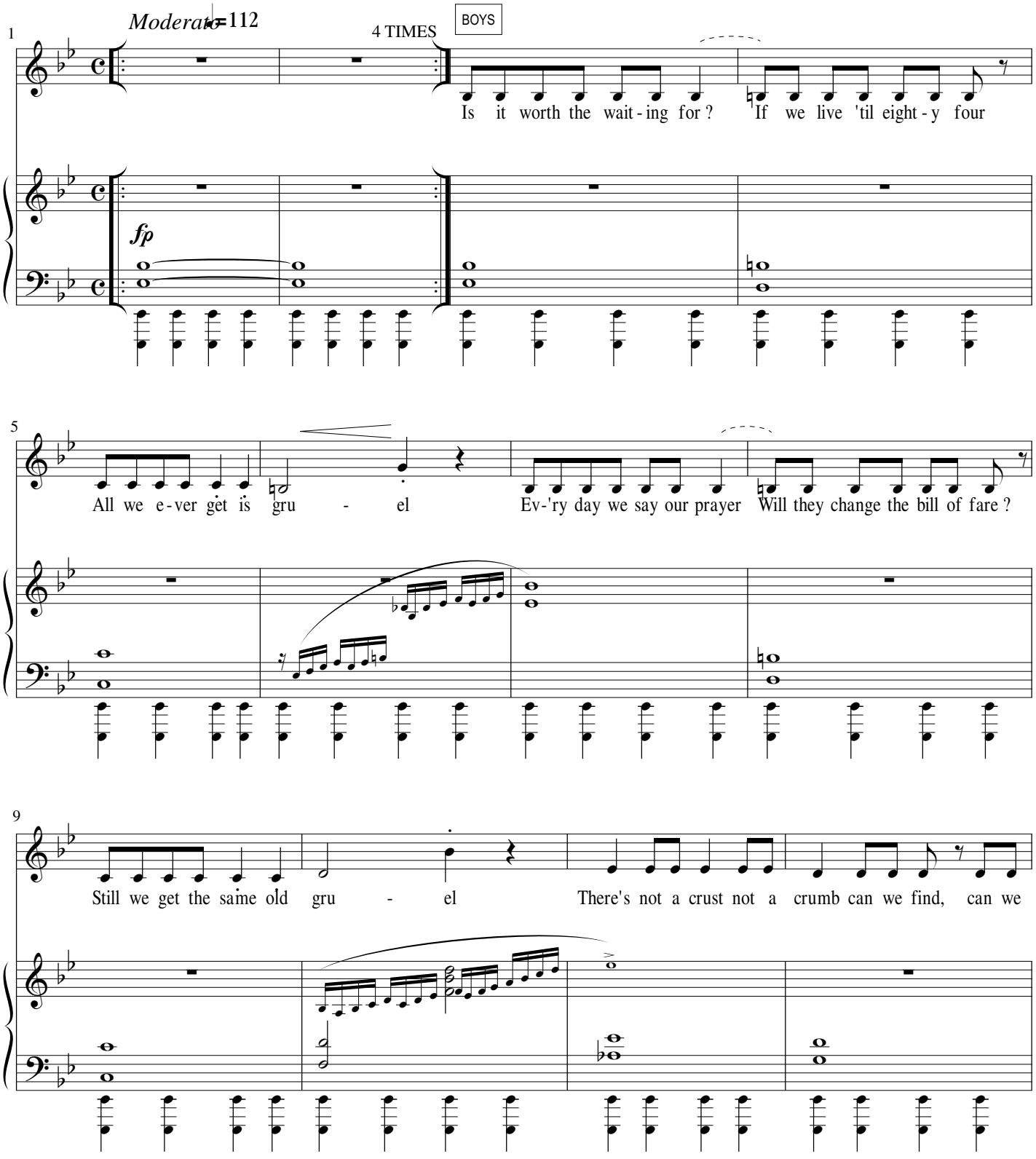


SEGUE **Food, Glorious Food**

2. Food Glorious Food

The Dining Hall of a workhouse, somewhere in the Midlands

Outside it is still raining....The boys file in down the stairs and out of the basement and take their places at the table. They look gaunt and starved.



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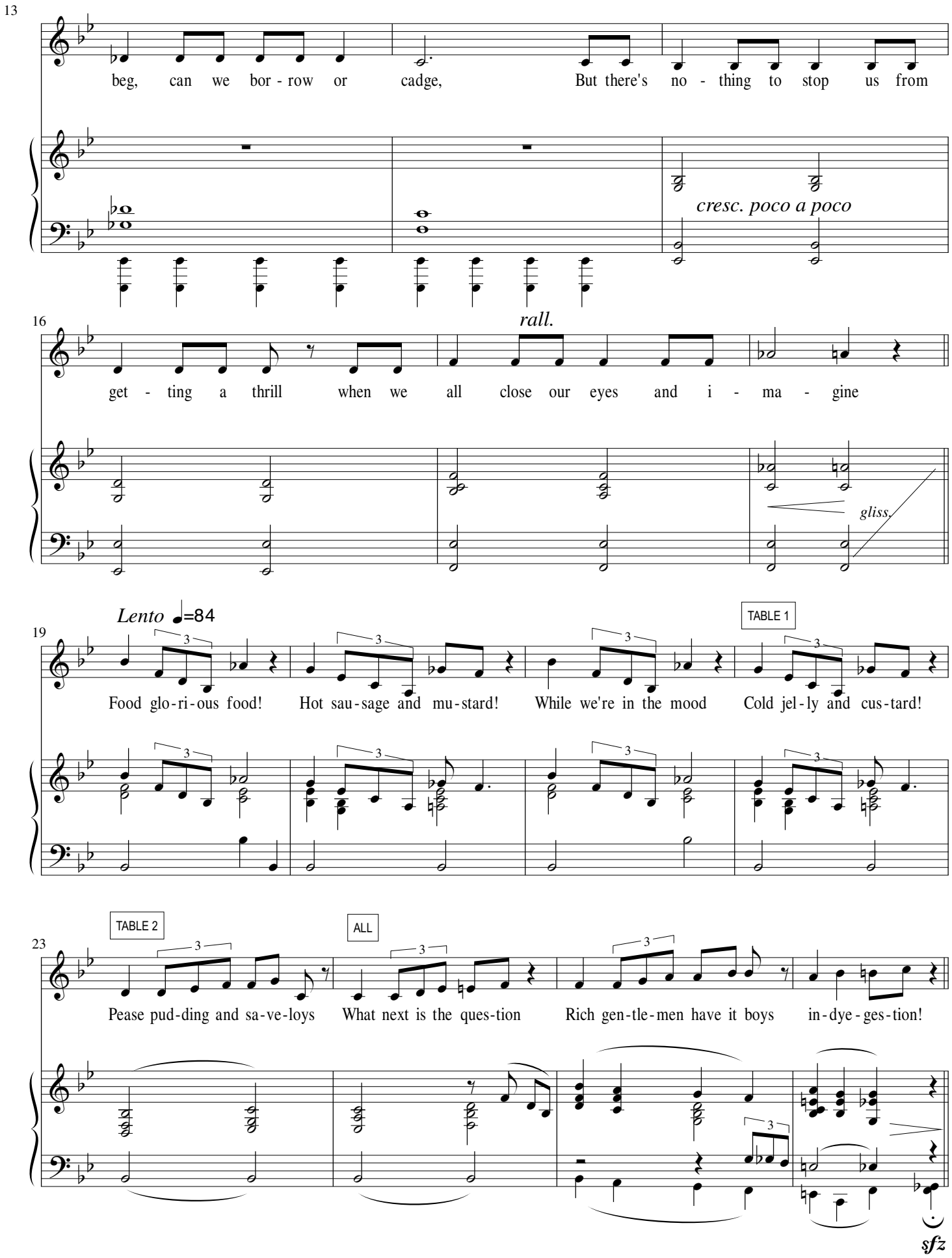
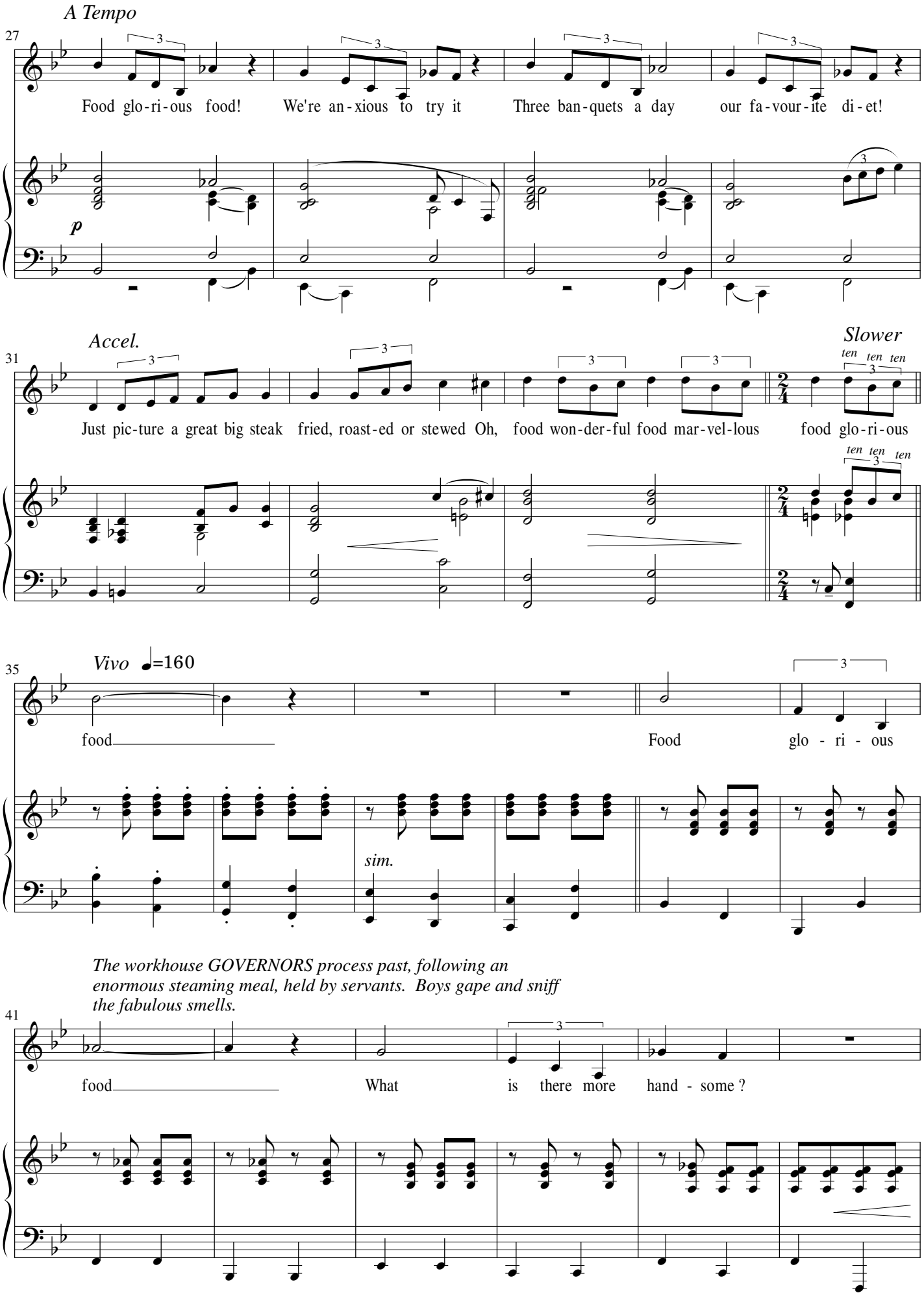

13
beg, can we bor - row or cadge, But there's no - thing to stop us from
cresc. poco a poco
16
rall.
get - ting a thrill when we all close our eyes and i - ma - gine
gliss.
Lento ♩=84
19
TABLE 1
Food glo-ri-ous food! Hot sau-sage and mu-stard! While we're in the mood Cold jel-ly and cus-tard!
TABLE 2
23
ALL
Pease pud-ding and sa-ve-loys What next is the ques-tion Rich gen-tle-men have it boys in-dye-ges-tion!
sfz



The workhouse GOVERNORS process past, following an enormous steaming meal, held by servants. Boys gape and sniff the fabulous smells.

(shouted)

47

Gulped swal - lowed or chewed still worth a king's

53

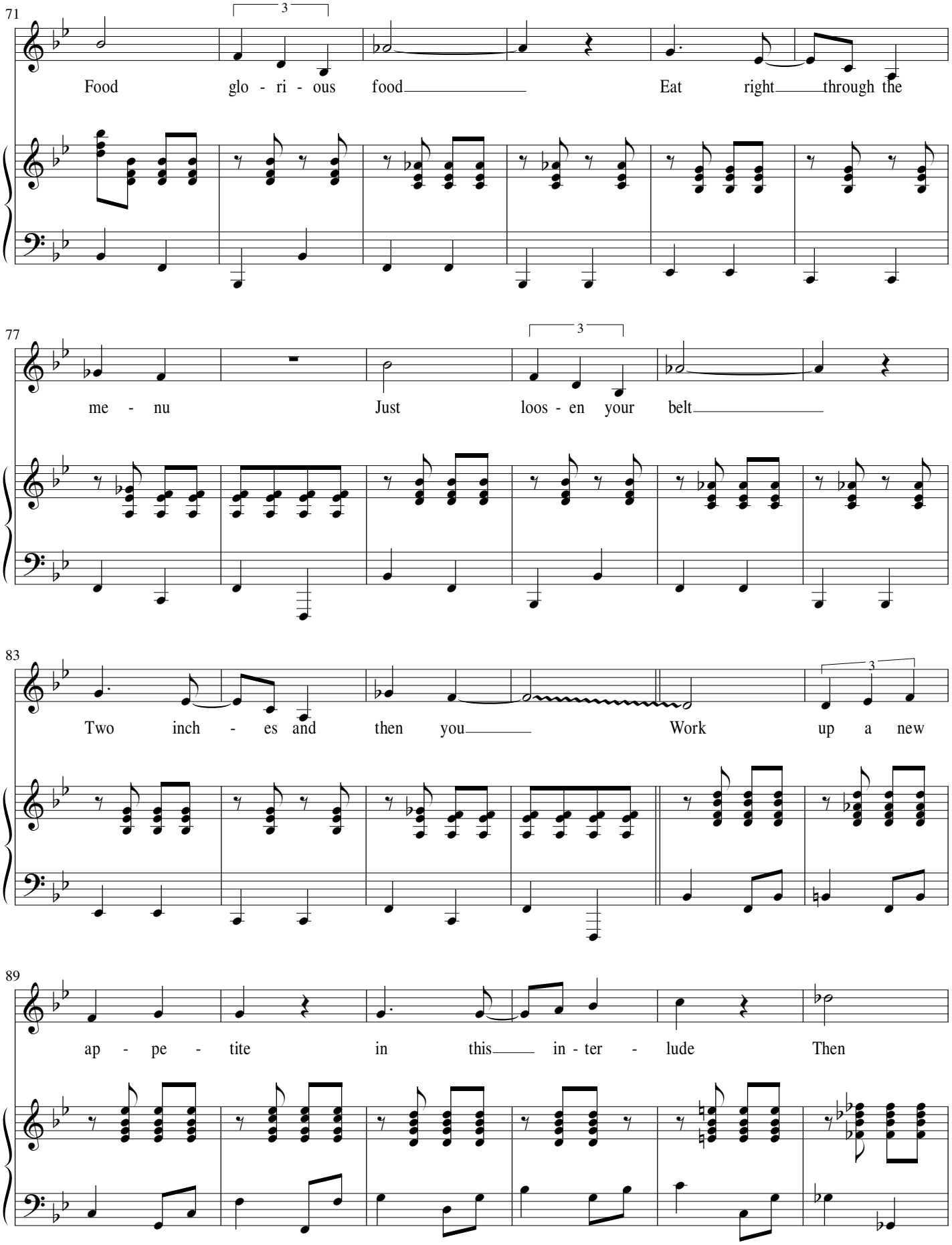
ran - som What is it we dream a - bout ?

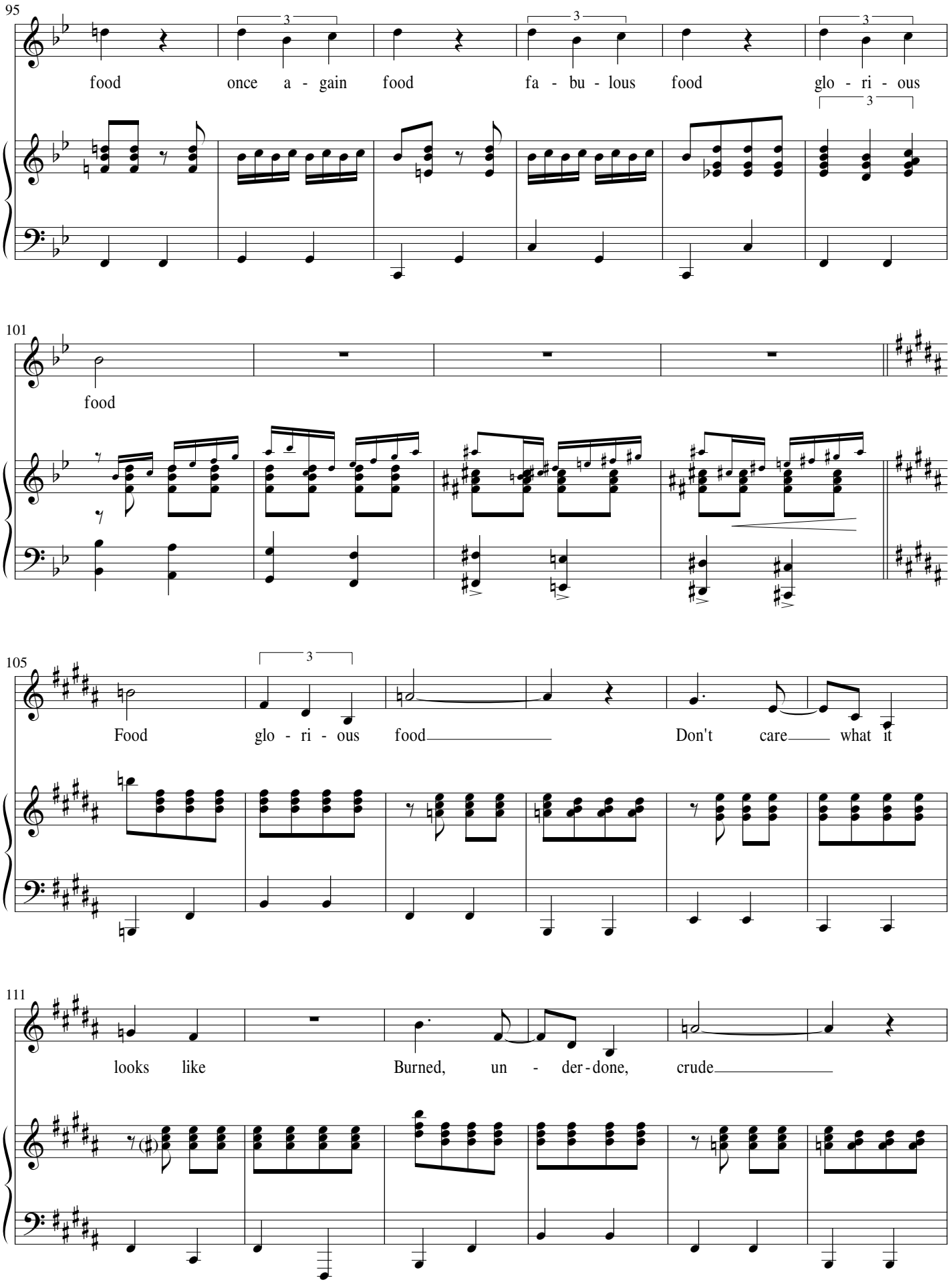
59

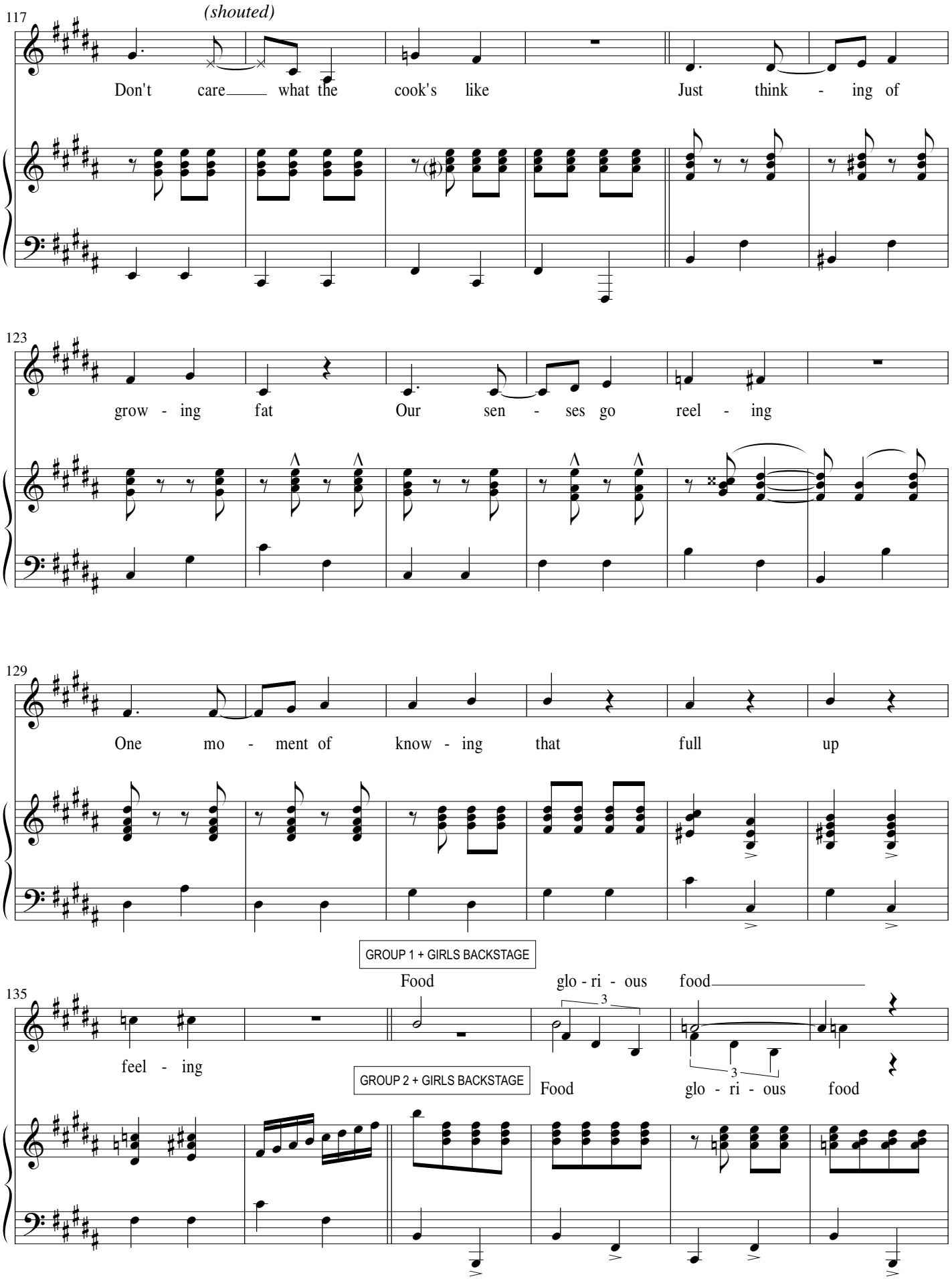
What brings on a sigh ? Piled peach - es and

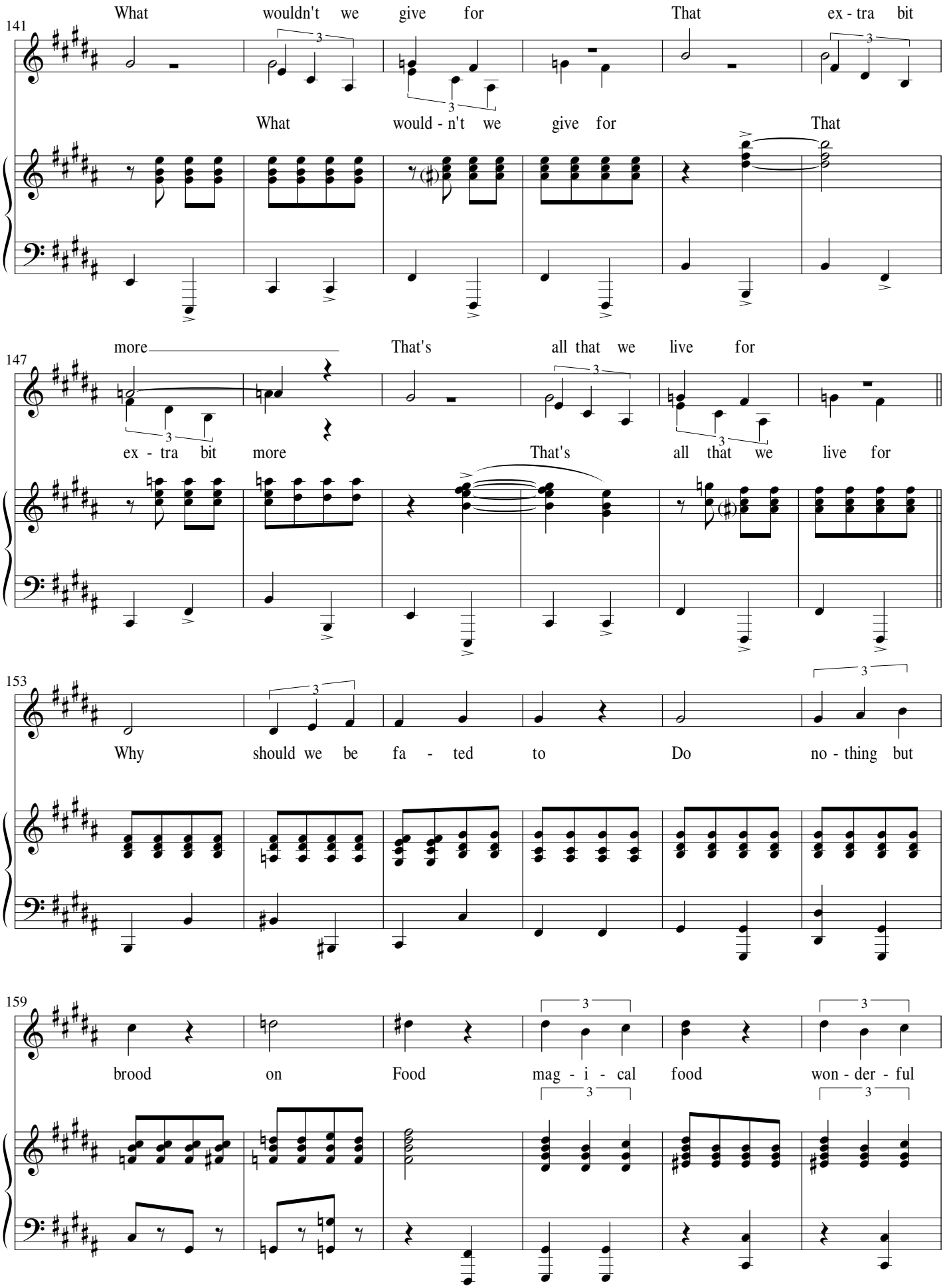
65

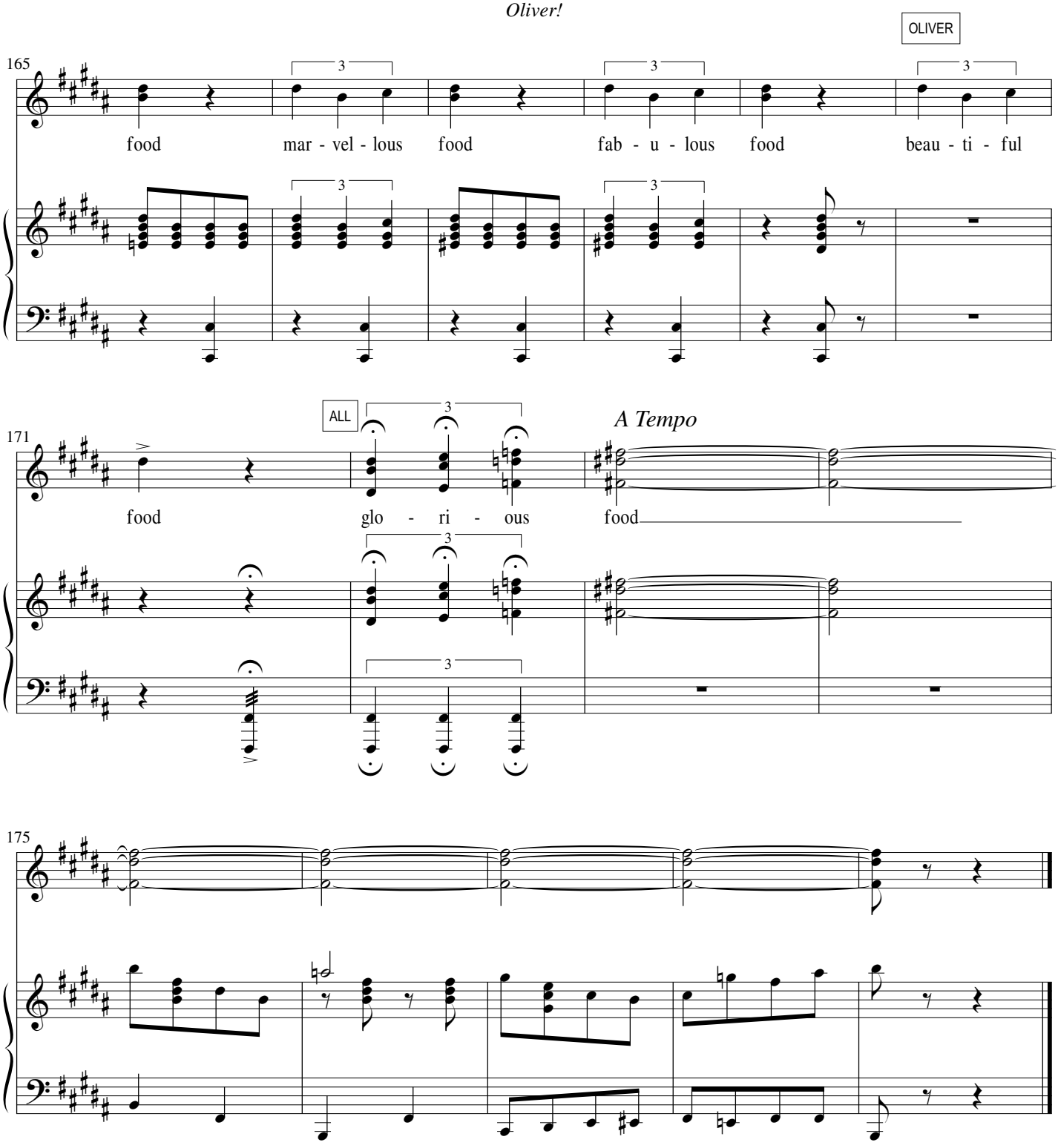
cream a - bout Six feet high!


71
Food glo - ri - ous food Eat right through the
77
me - nu Just loos - en your belt
83
Two inch - es and then you Work up a new
89
ap - pe - tite in this in - ter - lude Then


95
food once a - gain food fa - bu - lous food glo - ri - ous
101
food
105
Food glo - ri - ous food Don't care what it
111
looks like Burned, un - der - done, crude


117
(shouted)
Don't care what the cook's like Just think - ing of
123
grow - ing fat Our sen - ses go reel - ing
129
One mo - ment of know - ing that full up
GROUP 1 + GIRLS BACKSTAGE
Food glo - ri - ous food
135
feel - ing
GROUP 2 + GIRLS BACKSTAGE
Food glo - ri - ous food


141
What wouldn't we give for That ex - tra bit
What would - n't we give for That
147
more That's all that we live for
ex - tra bit more That's all that we live for
153
Why should we be fa - ted to Do no - thing but
159
brood on Food mag - i - cal food won - der - ful

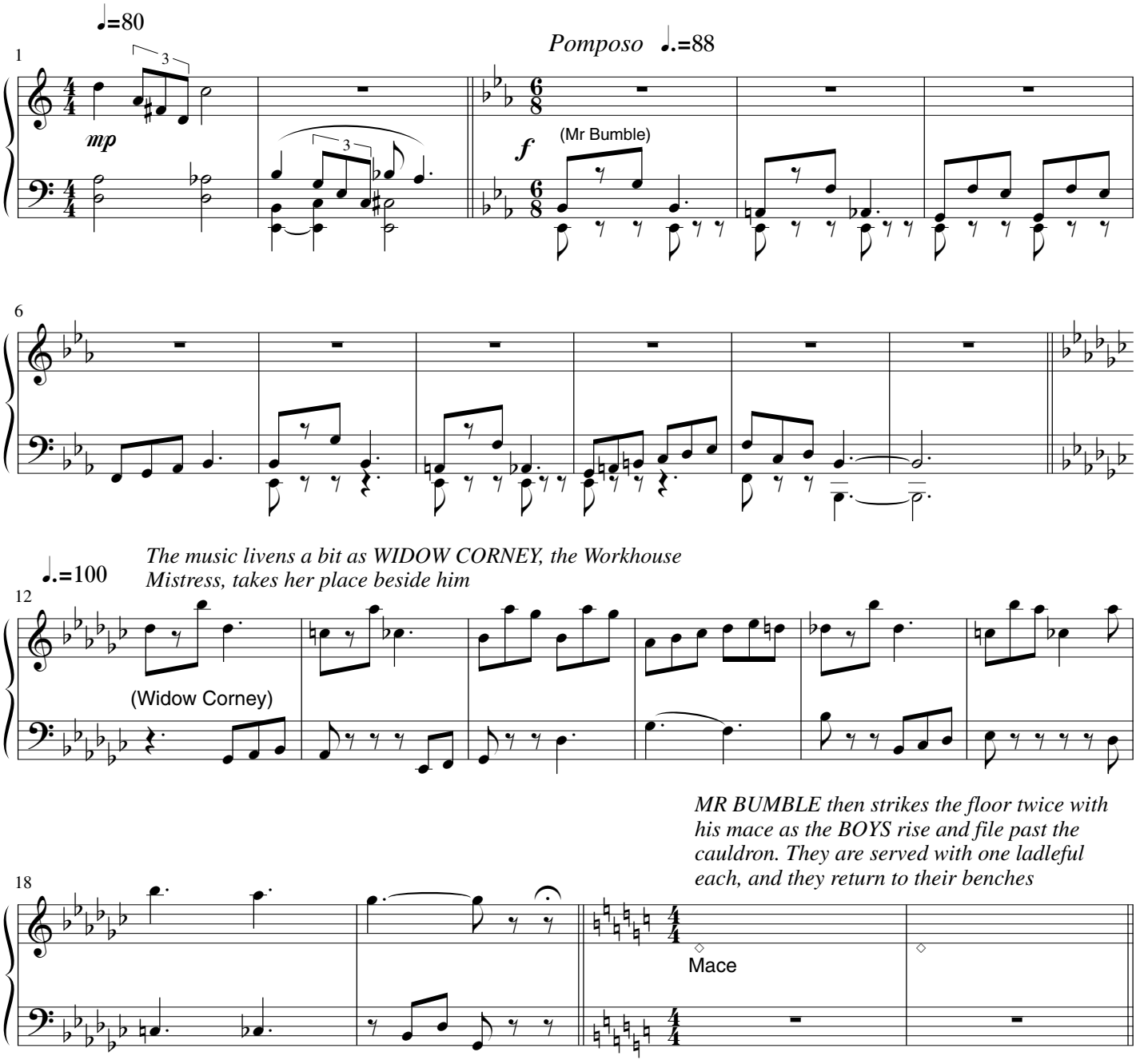


SEGUE **Incidental Music into Oliver**

3. Incidental Music into Oliver

The boys walk dejectedly back to their seats as the gruel is pushed on by the Paupers Assistant.

Then when they've sat down, the "OLIVER" theme music begins as MR BUMBLE enters first, walking solemnly with his brass-topped mace. He bangs his mace once. The boys look up.



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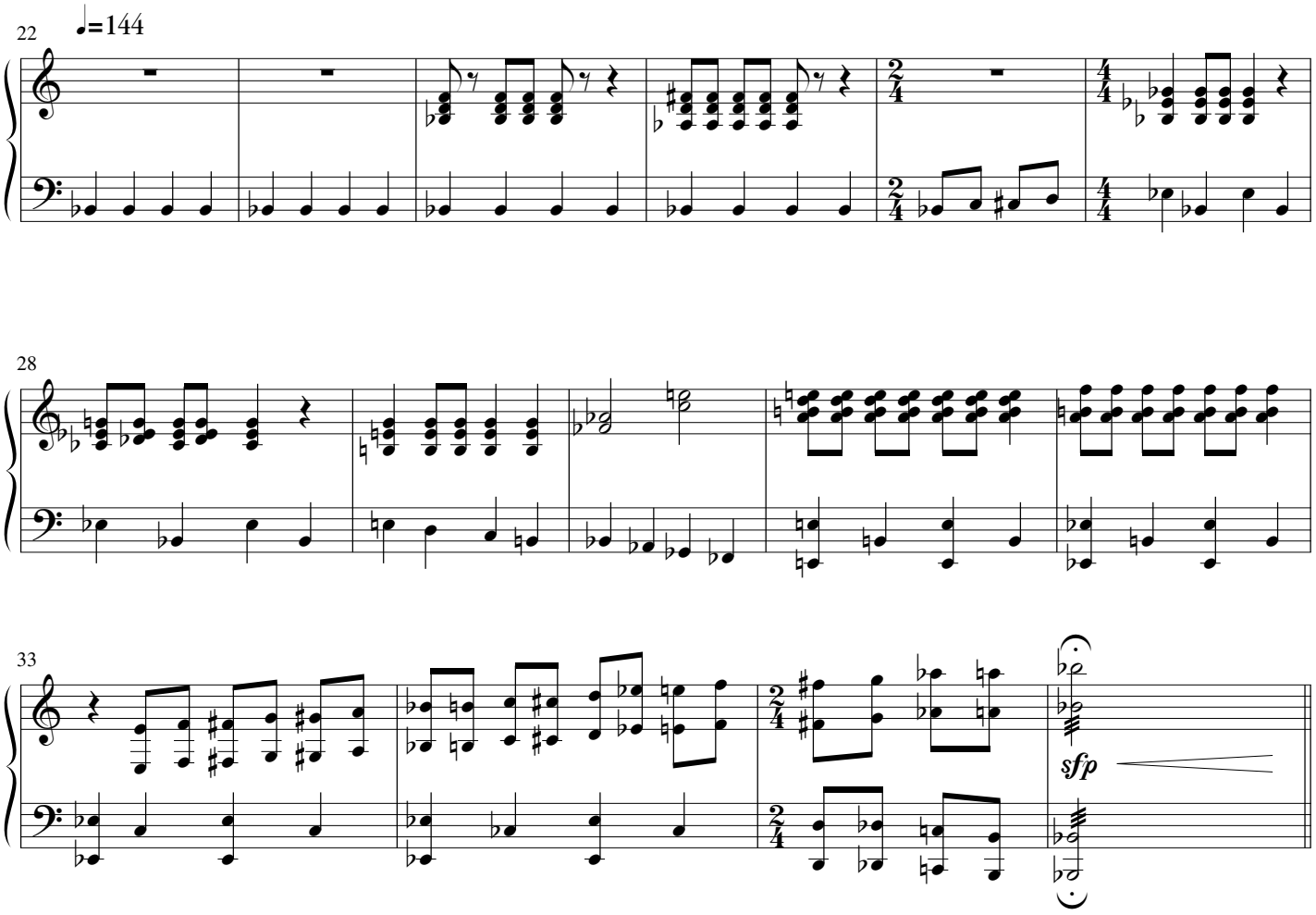
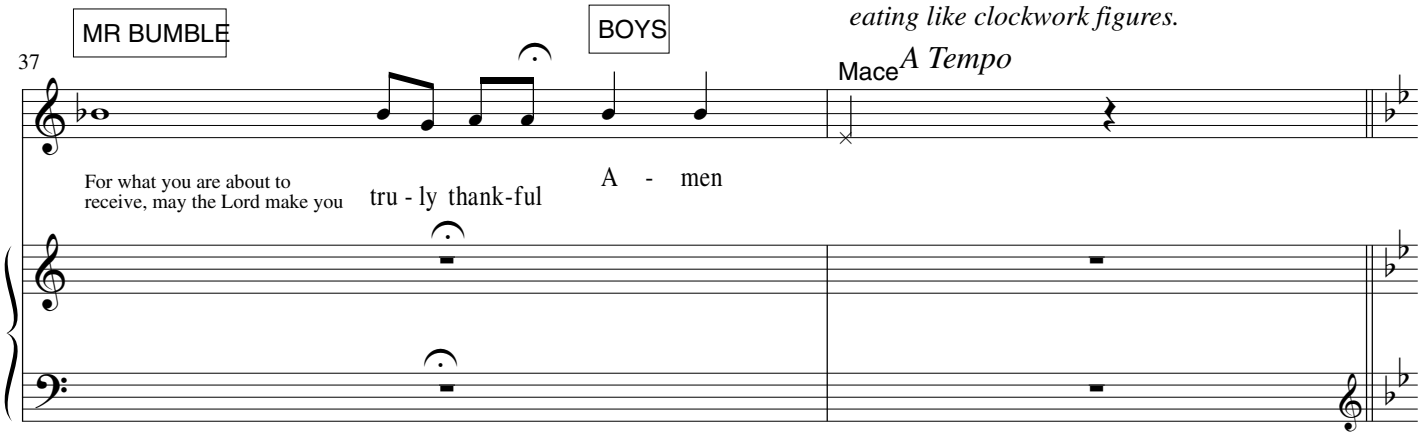
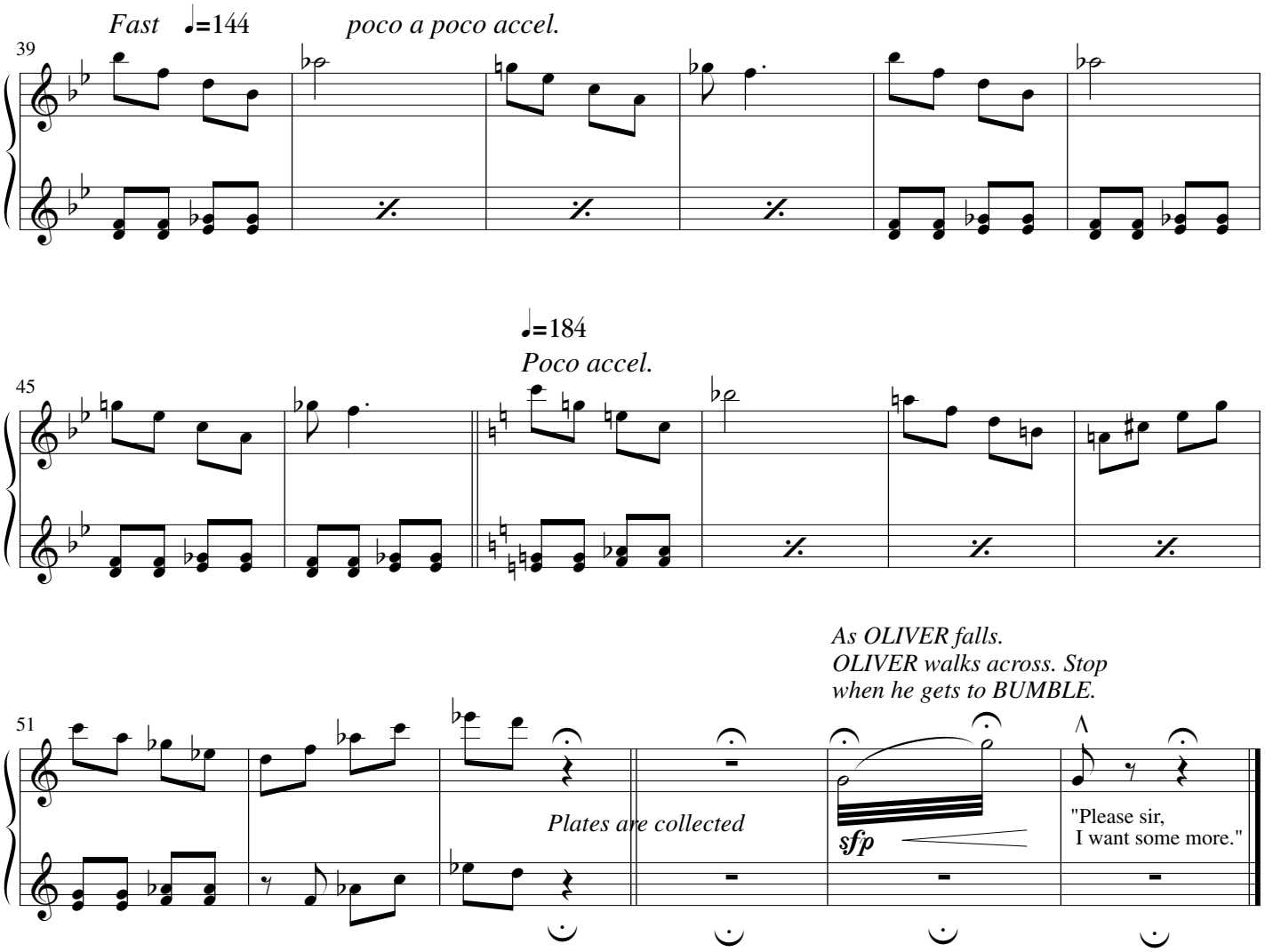
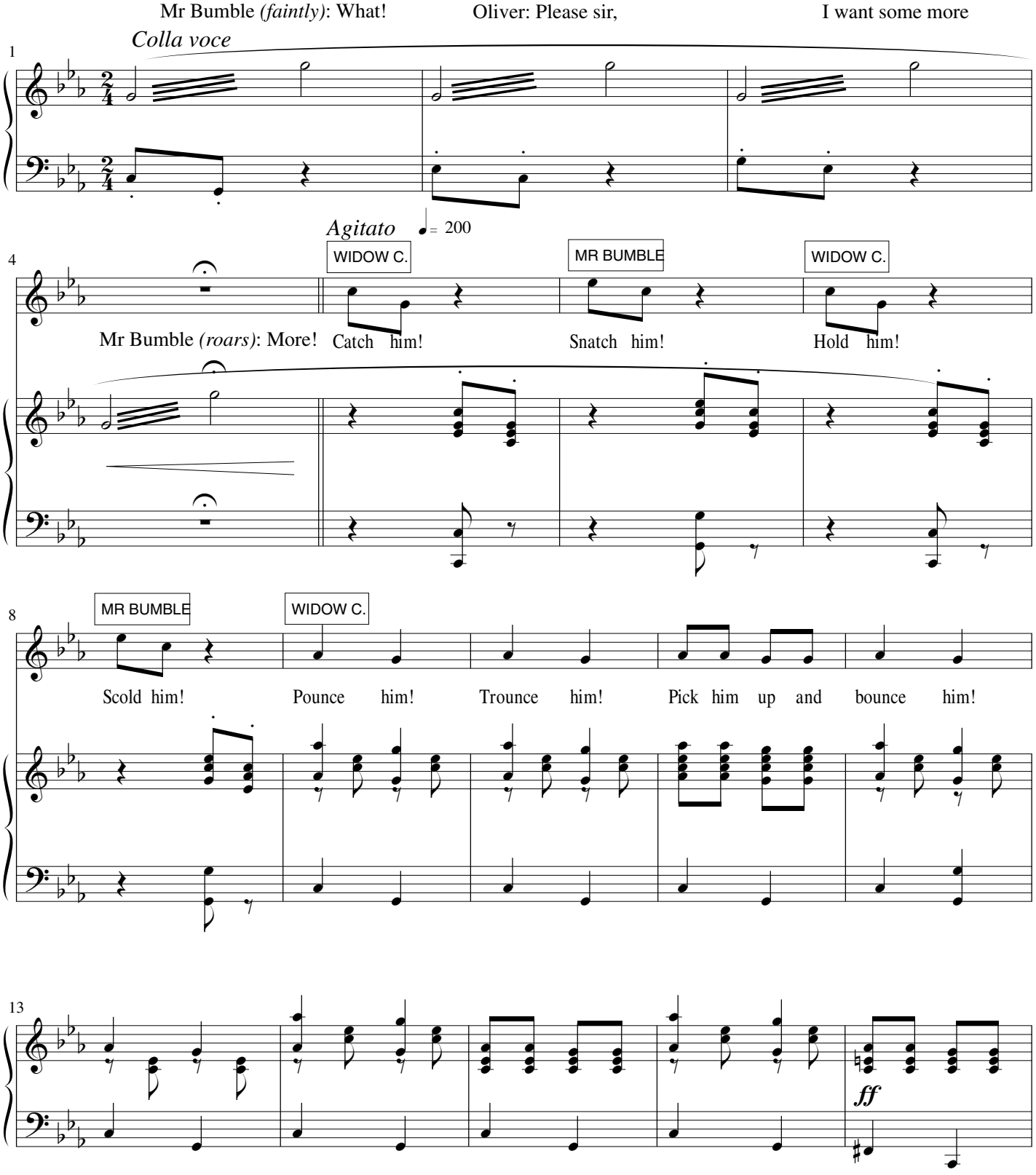


MR BUMBLE then raises his mace and holds it tantalisingly aloft for several seconds. All the BOY'S eyes are fixed upon it, then he brings it smartly down, and at this point the BOYS fall to eating like clockwork figures.




Fast ♩=144
poco a poco accel.
39
♩=184
Poco accel.
45
As OLIVER falls.
OLIVER walks across. Stop
when he gets to BUMBLE.
51
Plates are collected
sfp
"Please sir,
I want some more."

4. Oliver



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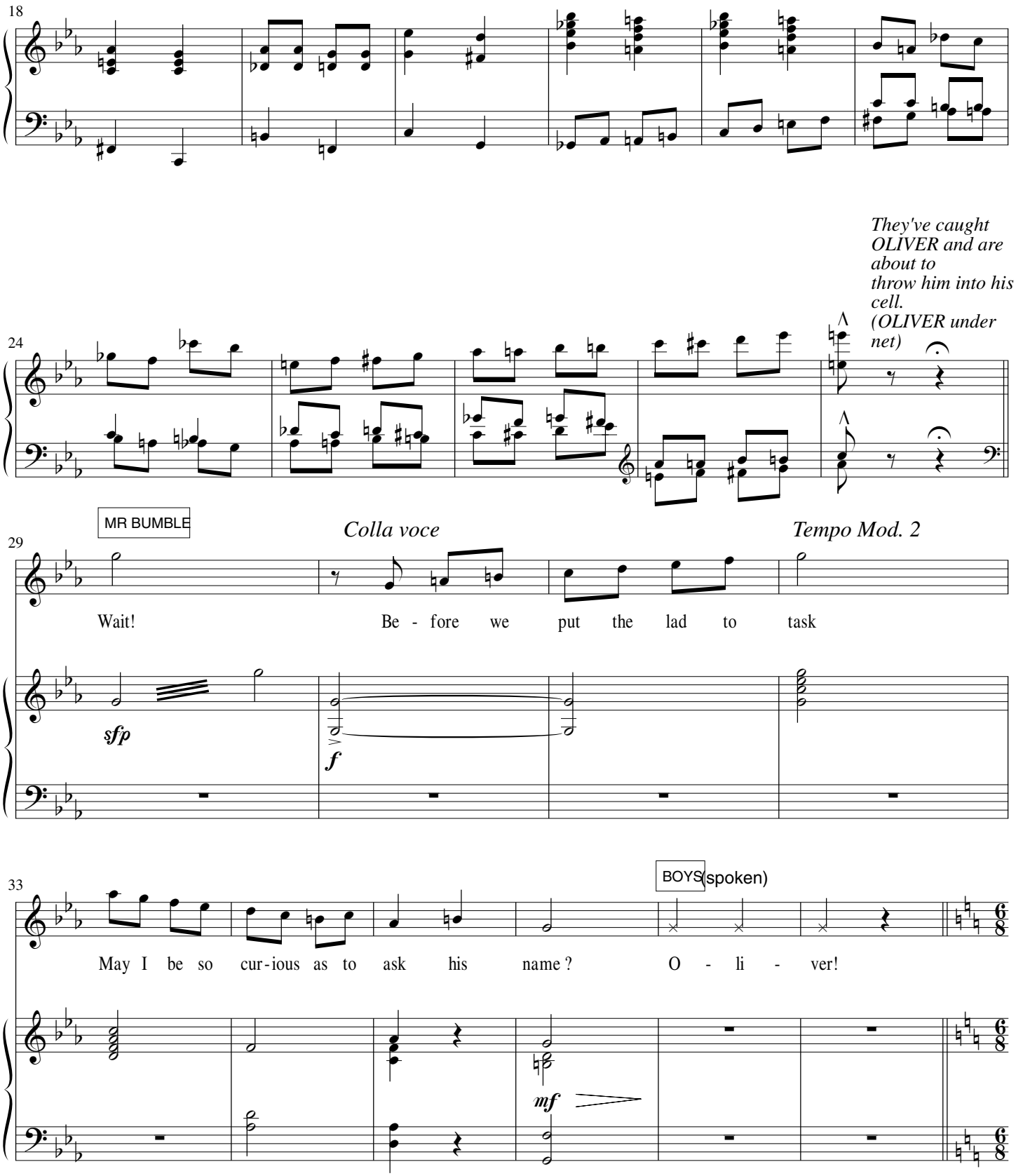

18
They've caught OLIVER and are about to throw him into his cell.
(OLIVER under net)
24
MR BUMBLE
Colla voce
Tempo Mod. 2
29
Wait!
Be - fore we put the lad to task
sfp
f
33
BOYS (spoken)
May I be so cur-ious as to ask his name ?
O - li - ver!
mf

Moderato ♩=105

39

WIDOW C.& MR B.

MR BUMBLE

p O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a boy want - ed more!

43

WIDOW C.& MR B.

WIDOW C.

MR BUMBLE

O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a

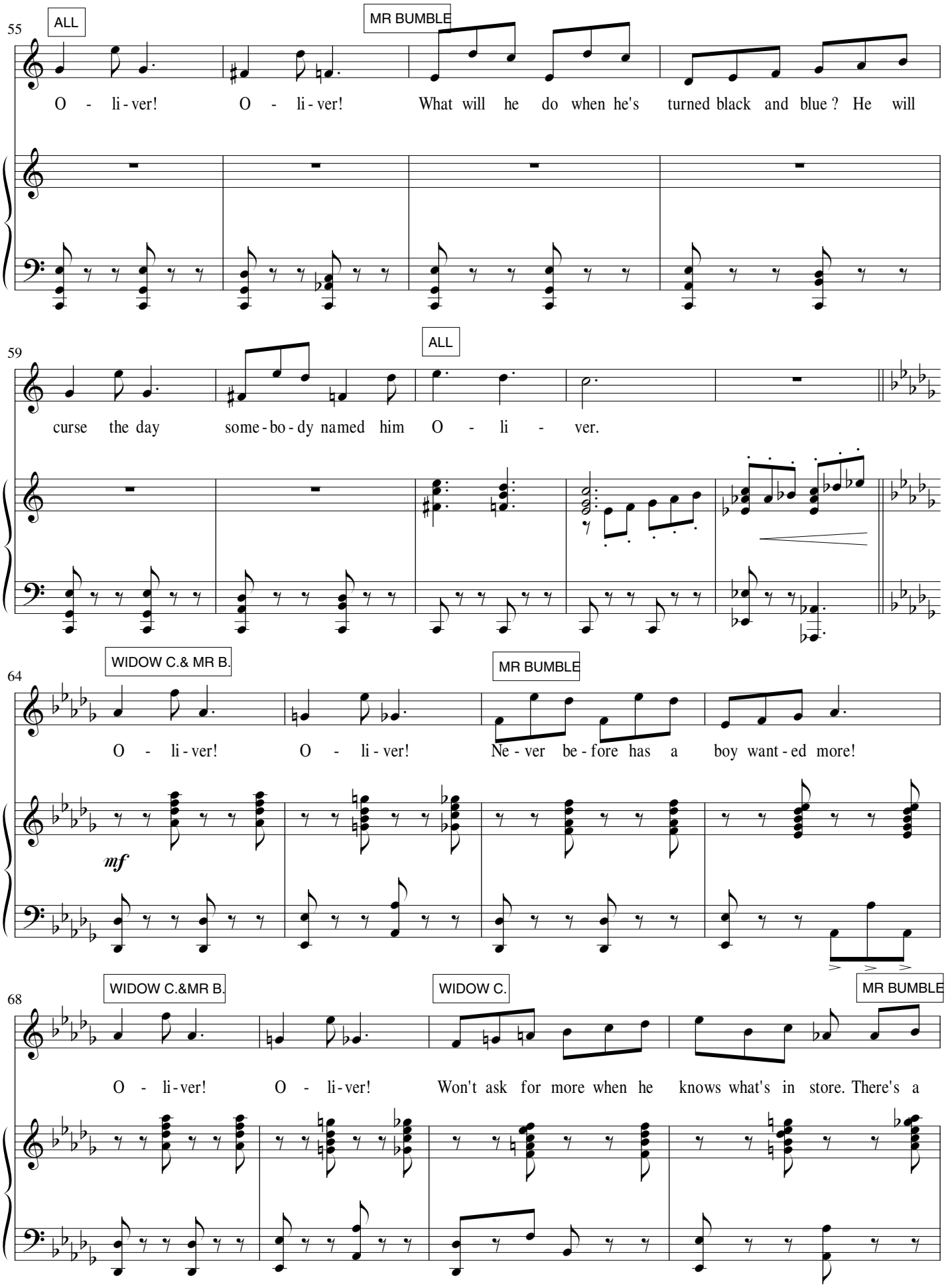
47

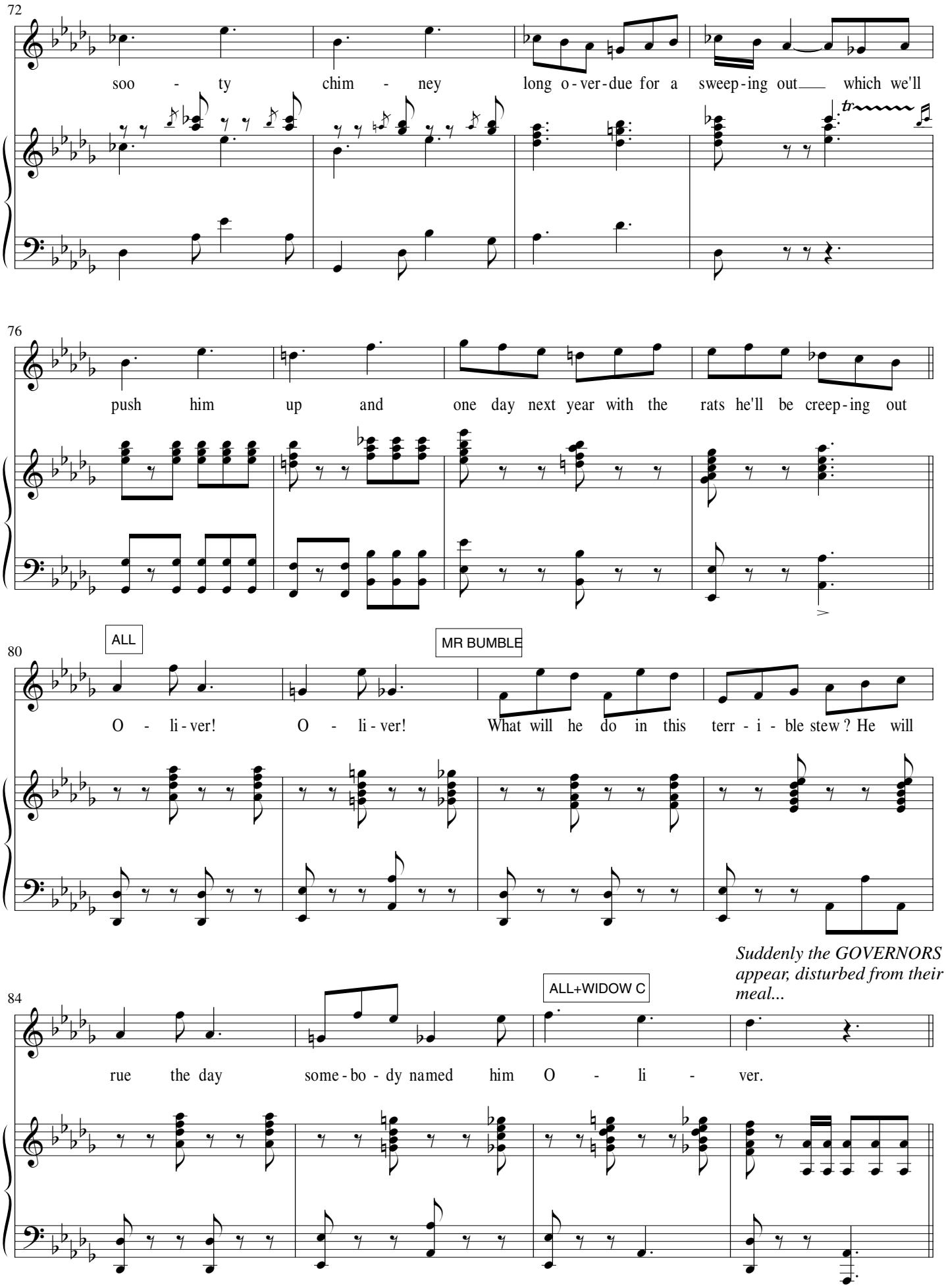
dark thin wind - ing stair - way with - out an - y ban - i - ster Which we'll

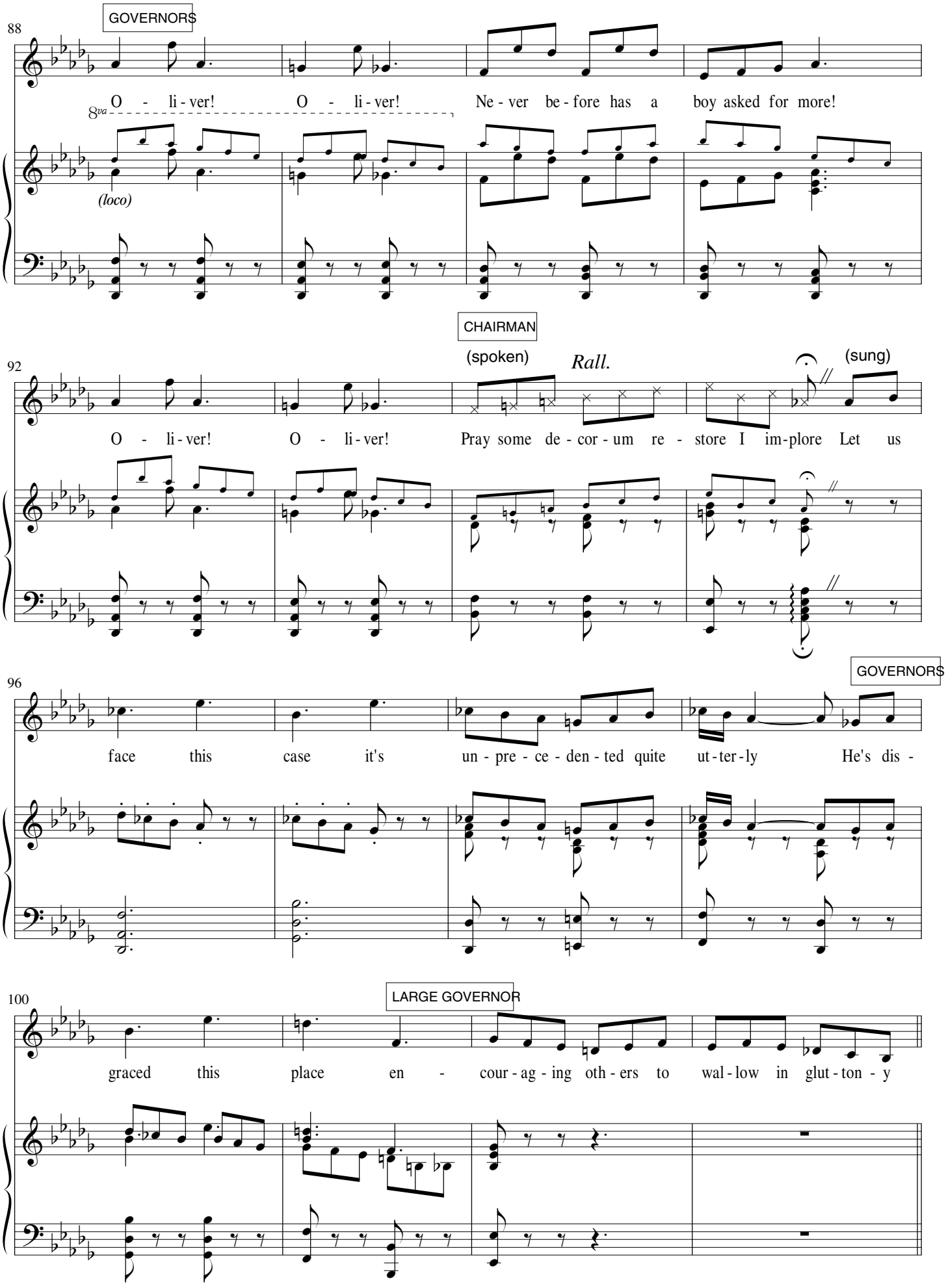
p < *f* *p* < *f*

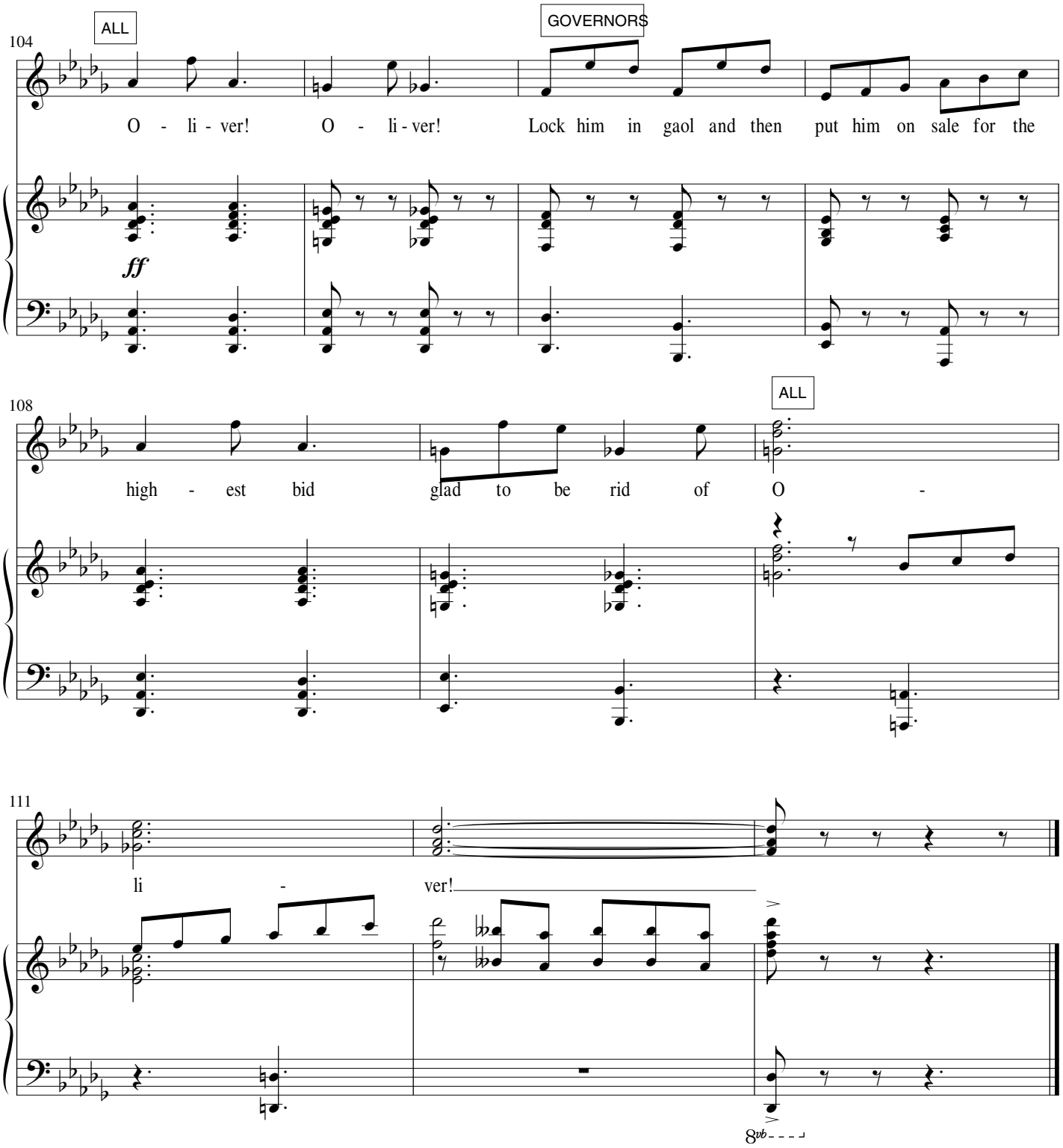
51

throw him down and feed him on cock - roach - es served in a can - i - ster.


55
ALL
MR BUMBLE
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! What will he do when he's turned black and blue ? He will
59
ALL
curse the day some - bo - dy named him O - li - ver.
64
WIDOW C.& MR B.
MR BUMBLE
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a boy want - ed more!
mf
68
WIDOW C.&MR B.
WIDOW C.
MR BUMBLE
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a


72
soo - ty chim - ney long o - ver - due for a sweep - ing out which we'll
76
push him up and one day next year with the rats he'll be creep - ing out
ALL
MR BUMBLE
80
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! What will he do in this terr - i - ble stew? He will
Suddenly the GOVERNORS appear, disturbed from their meal...
ALL+WIDOW C
84
rue the day some - bo - dy named him O - li - ver.


GOVERNORS
88
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a boy asked for more!
8va
(loco)
CHAIRMAN
(spoken)
Rall.
(sung)
92
O - li - ver! O - li - ver! Pray some de - cor - um re - store I im - plore Let us
GOVERNORS
96
face this case it's un - pre - ce - den - ted quite ut - ter - ly He's dis -
LARGE GOVERNOR
100
graced this place en - cour - ag - ing oth - ers to wal - low in glut - ton - y

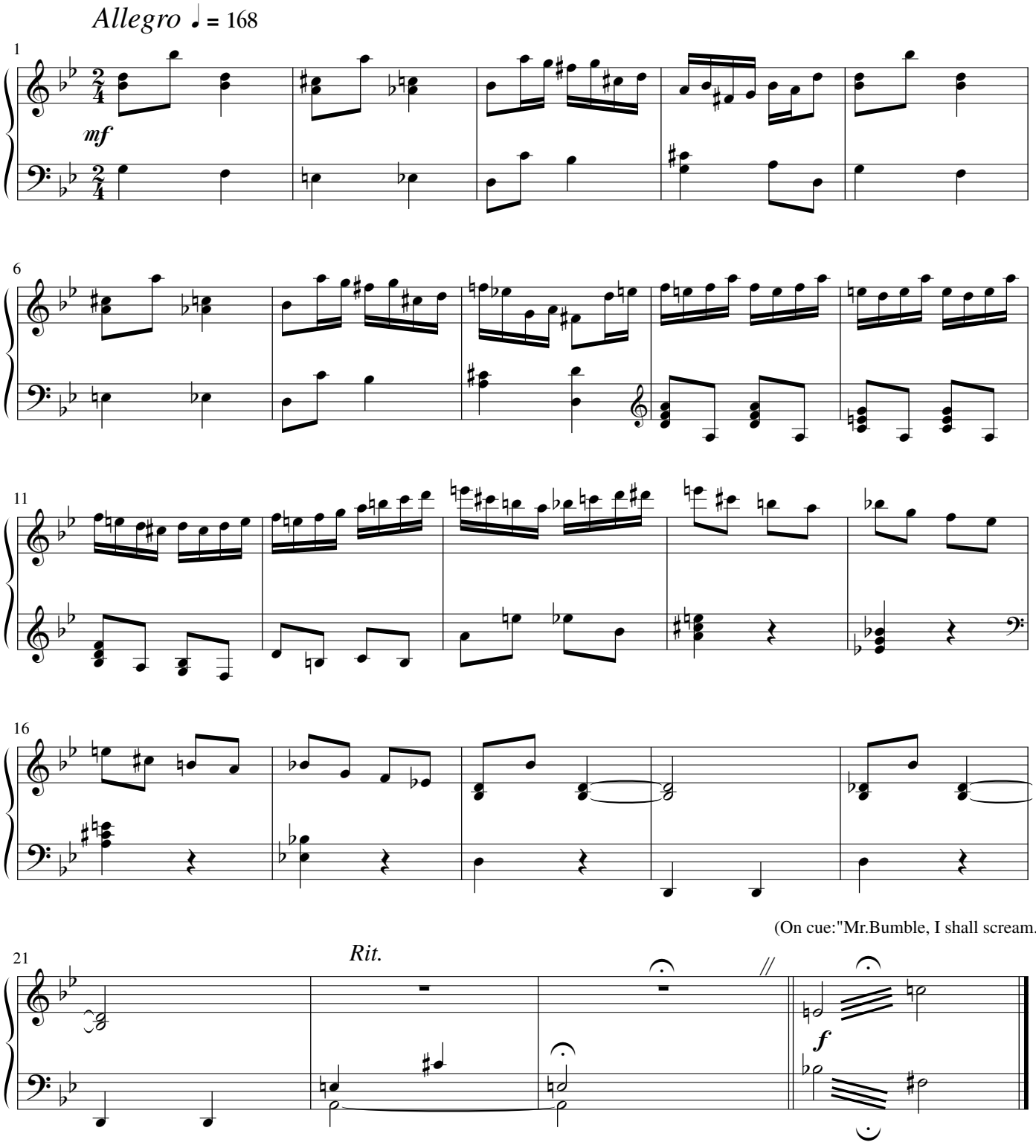


WIDOW CORNEY (*to assistants*): Collect his belongings (and lock 'im up) and bring him back to me when you've done.....To bed - all of you!

SEGUE **Scurry Music**

5. Scurry Music

BOYS ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS. BUMBLE and WIDOW CORNEY move towards the Widow's Parlour.



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THE WIDOW'S PARLOUR

MR BUMBLE:
Mark my words Mrs Corney. That boy was born to be hung. I've never been so shocked in all my days.

WIDOW CORNEY:
Hush, Mr. B., you've have had quite a turn and I fnace you might enjoy a little drop of something special.

MR BUMBLE:
What is it?

WIDOW CORNEY:
Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house to put into the blessed infants' medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr. B.,

(She whips off the tea cosy to reveal a gin bottle)

It's gin.

MR BUMBLE:
Well, you are a humane woman Mrs Corney. It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs Corney. These paupers in this parish they don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, ant-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon; and still them paupers is not contented.

WIDOW CORNEY:
Of course they're not. When would they be? Sweet, Mr. Bumble?

MR BUMBLE:
Very sweet, indeed, ma'am.

(She drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. He spreads his pocket handkercheig over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket.)

You have a cat ma'am, I see... And kittens too, I declare!

WIDOW CORNEY:
I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr Bumble. They're so happ, so cheerful, so frolicsome, that they are quite companions for me.

MR BUMBLE: (Loadedly)
Very nice animals indeed, ma'am, and so very domestic.

WIDOW CORNEY:
So fond of their home too, that it's really quite a pleasure, I'm sure.

MR BUMBLE:
Mrs Corney, ma'am,

(marking time with a teaspoon)

I mean to say this... that any cat... or kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of it's home... must be an hidiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

WIDOW CORNEY:
Oh Mr Bumble!

MR BUMBLE:
It's no use disguising facts, ma'am. An hidiot! I would drown myself - with pleasure!

WIDOW CORNEY:
Then you're a cruel man. And a very hardhearted man besides.

MR BUMBLE:
Hard hearted, Mrs Corney? Hard? Are you hard hearted Mrs Corney?

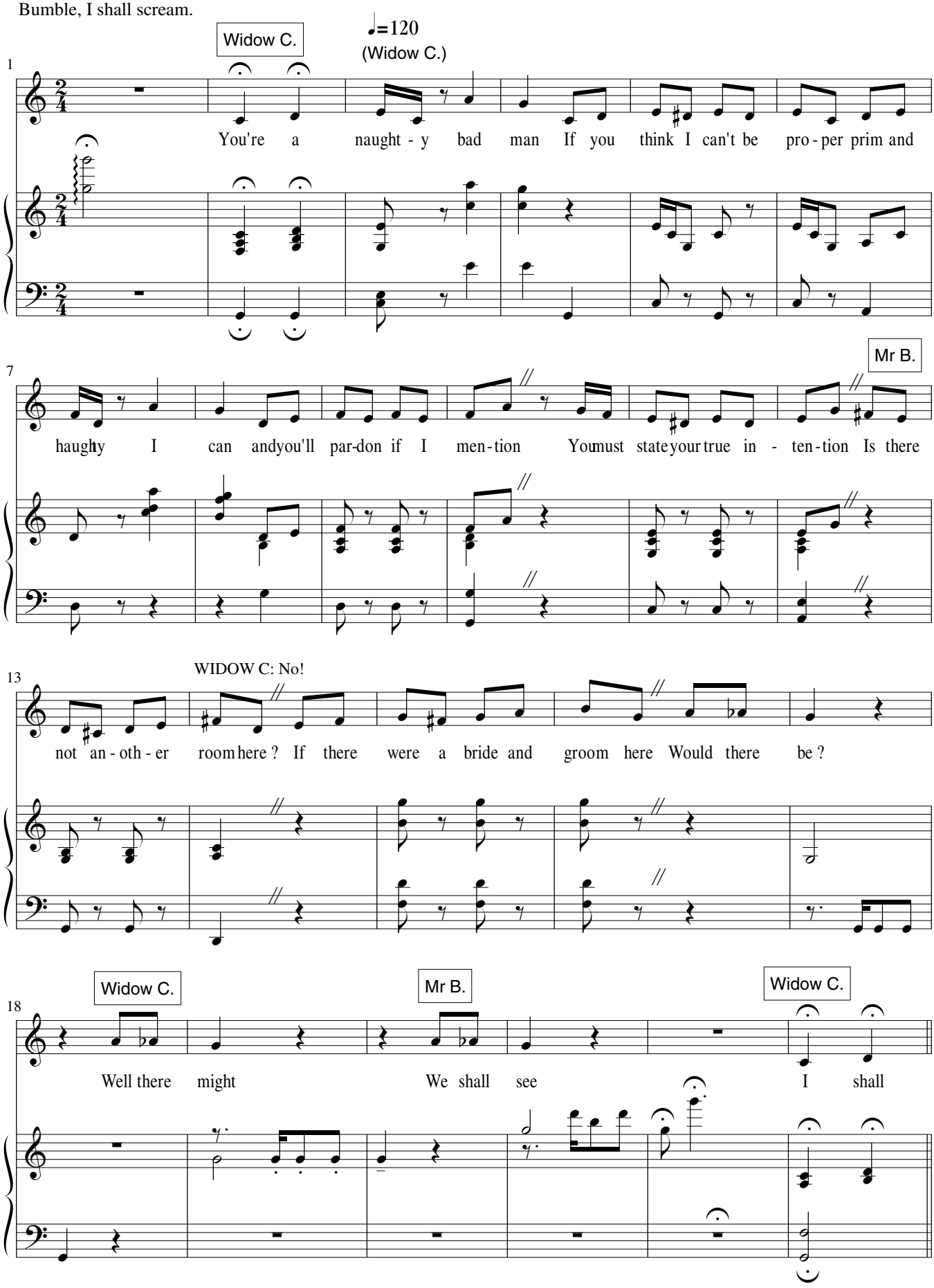
WIDOW CORNEY:
Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr B?

(MR BUMBLE drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses WIDOW CORNEY.)

WIDOW CORNEY:
Oh, Mr Bumble,

6. I Shall Scream

CUE: WIDOW CORNEY: Oh Mr Bumble, I shall scream.



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Deliberately accel.

A Tempo e cresc

♩=135

24

scream I shall scream At the thought of what you're think-ing I shall

Mr B.

Colla voce

30

scream You will won-der where the scream went When we come to an a - gree-ment As my

Widow C.

A Tempo

36

lov-ey dove is chub-by could she love a chub-by hub-by I shall scream, Mis - ter Bum-ble I shall

42

scream Bum - ble Wum-ble I shall scream, scream, scream.

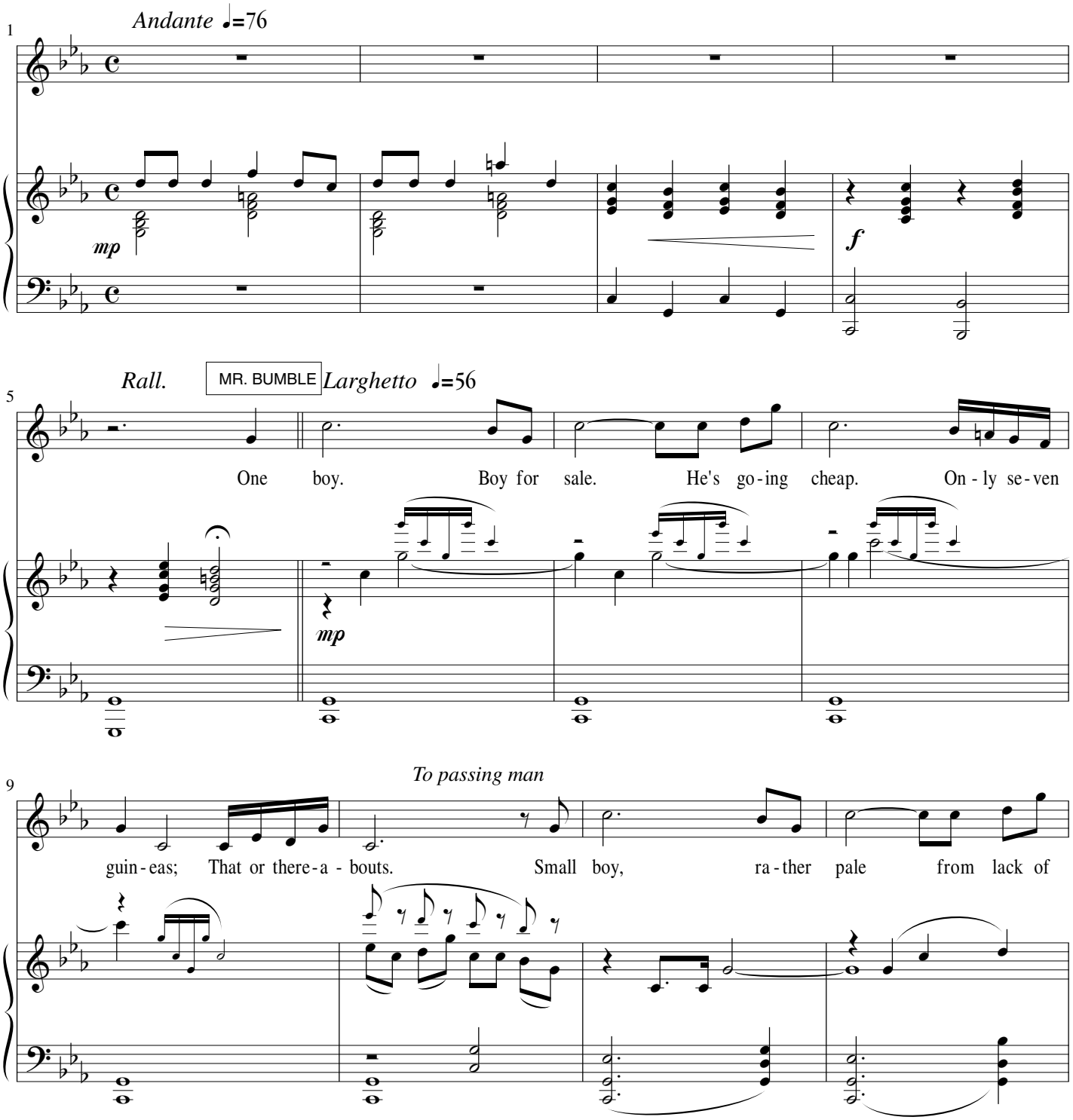
On kiss

ff

SEGUE **Boy For Sale**

7. Boy For Sale

WIDOW CORNEY *(privately):*
Well if you hurry back Mr Bumble you might get a little bit more.
Indicating gin with innuendo.
Oh, and get a good price for him Mr Bumble.
MR BUMBLE leaves her and leads the boy through the streets towards the undertakers - as he sings -



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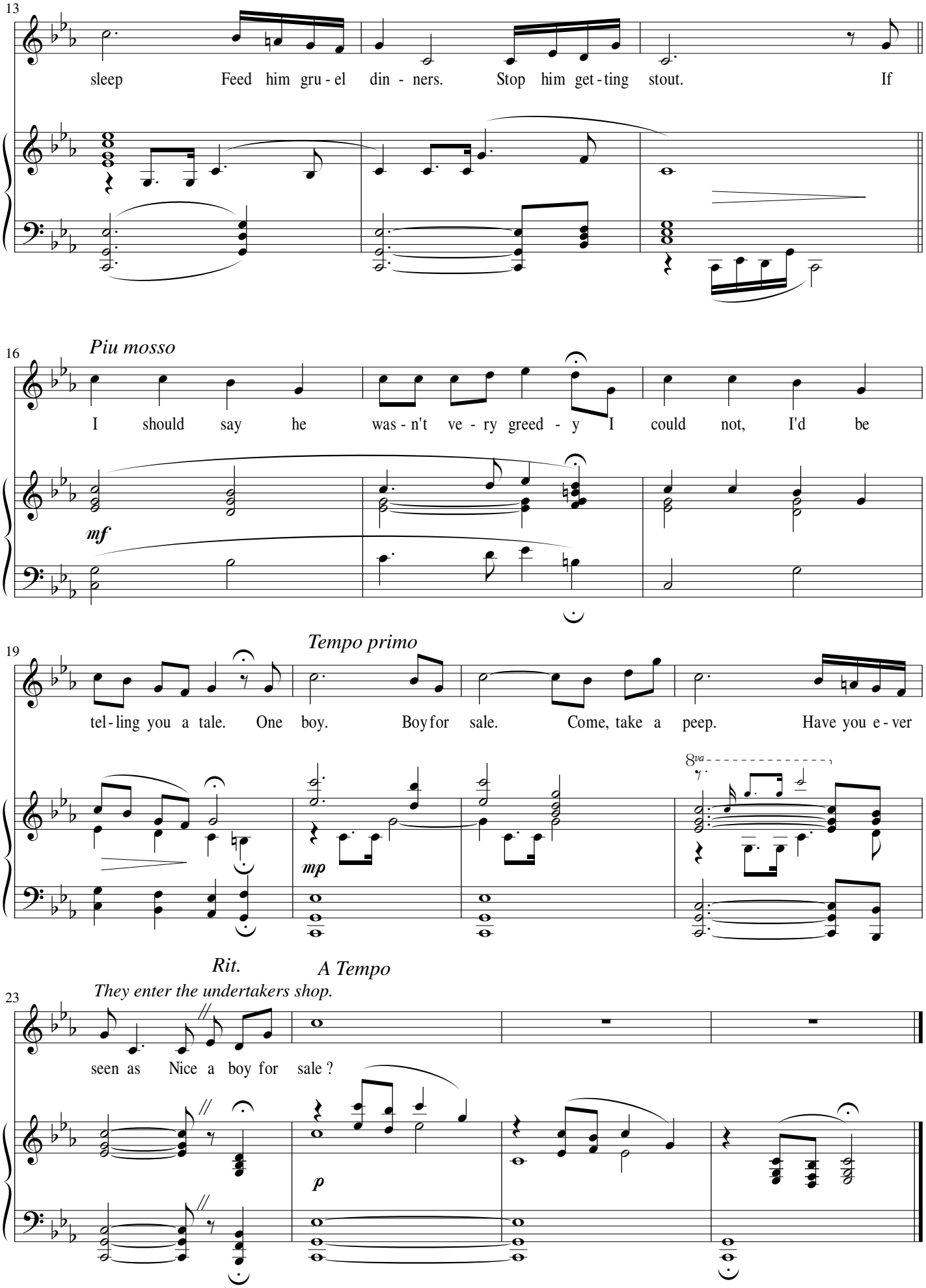
13
sleep Feed him gru - el din - ners. Stop him get - ting stout. If
16
Piu mosso
I should say he was - n't ve - ry greed - y I could not, I'd be
mf
19
Tempo primo
tel - ling you a tale. One boy. Boy for sale. Come, take a peep. Have you e - ver
mp
8va
Rit.
A Tempo
23
They enter the undertakers shop.
seen as Nice a boy for sale ?
p

INSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR

MR SOWERBERRY, a gaunt man, arrited in a suit of black, with darned cotton stockings to match and shows to answer. His features are not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he is in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step is elastic and his face betokens inward pleasantry.

Enter MR BUMBLE with OLIVER.

MR BUMBLE:
Liberal terms, Mr Sowerberry... Liberal terms? Three pounds!

SOWERBERRY:
Well, as a matter of fact, I was needing a boy...

MR BUMBLE:
Good! Then it's settled. One porochial 'prentis. Three pounds please!

SOWERBERRY:
If you don't mind! Cash upon liking, Mr Bumble! Cash upon liking!
He calls out to MRS SOWERBERRY
Mrs Sowerberry!

MRS SOWERBERRY: *(off)*
What is it?

SOWERBERRY:
Will you have the goodness to come here a moment, my beloved?

MR BUMBLE *(to OLIVER)*
Oliver! Stand over there boy, and hold up your head, sir!

MRS SOWERBERRY enters. A thin squeezed woman with a vixenish countenance.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Well! What do you want? What is it? Oh, Mr Bumble!

SOWERBERRY:
My dear, I have told Mr Bumble what we may consider taking in this boy to help in the shop.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Dear me! He's very small.

OLIVER goes onto tip-toe

MR BUMBLE:
Yes, he is rather small - there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs Sowerberry - he'll grow.

MRS SOWERBERRY examines OLIVER doubtfully.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
I dare say he will, on our vittles and our drink. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys. They always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always seem to think you know best.
She gives a short, hysterical laugh.

SOWERBERRY:
I did want to ask your advice, dearest.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
No, no, don't ask mine, ask somebody else's. I am nobody. Don't consult me!
Another hysterical laugh.

SOWERBERRY:
But there's an expression of melancholy on his face, which is very interesting. He would make a delightful coffin-follower.
MRS SOWERBERRY stops
I don't mean a regular coffin-follower to attend grown-ups, but only for the children's practice. It would be very novel to have a follower in proportion, my sweet.

The all eye OLIVER speculatively.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Yes, it's a possibility. Very well then, boy - what's your name?

OLIVER:
Oliver - Oliver Twist, ma'am.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
A singular name.

MR BUMBLE:
Aye, ma'am, and one of my own choosing.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Yours, Mr Bumble?

MR BUMBLE:
Mine, Mrs Sowerberry. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was an S - Swubble I named him. This was a T - Twist I named him.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
An orphan then, Mr Bumble?

MR BUMBLE:
Indeed, Mrs Sowerberry. The child's poor mother came to us destitute... brings the child into the world... takes one look at him, and promptly dies without leaving so much as a forwarding name and address.

MRS SOWERBERRY: *(to OLIVER)*
Well, Oliver Twist, do you think you could look like that gentleman up there?
(points to the sign over the door)

OLIVER:
Maybe. Perhaps if I had a tall hat...

SOWERBERRY: *(lost in imagining great things)*
Never mind about tall hats...

MRS SOWERBERRY: *(interrupting)*
No, the boy is quite right. These things must be done proper and correct. Get the boy a tall hat. Stand underneath the picture, boy.

OLIVER moves over to the picture. SOWERBERRY puts the top hat on OLIVER'S head.

SOWERBERRY:
Delightful.

MR BUMBLE: *(enthusiastically)*
Very becoming.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Yes... yes. For once Henry, you might have had a decent idea. Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

OLIVER:
Yes, ma'am, I think so.

As the SOWERBERRYS sing this song, a ghostly funeral processes past the outside of the shop and off into the distance. It is what SOWERBERRY is describing, and it is in OLIVER'S imagination. So, of the people on stage, only he sees it.

8. That's Your Funeral

CUE: OLIVER: Yes ma'am
I think so.

SOWERBERRY

♩=80

1

He's a born un-der-ta-kers mute. I can see him in his black silk suit.

(Gong)

mf

6

Rall.

Fol-low-ing be-hind the fu-ner-al pro-ces-sion With his fea-tures fixed in a suit-a-ble ex-pres-sion. There'll be

10

hor - ses with tall black plumes To es - cort us to the fam - 'ly tombs, With

14

Rall.

(cough)

mour - ners in all cor - ners who've been taught to weep in tune.

ff

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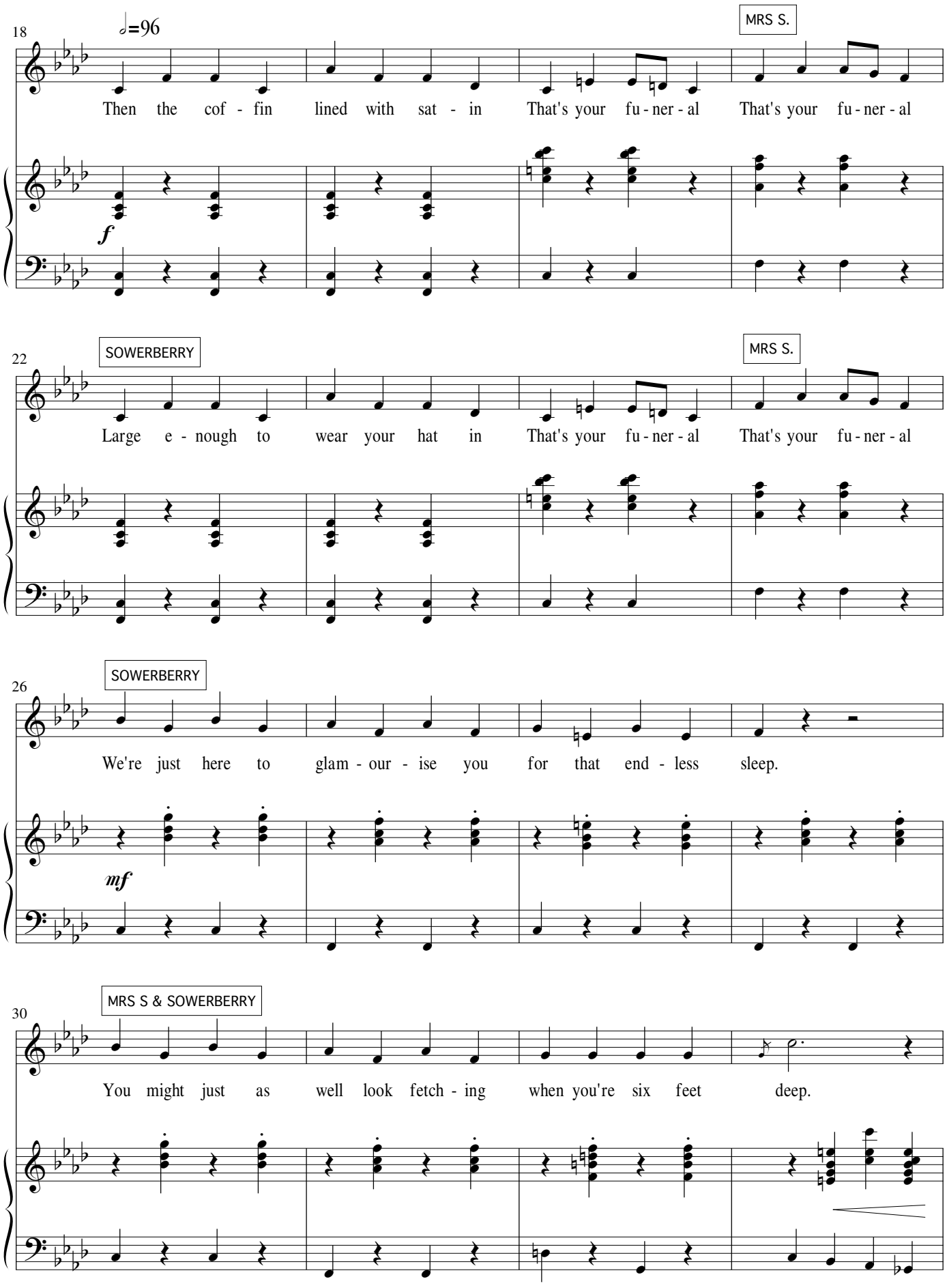
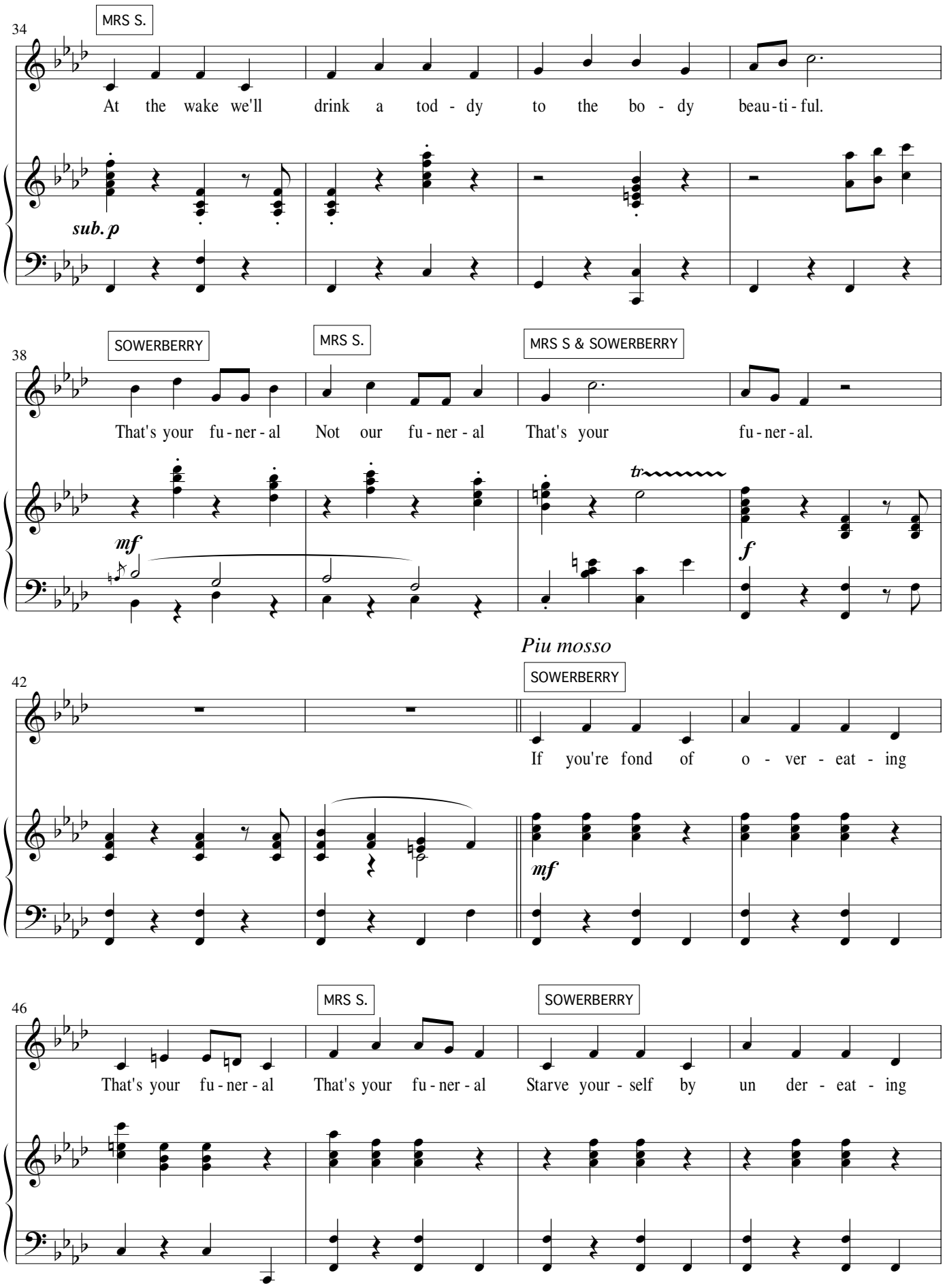
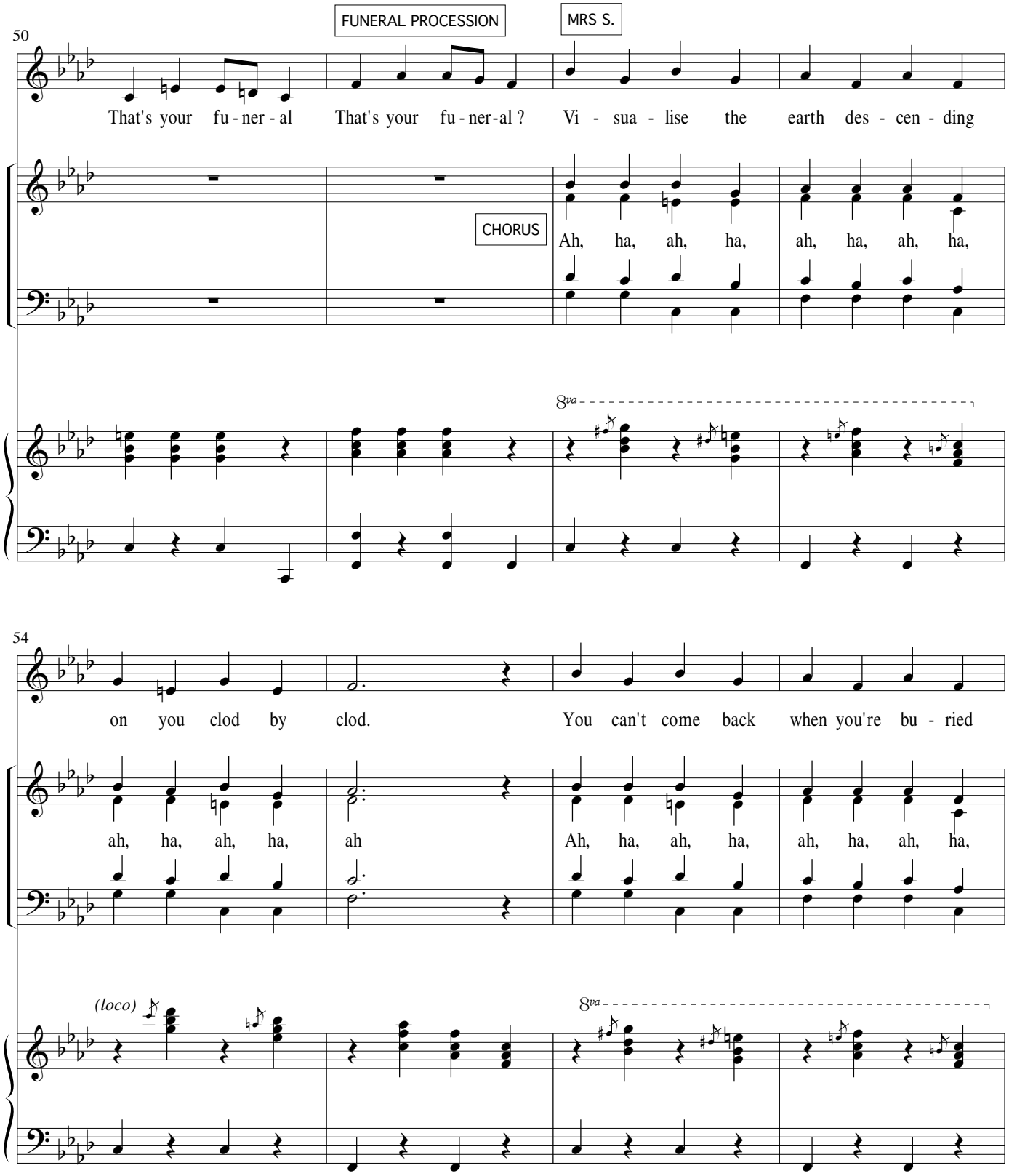

18
♩=96
MRS S.
Then the cof - fin lined with sat - in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al
f
22
SOWERBERRY
MRS S.
Large e - nough to wear your hat in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al
26
SOWERBERRY
We're just here to glam - our - ise you for that end - less sleep.
mf
30
MRS S & SOWERBERRY
You might just as well look fetch - ing when you're six feet deep.


34
MRS S.
At the wake we'll drink a tod - dy to the bo - dy beau-ti-ful.
sub. p
38
SOWERBERRY
MRS S.
MRS S & SOWERBERRY
That's your fu-ner-al Not our fu-ner-al That's your fu-ner-al.
mf
tr
f
Piu mosso
42
SOWERBERRY
If you're fond of o - ver - eat - ing
mf
46
MRS S.
SOWERBERRY
That's your fu-ner-al That's your fu-ner-al Starve your - self by un der - eat - ing


FUNERAL PROCESSION
MRS S.
50
That's your fu - ner - al
That's your fu - ner-al ?
Vi - sua - lise the earth des - cen - ding
CHORUS
Ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha,
8va
54
on you clod by clod.
You can't come back when you're bu - ried
ah, ha, ah, ha, ah
Ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha,
(loco)
8va

58

MRS S & SOWERBERRY

un - der - neath the sod. We will not re - duce our pri - ces

ah, ha, ah, ha, ah

(loco)

f *mf*

62

SOWERBERRY MRS S.

keep your vi - ces u - su - al That's your fu - ner - al Not our fu - ner - al

CHORUS u - su - al

66

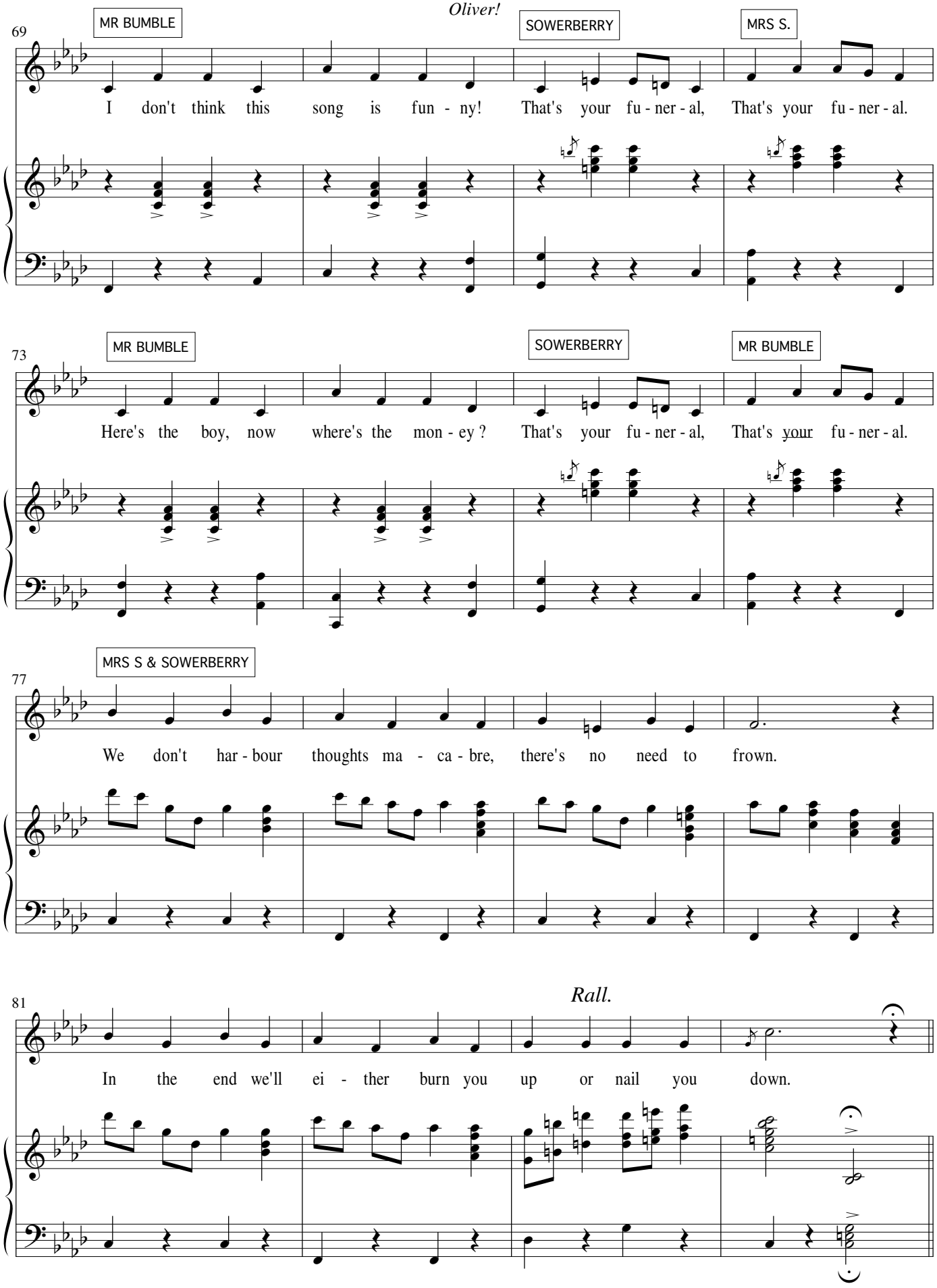
SOWERBERRY

That's your fu - ner - al

MR BUMBLE turns to go but is stopped by MR and MRS SOWERBERRY.

tr

f


Oliver!
69
MR BUMBLE
SOWERBERRY
MRS S.
I don't think this song is fun - ny! That's your fu - ner - al, That's your fu - ner - al.
73
MR BUMBLE
SOWERBERRY
MR BUMBLE
Here's the boy, now where's the mon - ey ? That's your fu - ner - al, That's your fu - ner - al.
77
MRS S & SOWERBERRY
We don't har - bour thoughts ma - ca - bre, there's no need to frown.
81
Rall.
In the end we'll ei - ther burn you up or nail you down.

A tempo

85

MRS S & SOWERBERRY

We love coughs and wheez - es and di - sea - ses called in - cu - ra - ble.

CHORUS

Ah (etc. sim) in - cu - ra - ble

Ah (etc. sim) in - cu - ra - ble

Ah (etc. sim) in - cu - ra - ble

Ah (etc. sim) in - cu - ra - ble

89

MR S. That's your fu - ner - al

MRS S. No - one el - se's fu - ner - al

MR S. That's your

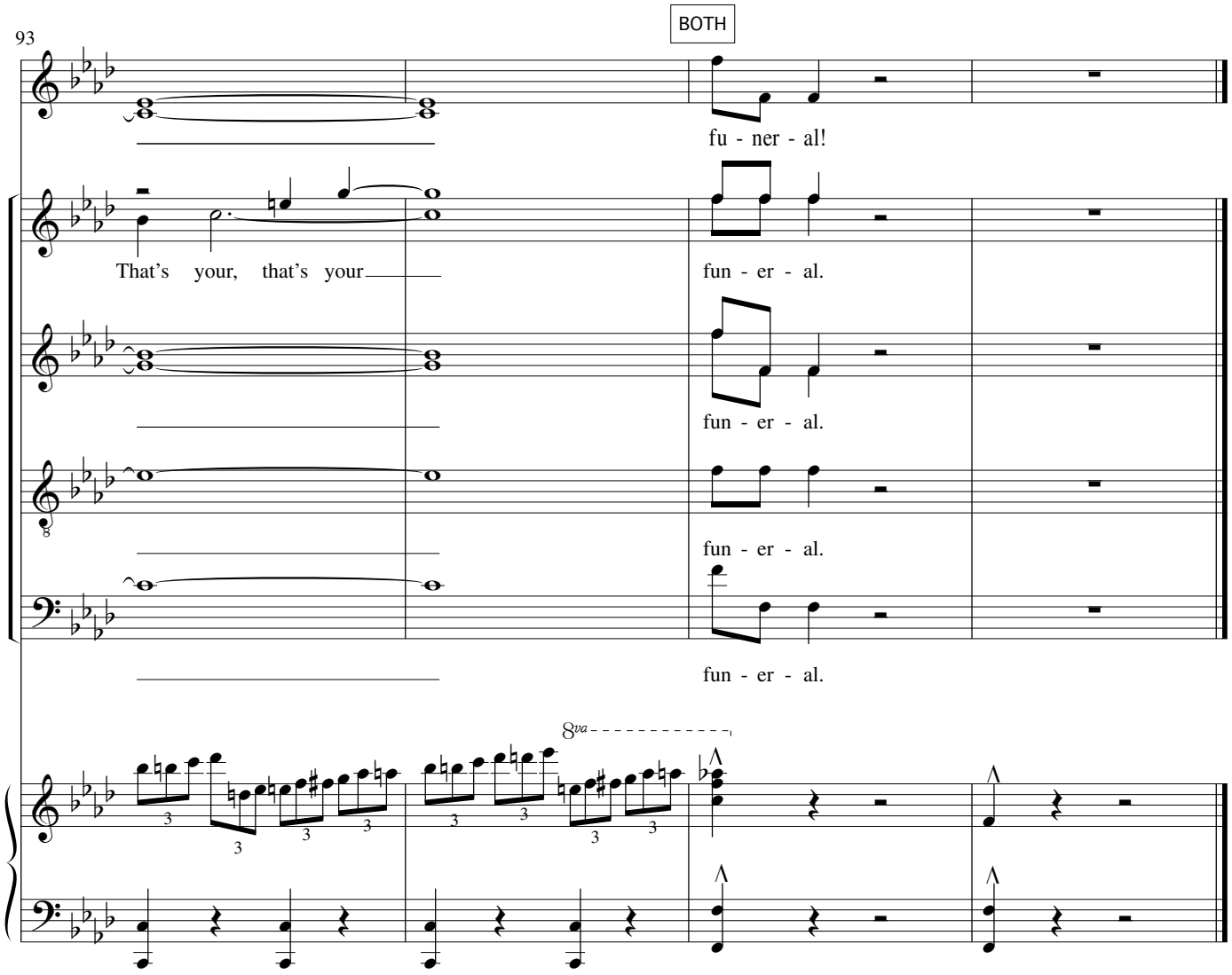
MRS S. That's your

Ah (etc. sim)

Ah (etc. sim) That's your, that's your

Ah (etc. sim) That's your

Ah (etc. sim) That's your


93
BOTH
fu - ner - al!
That's your, that's your
fun - er - al.
fun - er - al.
fun - er - al.
fun - er - al.
8va

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Very well then, that's your job. Junior coffin follower... have you eaten yet?

OLIVER:
No, ma'am, not since...

MRS SOWERBERRY: (*shouting)*
Charlotte! Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE: *(off)*
What?

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Bring up some of them cold bits we put out for the dog. It hasn't been in all day, so it can go without 'em. I daresay the boy isn't too dainty to eat 'em - are you boy? Charlotte, this is the new boy... give them to him.

CHARLOTTE:
That's all there is!

CHARLOTTE enters with a plate of scraps. OLIVER devours the meagre meat on the bones as the SOWERBERRY family looks on in silent horror. OLIVER soon polishes off what is there, and after a pause...

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Charlotte, don't just stand there! Pull down the blinds. Henry, get to bed!

SOWERBERRY:
A superb effect the more I think about it. A follower in proportion.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Have you done?

OLIVER:
Yes ma'am.

MR SOWERBERRY and CHARLOTTE exit.

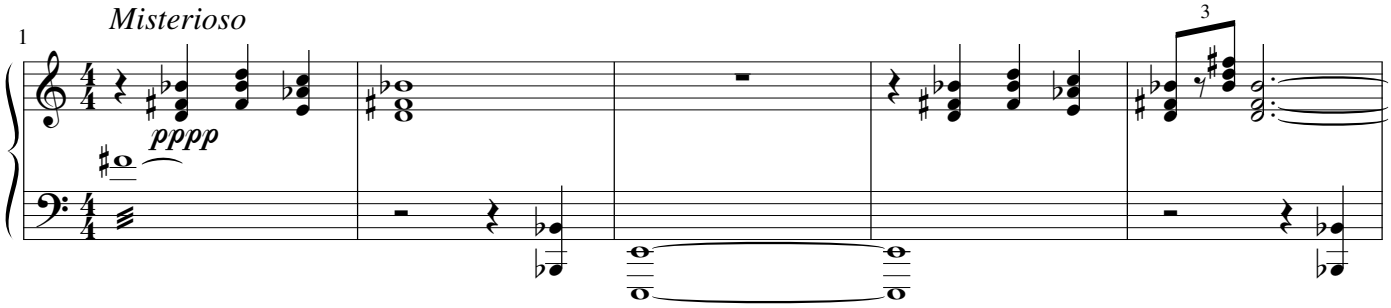
MRS SOWERBERRY:
Good I'm glad to hear it, the dog's got to 'ave it next!

9. Coffin Music

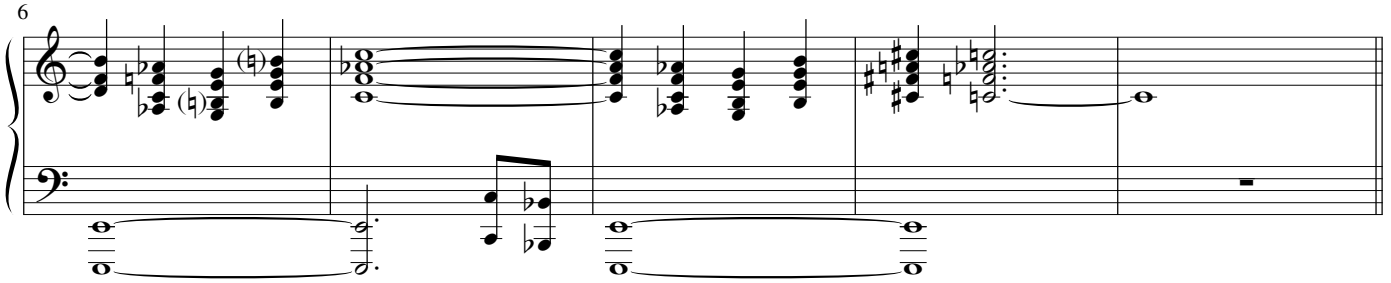
MRS SOWERBERRY: Now then, Oliver Twist, your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep nowhere else!

She takes the lamp and shuts him in the shop.

START MUSIC AS DOOR CLOSES



OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.



SLOW SEGUE AS ONE
INTO **Where Is Love**

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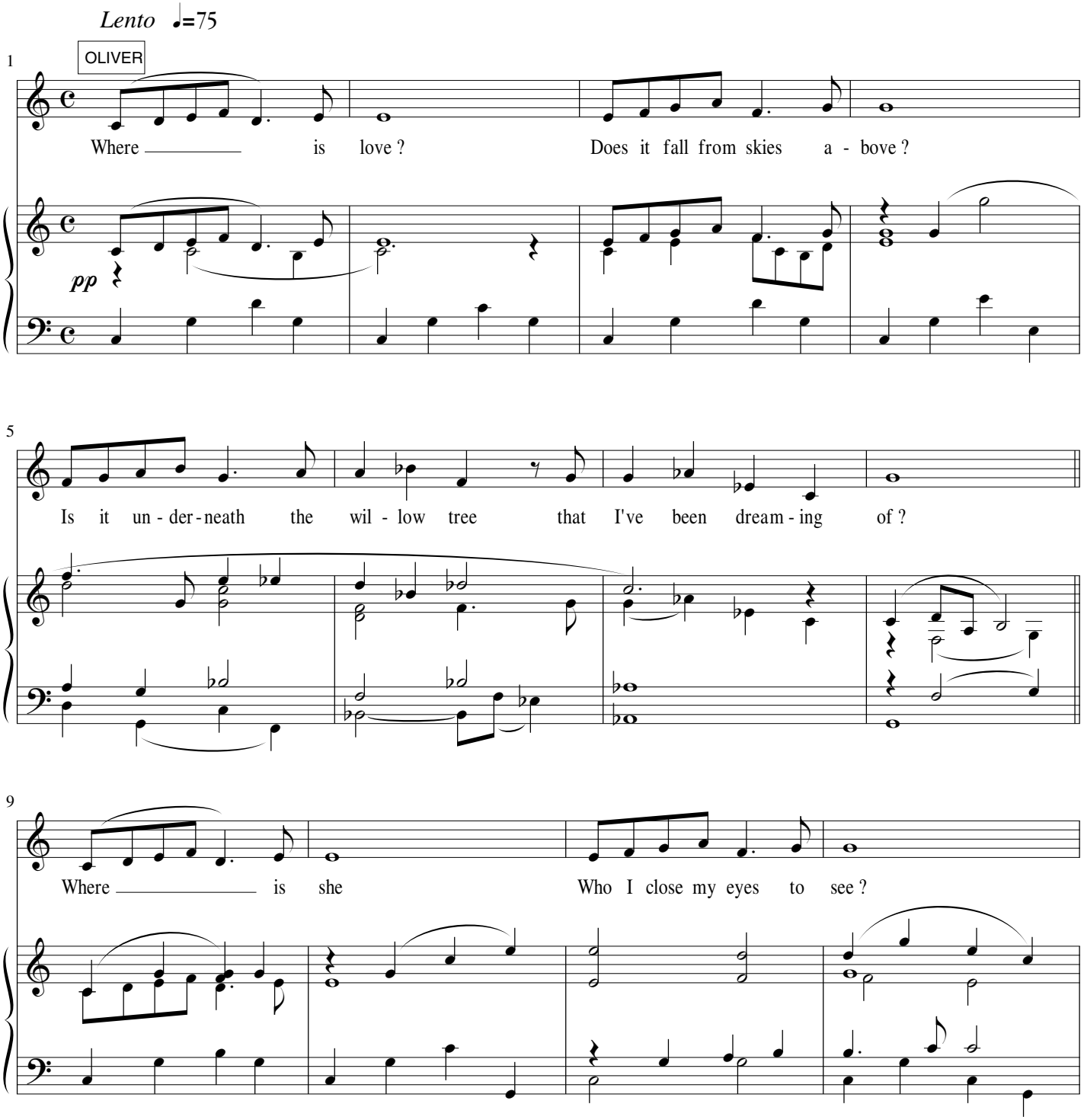
10. Where Is Love?



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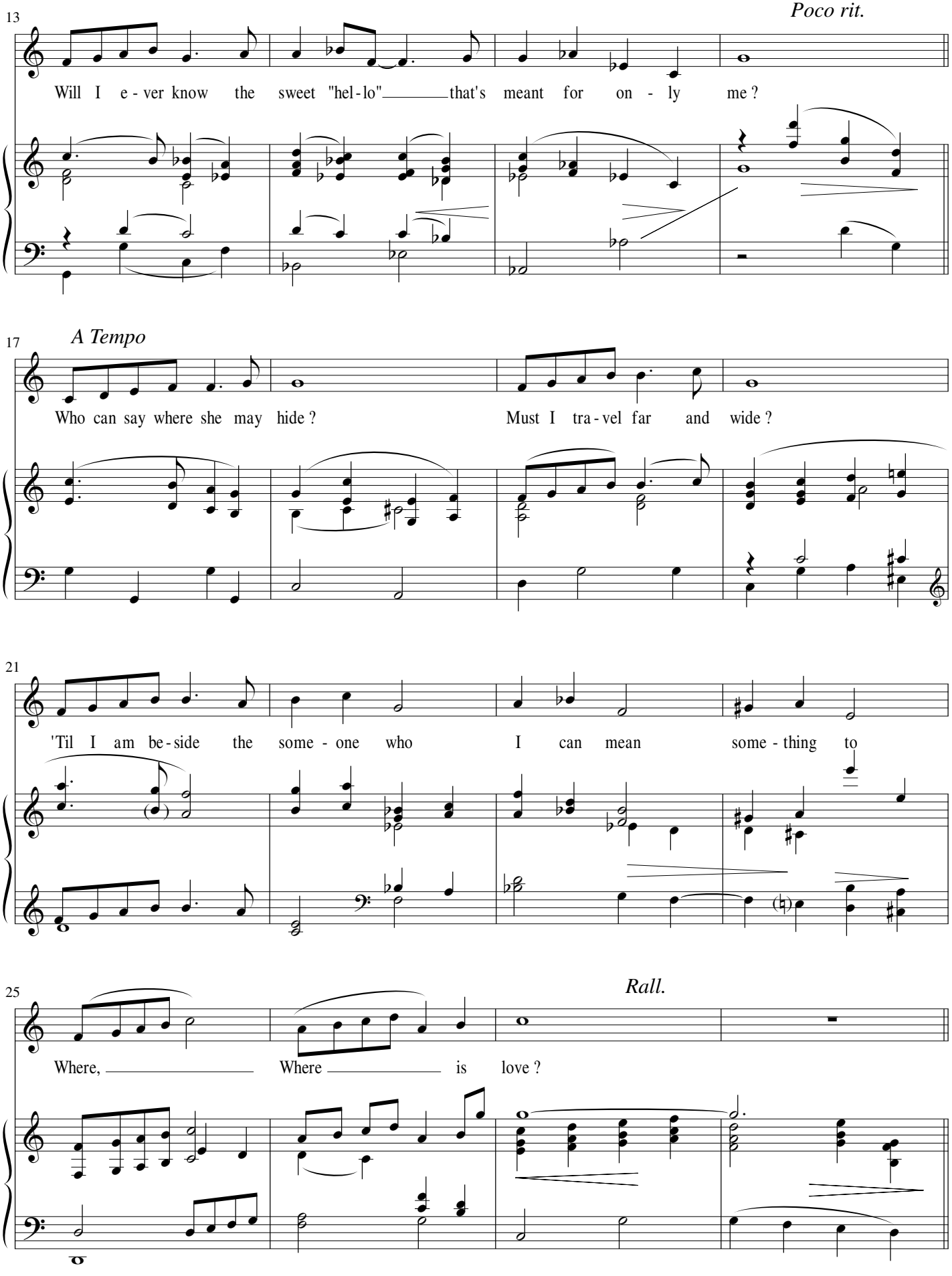
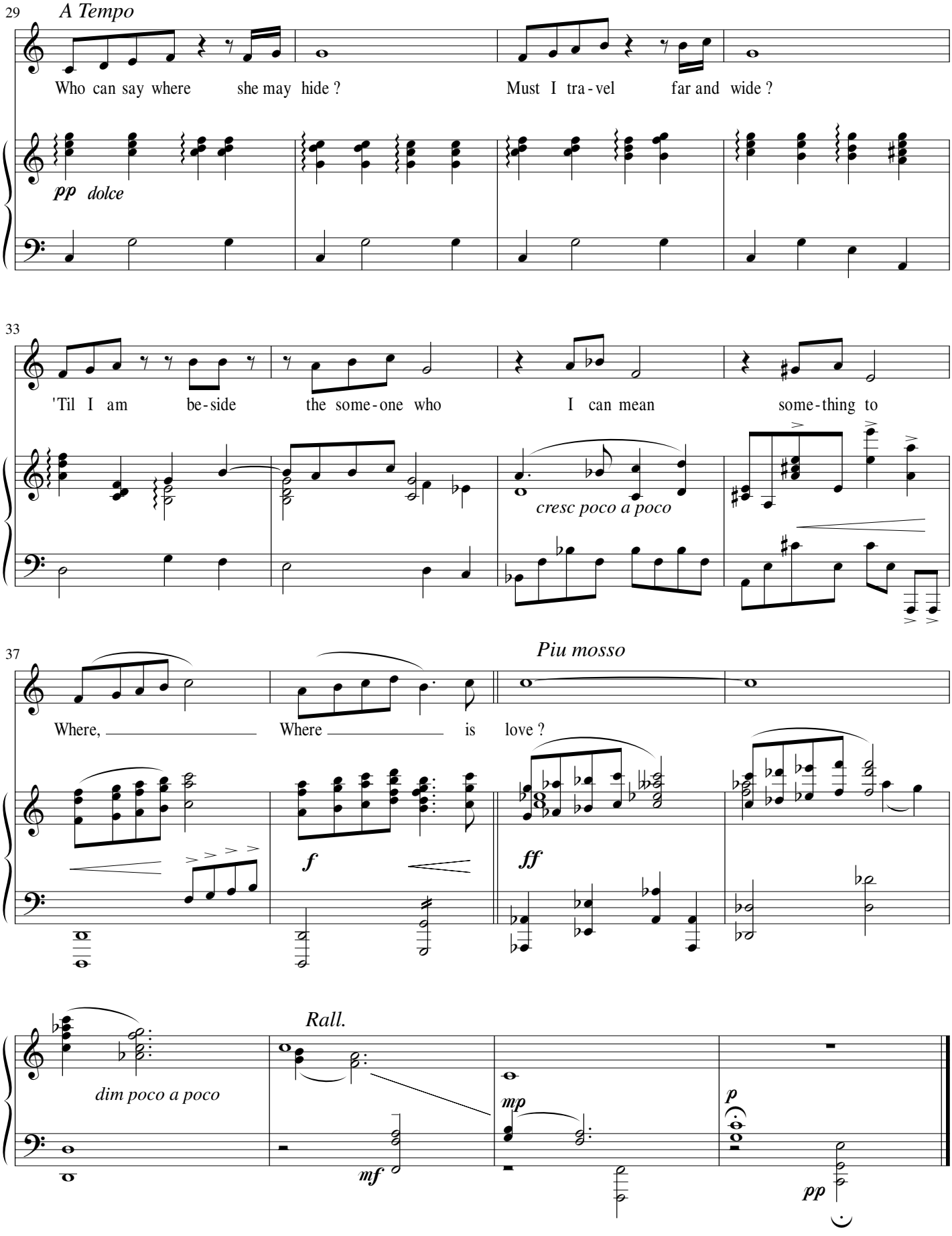

13
Poco rit.
Will I e - ver know the sweet "hel - lo" that's meant for on - ly me ?
17
A Tempo
Who can say where she may hide ?
Must I tra - vel far and wide ?
21
'Til I am be - side the some - one who
I can mean some - thing to
25
Rall.
Where,
Where
is love ?


29
A Tempo
Who can say where she may hide ?
Must I tra - vel far and wide ?
pp dolce
33
'Til I am be - side the some - one who
I can mean some - thing to
cresc poco a poco
37
Piu mosso
Where, Where is love ?
f
ff
Rall.
dim poco a poco
mf
mp
p
pp

11. Next Morning

Inside the Undertaker's next morning.

There is loud kicking on the outside of the shop door. OLIVER steps from behind the counter and begins to undo door chain. The kicking desists and a voice begins. . .

NOAH *(off):* Charlotte, open the door, will yer? Charlotte! Open the door.

OLIVER *(undoing the chain and turning the key):* I will directly sir.

NOAH *(through the keyhole):* Are you the new boy?

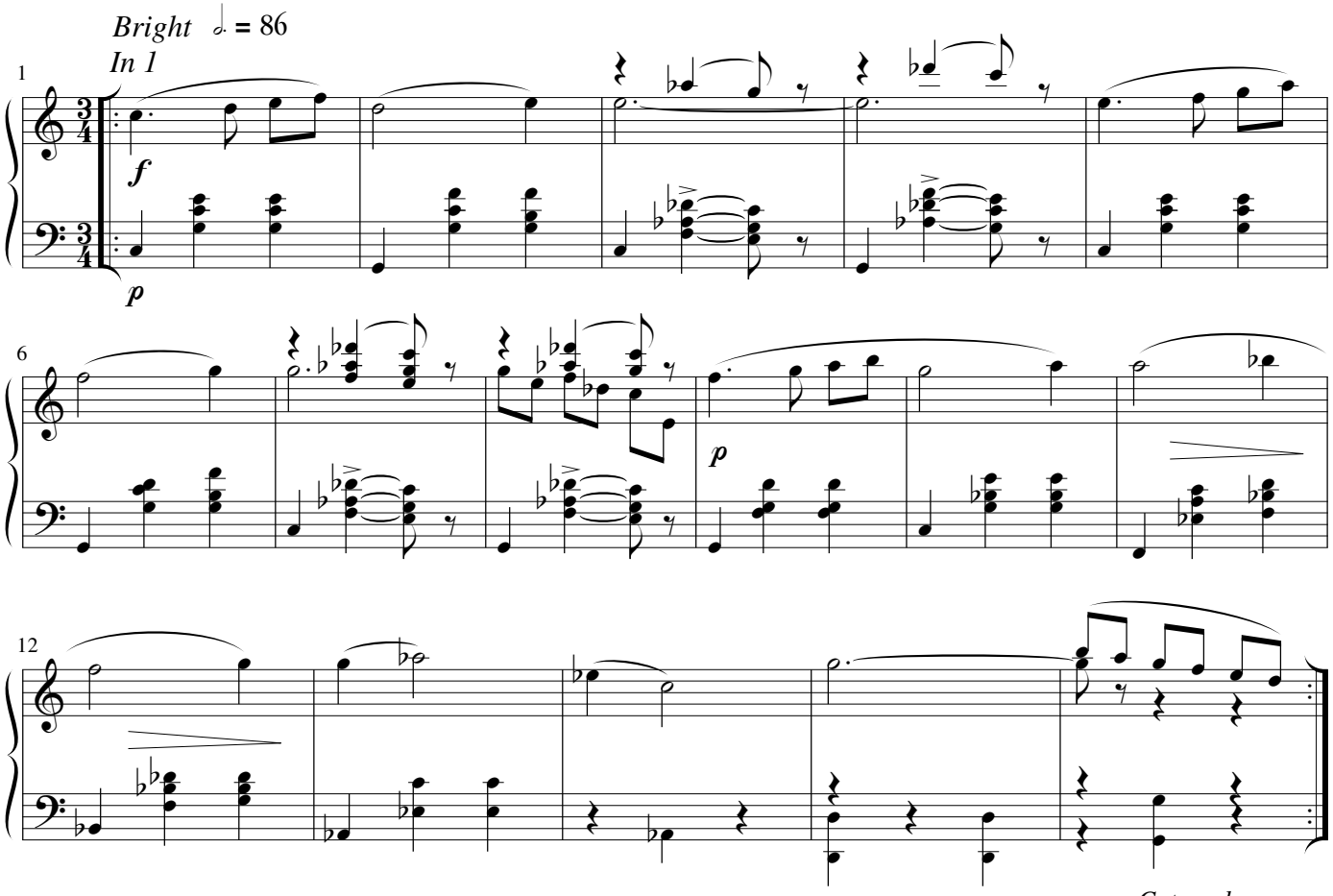
OLIVER: Yes sir.

NOAH *(still outside):* How old are yer?

OLIVER: Thirteen, sir.

NOAH: Then I'll whop you one when I get in, you just see if I don't you little work'us brat!

NOAH begins whistling. OLIVER draws back the bolts and opens the door. NOAH CLAYPOLE is framed in the doorway.



Cut on door open

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OLIVER:
Did you knock sir?

NOAH: *(between mouthfulls)*
I kicked.

OLIVER:
Did you want a coffin, sir?

NOAH:
No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your superiors.

(he enters majestically)

You don't know who I am, I suppose, Work'us?

OLIVER:
No, sir, I can't say as I do.

NOAH: *(punctuating)*
I'm Mis-ter - No-ah - Clay-pole - and - you're - under - me! So open up the blind, you idle your scallywag.

NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER begins tkaing down the shutters, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food. All the time she is ogling NOAH lasciviously.

CHARLOTTE:
Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr Noah and then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

NOAH and CHARLOTTE are groping each other surrptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. They all begin eating.

NOAH:
D'you hear? Work'us?

CHARLOTTE:
Here's ya bacon, Noah.

NOAH:
Nice and greasy just how I like it.

She feeds him.

NOAH:
What are you staring at work'us?

CHARLOTTE:
Lor, Noah, let the boy alone.

NOAH:
Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing!
Ev'ryone's left him alone. His father left hims alone - his mother left him alone - they all left him alone - except dear old, kind old Noah.

NOAH gropes CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE:
I better go. Something's burning.

CHARLOTTE exits.

NOAH: *(addressing OLIVER - conversationally)*
Work'us... How's your mother?

OLIVER:
You leave my mother out of it - she's dead.

NOAH:
What did she die of, work'us? Shortage of breath?

OLIVER: *(tearfully)*
She's just dead! She died of a broken heart.

NOAH:
Well tol-de-rol-lol-lol-right-fol-lairy, Work'us. What's set you a snivelling now?

OLIVER:
You'd better not say anything more see!

NOAH:
Better not say anythying more see! The cheek of it - the workhouse cheek of it! My mother, 'e says. She was a nice 'un, she was!

NOAH curls his nose up in disgust

Yer know, Work'us, it can't be helped now, and of course, yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yet very much. But yer must know work'us, your mother was a regular right down bad'un.

OLIVER:
What did you say?

NOAH:
A regular, right down bad 'un. And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported, or hung from a gibbet as like as not!

A fight ensues during which, and over the music (12. The Fight) the following lines are shouted.

NOAH:
Help, Charlotte, Missus... this 'ere new boy's a murderin' me... Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE enters followed by MRS SOWERBERRY

CHARLOTTE:
Oh, you ungrateful, murderous little villian!

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Quick, put him in 'ere... Get the lid on quick, Noah, run and get help... Charlotte, water quick.

CHARLOTTE:
Oh my God, she's goin' off.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Oh, Charlotte, we could 'ave all been murdered in our beds... water!

(It's thrown in her face)

Oh! I wanted a drink you stupid girl - Oh, Charlotte, what's to become of us?

NOAH: *(enters breathless)*
I found the beadle!

CHARLOTTE:
Oh! Mister Bumble!

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Oh! Mister Bumble!

MR BUMBLE: *(imperious)*
Where is this owdacious young savage?

ALL:
'E's in there!

(They all point to the coffin. MR BUMBLE goes over and bangs his mace twice on the coffin lid. He raises the mace to bang third time, and OLIVER bangs the coffin lid in reply.

MR. BUMBLE: *(shocked)*
Oliver?

OLIVER:
You let me out!

MR. BUMBLE:
Do you know this here voice, Oliver?

OLIVER:
Yes I do!

MR BUMBLE:
And ain't you afraid of it, Oliver? Ain't you a-tremblin' while I speak, Oliver?

OLIVER:
No I'm not!

MR BUMBLE staggers back and looks at the three by-standers in astonishment.

MRS SOWERBERRY: *(hysterically)*
The boy must be mad. No on ein hald his senses could venture to you like that.

MR BUMBLE:
It's not madness, ma'am.
(he pauses)
It's meat!

MRS SOWERBERRY:
What?:

MRS BUMBLE:
Meat, ma'am, meat. You've overfed him ma'am. You've raised an articficial soul and spirit in the boy unbecoming of his station in life.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Dear, dear! This is what comes of being over generous.

MR BUMBLE:
If you'd kep the boy on gruel ma'am this would never of happened.

MR SOWERBERRY enters from the street. He is still dressed in full mouring clothes. He surveys the scene with solemn dignity. He has been drinking. MRS SOWERBERRY points at the coffin.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Oh, Henry. That boy! Oliver! You've no idea what he's been up to. We had to lock him up!

OLIVER: *(banging lid)*
Help!

MR SOWERBERRY:
Who's in there? That coffin should not ahve been occupied till tomorrow. It's reserved for a very important client.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
You've been drinking

MR BUMBLE opens the coffin and pulls OLIVER out by the scruff of the neck.

MR BUMBLE: *(prodding OLIVER)*
Now, you young scallywag, what's your explanation?

OLIVER: (*pointing at NOAH)*
He called my mother names.

MRS SOWERBERRY:
Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch? She probably deserved what was said, and worse.

OLIVER:
She didn't

MRS SOWERBERRY:
She did!

OLIVER:
It's a lie!

He pushes MRS SOWERBERRY and escapes. During music (13. Oliver's Escape) the following lines are shouted in quick succession lasting but a few bars.

NOAH:
'E's gone.

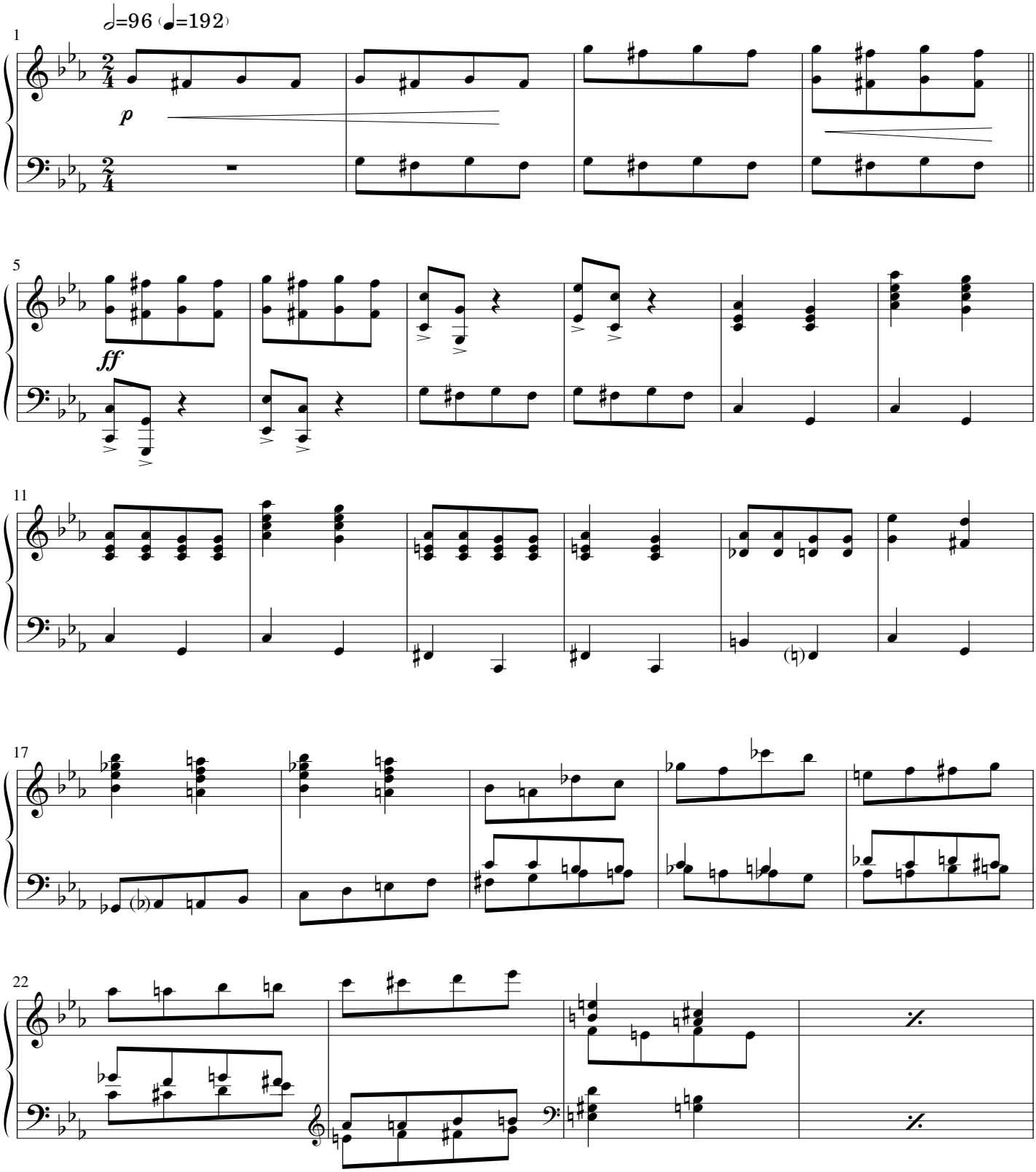
MRS SOWERBERRY:
Who's gone?

CHARLOTTE:
Oliver, 'e's run off.

MR SOWERBERRY:
Three pouns of mine, run off... after him!

12. The Fight

CUE: NOAH: A regular right-down bad ’un. And it’s a good thing she died when she did or she'd have transported...



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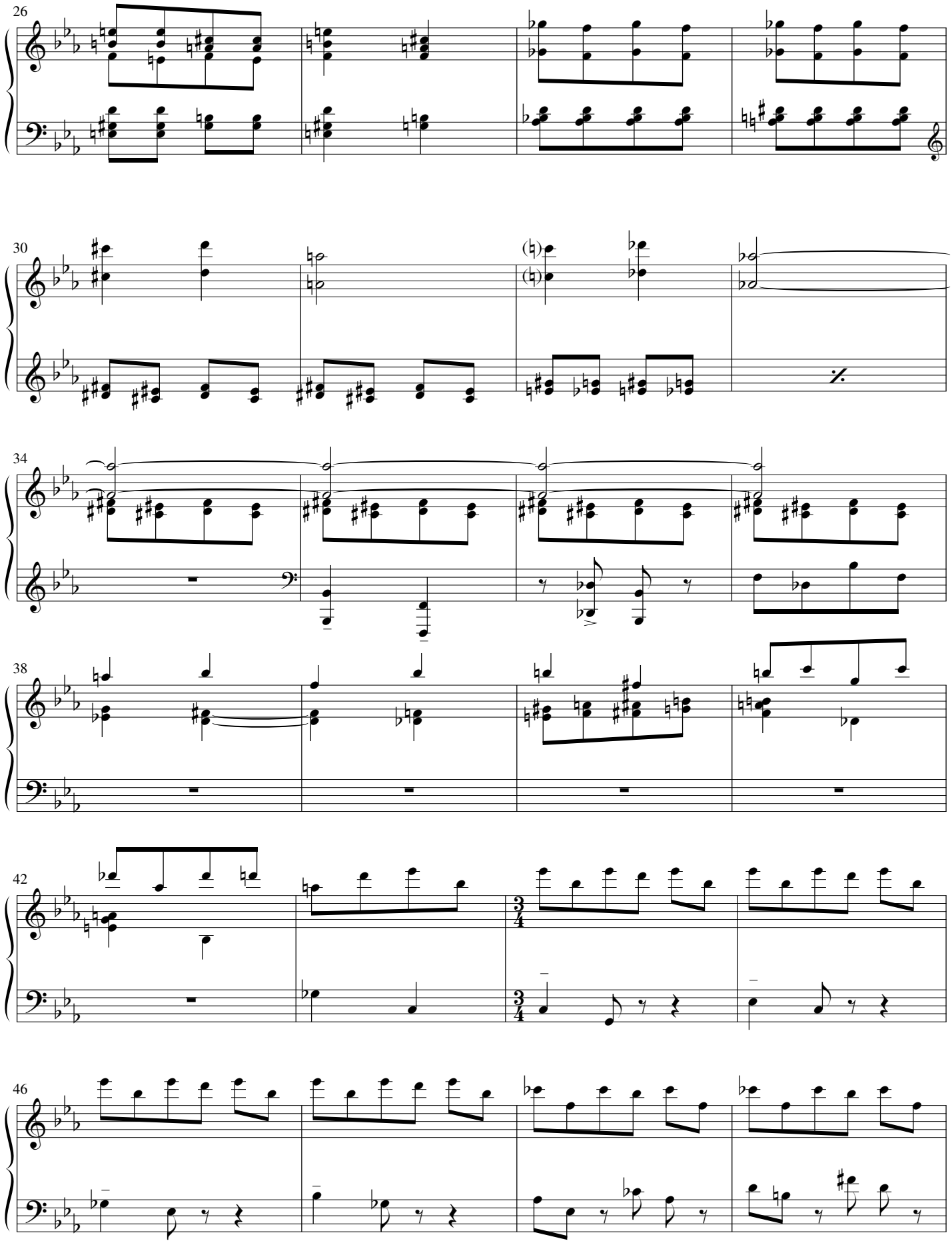
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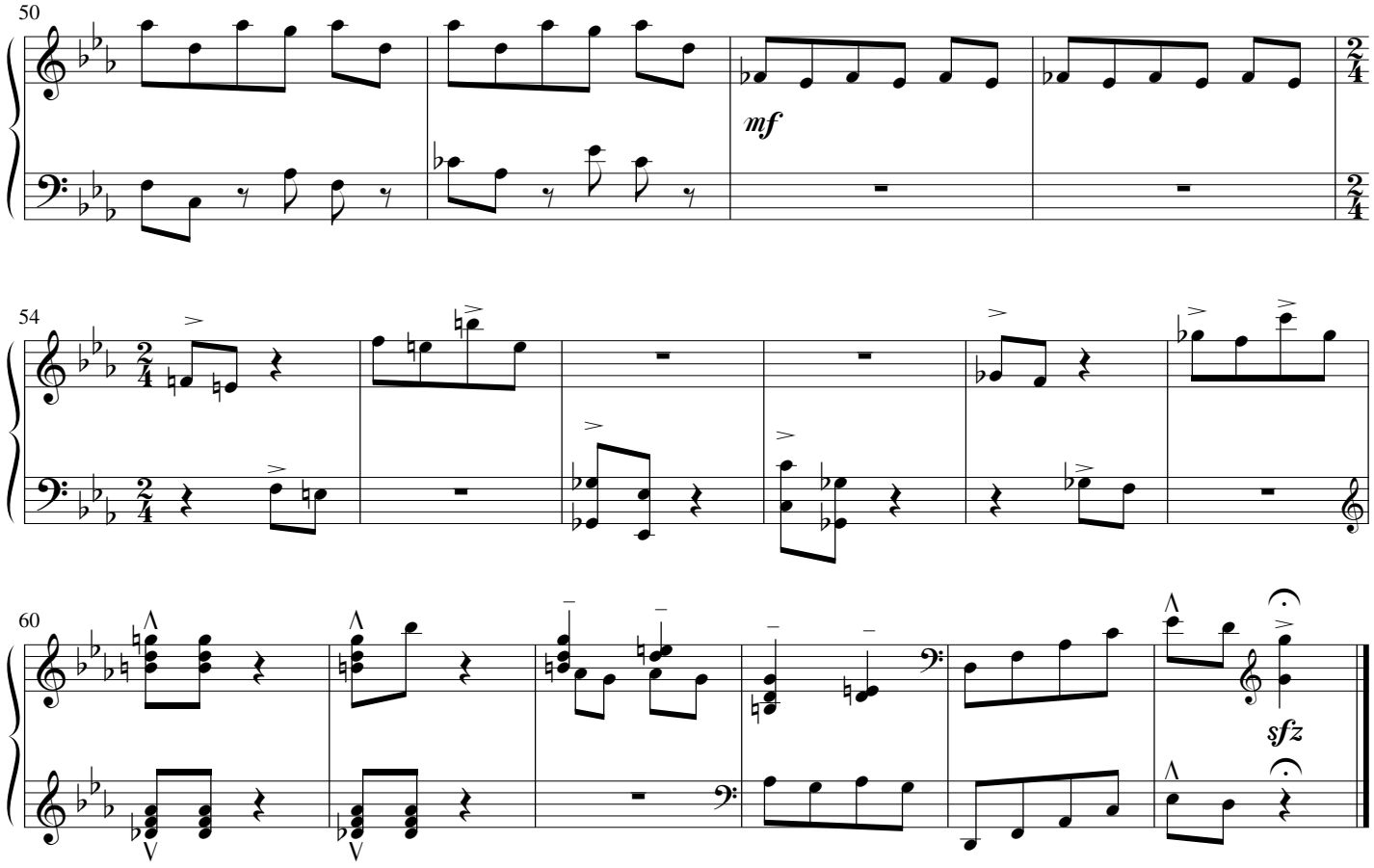
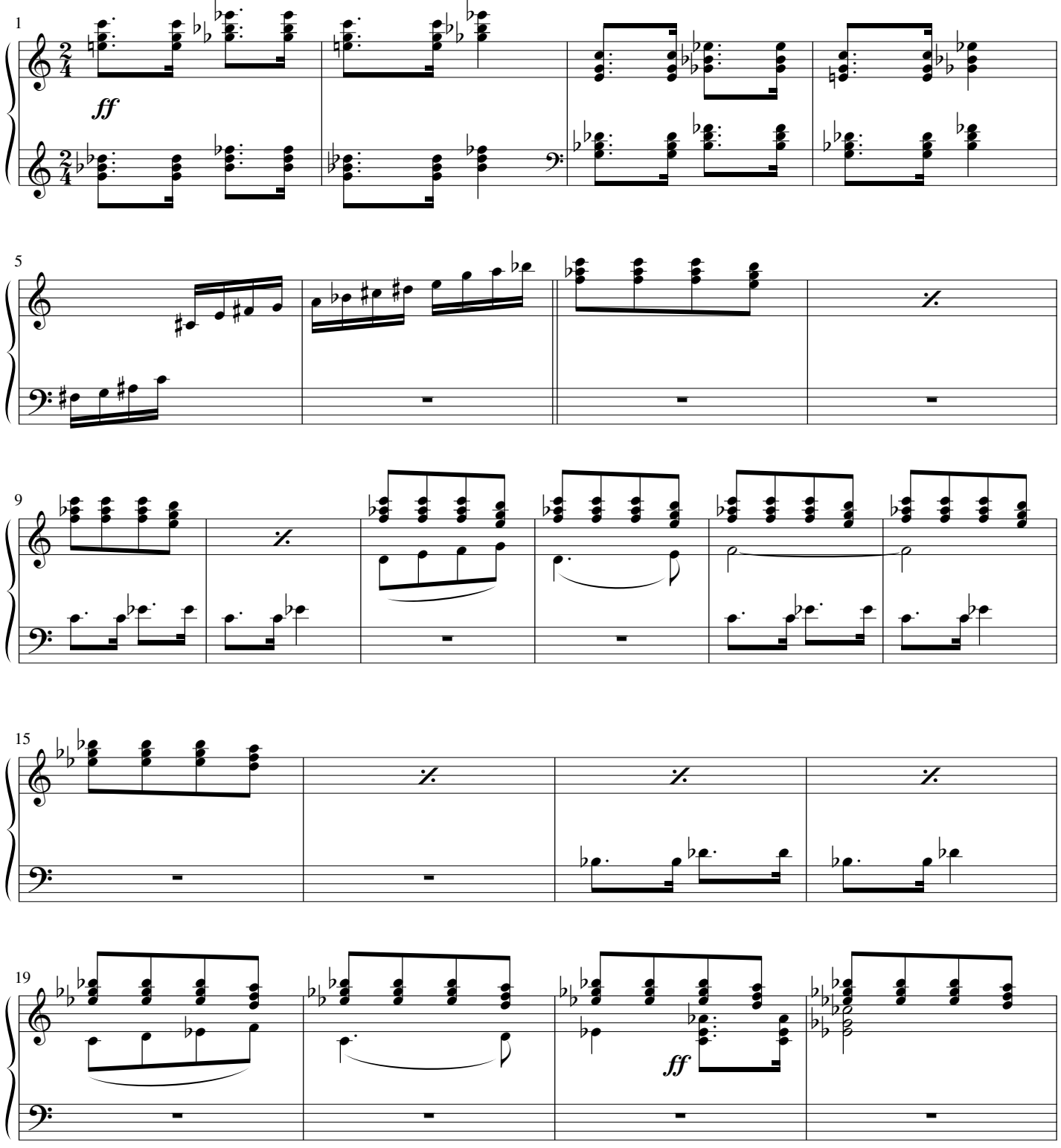


CUT OFF
on BUMBLE'S entrance

13. Oliver's Escape

CUE:
MRS SOWERBERRY: She did
OLIVER: It's a lie!

Agitato ♩=200



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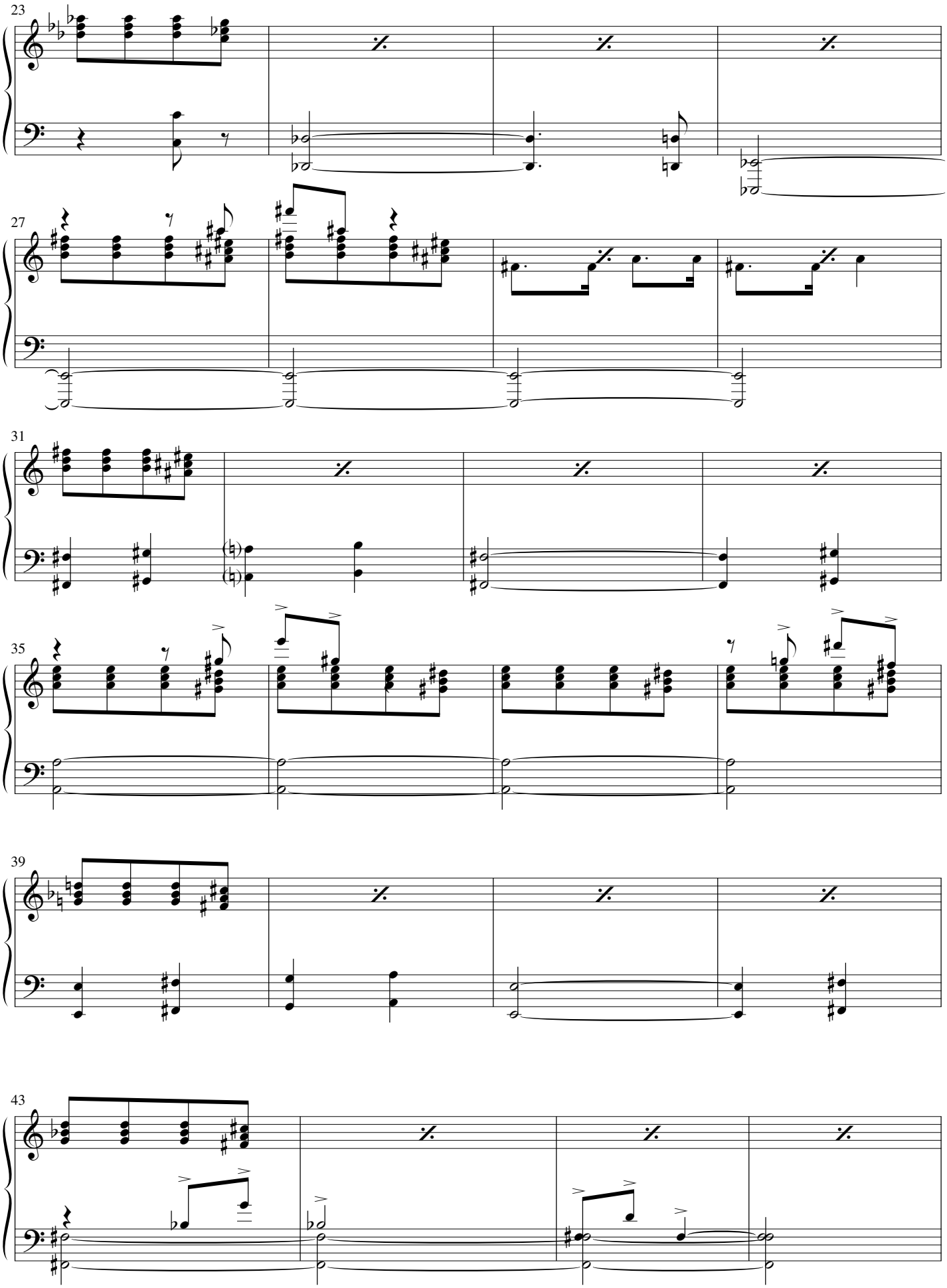
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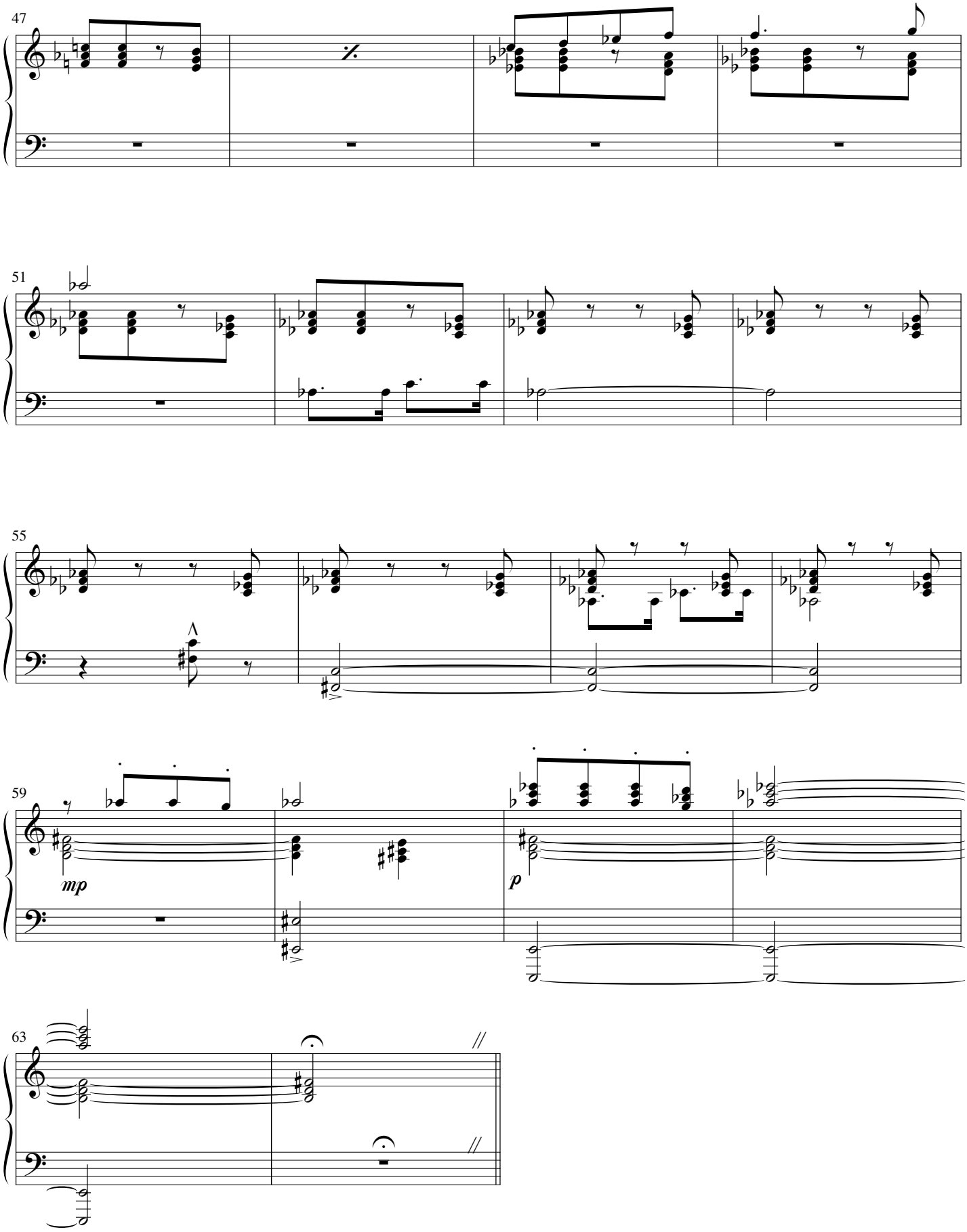
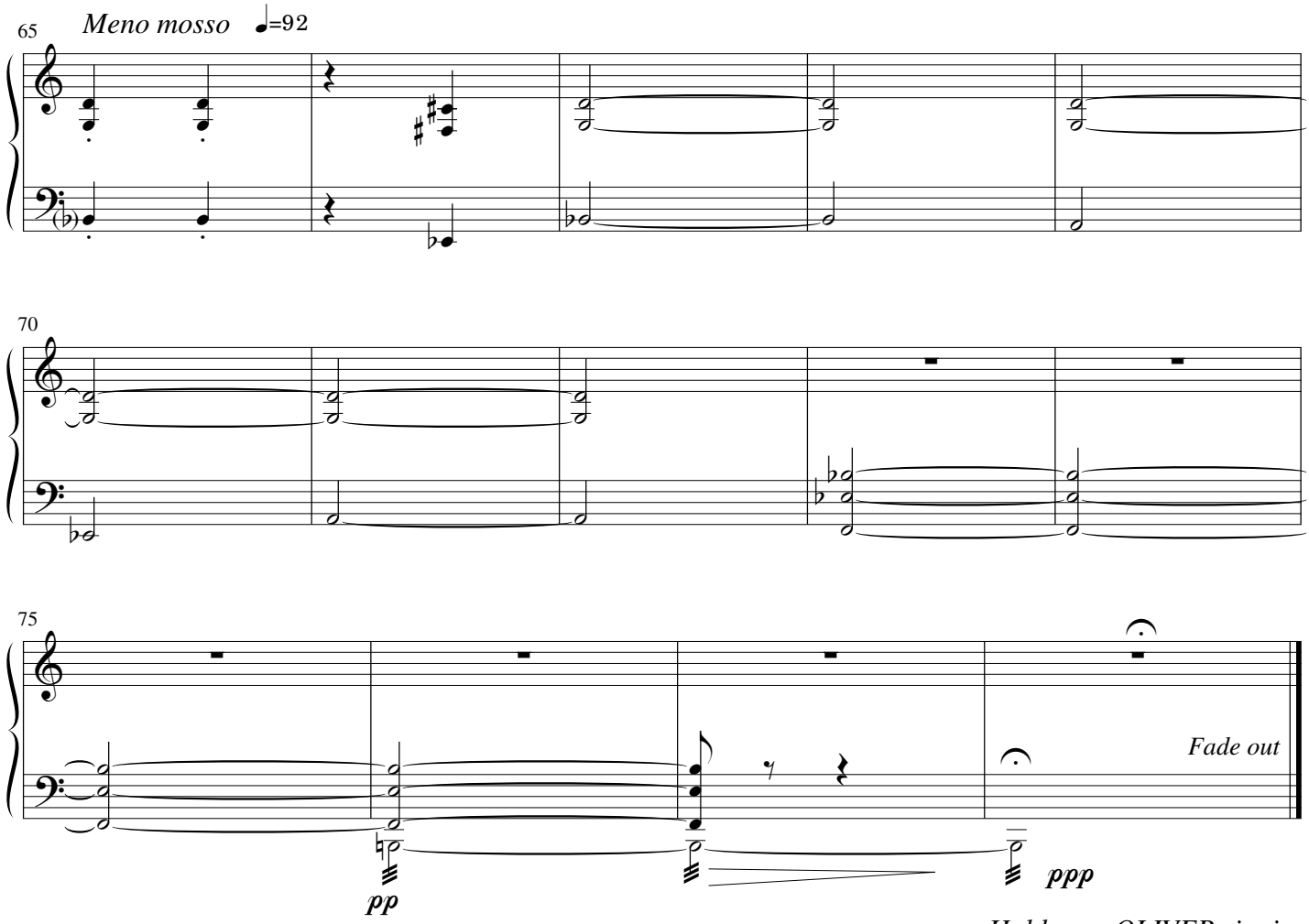

47
51
55
59
mp
p
63



Hold over OLIVER singing 'Food, Glorious Food'.

Cut on train sound cue.

OLIVER: *(singing unaccompanied to keep his spirits up)*
Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard!
While we're in the mood,
Cold jelly and custard!

OLIVER sits down on a monument. It is early morning, the city is waking up.

A CHARACTER appears from behind the monument. He is very dirty but very worldly, is wearing a top hat and a volumious overcoat which has the cuffs turned back halfway up the arms so that he can keep his hands in his trouser pockets. He whistles the tune of "YOU'VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO".

The CHARACTER is now becoming concious of being stared at, and walks over to him - it is the ARTFUL DODGER. DODGER hums "PICK A POCKET OR TWO".

DODGER:
What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toff?

OLIVER:
No - never - I...

DODGER:
That's all right - don't worry about it. Hungry?

OLIVER:
Starving.

DODGER:
'Ere catch.
He throws him an apple
Tired?

OLIVER:
Yes. I've been walking seven days.

DODGER:
Seven days! Runnin' away from the Beak, yer must be?

OLIVER:
The what?

DODGER:
Now don't say yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

OLIVER:
A beak's a bird's mouth.

DODGER:
My eyes - how green! A beak - is a madg-strate, for your hinformation. Who are you runnin' away from then - your old man?

OLIVER:
No, I'm an orphan. I've come to London to make my fortune.

DODGER: *(suddenly very interested)*
Oh you 'ave, 'ave ya?

OLIVER:
Yes.

DODGER:
Got any lodgings?

OLIVER:
No.

DODGER:
Money?

OLIVER:
Not a farthing.

The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of "PICK A POCKET OR TWO". and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go.

OLIVER:
Do you live in London?

DODGER:
When I'm at home. I suppose you want some place to sleep tonight, don't you? Are you haccommodated?

OLIVER:
No - I don't think so...

DOGER:
Then h'accomodated you shall be me young mate.

(He eyes OLIVER speculatively)

There's a certain place and I know a 'spectable gentleman as lives there wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change - that is - if any other gentleman he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not 'arf he don't, and some!

OLIVER:
Who is the respectable old gentleman, then? Is he a charity gentleman?

DODGER:
Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that - not eggzackly. But if I interduces someone it's all right, on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin. That's his name - Mister Fagin. By the way... if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

OLIVER:
My name's Oliver. Oliver Twist.

DODGER: *(with a flourish)*
And my name's Jack Dawkins - better known among me more hintimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

OLIVER:
Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins.

DODGER: *(pausing for second thoughts)*
Come to think of it - I ain't got no hintimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

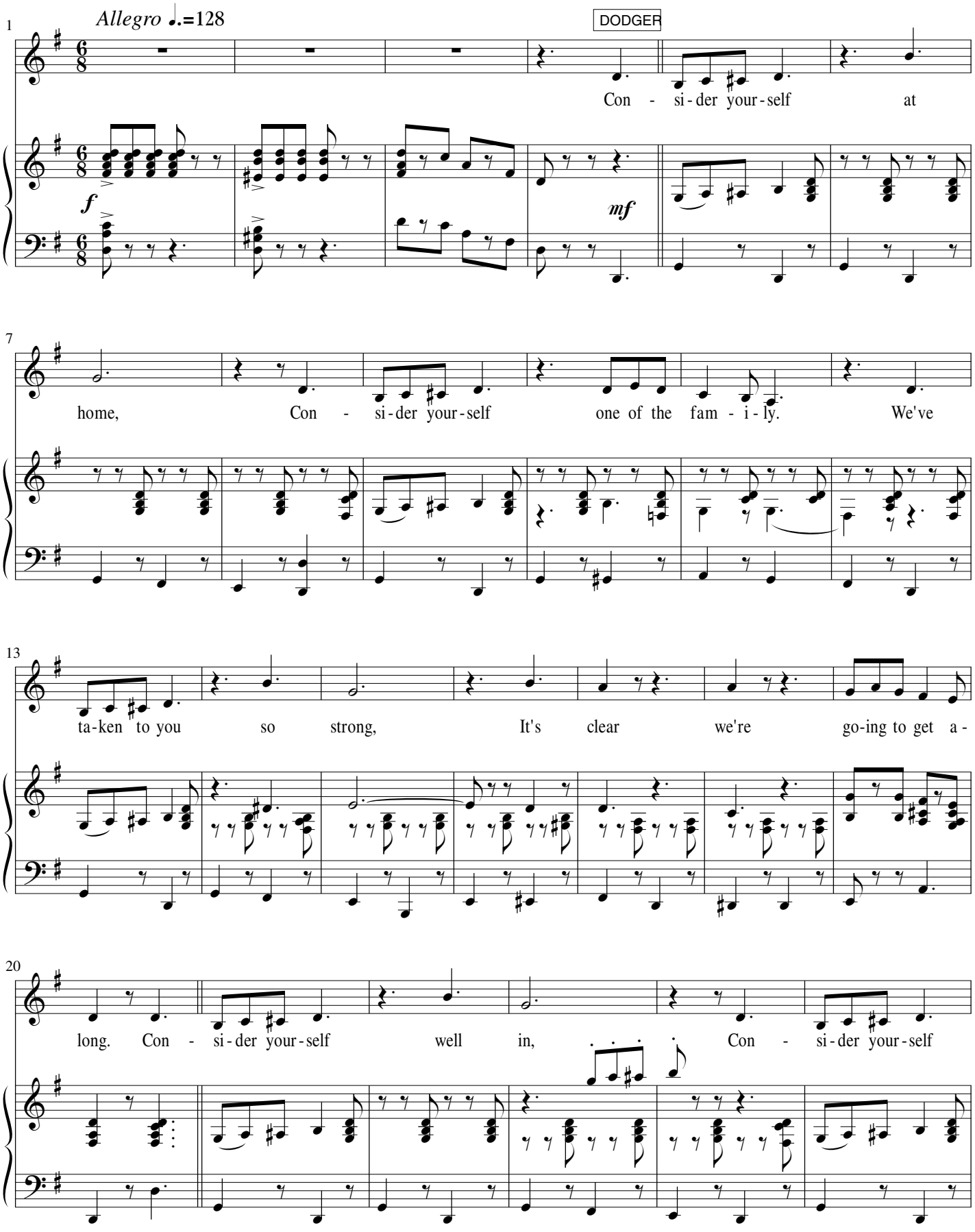
OLIVER:
Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

DODGER:
Mind?

He bangs his dusty old top hat and sings:

14. Consider Yourself (Part One)

OLIVER: Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?
DODGER: Mind?



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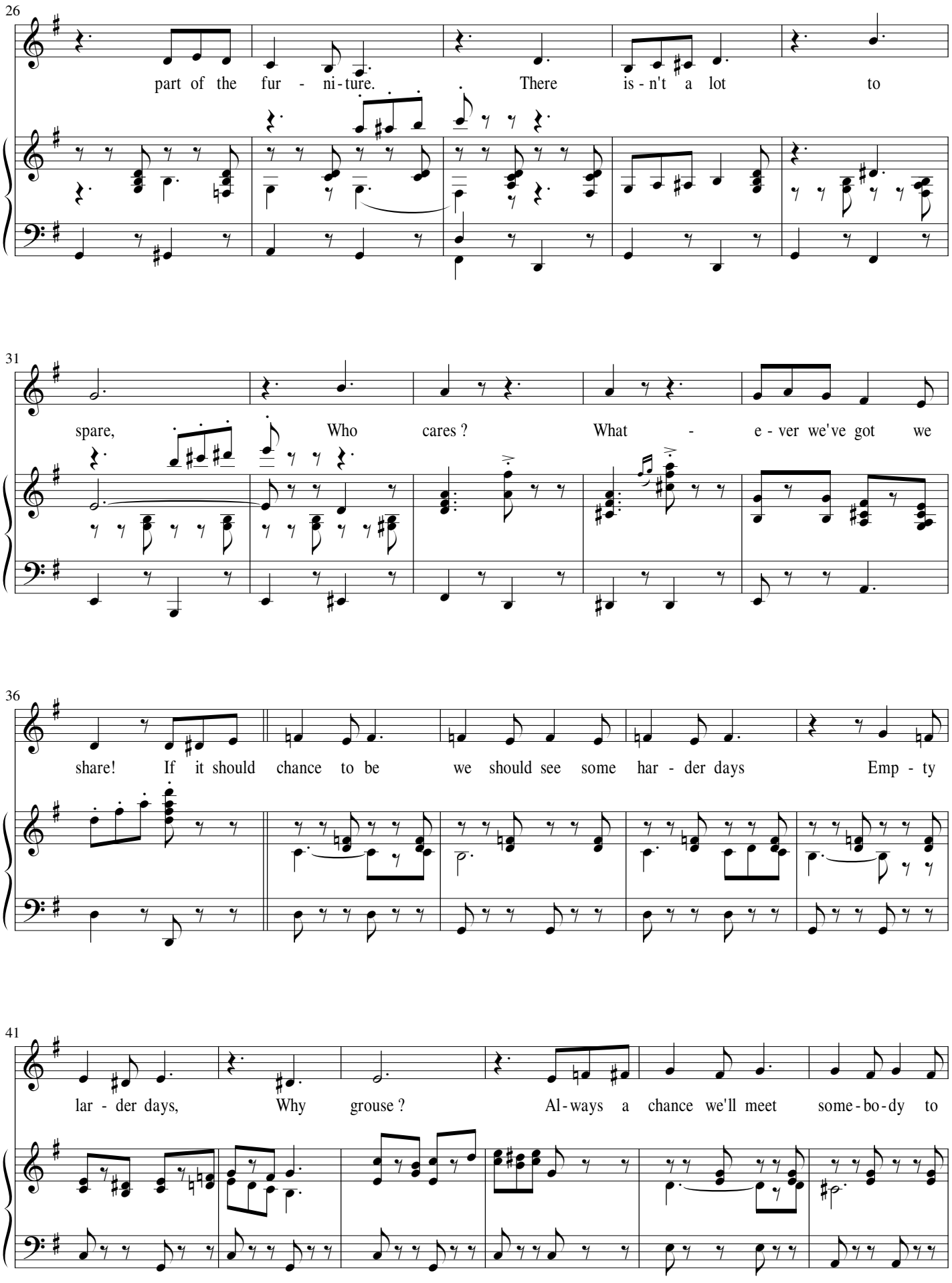
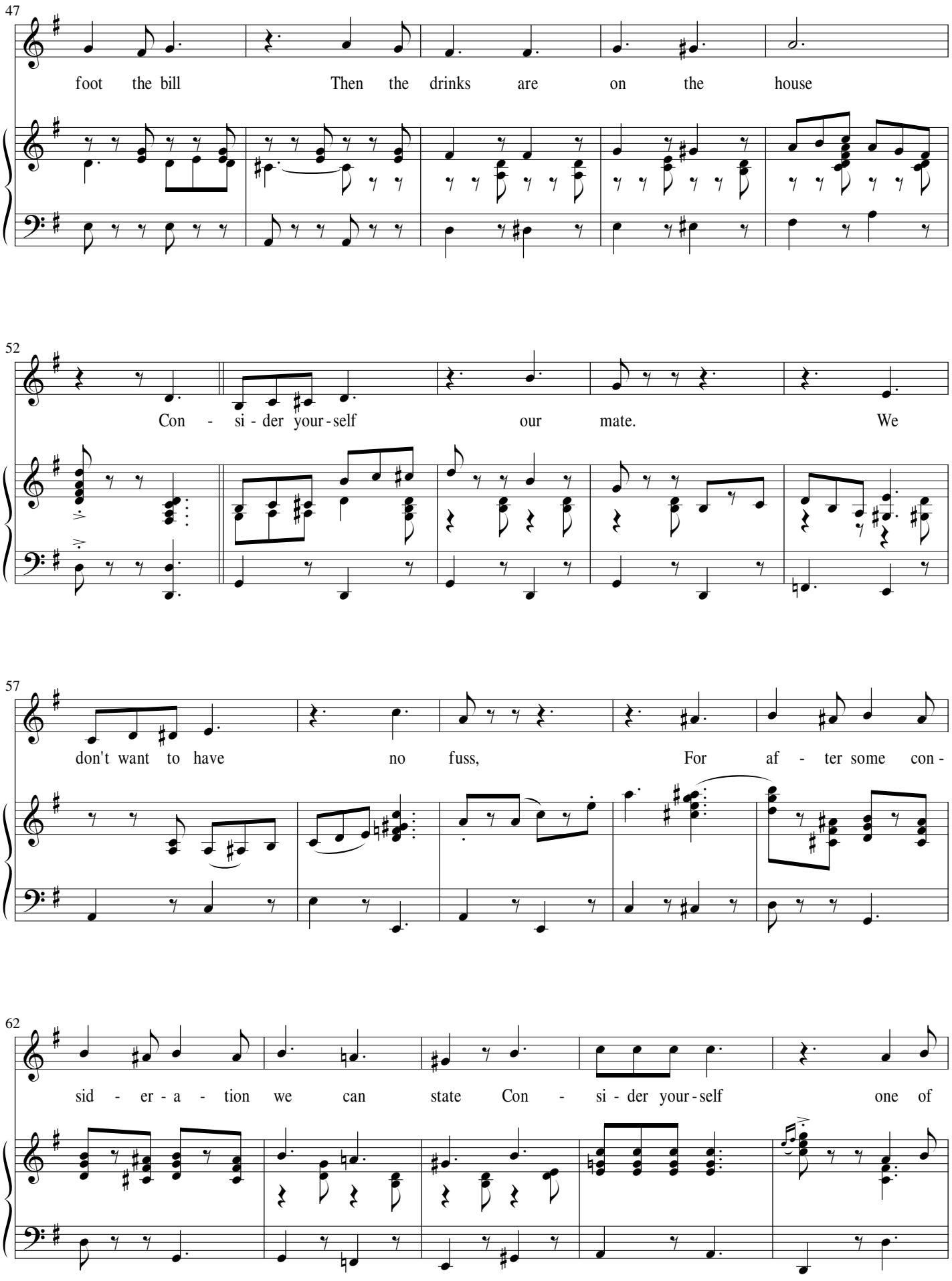
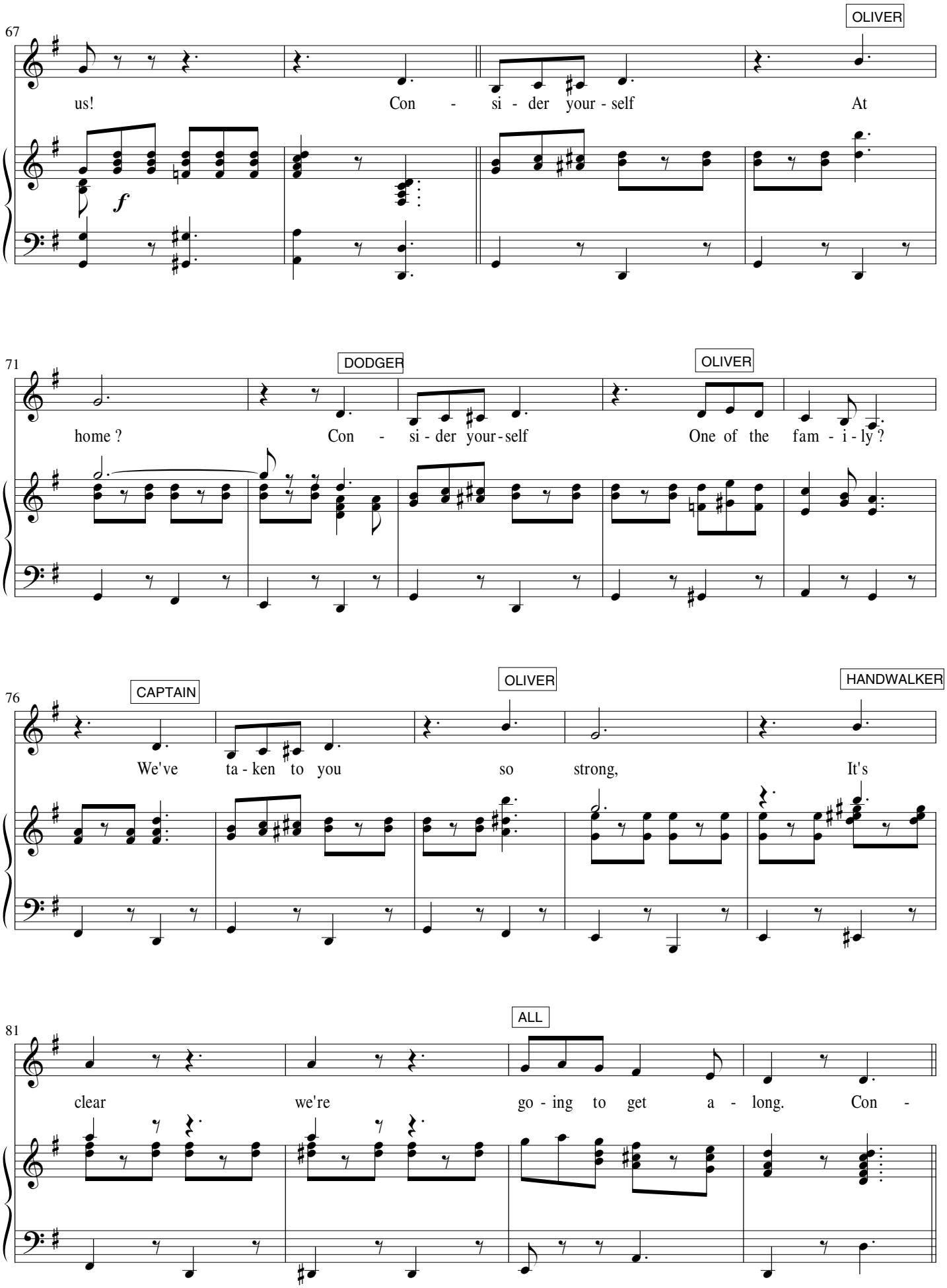
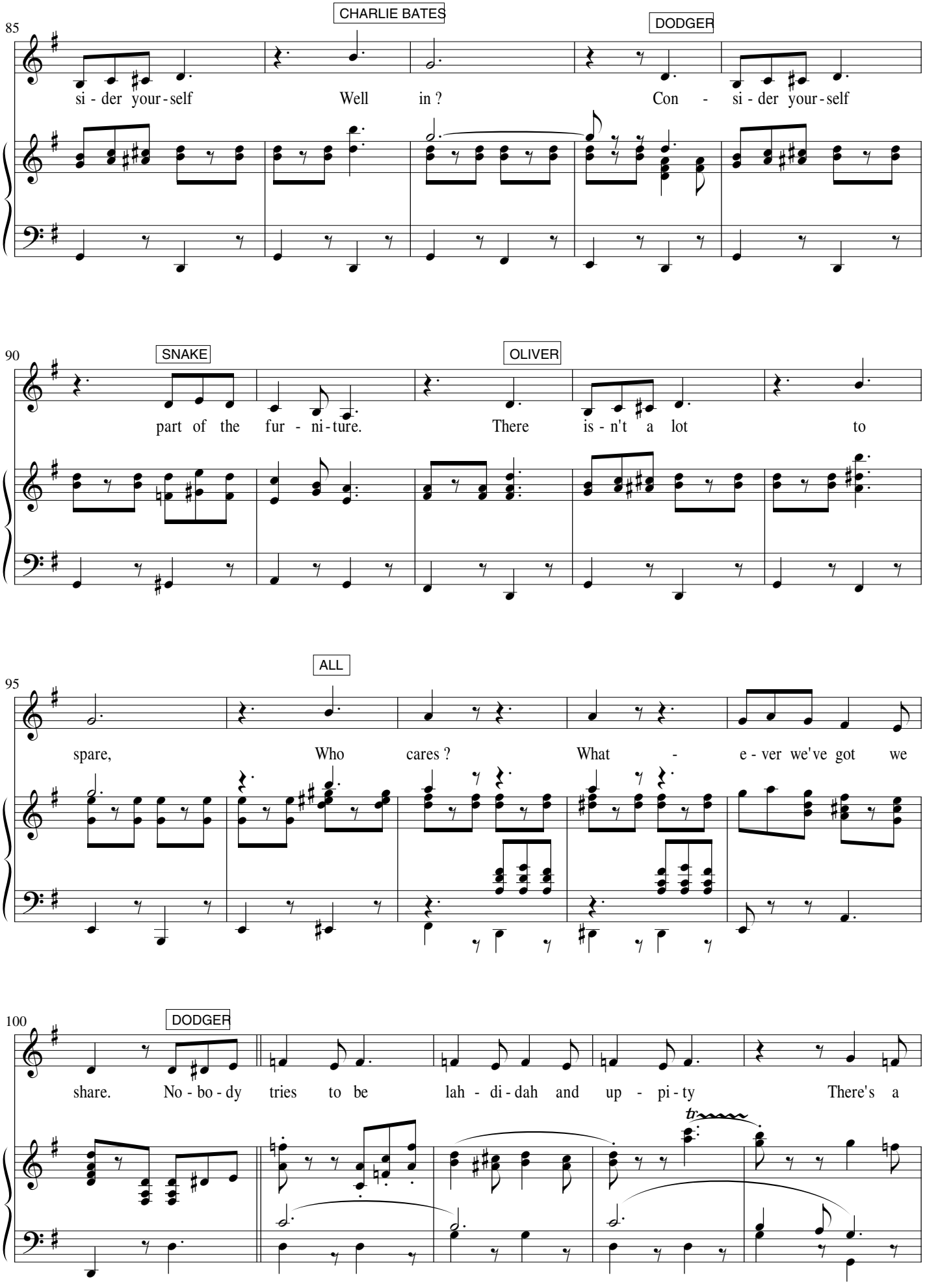
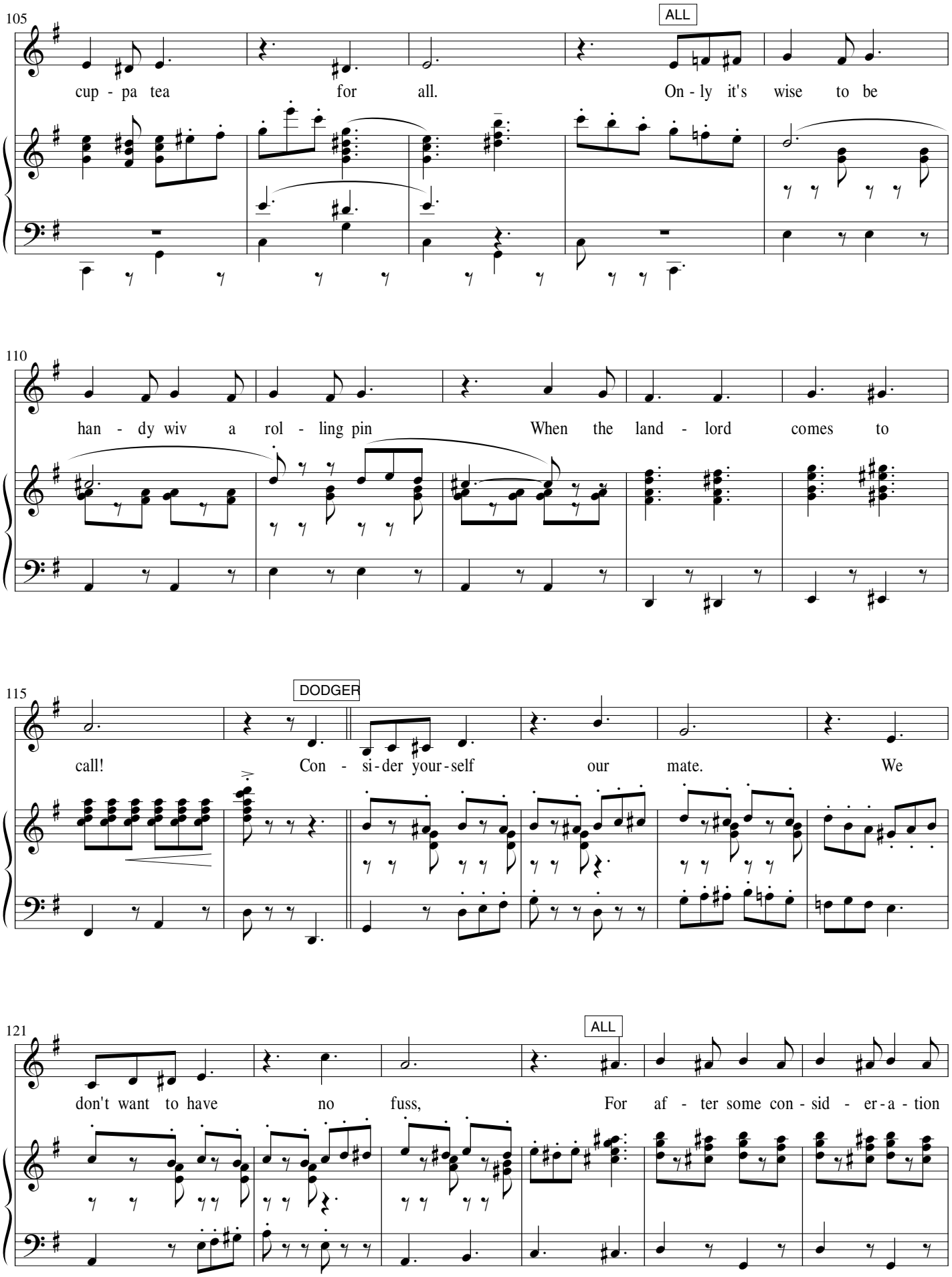
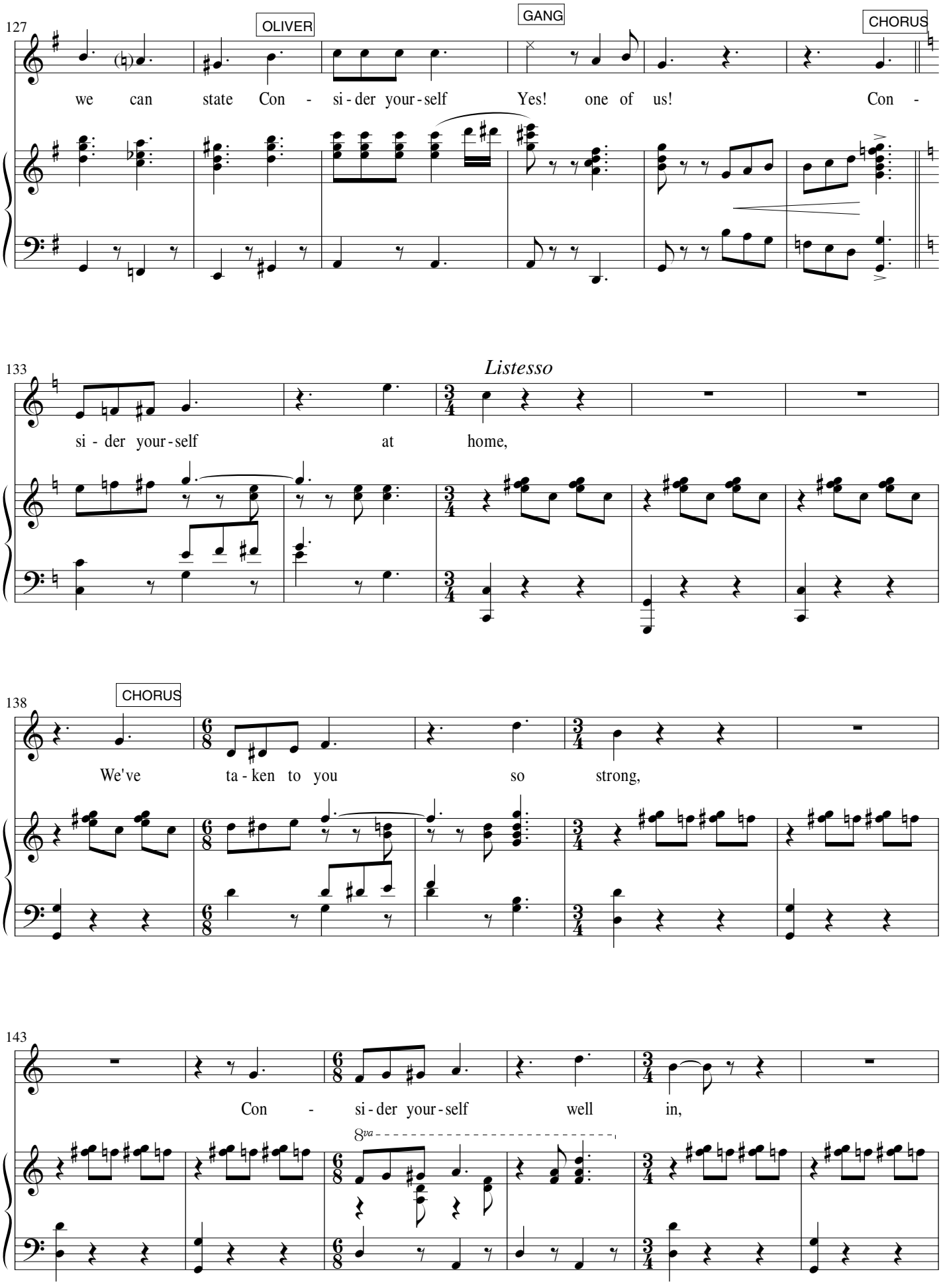

26
part of the fur - ni-ture. There is-n't a lot to
31
spare, Who cares ? What - e - ver we've got we
36
share! If it should chance to be we should see some har - der days Emp - ty
41
lar - der days, Why grouse ? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some-bo-dy to

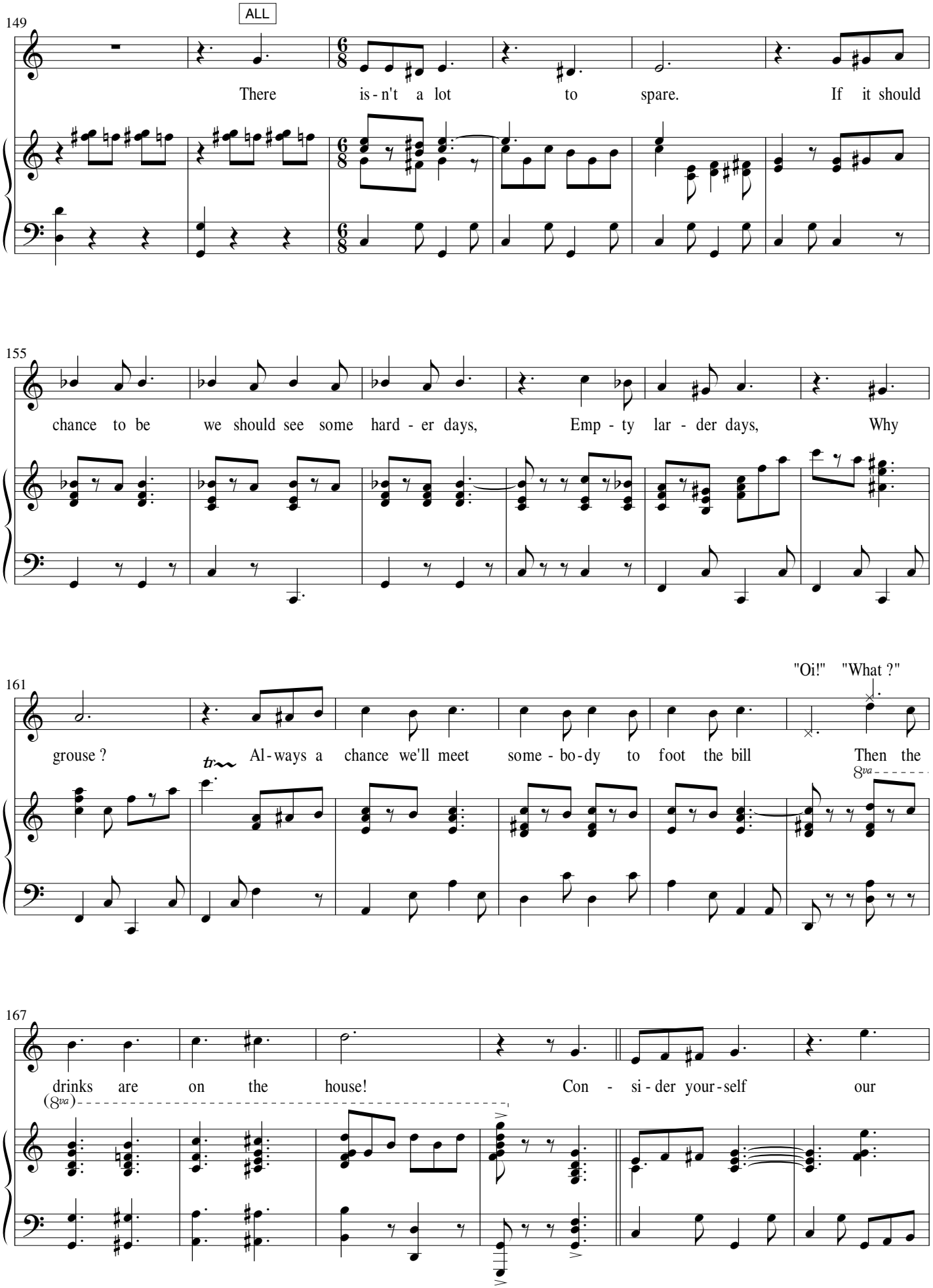

47
foot the bill Then the drinks are on the house
52
Con - si - der your - self our mate. We
57
don't want to have no fuss, For af - ter some con -
62
sid - er - a - tion we can state Con - si - der your - self one of

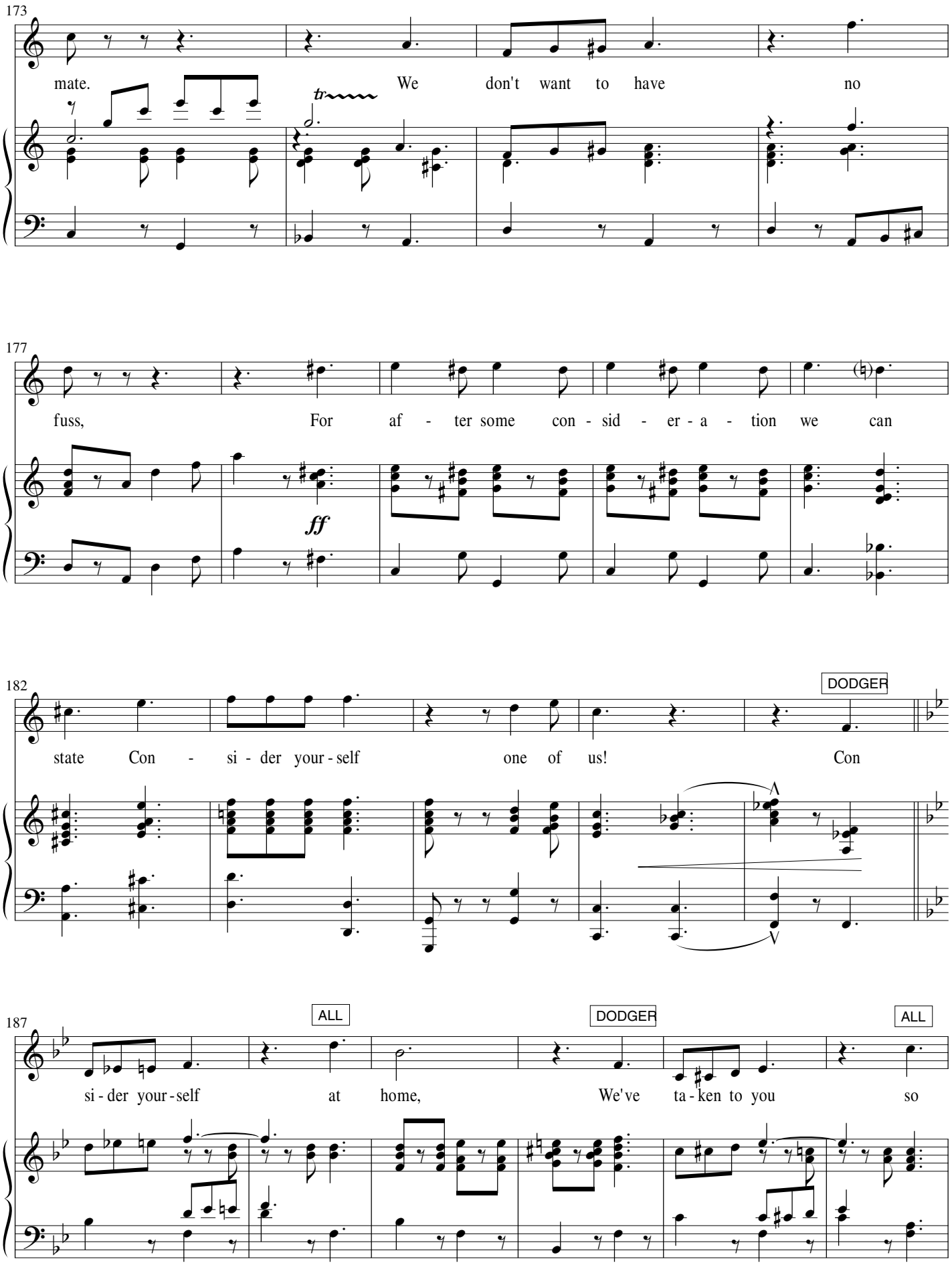

67
OLIVER
us! Con - si - der your - self At
f
71
DODGER
OLIVER
home ? Con - si - der your - self One of the fam - i - ly ?
76
CAPTAIN
OLIVER
HANDWALKER
We've ta - ken to you so strong, It's
81
ALL
clear we're go - ing to get a - long. Con -

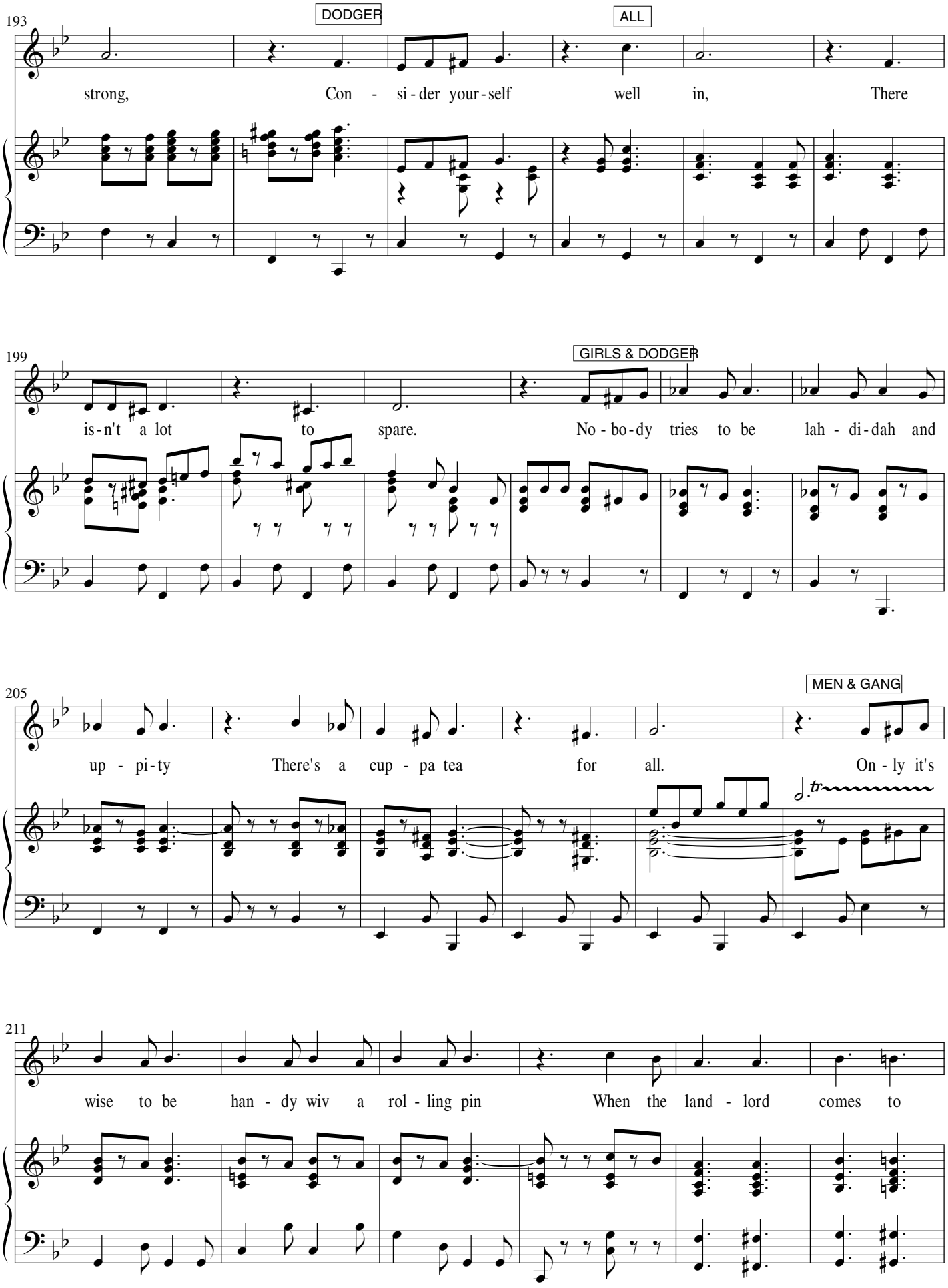

85
CHARLIE BATES
DODGER
si - der your - self
Well
in ?
Con - si - der your - self
90
SNAKE
OLIVER
part of the fur - ni - ture.
There
is - n't a lot
to
95
ALL
spare,
Who
cares ?
What - e - ver we've got we
100
DODGER
share.
No - bo - dy
tries
to be
lah - di - dah
and up - pi - ty
There's a
tr

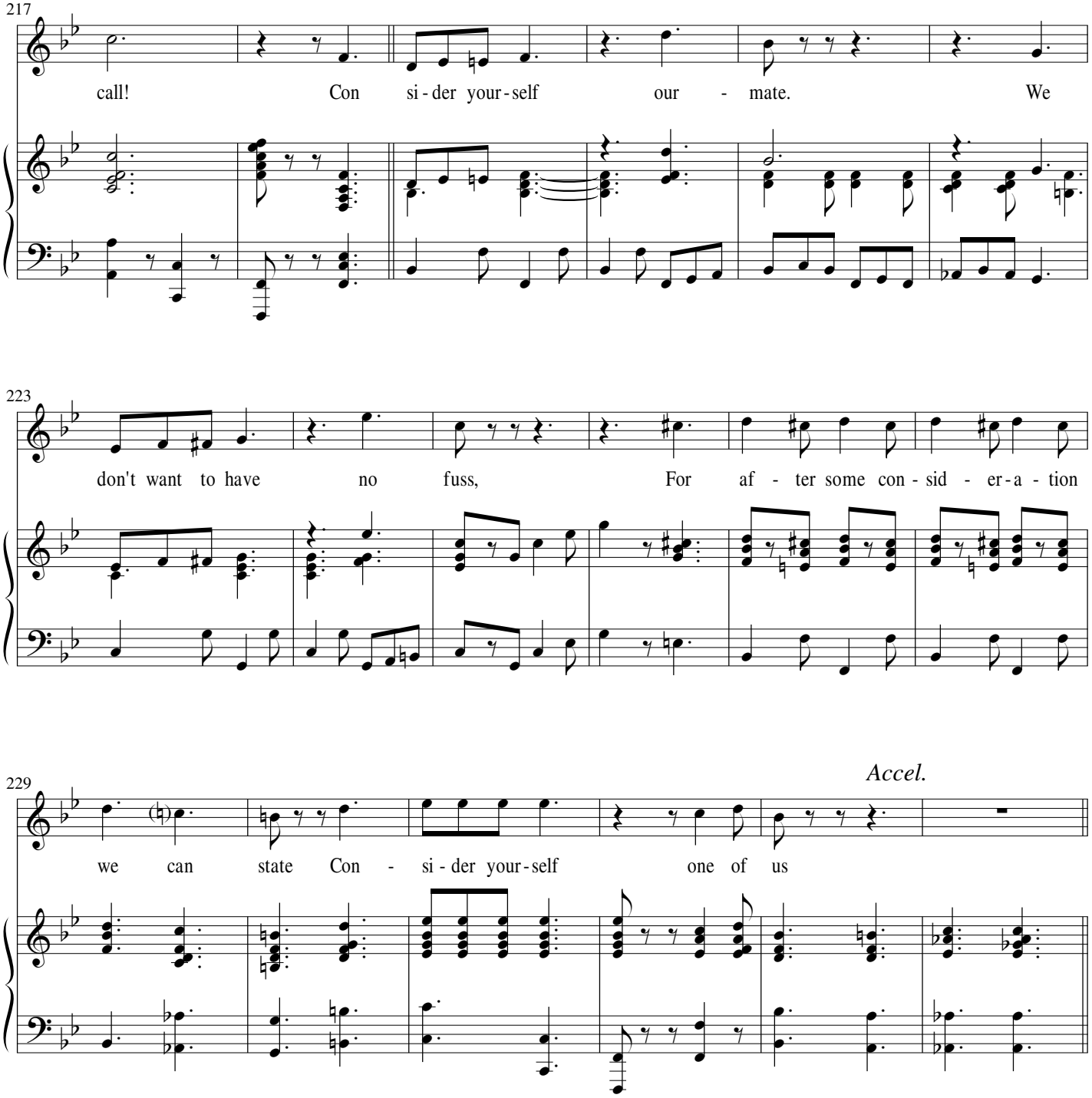

105
ALL
cup - pa tea for all. On - ly it's wise to be
110
han - dy wiv a rol - ling pin When the land - lord comes to
115
DODGER
call! Con - si - der your - self our mate. We
121
ALL
don't want to have no fuss, For af - ter some con - sid - er - a - tion


127
OLIVER
GANG
CHORUS
we can state Con - si - der your - self Yes! one of us! Con -
133
Listesso
si - der your - self at home,
138
CHORUS
We've ta - ken to you so strong,
143
Con - si - der your - self well in,
8va


149
ALL
There is-n't a lot to spare. If it should
155
chance to be we should see some hard-er days, Emp-ty lar-der days, Why
161
"Oi!" "What ?"
grouse ? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some-bo-dy to foot the bill Then the
tr
8va
167
drinks are on the house! Con-si-der your-self our
(8va)

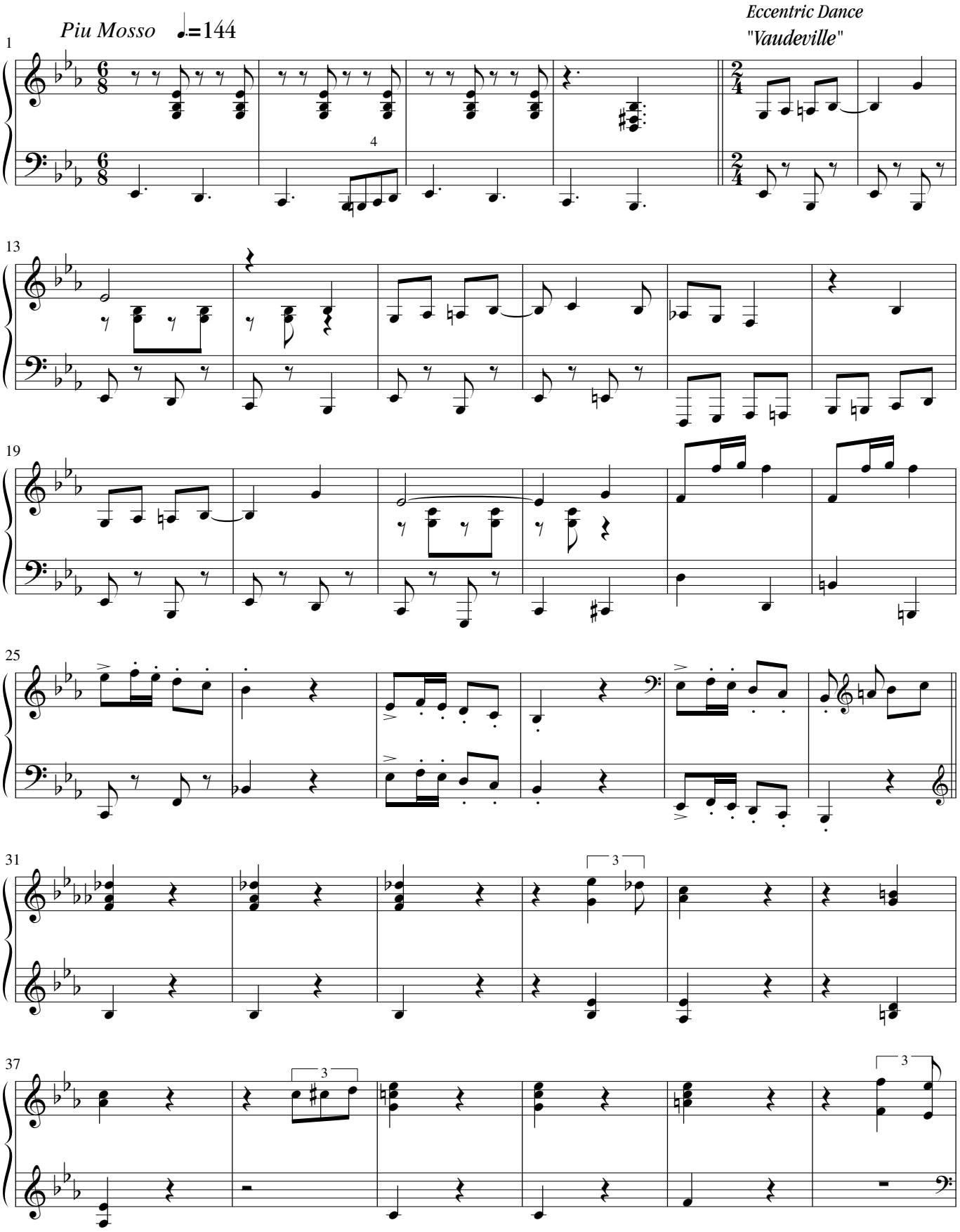

173
mate. We don't want to have no
tr
177
fuss, For af - ter some con - sid - er - a - tion we can
ff
182
DODGER
state Con - si - der your - self one of us! Con
187
ALL
DODGER
ALL
si - der your - self at home, We've ta - ken to you so


193
DODGER
ALL
strong, Con - si - der your - self well in, There
199
GIRLS & DODGER
is - n't a lot to spare. No - bo - dy tries to be lah - di - dah and
205
MEN & GANG
up - pi - ty There's a cup - pa tea for all. On - ly it's
211
wise to be han - dy wiv a rol - ling pin When the land - lord comes to



SEGUE AS ONE
Consider Yourself (Part Two)

15. Consider Yourself (Part Two)



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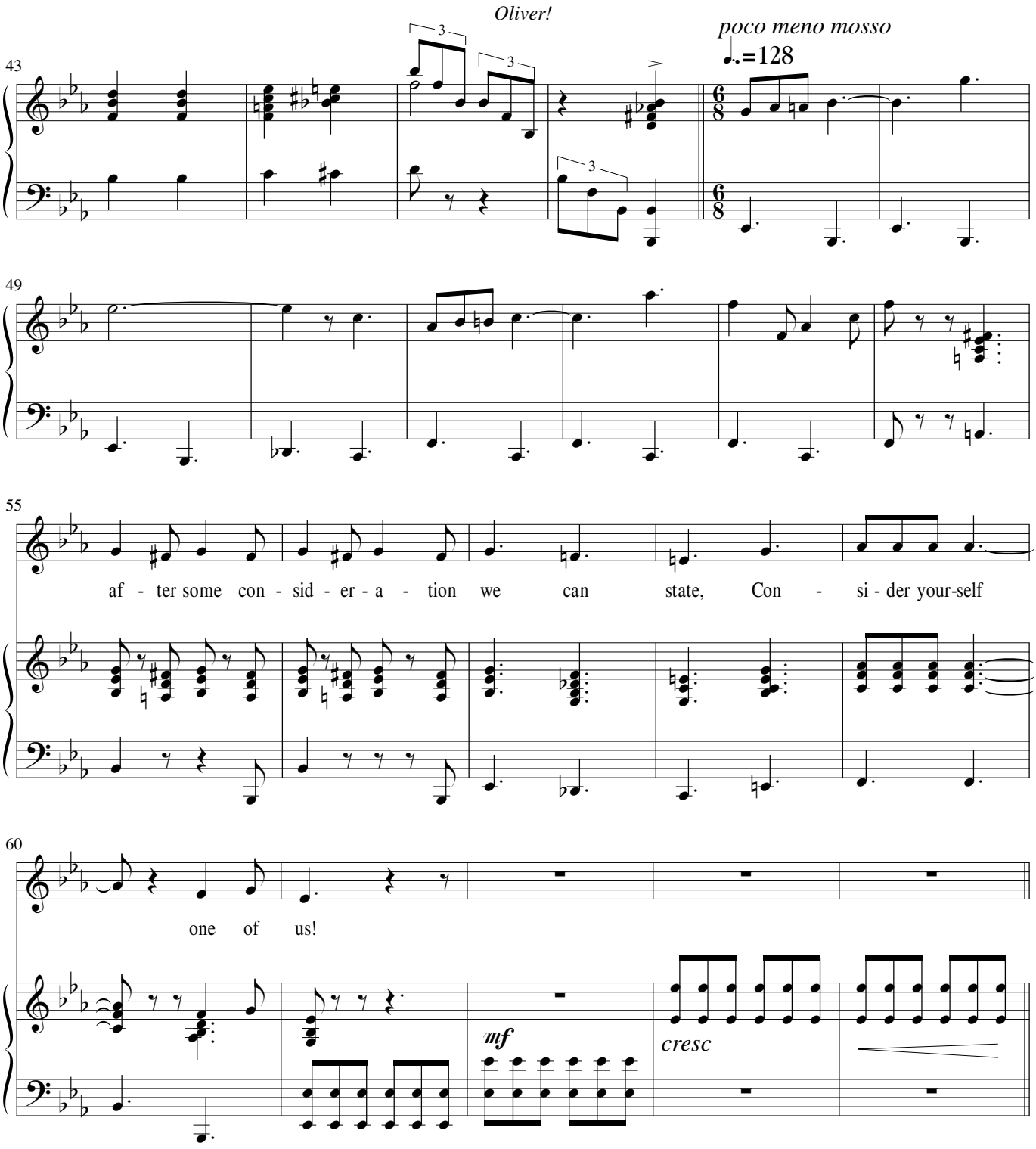
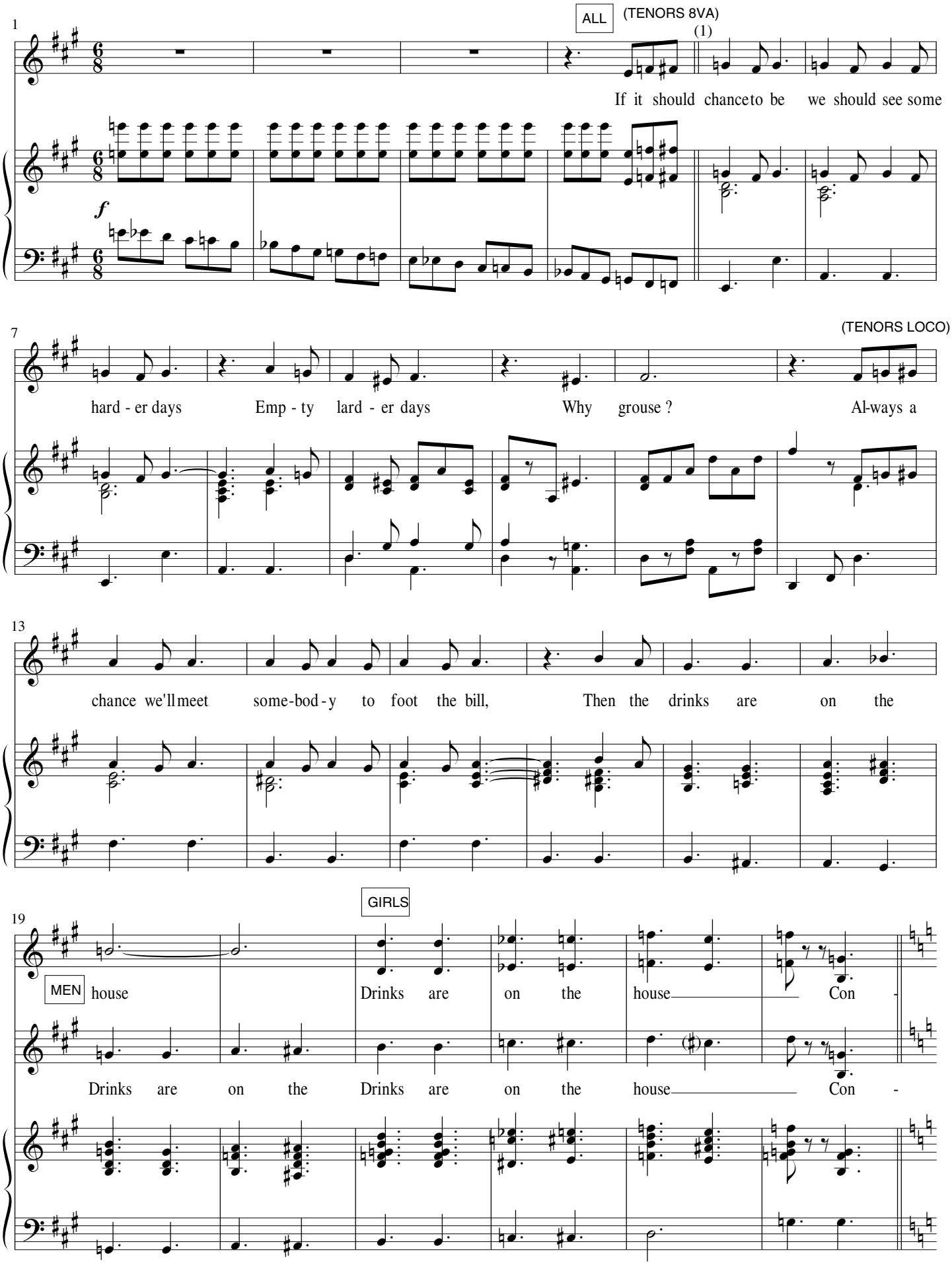


SEGUE AS ONE
Consider Yourself (Part Three)

16. Consider Yourself (Part Three)



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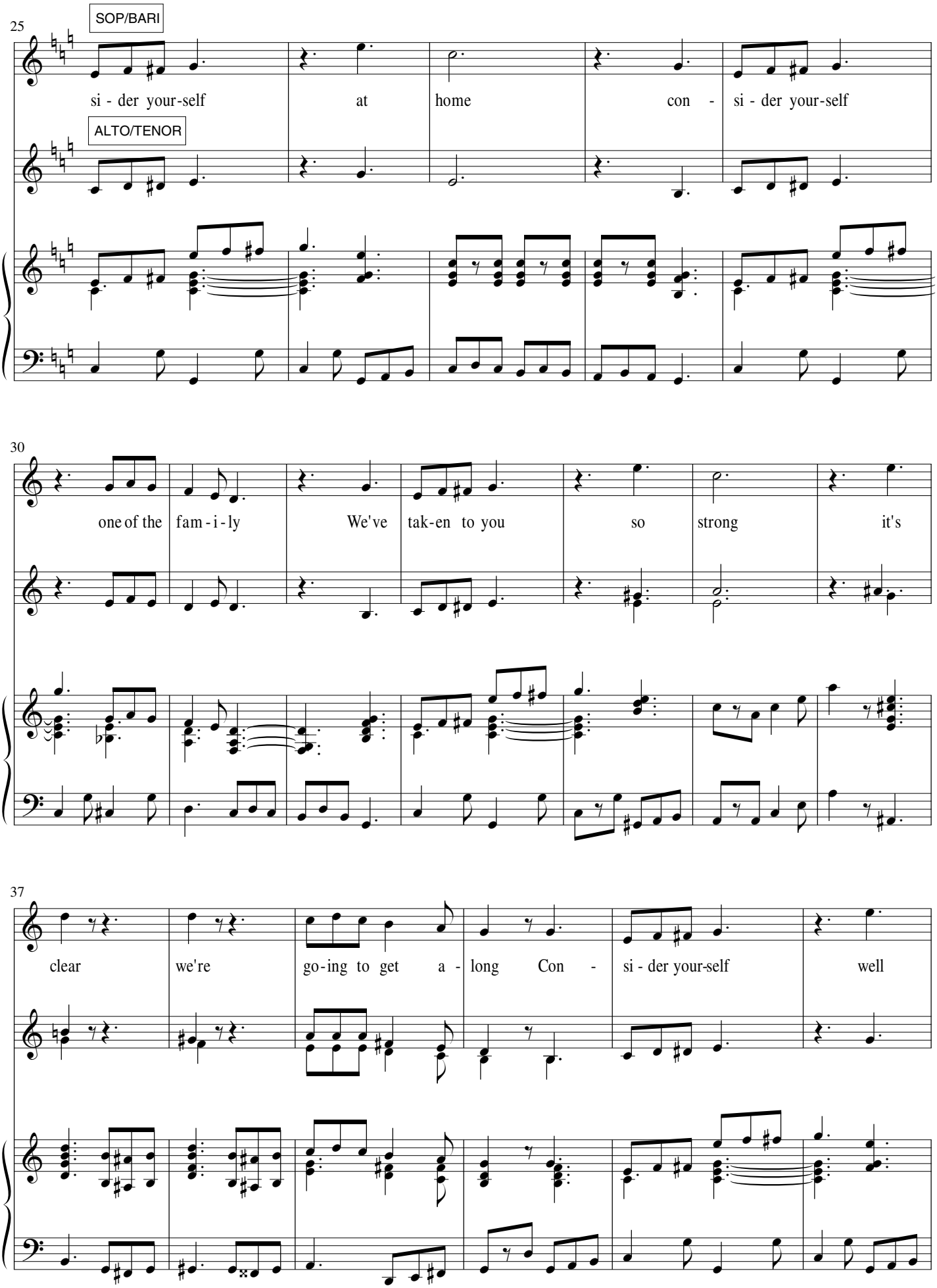
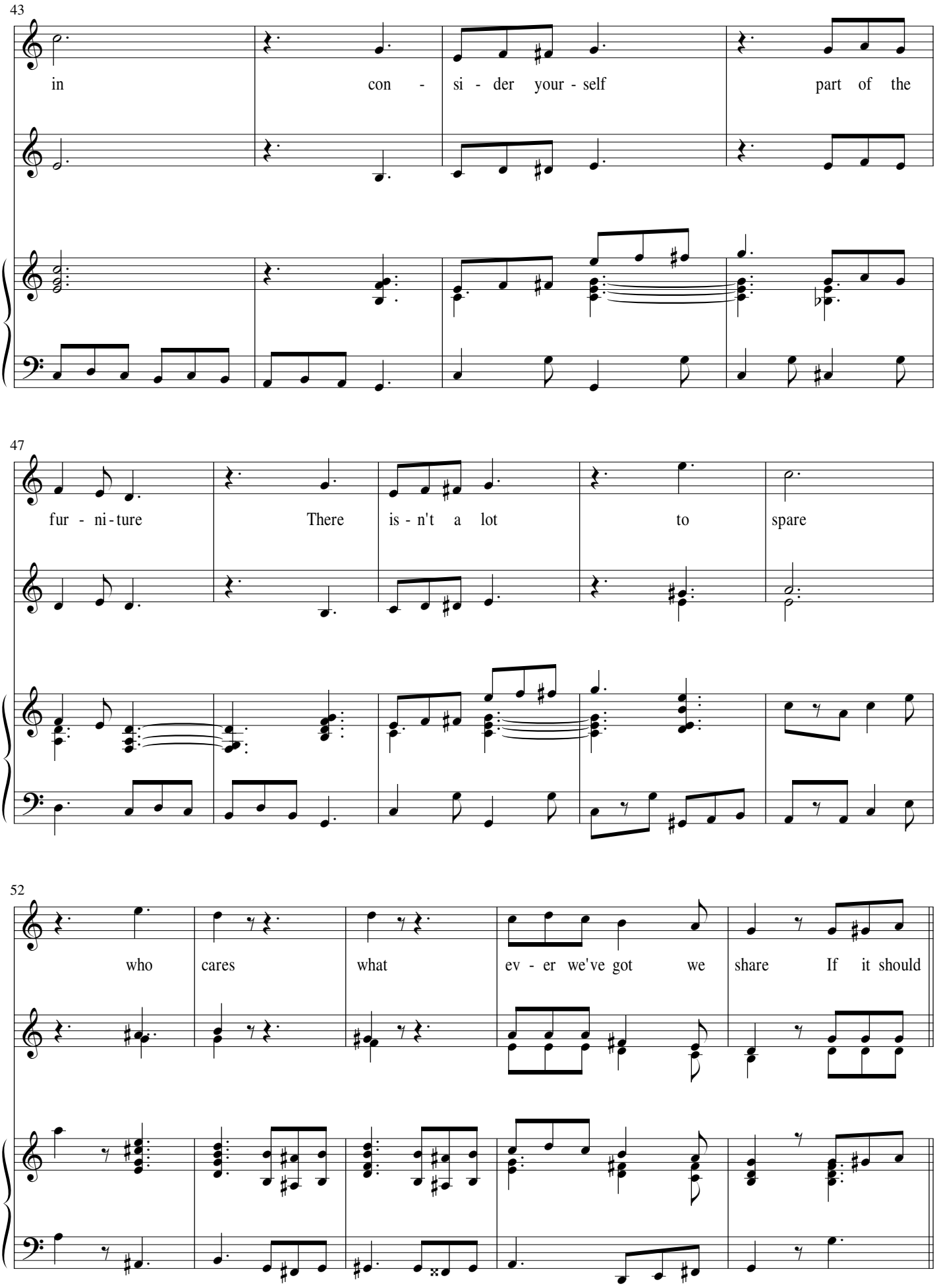
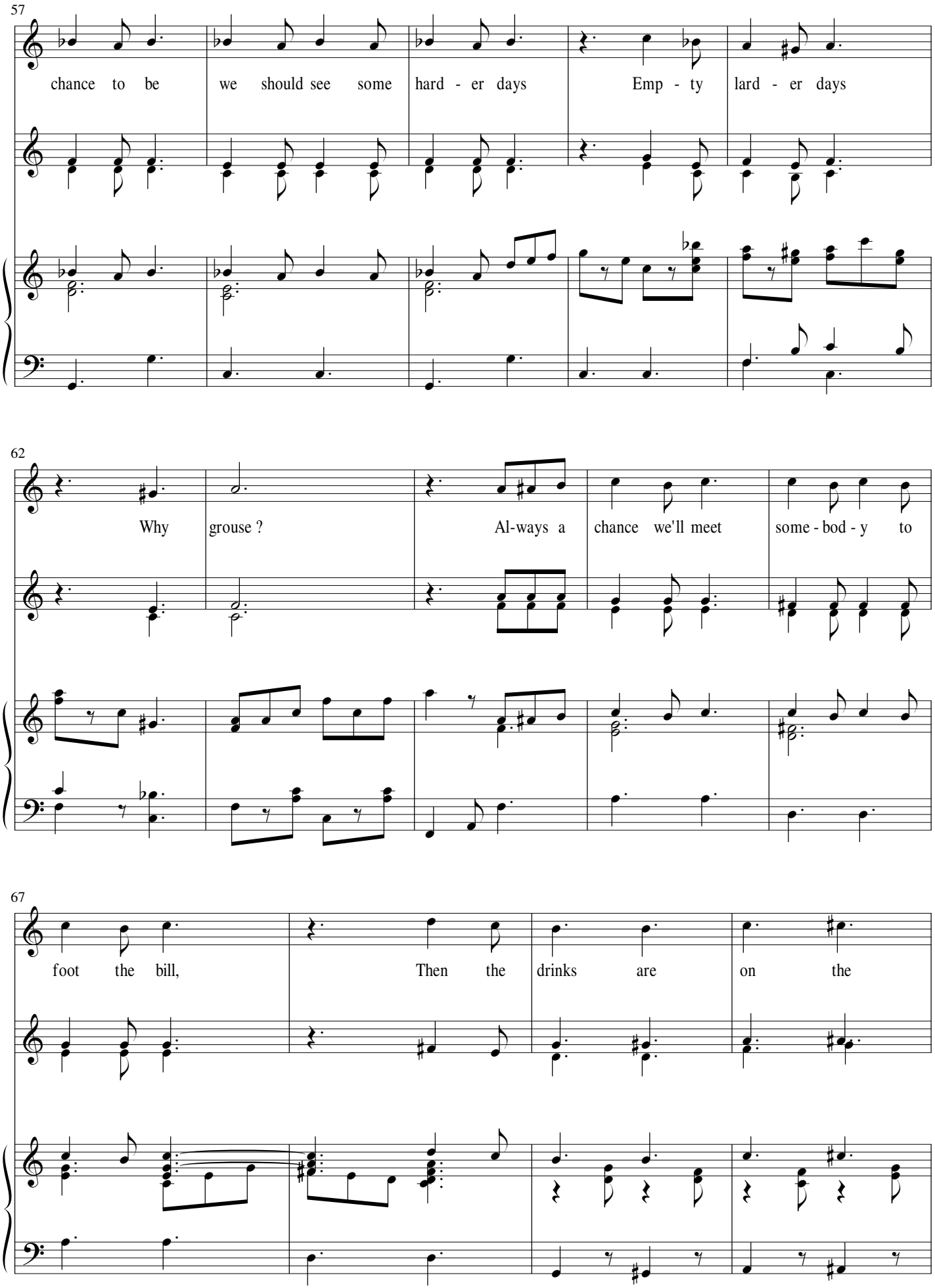
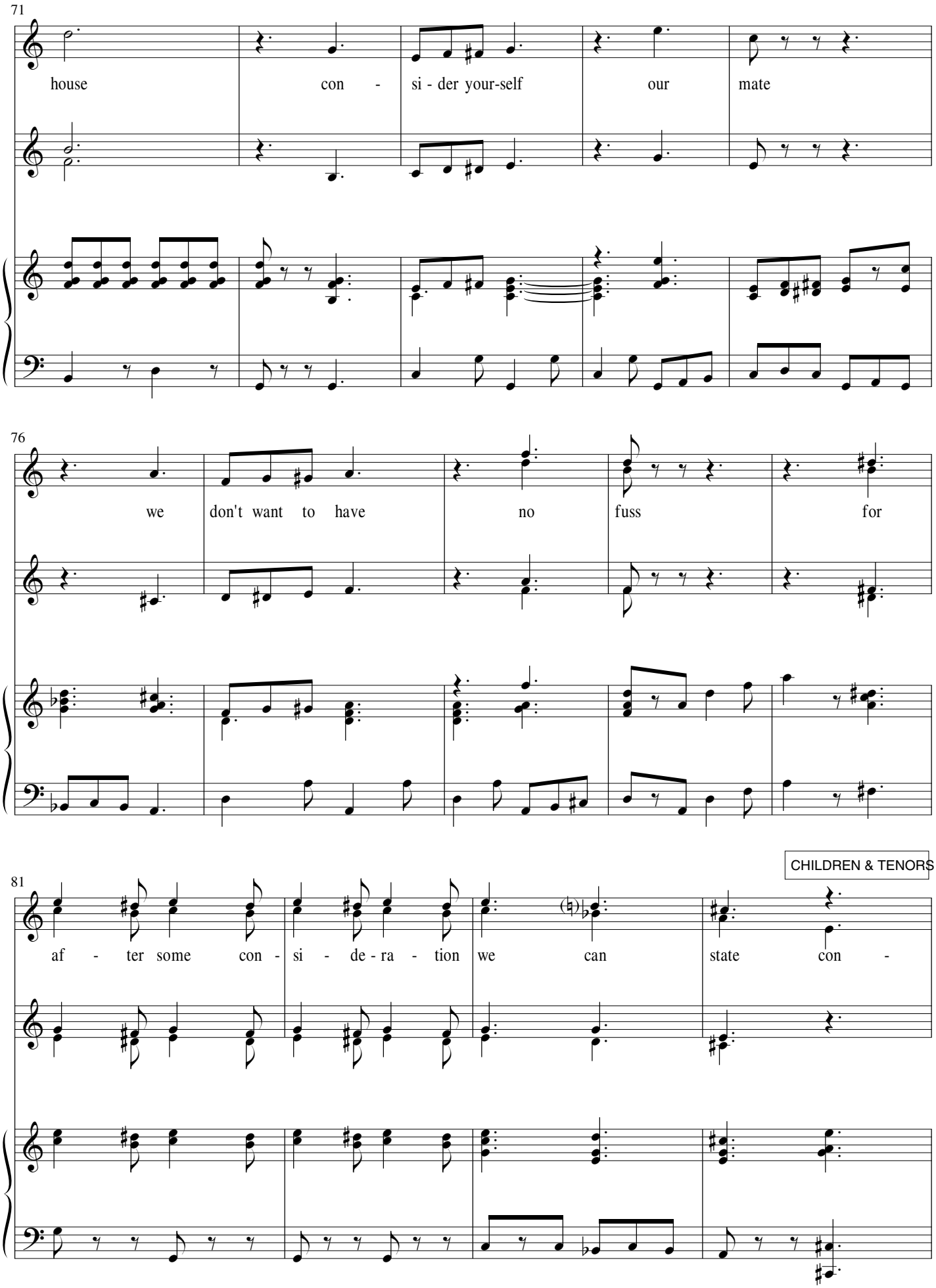
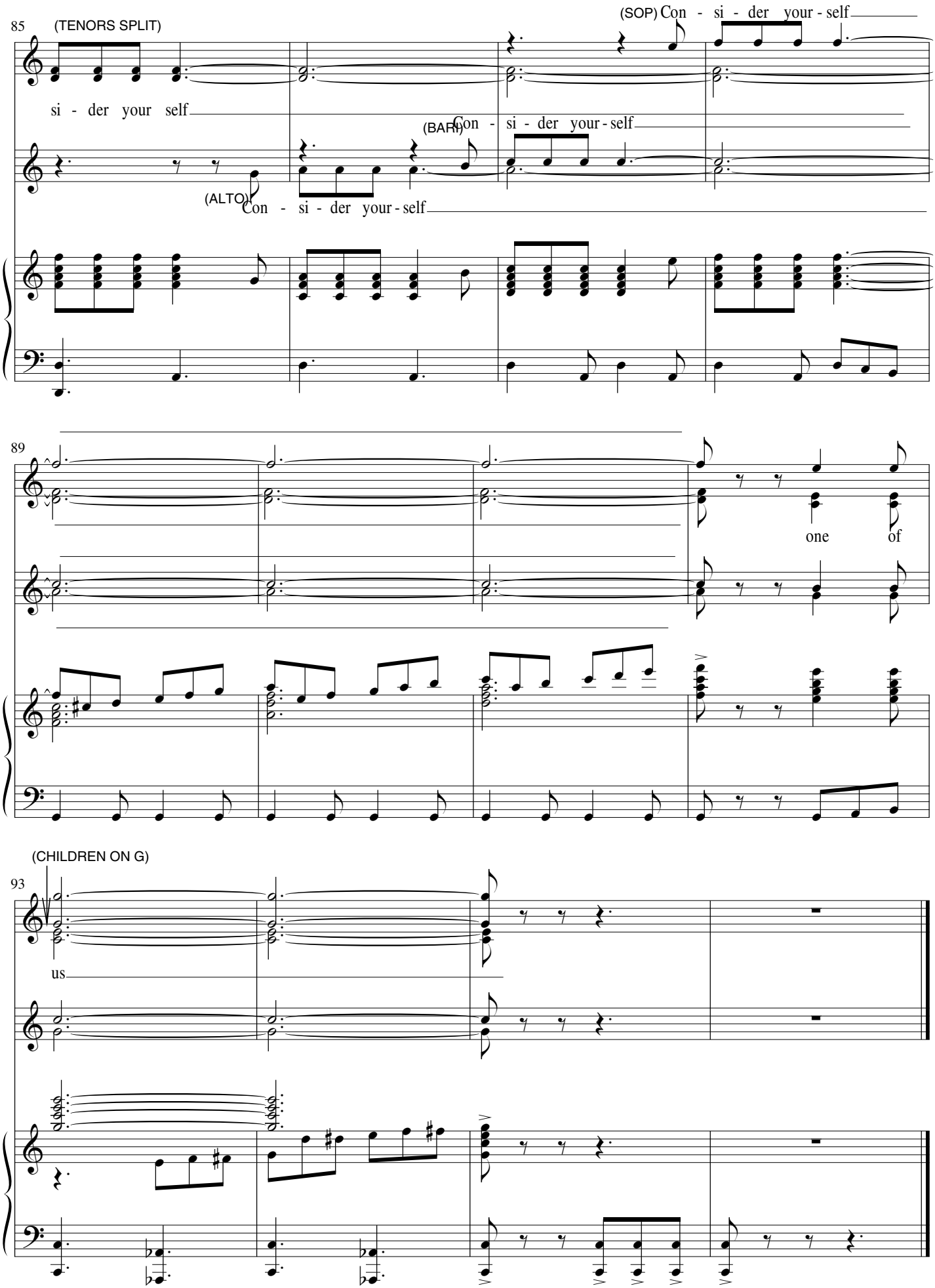

25
SOP/BARI
si - der your-self
at
home
con -
si - der your-self
ALTO/TENOR
30
one of the
fam - i - ly
We've
tak-en to you
so
strong
it's
37
clear
we're
go-ing to get
a -
long
Con -
si - der your-self
well


43
in con - si - der your - self part of the
47
fur - ni - ture There is - n't a lot to spare
52
who cares what ev - er we've got we share If it should

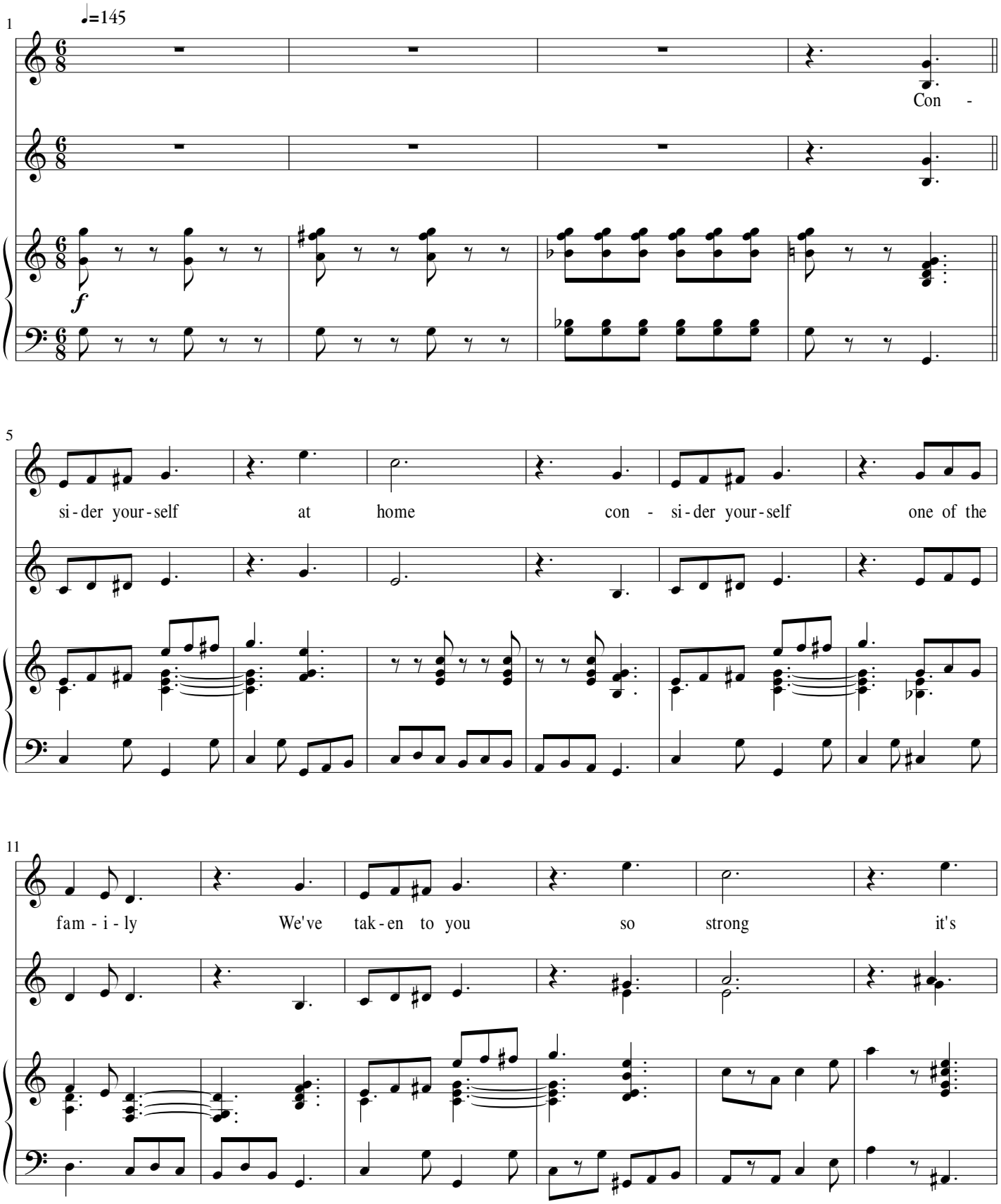

57
chance to be we should see some hard - er days Emp - ty lard - er days
62
Why grouse ? Al-ways a chance we'll meet some - bod - y to
67
foot the bill, Then the drinks are on the


71
house
con -
si - der your-self
our
mate
76
we
don't want to have
no
fuss
for
CHILDREN & TENORS
81
af - ter some con -
si - de - ra - tion
we
can
state
con -



SEGUE
Consider Yourself Reprise

17. Consider Yourself Reprise



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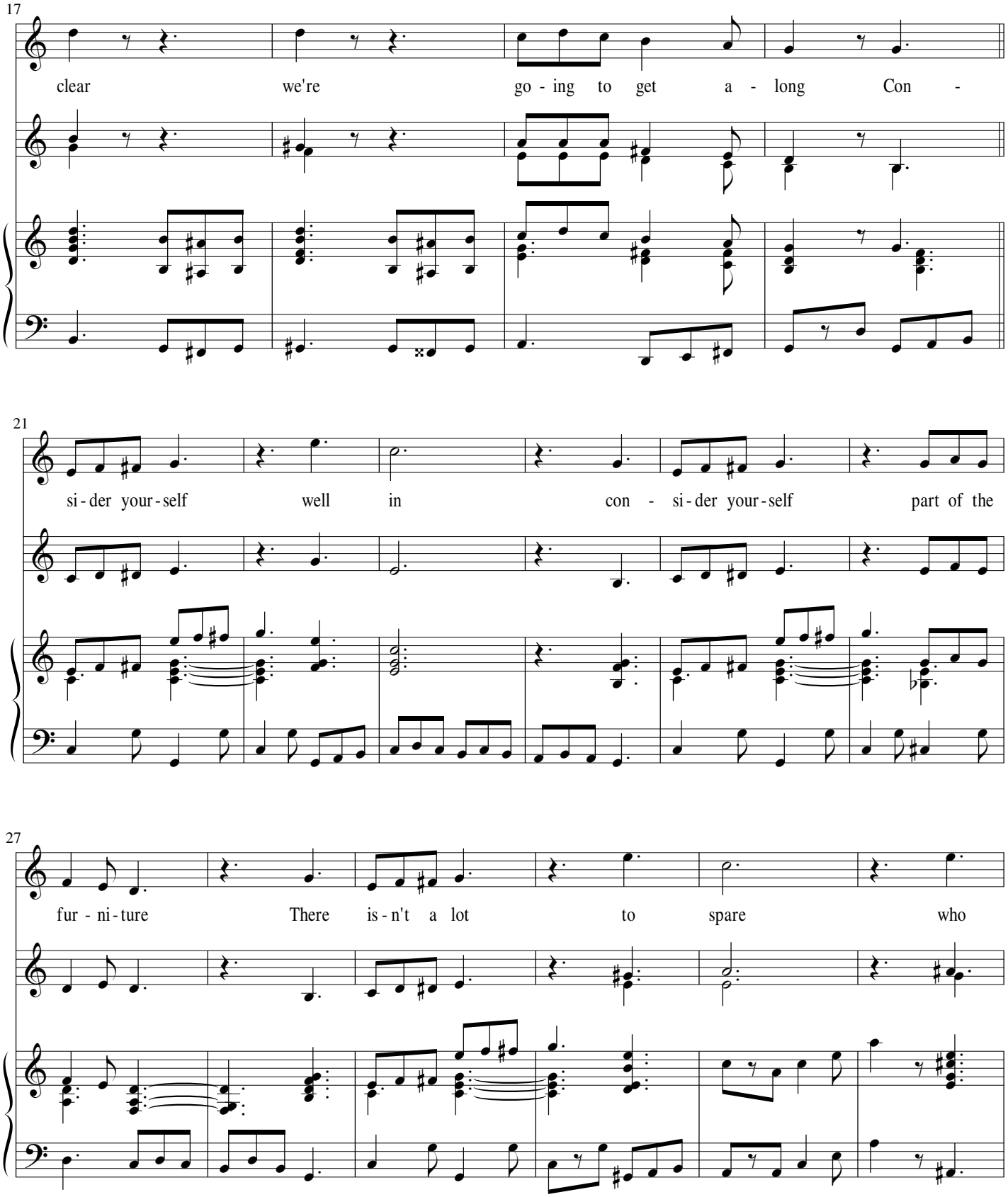
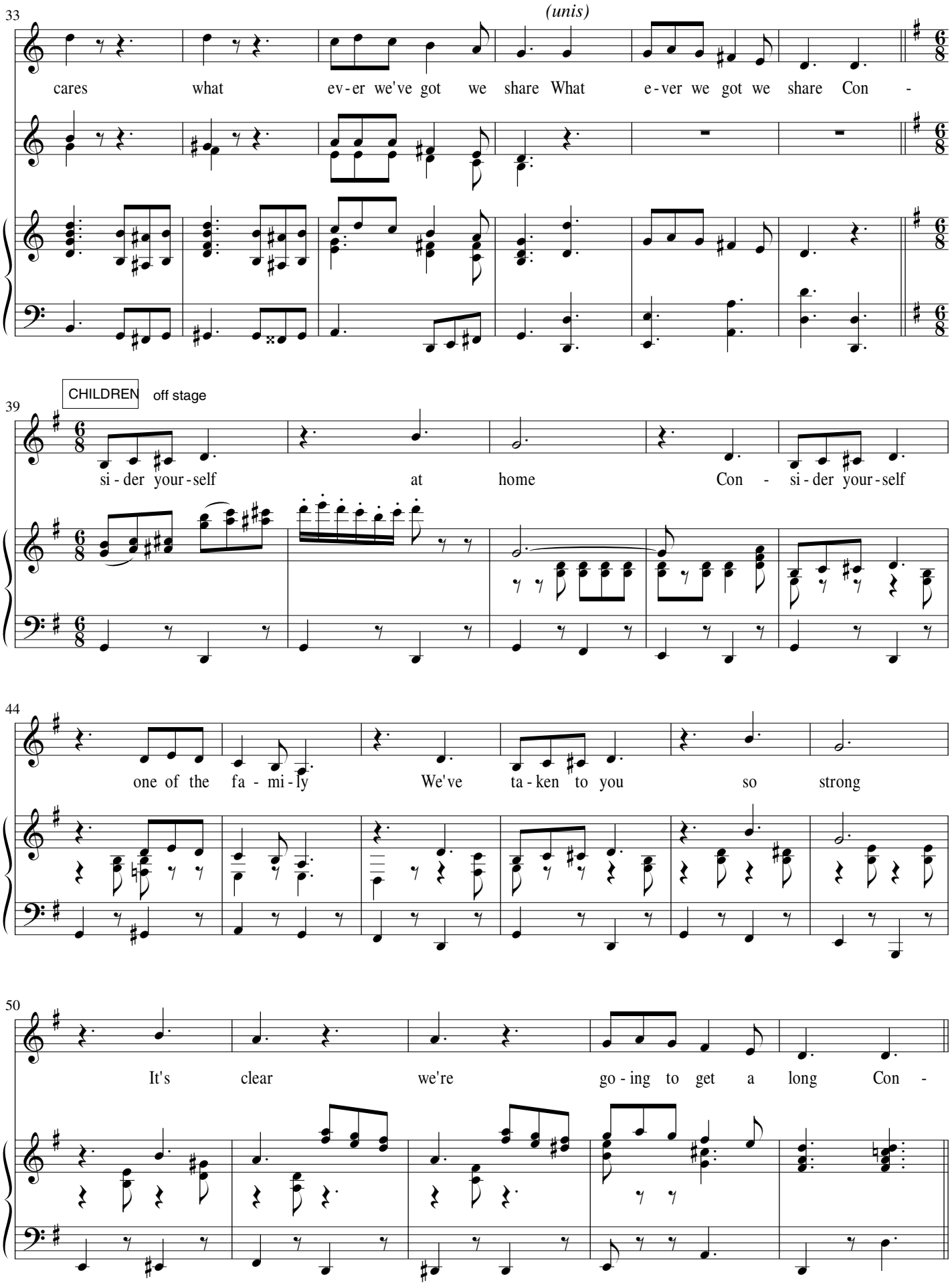
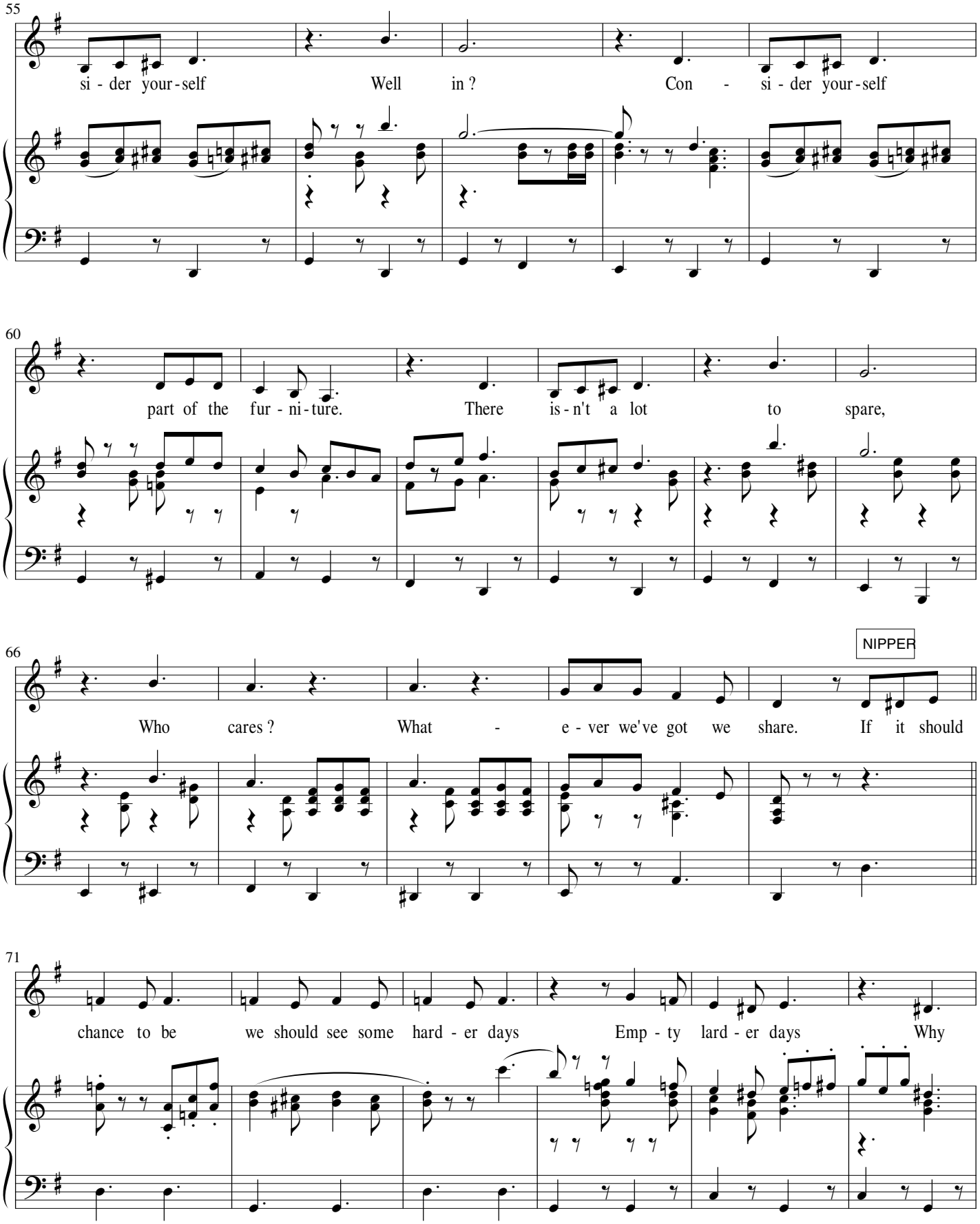
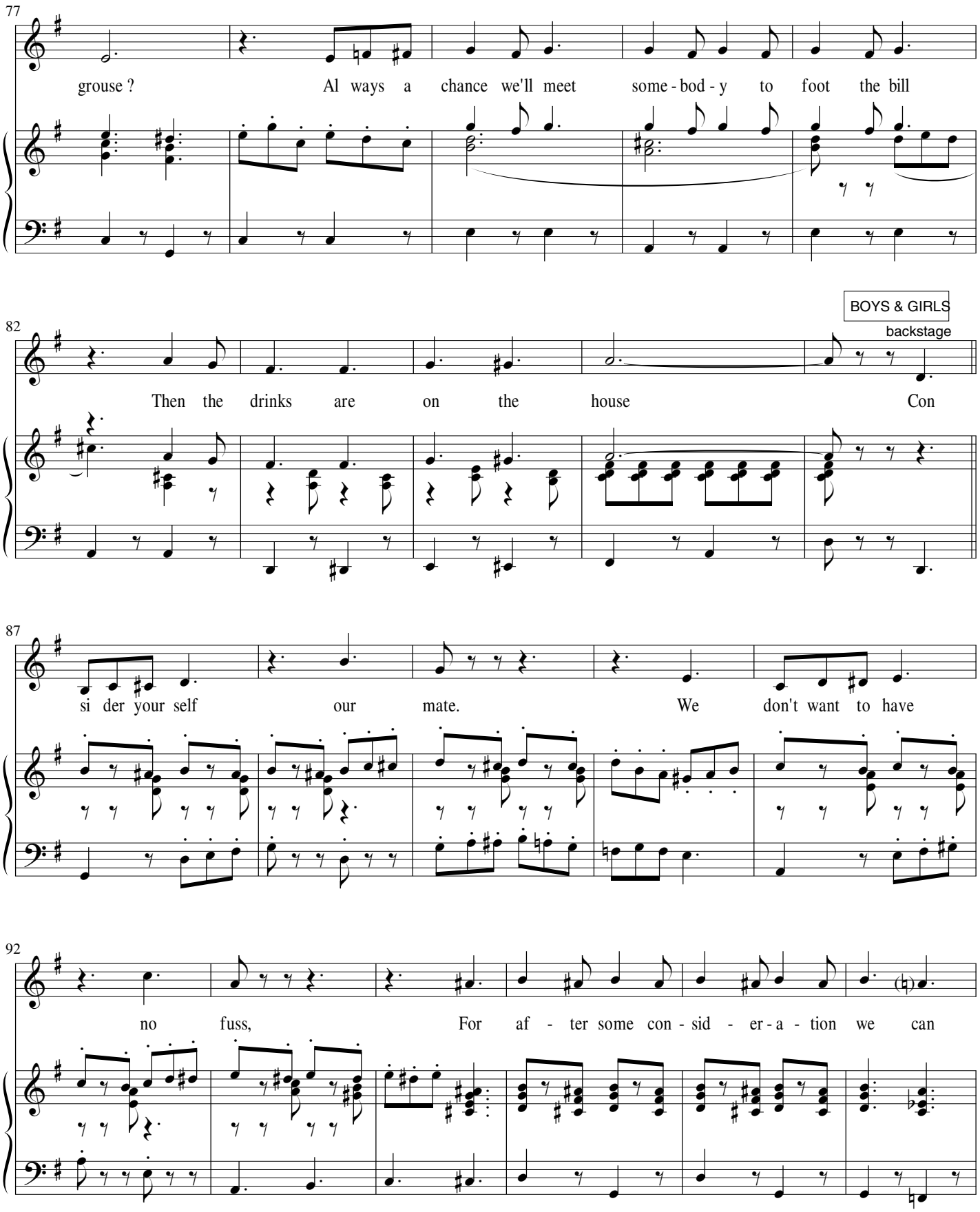
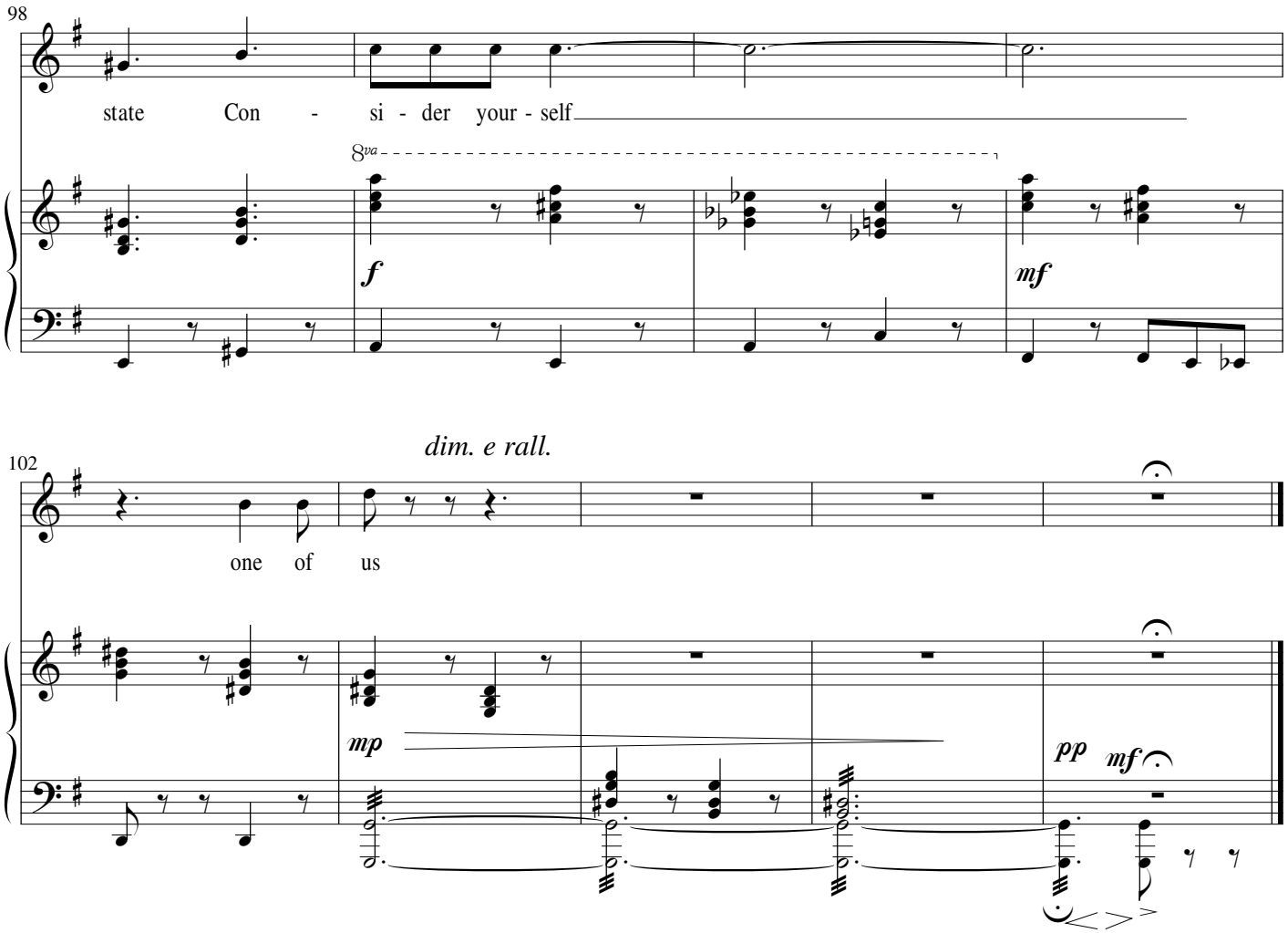

17
clear we're go - ing to get a - long Con -
21
si - der your - self well in con - si - der your - self part of the
27
fur - ni - ture There is - n't a lot to spare who


33
(unis)
cares what ev-er we've got we share What e-ver we got we share Con -
39
CHILDREN off stage
si-der your-self at home Con - si-der your-self
44
one of the fa-mi-ly We've ta-ken to you so strong
50
It's clear we're go-ing to get a long Con -


55
si - der your-self
Well in ?
Con - si - der your-self
60
part of the fur - ni-ture.
There is-n't a lot to spare,
66
NIPPER
Who cares ?
What - e - ver we've got we share.
If it should
71
chance to be
we should see some hard - er days
Emp - ty lard - er days
Why


77
grouse ? Al ways a chance we'll meet some - bod - y to foot the bill
82
BOYS & GIRLS
backstage
Then the drinks are on the house Con
87
si der your self our mate. We don't want to have
92
no fuss, For af - ter some con - sid - er - a - tion we can



As FAGIN appears.

Standing is FAGIN

DODGER:
Fagin. Fagin.

FAGIN:
What!

DODGER:
I've brought a new friend to see you. Oliver Twist.

OLIVER: *(offering his hand to shake)*
Sir.

FAGIN: *(smiling, bowing low and shaking OLIVER'S hand)*
I hope I shall have the honour of your intimate acquaintance. We're very glad to see you, Oliver, very.
(to BOYS)
Aren't we my dears?

DODGER whispers in FAGIN'S ear, FAGIN nods approvingly.

DODGER:
Mr Twist has come to London to seek his fortune.

FAGIN:
You've come to London to seek you fortune. We must see what we can do to help you. Are you hungry?

OLIVER:
Starving.

FAGIN:
Would you like a sausage? Charley.

CHARLEY:
What?

FAGIN:
Take off the sausages. Dodger.

DODGER:
Yeah?

FAGIN:
Draw up a chair near the fire for Oliver.

CHARLEY:
'Ere! These saugsages are mouldy!

FAGIN:
Shut up and drink yer gin!

OLIVER is looking at the handkerchiefs

FAGIN:
Ah! You're a-staring at the pocket handkerchiefs! There are quite a few of 'em, ain't there? We've just hung 'em out, ready for the wash, the wash, that's all, Oliver, that's all.

OLIVER:
Is this a laundry then, sir?

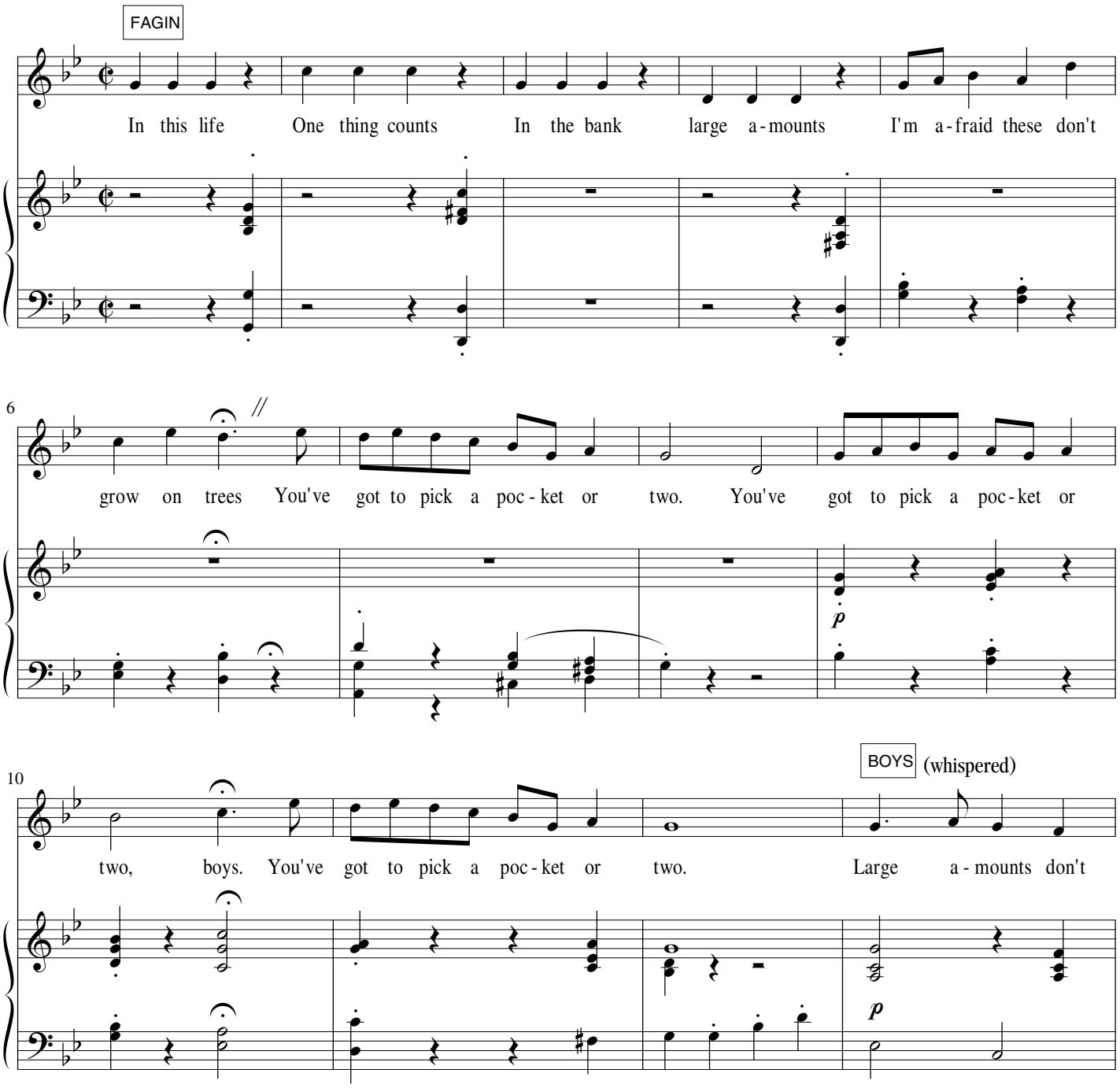
The BOYS roar with laughter.

18. Pick A Pocket Or Two

FAGIN: Well, not exactly, my boy. I suppose a laundry would be a very nice thing indeed, but our line of business pays a little better - don't it boys?

BOYS: Not arf! I'll say it does!

FAGIN: You see, Oliver. . .



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FAGIN: Let's show Oliver how to do it my dears.

14 16 17

grow on trees - you've got to pick a poc - ket or two

(DIALOGUE) ***f***

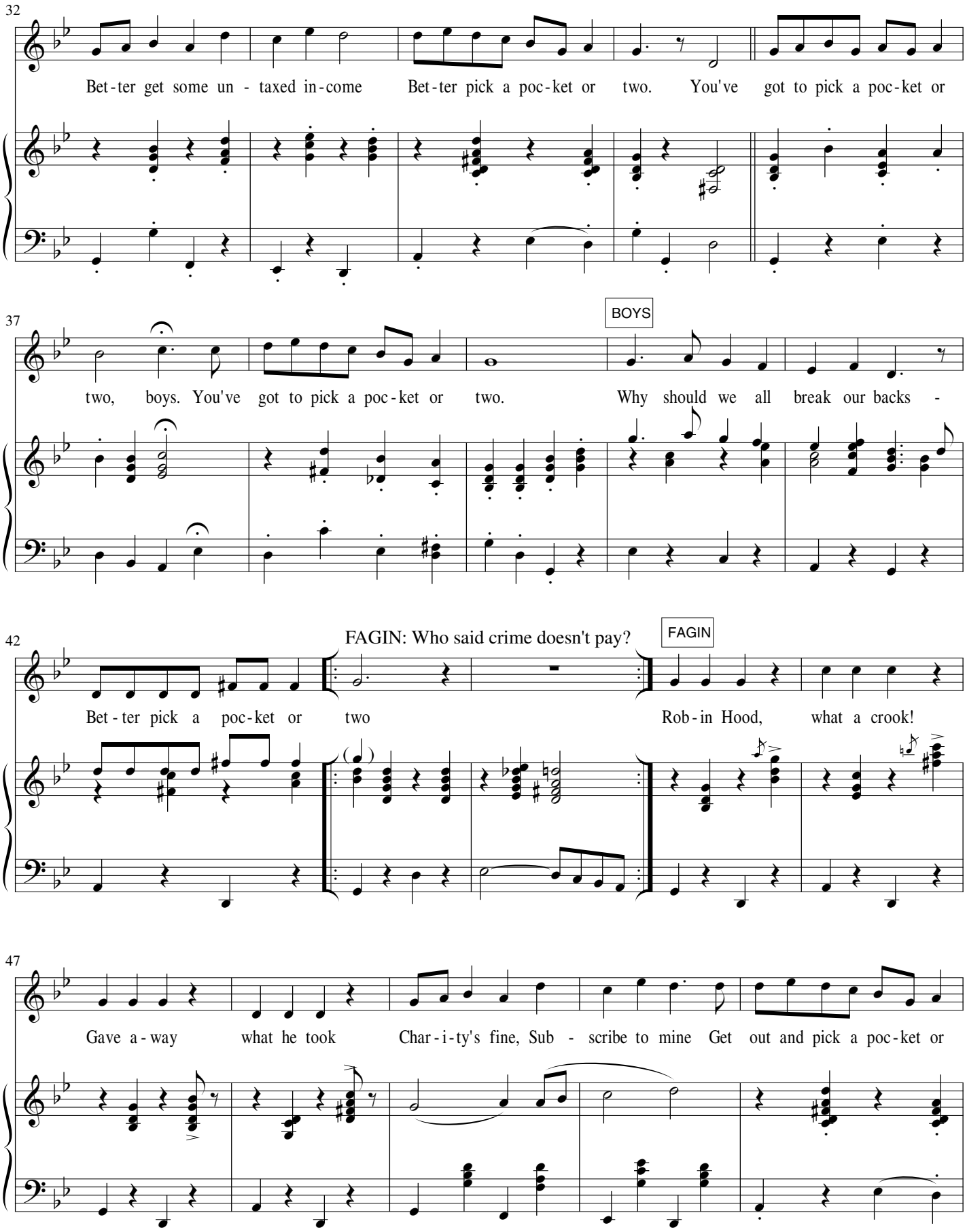
18

23 *Rall.* 24 *A Tempo* ♩=88-92

FAGIN

27

Why should we break our backs stu - pid - ly pay - ing tax ?


32
Bet-ter get some un - taxed in-come Bet-ter pick a poc-ket or two. You've got to pick a poc-ket or
37
BOYS
two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Why should we all break our backs -
42
FAGIN: Who said crime doesn't pay?
FAGIN
Bet-ter pick a poc-ket or two Rob-in Hood, what a crook!
47
Gave a-way what he took Char-i-ty's fine, Sub - scribe to mine Get out and pick a poc-ket or

52

Rall. *A Tempo*

two. You"ve got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. you've got to pick a poc-ket or two.

57

BOYS

FAGIN: My merry men!

Rob - in Hood was far too good. He had to pick a poc-ket or two

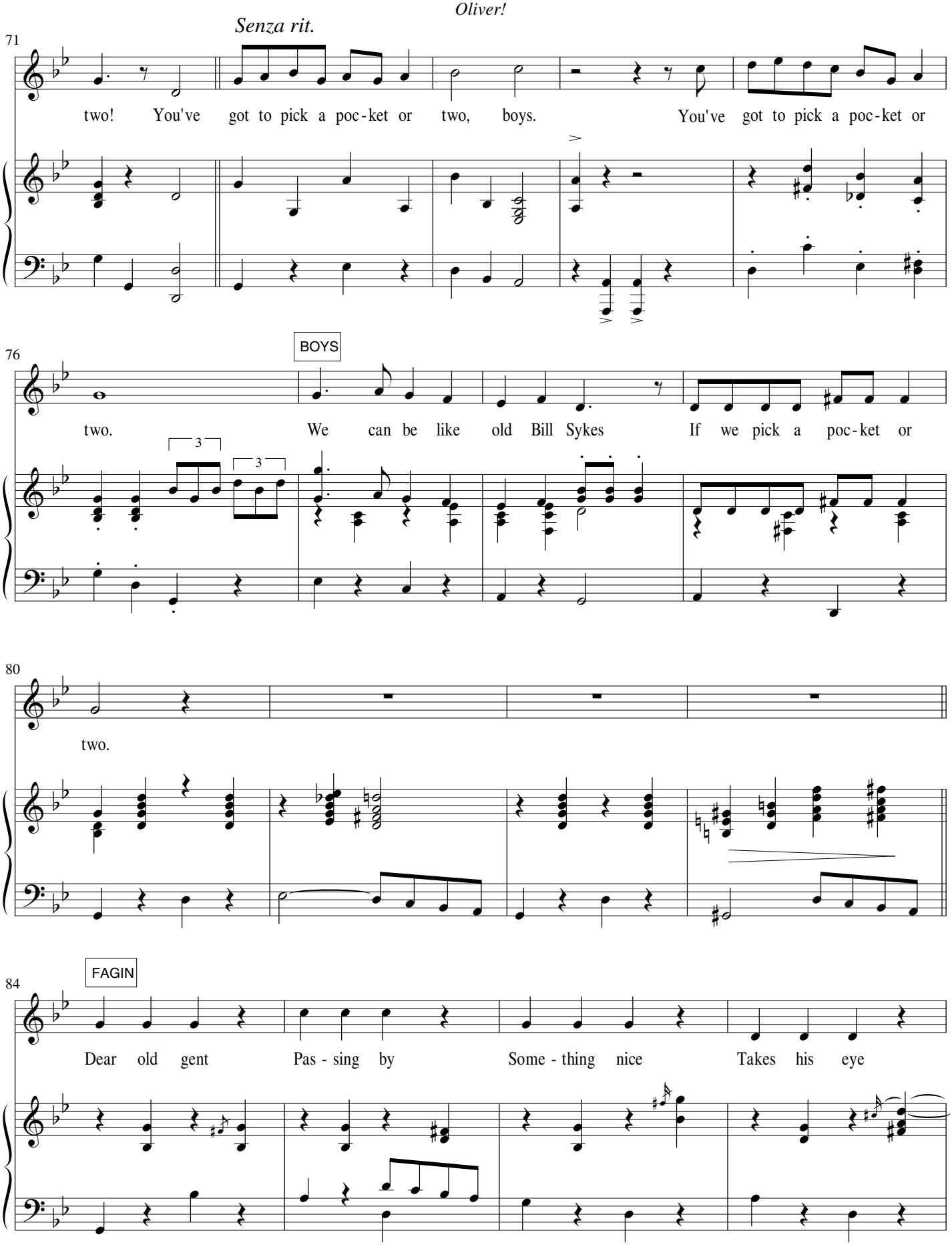
62

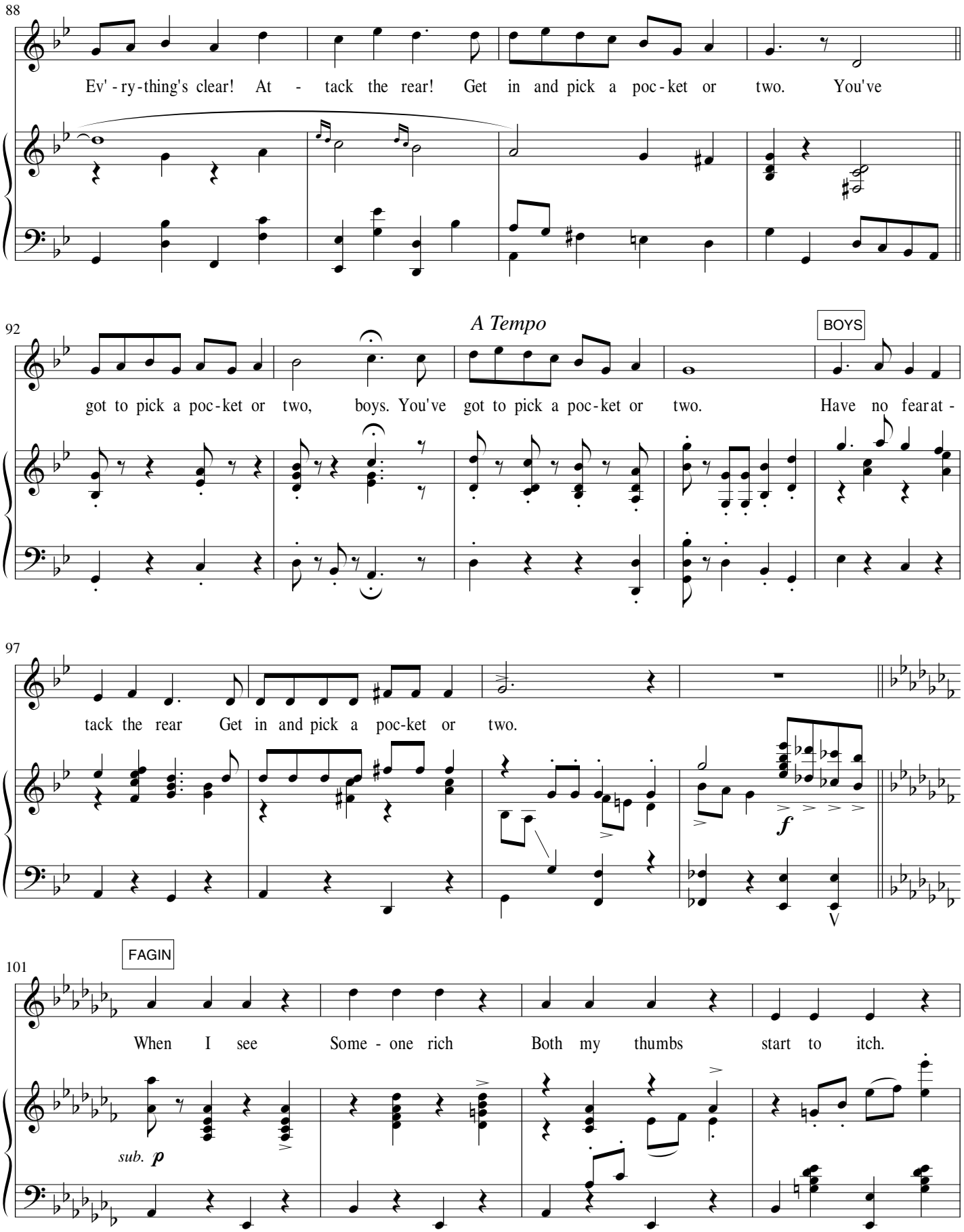
FAGIN

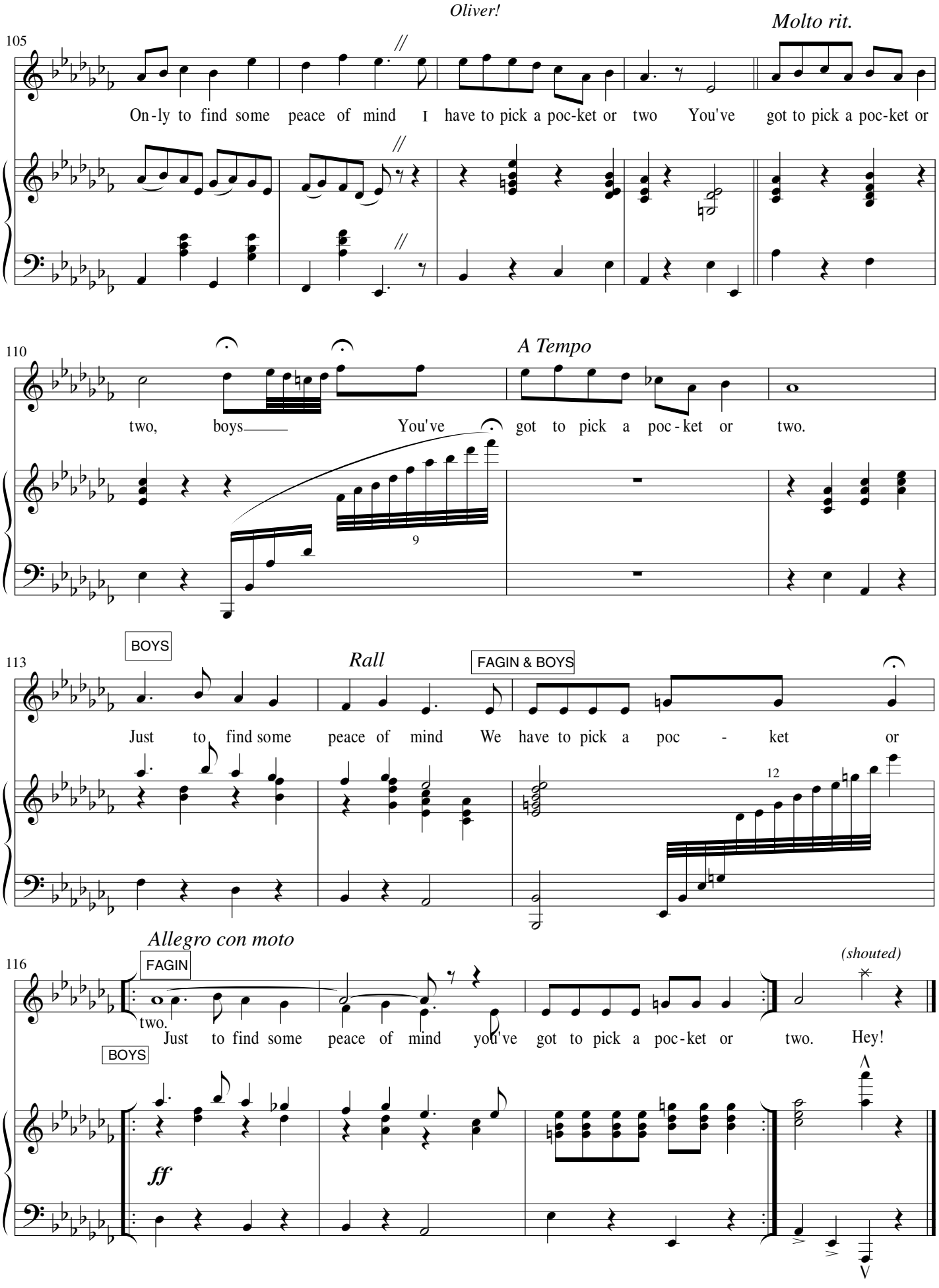
Take a tip From Bill Sykes - He can whip

67

What he likes I re - call he start - ed small, He had to pick a poc - ket or


Senza rit.
71
two! You've got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or
BOYS
76
two. We can be like old Bill Sykes If we pick a poc-ket or
3
3
80
two.
FAGIN
84
Dear old gent Pas - sing by Some - thing nice Takes his eye


88
Ev' - ry-thing's clear! At - tack the rear! Get in and pick a poc - ket or two. You've
92
A Tempo
BOYS
got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Have no fear at -
97
tack the rear Get in and pick a poc-ket or two.
f
V
101
FAGIN
When I see Some - one rich Both my thumbs start to itch.
sub. p


105
Molto rit.
On-ly to find some peace of mind I have to pick a poc-ket or two You've got to pick a poc-ket or
110
A Tempo
two, boys You've got to pick a poc-ket or two.
9
BOYS
113
Rall
FAGIN & BOYS
Just to find some peace of mind We have to pick a poc - ket or
12
Allegro con moto
116
FAGIN
(shouted)
two.
Just to find some peace of mind you've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Hey!
BOYS
ff

The BOYS surround FAGIN to display their ill-gotten gains. Oliver is amazed.

FAGIN:
Put 'em all back in the box!

Thr BOYS return the articles they have stolen to the box with the exception of one BOY, whom FAGIN sees out of the corner of his eye.

FAGIN:
I said all of 'em!

The smallest BOY stops in his tracks.

Nipper!....
(with violence)
...Come 'ere!

The BOY shamefully walks back with the hanky and tricks him. FAGIN pats the BOY on the head.

What a crook! I hope you've all been hard at work today, my dears.

DODGER:
Hard?

ALL BOYS:
As nails!

FAGIN:
What 'ave you got for me. Dodger?

DODGER: *(off handedly)*
Couple o' wallets.

FAGIN:
Well lined, I hope.

DODGER:
Only the best.

FAGIN: *(weighing the wallets and checking insise quickly for the contents)*
Not as heavy as they might be. But very nicely made! Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver?

OLIVER: *(examining the wallets)*
Did he make these himself?

CHARLEY: *(roars with laughter)*
Yeah, with his own lilt white hands!

FAGIN: *(hits CHARLEY)*
You be quiet, Charley.
(to CHARLEY)
And what have you got, my dear?

CHARLEY:
Nose rags.

He produces two large silk handkerchiefs - very elaborately pattened.

FAGIN:
Well, they're very good ones, very! - yellow and green! You haven't embroidered the initials too well tho', Charley - H.R.H. - so they'll have to be picked out with a needle, won't they? You'll need to learn to do that too, Oliver my dear.

BOYS giggle and nudge each other.

And you'll have to learn how to make wallets like the Dodger and Charley here. You'd like that, wouldn't you, my dear?

OLIVER:
Yes, Mister Fagin, if you'll teach me.

More giggling and nudging from the BOYS.

FAGIN:
Certainly my boy, no fee! Just do everything you see Dodger and Charley do. Make 'em your models, my dear - especially Dodger. He's going to be a right little... Bill Sykes!

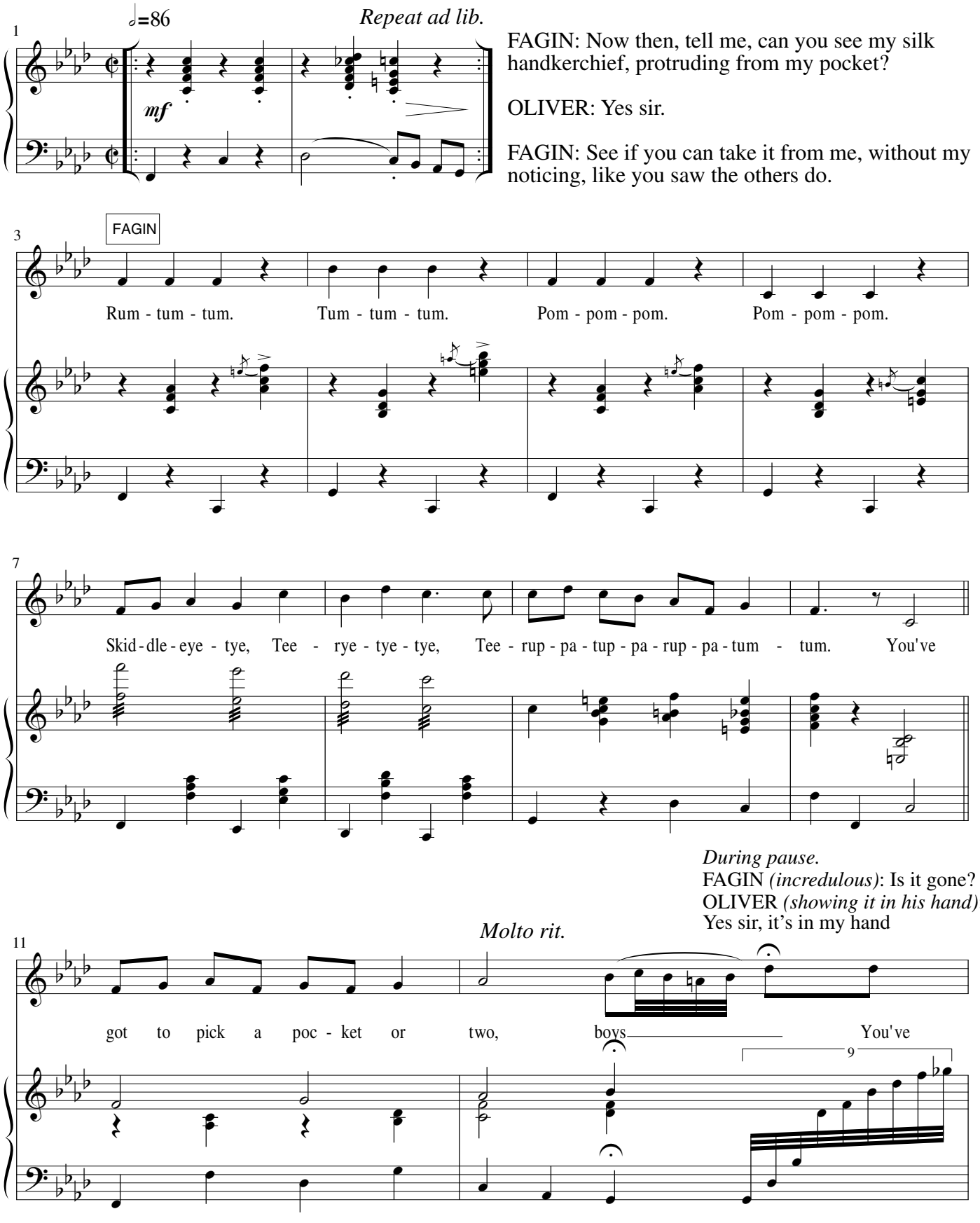
OLIVER:
Who's Bill Sykes, Mr Fagin?

FAGIN:
All in good time, Oliver. All in good time.

19. Rum-Tum-Tum

CUE: FAGIN: All in good time, Oliver. All in good time

MUSIC STARTS



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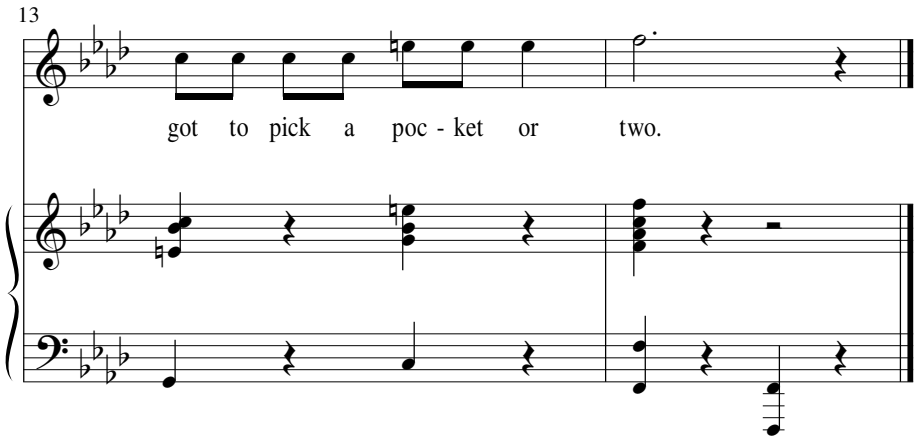


FAGIN *(patting OLIVER'S head)*

I don't believe it! You're a clever boy, my dear. I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you.

The BOYS mob FAGIN for their shilling. FAGIN puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws it empty.

I have to go to the bank.

The BOYS protest again in a noisy fashion and FAGIN quietens them all suddenly, as a policeman walks above.

Now, bedtime, all of you; there's a hard day's work ahead!

The BOYS protest.

OLIVER
Where shall I sleep, Sir?

FAGIN
Here, my dear. By the warm. Would you like a night cap?

OLIVER climbs onto the sofa

OLIVER
Yes please.

FAGIN
We're out of Cocoa. 'Ave a drop of gin.

OLIVER drinks the gin and spits it out.. The BOYS all laugh at him..
Alright, alright. Settle down! Dodger! Take yer hat off in bed! Where's ya manners?

He comes over to OLIVER and secretly gives him a shilling, and speaking sotto voce...

Yes, Oliver, you're quite the gentleman now. You've got a shilling on credit. You've gotta home and a profession. If you go on this way, you'll be the greatest man of all time.

Tucking OLIVER's arms under the blanket he sings as if in a gentle lullaby.

You've got to pick a pocket or two . . .
You've got to pick a pocket or two. . .

When FAGIN is confident the BOYS are asleep, he begins his nightly stocktaking. He reaches for his ledger and then lifts the trap door with his stick. The trap drops on his foot. He wants to scream, he has to scream - he can't scream. The BOYS are asleep. He retreats to a remote corner and whimpers... He returns to the trap and takes out a virtually empty sack. From above we hear a loud, coded knock. (Intermezzo part 1)

FAGIN:
Oh! Bill. Perfect timing, as usual.

He clambers up the stairs with his sack, with much expectation. He waits for BILL to present him with a silver tea pot.

Oh, beautiful Bill.

He bas it. BILL presents a silver plate.

Ooh, now that is lovely, Bill.

BILL presents a silver candlestick.

Another one of these, we'd 'ave a pair!

BILL produces the matching candlestick.

What can I say?

BILL finally produces a beautiful ring.

Oh, Bill. This is all so sudden... I never knew you cared. I shall 'ave to go and think it over.

He tries to exit but is stopped by BILL, who then clicks his fingers for money.

Cash Bill? Keep cash around 'ere, with all these young thieves about... I wouldn't dare. Besides, I gotta price the stuff first, all proper and correct. Tomorrow Bill, usual place, Three Cripples... That's a promise.

He disappears quickly back down below. The excited FAGIN literally trips down the stairs, checking the BOYS are still asleep. He begins to price up and itemise BILL'S booty. He sets out the silver onto the sack like a dinner party. He enters "2 candlesticks" into the ledger. He enters "1 tea pot". He stops. Looks at it. FAGIN rubs the tea pot.

FAGIN:
Come on out, my son... Just for me. Just for Fagin.

There is nothing. He opens the lid. There is a dead mouse inside. He pulls it out and throws it away.

Typical!

He enters "1 silver plate" in the ledger. He admires the plate and catches sight of his own reflection. At first he is admiring, then he sees the reality. With a little shiver he gathers all the booty together in the sack and places it back into the trap. He goes to throw the ting in also but he stops.

(Looking upward) No sorry, guv'nor, this one's for me.

He closes the trap. The lights dim. He double checks that everybody is still asleep. There is silence. FAGIN now mkes his way to his own personal treasure chest. It is stored under the floorboards and no-one but FAGIN knows of its existence. He pulls up a still, settles down and lifts the box to him. Taking out the ring and placing it inside. (Cue mark tree as he opens the box.)

FAGIN:
Go on then my beauty. Go and join your little friends and play together! You're for my old age, my pension.

He hugs the box to him, and slowly, muttering to himself, drifts into a blissful sleep. The music makes the transition to morning. (Intermezzo part 2). The sun is up and FAGIN is still asleep, caressing the box. He is having a nightmare.

FAGIN: *(sweating and panicky)*
No! You can't take it. It's mine... mine! It was Bill Sykes. Bill Sykes stole it all. Don't you see Your Honour, I was going to give it away! It was foor the poot! THE POOR I TELL YOU!

OLIVER has been woken by this and now stands over FAGIN.

OLIVER: *(nervously)*
Mr Fagin?

FAGIN: *(half in, half out of the dream)*
No, let me speak! I demand to be heard! Don't you see, Your Honour, it was for all the little ophans in this world...
Opening his eyes, he sees OLIVER in front of him.
Like this one here!!
He realises he has been dreaming, and what the boy may have seen. He panics and closes the lid of the box with a loud crash. He leaps up.
Why are you awake? What have you seen? Quick, quick! Speak! I want to hear every detail you saw!

OLIVER:
I couldn't sleep any more, sir. I'm very sorry if I disturbed you, sir.

FAGIN:
Were you awake a quarter of an hour ago?

OLIVER:
No.

FAGIN:
Ten minutes ago?

OLIVER:
Not that I know of.

FAGIN:
Be sure, be sure!!

OLIVER:
I'm sure!

FAGIN: *(resuming his old manner)*
All right then... If you're sure, I'm sure.

He plays with the toasting fork.

Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. Did you see any of those pretty things, my dear?

Looking at the box.

OLIVER:
Yes, sir.

FAGIN: *(starts)*
They're mine, Oliver, my private property. It's all I've got to live on in me old age. It's a terrible thing Oliver, old age.

He looks from the floortrap to the box.

OLIVER:
Do you think I could get up now, sir?

FAGIN:
Certainly, my dear, certainly. There's a basin of water over there - you can have a wash.

OLIVER:
But I had a bath yesterday.

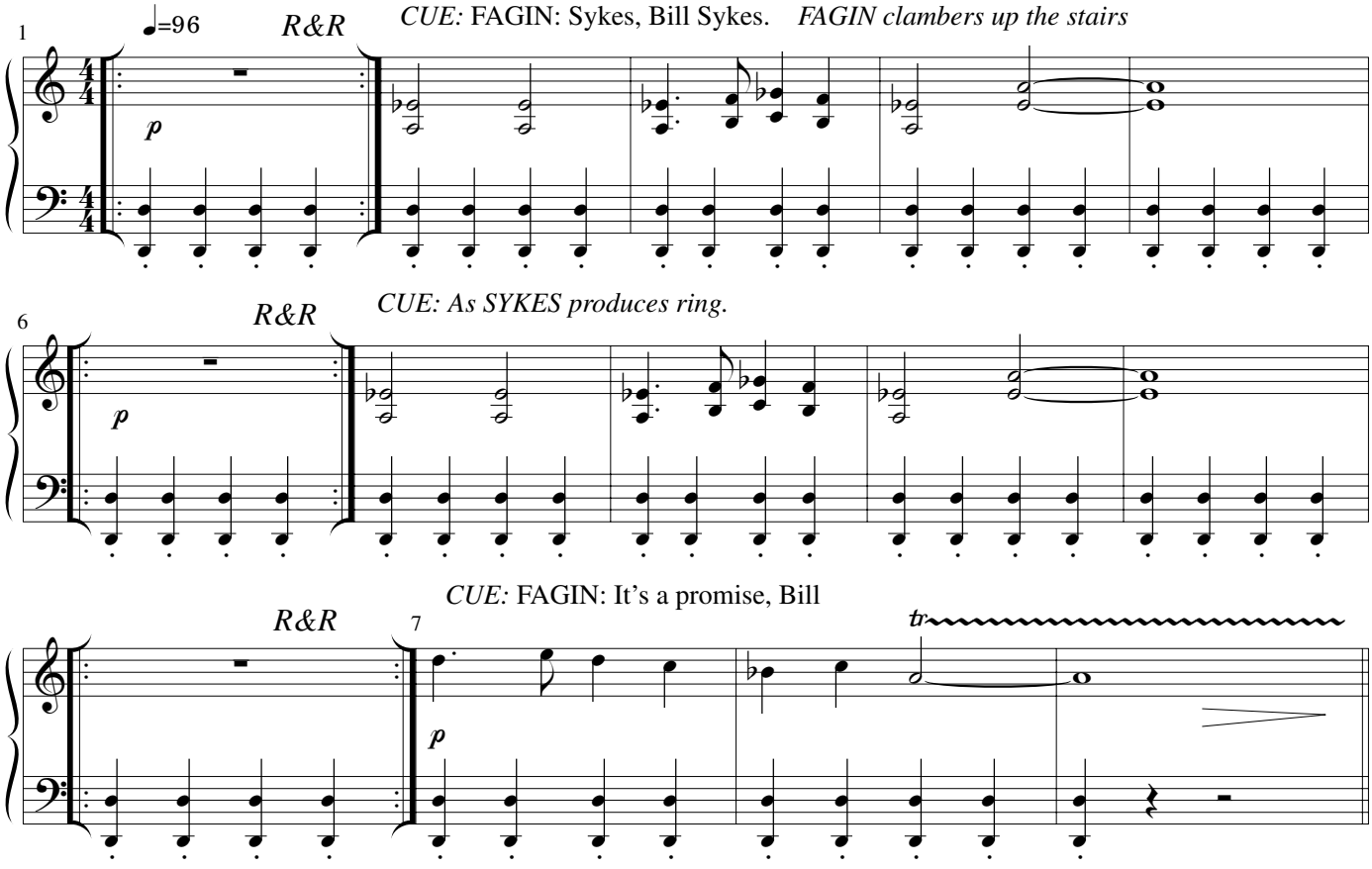
FAGIN: *(pointing to the corner)*
Well, today's yer birthday - wash!

OLIVER moves over to the corner. When his back is turned - with lightning speed FAGIN returns the box to its hiding place. NANCY enters into the street above with BET.

20. Intermezzo Part 1

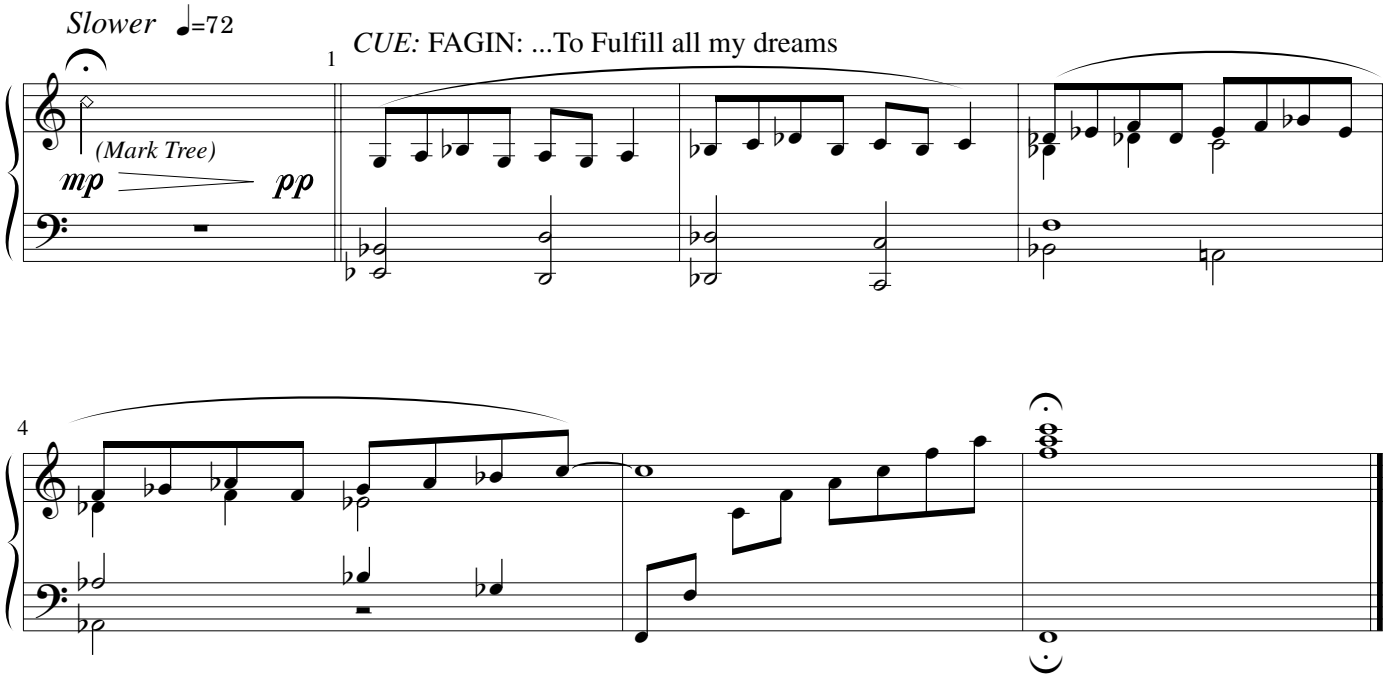
When all the BOYS are asleep, a huge shadow appears on the pavement above. It's BILL SIKES. He knocks.

FAGIN: *(singing)* You've got to pick a pocket or two.



21. Intermezzo Part 2

CUE: As FAGIN opens treasure chest



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22. It's a Fine Life

NANCY enters into the street above with BET.

NANCY
Come on Bet.

FAGIN
Nancy!

NANCY
Lifts the manhole cover and shouts down.
Plummy and slam.

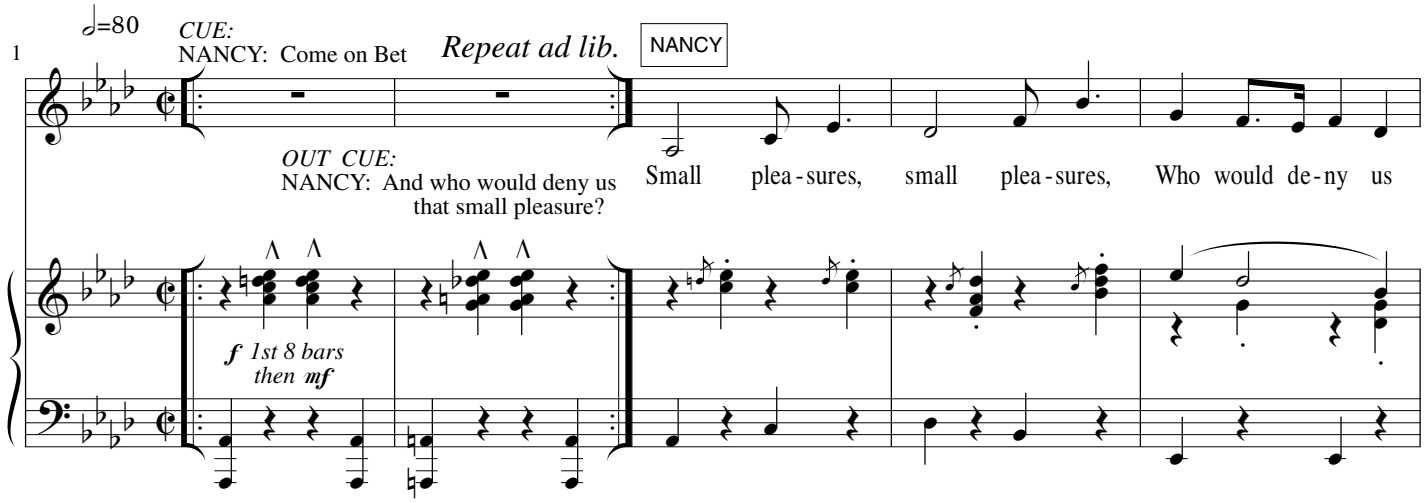
FAGIN
It's Nancy! Wake up boys. The ladies are here.

DODGER
Ladies! Cor! 'Ark at him!

NANCY
We'll have less of that if you don't mind!
Coming down the stairs into the room.
Where's the gin, Fagin?

FAGIN
All in moderation, my dear. All in moderation. Too much gin can be a dangerous thing for a pure young girl.

NANCY
And what's wrong with a bit of danger, then, Mis-ter Fagin? After all, that's the only bit of excitement we have. And who would deny us that small pleasure.



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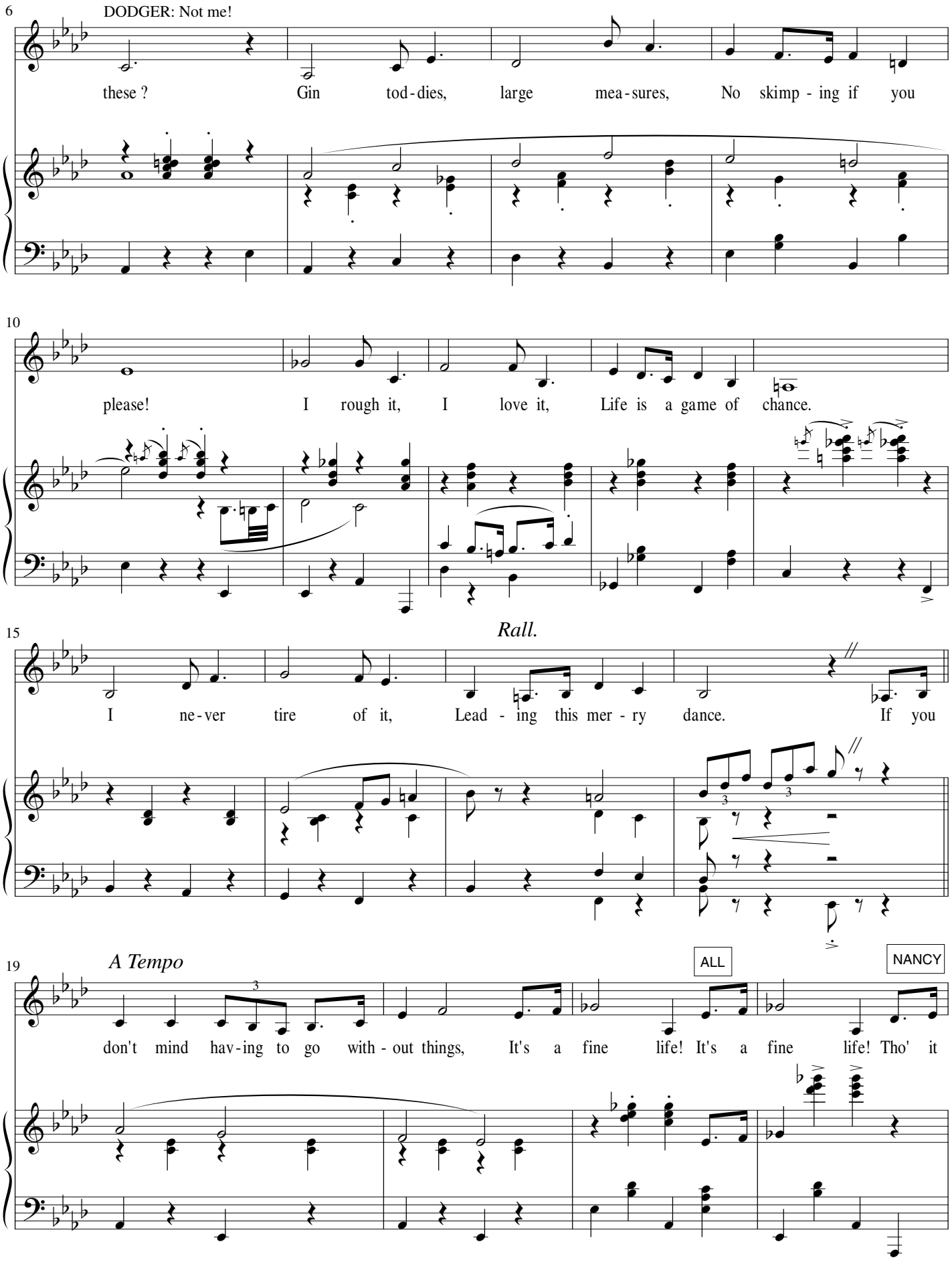
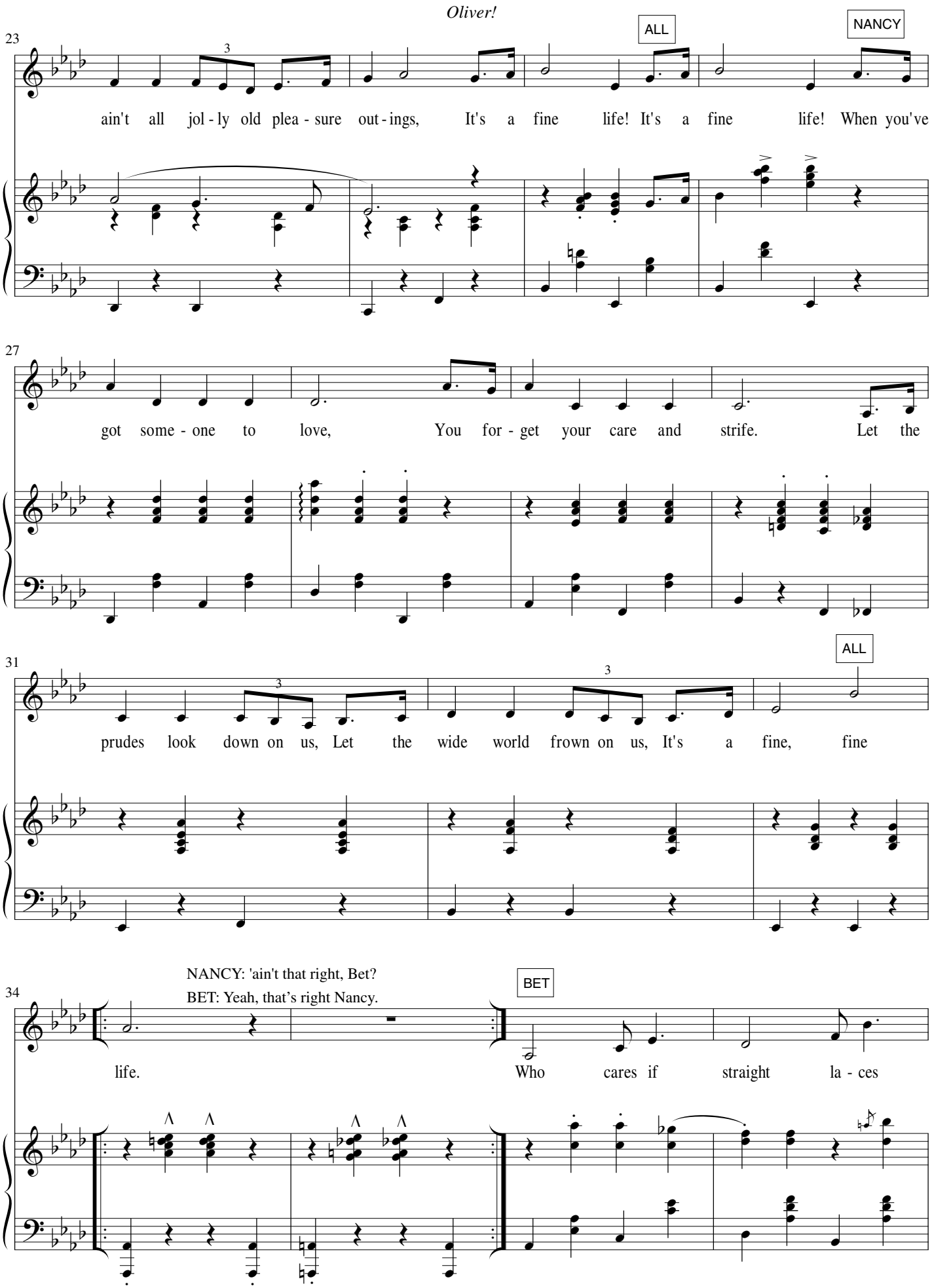
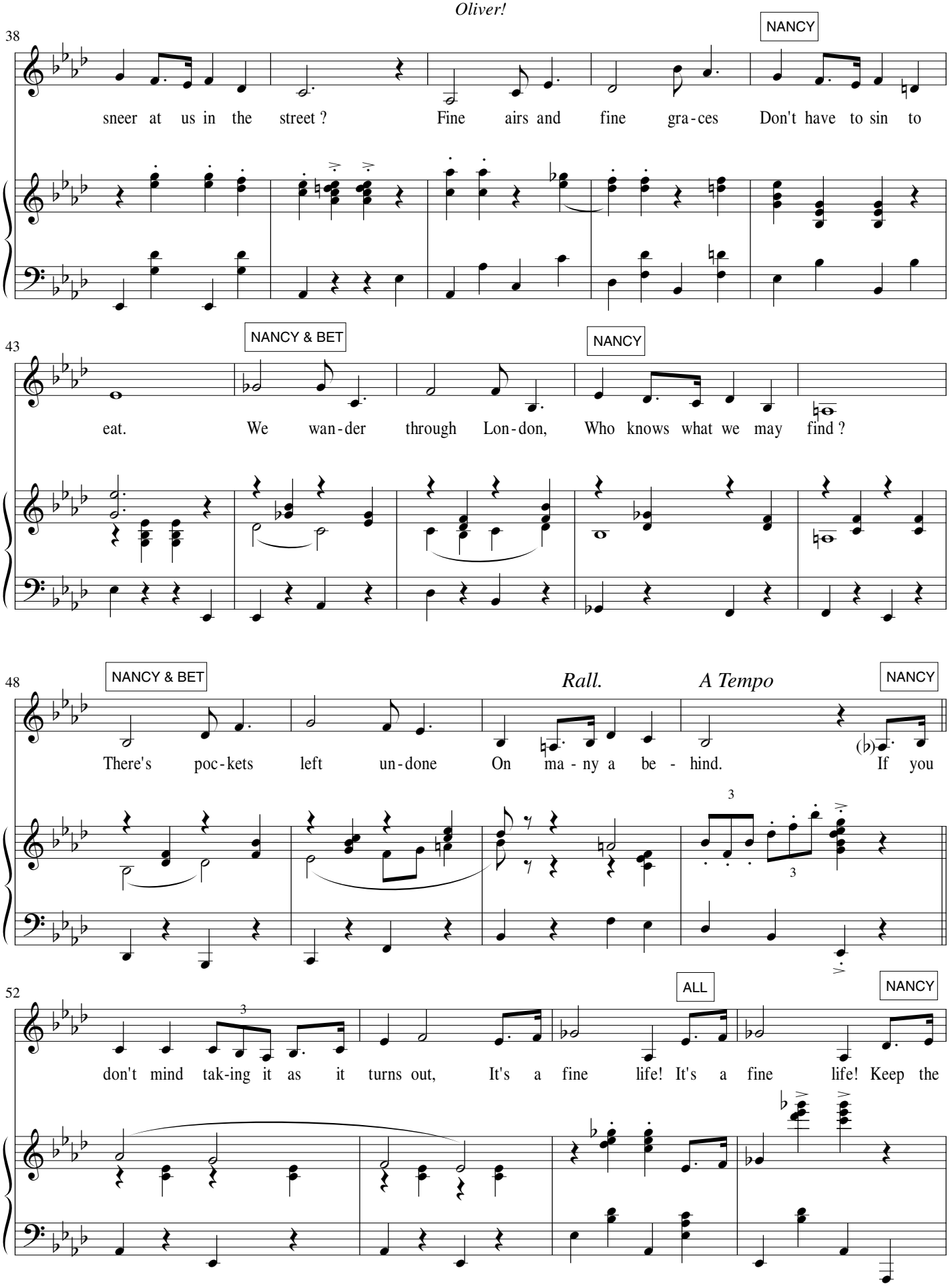
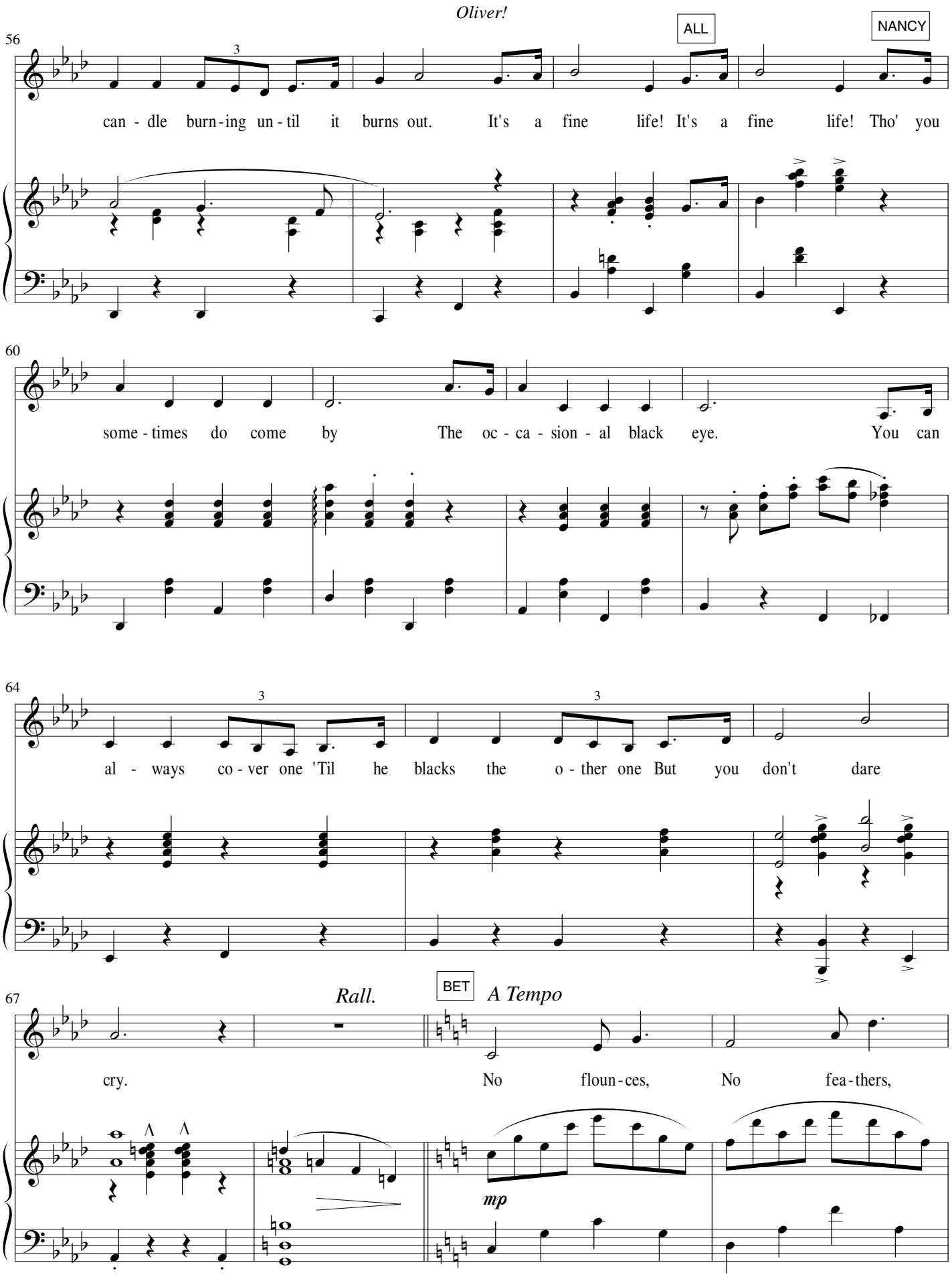
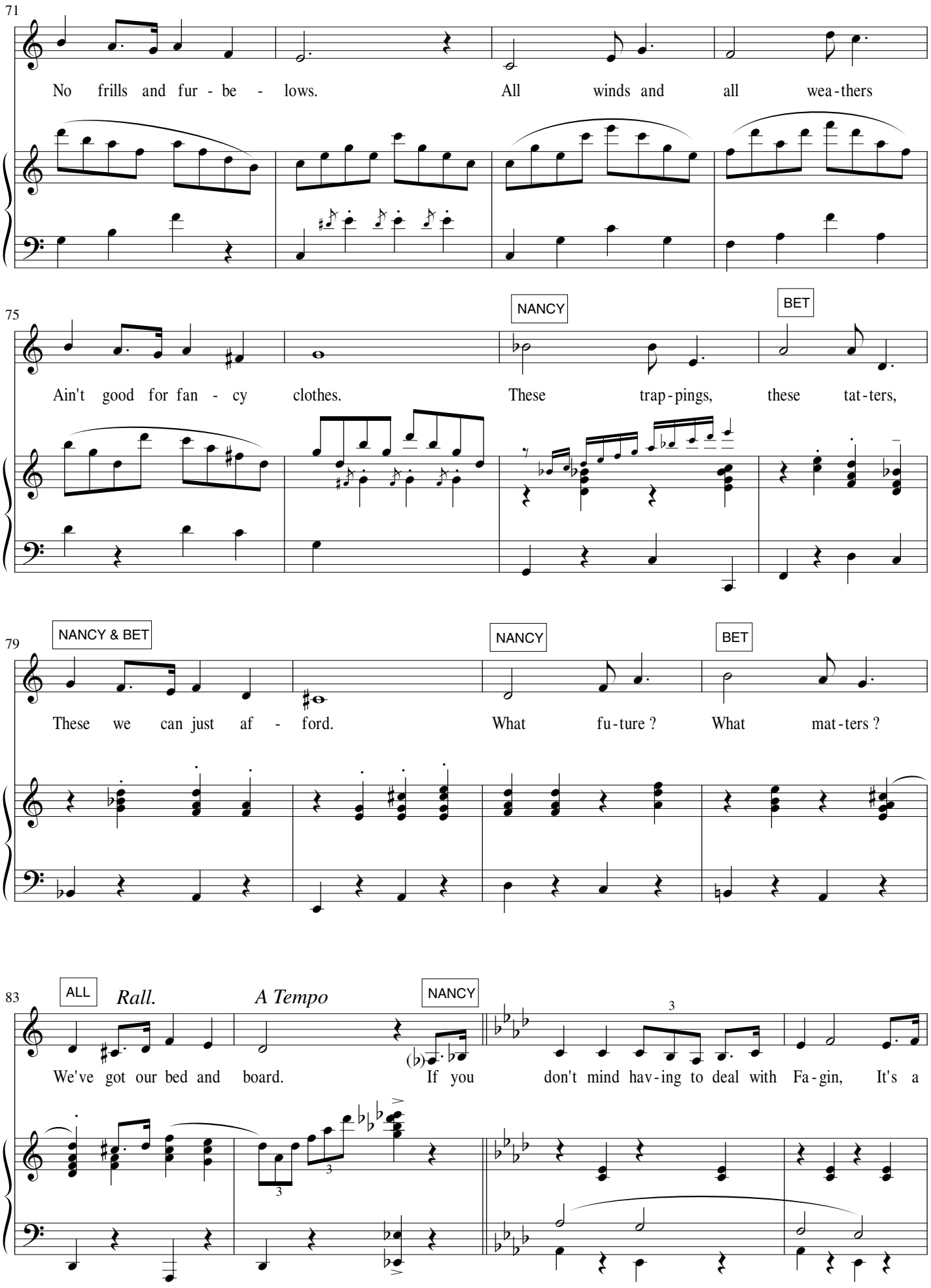
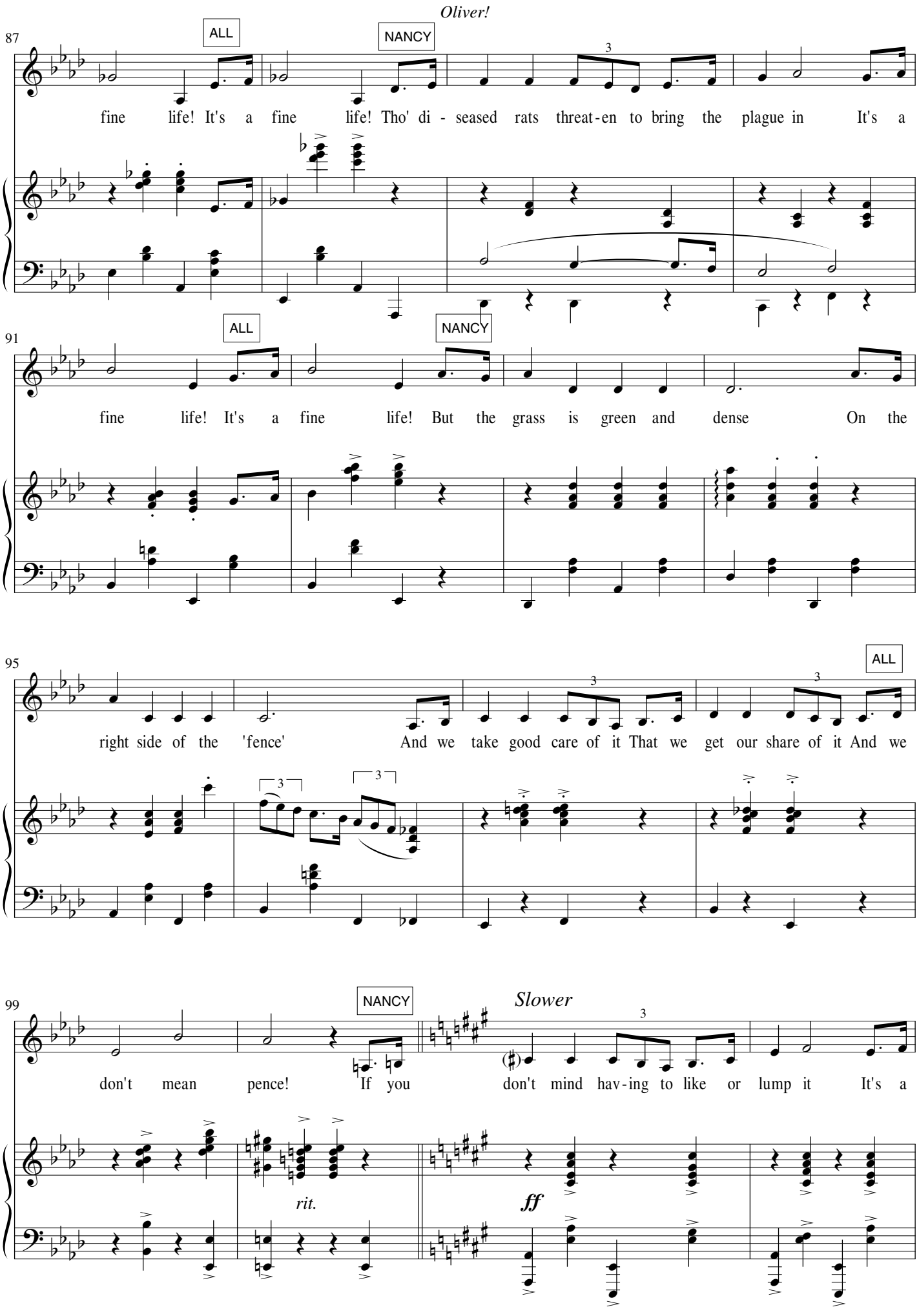

6
DODGER: Not me!
these ? Gin tod-dies, large mea-sures, No skimp - ing if you
10
please! I rough it, I love it, Life is a game of chance.
15
Rall.
I ne-ver tire of it, Lead - ing this mer - ry dance. If you
19
A Tempo
ALL
NANCY
don't mind hav-ing to go with - out things, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' it

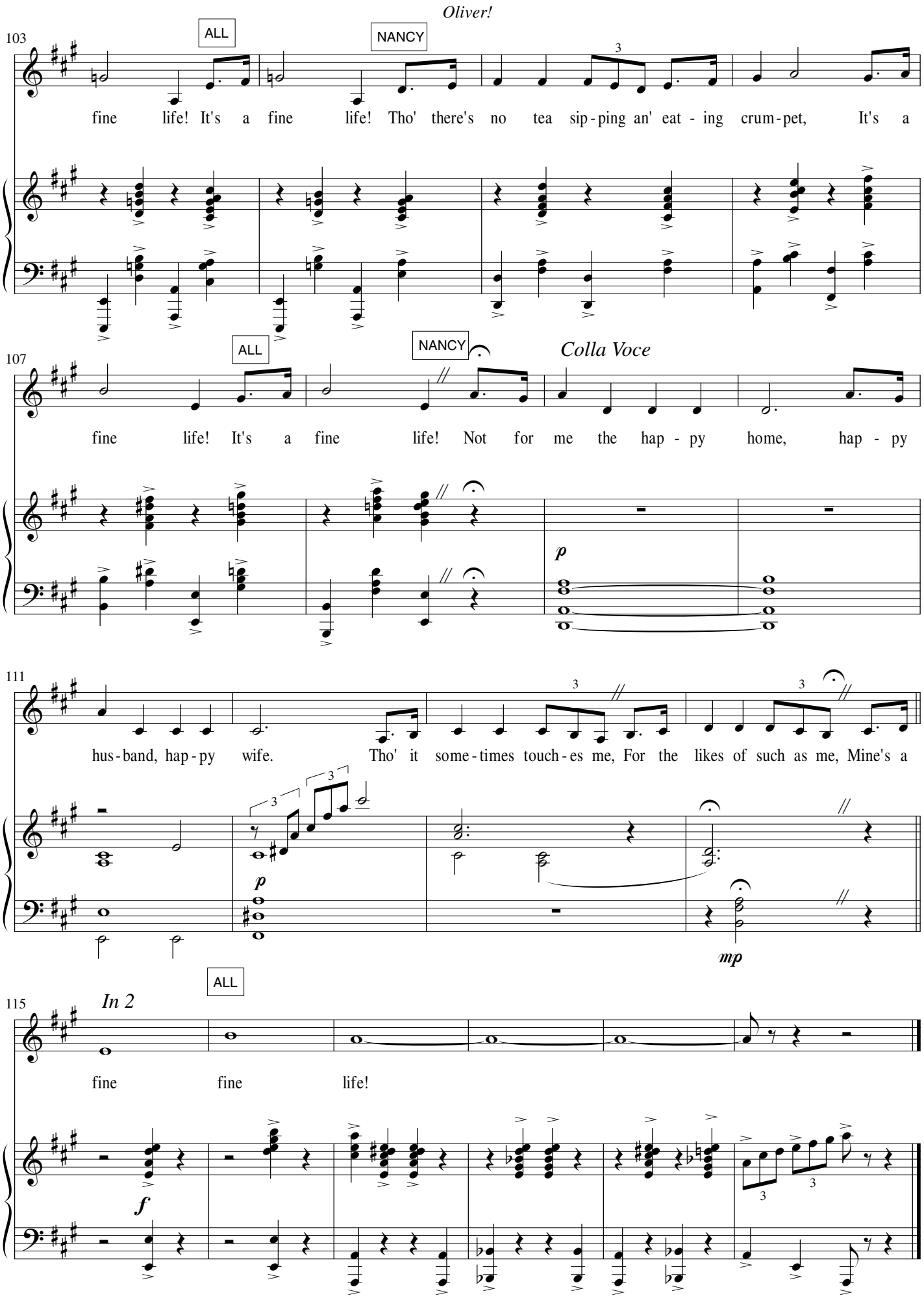

23
ALL
NANCY
ain't all jol - ly old plea - sure out - ings, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! When you've
27
got some - one to love, You for - get your care and strife. Let the
31
ALL
prudes look down on us, Let the wide world frown on us, It's a fine, fine
34
NANCY: 'ain't that right, Bet?
BET: Yeah, that's right Nancy.
BET
life. Who cares if straight la - ces


38
NANCY
sneer at us in the street ? Fine airs and fine gra-ces Don't have to sin to
43
NANCY & BET
NANCY
eat. We wan-der through Lon-don, Who knows what we may find ?
48
NANCY & BET
Rall.
A Tempo
NANCY
There's poc-kets left un-done On ma-ny a be-hind. If you
52
ALL
NANCY
don't mind tak-ing it as it turns out, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Keep the


56
ALL
NANCY
can - dle burn - ing un - til it burns out. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' you
60
some - times do come by The oc - ca - sion - al black eye. You can
64
al - ways co - ver one 'Til he blacks the o - ther one But you don't dare
67
Rall.
BET
A Tempo
cry. No floun - ces, No fea - thers,
mp


71
No frills and fur - be - lows. All winds and all wea-thers
75
NANCY
BET
Ain't good for fan - cy clothes. These trap-pings, these tat-ters,
79
NANCY & BET
NANCY
BET
These we can just af - ford. What fu-ture ? What mat-ters ?
83
ALL
Rall.
A Tempo
NANCY
We've got our bed and board. If you don't mind hav-ing to deal with Fa-gin, It's a


Oliver!
87
ALL
NANCY
fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' di - seased rats threat-en to bring the plague in It's a
91
ALL
NANCY
fine life! It's a fine life! But the grass is green and dense On the
95
ALL
right side of the 'fence' And we take good care of it That we get our share of it And we
99
NANCY
Slower
don't mean pence! If you don't mind hav-ing to like or lump it It's a
rit.
ff


103
ALL
NANCY
fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' there's no tea sip-ping an' eat-ing crum-pet, It's a
107
ALL
NANCY
Colla Voce
fine life! It's a fine life! Not for me the hap-py home, hap-py
p
111
hus-band, hap-py wife. Tho' it some-times touch-es me, For the likes of such as me, Mine's a
p
mp
115
ALL
In 2
fine fine life!
f

NANCY: *(looking at OLIVER)*
'Ere, who's this then, Fagin?

FAGIN:
Oh, ladies, I forgot, you must meet our new lodger - Mister Oliver Twist Esquire.

NANCY and BET both curtsey. OLIVER bows solemnly.

NANCY:
Charmed!

BET:
Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

OLIVER bows. The BOYS laugh and cat call.

FAGIN:
Oh yes, we're all ladies and genlemen 'ere. We're all quality...

BOYS:
Ho yuss!

OLIVER looks at them hurt and angry. NANCY seeing this immediately takes his part.

NANCY
Don't you take no notice of 'em Oliver. Just cos you've got manners and they ain't.
(to BOYS)
You wouldn't know quality if you saw it - none of yer! Have you seen the way them quality gentlemen treats their ladies?

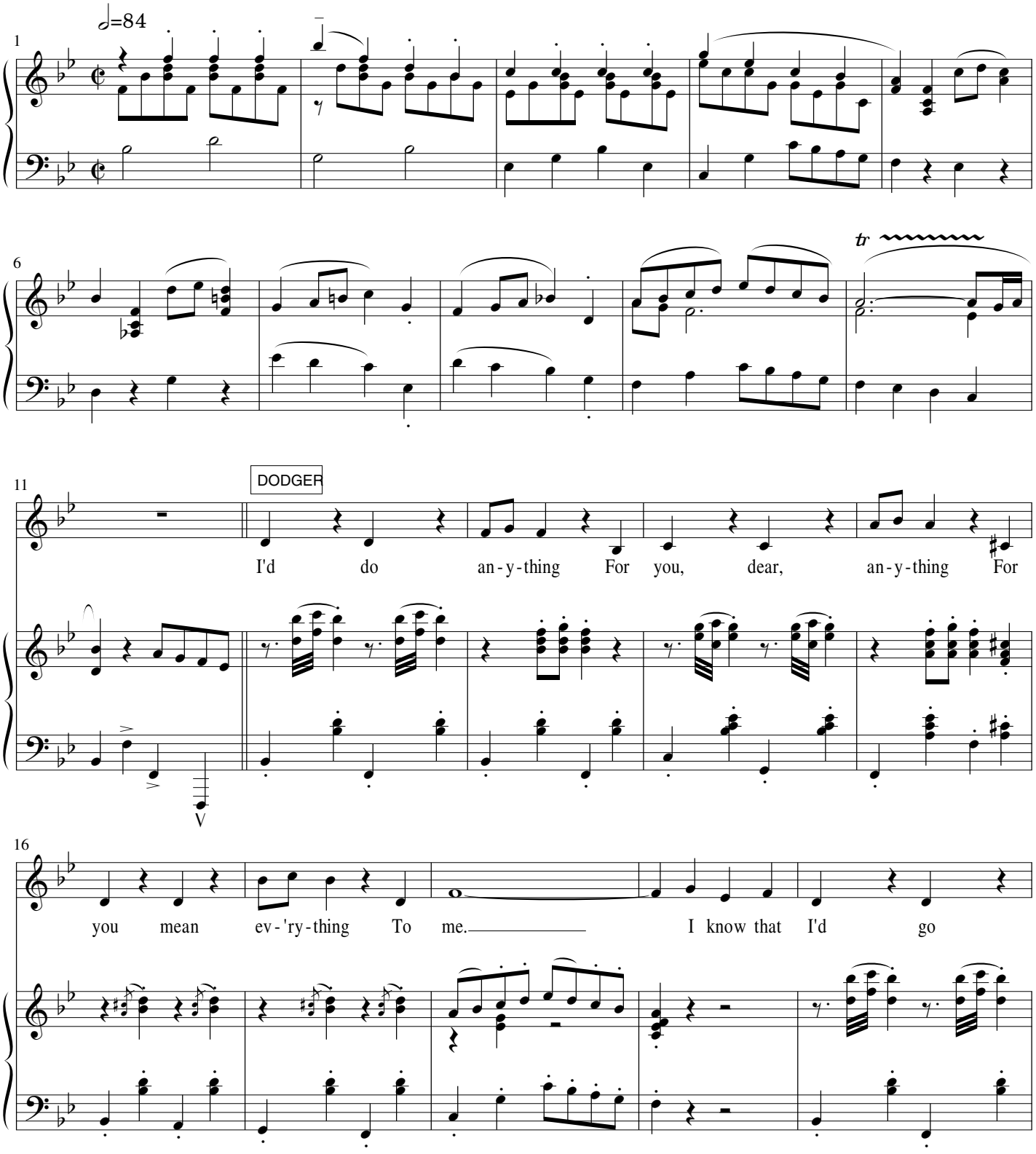
DODGER:
Of course I have.

NANCY:
Shall we show then how it's done?

DODGER:
Definitely!

23. I'd Do Anything

FAGIN: Go on Nancy, give us a free show.
NANCY: So how's it go then Dodger? It's all bowing and 'ats off and...
DODGER: Don't let your petticoats dangle in the mud my darling.
NANCY: And I'll go last
DODGER: No, I'll go last



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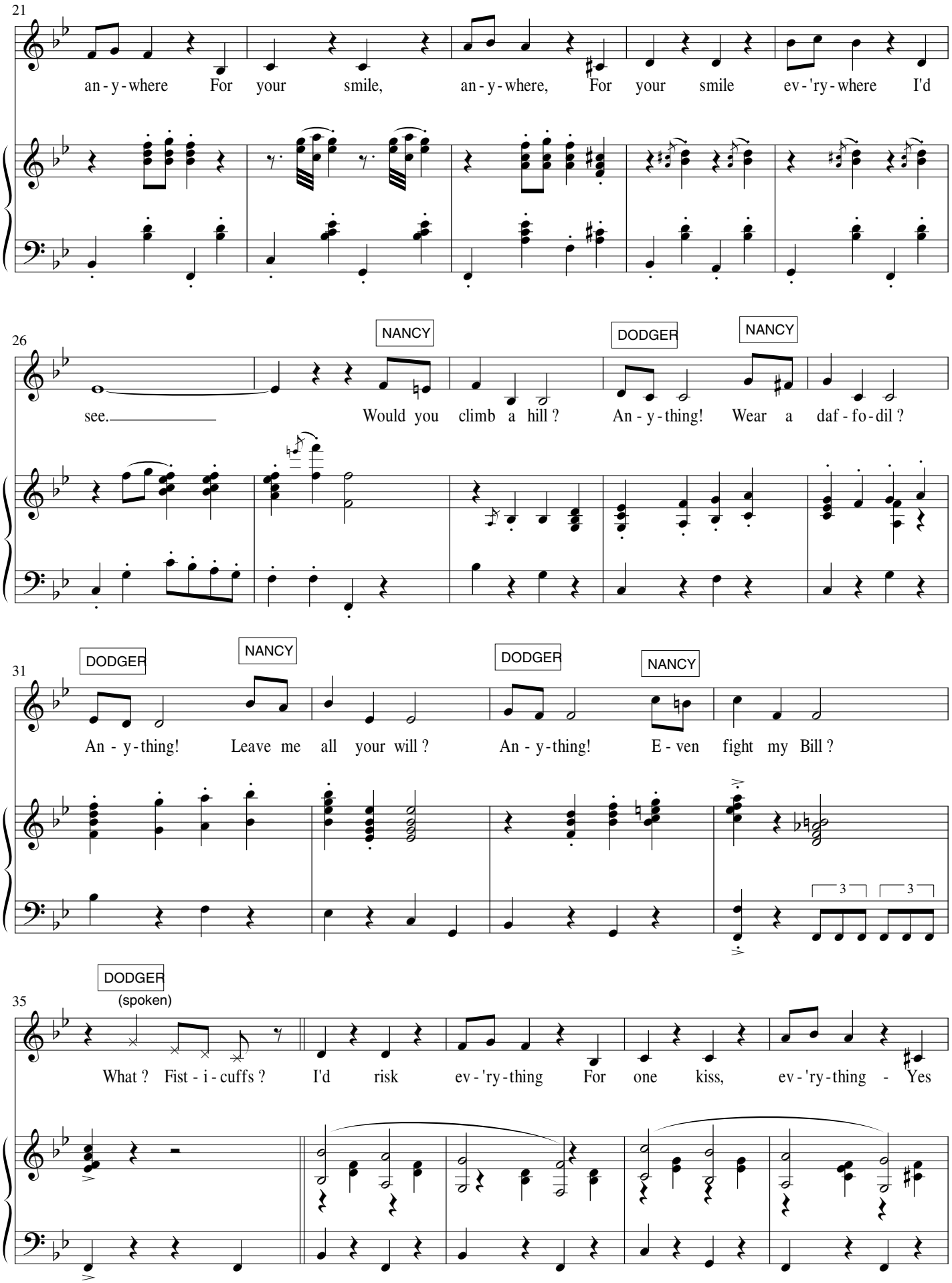
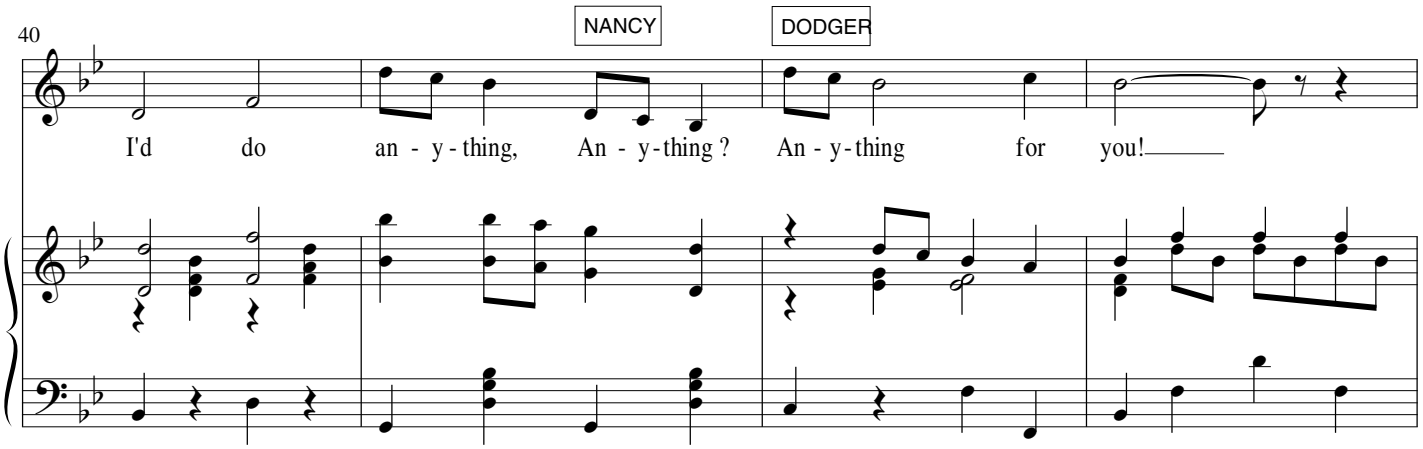
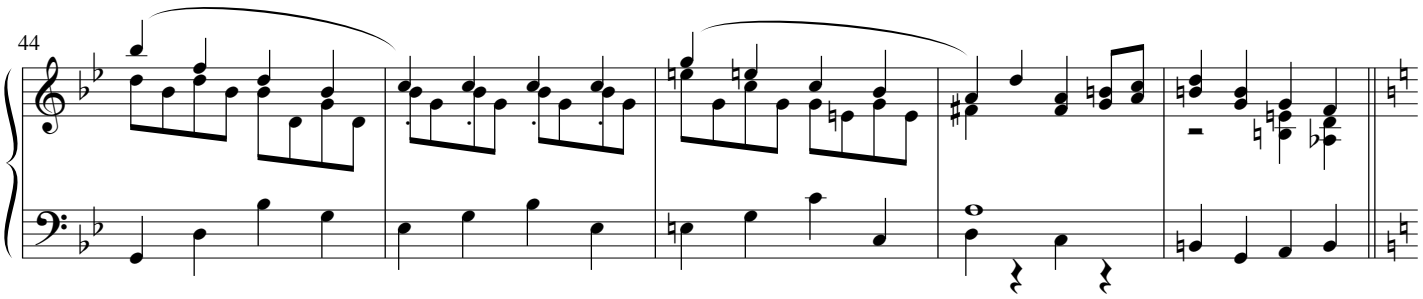

21
an - y - where For your smile, an - y - where, For your smile ev - 'ry - where I'd
26
NANCY
DODGER
NANCY
see. Would you climb a hill ? An - y - thing! Wear a daf - fo - dil ?
31
DODGER
NANCY
DODGER
NANCY
An - y - thing! Leave me all your will ? An - y - thing! E - ven fight my Bill ?
3
3
35
DODGER
(spoken)
What ? Fist - i - cuffs ? I'd risk ev - 'ry - thing For one kiss, ev - 'ry - thing - Yes

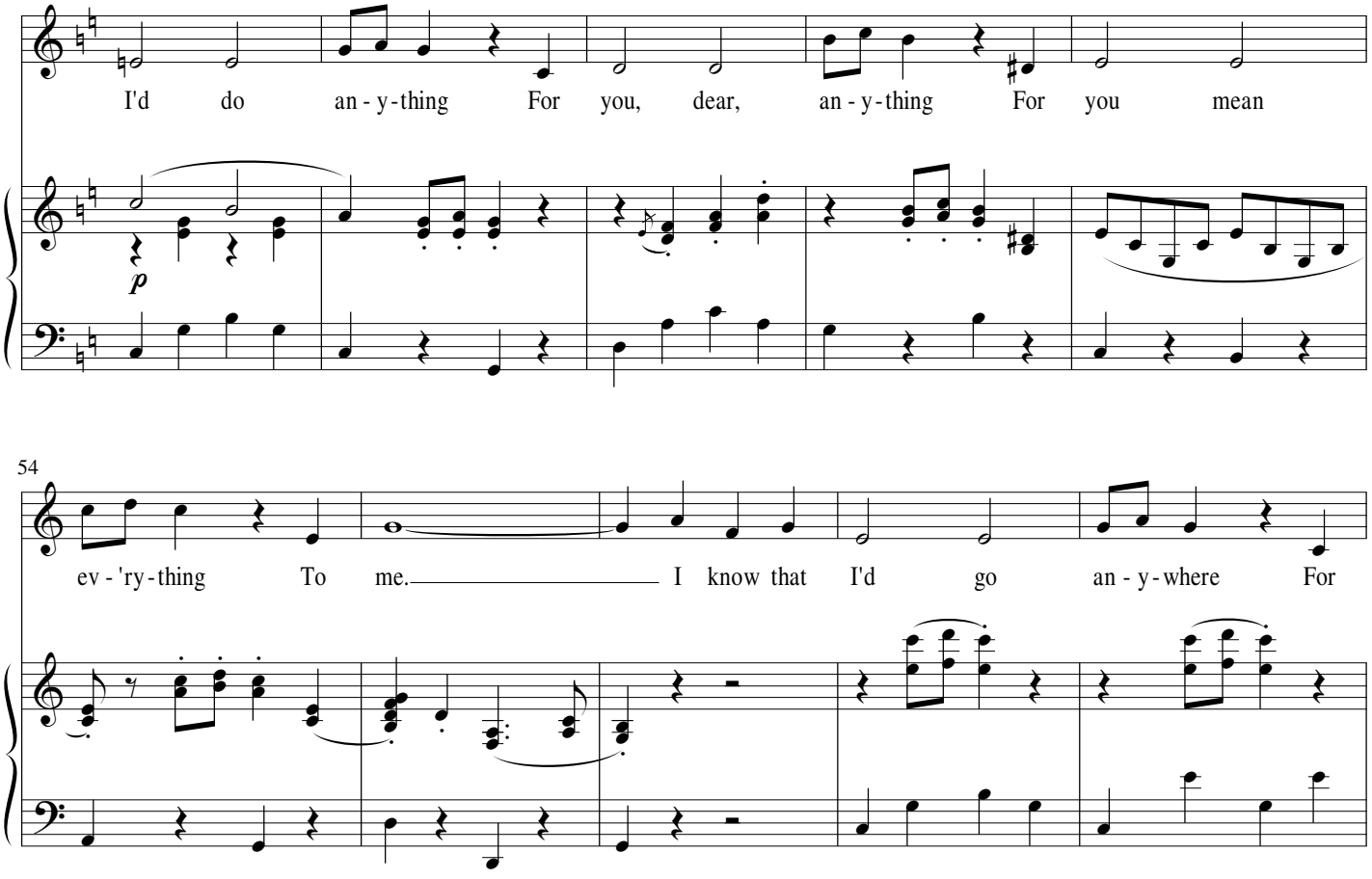


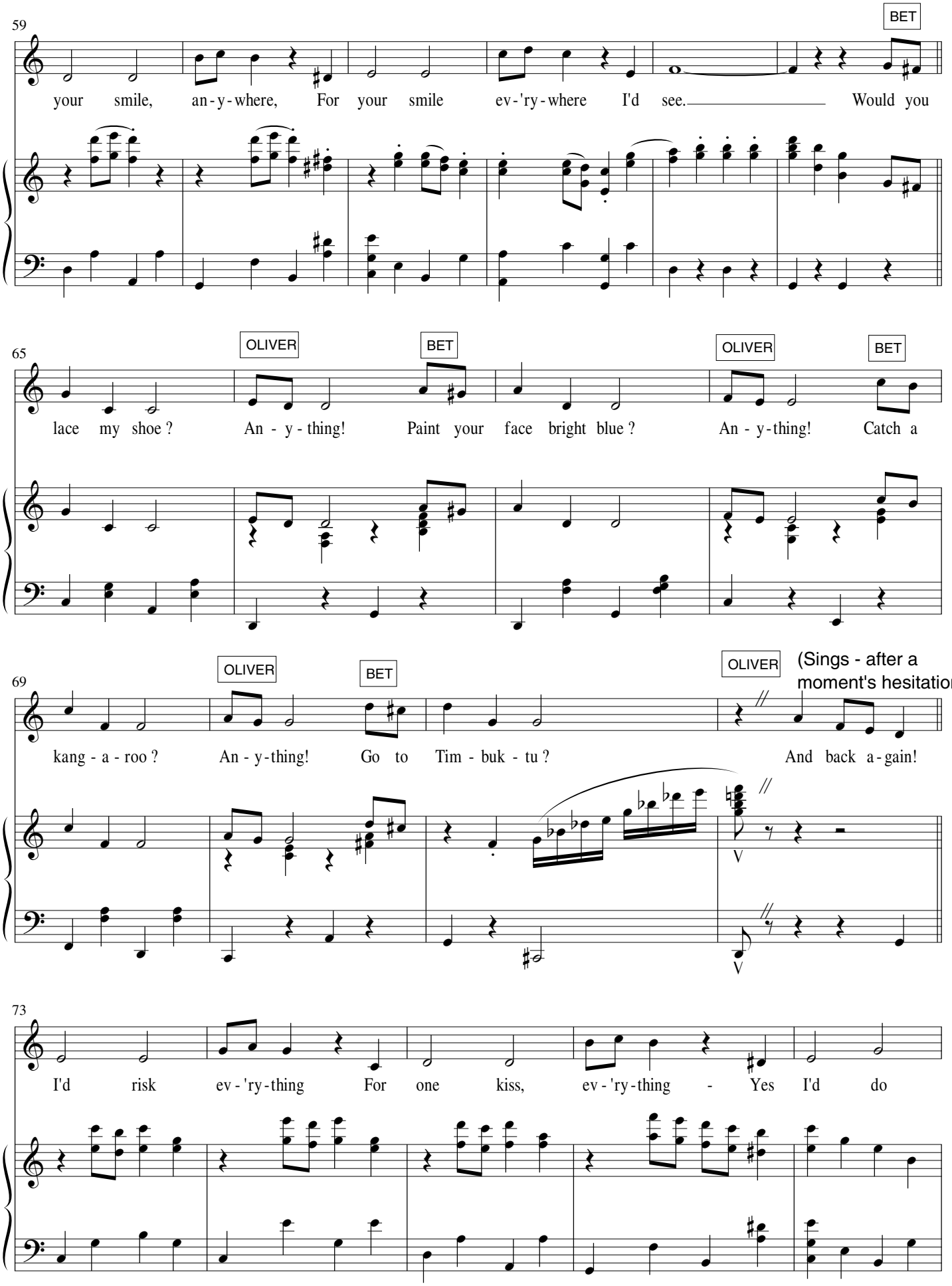
FAGIN: Come on Nancy. Give Oliver a go!
NANCY: Now you do everything you saw Dodger do and I'll help you with the words.

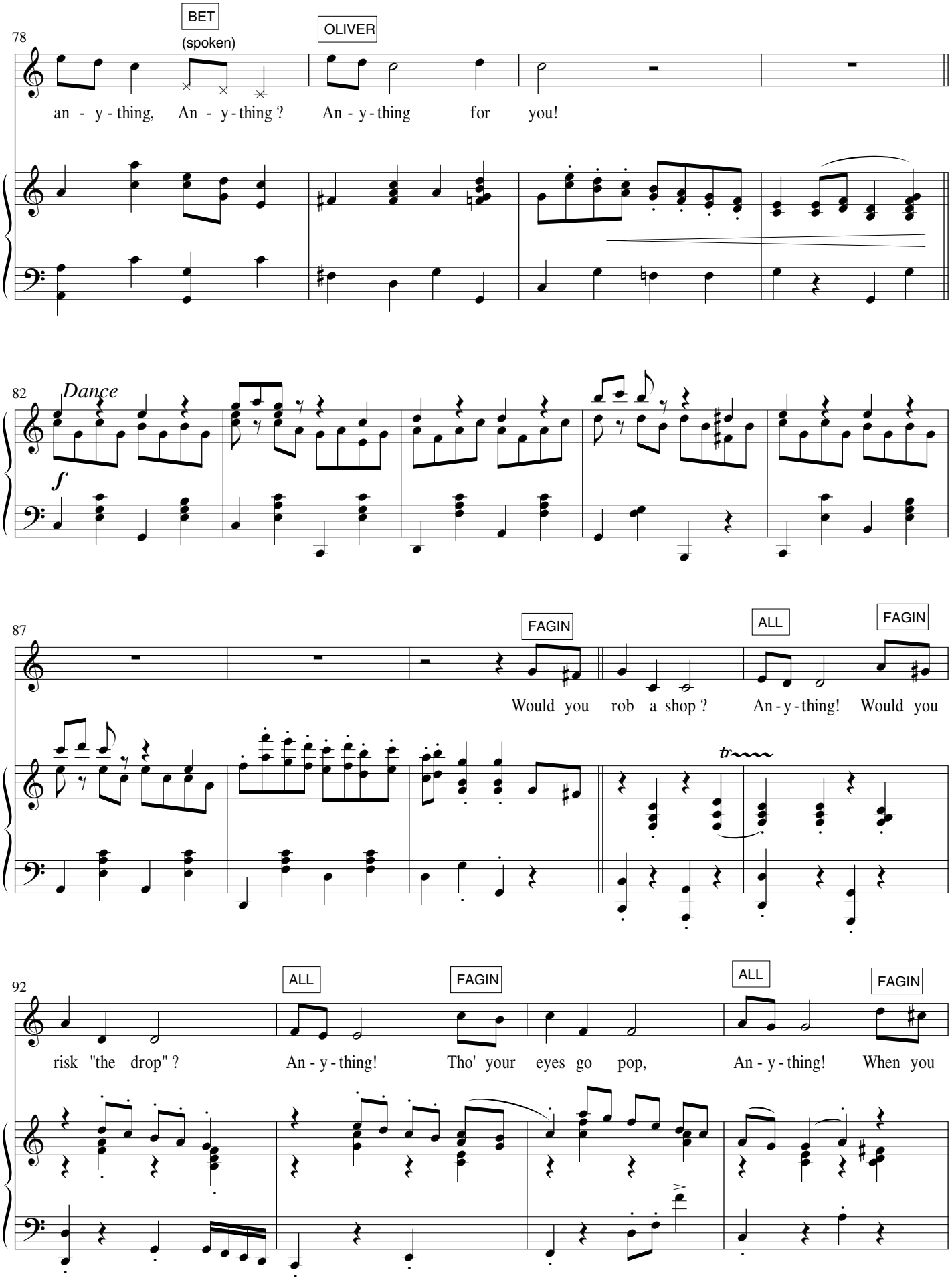


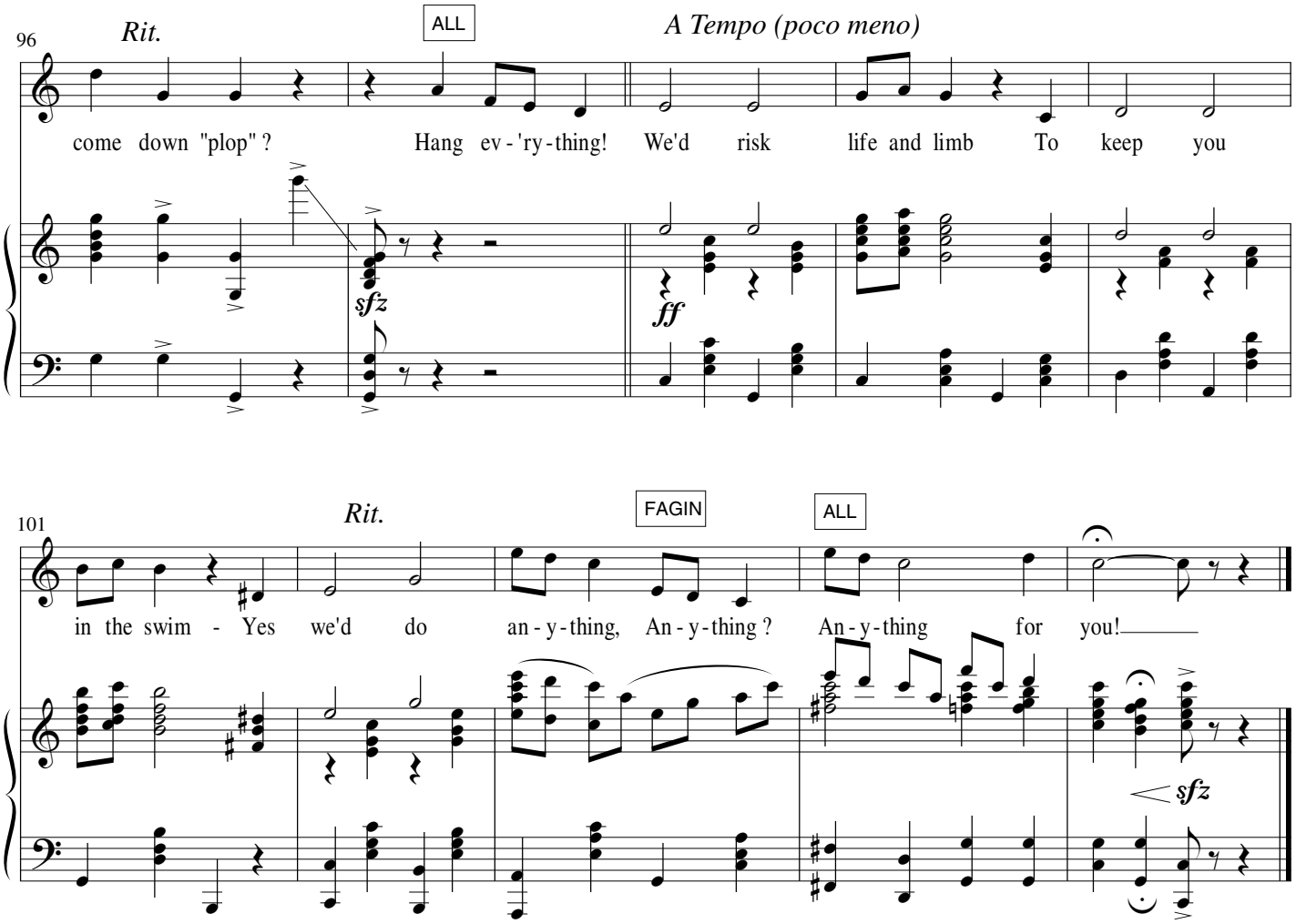
OLIVER

(NANCY prompts him -
speaking the first two or three words of every phrase.)




59
BET
your smile, an-y-where, For your smile ev-'ry-where I'd see. Would you
65
OLIVER
BET
OLIVER
BET
lace my shoe ? An - y - thing! Paint your face bright blue ? An - y-thing! Catch a
69
OLIVER
BET
OLIVER
(Sings - after a moment's hesitation)
kang - a - roo ? An - y-thing! Go to Tim - buk - tu ? And back a-gain!
V
V
73
I'd risk ev - 'ry-thing For one kiss, ev - 'ry-thing - Yes I'd do


78
BET
(spoken)
OLIVER
an - y - thing, An - y - thing ? An - y - thing for you!
82
Dance
f
87
FAGIN
ALL
FAGIN
Would you rob a shop ? An - y - thing! Would you
tr
92
ALL
FAGIN
ALL
FAGIN
risk "the drop" ? An - y - thing! Tho' your eyes go pop, An - y - thing! When you


96
Rit.
ALL
A Tempo (poco meno)
come down "plop" ? Hang ev - 'ry - thing! We'd risk life and limb To keep you
sfz
ff
101
Rit.
FAGIN
ALL
in the swim - Yes we'd do an - y - thing, An - y - thing ? An - y - thing for you!
sfz

24. Be Back Soon

FAGIN *(pretending to be overwhelmed):*
All right then lads. The first thing you can do for me is get to work! Can't have you laying about here all day.. There's rich pickings on them streets.

Groans of protest from the boys

CAPTAIN:
Oh, Fagin-We was all going to see the 'angin!

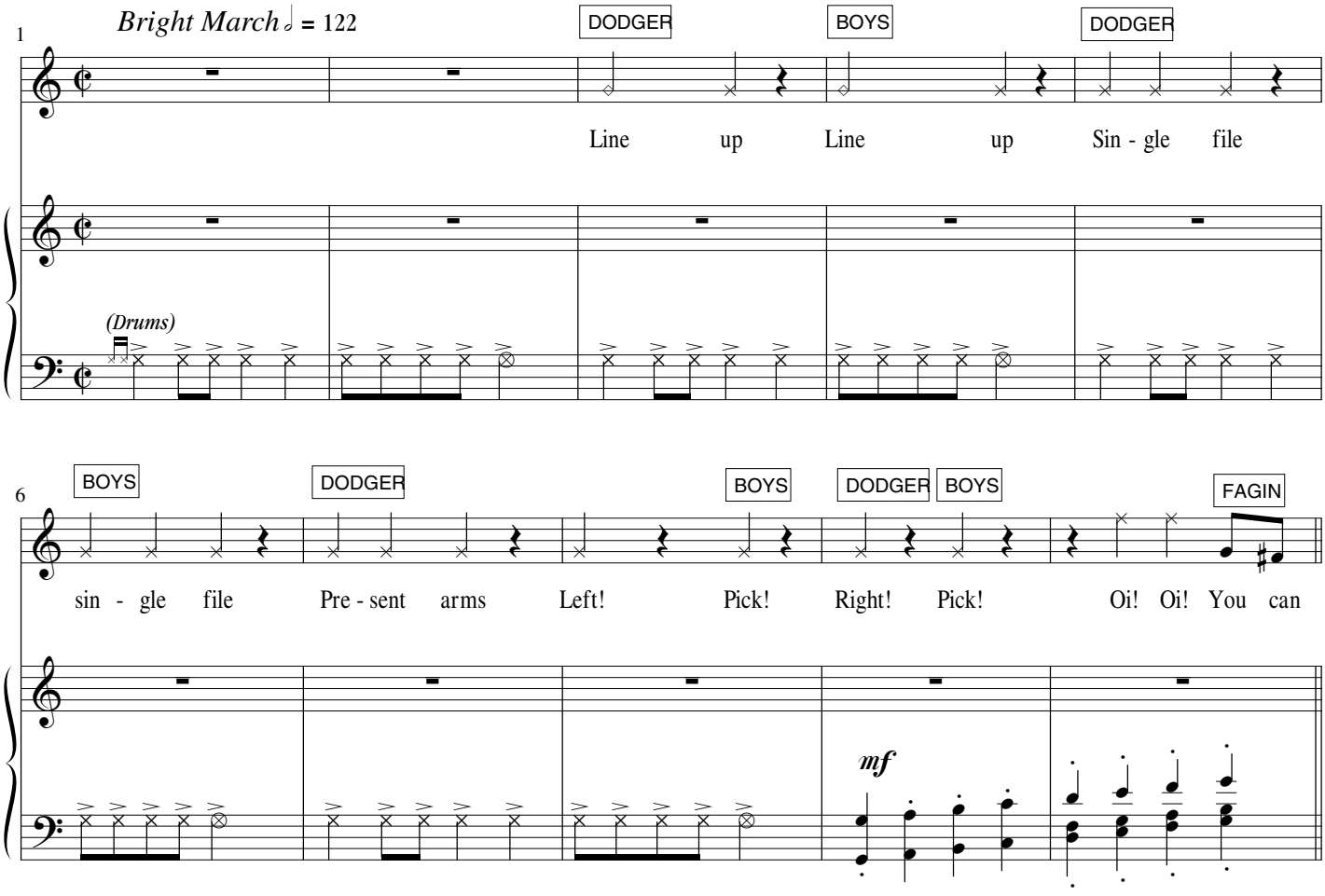
FAGIN:
You'll be hanged yourself in time - don't worry! Nancy, hadn't you better get back before Bill wakes up?

NANCY ascending the staircase with BET.

NANCY:
Yeah, you're right. Listen 'ere you lot and especially you Oliver - don't get hung! Tat ta you lot!. *(Ad lib)*

BOYS:
Tat ta Nancy. Bye Bet.*(Ad lib)*

FAGIN:
Oliver you can go with Dodger. You have to begin sometime and believe me you couldn't make a finer start. Good luck on your first job my dear. Don't worry, I'll be waiting for you when you get back.



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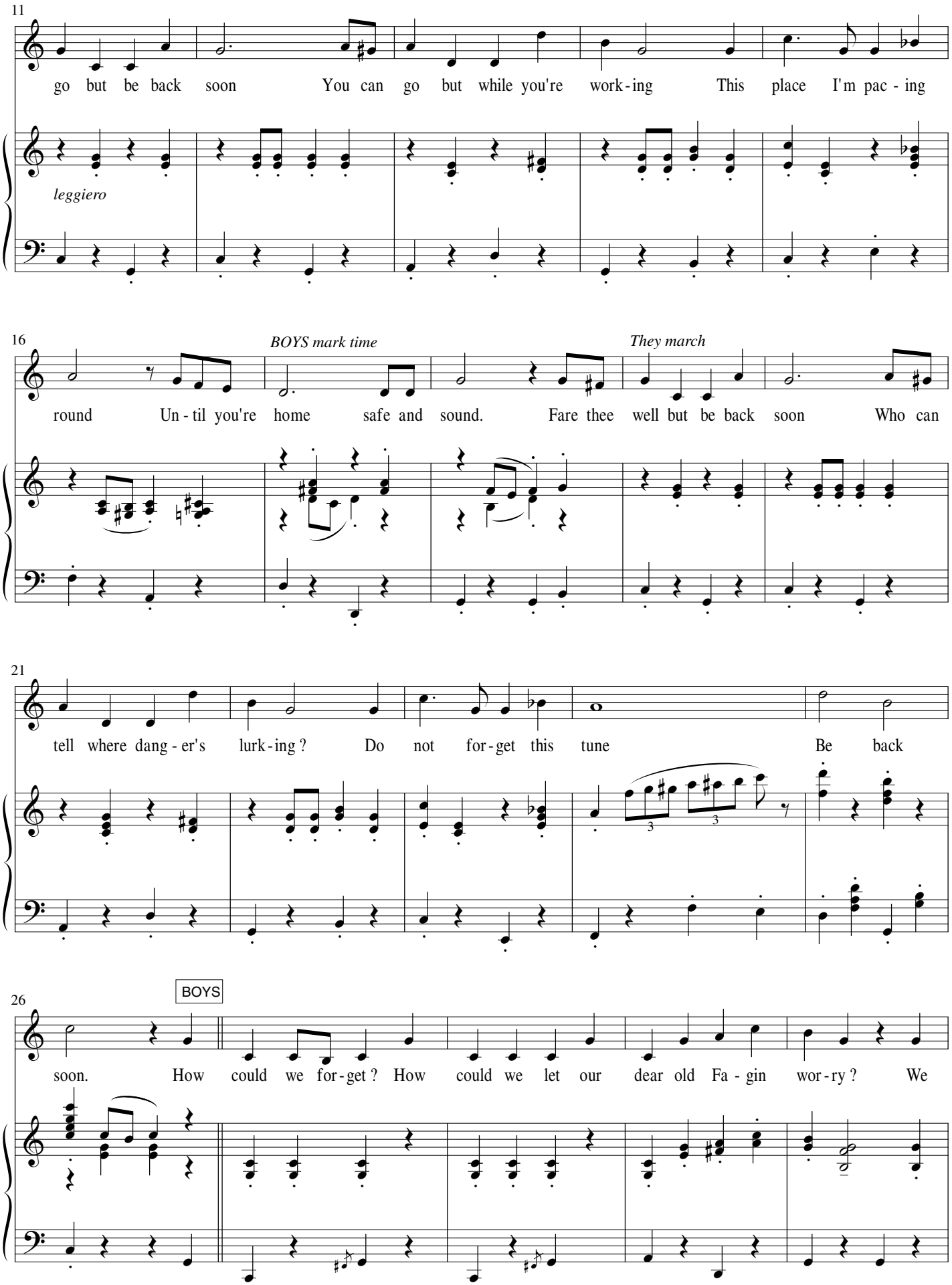
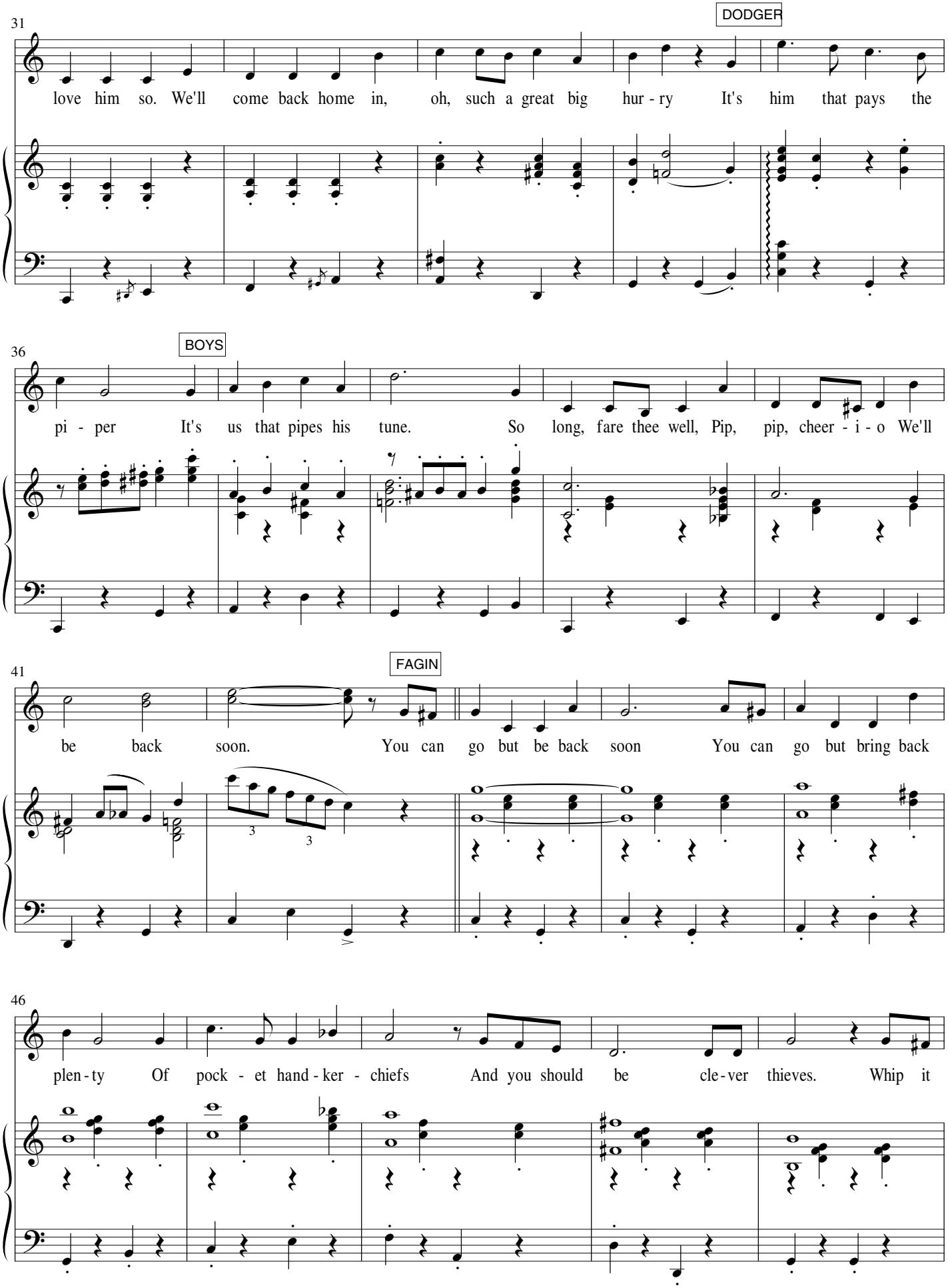
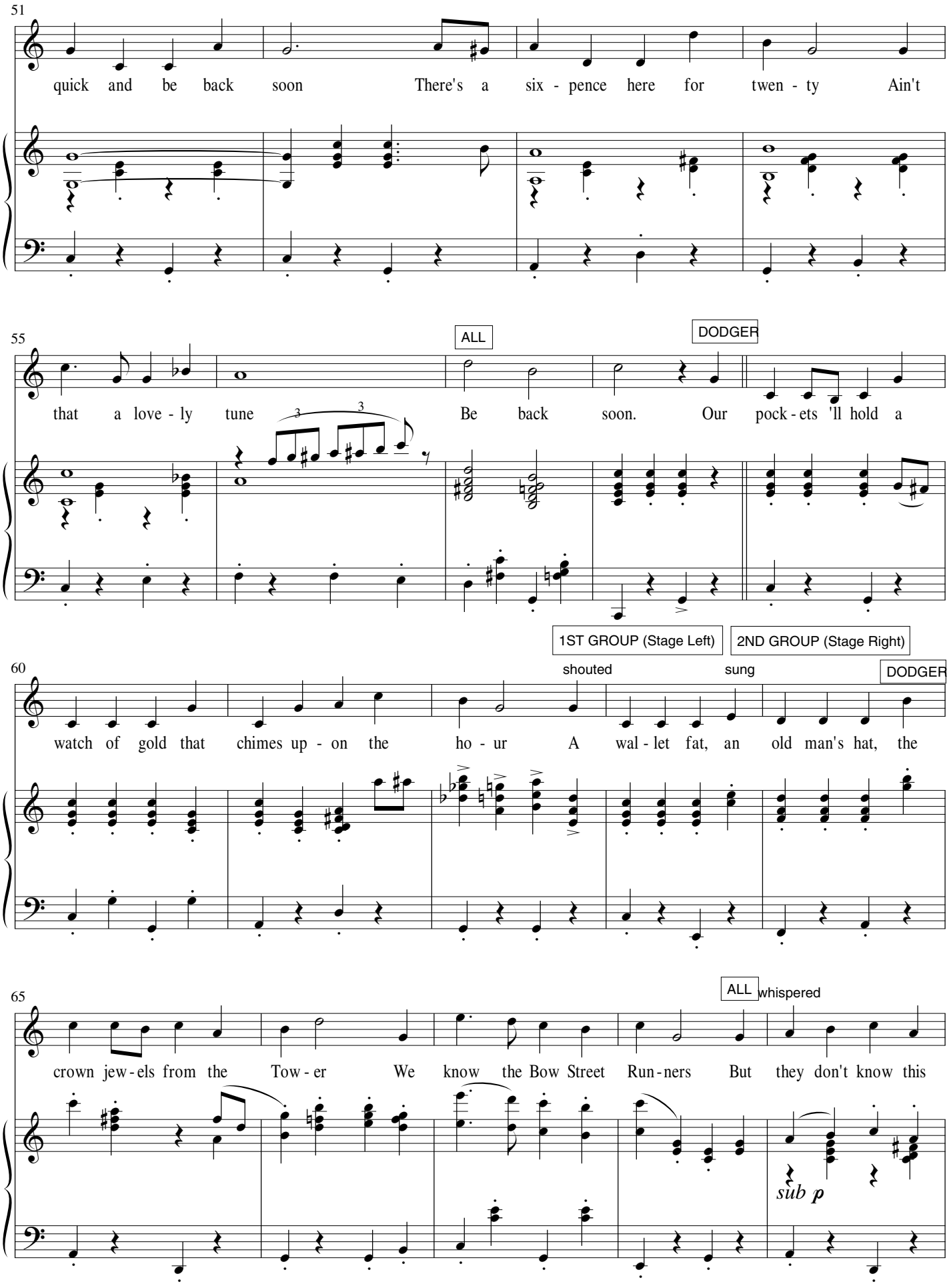
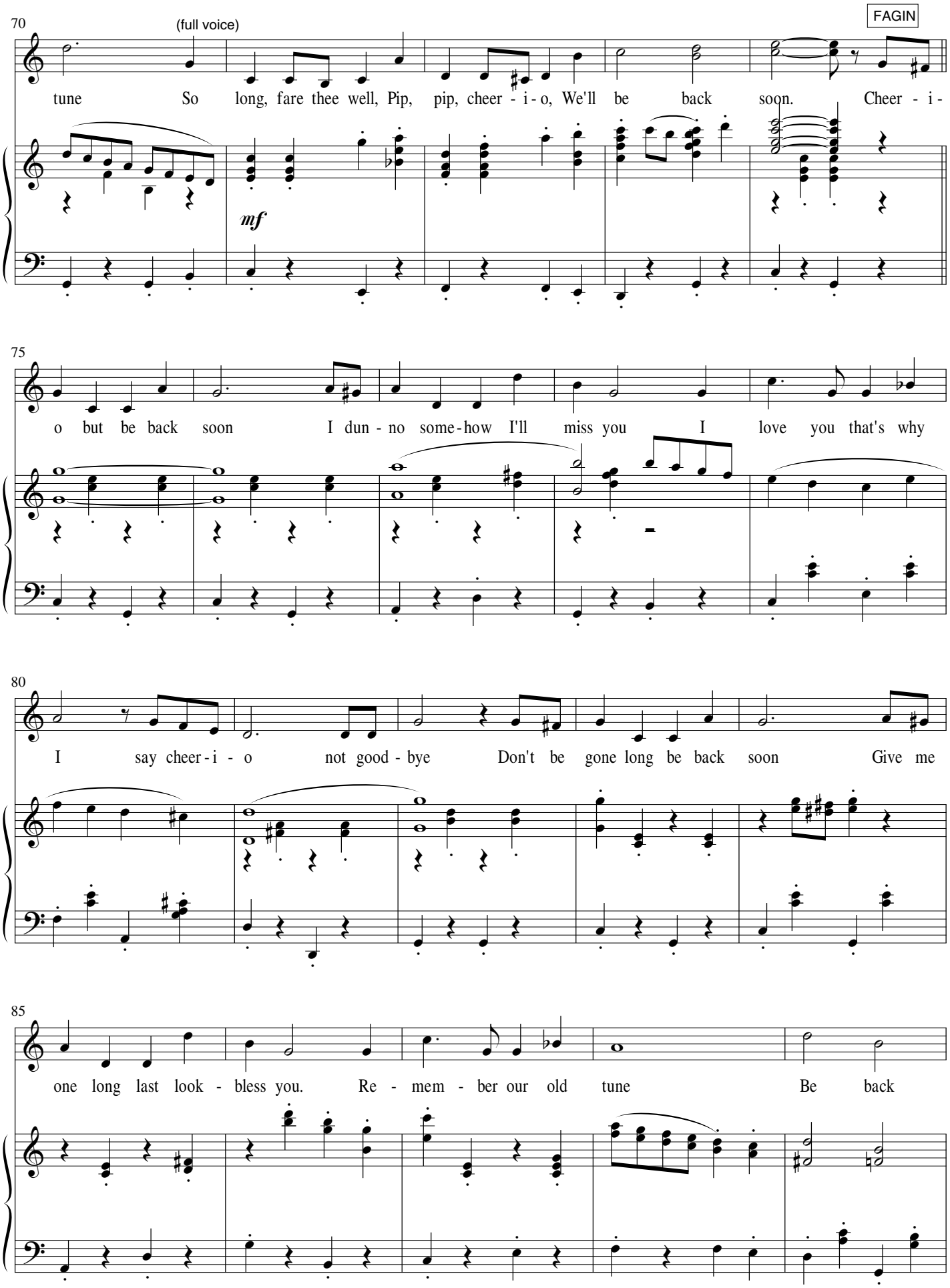
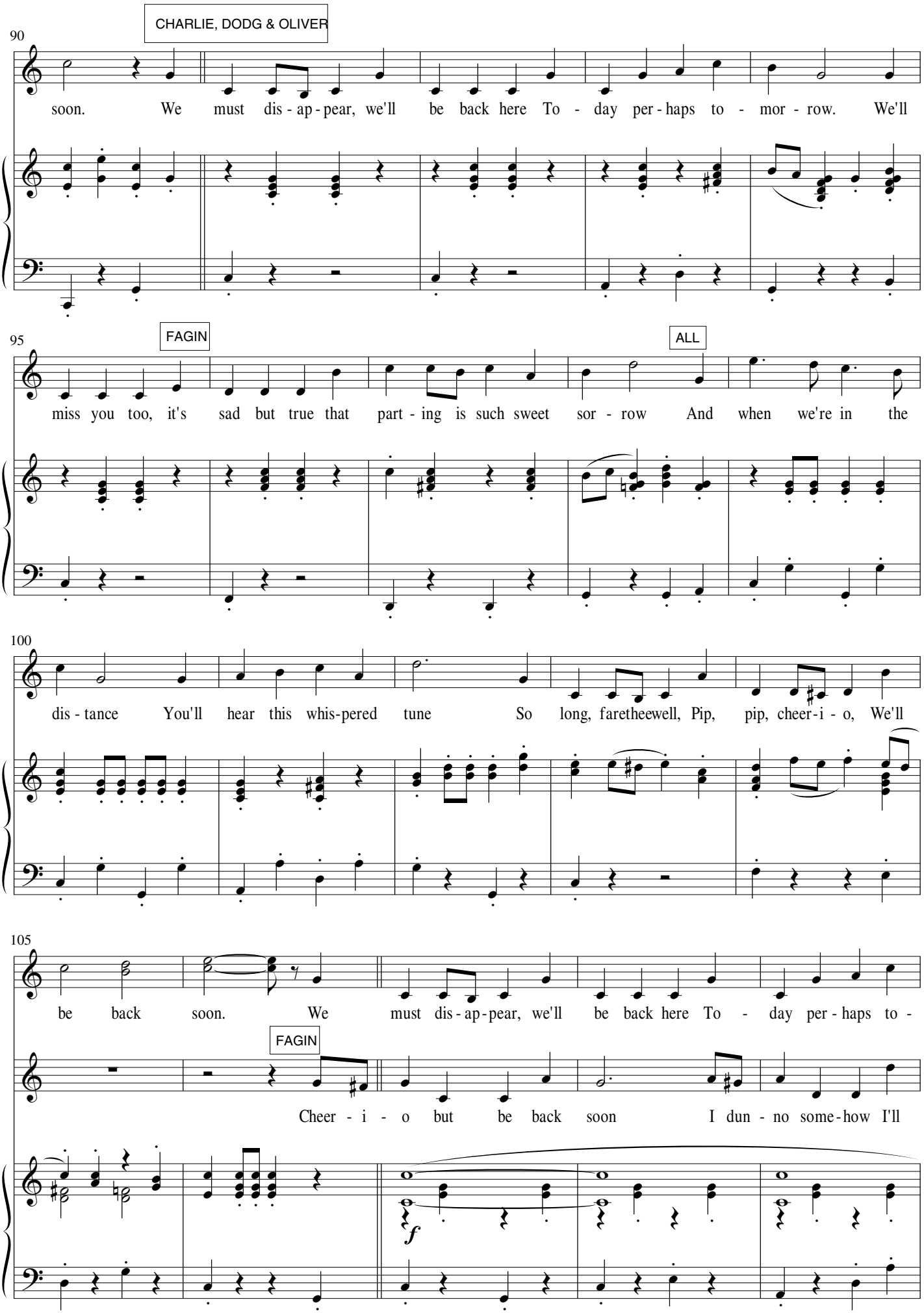
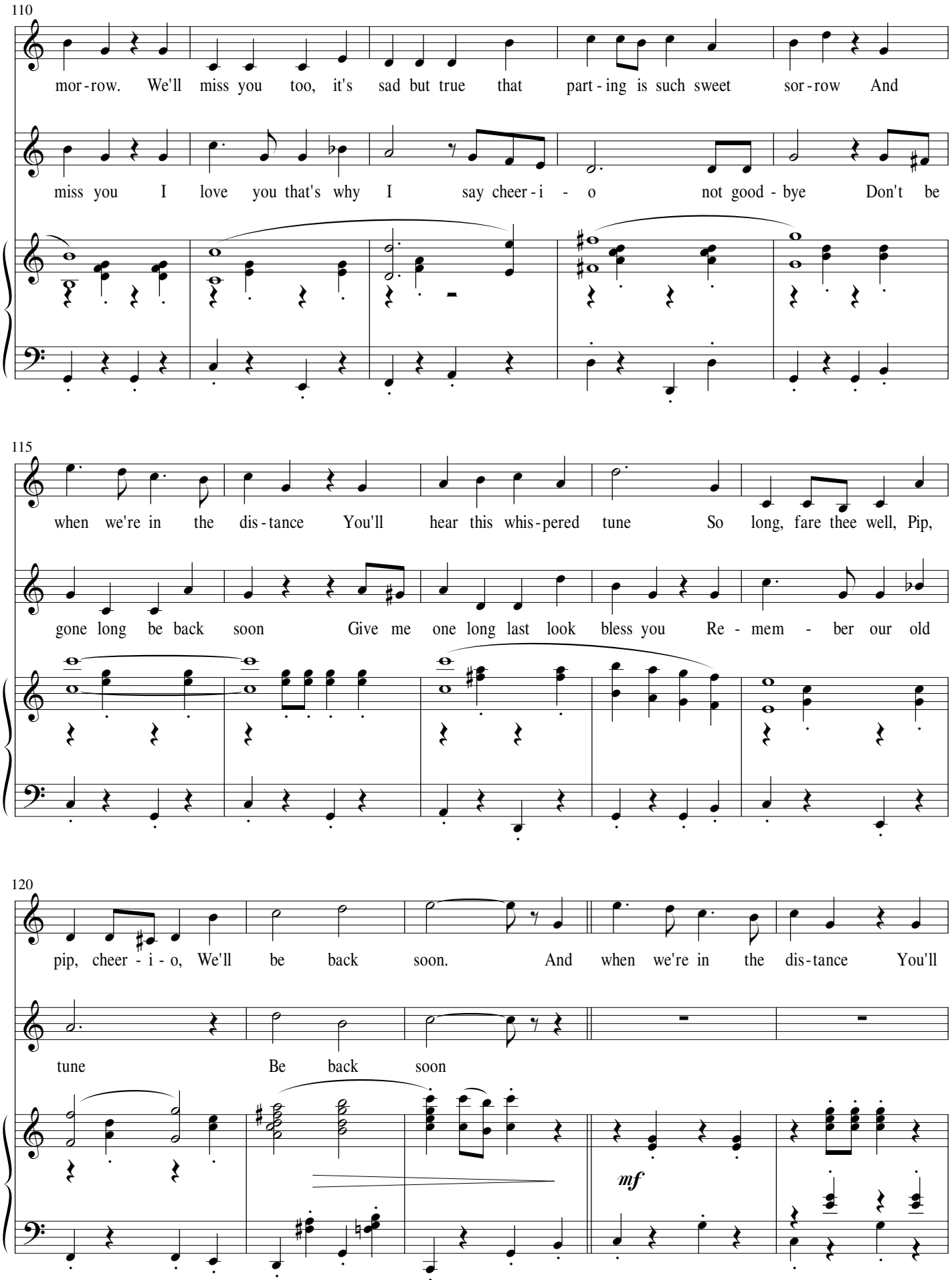

11
go but be back soon You can go but while you're work-ing This place I'm pac - ing
leggiero
16
BOYS mark time
They march
round Un - til you're home safe and sound. Fare thee well but be back soon Who can
21
tell where dang - er's lurk-ing ? Do not for-get this tune Be back
26
BOYS
soon. How could we for-get ? How could we let our dear old Fa - gin wor-ry ? We

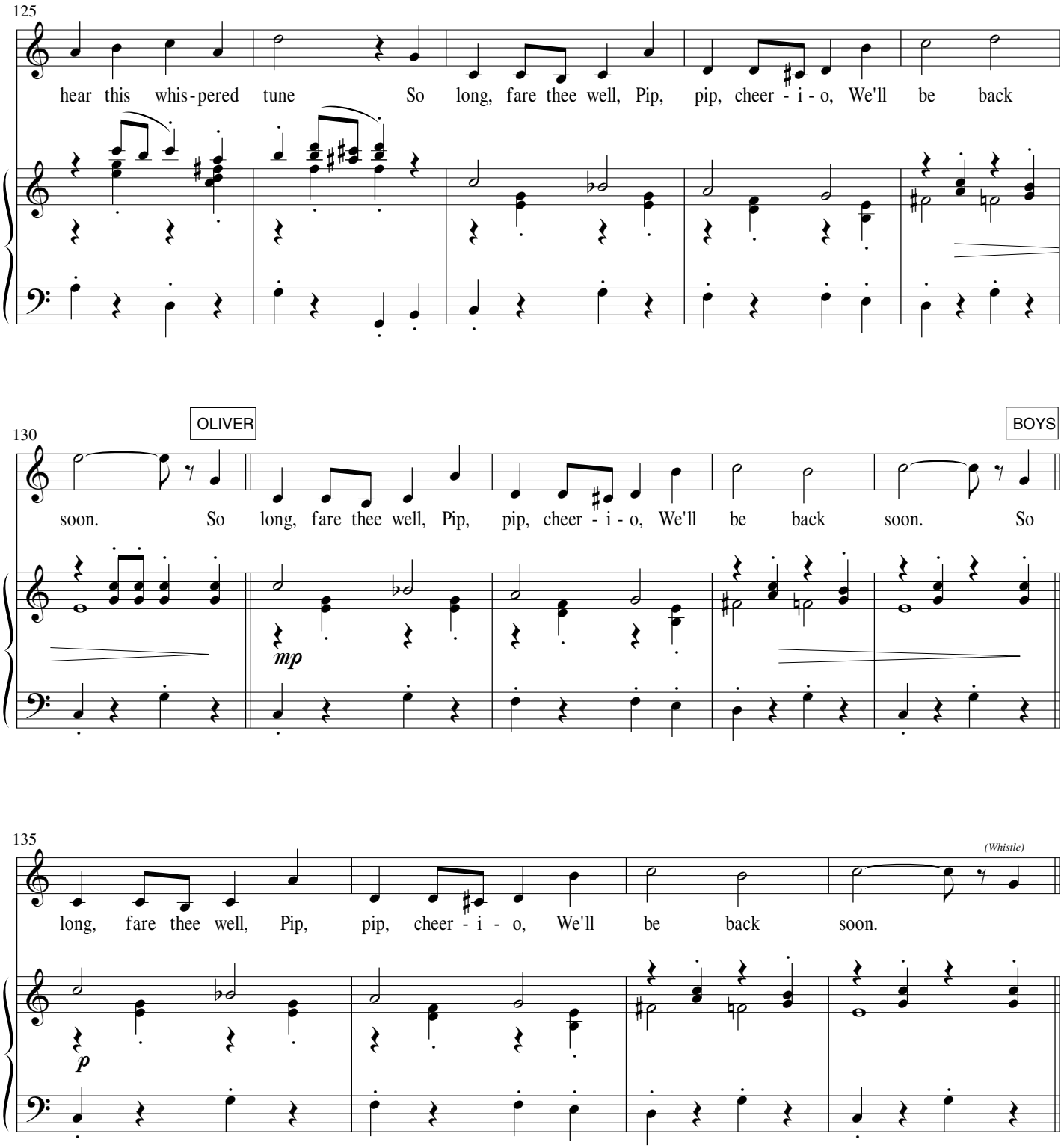

31
DODGER
love him so. We'll come back home in, oh, such a great big hur - ry It's him that pays the
36
BOYS
pi - per It's us that pipes his tune. So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer - i - o We'll
41
FAGIN
be back soon. You can go but be back soon You can go but bring back
46
plen - ty Of pock - et hand - ker - chiefs And you should be cle - ver thieves. Whip it


51
quick and be back soon There's a six - pence here for twen - ty Ain't
55
ALL
DODGER
that a love - ly tune
Be back soon. Our pock - ets 'll hold a
1ST GROUP (Stage Left)
2ND GROUP (Stage Right)
60
shouted
sung
DODGER
watch of gold that chimes up - on the ho - ur A wal - let fat, an old man's hat, the
65
ALL
whispered
crown jew - els from the Tow - er We know the Bow Street Run - ners But they don't know this
sub p


70
(full voice)
FAGIN
tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer - i - o, We'll be back soon. Cheer - i -
mf
75
o but be back soon I dun - no some - how I'll miss you I love you that's why
80
I say cheer - i - o not good - bye Don't be gone long be back soon Give me
85
one long last look - bless you. Re - mem - ber our old tune Be back

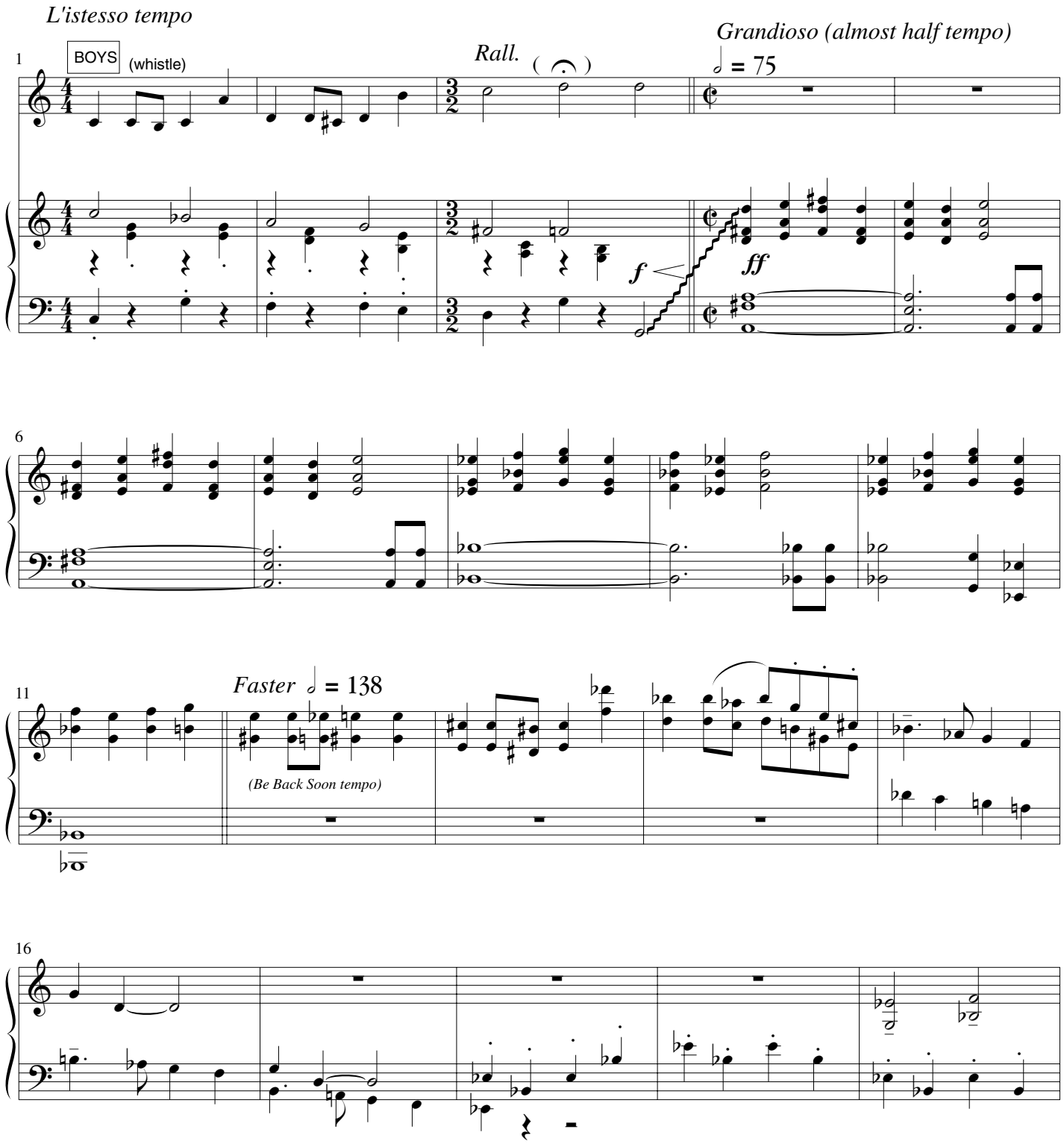

CHARLIE, DODG & OLIVER
90
soon. We must dis - ap - pear, we'll be back here To - day per - haps to - mor - row. We'll
FAGIN
95
ALL
miss you too, it's sad but true that part - ing is such sweet sor - row And when we're in the
100
dis - tance You'll hear this whis-pered tune So long, faretheewell, Pip, pip, cheer-i - o, We'll
105
be back soon. We must dis - ap - pear, we'll be back here To - day per - haps to -
FAGIN
Cheer - i - o but be back soon I dun - no some-how I'll
f


110
mor-row. We'll miss you too, it's sad but true that part-ing is such sweet sor-row And
miss you I love you that's why I say cheer-i - o not good-bye Don't be
115
when we're in the dis-tance You'll hear this whis-pered tune So long, fare thee well, Pip,
gone long be back soon Give me one long last look bless you Re - mem - ber our old
120
pip, cheer - i - o, We'll be back soon. And when we're in the dis-tance You'll
tune Be back soon
mf


125
hear this whis-pered tune So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer - i - o, We'll be back
130
OLIVER
BOYS
soon. So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer - i - o, We'll be back soon. So
mp
135
long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer - i - o, We'll be back soon.
(Whistle)
p

25. The Robbery

The BOYS march whistling, into street. DODGER, CHARLEY BATES and OLIVER are left alone in the street which fills with vendors and gentry including MR. BROWNLOW.



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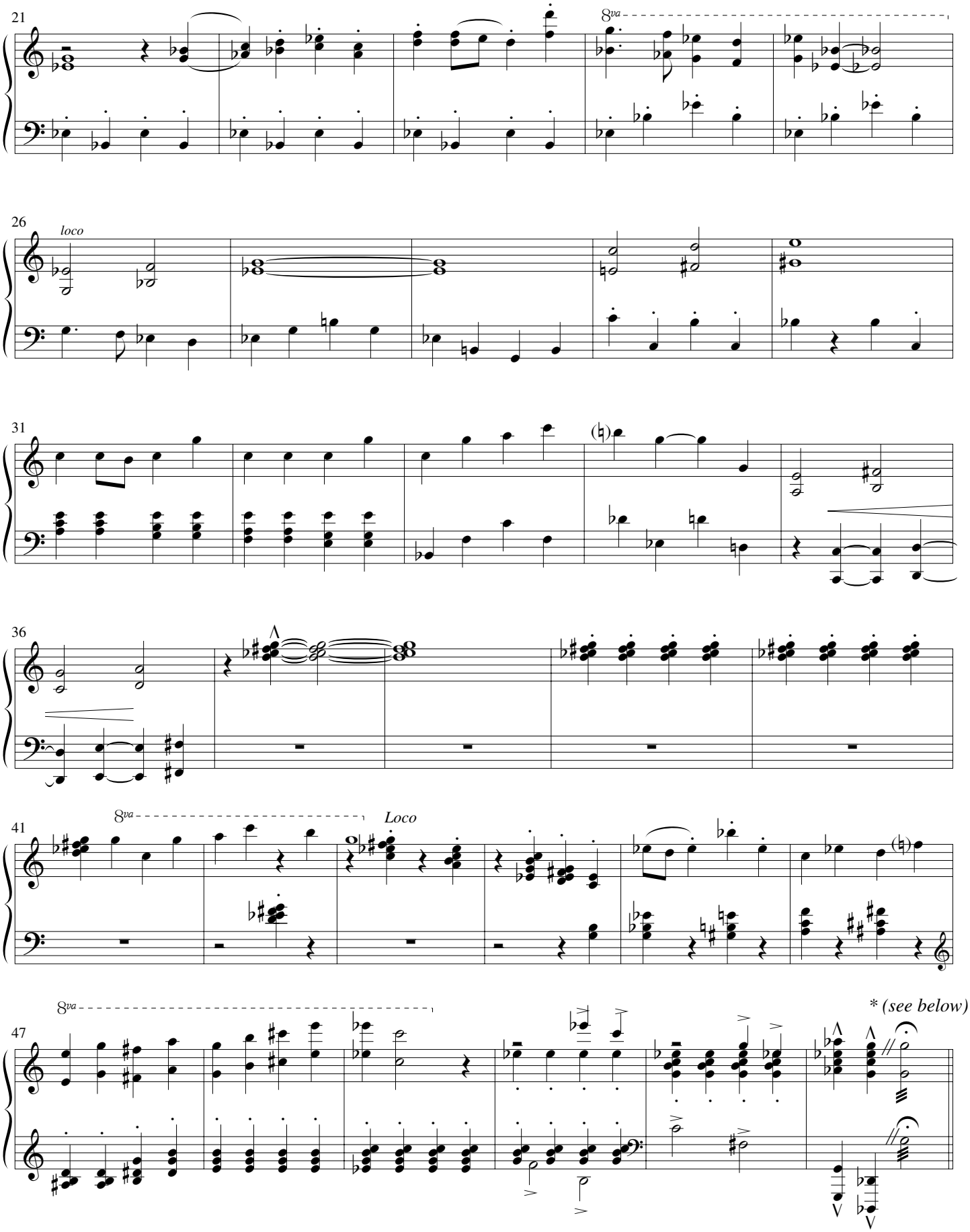
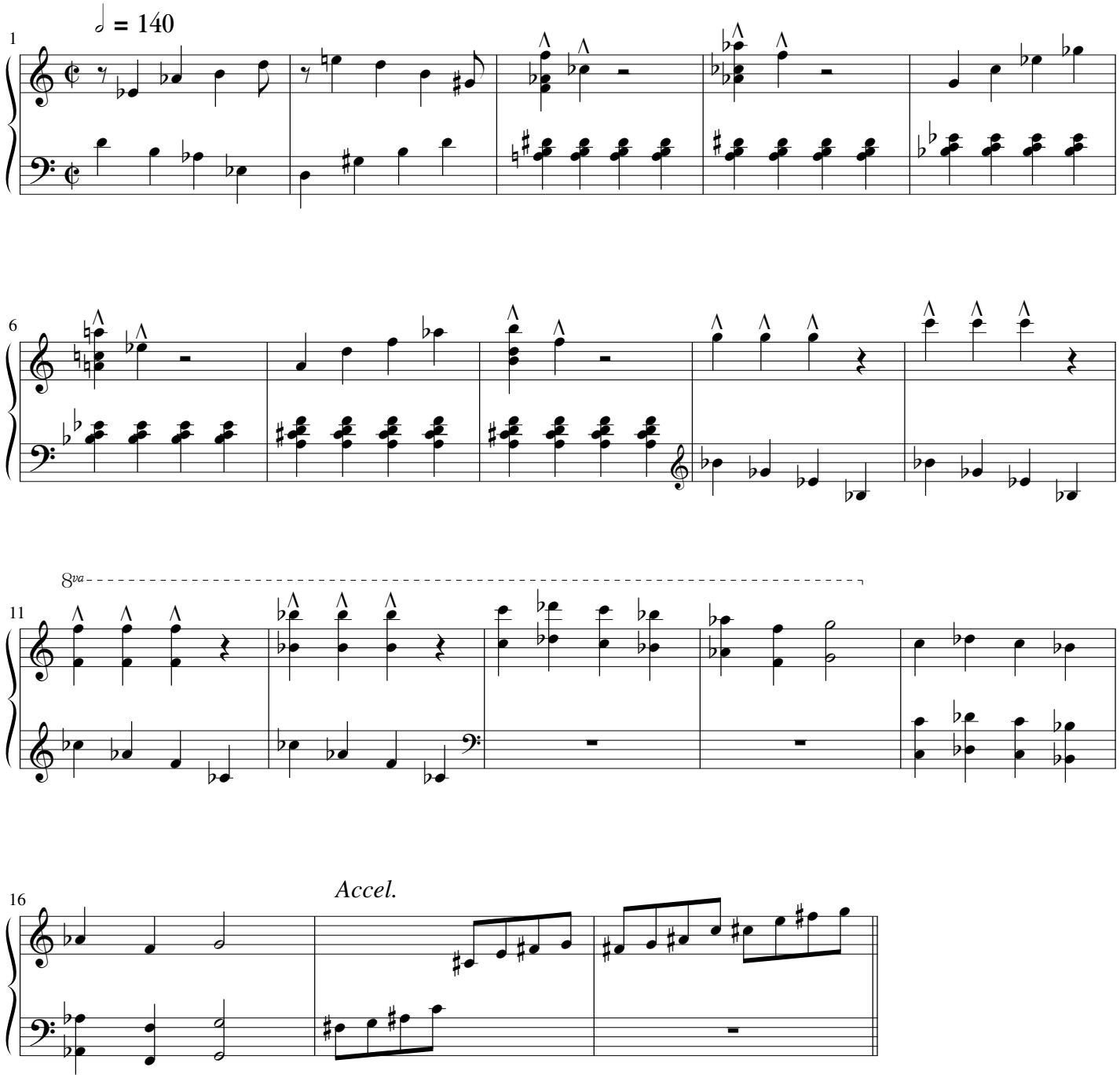


**CUE TO START TREM:*
BROWNLOW: Give that back. Come on, give it back...

**CUE TO STOP TREM:*
OLIVER runs off scared.

26. Chaos

CUE: Stop that boy! My pocket's been picked!



ATTACCA **Chase**

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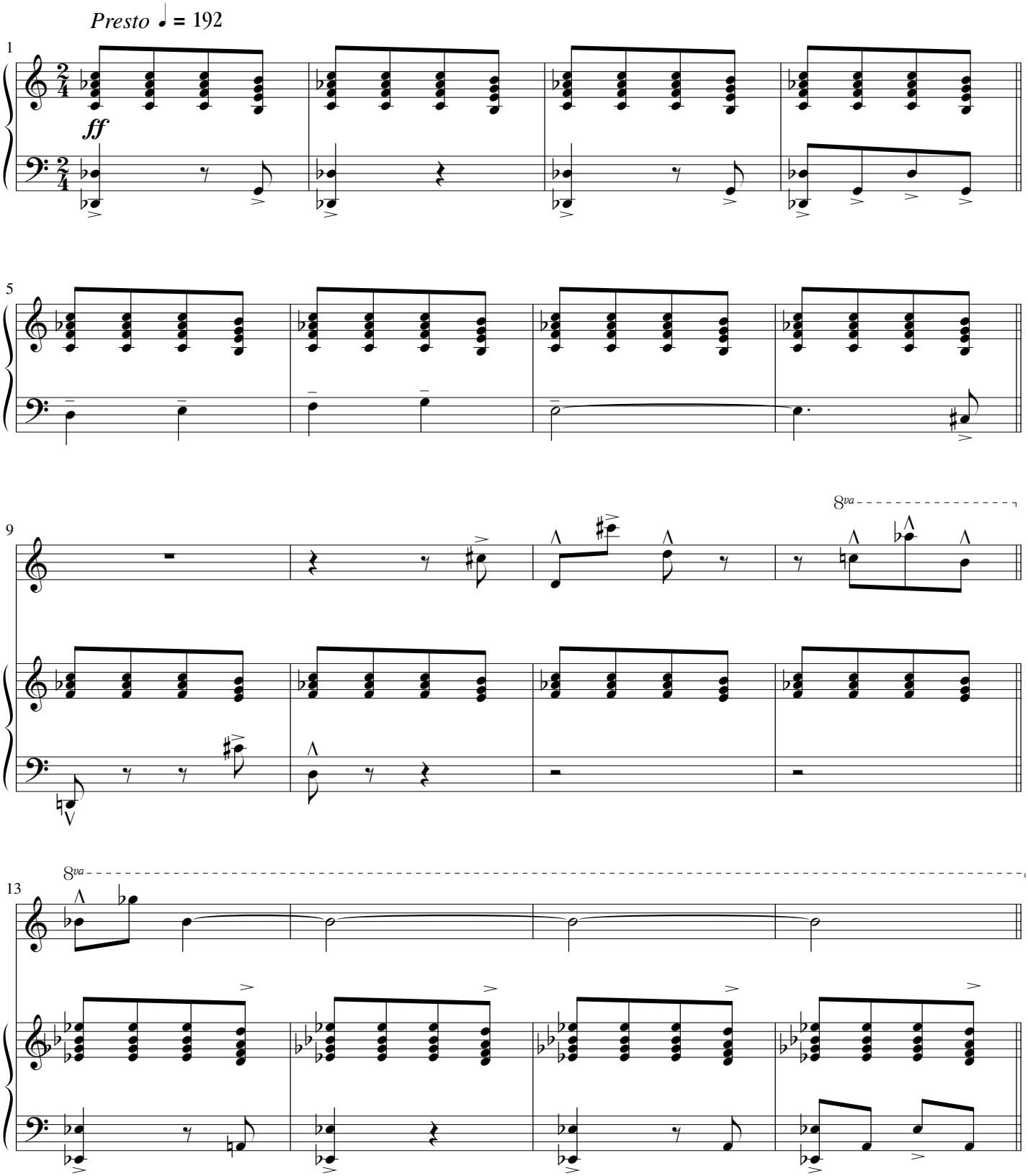
27. Chase (Finale Act 1)



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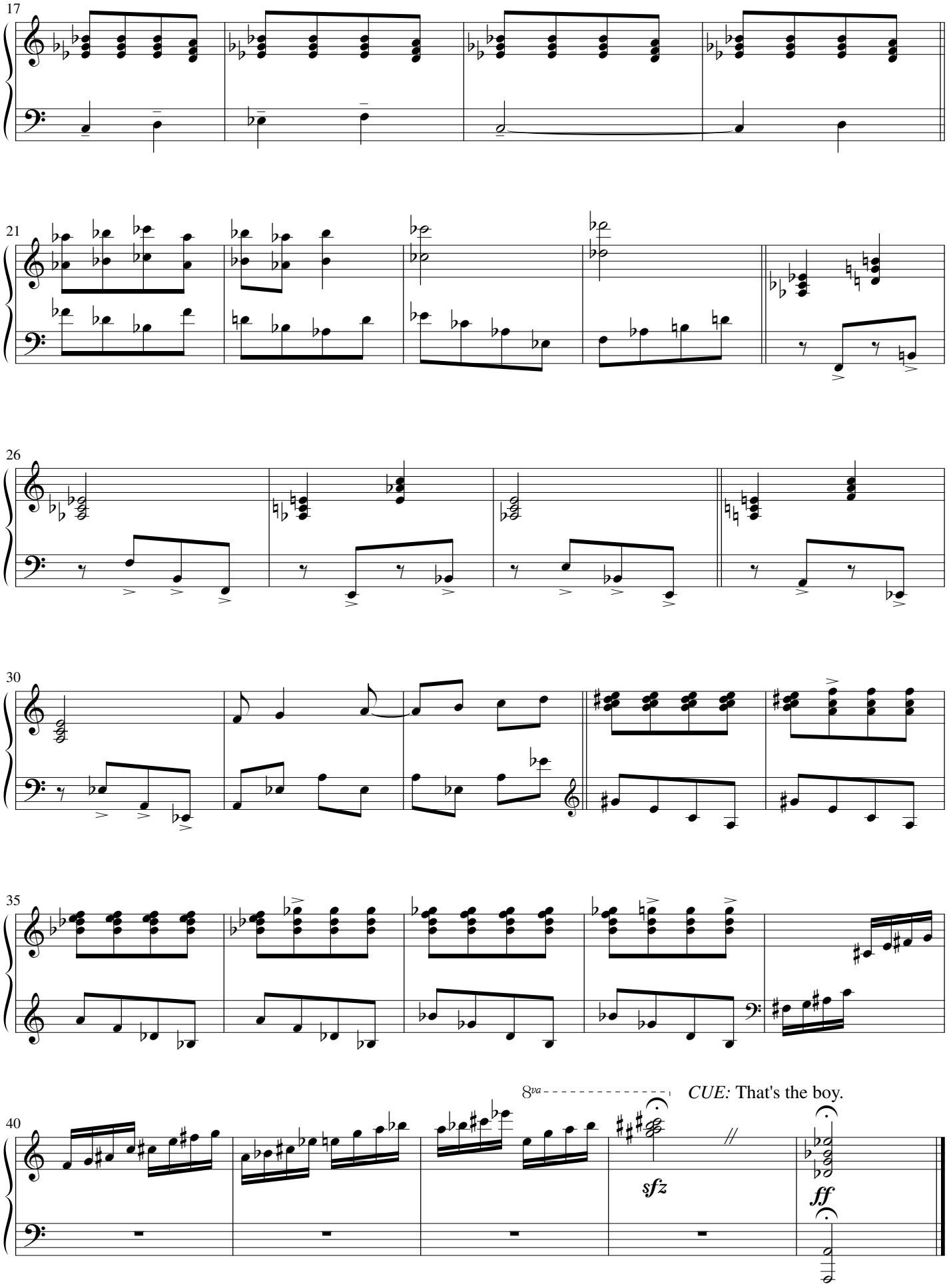
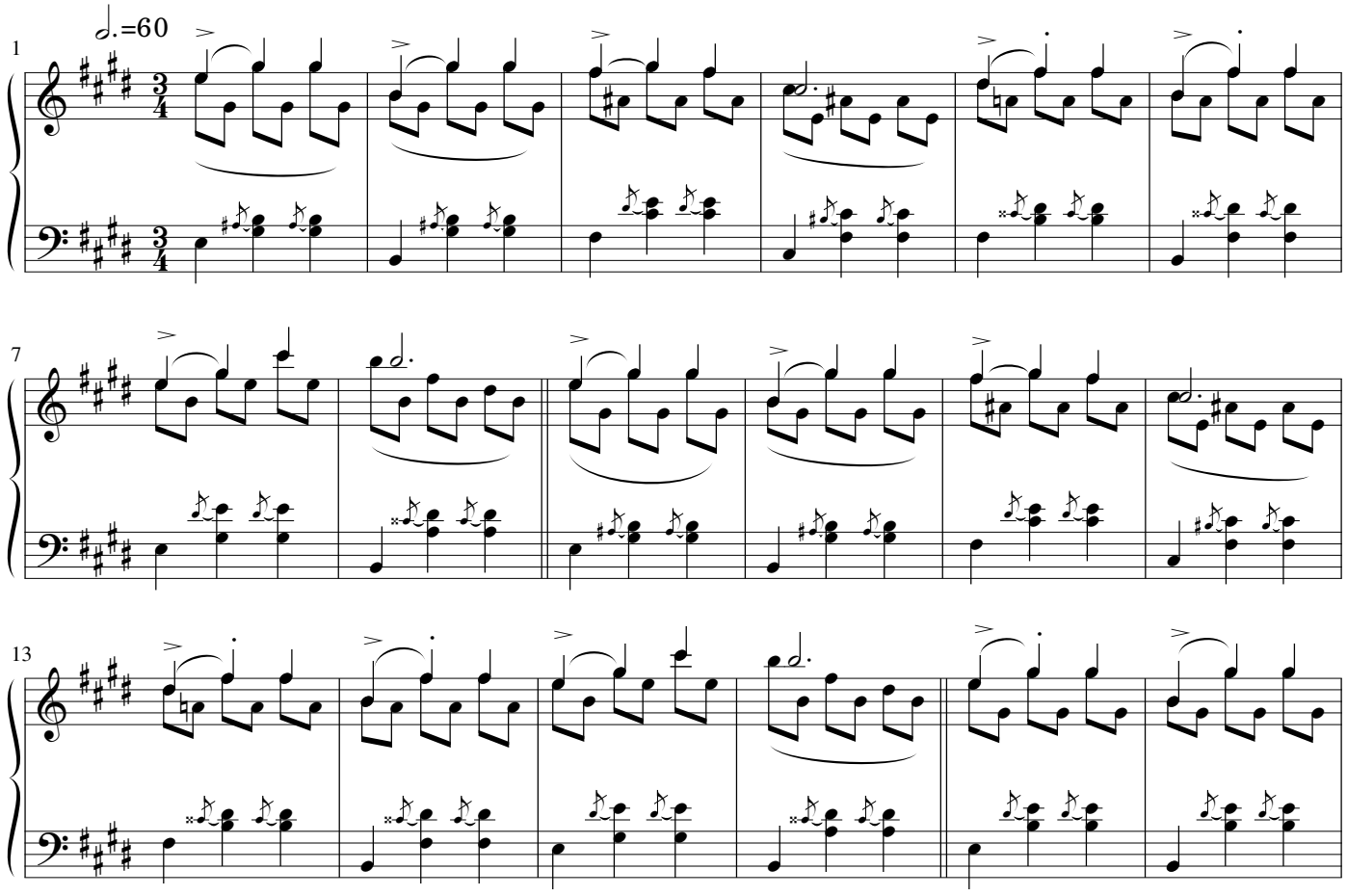
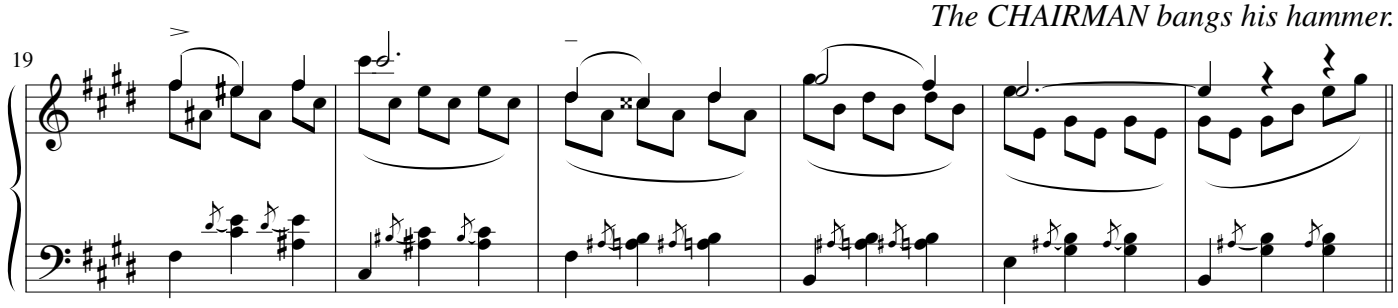

17
21
26
30
35
40
8va
CUE: That's the boy.
sfz
ff

28. Oom-Pah-Pah

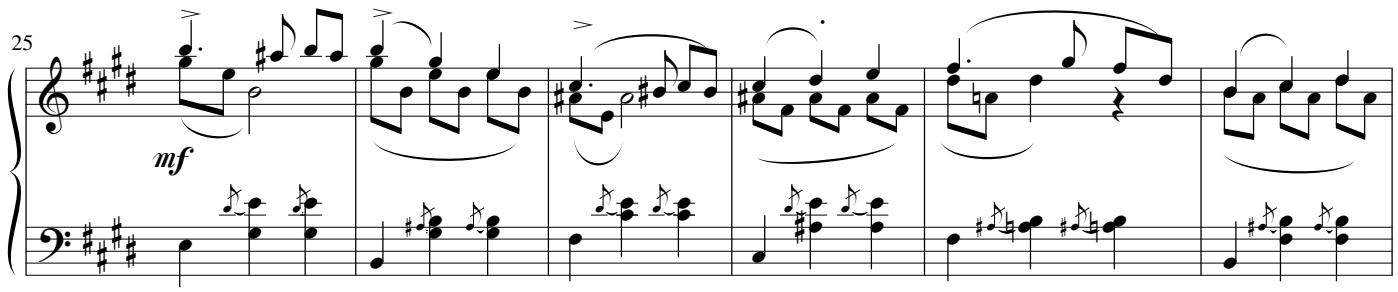
The "Three Cripples", a Public House, that evening.
Curtain slowly rises to disclose the smoky saloon of the public house.
There is a boxing match in progress.
The raffish looking CUSTOMERS are drinking and flirting. They sing over the general hubbub.



At one end of the room is
a CHAIRMAN with a hammer.
The CHAIRMAN bangs his hammer.



CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren, sinners all!



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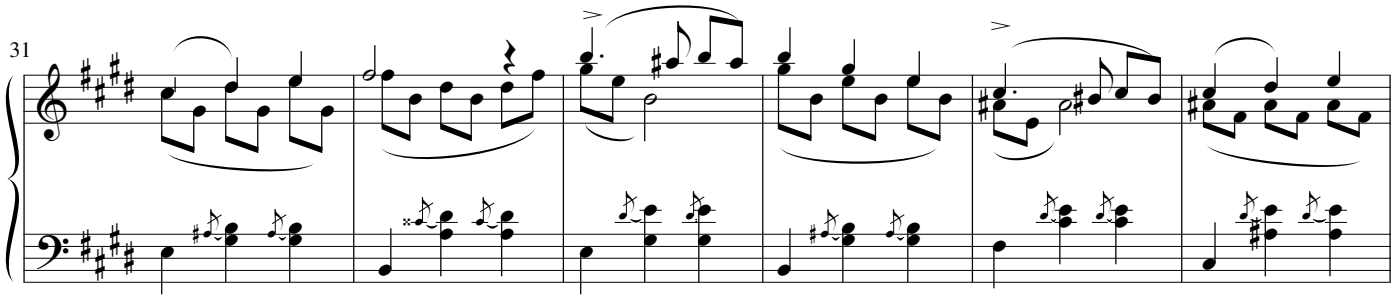
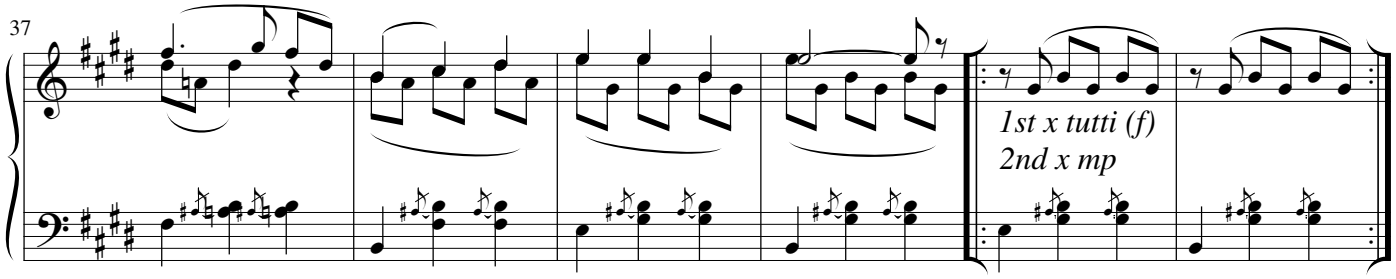
CHAIRMAN: I call upon our Goddess of the Virtues to give us her well known rendition of the old school song -

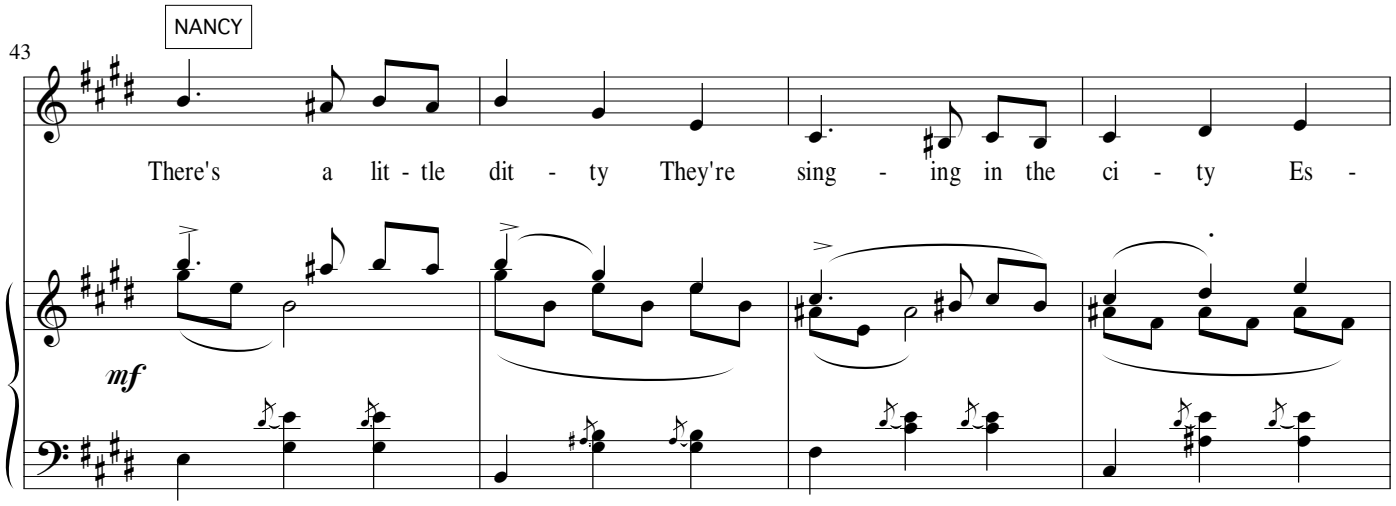


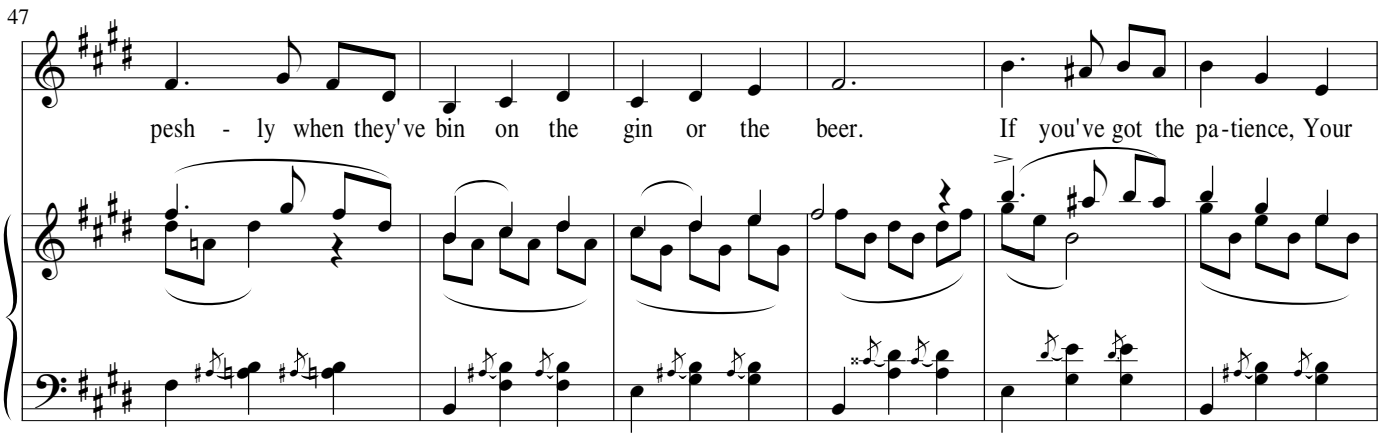
CUSTOMERS: Good old Nancy! Come on Nancy!

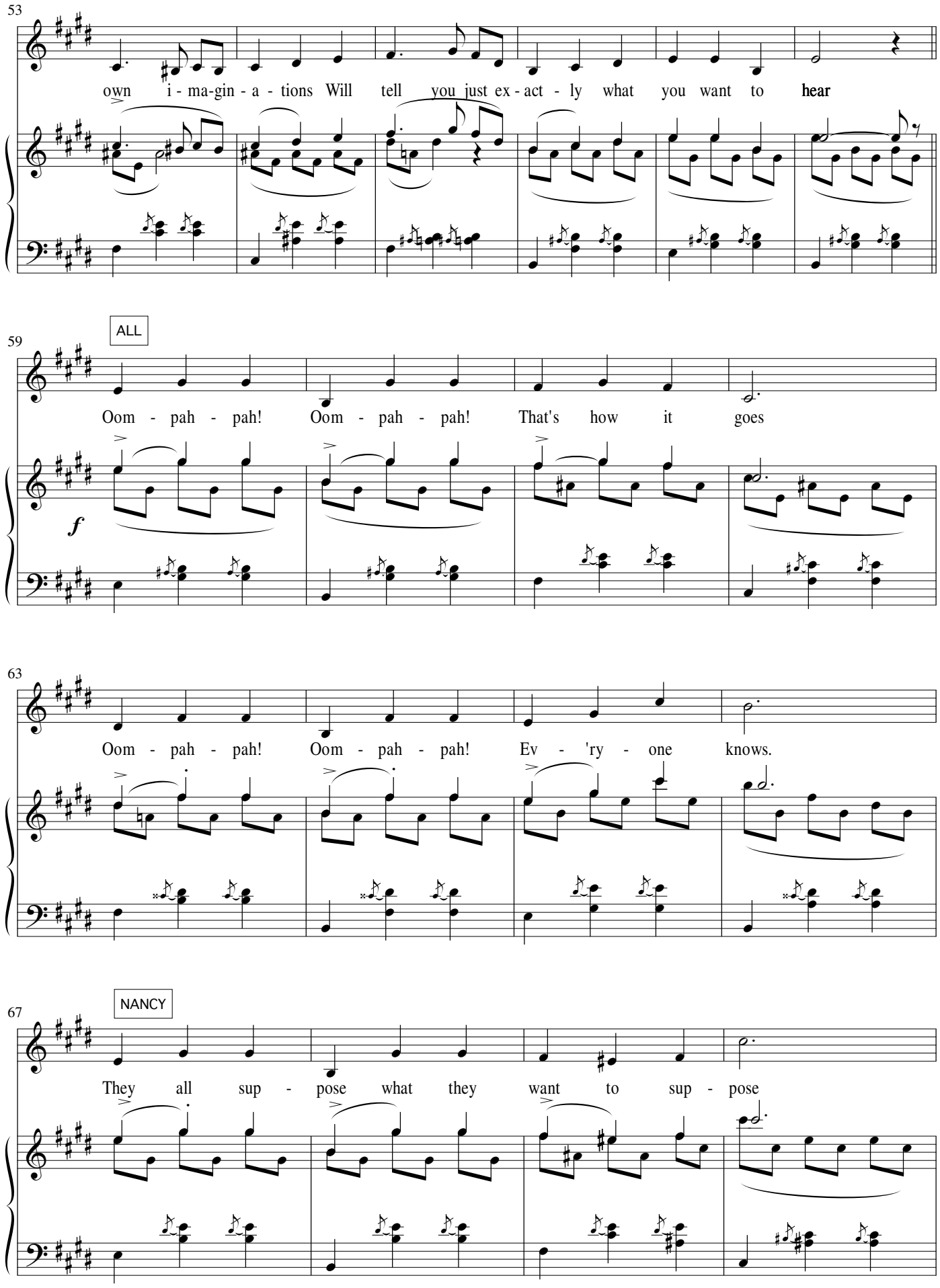
NANCY: All right! All right!

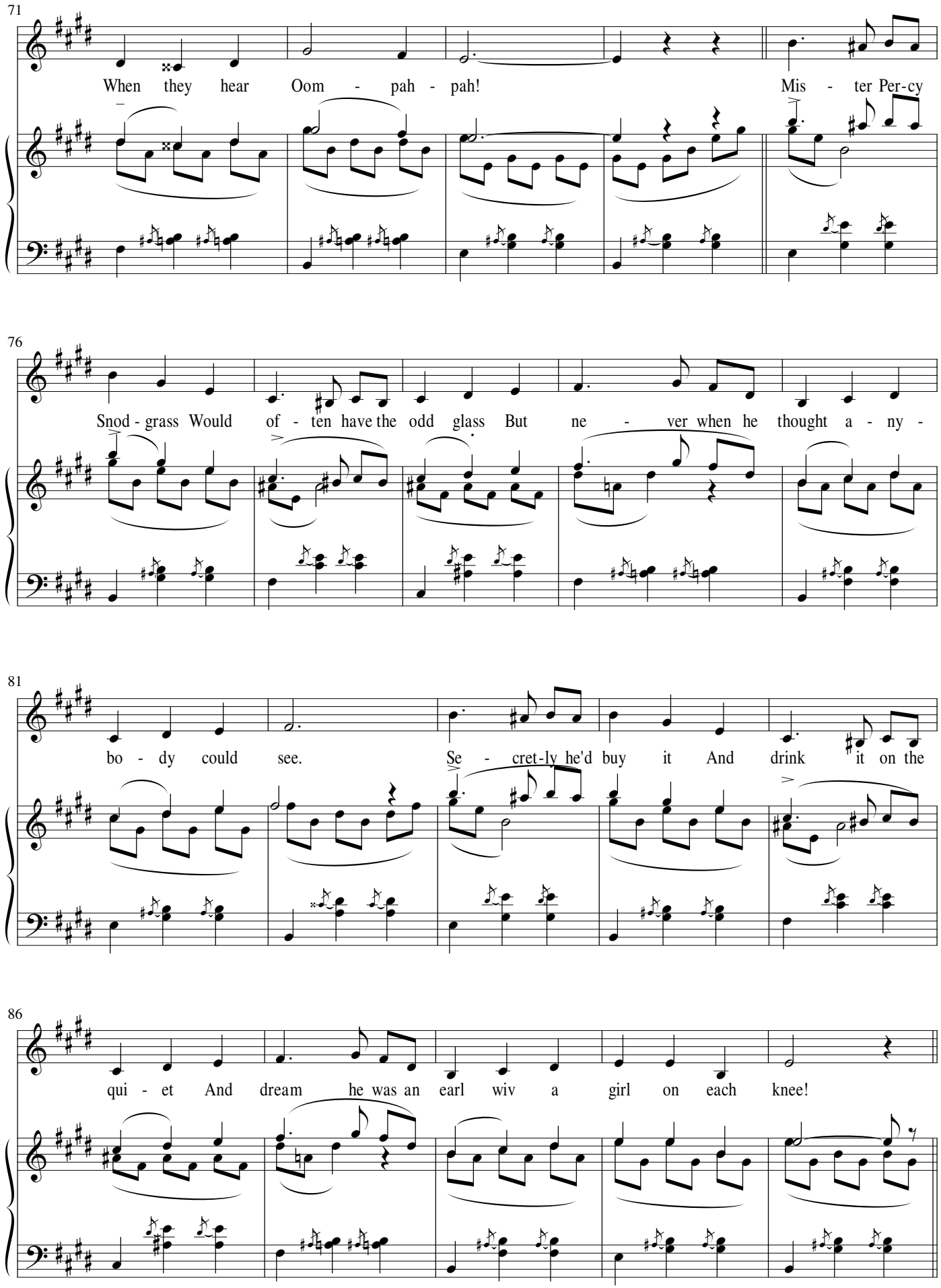
CHAIRMAN: Oom-pah-pah !

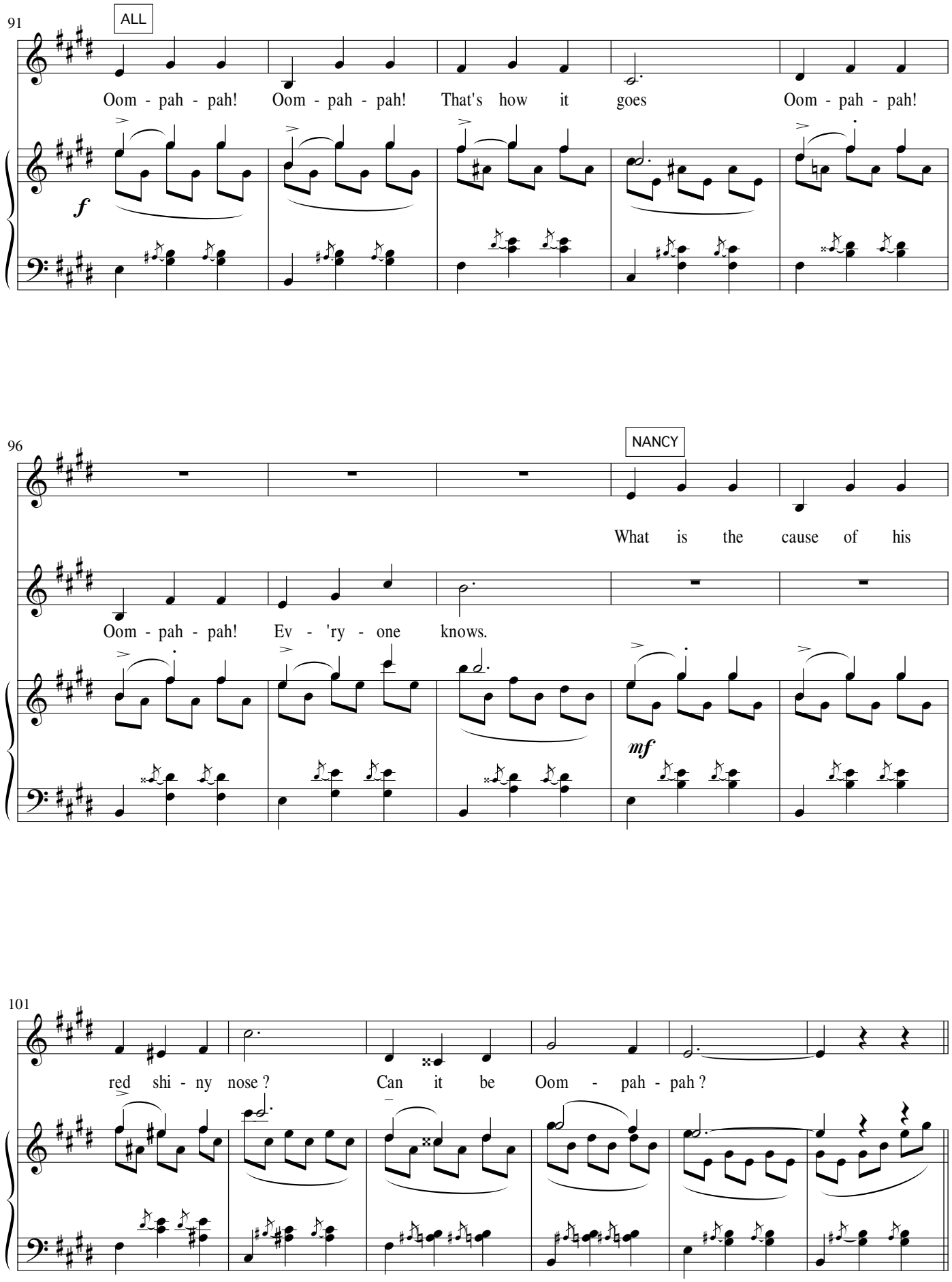


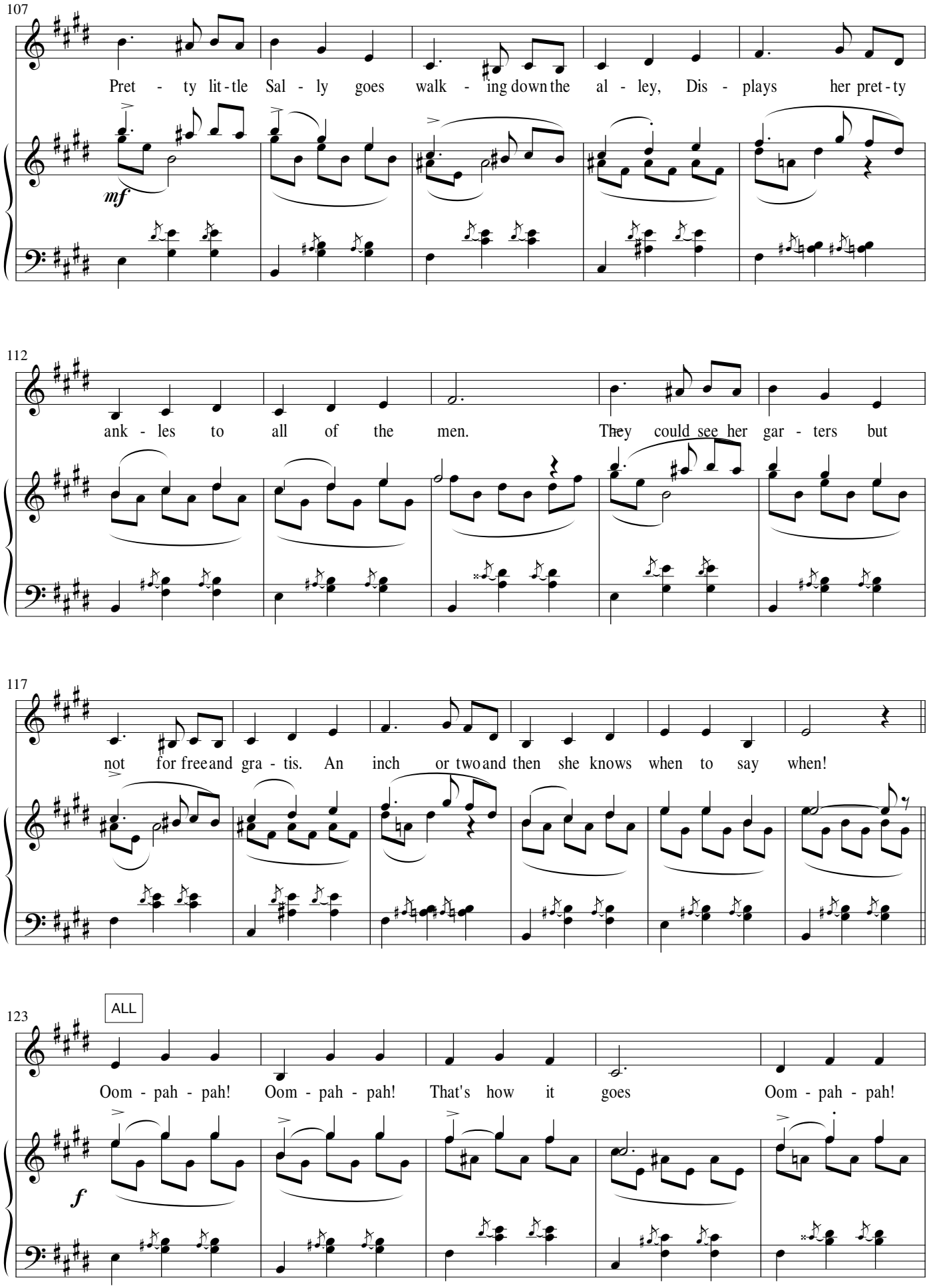


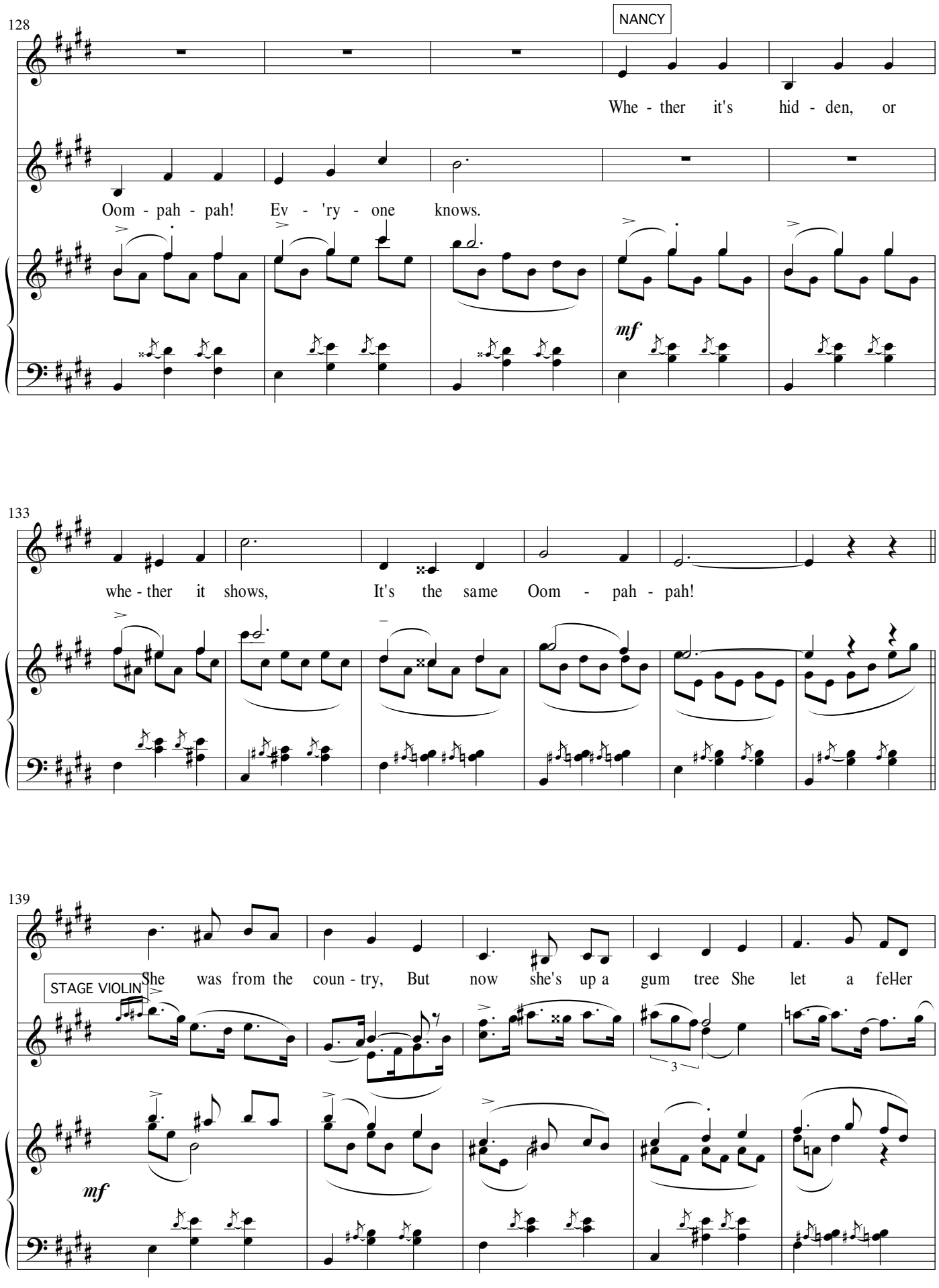


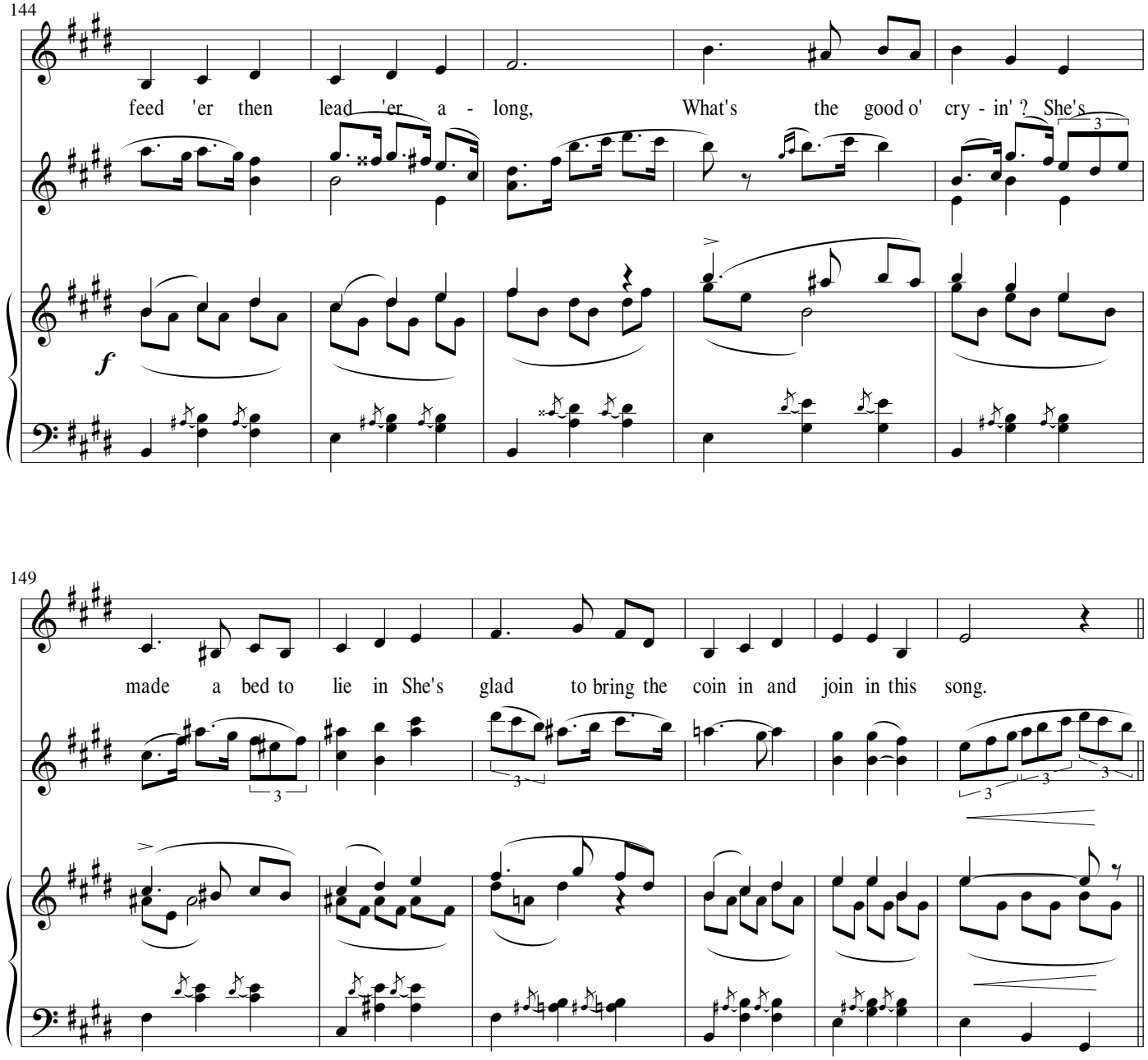

53
own i - ma-gin - a - tions Will tell you just ex - act - ly what you want to hear
59
ALL
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes
f
63
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.
67
NANCY
They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose

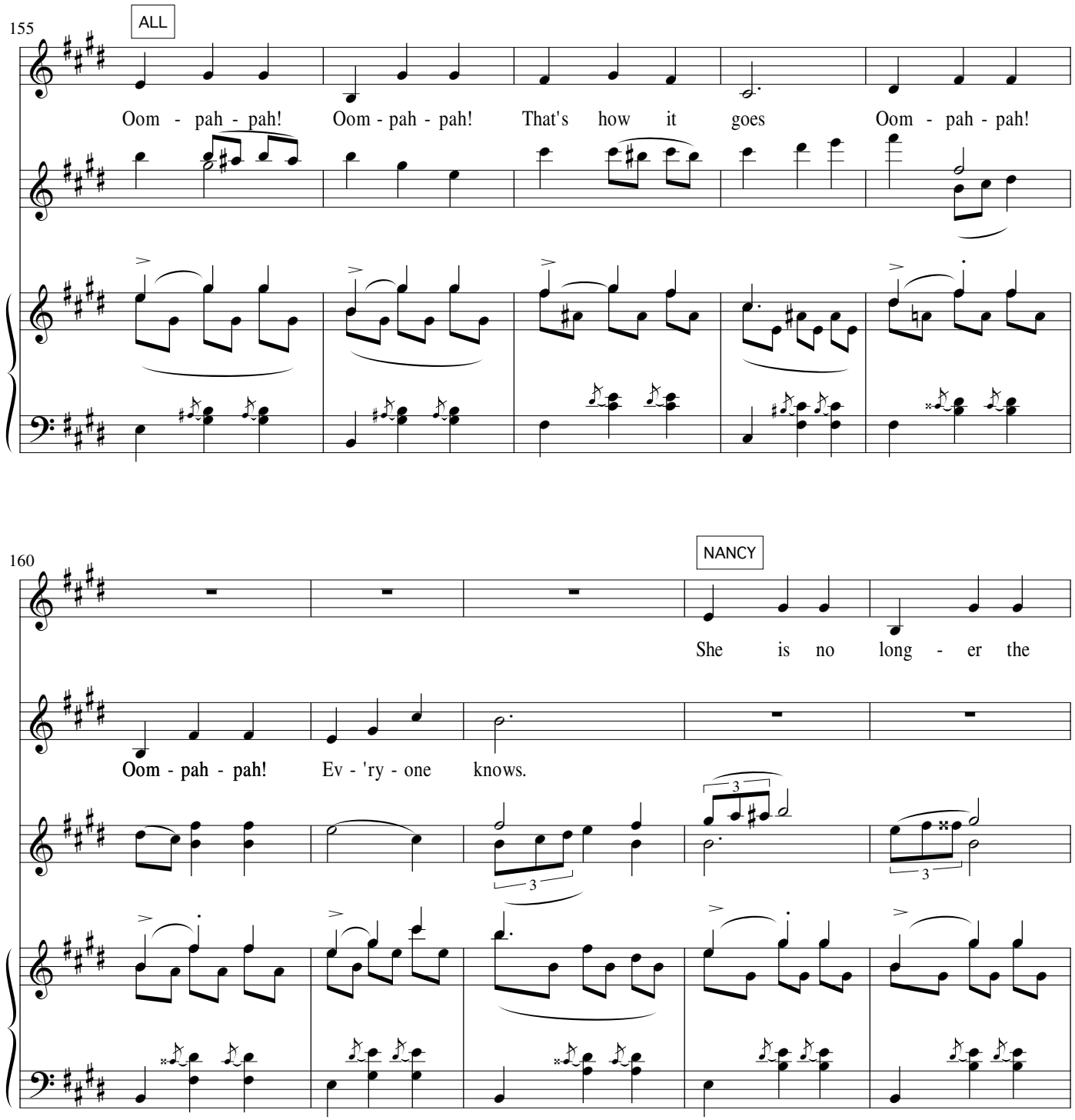

71
When they hear Oom - pah - pah! Mis - ter Per-cy
76
Snod - grass Would of - ten have the odd glass But ne - ver when he thought a - ny -
81
bo - dy could see. Se - cret-ly he'd buy it And drink it on the
86
qui - et And dream he was an earl wiv a girl on each knee!


91
ALL
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes Oom - pah - pah!
f
96
NANCY
What is the cause of his
Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.
mf
101
red shi - ny nose ? Can it be Oom - pah - pah ?


107
Pret - ty lit - tle Sal - ly goes walk - ing down the al - ley, Dis - plays her pret - ty
mf
112
ank - les to all of the men. They could see her gar - ters but
117
not for free and gra - tis. An inch or two and then she knows when to say when!
123
ALL
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes Oom - pah - pah!
f


128
NANCY
Whe - ther it's hid - den, or
Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.
mf
133
whe - ther it shows, It's the same Oom - pah - pah!
139
STAGE VIOLIN
She was from the coun - try, But now she's up a gum tree She let a fe-Her
3
mf


144
feed 'er then lead 'er a - long, What's the good o' cry - in' ? She's
f
149
made a bed to lie in She's glad to bring the coin in and join in this song.


155
ALL
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes Oom - pah - pah!
160
NANCY
She is no long - er the
Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.
3
3
3

NANCY: All together now !

165

same blush - ing rose Ev - er since Oom pah pah!

NANCY

171

There's a lit - tle dit - ty They're sing - ing in the ci - ty Es - pesh - ly when they've

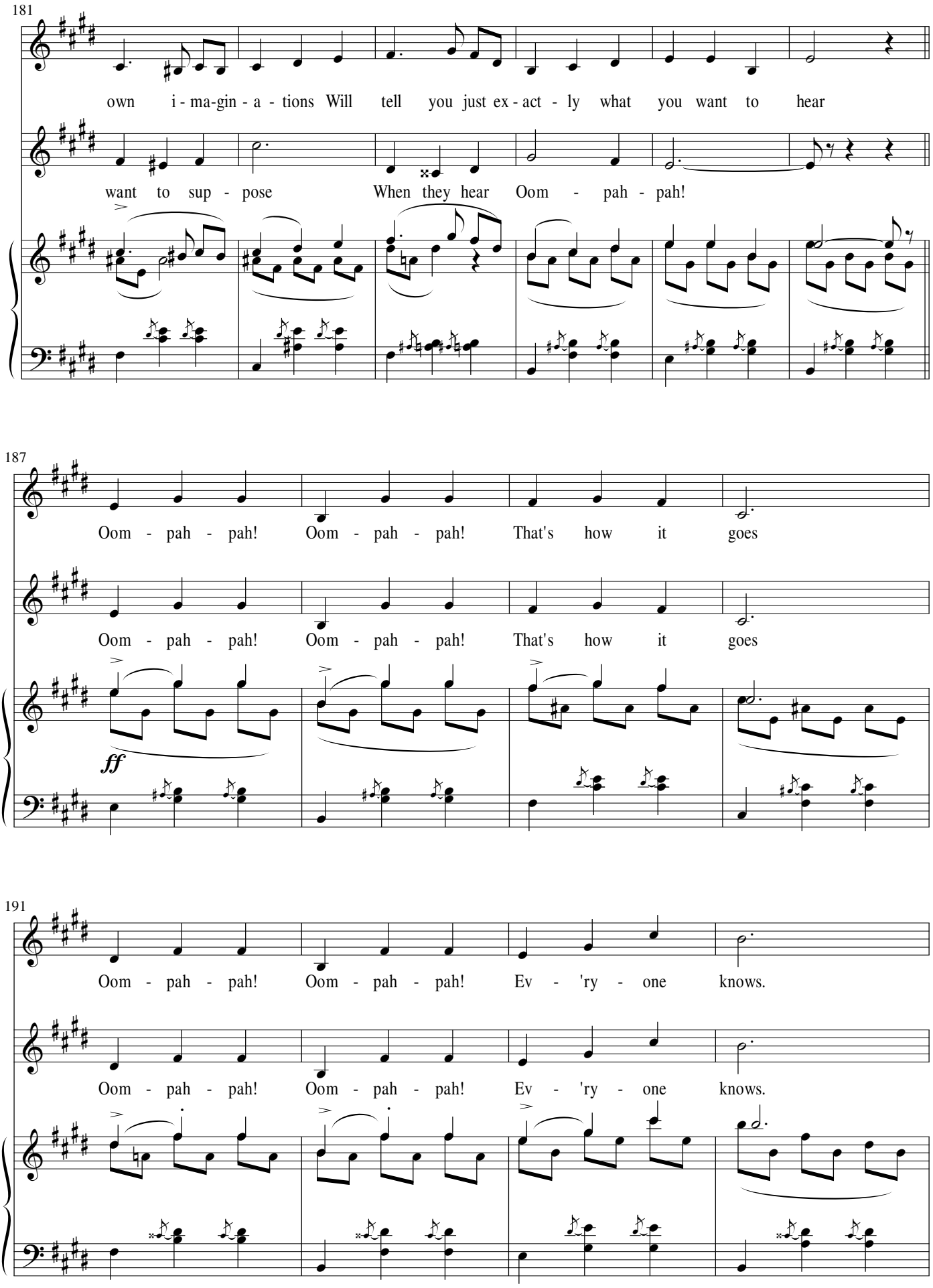
CHORUS

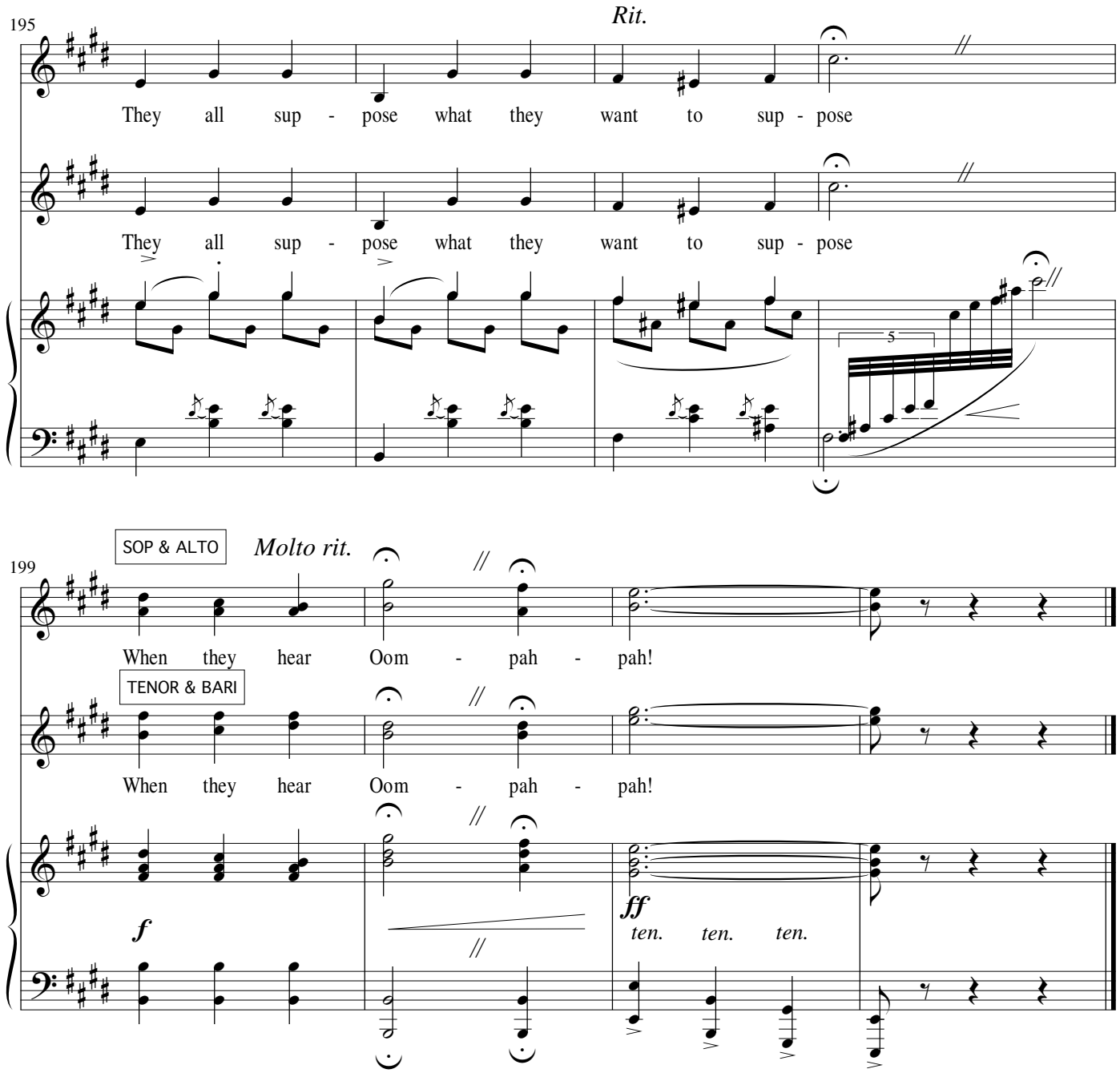
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes Oom - pah - pah!

176

bin on the gin or the beer. If you've got the pa - tience, Your

Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows. They all sup - pose what they

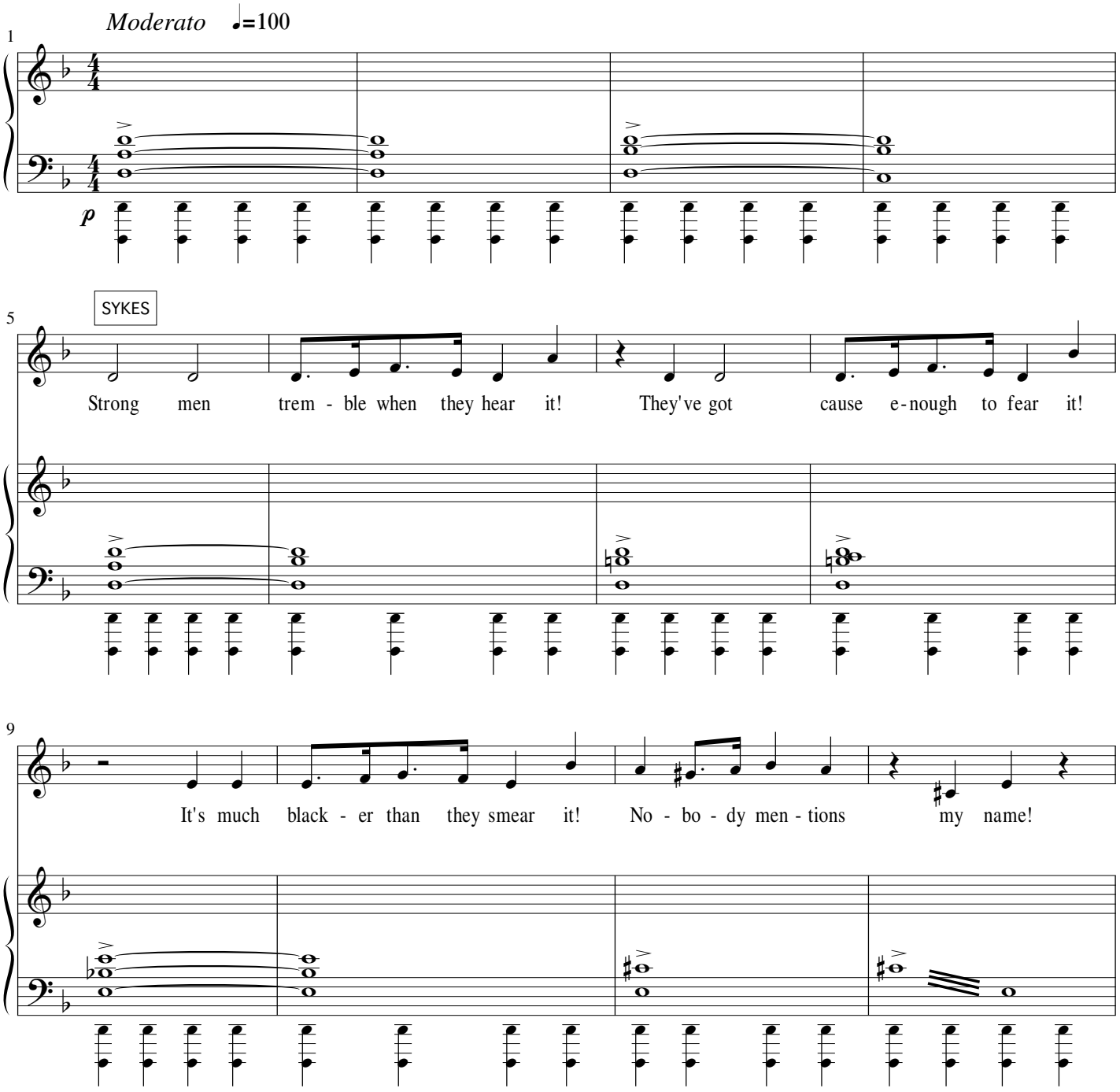

181
own i - ma-gin - a - tions Will tell you just ex - act - ly what you want to hear
want to sup - pose When they hear Oom - pah - pah!
187
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! That's how it goes
ff
191
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.
Oom - pah - pah! Oom - pah - pah! Ev - 'ry - one knows.


195
Rit.
They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose
They all sup - pose what they want to sup - pose
5
199
SOP & ALTO
Molto rit.
When they hear Oom - pah - pah!
TENOR & BARI
When they hear Oom - pah - pah!
f
ff
ten. ten. ten.

29. My Name

SFX: Three loud bangs on the table. Enter Sykes

VOICE: *(in a loud whisper)* Bill Sykes!



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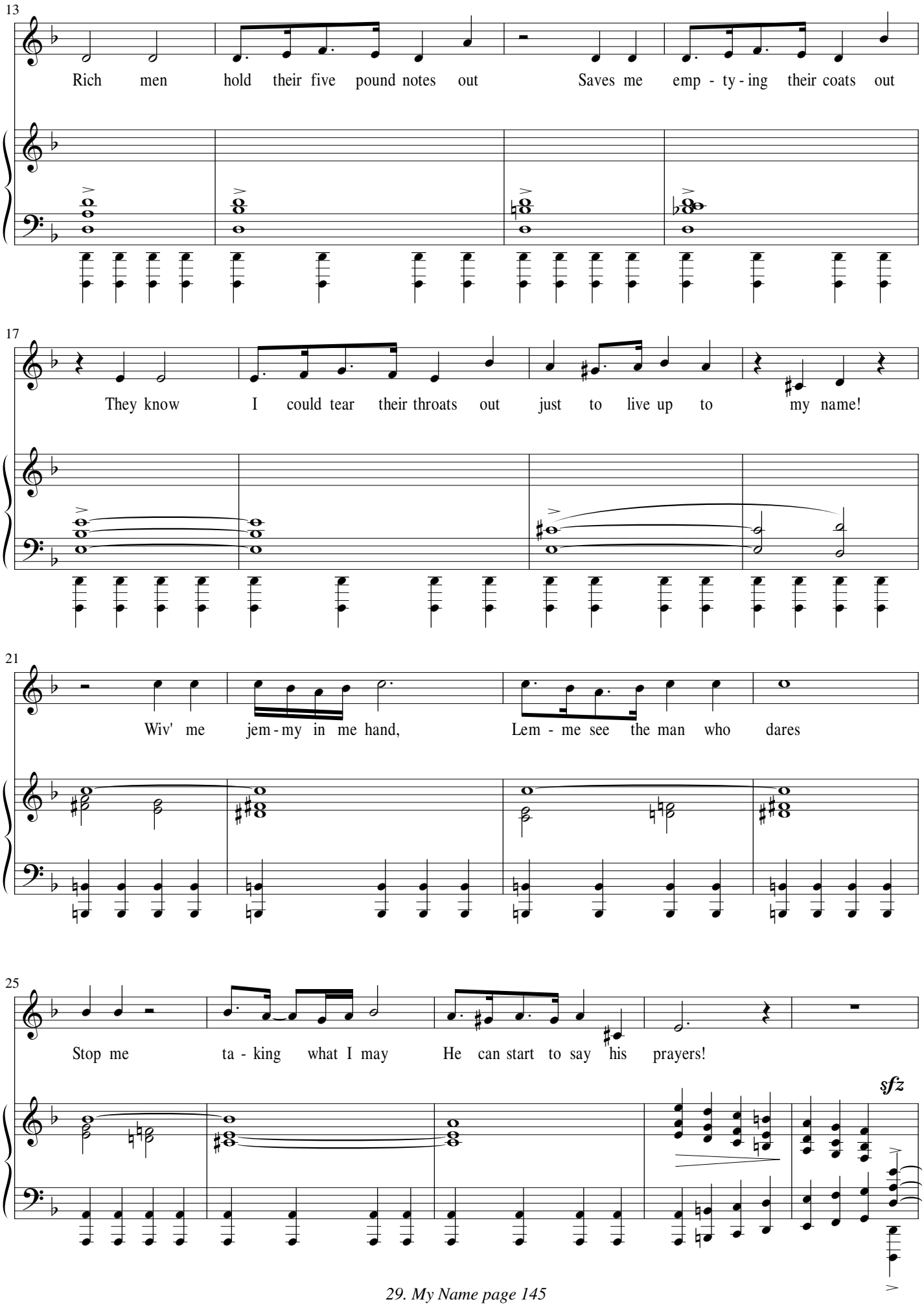
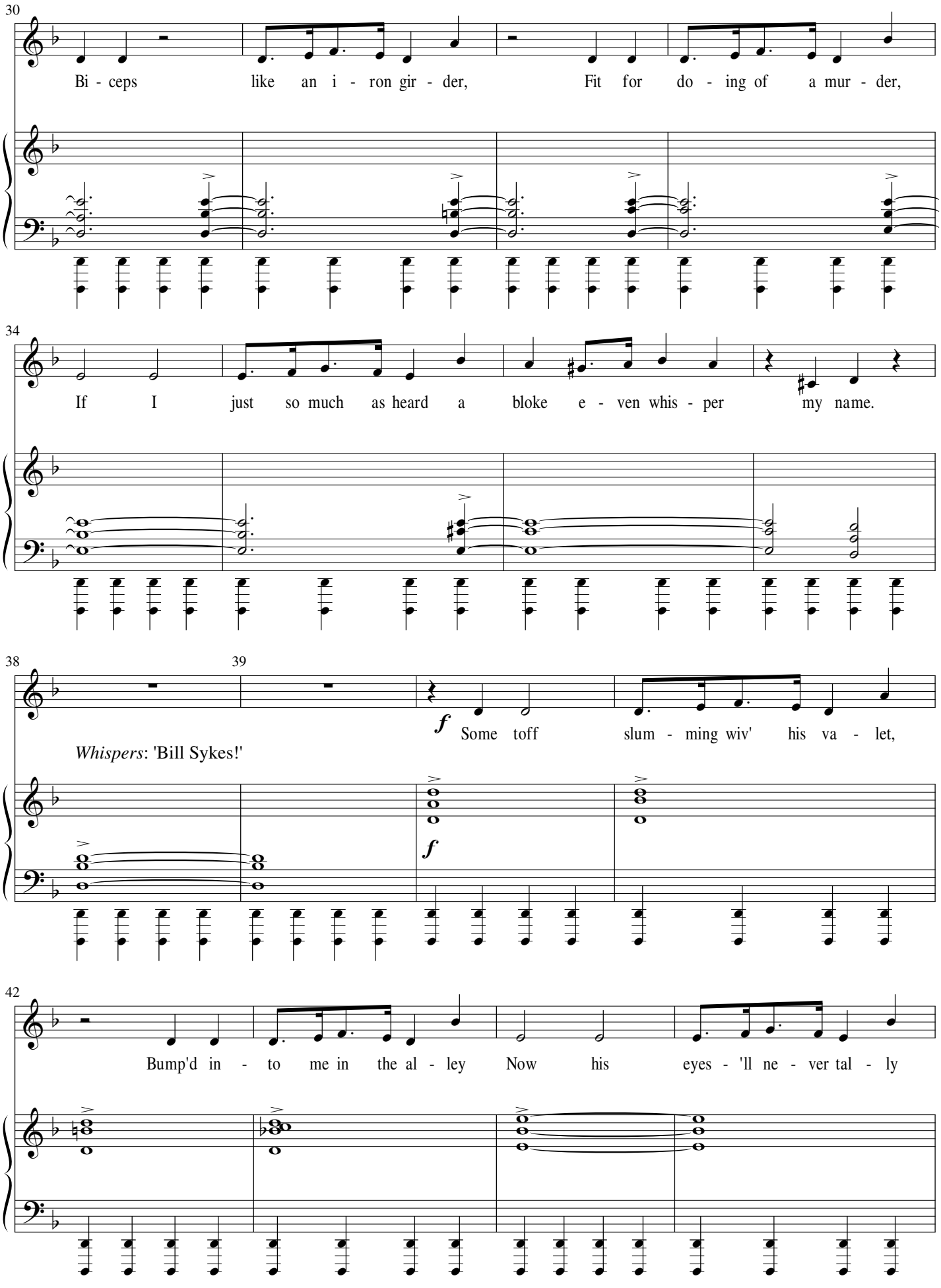
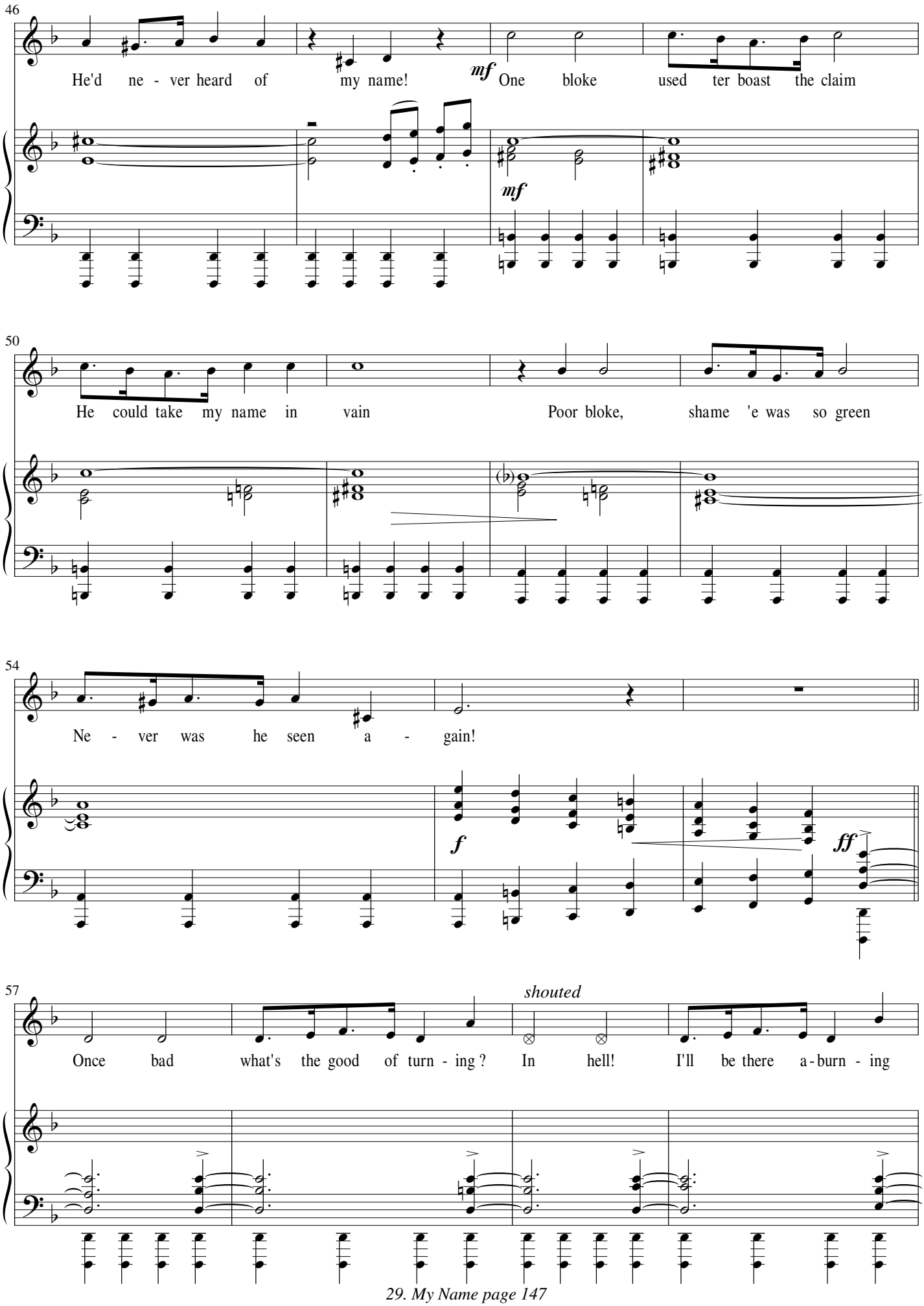
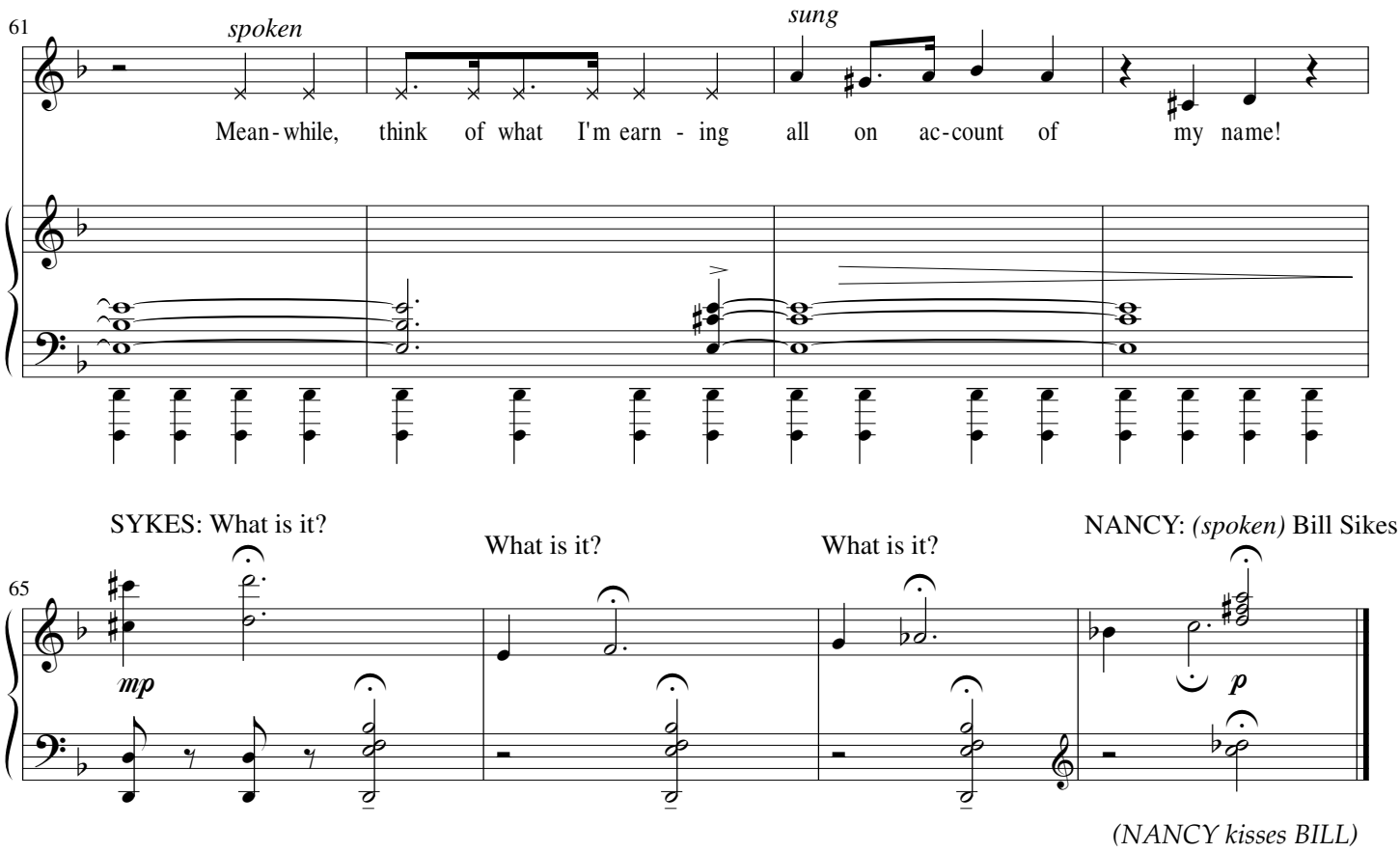
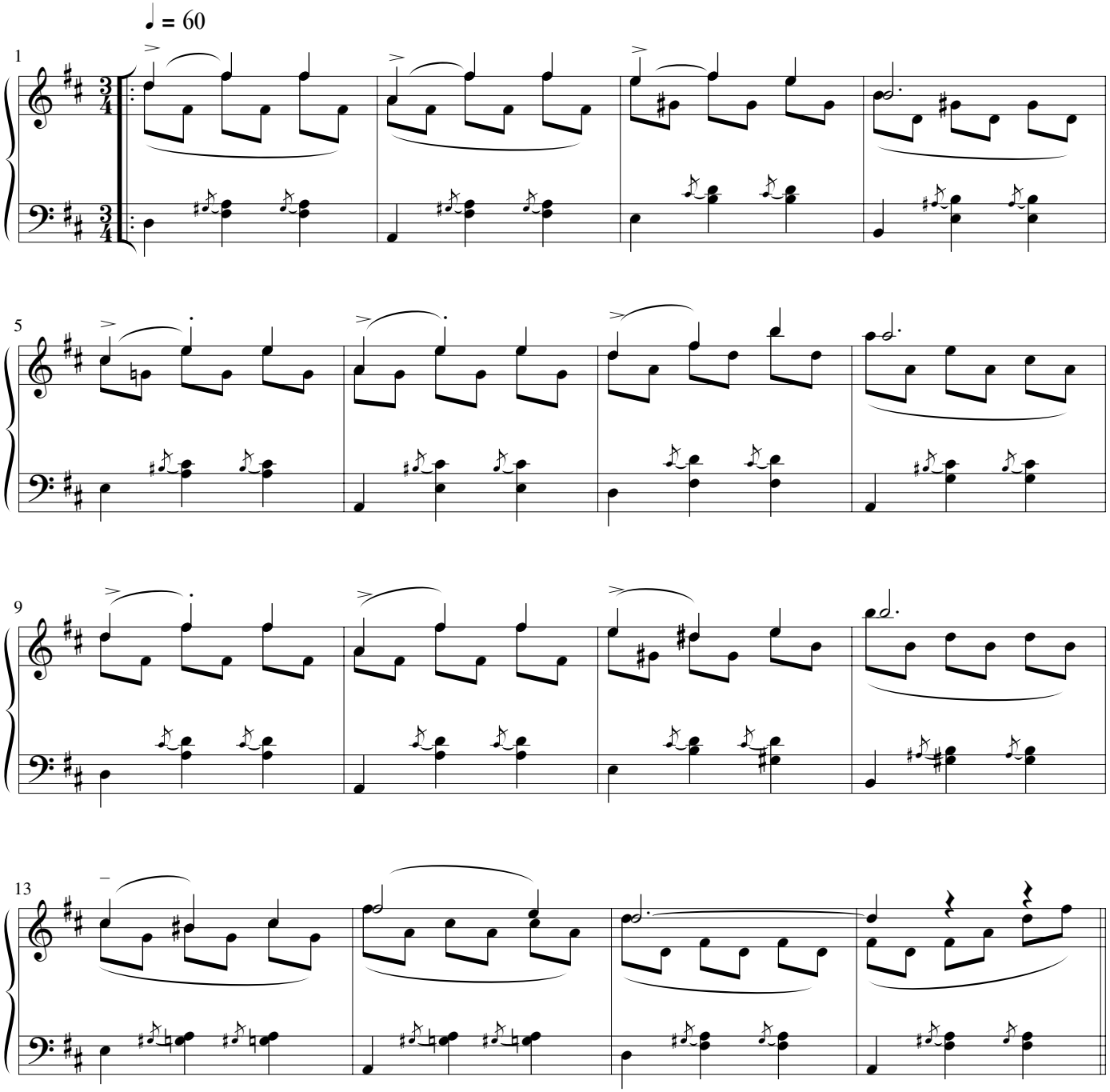

13
Rich men hold their five pound notes out Saves me emp - ty - ing their coats out
17
They know I could tear their throats out just to live up to my name!
21
Wiv' me jem - my in me hand, Lem - me see the man who dares
25
Stop me ta - king what I may He can start to say his prayers!
sfz


30
Bi - ceps like an i - ron gir - der, Fit for do - ing of a mur - der,
34
If I just so much as heard a bloke e - ven whis - per my name.
38
39
f
Some toff slum - ming wiv' his va - let,
Whispers: 'Bill Sykes!'
f
42
Bump'd in - to me in the al - ley Now his eyes - 'll ne - ver tal - ly


46
He'd ne - ver heard of my name!
mf
One bloke used ter boast the claim
mf
50
He could take my name in vain
Poor bloke, shame 'e was so green
54
Ne - ver was he seen a - gain!
f
ff
57
shouted
Once bad what's the good of turn - ing ?
In hell!
I'll be there a - burn - ing


61
spoken
sung
Mean-while, think of what I'm earn - ing all on ac-count of my name!
SYKES: What is it?
What is it?
What is it?
NANCY: *(spoken)* Bill Sikes
65
mp
p
(NANCY kisses BILL)

30. Underscore After 'My Name'



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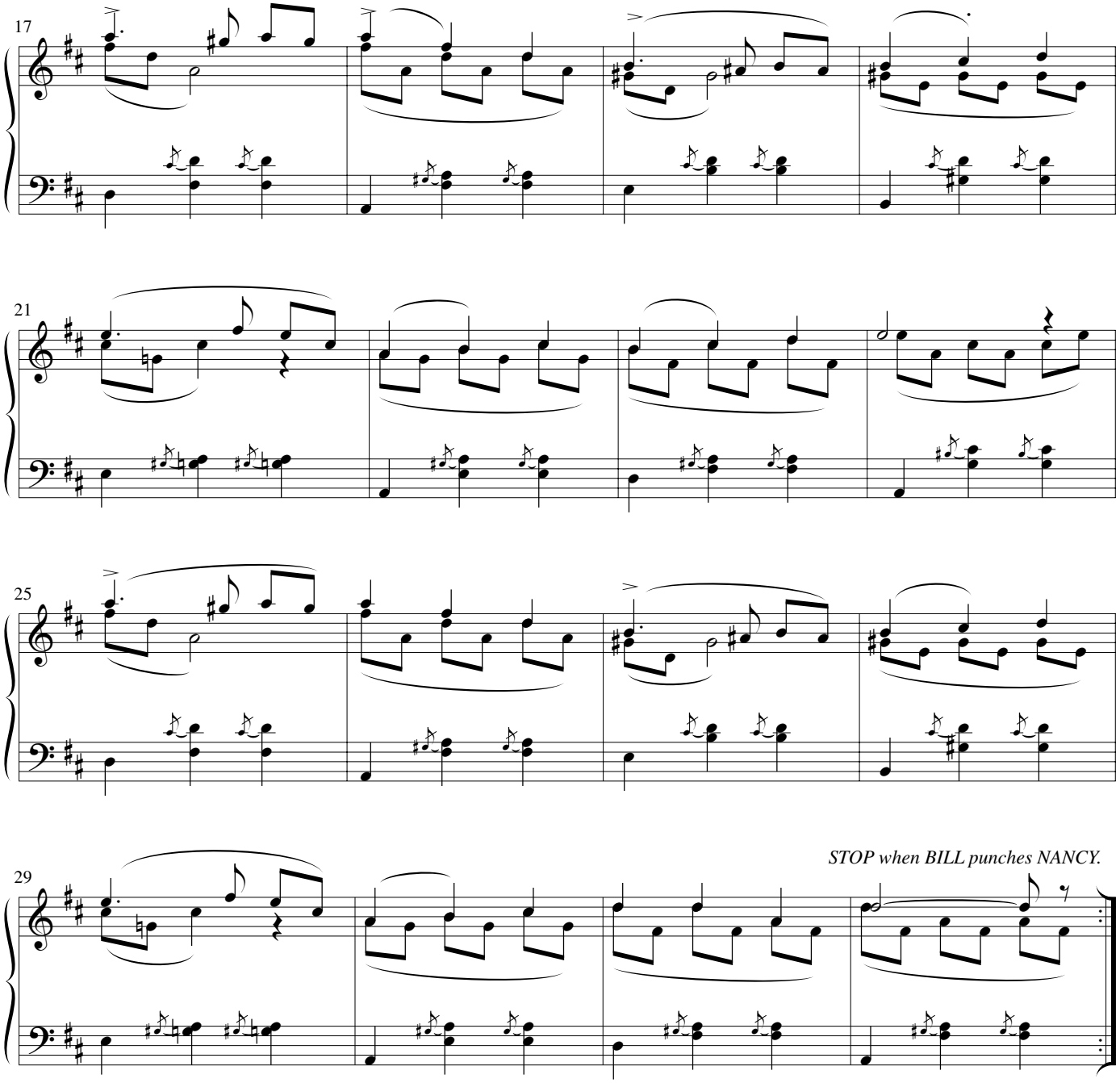

17
21
25
29
STOP when BILL punches NANCY.

(Dialogue during Underscore)

DODGER enters breathless and in a panic

DODGER:
Fagin! Fagin! Fagin!
(He pounds the wall)

FAGIN: *(entering)*
Dodger! Where's Oliver? Where's the boy?
FAGIN takes hold of DODGER'S ear

FAGIN: *(to DODGER)*
What - has - become - of - Oliver?

DODGER: *(in between being shaken)*
Got took away in a coach!

FAGIN: *(pulling DODGER up by his coat)*
Who coach? What coach? Where coach?

DODGER slithers out of coat and shirt he is naked from the waist up.

DODGER: *(breathlessly)*
He got nabbed on the job!... They took him to court. We waited outside... The old man we dipped, come out of the court with Oliver and took him off in a coach!

FAGIN:
Where to? Quick? Speak!

DODGER:
19, Chepstowe Gardens...Bloomsbury...Run all the way.

FAGIN: *(fretfully)*
We were supposed to look after him. We were supposed to bring him back with us. We were supposed to never let him out of OUR SIGHT!

SYKES: *(aloud)*
Who?

FAGIN: *(to nobody in particular)*
One of us, Bill. A new boy - went out on his first job today with Dodger. I'm afraid... that he may say something which will get us into trouble.

SYKES: *(grinning)*
That's very likely... You're blowed upon Fagin.

FAGIN: *(still to nobody in particular)*
And I'm afraid...you see... that if the game was up with us...
(he now addresses SYKES specifically)
...it might be up with a good many more...and it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.

SYKES starts towards FAGIN, who merely stares vacantly ahead.

SYKES:
Why you old!... Somebody must find out what's been done, or said. If he hasn't talked yet, there's still a chance we might get him back - without suspicion. We'll nab him the very moment he dares to step out of that house. Now who's gonna go?

They all look around at each other.

DODGER:
I suppose it'll have to be me.

FAGIN:
You shut your trap, Dodger. You've caused enough trouble.
(He looks at NANCY)
It's got to be done quiet. We don't want any fuss.
(Smirking at NANCY)
The very thing! Nancy my dear - you're so good with the boy.

NANCY:
It's no good trying it on with me.

BILL goes across to her menacingly.

BILL:
And just what do you mean by that remark?

NANCY gets up and faces BILL

NANCY:
What I say Bill. I'm not going... Wht can't you leave the boy alone? He won't do you no harm. Why can't you leave him where he is - where he'll get the chance of a decent life?

BILL:
You'll get him back 'ere my girl - unless you wnat to feel my hands on your throat!

He throws NANCY onto a stool. FAGIN hurries across and speaks pleadingly at NANCY, trying to prevent more violence, which he hates.

FAGIN:
Nancy, my dear - if he talked, think waht would happen to us. Think what would happen to Bill. I'd be the gallows for him, Nancy - the gallows! You wouldn't let that happen would you, my dear? Not to Bill? Not to your Bill?

BILL:
She'll go, Fagin.

He turns away. With sudden spirit, NANCY looks up at FAGIN.

NANCY:
No she won't Fagin!

BILL:
Yes, she will, Fagin!

He hits NANCY viciously across the face, knocking her off the chair onto the floor. He turns and strides towards the door (turning back).

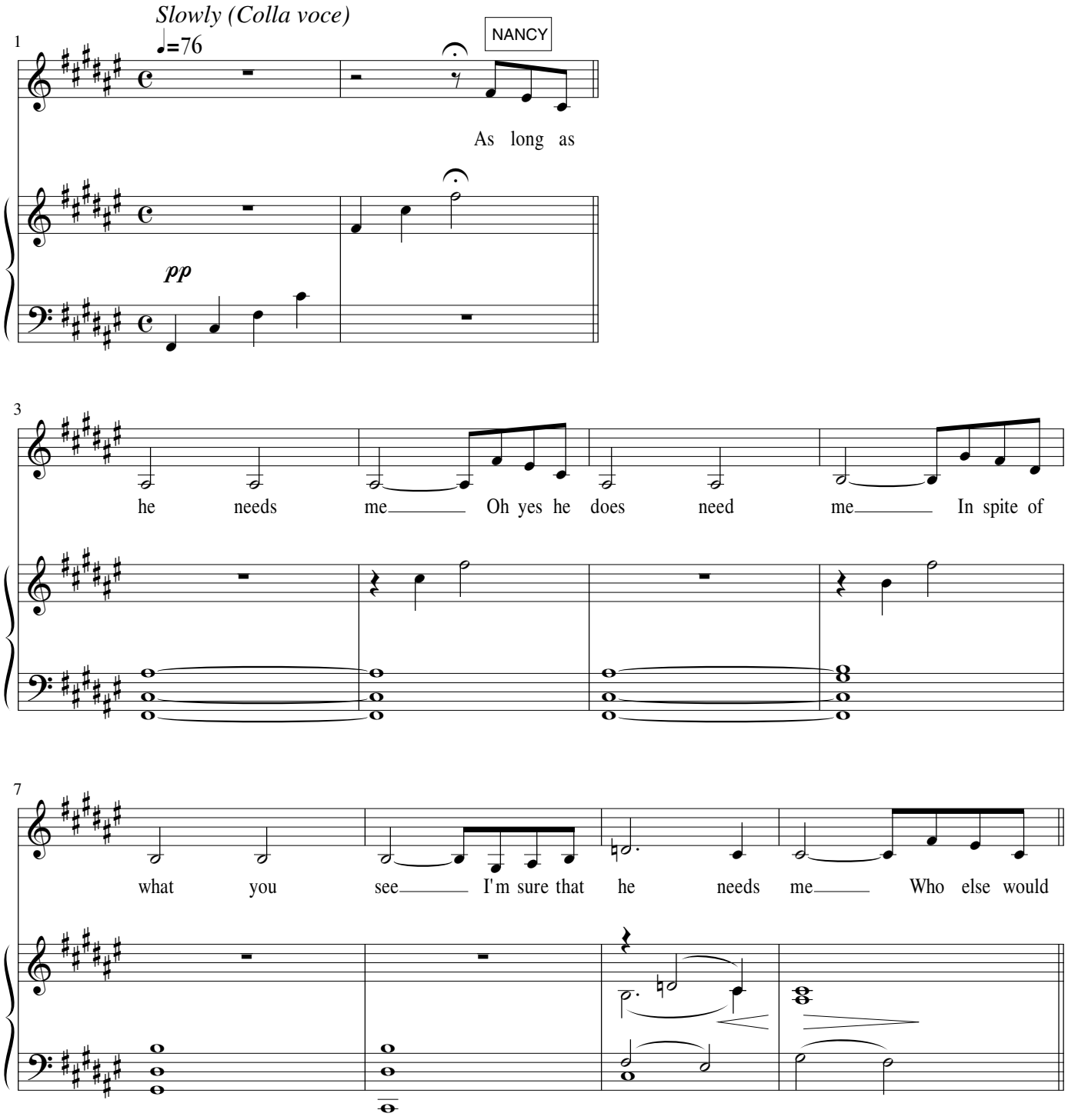
The exit. (BILL & BULLSEYE)
There is silence. FAGIN runs over to help NANCY. She pushes him aside with scorn and disgust. FAGIN and the boys turn and leave.

31. As Long As He Needs Me

F#major version

WARNING:
NANCY: Alright Bet. Go home. There's a good girl.

VISUAL CUE: As BET gets halfway upstage.



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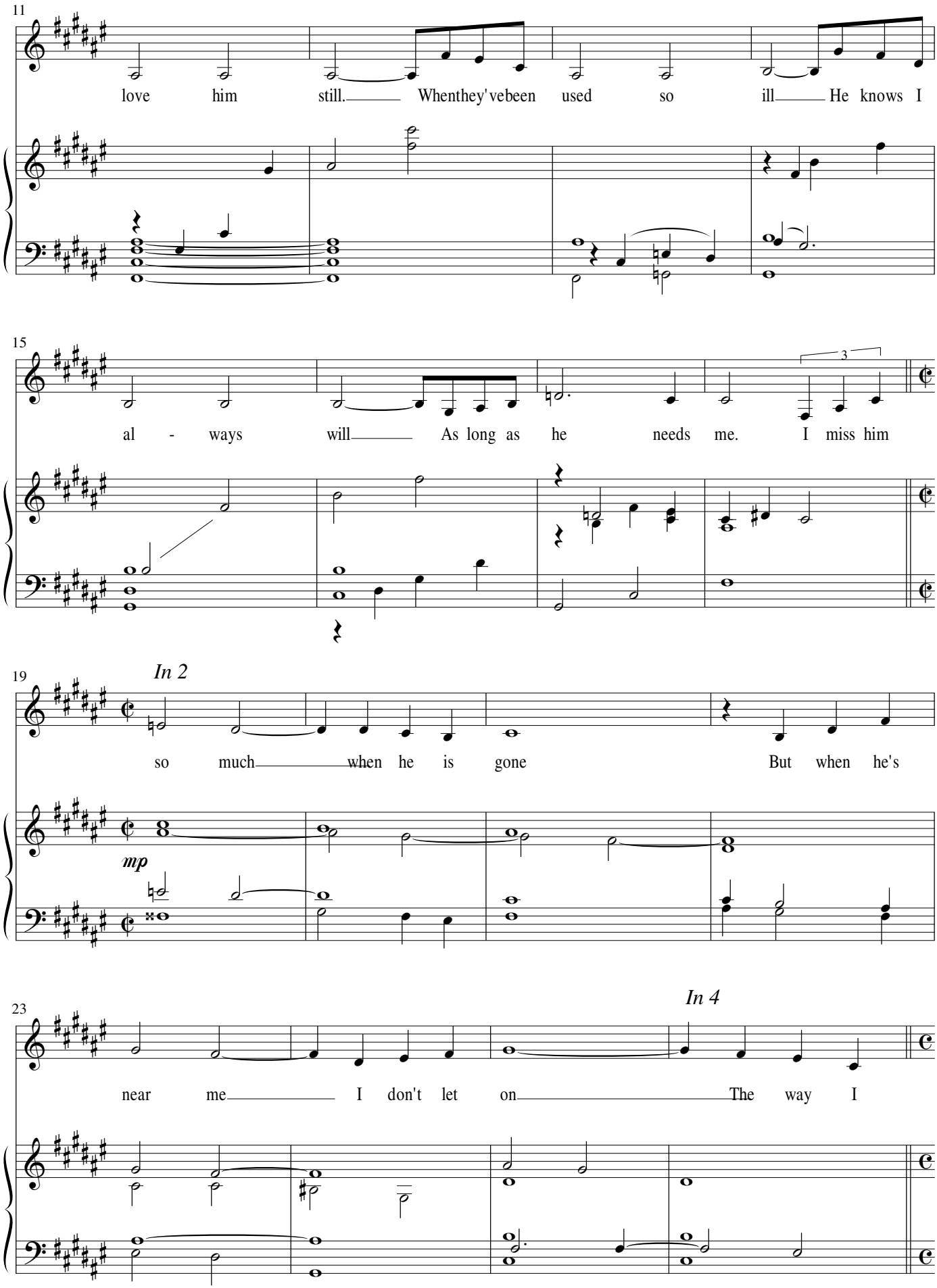
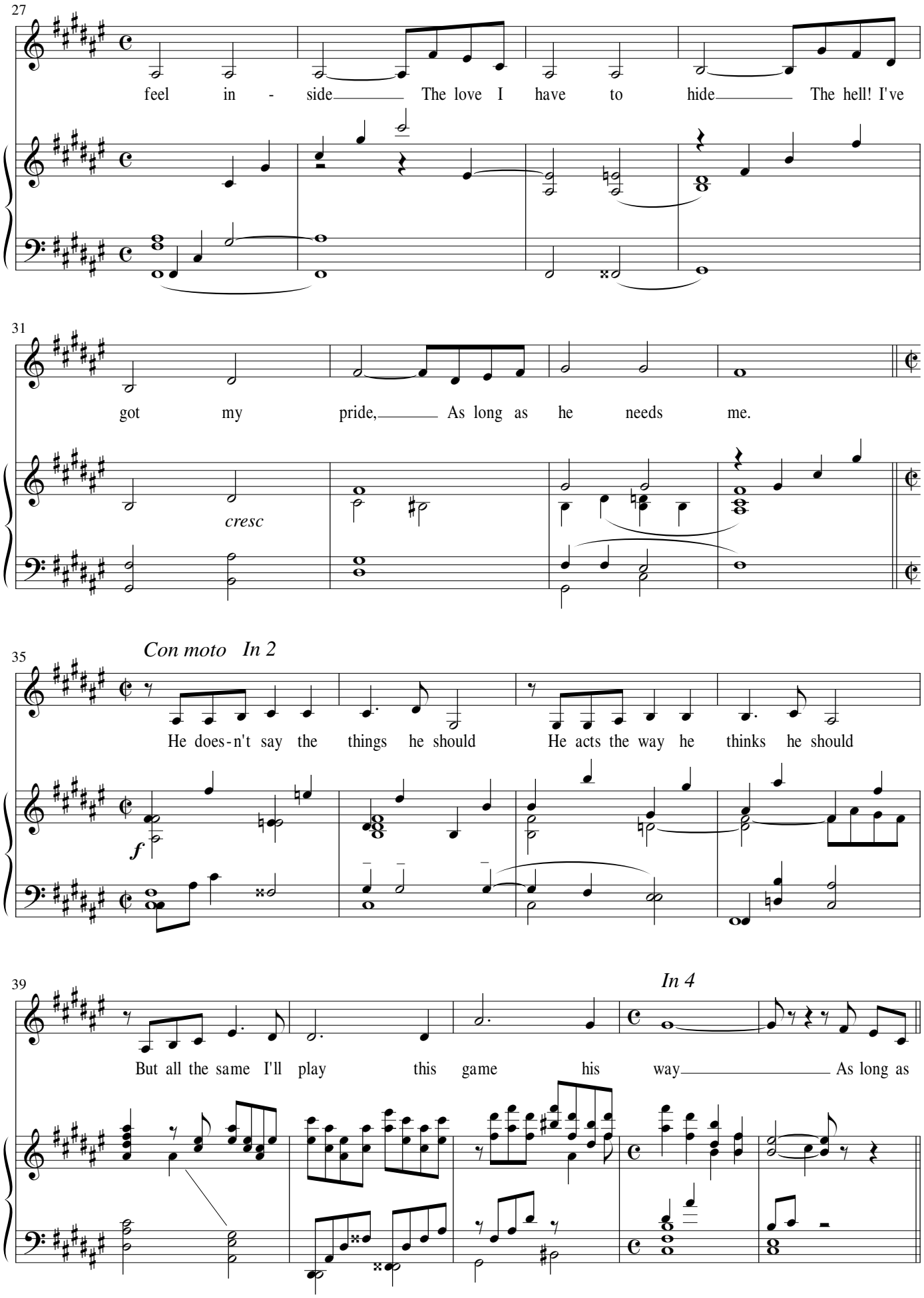
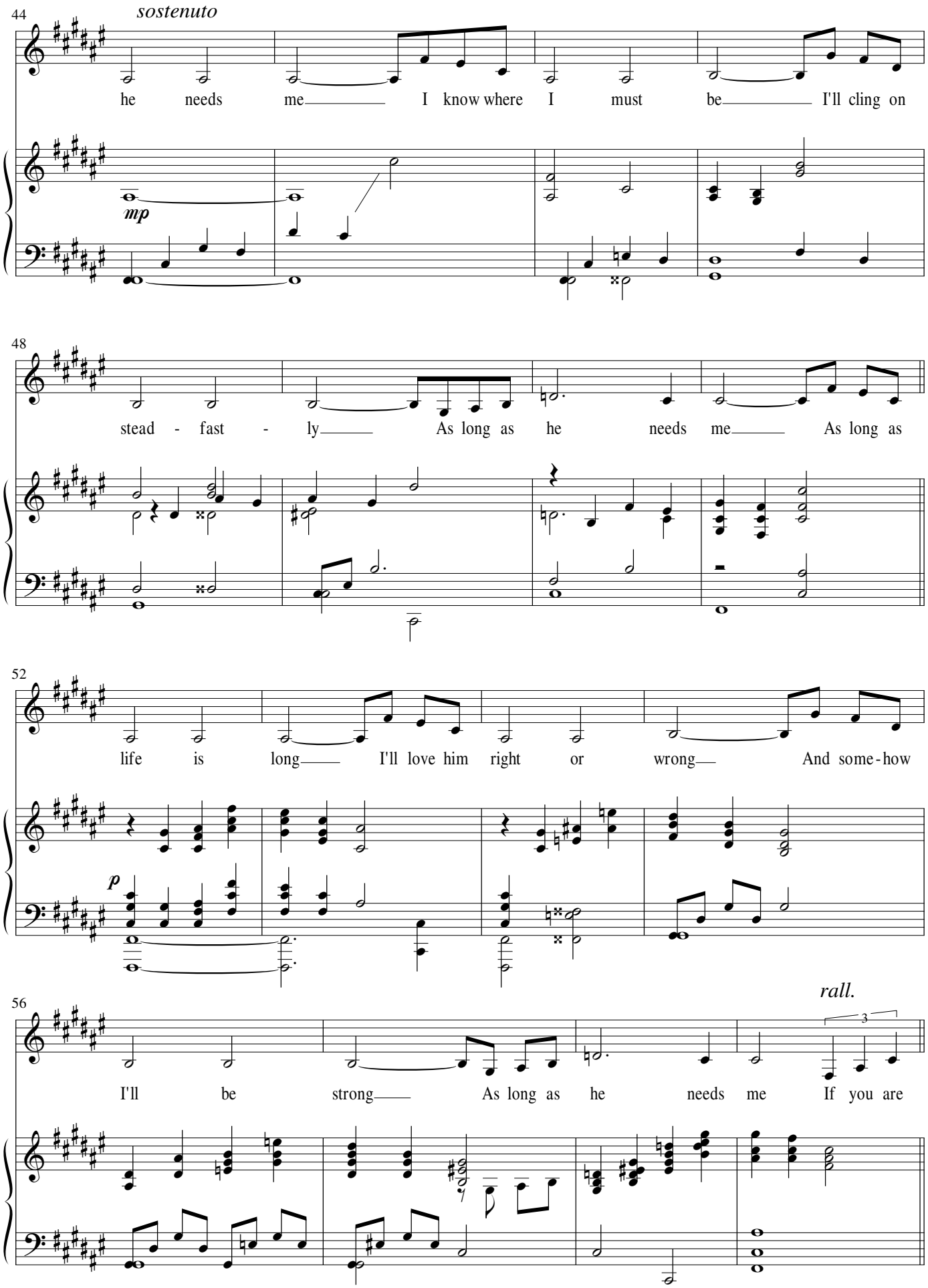
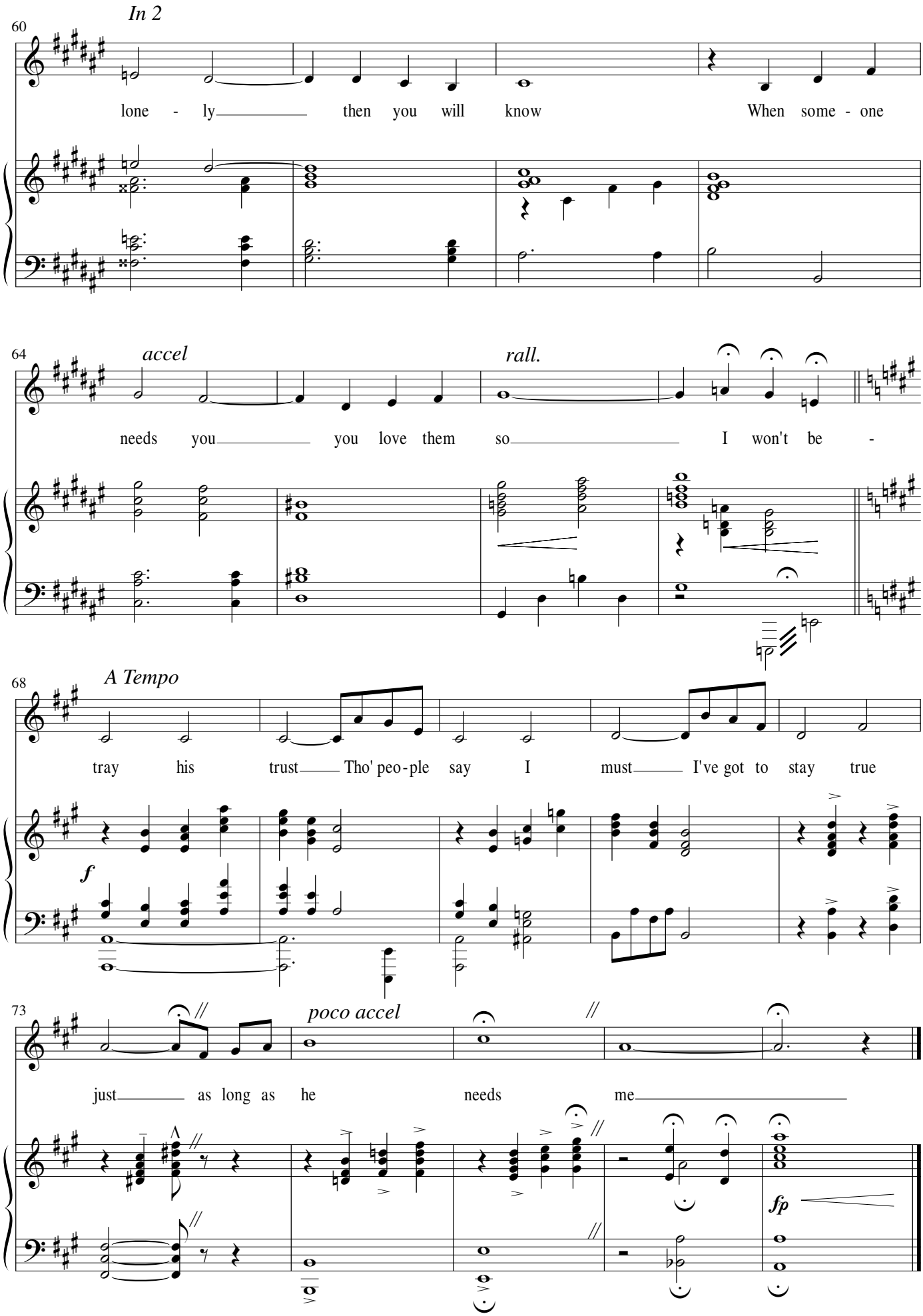
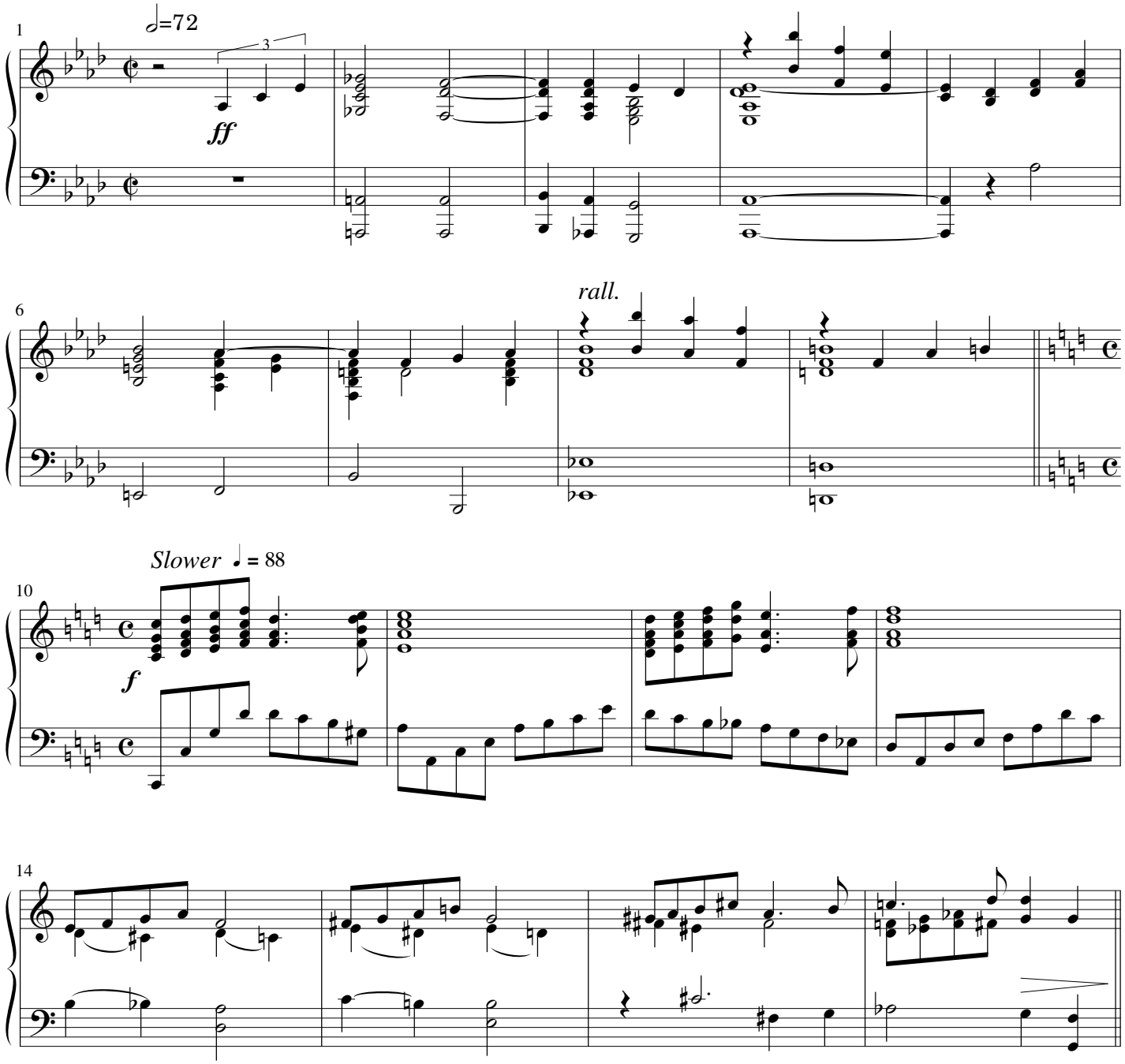

11
love him still. Whenthey'vebeen used so ill He knows I
15
al - ways will As long as he needs me. I miss him
3
19
In 2
so much when he is gone But when he's
mp
23
In 4
near me I don't let on The way I


27
feel in - side The love I have to hide The hell! I've
31
got my pride, As long as he needs me.
cresc
Con moto In 2
35
He does-n't say the things he should He acts the way he thinks he should
f
39
In 4
But all the same I'll play this game his way As long as


44
sostenuto
he needs me I know where I must be I'll cling on
mp
48
stead - fast - ly As long as he needs me As long as
52
life is long I'll love him right or wrong And some-how
p
56
rall.
3
I'll be strong As long as he needs me If you are


In 2
60
lone - ly then you will know When some - one
accel
rall.
64
needs you you love them so I won't be -
A Tempo
68
tray his trust Tho' peo-ple say I must I've got to stay true
f
poco accel
73
just as long as he needs me
fp

32. Transition to Where Is Love Reprise



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33. Where Is Love Reprise

Brownlow's house - bedroom, stairs, morning room and street outside.

♩ = 84

In the bedroom MRS BEDWIN sits by OLIVER'S bed singing a lullaby.

1 MRS BEDWIN

Where is love ? Does it fall from skies a - bove ?

p

5

Is it un - der - neath the wil - low tree that you've been dream - ing of ?

9 *OLIVER embraces MRS BEDWIN*

Where is she ?

mp

13 *They look out of window as STREET CRIERS appear*

ROSESELLER

Who will

f

ATTACCA

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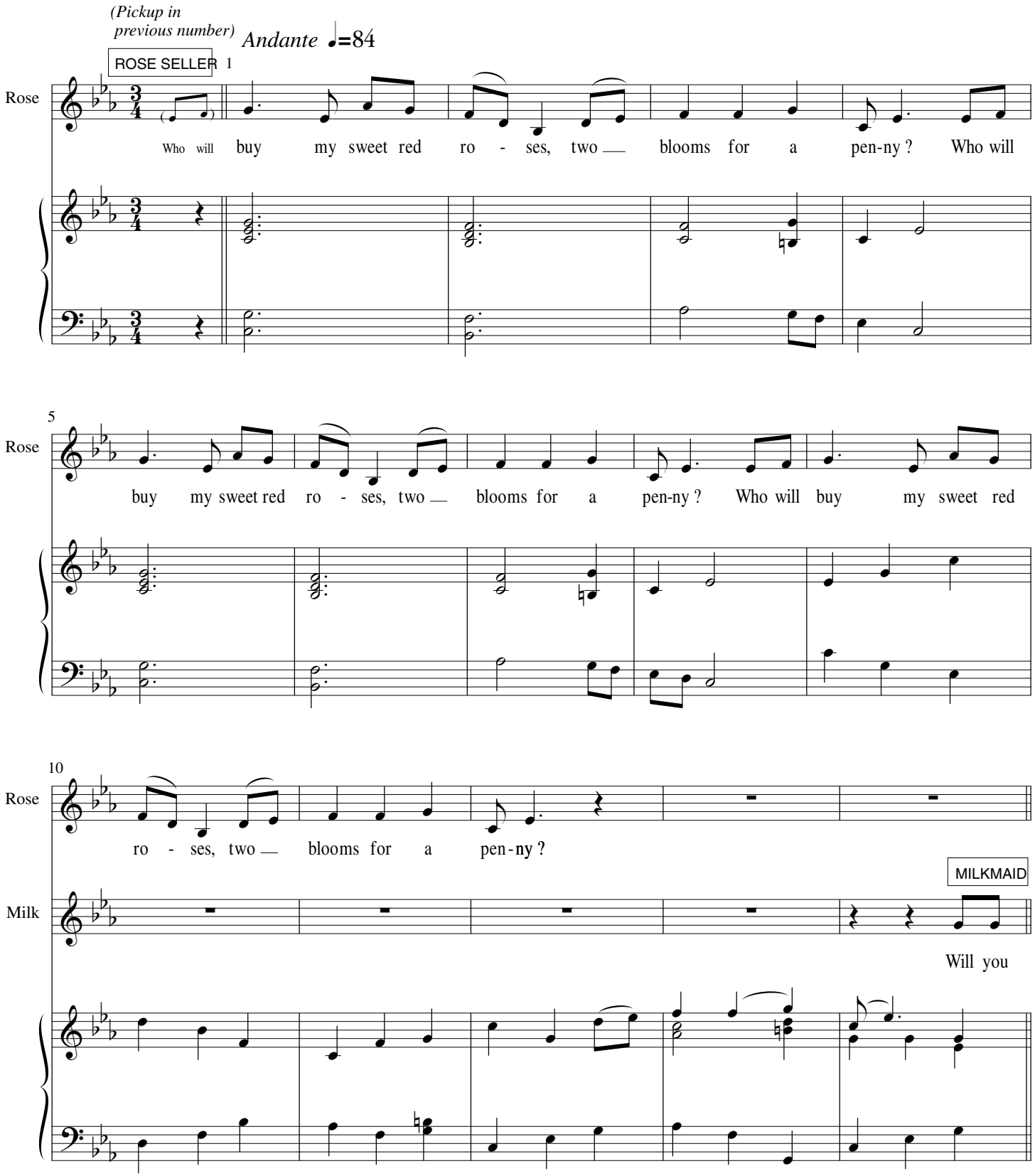
34. Who Will Buy (Part One)



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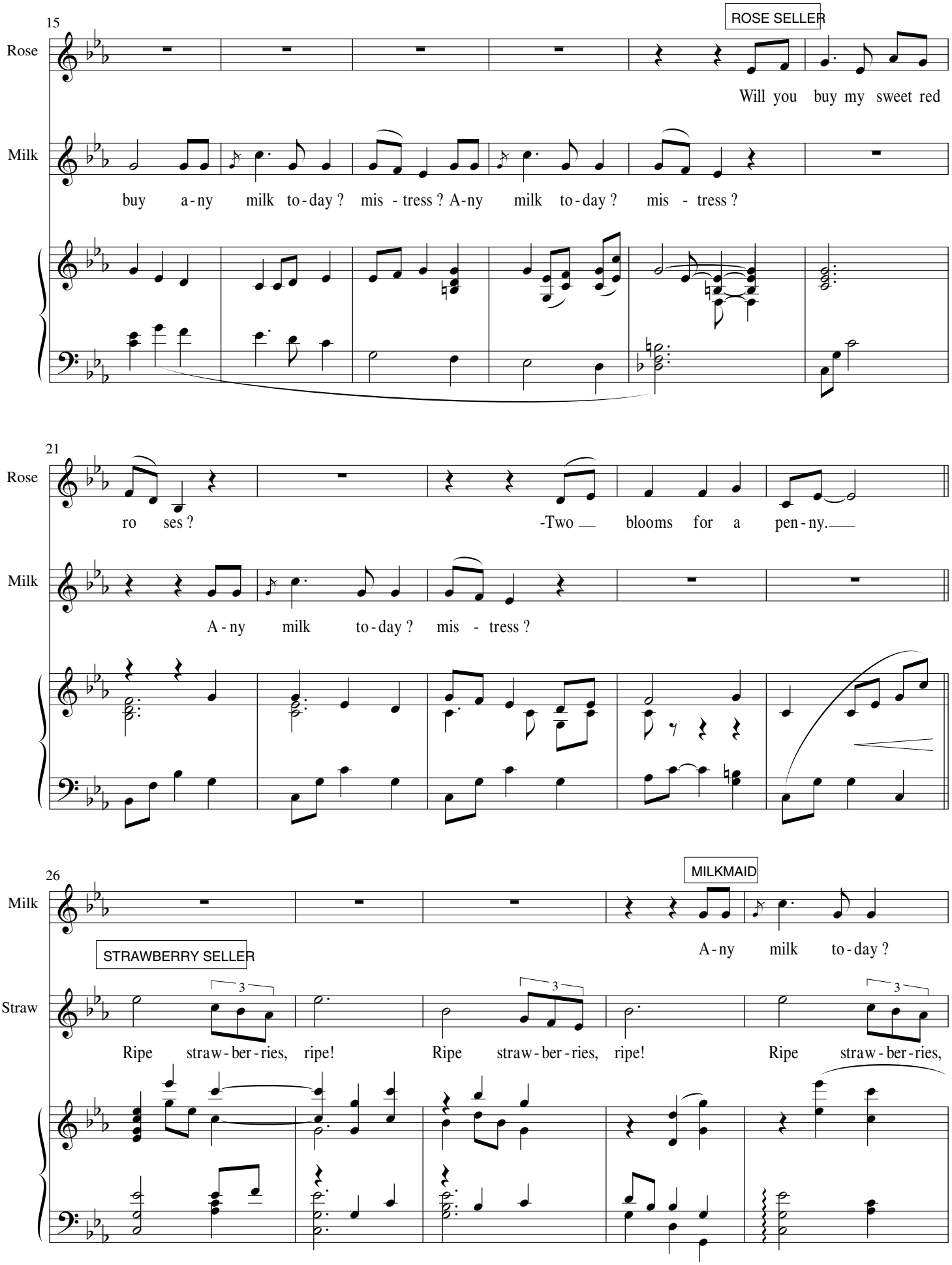
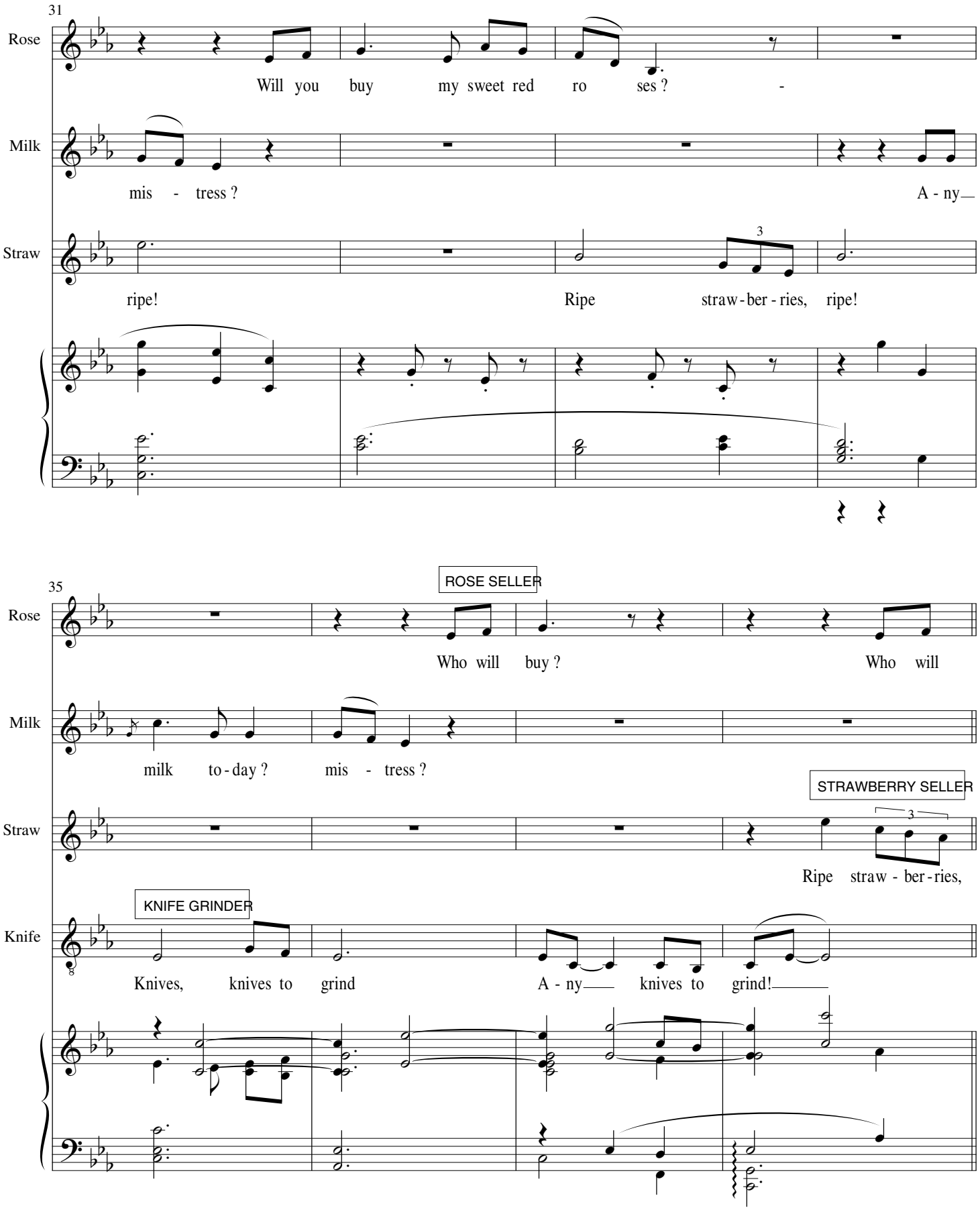
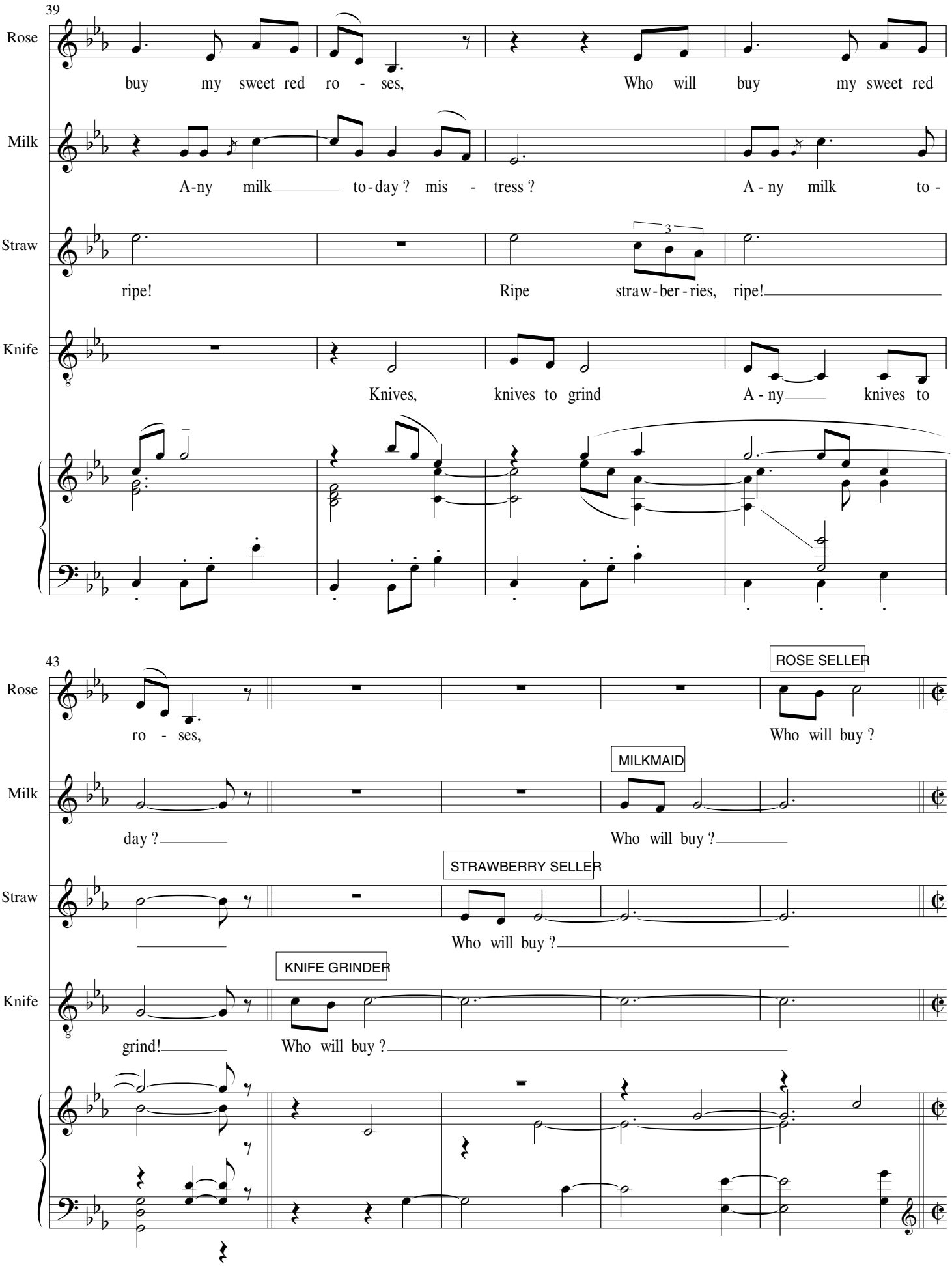
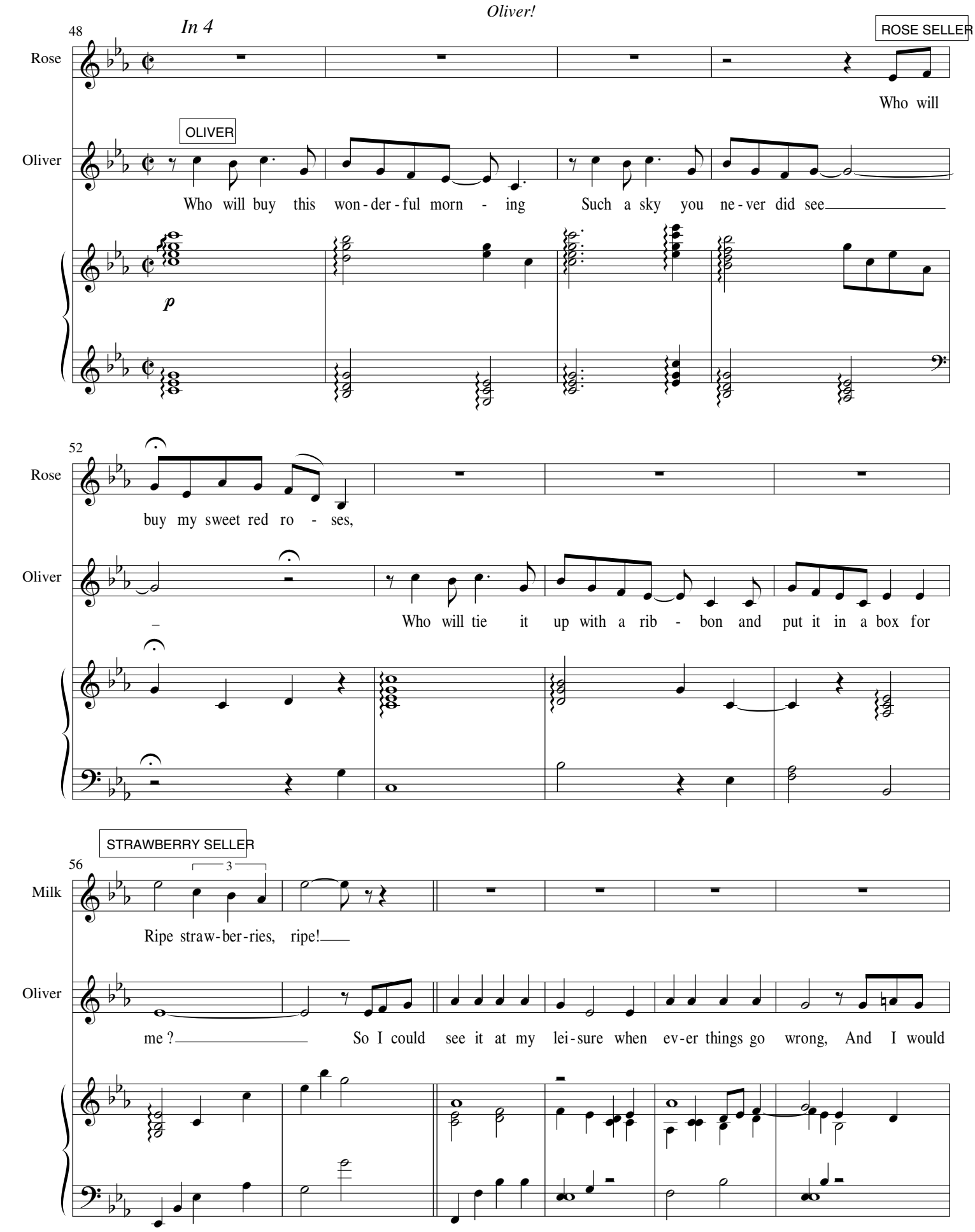
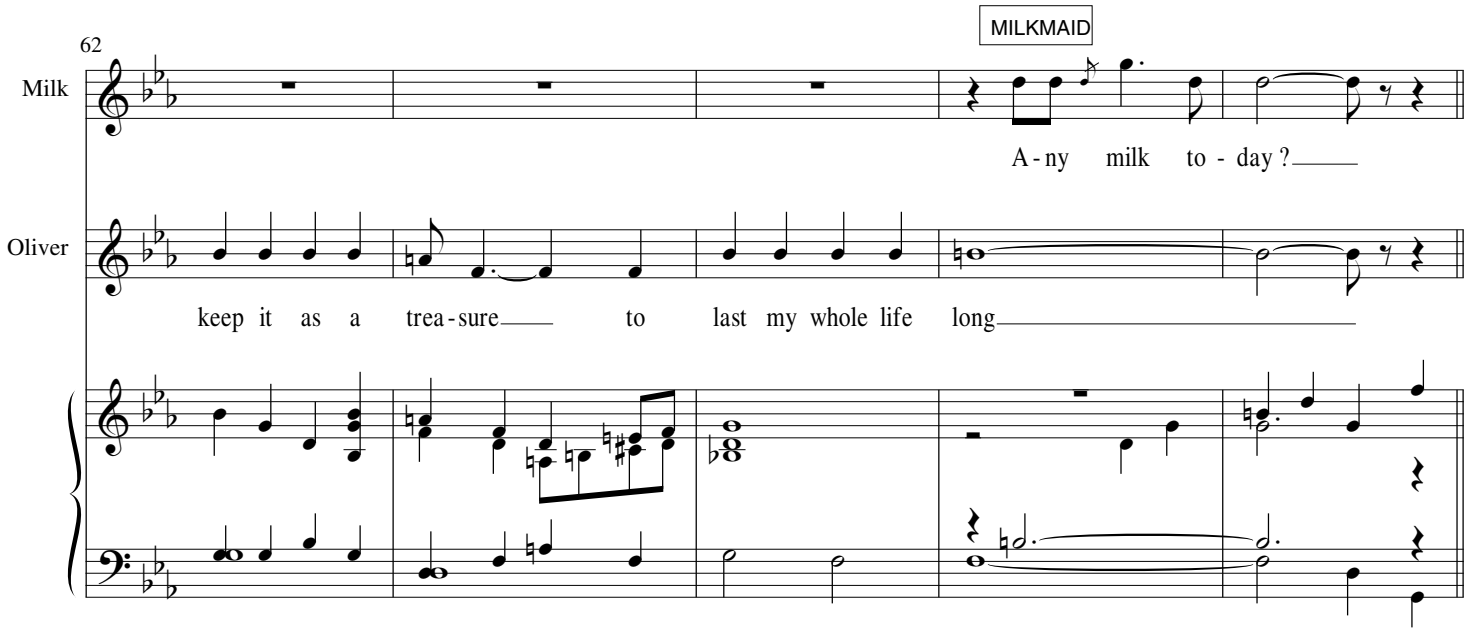
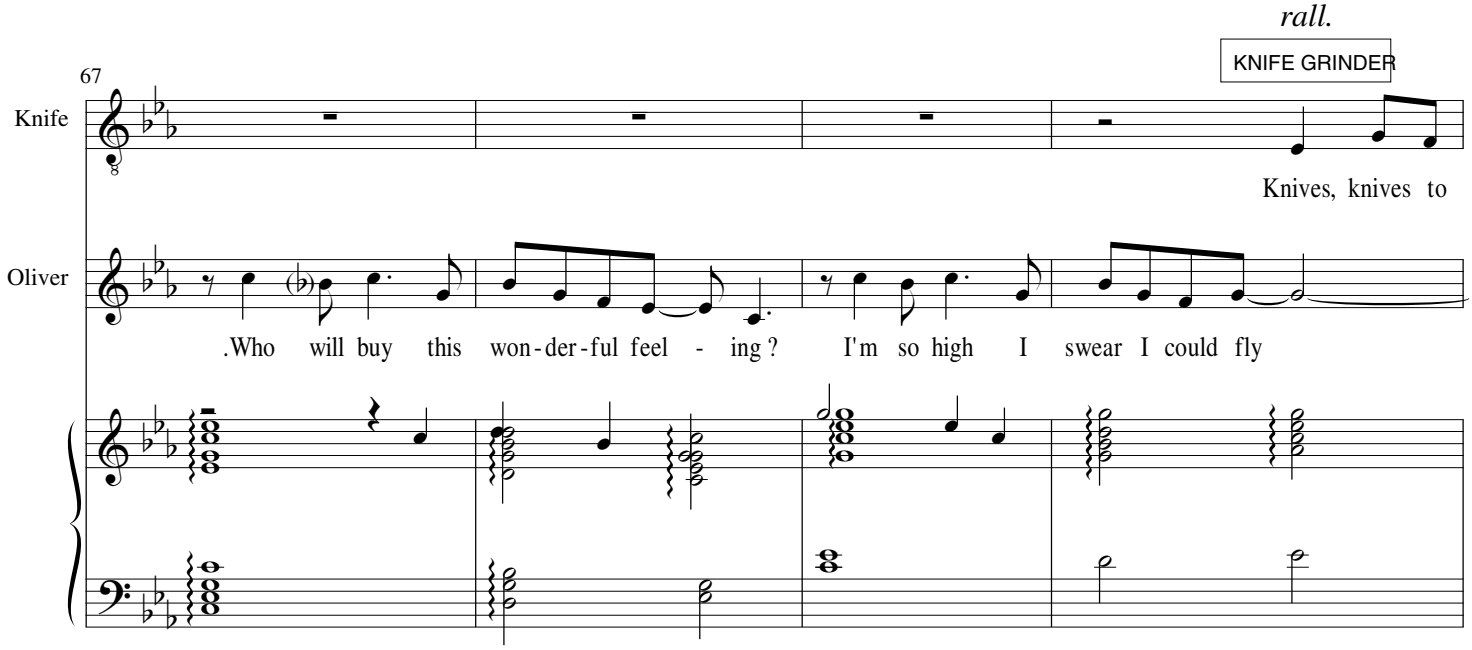

15
ROSE SELLER
Rose
Will you buy my sweet red
Milk
buy a-ny milk to-day? mis-tress? A-ny milk to-day? mis-tress?
21
Rose
ro ses? -Two blooms for a pen-ny.
Milk
A-ny milk to-day? mis-tress?
26
MILKMAID
Milk
A-ny milk to-day?
STRAWBERRY SELLER
Straw
Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! Ripe straw-ber-ries,

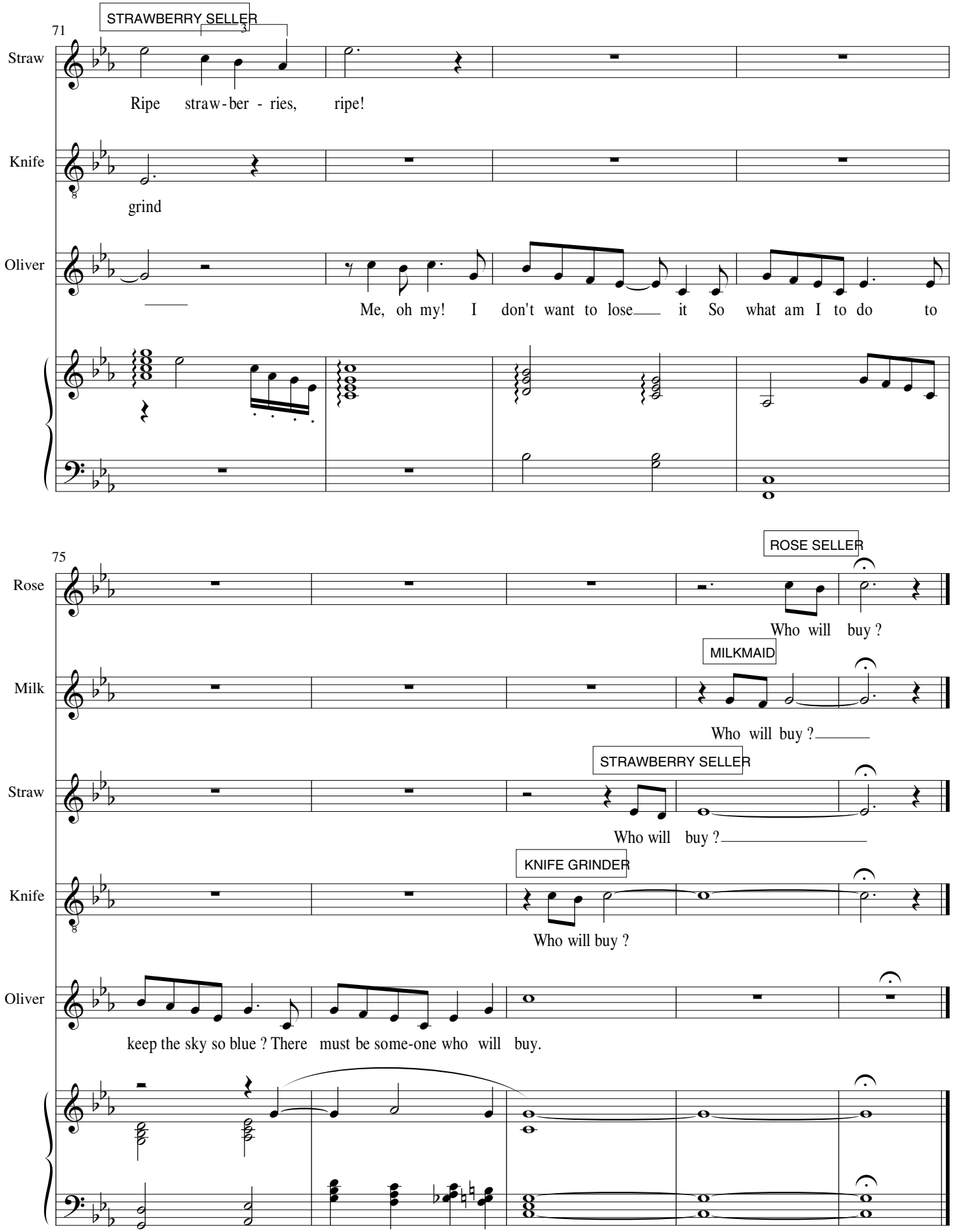

31
Rose
Will you buy my sweet red ro ses ? -
Milk
mis - tress ?
A - ny
Straw
3
ripe!
Ripe straw - ber - ries, ripe!
35
ROSE SELLER
Rose
Who will buy ?
Who will
Milk
milk to - day ?
mis - tress ?
STRAWBERRY SELLER
Straw
3
Ripe straw - ber - ries,
KNIFE GRINDER
Knife
8
Knives, knives to grind
A - ny knives to grind!


39
Rose
buy my sweet red ro - ses,
Who will buy my sweet red
Milk
A-ny milk to-day? mis - tress?
A - ny milk to -
Straw
ripe!
Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe!
Knife
Knives, knives to grind
A - ny knives to
43
Rose
ro - ses,
ROSE SELLER
Who will buy?
Milk
day?
MILKMAID
Who will buy?
Straw
STRAWBERRY SELLER
Who will buy?
Knife
grind!
KNIFE GRINDER
Who will buy?


48
In 4
ROSE SELLER
Rose
Who will
OLIVER
Oliver
Who will buy this won - der - ful morn - ing
Such a sky you ne - ver did see
p
52
Rose
buy my sweet red ro - ses,
Oliver
Who will tie it up with a rib - bon and put it in a box for
STRAWBERRY SELLER
56
3
Milk
Ripe straw - ber - ries, ripe!
Oliver
me ?
So I could see it at my lei - sure when ev - er things go wrong, And I would


62
MILKMAID
Milk
A - ny milk to - day ?
Oliver
keep it as a trea - sure to last my whole life long


rall.
67
KNIFE GRINDER
Knife
Knives, knives to
Oliver
.Who will buy this won - der - ful feel - ing ?
I'm so high I swear I could fly


STRAWBERRY SELLER
71
Straw
Ripe straw-ber - ries, ripe!
Knife
grind
Oliver
Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it So what am I to do to
ROSE SELLER
75
Rose
Who will buy ?
MILKMAID
Milk
Who will buy ?
STRAWBERRY SELLER
Straw
Who will buy ?
KNIFE GRINDER
Knife
Who will buy ?
Oliver
keep the sky so blue ? There must be some-one who will buy.

BROWNLOW:
Come upstairs Dr. Grimwig, I think you'll find a great improvement in the boy.

DR. GRIMWIG:
That, sir, is for me to decide...

BROWNLOW:
Thank you, Mrs Bedwin.

MRS BEDWIN:
Mr Brownlow.

BROWNLOW:
How do you feel today, my boy?

OLIVER:
Very happy, sir. May I steay here always, sir?

BROWNLOW:
If you wish, dear boy, if you wish. Here's the doctor come to see you.

GRIMWIG:
Well, he's certainly looking better. But you're still not sleeping well, are you?

OLIVER:
Oh yes, I sleep very well, sir.

GRIMWIG:
Ah... Bad dreams, though, I've no doubt. Nightmares, eh?

OLIVER:
No sir, I don't have dreams.

GRIMWIG:
Thought so! But you're hungry aren't you?

OLIVER:
No, doctor.

GRIMWIG:
No. You're not hungry. Not thirsty are you? If that boy is thirsty, I'll eat my head! Are you?

OLIVER:
Yes sir. I am rather thirsty.

GRIMWIG:
Just as I expected. It's very natural he should be thirsty. You may give him a little tea.

MRS BEDWIN:
Thank you Doctor.

OLIVER:
May I get up, sir?

GRIMWIG:
Say aaahhh...
Inserting a spatula into his mouth.

OLIVER:
Aaahhh

DR. GRIMWIG:
I think you may. And take a little fresh air. Don't keep him too warm Mrs Bedwin, but be careful that you don't let him be too cold.

GRIMWIG rises and makes to leave the bedroom.

Will you have the goodness?

MRS BEDWIN:
Certainly, Doctor.

BROWNLOW:
You'll be glad to be up again, Oliver.

OLIVER: *(to MRS BEDWIN seeing his new clothes)*
Do I wear these?

MRS BEDWIN:
Well, you can't wear your old ones, that's for certain. They've gone into the furnace. Hurry now.

BROWNLOW and GRIMWIG leave the room and go downstairs speaking as they go. OLIVER jumps up and gets dressed with the help of MRS BEDWIN.

BROWNLOW:
He's a fine looking boy, don't you think Grimwig?

GRIMWIG:
Couldn't tell you. I only know two sorts of boy. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys.

BROWNLOW:
And which is Oliver?

GRIMWIG:
Mealy! Where does he come from?

BROWNLOW:
You know, I haven't the faintest idea. He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. And when the shopkeeper told us waht really happened and he was released by the magistrate, I brought him here to make what amends I could; but I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child.

GRIMWIG:
He's deceiving you, my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes don't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief didn't he? Then he'll steal some more sir. What do you know of him? Nothing.

BROWNLOW:
No, only that he's an orphan *(suddenly thoughtful)*
And yet... *(He ponders, puzzled)*
...It's strange. There's something in that boy's face... I can't explain it, but...somewhere I seem to have seen him before... somewhere a long time ago.

GRIMWIG:
Stuff and nonsense. You're imagining things.

BROWNLOW:
Yes, what is it?

MAID:
There's someone to see you sir.

A BOY enters, running.

BROWNLOW:
What does he want?

BOY:
Books you ordered from the bookseller, sir.

BOY exits.

BROWNLOW:
Ah yes, thank you. *(He turns away)*
Now, I've got to give you some. *(The BOY has fled)*
Hey! Wait a moment.

OLIVER and MRS BEDWIN have appeared at the top of the the stairs. BROWNLOW shouts after the MESSENGER BOY.

BROWNLOW:
Hey! Come back! Oh really, really, really, and I particularly wishes some boks to be returned today.

GRIMWIG: *(cannily)*
Why not send Oliver with them?

OLIVER:
Yes! Do let me take them for you please, sir.

BROWNLOW:
Oh! Em - oh very well my boy very well if you wish, you shall. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You will give Mr Jessop thses books nd say you've come to pay the four pounds ten that I owe him - here's five pounds. No need to rush but I shall *("PORTRAIT MUSIC" begins)* expect you back in ten minutes - it's just down the road.

OLIVER is about to go but BROWNLOW holds his hand, then his eyes move to a portrait on the wall. OLIVER looks.

OLIVER:
She's a very pretty lady, isn't she, sir?

BROWNLOW: *(watching OLIVER)*
Yes it's a portrait of my daughter Agnes...

OLIVER:
I'll take the books then sir...

BROWNLOW: *(absently)*
Yes... you take the books.

GRIMWIG:
Ha! You don't really expect him to come back, do you? With a new suit of clothes on his back and a five pound note in his pocket? My dear Mr Brownlow, if he does I'll eat my head.

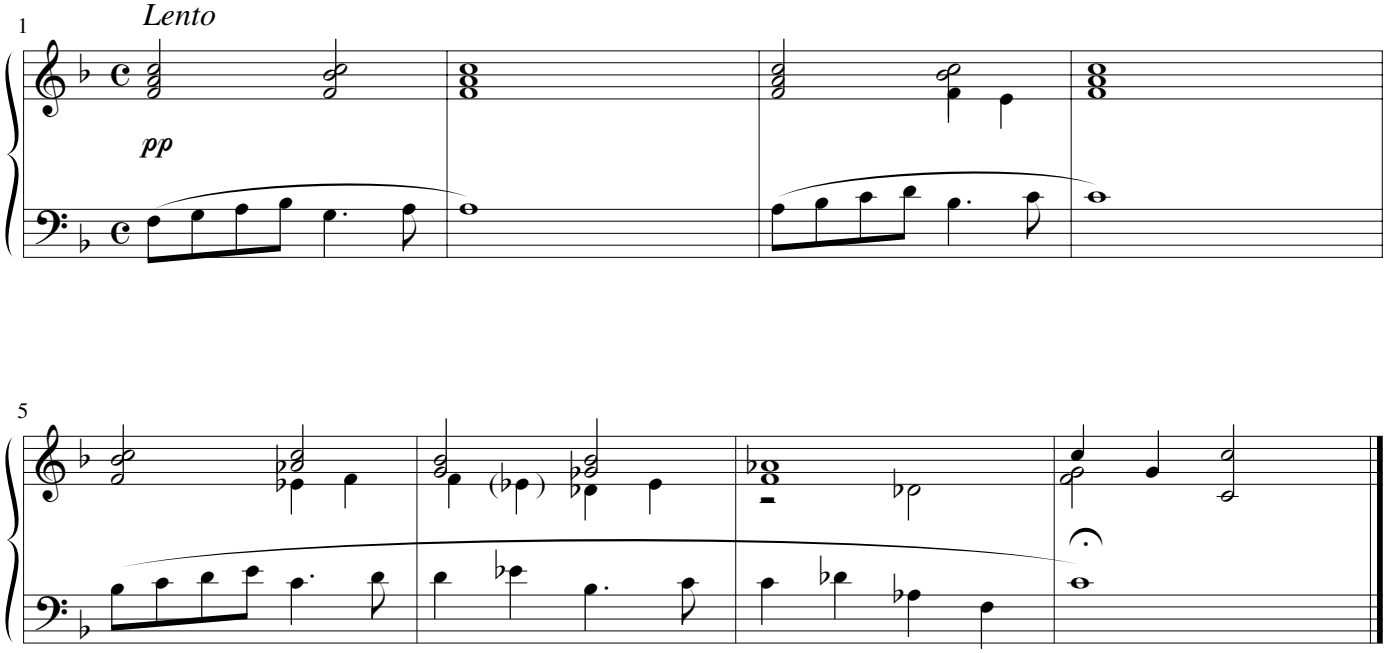
BROWNLOW: *(who has been staring at the portrait)*
Dr. Grimwig. Look at that portrait. Don't you see and extraordinary reasemblance between Oliver and my daughter Agnes?

GRIMWIG:
Can't say I do.

BROWNLOW:
Well, in ten minutes time Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will.

GRIMWIG:
Yes, Mr Brownlow - ten minutes.

35. Portrait Music



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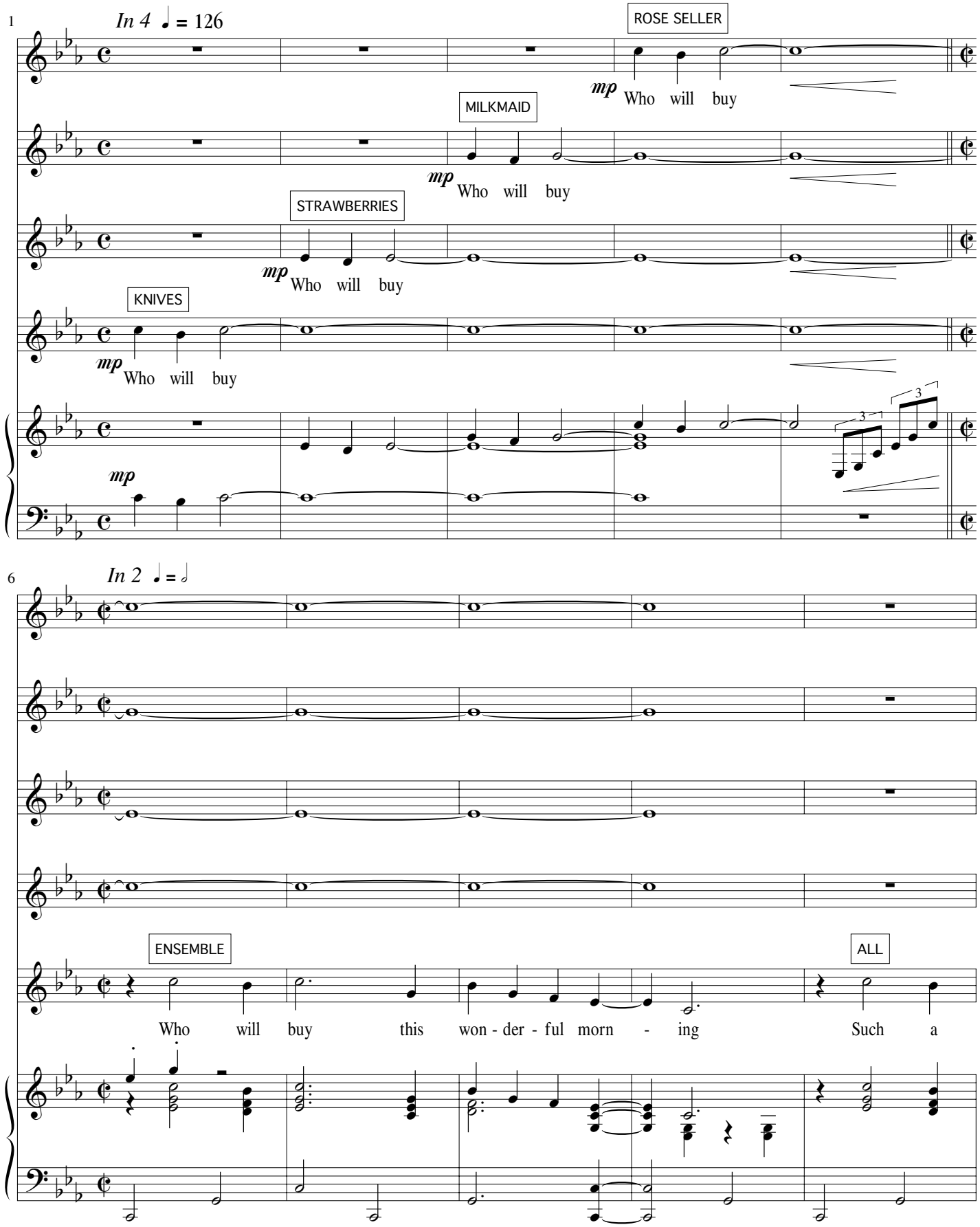
36. Who Will Buy (Part Two)

BROWNLOW: Well in ten minutes Dr Grimwig, when the boy returns, I think you will see.
GRIMWIG: Yes Mr Brownlow, ten minutes.



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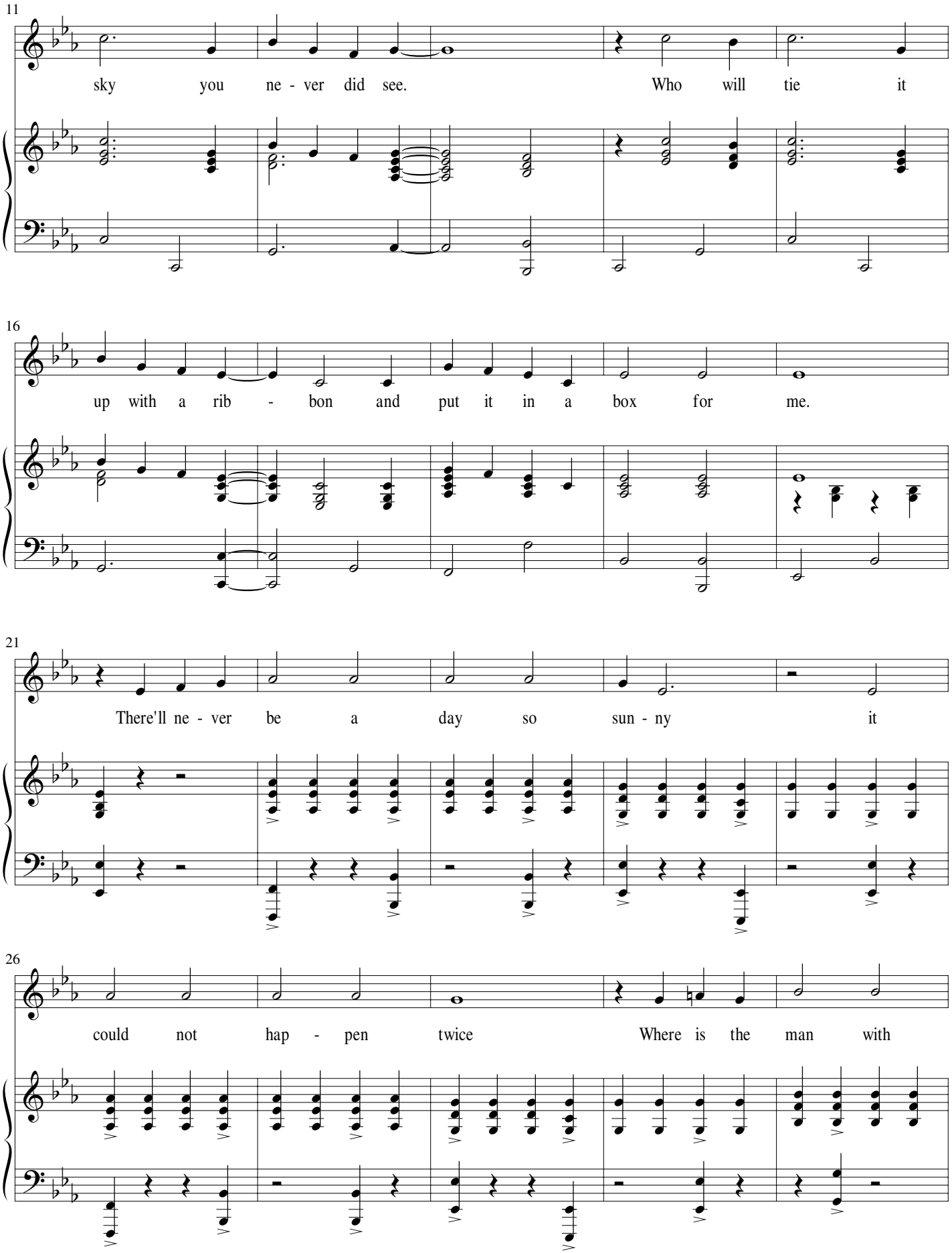
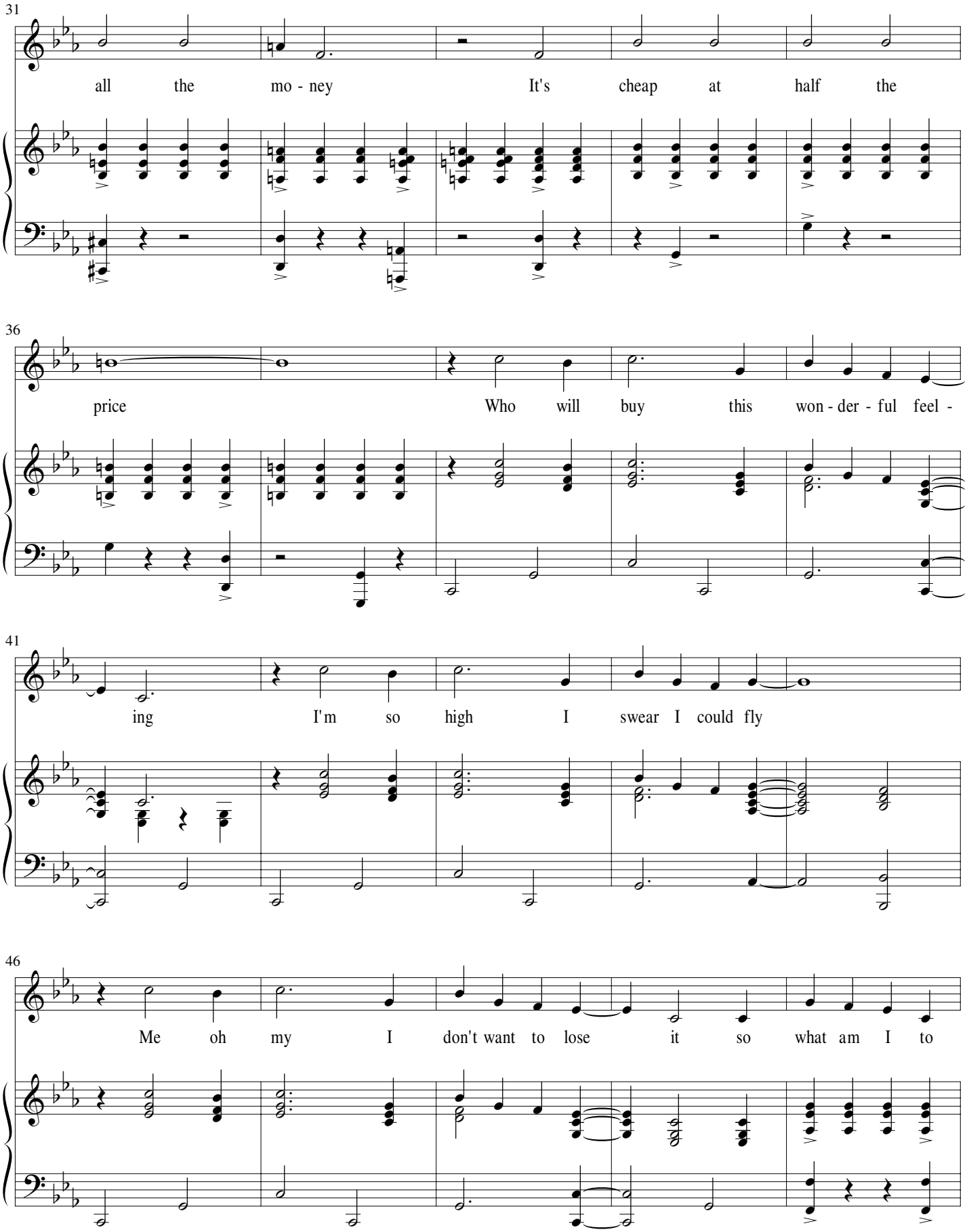
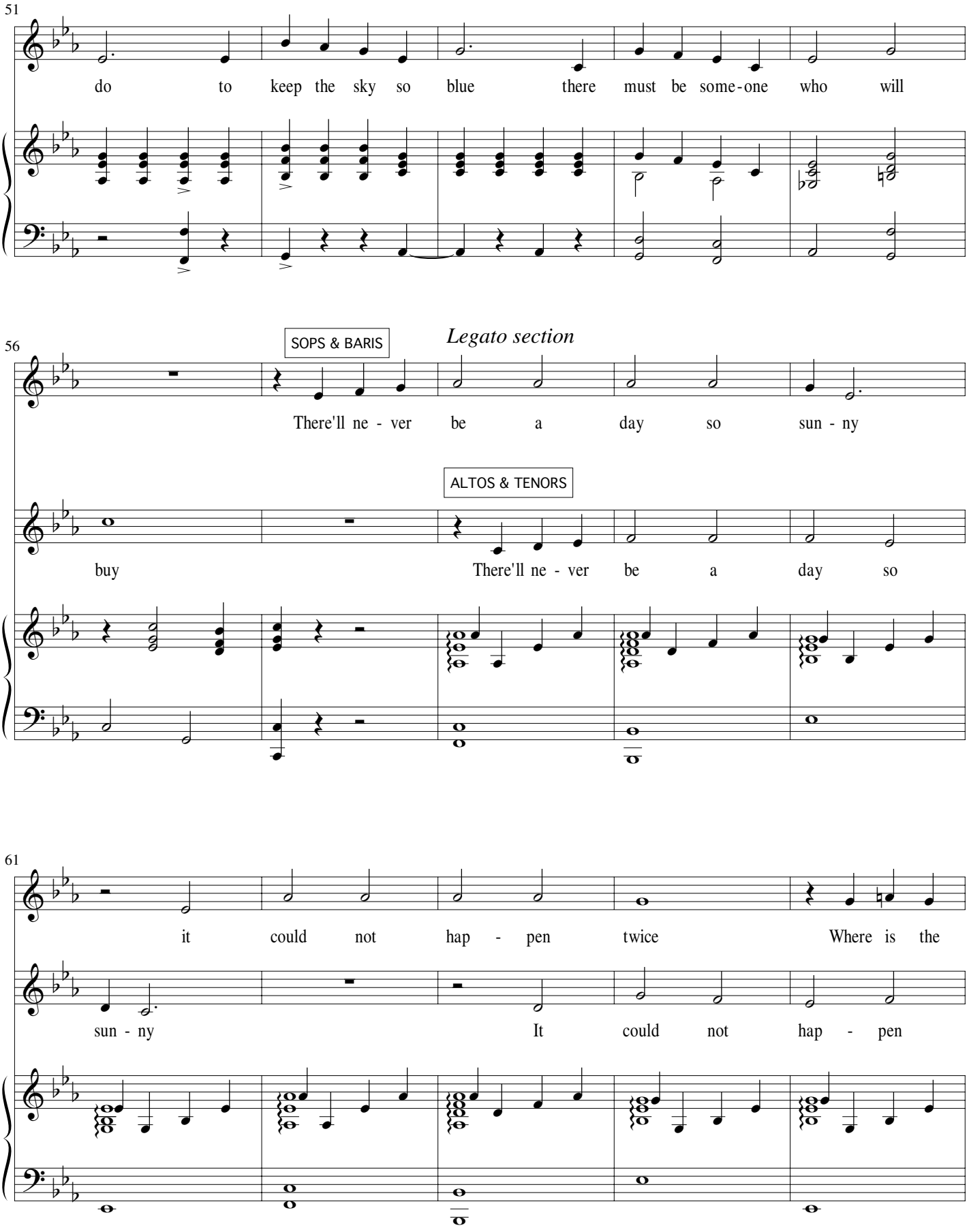

11
sky you ne - ver did see. Who will tie it
16
up with a rib - bon and put it in a box for me.
21
There'll ne - ver be a day so sun - ny it
26
could not hap - pen twice Where is the man with


31
all the mo - ney It's cheap at half the
36
price Who will buy this won - der - ful feel -
41
ing I'm so high I swear I could fly
46
Me oh my I don't want to lose it so what am I to


51
do to keep the sky so blue there must be some-one who will
56
SOPS & BARIS
Legato section
There'll ne - ver be a day so sun - ny
ALTOS & TENORS
buy
There'll ne - ver be a day so
61
it could not hap - pen twice
Where is the
sun - ny
It could not hap - pen

Intro for Clown's entrance

66

man with all the mo - ney It's cheap at

twice Where is the man with all the mo - ney

cresc.

71

SOPS & BARIS

Clown entrance

half the price Who will buy this

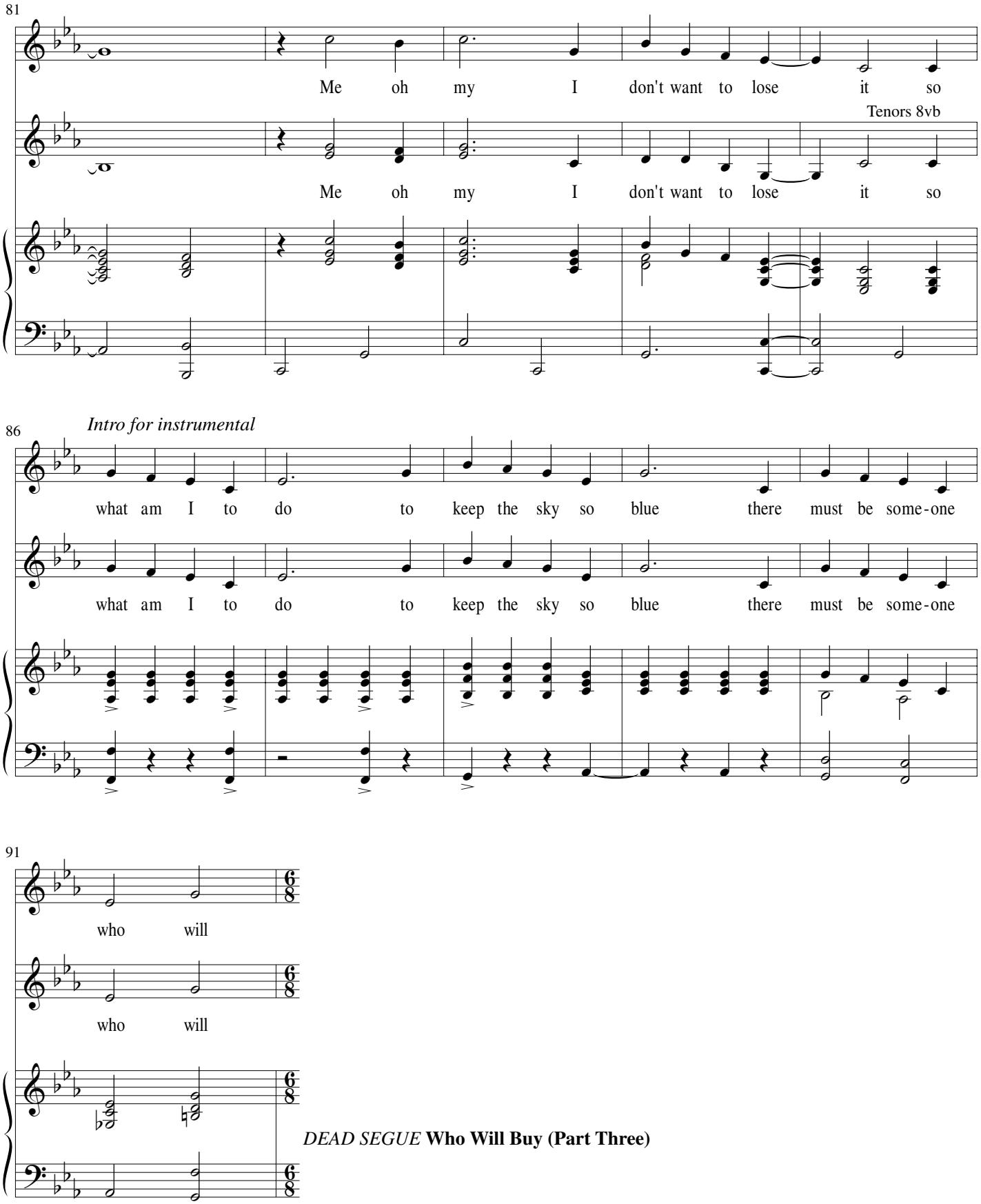
ALTOS & TENORS

half the price Who will buy this

76

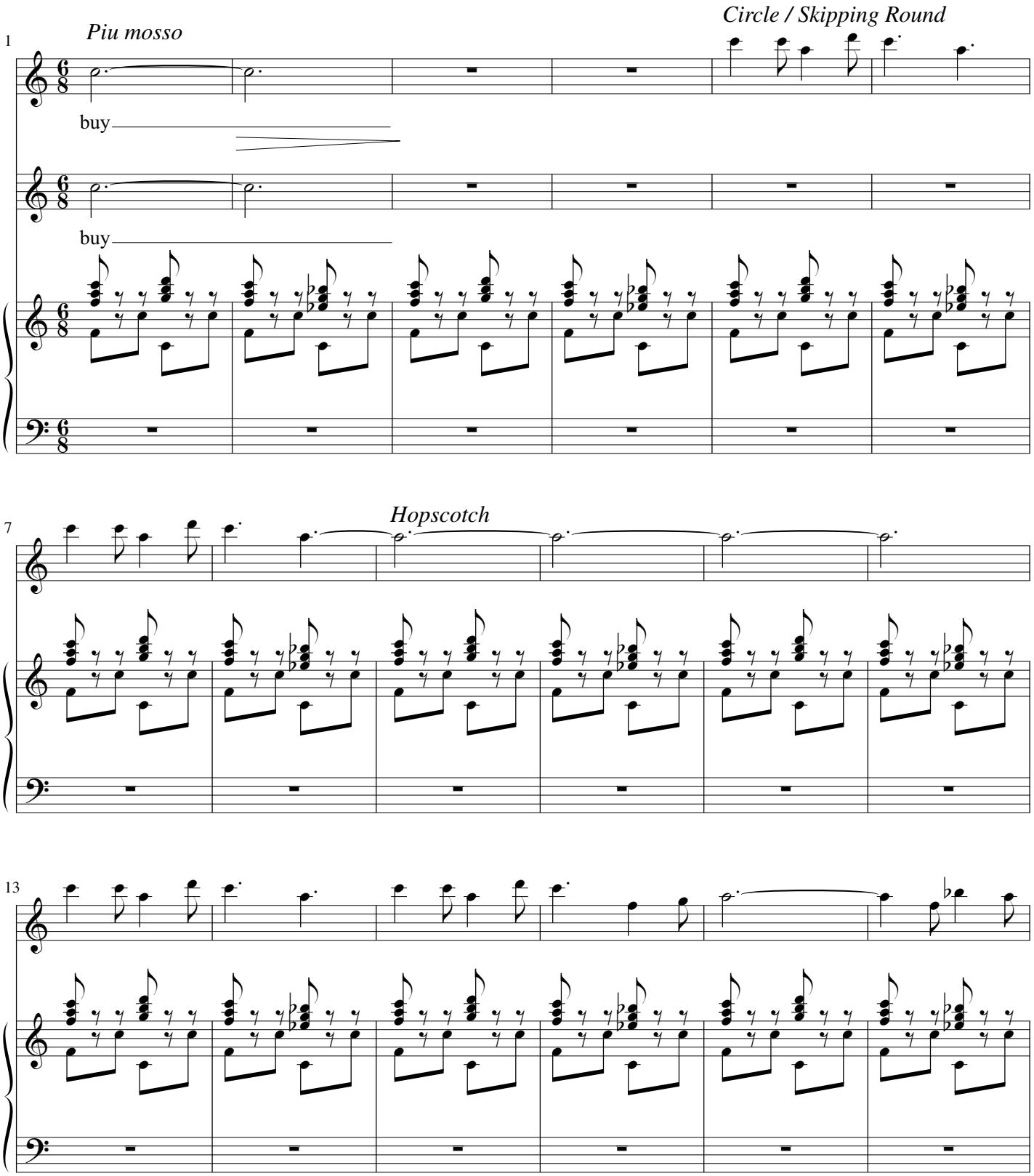
won - der - ful feel - ing I'm so high I swear I could fly

won - der - ful feel - ing I'm so high I'll swear I could fly



DEAD SEGUE **Who Will Buy (Part Three)**

37. Who Will Buy (Part Three)



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Forward / Back

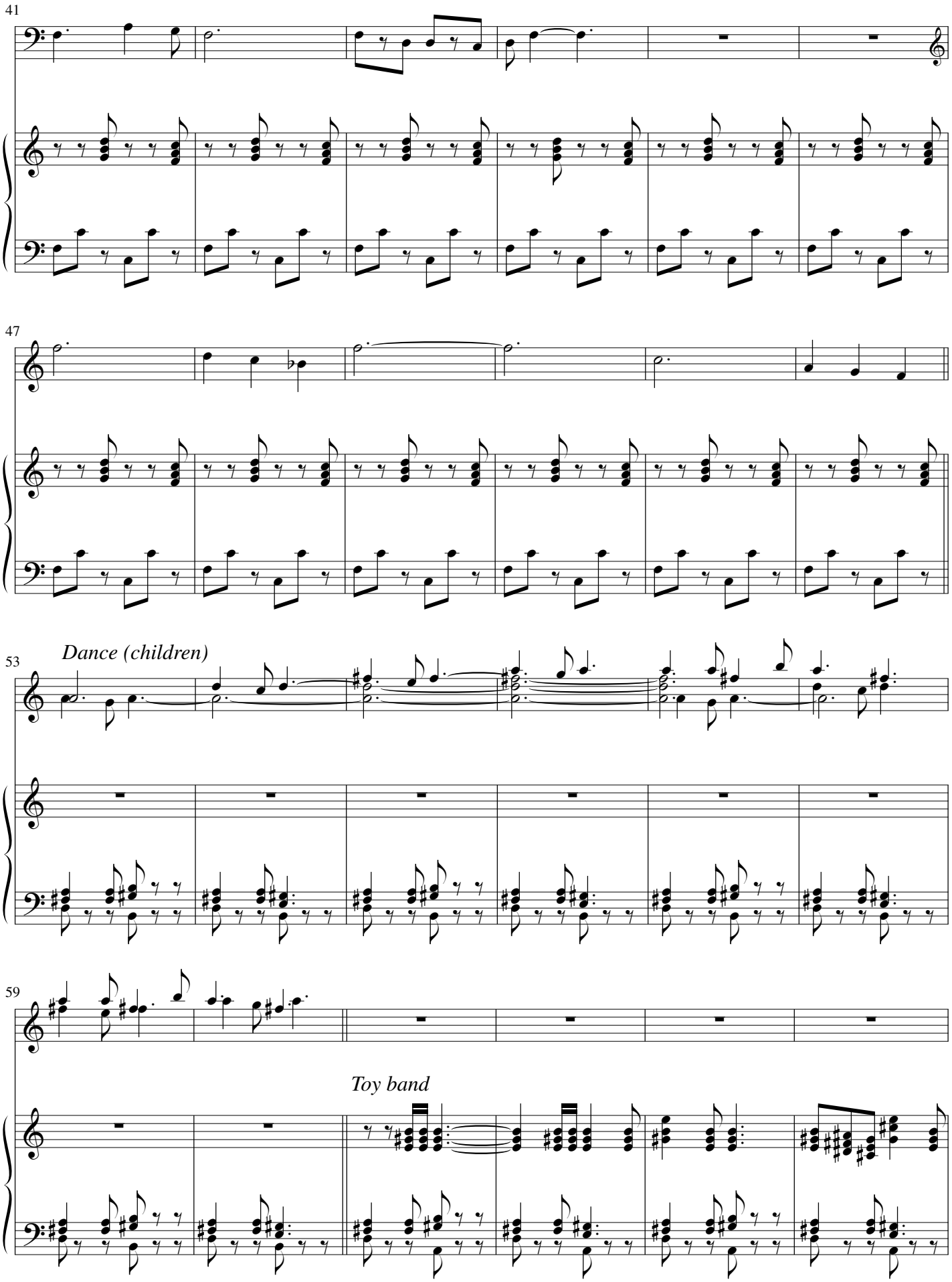
19 Clap

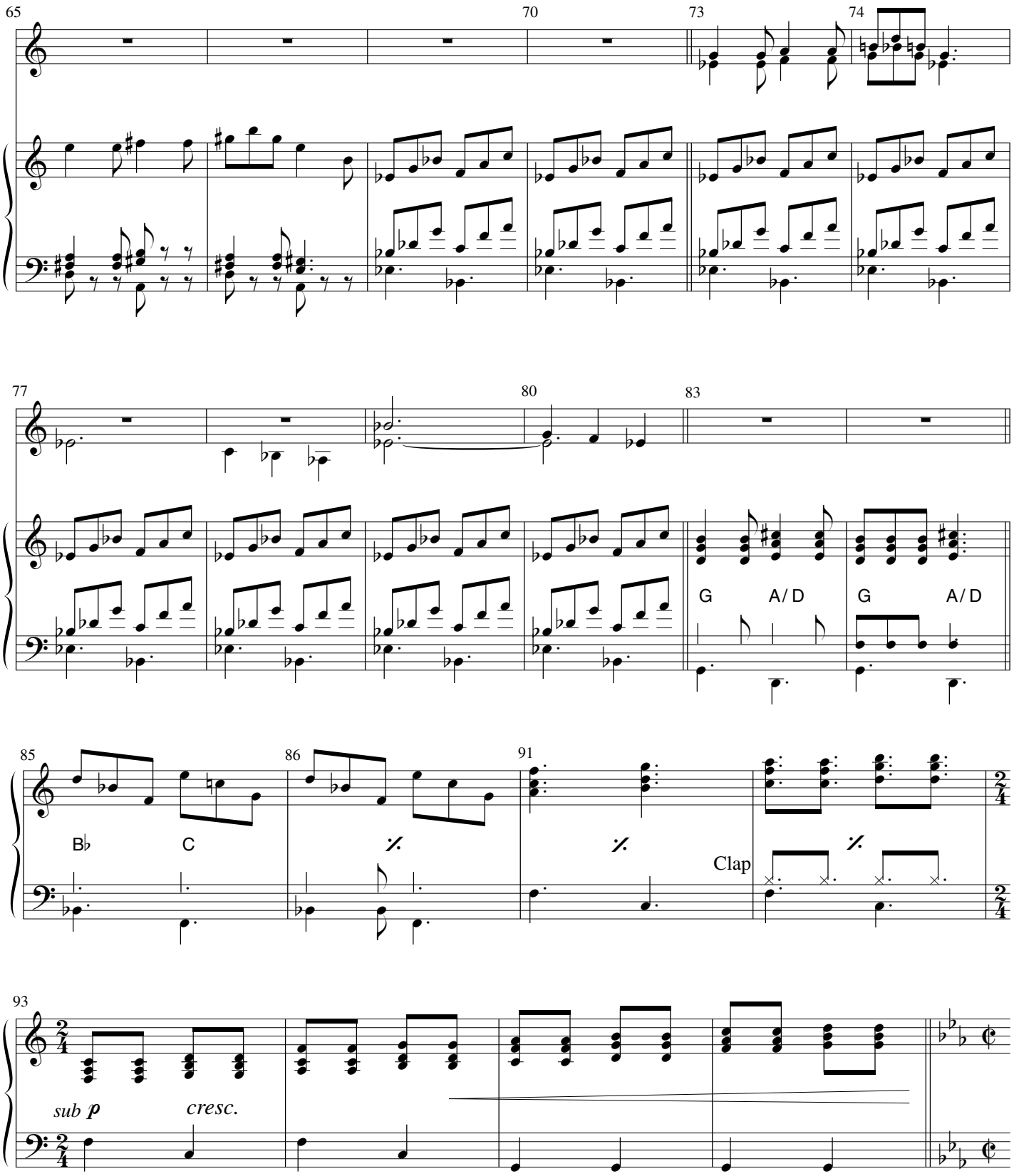
25 *Skipping Round 2*

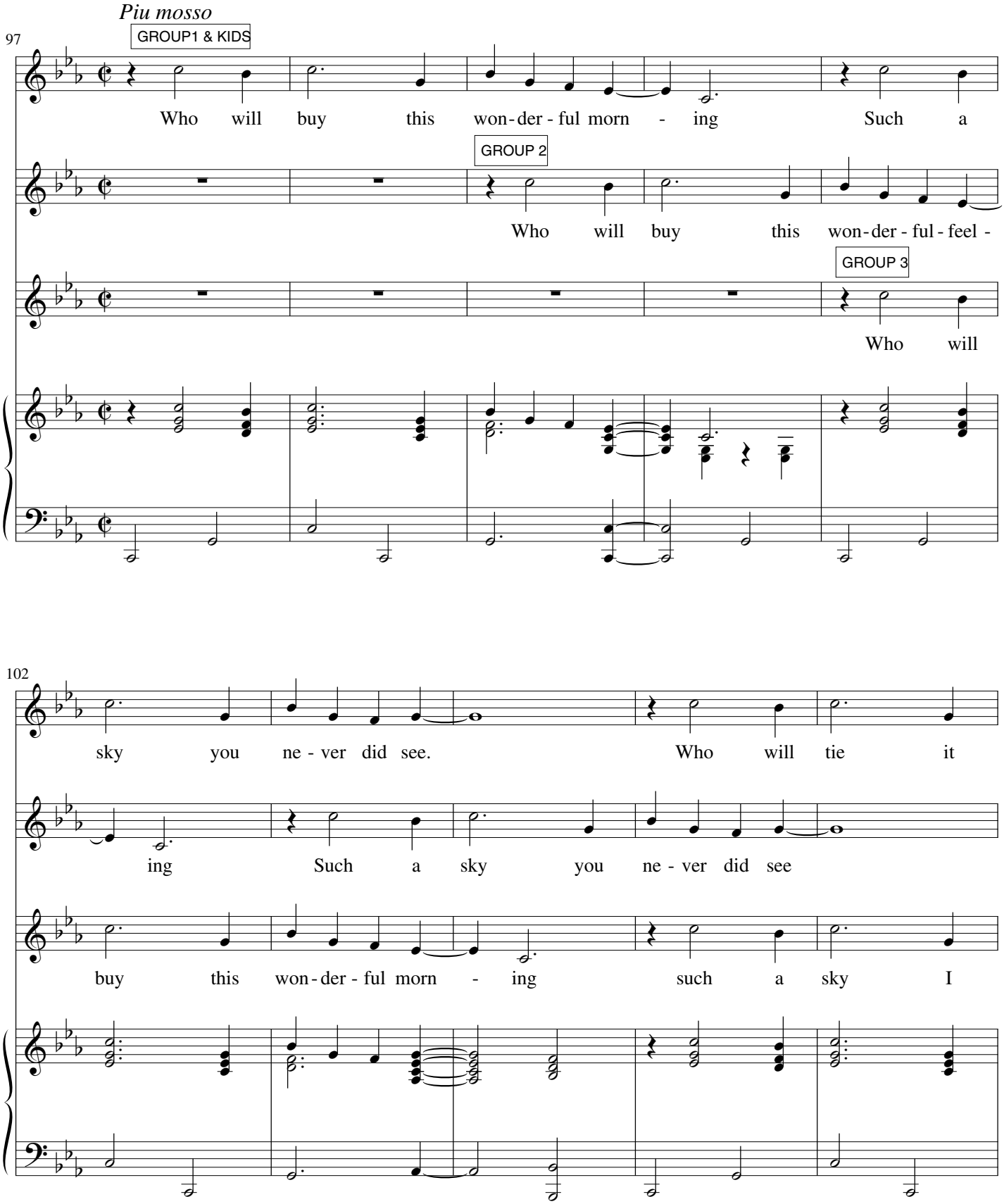
31

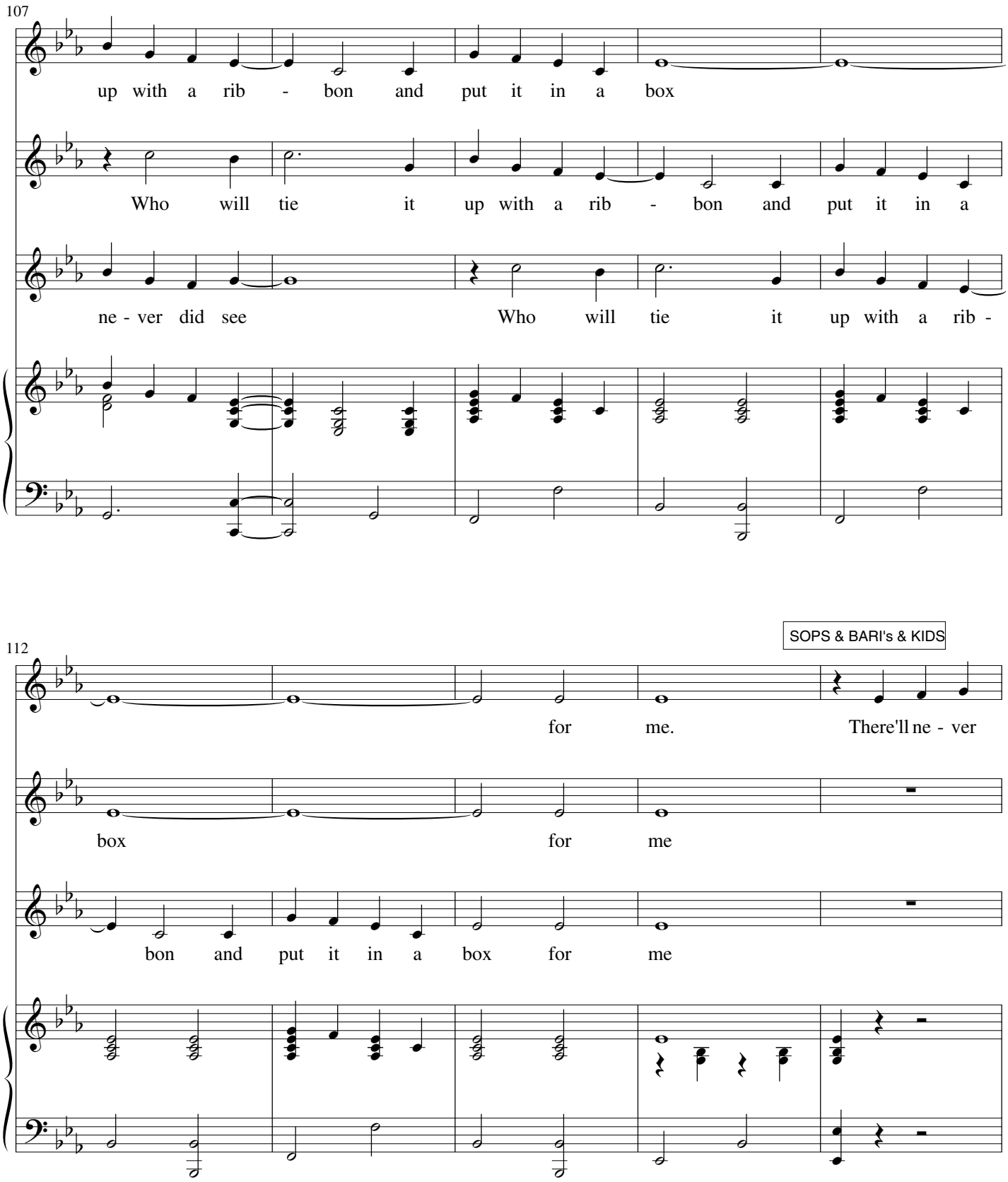
Clown Section Winding Up

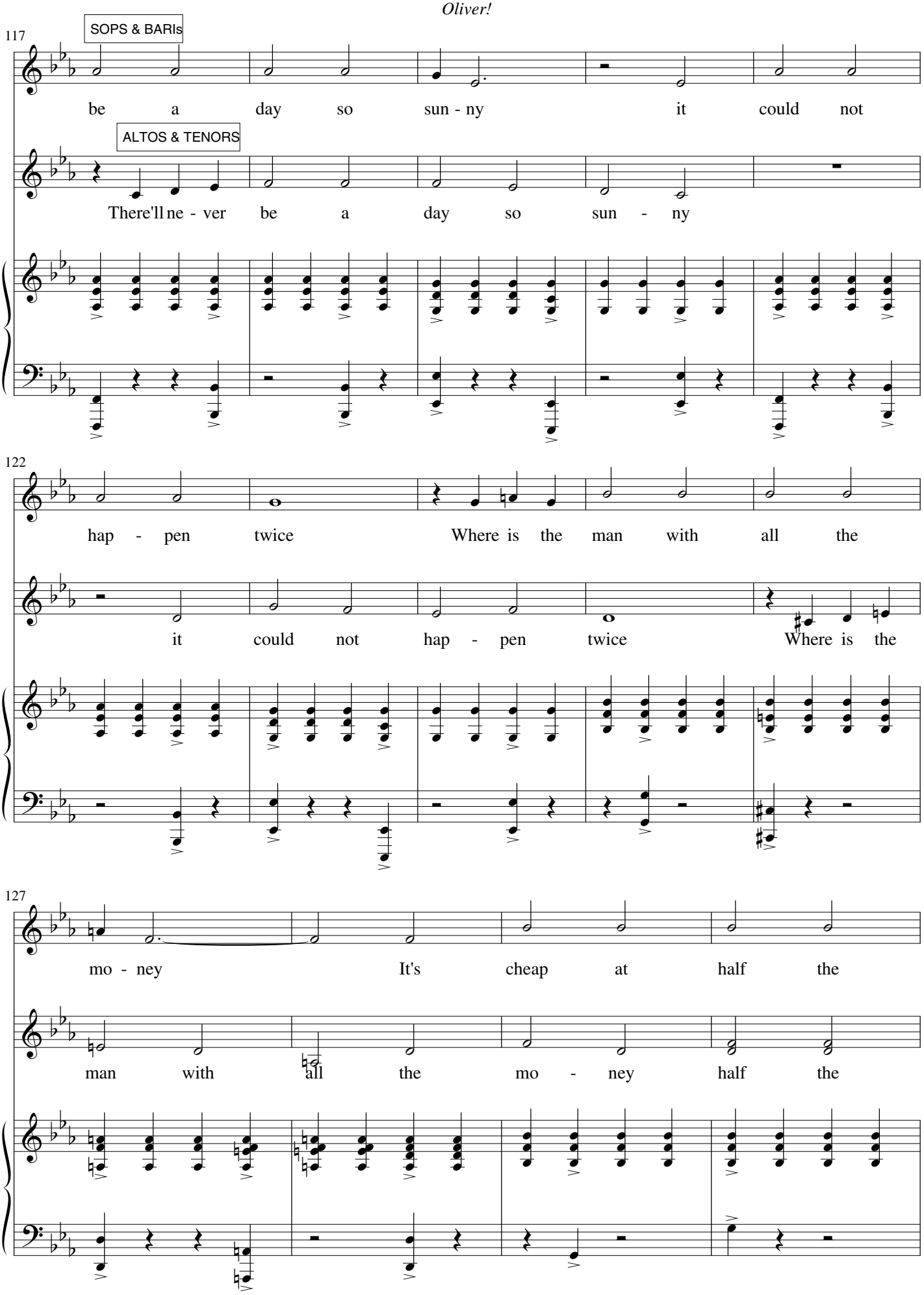
37

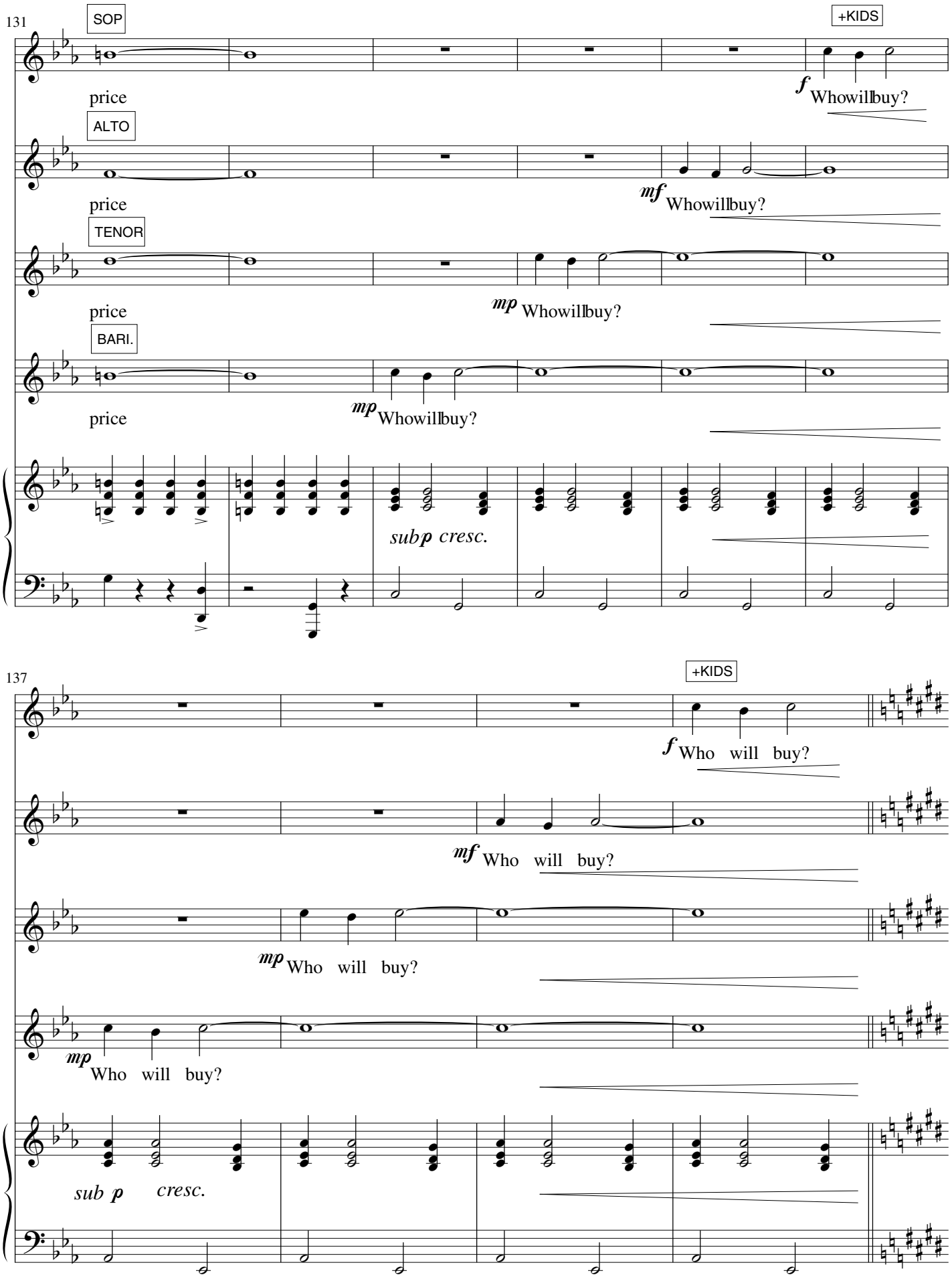

41
47
53
Dance (children)
59
Toy band

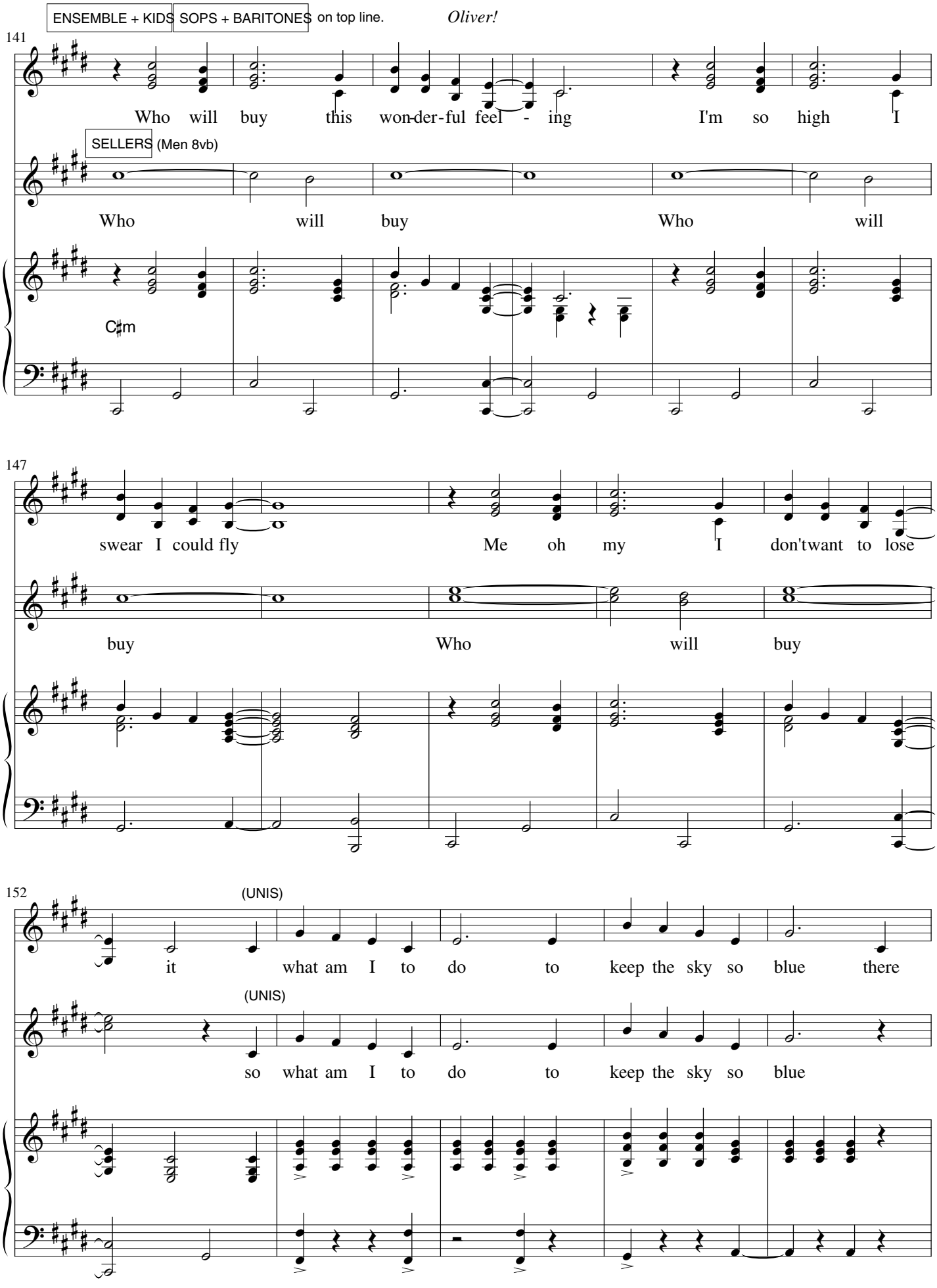

65
70
73
74
77
80
83
G
A/D
G
A/D
85
86
91
B♭
C
Clap
93
sub p
cresc.

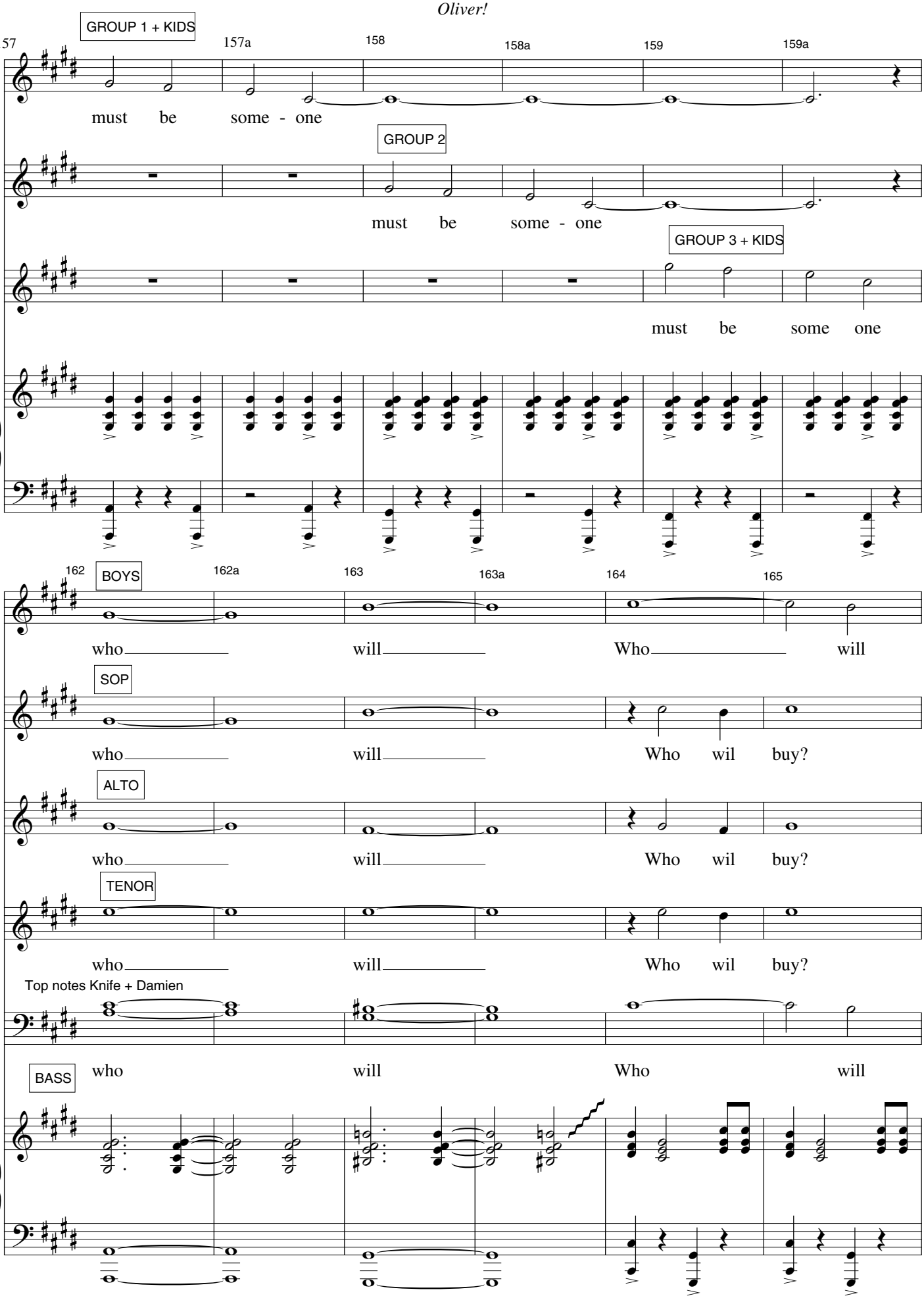

Piu mosso
97
GROUP1 & KIDS
Who will buy this won - der - ful morn - ing Such a
GROUP 2
Who will buy this won - der - ful - feel -
GROUP 3
Who will
102
sky you ne - ver did see. Who will tie it
ing Such a sky you ne - ver did see
buy this won - der - ful morn - ing such a sky I

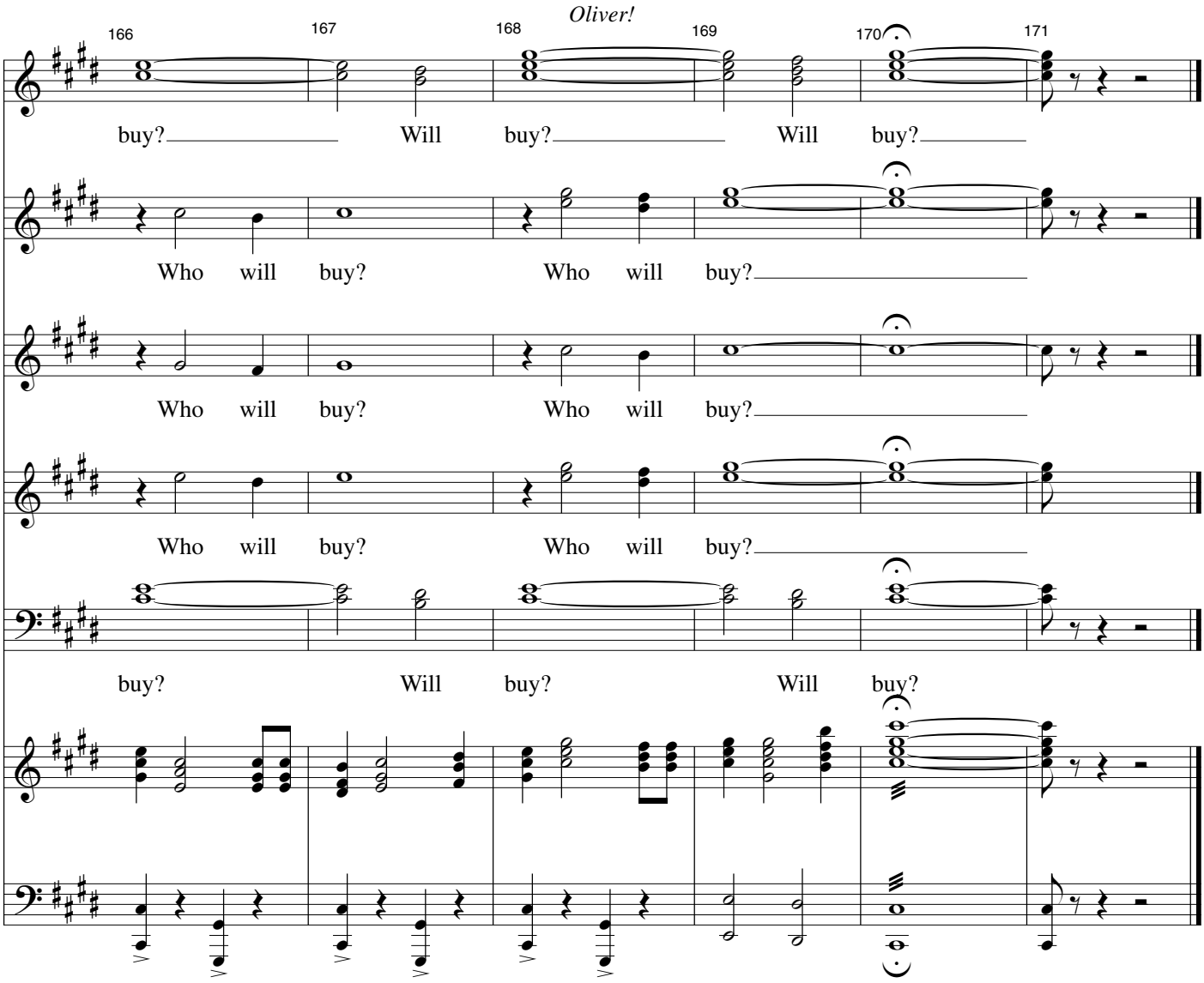

107
up with a rib - bon and put it in a box
Who will tie it up with a rib - bon and put it in a
ne - ver did see Who will tie it up with a rib -
112
SOPS & BARI's & KIDS
for me. There'll ne - ver
box for me
bon and put it in a box for me

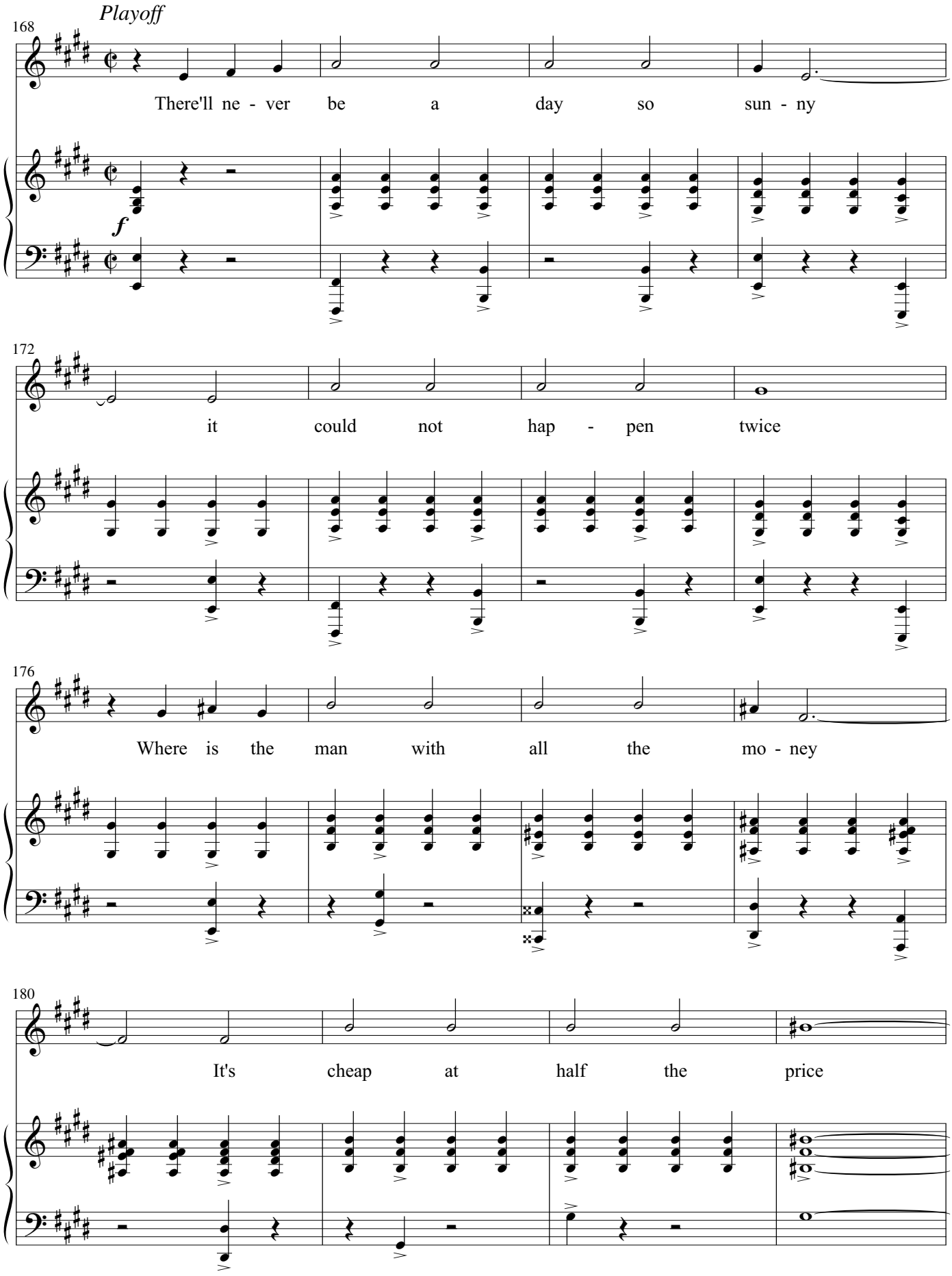

117
SOPS & BARIs
be a day so sun - ny it could not
ALTOS & TENORS
There'll ne - ver be a day so sun - ny
122
hap - pen twice Where is the man with all the
it could not hap - pen twice Where is the
127
mo - ney It's cheap at half the
man with all the mo - ney half the

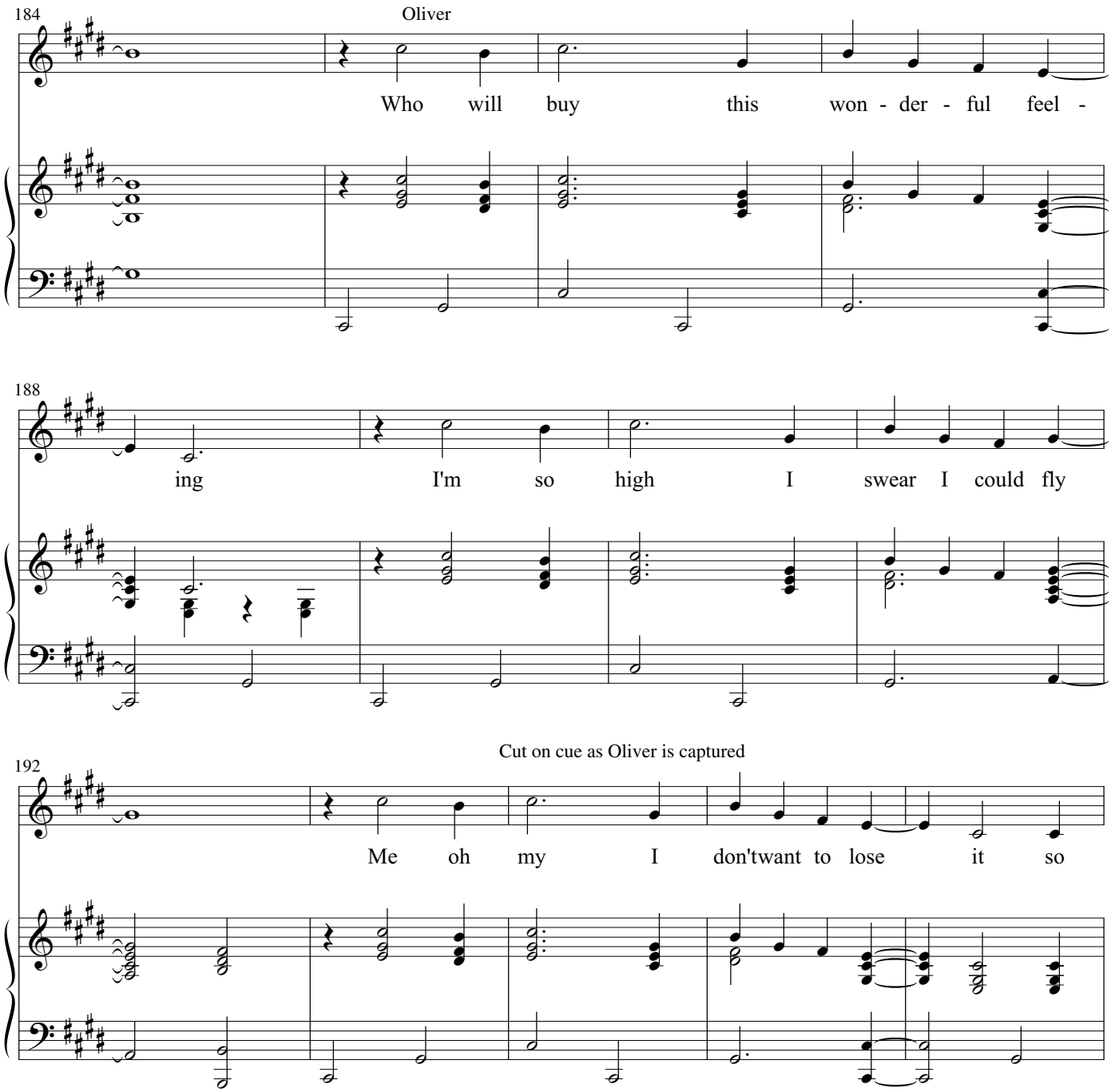

131
SOP
+KIDS
price
f Whowillbuy?
ALTO
price
mf Whowillbuy?
TENOR
price
mp Whowillbuy?
BARI.
price
mp Whowillbuy?
sub p cresc.
137
+KIDS
f Who will buy?
mf Who will buy?
mp Who will buy?
mp Who will buy?
sub p cresc.


ENSEMBLE + KIDS SOPS + BARITONES on top line.
141
Who will buy this won-der-ful feel - ing I'm so high I
SELLERS (Men 8vb)
Who will buy Who will
C♯m
147
swear I could fly Me oh my I don'twant to lose
buy Who will buy
152
(UNIS)
it what am I to do to keep the sky so blue there
(UNIS)
so what am I to do to keep the sky so blue


GROUP 1 + KIDS
157
157a
158
158a
159
159a
must be some - one
GROUP 2
must be some - one
GROUP 3 + KIDS
must be some one
162
BOYS
162a
163
163a
164
165
who will Who will
SOP
who will Who wil buy?
ALTO
who will Who wil buy?
TENOR
who will Who wil buy?
Top notes Knife + Damien
BASS
who will Who will

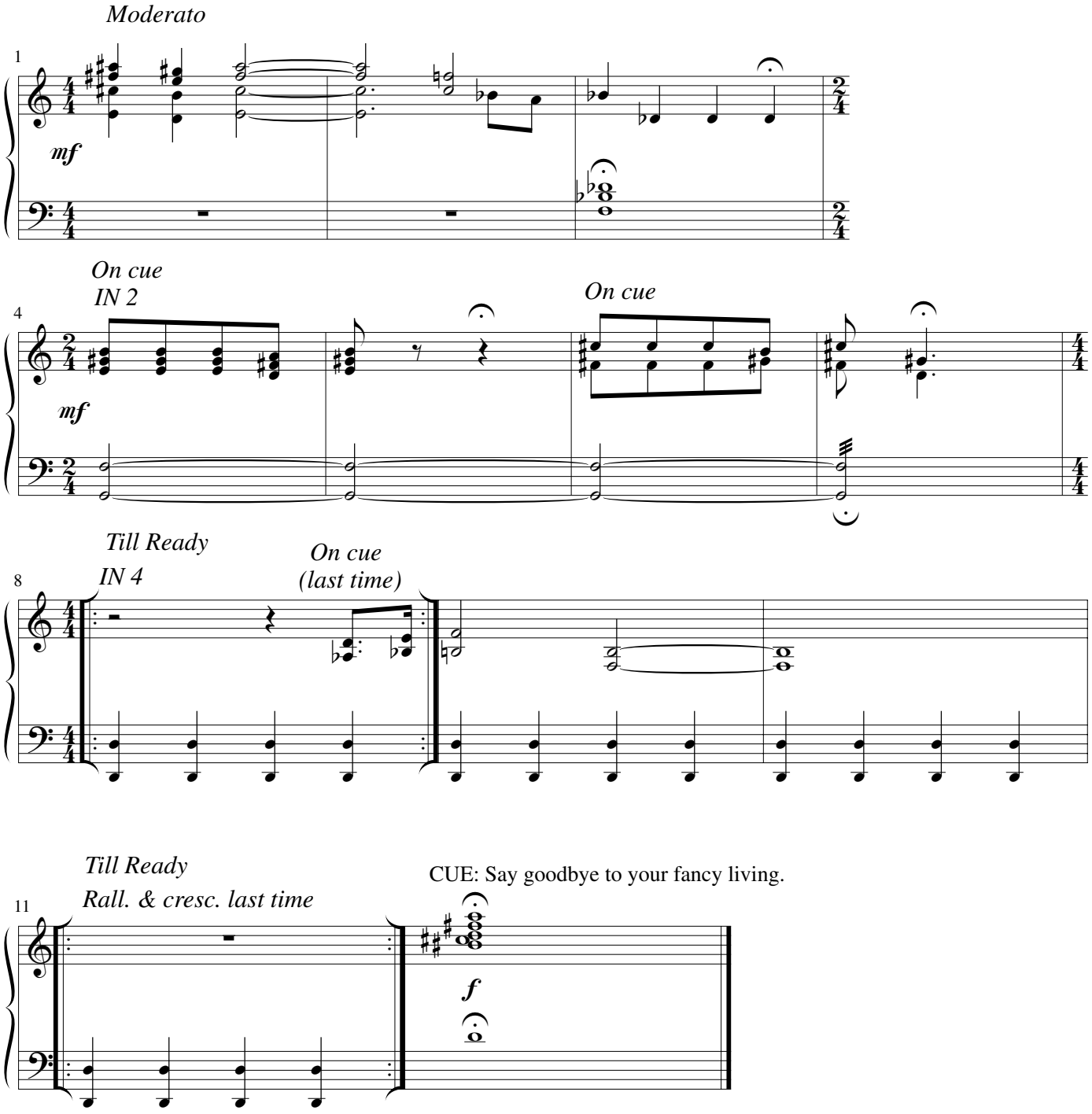

Oliver!
166
167
168
169
170
171
buy? Will buy? Will buy?
Who will buy? Who will buy?
Who will buy? Who will buy?
Who will buy? Who will buy?
buy? Will buy? Will buy?


Playoff
168
There'll ne - ver be a day so sun - ny
f
172
it could not hap - pen twice
176
Where is the man with all the mo - ney
180
It's cheap at half the price


184
Oliver
Who will buy this won - der - ful feel -
188
ing I'm so high I swear I could fly
Cut on cue as Oliver is captured
192
Me oh my I don'twant to lose it so

38. Recapture

NANCY and SYKES hustle OLIVER off towards Thieves Kitchen.



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THIEVES KITCHEN

Enter SYKES twisting OLIVER'S arm, followed by NANCY and the dog. NANCY hangs respectable shawls, hats etc., around the fireplace.

FAGIN:
Aaah! So you've come home again, have you Oliver my dear?

DODGER:
Look at his togs, Fagin!
(All the BOYS laugh and sneer)

CHARLEY:
E's got books too. Quite the little gent, ain't he?

He grabs the parcel of books from OLIVER. The other BOYS pulling OLIVER about. One pulls his cap off, puts it on himsef at a rakish angle and struts around the room. The other BOYS roar with laughter. Meanwhile DODGER is systematically going through OLIVER'S pockets.

FAGIN: *(with an ironical bow)*
Delighted to see you lookng so well, my dear. The Artful Dodger what give you another suit, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Wht didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper.

DODGER:
Cor! Look at this!

DODGER draws forth the five pound note from one of OLIVER'S pockets. BILL SYKES steps forward, but before he can get there, FAGIN grabs the note.

SYKES:
Hullo, what's that? That's mine, Fagin.

FAGIN:
No, no, my dear. Mine, Bill, mine. You can have the books.

BOYS laugh, but SYKES glares at them and they stop as one. He gives SYKES the books but he throws them to the ground in disgust. DODGER picks them up.

SYKES:
If that ain't mine - mine and Nancy's , that is, I'll take the boy back again!

FAGIN stops in his tracks.

SYKES:
Come on, 'and over.

FAGIN: *(imploringly)*
This is hardly fair, Bill - hardly fair, is it, Nancy?

SYKES:
Fair or not fair, hand it over you avaricious old skeleton. Give it 'ere!

At which point he plucks the note from between FAGIN'S finger and thumb.

SYKES:
That's for our share of the trouble and not half enough neither.

He takes the books from DODGER and gives them to FAGIN.

Here, you can 'ave the books. Start a library. *(He laughs and makes to exit)*

OLIVER:
You can't keep the books, or the money! They belong to Mr Brownlow and if he finds out you've got them he'll be down here after you.

There is silence as OLIVER'S words sink in.

SYKES: *(advancing towards OLIVER menacingly.)*
So 'e'll be down here, will 'e?

NANCY:
Leave 'im alone, Bill! *(SYKES glares at NANCY)*

SYKES: *(to OLIVER)*
What did you tell him about us?

OLIVER:
Nothing.

The BOYS, sensing impending violence, hide themselves in corners.

SYKES:
That remains to be seen - but if we found out you said anything - anything out of place... Fagin, I'll wager that young scoundrel's told him everything.

OLIVER *(as he tries to escape)*
Help! Help!

BILL grabs him, OLIVER hits BILL across the face.

BILL:
Hit me would you?

He pushes off OLIVER and makes for his cudgel. NANCY rushes forward and grabs BILL'S arms.

NANCY:
No, leave him alone Bill!

BILL:
Stand off me, or I'll split yer head open!

NANCY:
Go on then, kill me! You'll have to before I'll let you lay a hand on that boy!

BILL:
Keep out o' this - I'm warnin' you.

He flings here across the room.

FAGIN:
All right, all right! We've got him back! What's the matter with you?

NANCY rises to her feet.

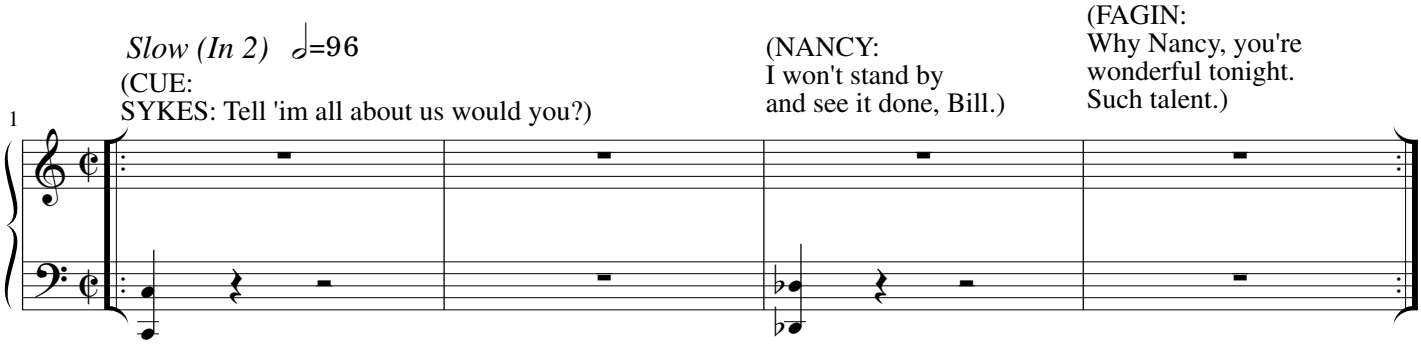
SYKES:
The girl's gone mad, I think , Fagin.

NANCY:
No she hasn't, Fagin. Don't think it.

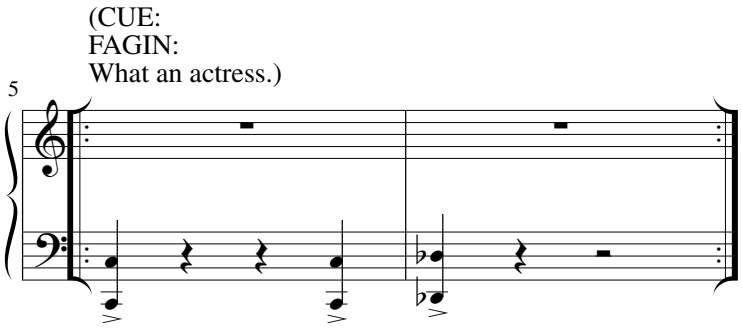
FAGIN:
Keep quiet will yer. All this violence.

39. It's a Fine Life Reprise

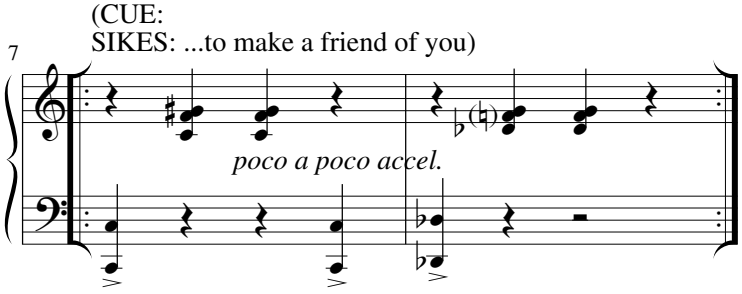
(WARNING:
FAGIN: Then keep quiet, will yer. All this violence)



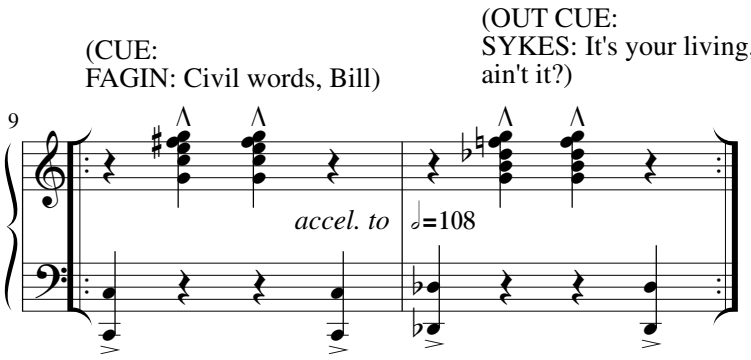
SYKES
Tell 'im about us would you?
NANCY
I won't stand by and see it done, Bill.
FAGIN
Why Nancy, you're wonderful tonight. Such talent. What an actress



NANCY:
Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'Cos if I do, I'm going to put my mark on some of you, and I don't care if I hang for it!
SYKES:
You? Do you know who you are, and what you are?
NANCY:
Ah, yes, I know all about it. You don't have to tell me!
SYKES:
A fine one for the boy to make a friend of you are.



NANCY:
Lord help me, I am, and I wish I'd of been struck down dead before I lent a hand in bringing him back here. After, tonight, he's a liar and a thief and that's all bad. Ain't that enough for you, without beating him to death..
FAGIN:
Come Nancy, we must have civil words. Civil words, Bill.



NANCY:
Civil words! Yes! You deserve them from me! I was out on the streets for you when I was a child half his age, and I've been in the same trade, the same service for fifteen years and don't you forget it!
SYKES:
Well, what if you have? It's your living ain't it?

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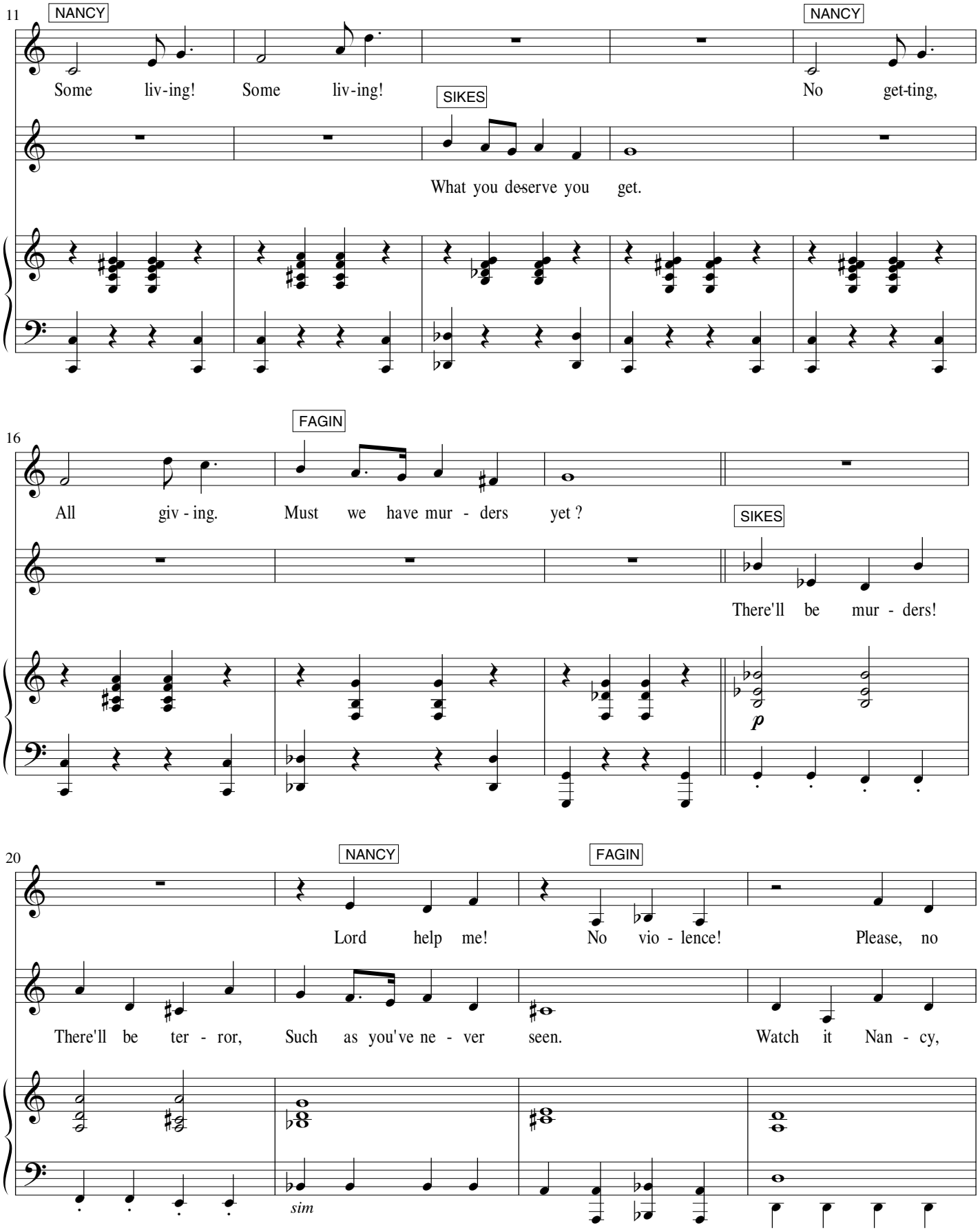
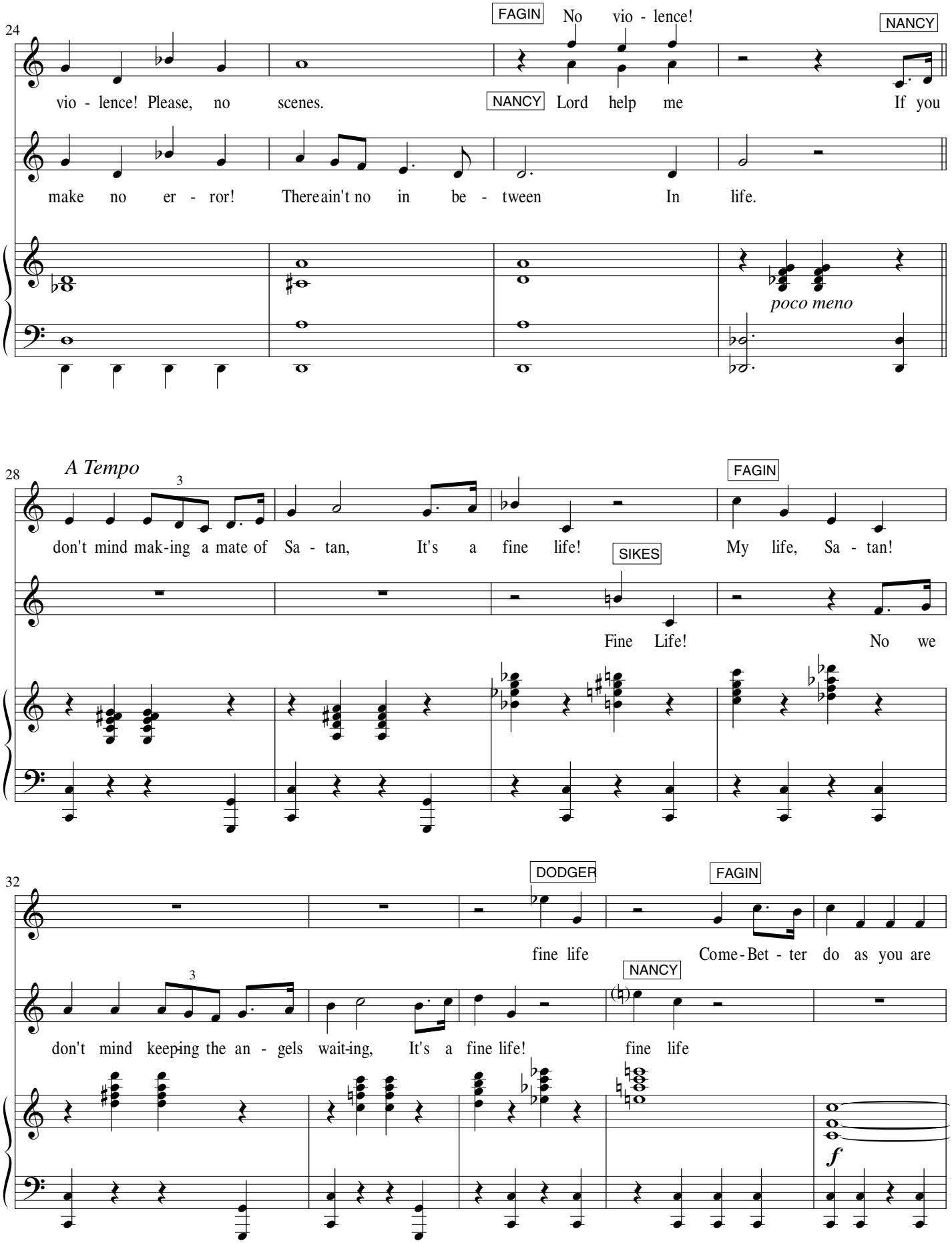
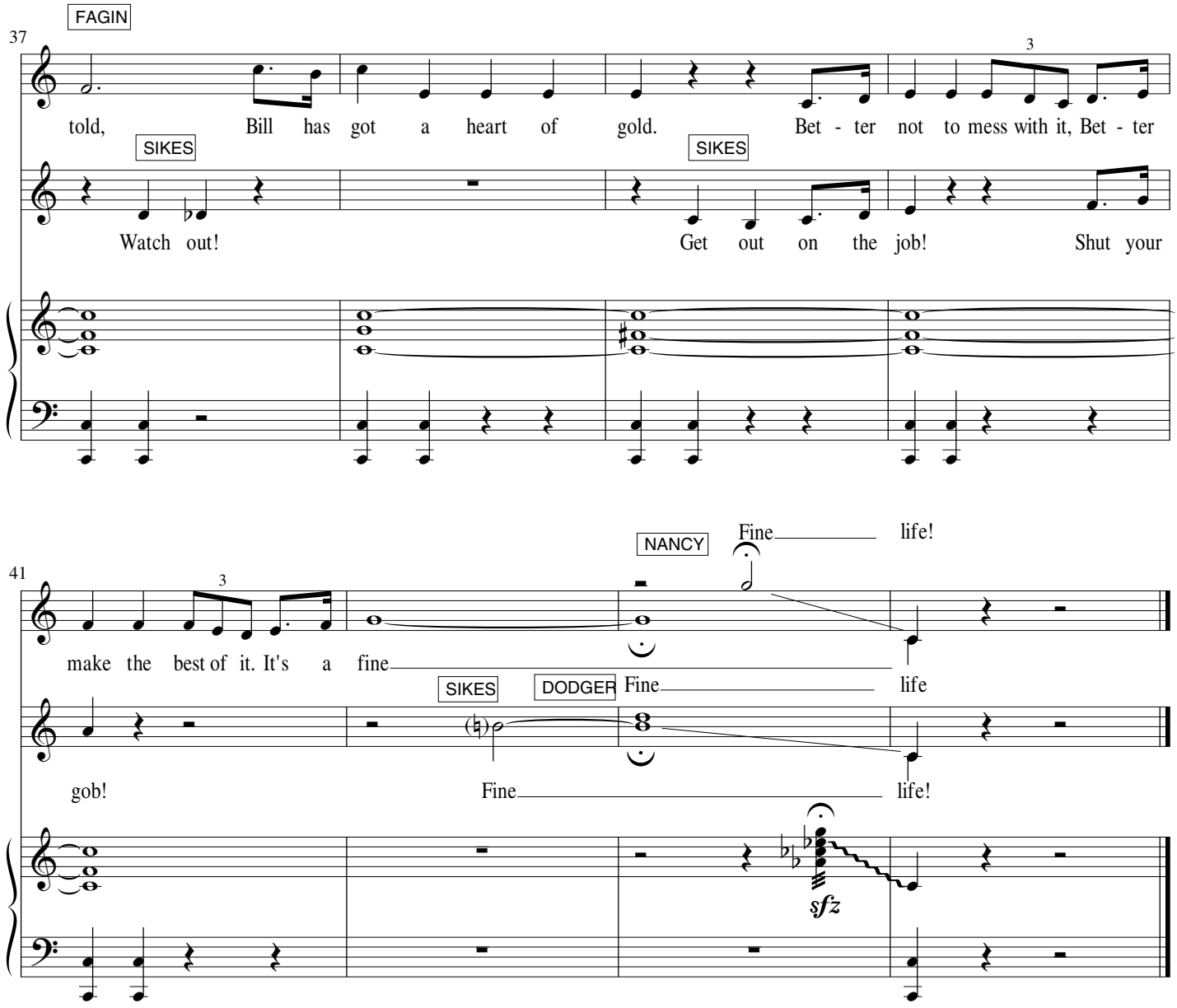

11
NANCY
NANCY
Some liv-ing! Some liv-ing!
SIKES
No get-ting,
What you de-serve you get.
16
FAGIN
All giv - ing. Must we have mur - ders yet ?
SIKES
There'll be mur - ders!
p
20
NANCY
FAGIN
Lord help me!
No vio - lence!
Please, no
There'll be ter - ror, Such as you've ne - ver seen.
Watch it Nan - cy,
sim

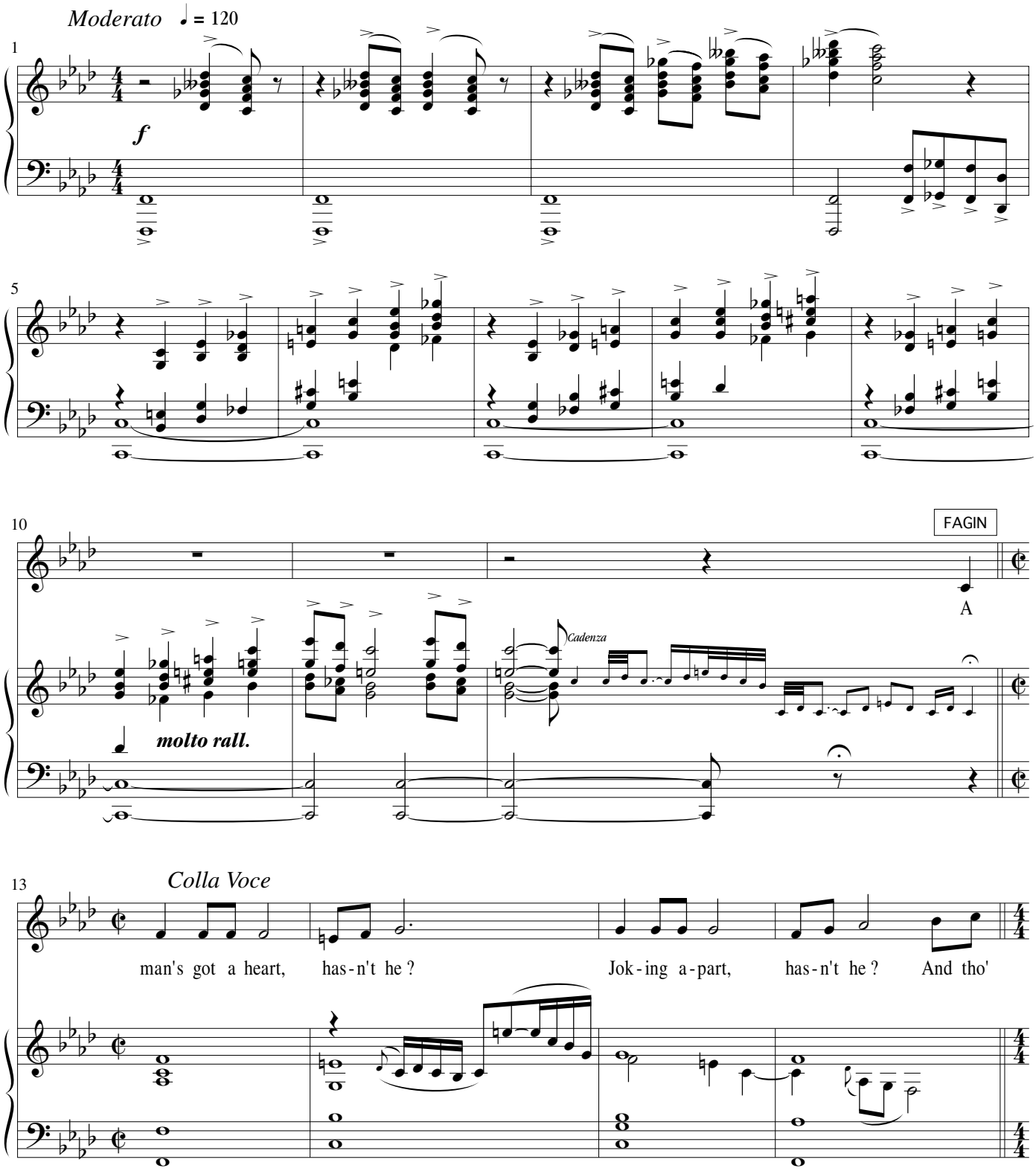

24
FAGIN
No vio - lence!
NANCY
vio - lence! Please, no scenes.
NANCY
Lord help me If you
make no er - ror! There ain't no in be - tween In life.
poco meno
28
A Tempo
3
FAGIN
don't mind mak-ing a mate of Sa - tan, It's a fine life!
My life, Sa - tan!
SIKES
Fine Life!
No we
32
DODGER
FAGIN
fine life
Come - Bet - ter do as you are
3
NANCY
don't mind keeping the an - gels wait-ing, It's a fine life!
fine life
f



SEGUE **Reviewing the Situation**

40. Reviewing the Situation

FAGIN: Take care of her, Bill. *(SYKES exits)*
Take care of him, Dodger. *(DODGER takes OLIVER off)*
...and I'll take care of myself!



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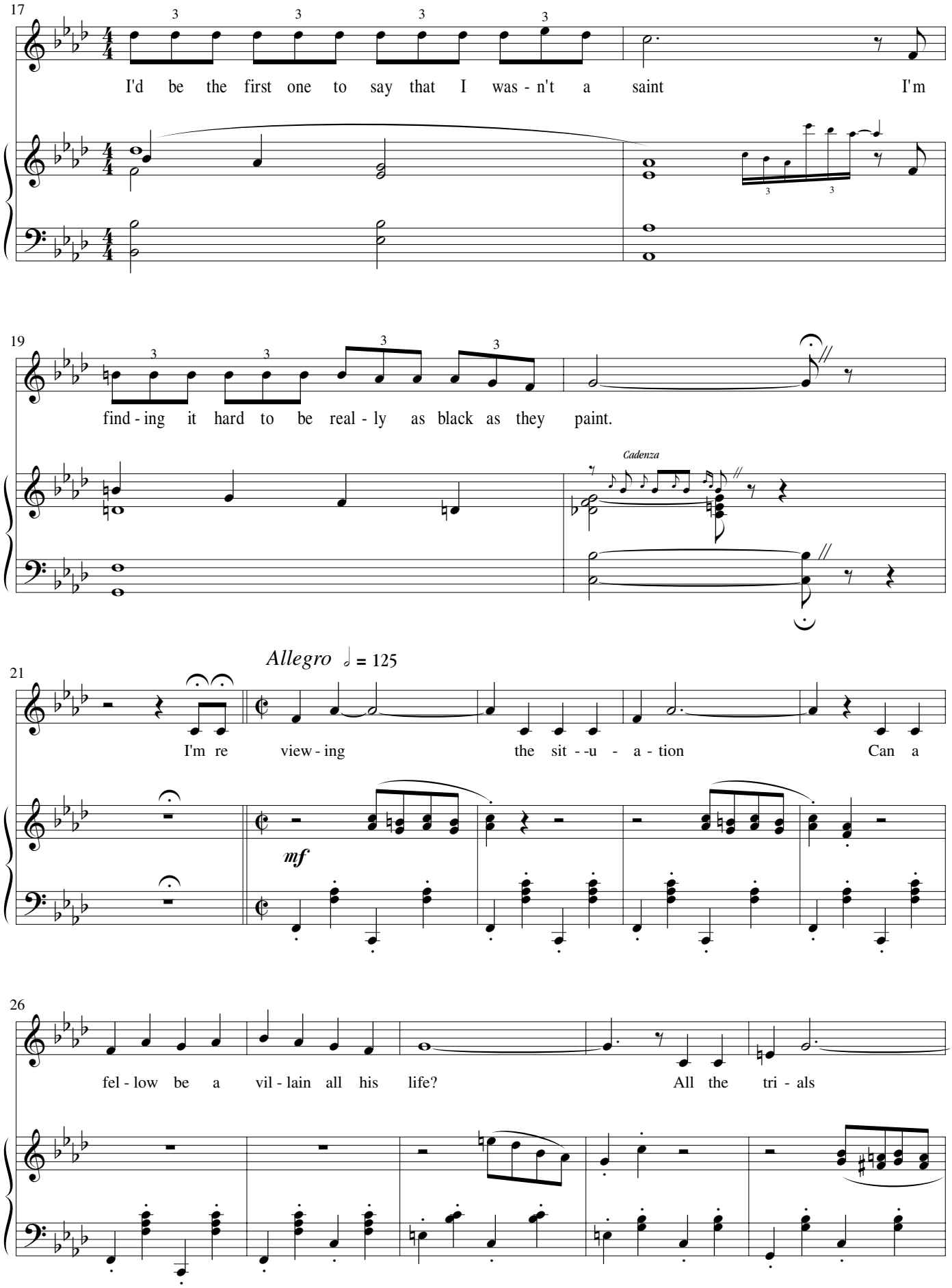
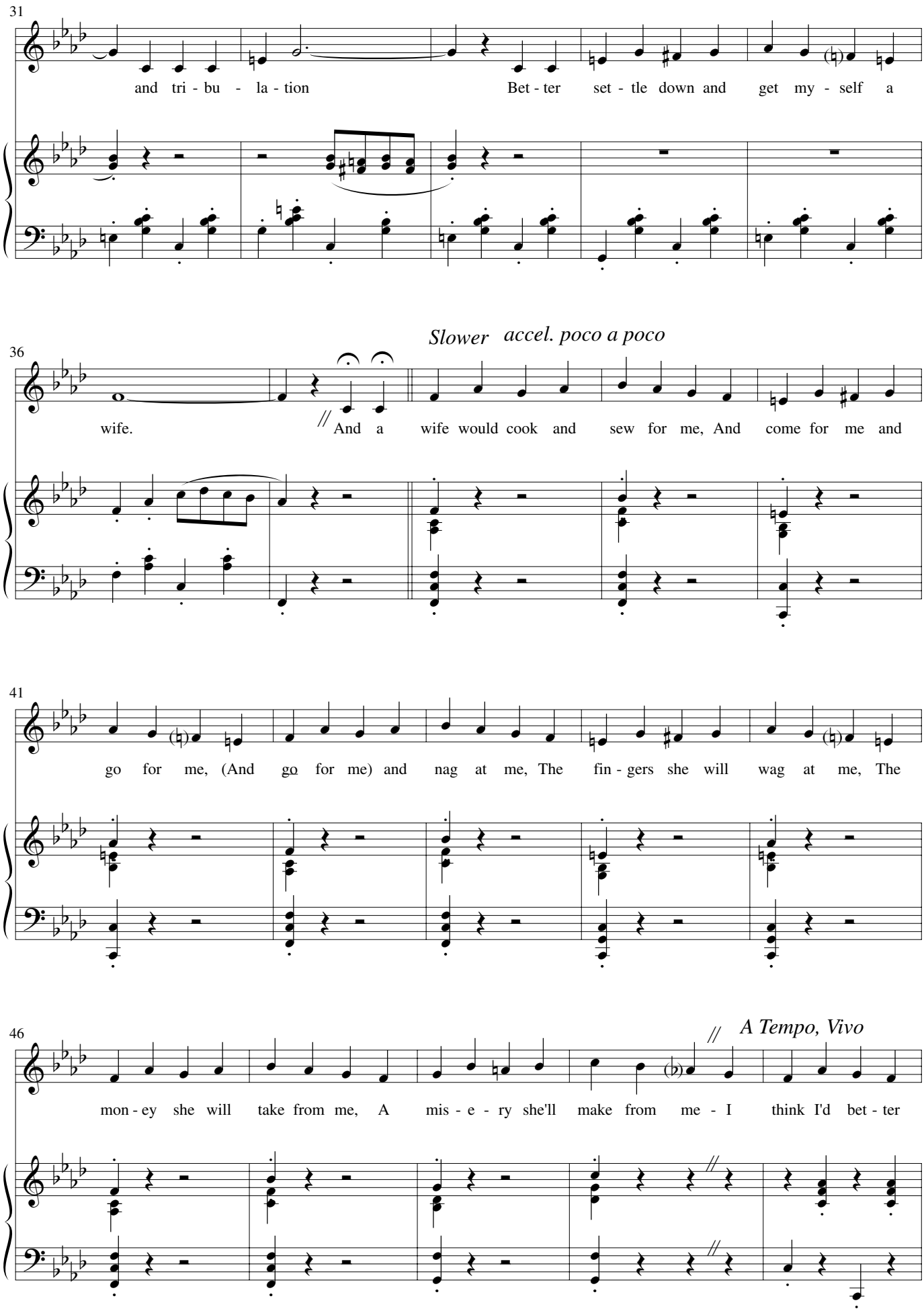
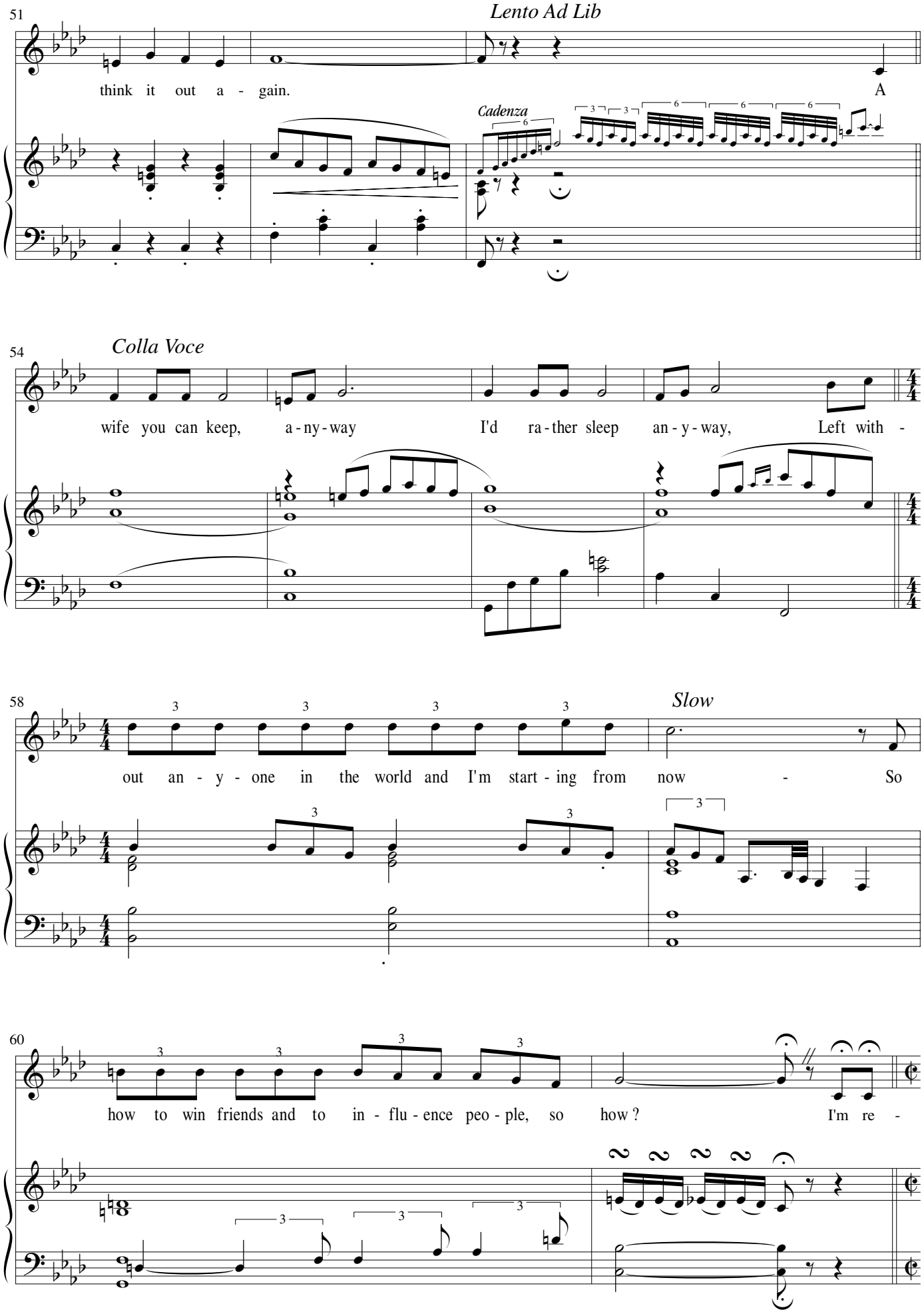
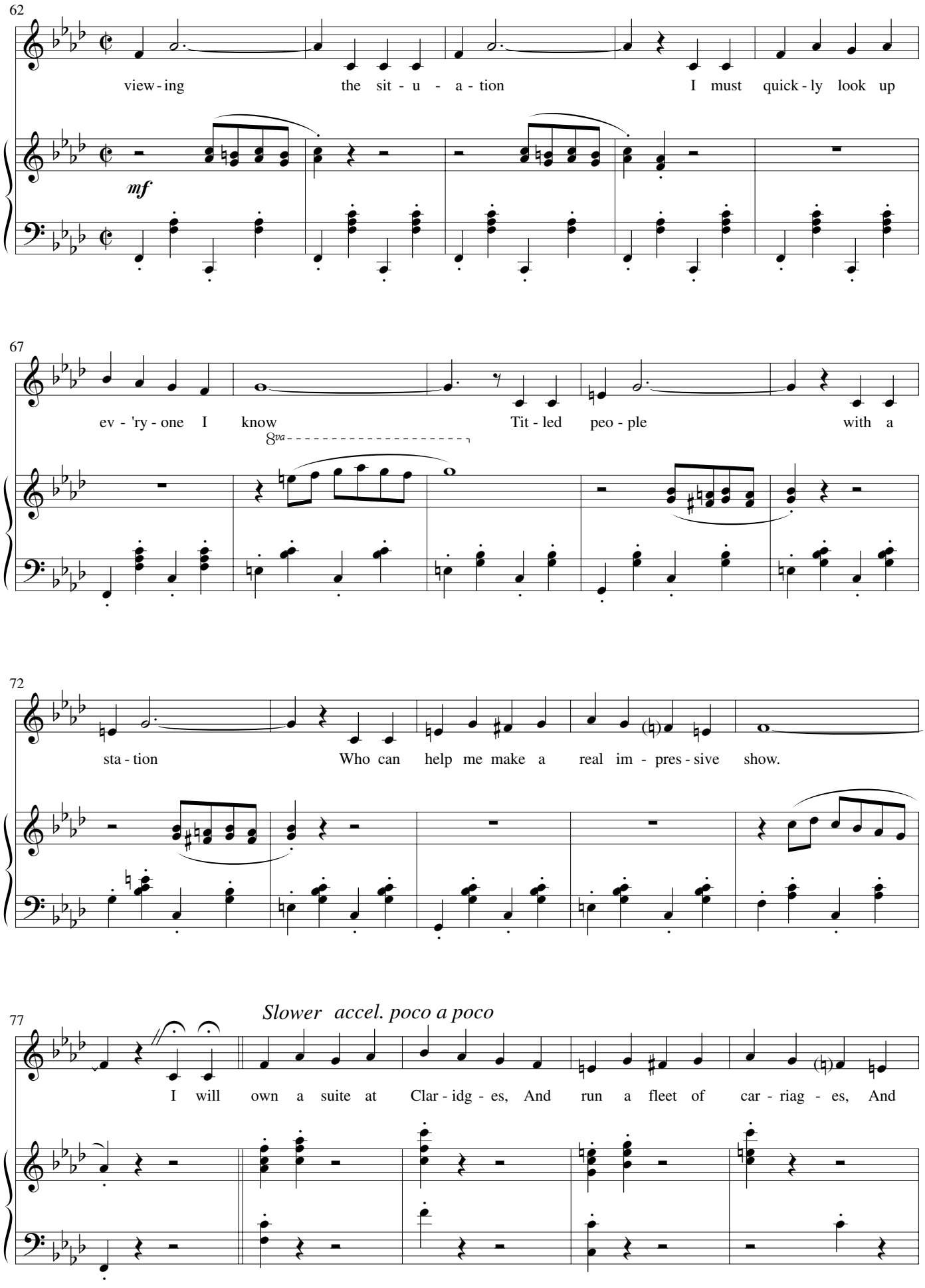
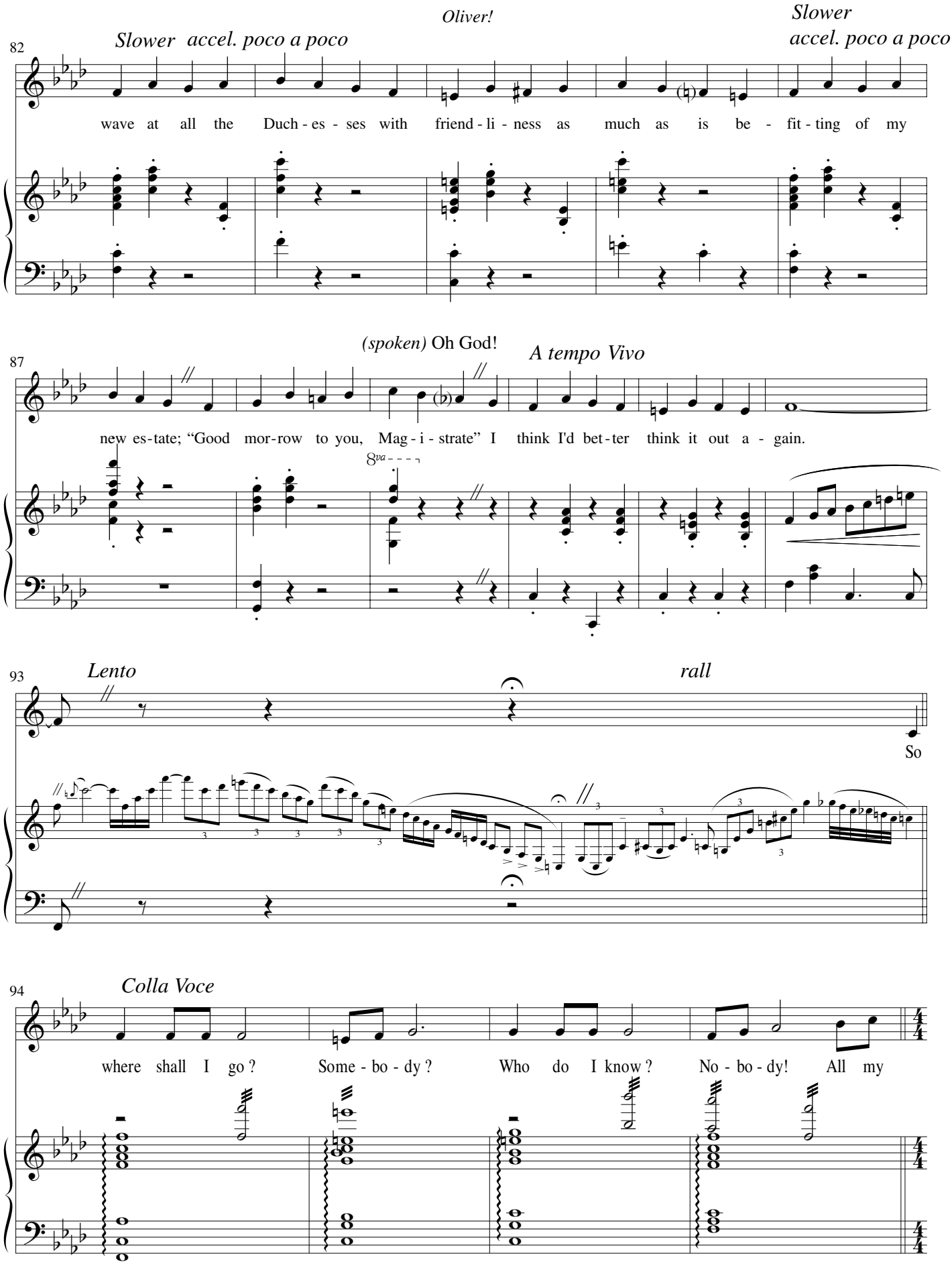
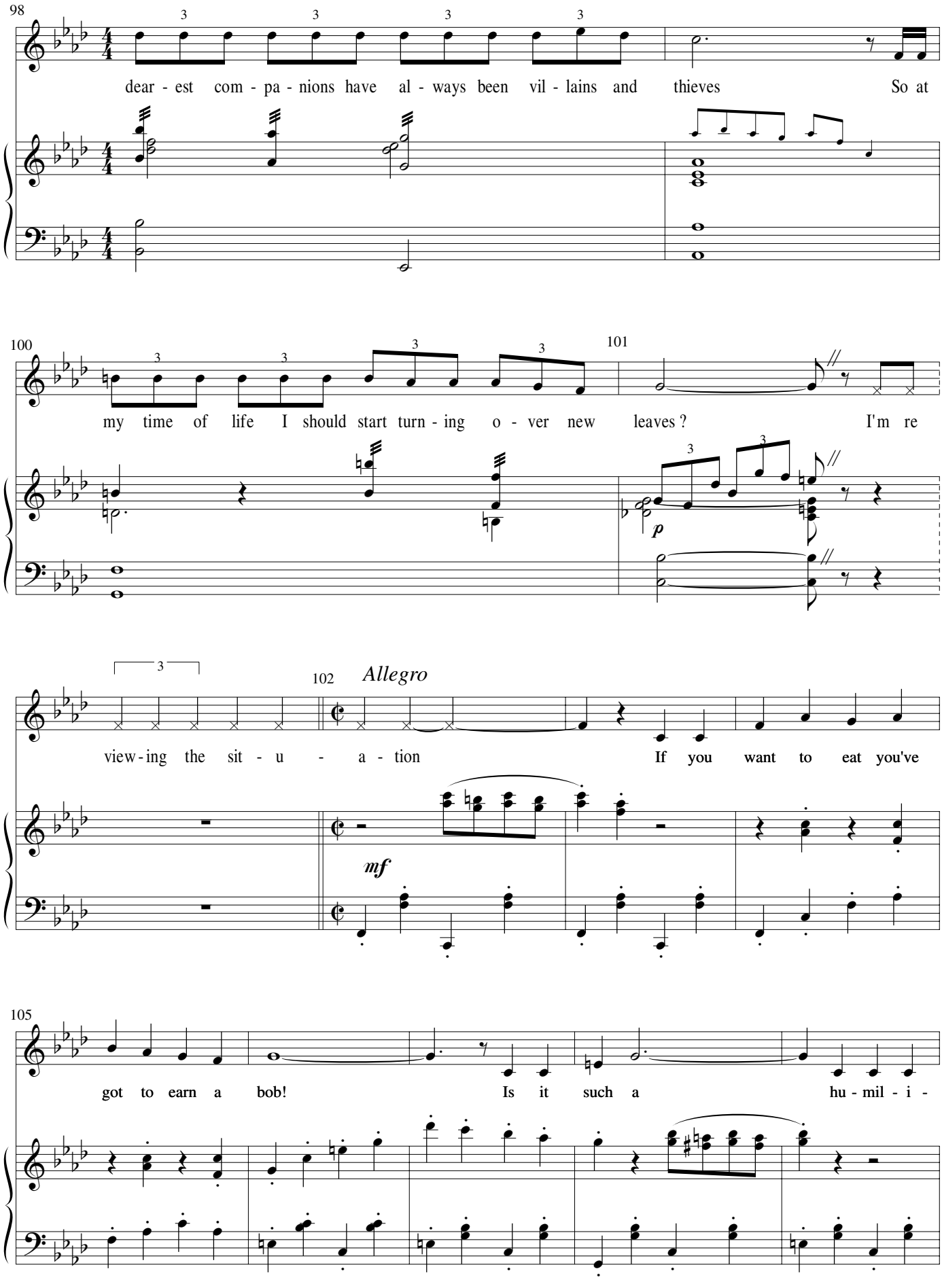

17
I'd be the first one to say that I was - n't a saint I'm
19
find - ing it hard to be real - ly as black as they paint.
Cadenza
Allegro ♩ = 125
21
I'm re view - ing the sit - - u - a - tion Can a
mf
26
fel - low be a vil - lain all his life? All the tri - als

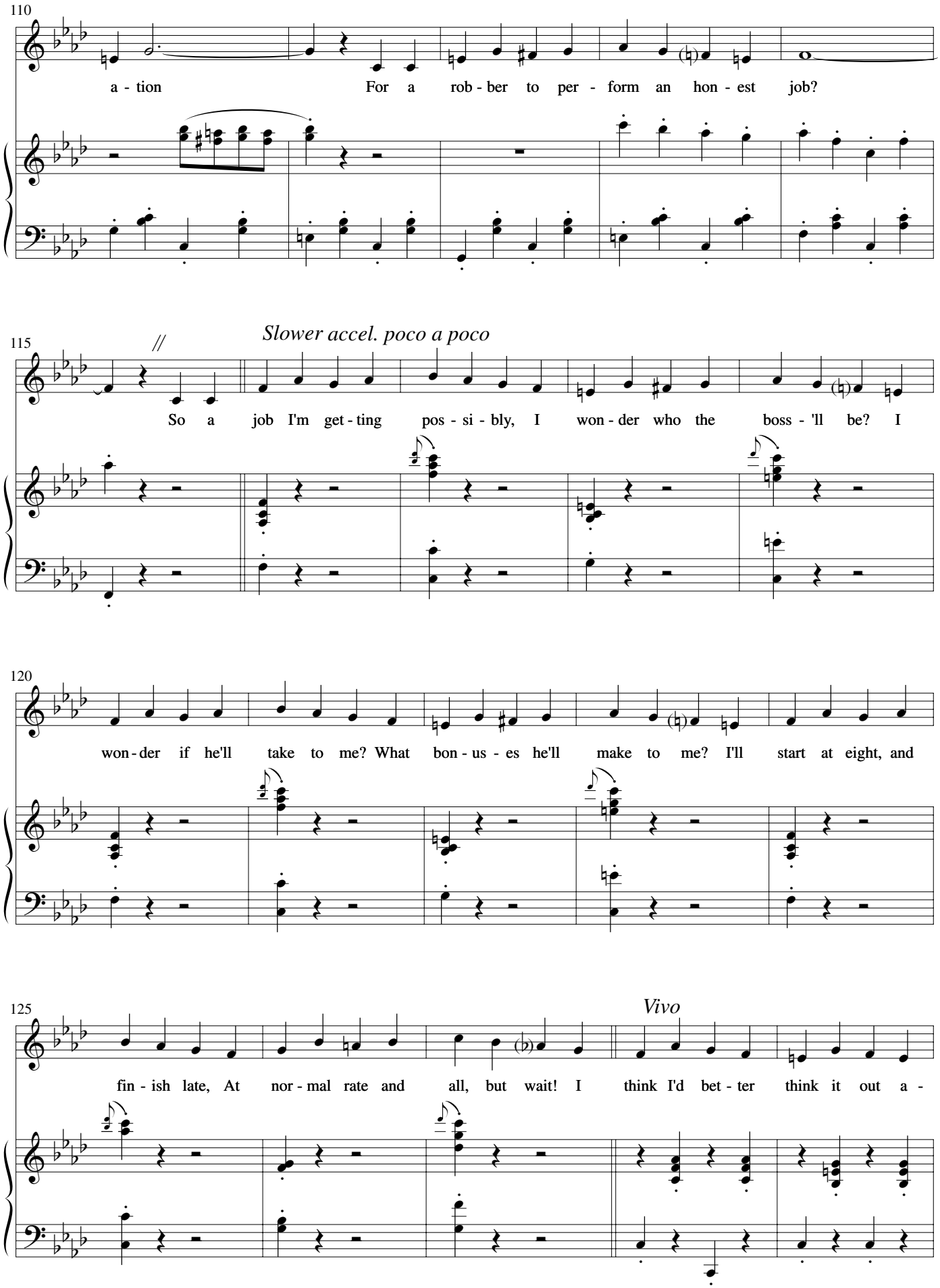

31
and tri - bu - la - tion
Bet - ter set - tle down and get my - self a
36
Slower
accel. poco a poco
wife.
And a wife would cook and sew for me, And come for me and
41
go for me, (And go for me) and nag at me, The fin - gers she will wag at me, The
46
A Tempo, Vivo
mon - ey she will take from me, A mis - e - ry she'll make from me - I think I'd bet - ter

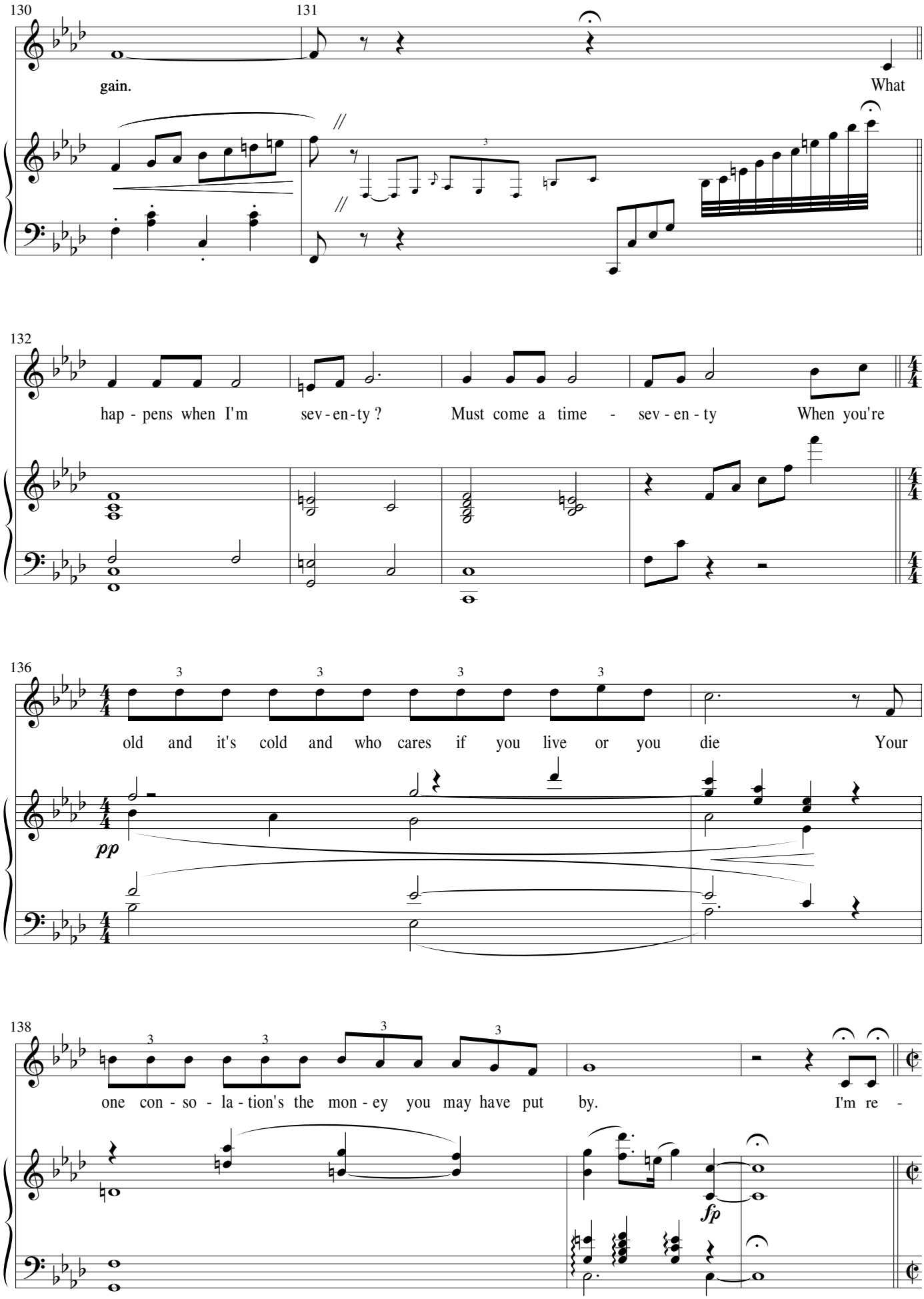

51
Lento Ad Lib
think it out a - gain.
A
Cadenza
54
Colla Voce
wife you can keep, a - ny - way
I'd ra - ther sleep an - y - way,
Left with -
58
Slow
out an - y - one in the world and I'm start - ing from now -
So
60
how to win friends and to in - flu - ence peo - ple, so how ?
I'm re -

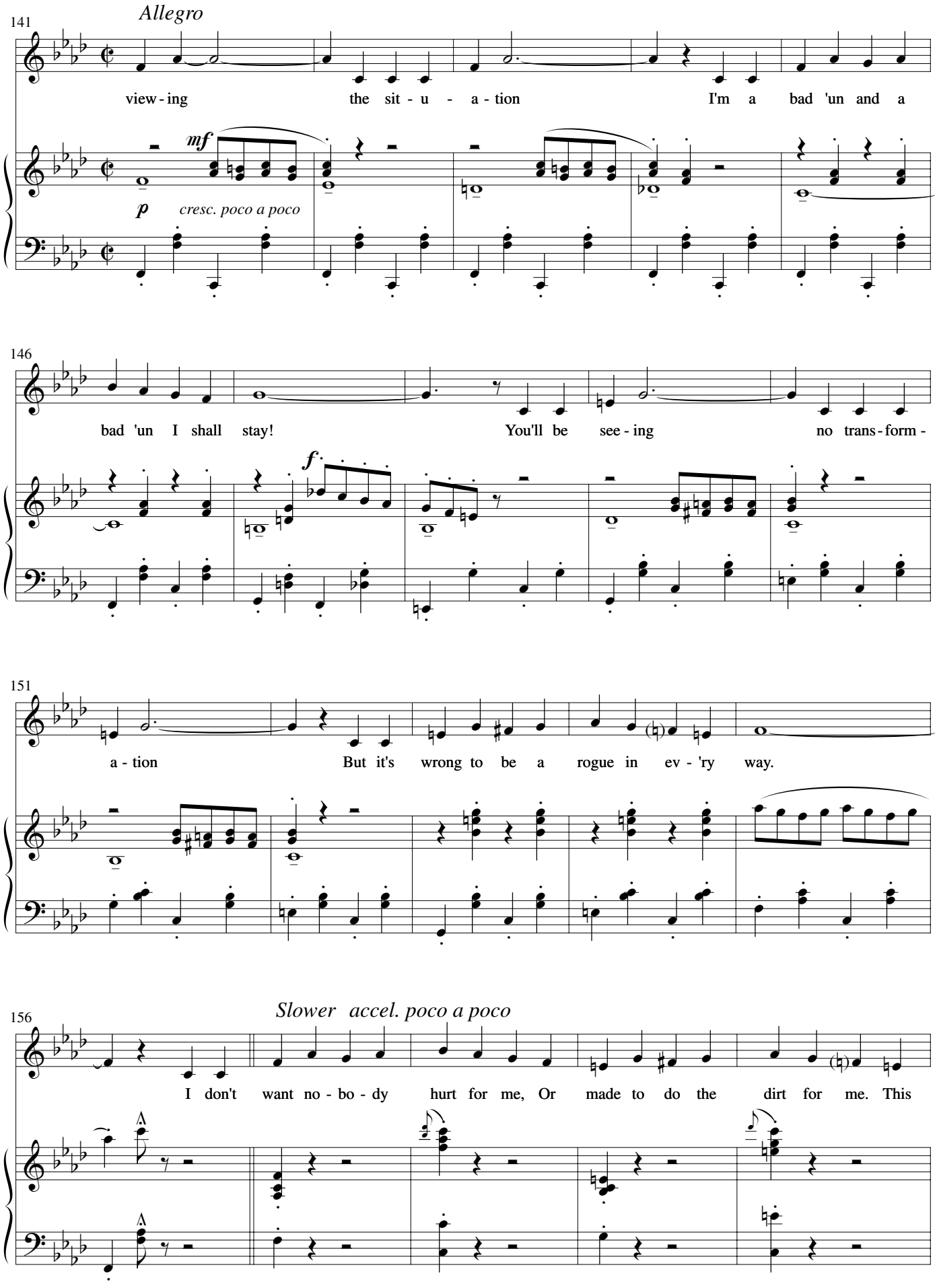

62
view - ing the sit - u - a - tion I must quick - ly look up
mf
67
ev - 'ry - one I know Tit - led peo - ple with a
8va
72
sta - tion Who can help me make a real im - pres - sive show.
77
Slower accel. poco a poco
I will own a suite at Clar - idg - es, And run a fleet of car - riag - es, And

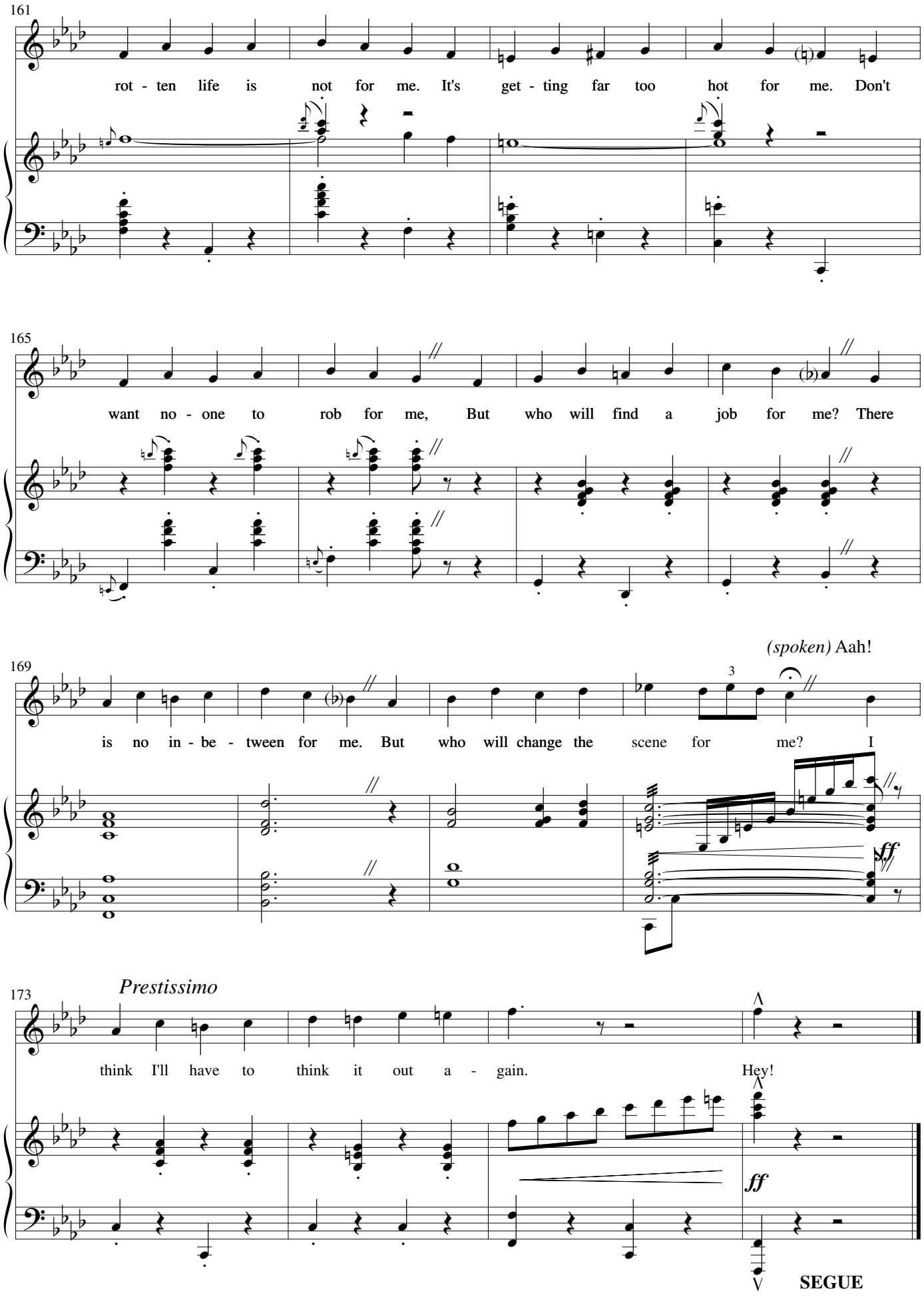

Oliver!
Slower accel. poco a poco
Slower
accel. poco a poco
82
wave at all the Duch - es - ses with friend - li - ness as much as is be - fit - ting of my
(spoken) Oh God!
A tempo Vivo
87
new es-tate; "Good mor-row to you, Mag - i - strate" I think I'd bet-ter think it out a - gain.
8va
Lento
rall
93
So
Colla Voce
94
where shall I go ? Some - bo - dy ? Who do I know ? No - bo - dy! All my


98
dear - est com - pa - nions have al - ways been vil - lains and thieves So at
100
my time of life I should start turn - ing o - ver new leaves ?
101
I'm re
p
102
Allegro
view - ing the sit - u - a - tion
If you want to eat you've
mf
105
got to earn a bob!
Is it such a
hu - mil - i -


110
a - tion For a rob - ber to per - form an hon - est job?
115
Slower accel. poco a poco
So a job I'm get - ting pos - si - bly, I won - der who the boss - 'll be? I
120
won - der if he'll take to me? What bon - us - es he'll make to me? I'll start at eight, and
125
Vivo
fin - ish late, At nor - mal rate and all, but wait! I think I'd bet - ter think it out a -

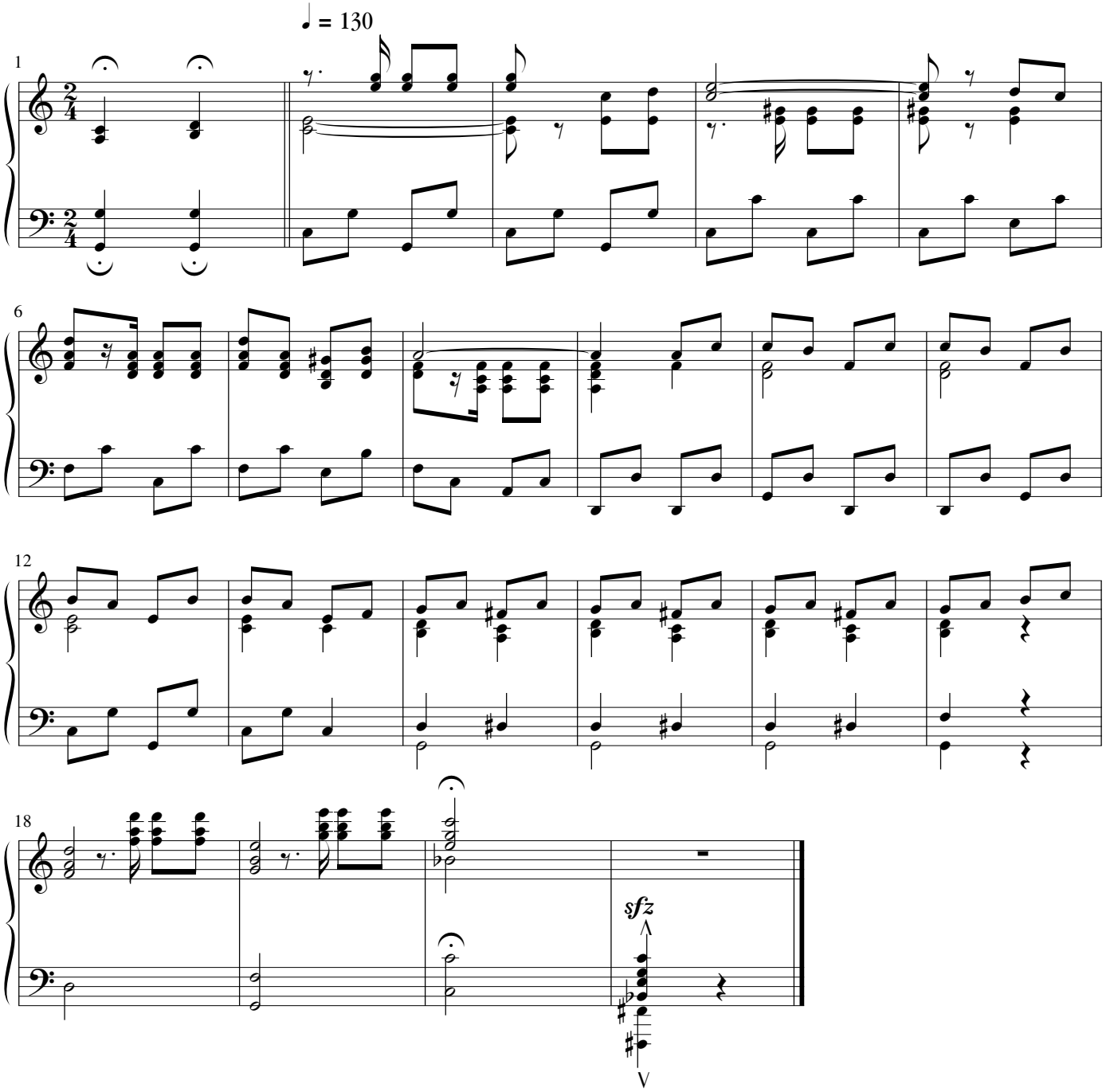

130
131
gain.
What
132
hap - pens when I'm sev - en - ty ? Must come a time - sev - en - ty When you're
136
old and it's cold and who cares if you live or you die Your
pp
138
one con - so - la - tion's the mon - ey you may have put by. I'm re -
fp


Allegro
141
view - ing the sit - u - a - tion I'm a bad 'un and a
mf
p
cresc. poco a poco
146
bad 'un I shall stay! You'll be see - ing no trans - form -
f
151
a - tion But it's wrong to be a rogue in ev - 'ry way.
Slower accel. poco a poco
156
I don't want no - bo - dy hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This


161
rot - ten life is not for me. It's get - ting far too hot for me. Don't
165
want no - one to rob for me, But who will find a job for me? There
(spoken) Aah!
169
is no in - be - tween for me. But who will change the scene for me? I
Prestissimo
173
think I'll have to think it out a - gain. Hey!
ff
ff
SEGUE

41. Back to the Workhouse

WIDOW CORNEY's parlour. A few days later



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MR BUMBLE sits, looking out into thin air with a most melancholy expression on his face. He has a tankard and takes a swig. He thinks he is alone and so he thinks aloud.

MR BUMBLE:
Married! And two weeks ago tomorrow it was done. It seems an age!
(he heaves a sigh)
WIDOW CORNEY enters.

MR BUMBLE:
I sold myself for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs and a milk pot with a small quantity of second hand furniture and twenty pounds cash. I went very reasonable! Cheap! Dirt cheap!

WIDOW CORNEY (Mrs Bumble) has been locking doors in the background.

WIDOW CORNEY: *(shrieking)*
Cheap! You would have been dear at any pricel and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that!

MR BUMBLE belches

Are you going to sit there snoring all day?

MR BUMBLE:
I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, madam... and, although I was not snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze , laugh or cry, as the humour strikes me - such being my perogative.

WIDOW CORNEY:*(contemptuously)*
Your perogative!

MR BUMBLE:
I said the word ma'am. The perogative of a man... is to command.

WIDOW CORNEY:
And waht's the perogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?

MR BUMBLE:
To obey, madam! Your late husband should have tuaght you that, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive today, and I wish he was, poor man!

WIDOW CORNEY:
Oooooh! You hard-hearted brute!

She falls into a proxysm of tears.

MR BUMBLE:
Oh 'ere we go! Cry away. madam! It opens the lungs, exercises the eyes, softens the temper, and washes the face - so cry away!

WIDOW CORNEY rushes up behind MR BUMBLE and hits him on the back with his hat several times. He jumps up, screaming and shouting.

WIDOW CORNEY:
Now talk about your perogative, if you dare!

MR BUMBLE attempts toargue.

WIDOW CORNEY:
Shut up! And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate. Well, are you going?

MR BUMBLE: *(breaking away)*
Certainly my dear, certainly. I had no intention of staying. It's just that you are so very violent.

42. Old Sally

CUE:
Three knocks on door.

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There is a knock on the Workhouse door. WIDOW CORNEY rises and opesn it. THE MATRON is standing there with OLD SALLY.

WIDOW CORNEY:
What's the matter?

MATRON:
It's old Sally, ma'am. She says she's got something to tell you that must be heard. She's not got long and she'll never die quiet till you listen, ma'am.

WIDOW CORNEY:
You better come in.

They enter.

Well what is it?

SALLY *(indicating MATRON)*
Turn her away.

MATRON:
But Sal... it's your old friend.

WIDOW CORNEY *(to MATRON)*
Go on, get out of it!

MATRON tries to protest but WIDOW CORNEY pushes here off into the shadows.

SALLY:
Now listen to me. In this very workhouse... I once nursed a pretty young creature that I brough in from the cold with her feet cur and bruised with walking... she gave birth to a boy...and died. Let me think - what was the year again?

WIDOW CORNEY:
Never mind the year, what about her?

SALLY: *(sitting up fiercely with wild eyes)*
I robbed her! I robbed her so I did! The only ting she had od any worth, it was round her neck and it was gold.

WIDOW CORNEY *(drawing closer)*
Gold? Go on, go on - yes. What of it?

SALLY:
This is it! The locket! She charged me to keep it safe, and trusted me. It's my belieg she came from a rich family.

WIDOW CORNEY bends over to inspect the lock, taking it in her hand.

WIDOW CORNEY:
The boy's name?

SALLY:
They called him...

WIDOW CORNEY: *(shaking OLD SALLY)*
Yes?

SALLY:
Oliver.
The gold I stole was...

WIDOW CORNEY:
Yes, yes - what?

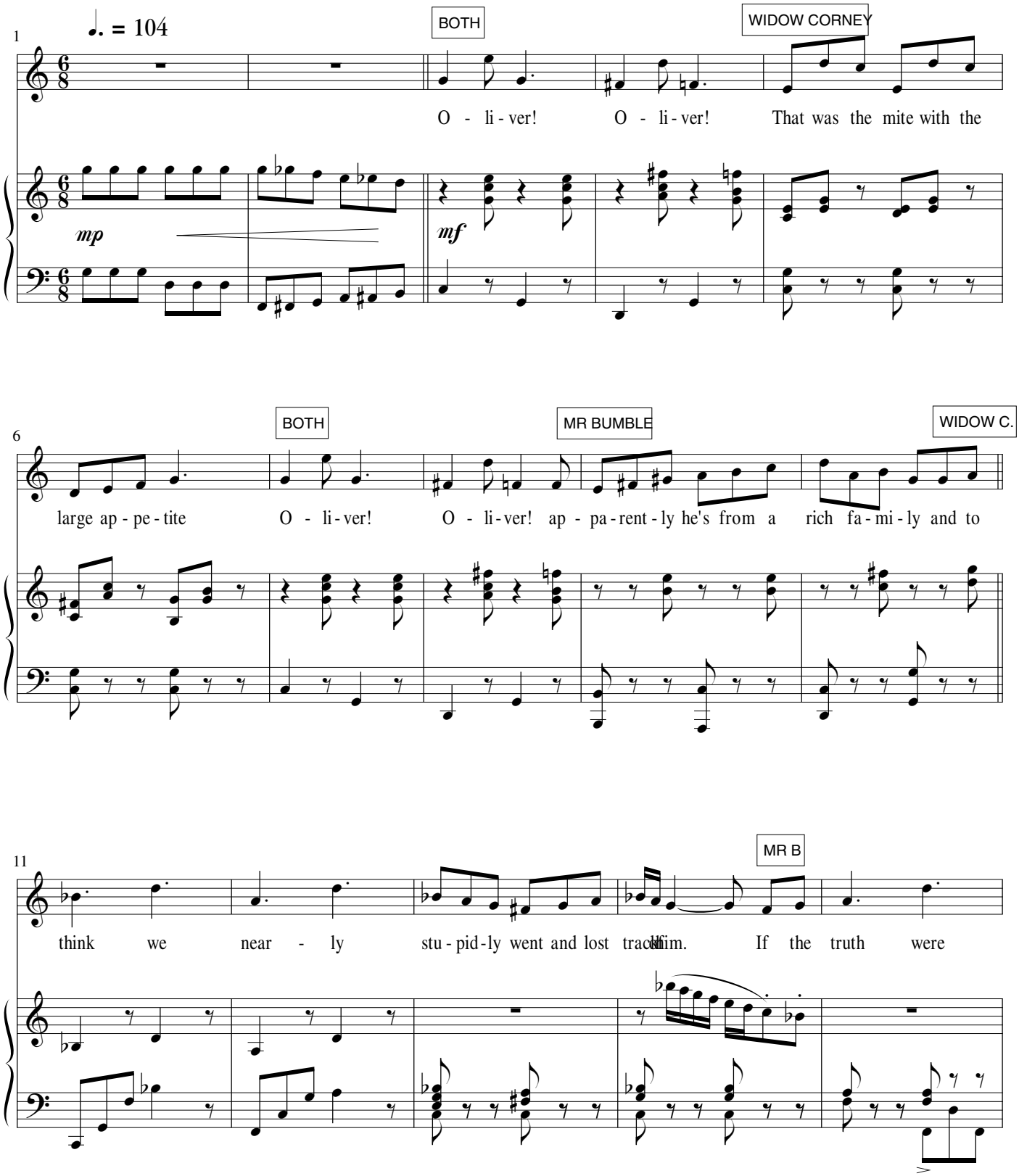
She dies.
WIDOW CORNEY drops her back onto the floor, tugs off the locket and steps over OLD SALLY'S body.

WIDOW CORNEY:
We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.

MR BUMBLE:
We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.

43. Oliver Reprise

CUE:
WIDOW CORNEY: We must retrieve that boy, Mr Bumble.
MR BUMBLE: We must indeed, ma'am. We must indeed.



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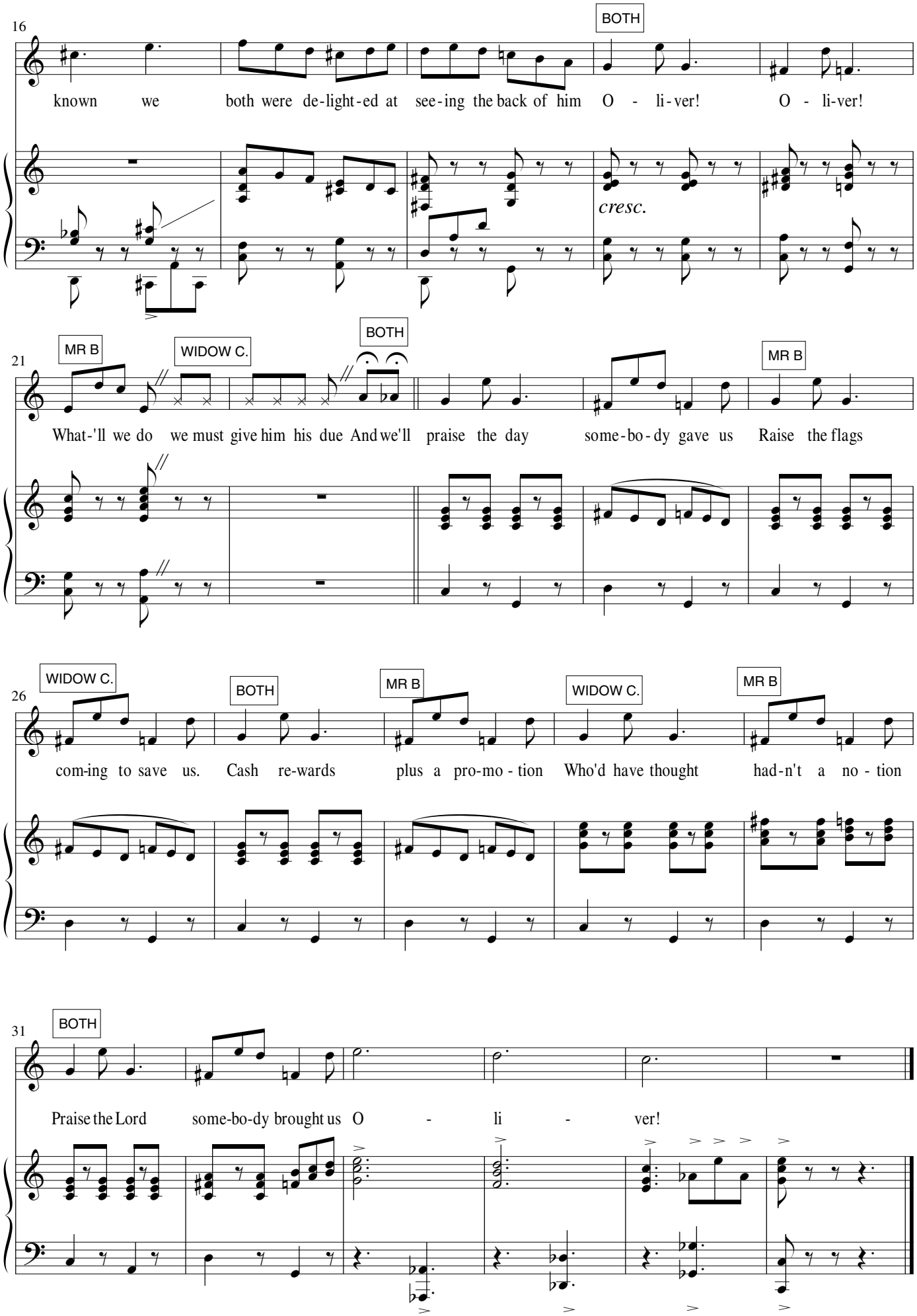

16
BOTH
known we both were de-light-ed at see-ing the back of him O - li-ver! O - li-ver!
cresc.
21
MR B
WIDOW C.
BOTH
MR B
What-'ll we do we must give him his due And we'll praise the day some-bo-dy gave us Raise the flags
26
WIDOW C.
BOTH
MR B
WIDOW C.
MR B
com-ing to save us. Cash re-wards plus a pro-mo-tion Who'd have thought had-n't a no-tion
31
BOTH
Praise the Lord some-bo-dy brought us O - li - ver!

THE BROWNLOW'S DRAWING ROOM

MR BROWNLOW:
I understand you bring information regarding the boy? Oliver Twist.

MR BUMBLE: *(pre-prepared)*
We decided to come in answer to your advertisement.

WIDOW CORNEY:
I decided.

MR BUMBLE: *(deflated)*
Yes. That's right. My dear wife decided. Bumble is my name, sir. Beadle of the workhouse where this boy was cared for - from where he was apprenticed to an undertaker - where he ran away from...
(He stops to catch his breath)

MR BROWNLOW:
Yes, yes it's very good of you to come. Now what have you got to tell me?

MR BUMBLE: *(producing the locket with great moment)*
This locket was given by the lad's dying mother to my dear with just before she passed away... The lad's dying mother that is, not my wife.

WIDOW CORNEY scornfully laughs. BUMBLE hands MR BROWNLOW the locket.

MR BROWNLOW:
You say when he left your work house he went to an undertaker's?

MR BUMBLE:
Yes, Mr Sowerberry the undertaker too Oliver from us for three pounds.

MR BROWNLOW:
You mean to say that you sold him... like an animal?

MR BUMBLE: *(privately)*
Well, it was Mrs Bumble who actually authorised the sale.

MR BROWNLOW:
Really! The I will see that neither of you is employed in a position of trust again. And your behaviour, madam, was shameful! Leave my house.

WIDOW CORNEY: *(outraged)*
Oh! How dare you speak so to me, sir! I cam here to help you...

MR BROWNLOW:
You came here in the hope of profiting from your own greed and dishonesty!

MR BUMBLE: *(trying to save the situation)*
As to that, sir - if you consider the trinket don't properly belong to my dear wife....

WIDOW CORNEY:
Shut up, you old fool!

BUMBLE subsides, BROWNLOW takes out his wallet. NANCY appears in the background.

MR BROWNLOW: *(taking out some notes)*
Here - ten pounds
He thrusts the money into WIDOW CORNEY'S hands.
Take it, and consider yourself fortunate that you don't find yourselves in the hands of the law. Mrs Bedwin - show these ghastly people out.

MRS BEDWIN:
Yes, sir.

WIDOW CORNEY:
We know the way out, thank you very much.
She sweeps past MRS BEDWIN out of the room.

MR BUMBLE:
I hope sir that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my parochial office?

MR BROWNLOW:
Indeed it will. And you may think yourself well off besides.

MR BUMBLE:
But it was all Mrs Bumble. She would do it.

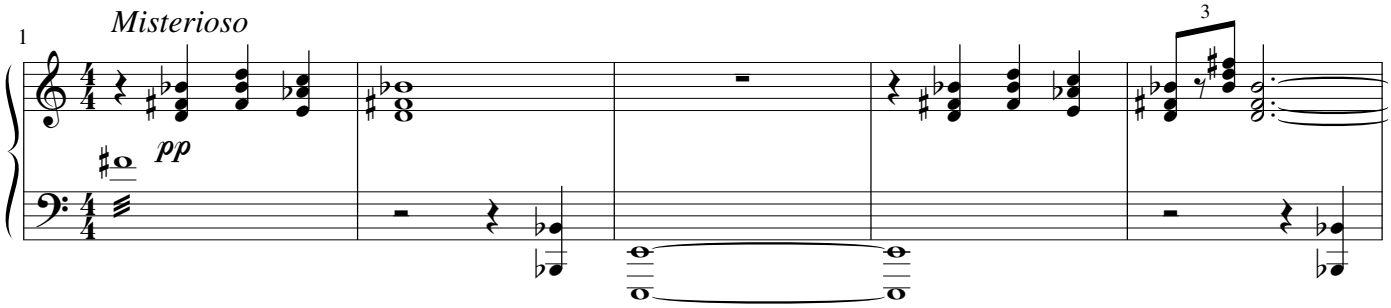
MR BROWNLOW:
That is no excuse. You were present on the occasion when the boy was sold, and, indeed, are the more guilty of the two - in the eye of the Law. For the Law supposes that your wife acts under your direction.

44. The Locket

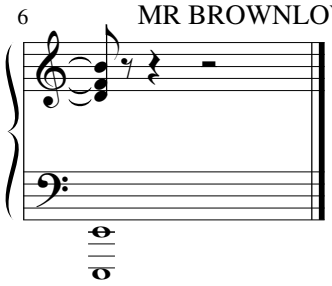
MR BUMBLE
If the law supposes that, then the law is a ass! If that's the eye of the law, then the law is a bachelor! And the worst I wish the law is...that his eye may be opened by experience...by experience

BUMBLE exits.
BROWNLOW is left alone looking at the locket in his hand.
MRS BEDWIN enters, looking flustered.

(*CUE:*
MR BUMBLE: ...by experience, by experience)



STOP:
MR BROWNLOW: Who are you?



MRS BEDWIN
There is a young woman enquiring for you, sir.

MR BROWNLOW
Mrs Bedwin....Take a look at this miniature. Can you see who it is?
He hands her the locket

MRS BEDWIN *(amazed)*
Why it's, Miss Agnes, sir!

MR BROWNLOW
Yes. My daughter Agnes.
She must have found her way to the workhouse and had the child there.

MRS BEDWIN
If only she 'ad told us.

Nancy appears in the doorway.

MR BROWNLOW
Mrs Bedwin, who is this? *MUSIC STOPS*

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MRS BEDWIN: *(turning to MR BROWNLOW)*
It's about the boy, sir.

MR BROWNLOW:
Have you news of Oliver?

NANCY:
He's in danger - in bad company. He was dragged off the day you sent him out with them books.

MR BROWNLOW:
Me and... *(she stops)*
...and someone else.

MR BROWNLOW:
Where can I find him? Who is this other person you speak of? Tak me to him.

NANCY:
No! No, I can't! I shouldn't have said that!

MR BROWNLOW:
Now come, sit down. You want to help they boy, don't you? Why else are you here?

NANCY:
I do want to help - but....

MR BROWNLOW:
Then at least tell me where I can find him.

NANCY:
I can't But I'll bring him to you. Not here. It's too far.

MR BROWNLOW:
Where then?

NANCY:
The bridge. London Bridge. Tonight. At midnight.

MRS BEDWIN looks at MR BROWNLOW, alarmed for his safety.

NANCY:
And you've got to come alone. Promise you'll come on your own. I'll find a way of getting him to you.

MR BROWNLOW stares at her, doubtful and suspicious.

NANCY
You don't believe me, do you? But if you want Oliver back, then you've got to believe me.

MR BROWNLOW: *(making up his mind)*
Very well - I'll be there.

NANCY:
Thank God!

She turns to go.

MR BROWNLOW:
Wait. Has the boy been hurt? Ill treated? If so, I shall...

NANCY:
I can't say no more. Please. He'll kill me as it is if he finds out where I've been.

MR BROWNLOW: *(insistently)*
Who is this man? Perhaps we can...

NANCY:
No! We can't! Whatever else I do, I won't turn on him.

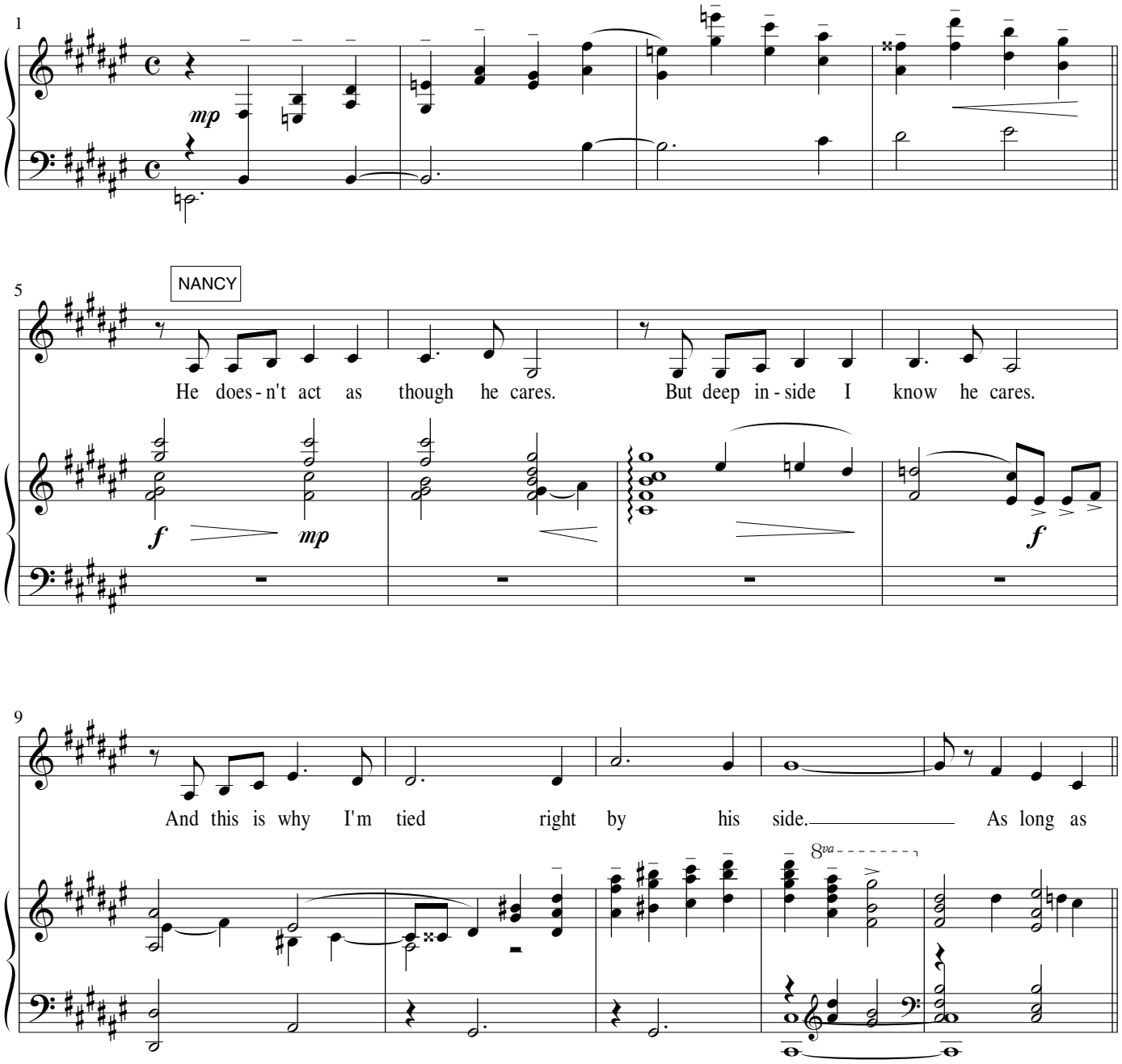
MRS BEDWIN:
I think I understand, my dear.

MR BROWNLOW:
But a man who might kill you?

NANCY:
Yes, but he's mine, and I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back..

45. As Long As He Needs Me Reprise
F#-A Version

(*CUE*: NANCY:
Yes, but he's mine, And I'm his. I've got to go back. I want to go back.)



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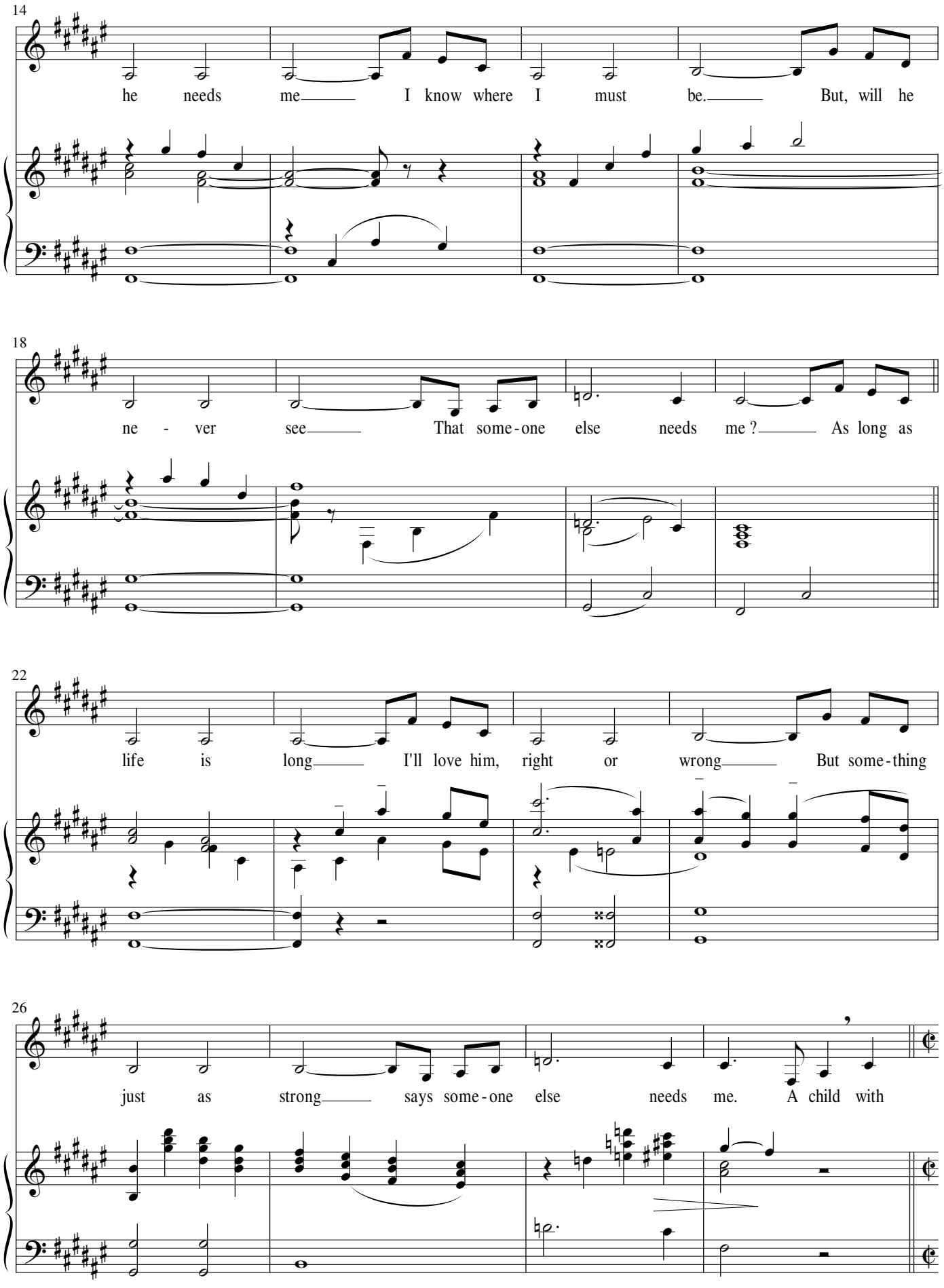
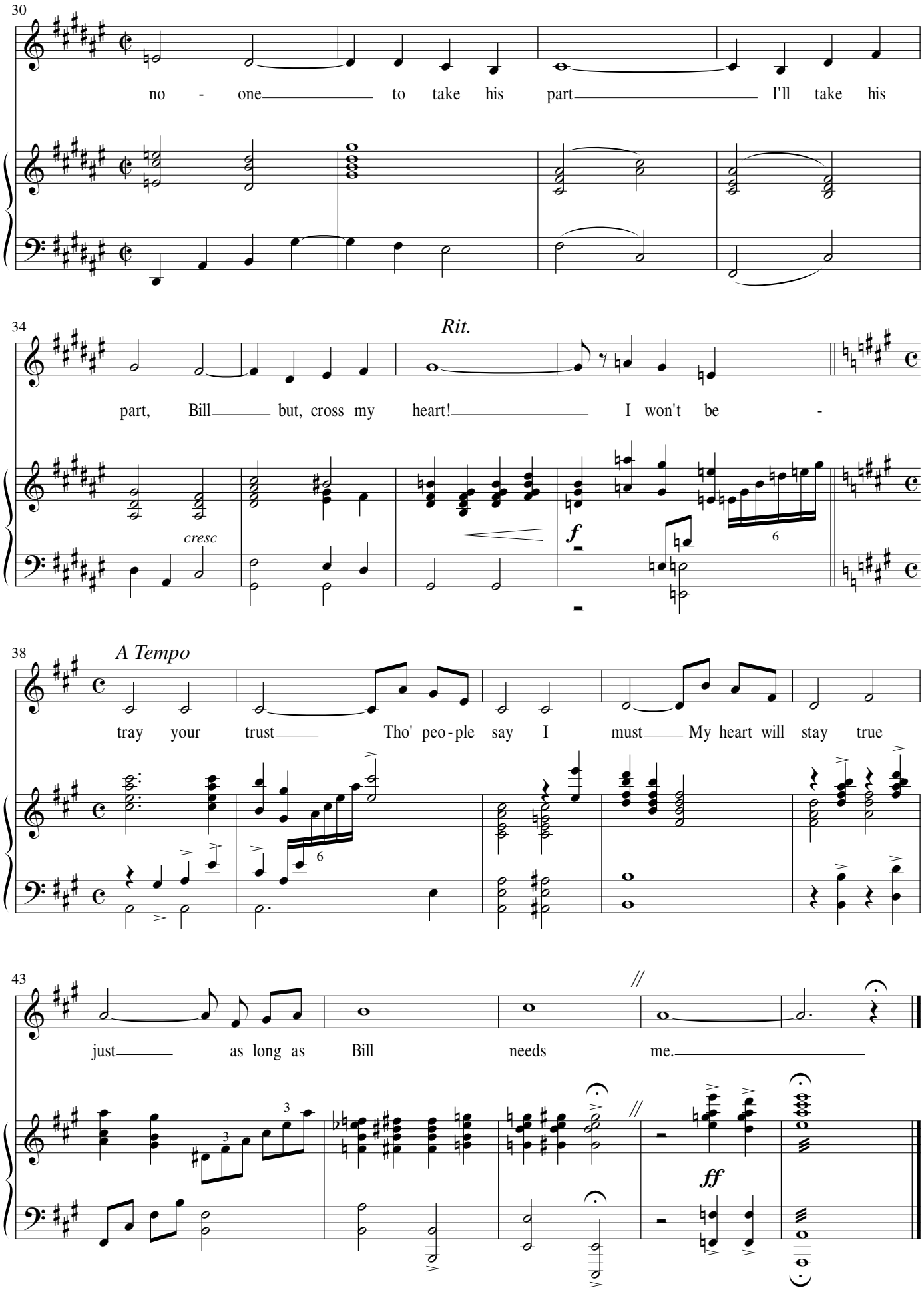
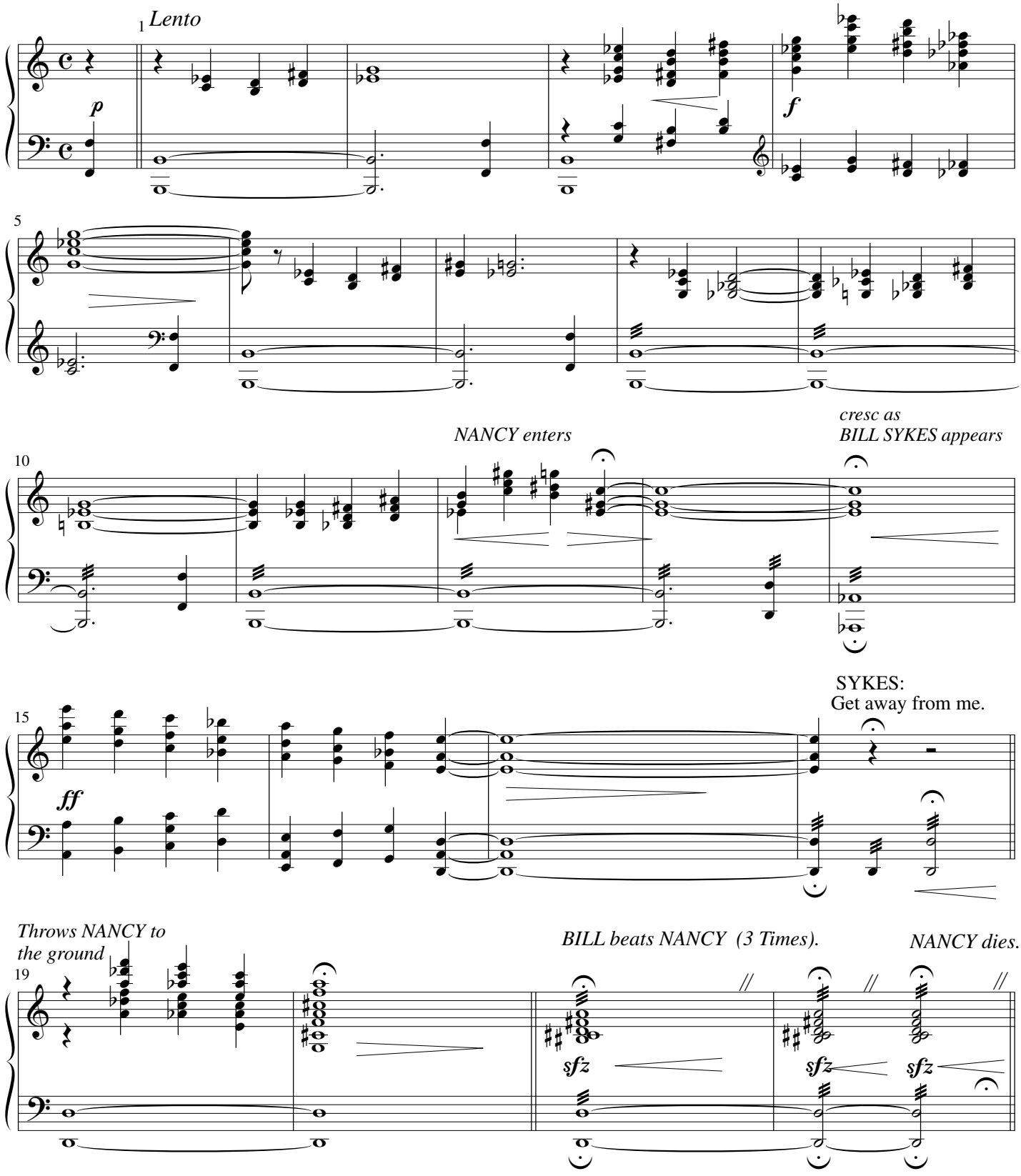

14
he needs me I know where I must be. But, will he
18
ne - ver see That some-one else needs me? As long as
22
life is long I'll love him, right or wrong But some-thing
26
just as strong says some-one else needs me. A child with



NANCY walks towards the bridge. BILL appears and follows her.

46. London Bridge



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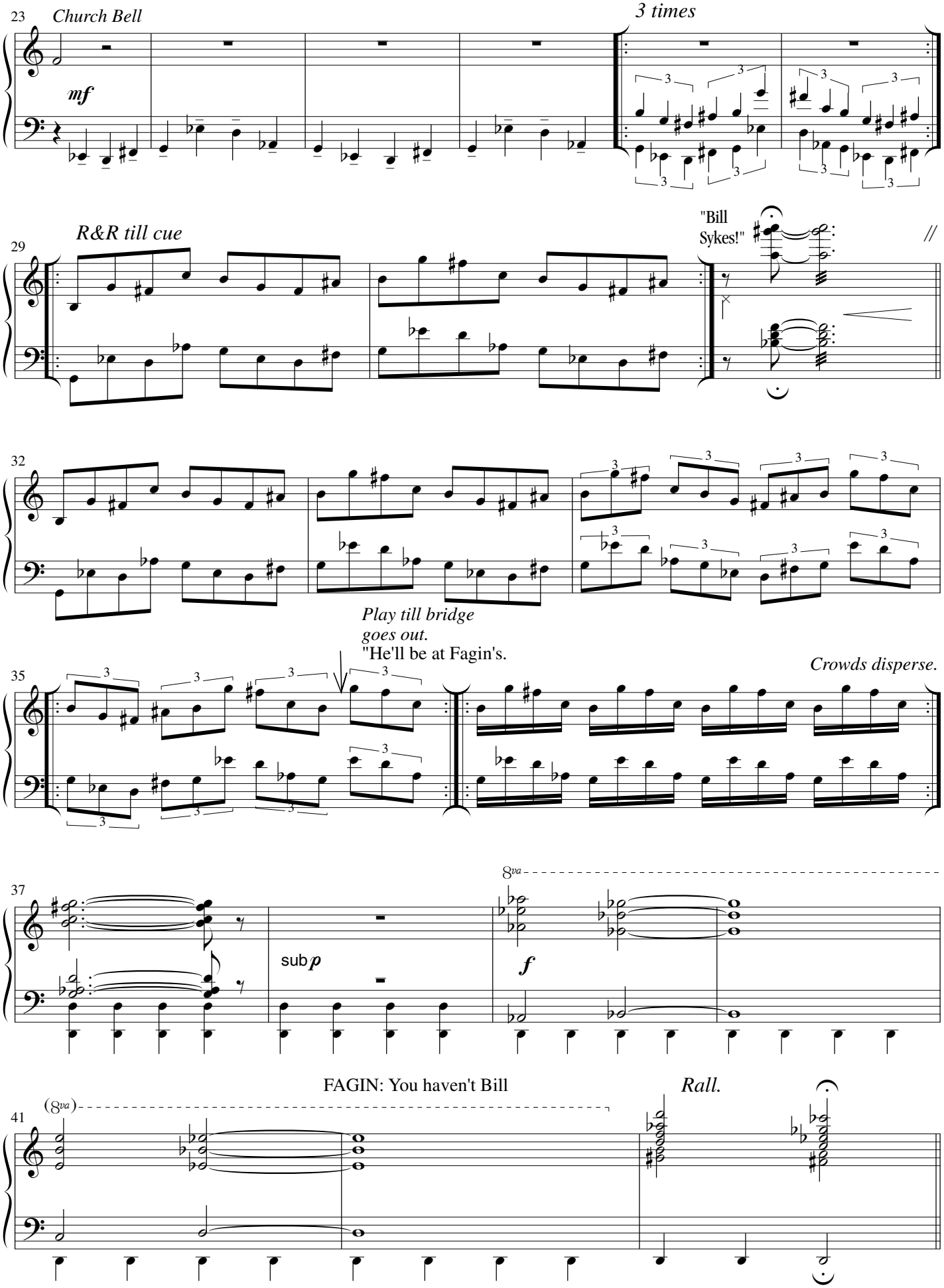
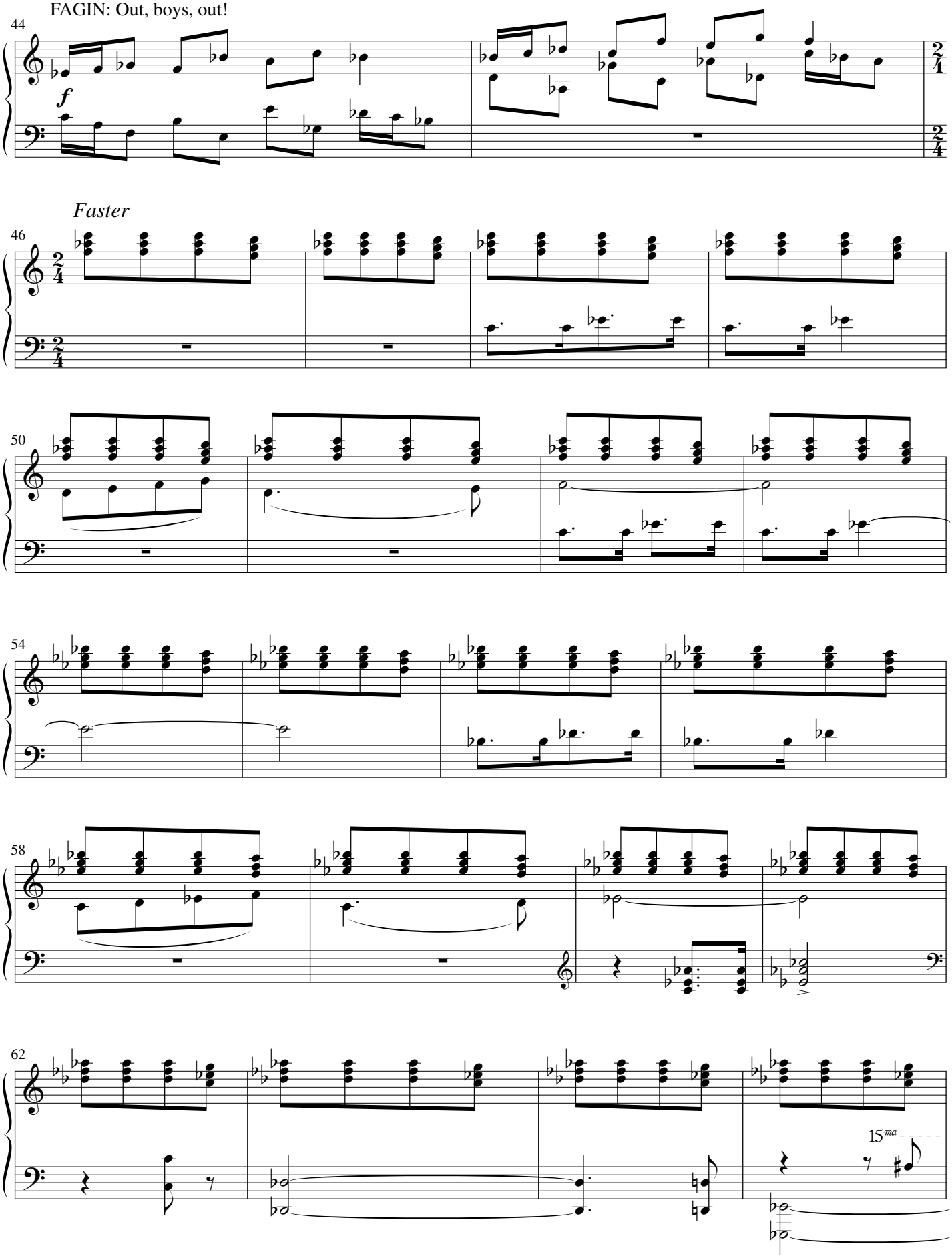
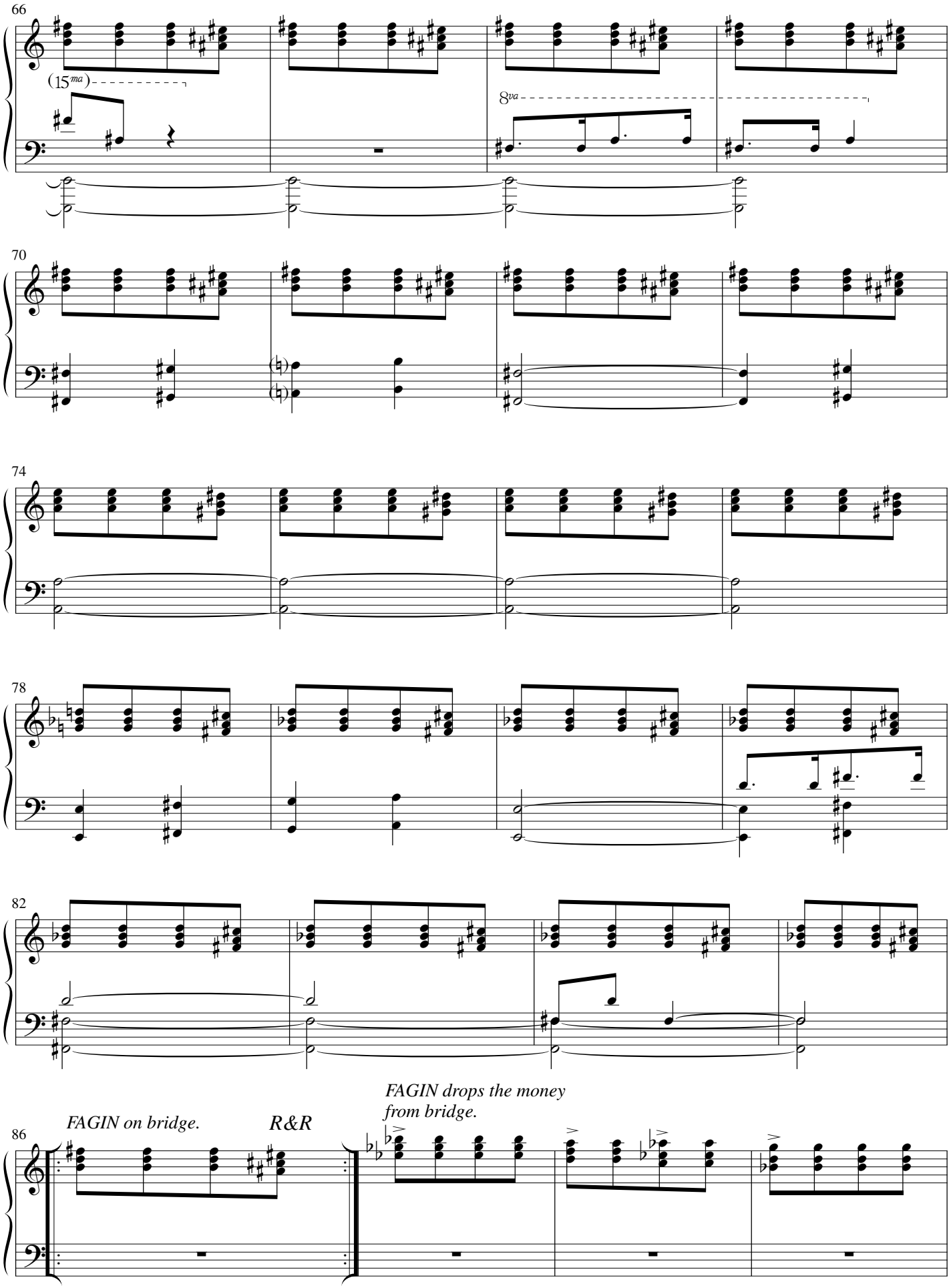
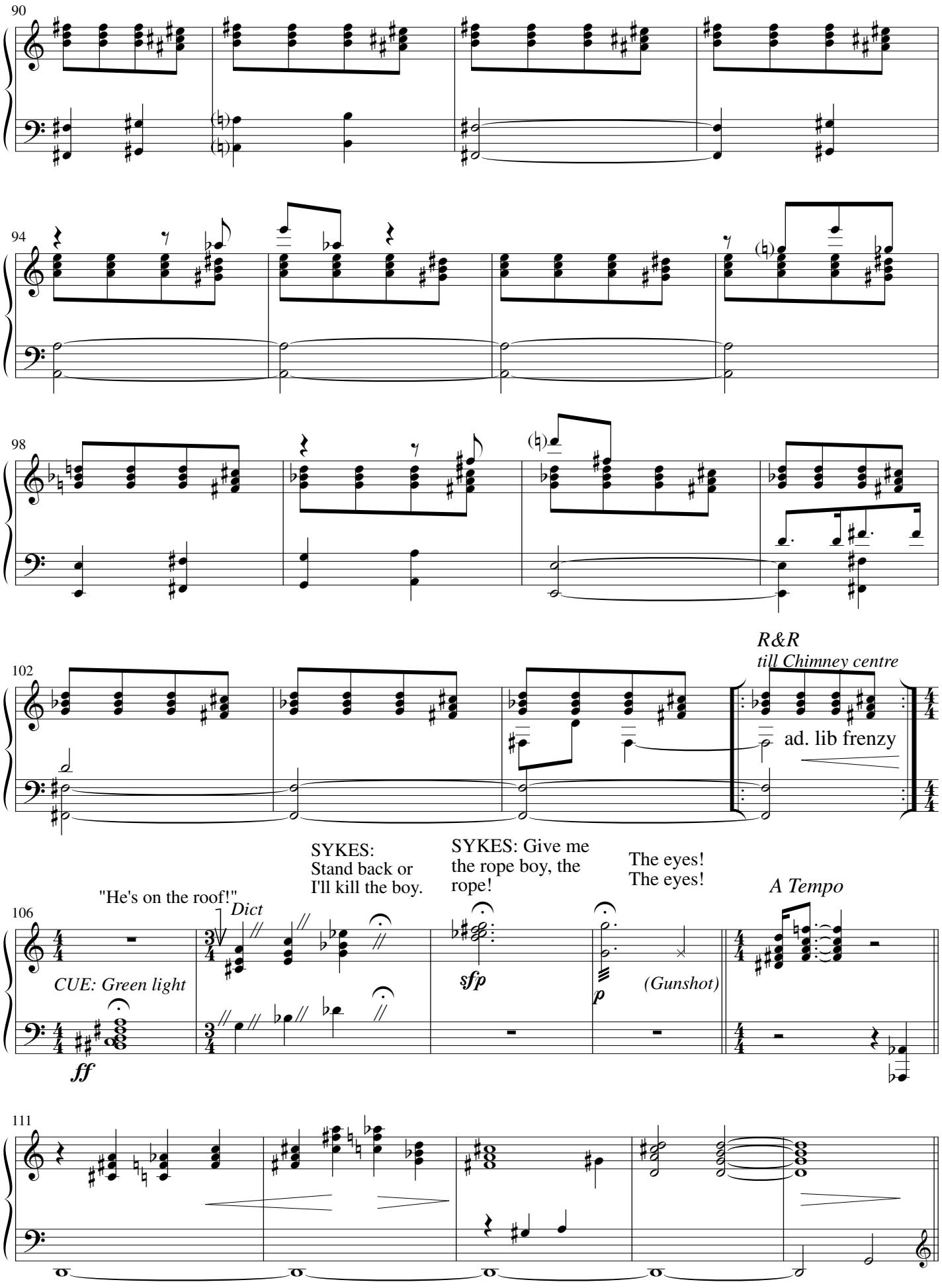

23
Church Bell
3 times
mf
29
R&R till cue
"Bill Sykes!"
32
Play till bridge goes out.
"He'll be at Fagin's.
35
Crowds disperse.
37
8va
sub p
f
FAGIN: You haven't Bill
Rall.
41
(8va)

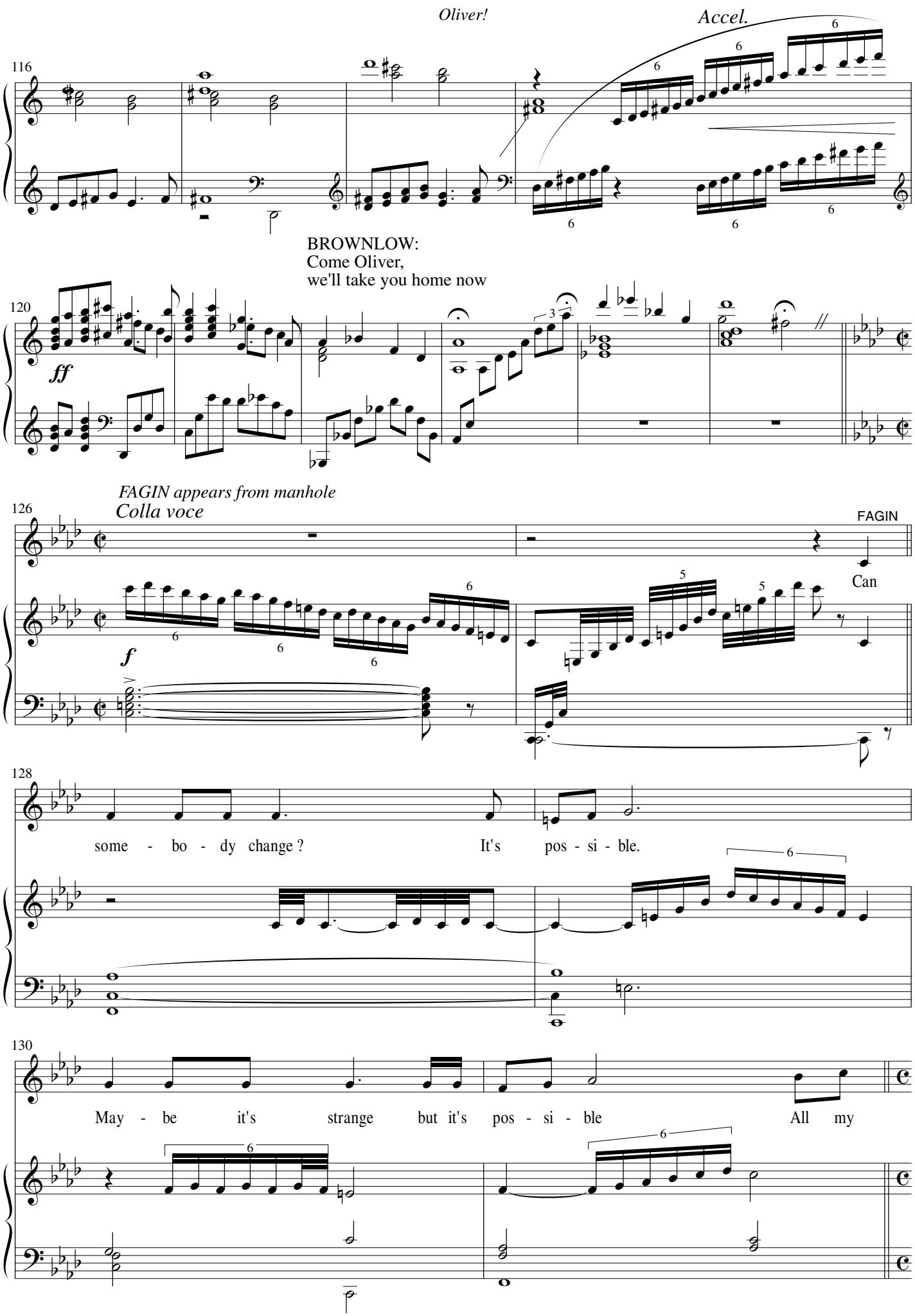
Fast 4

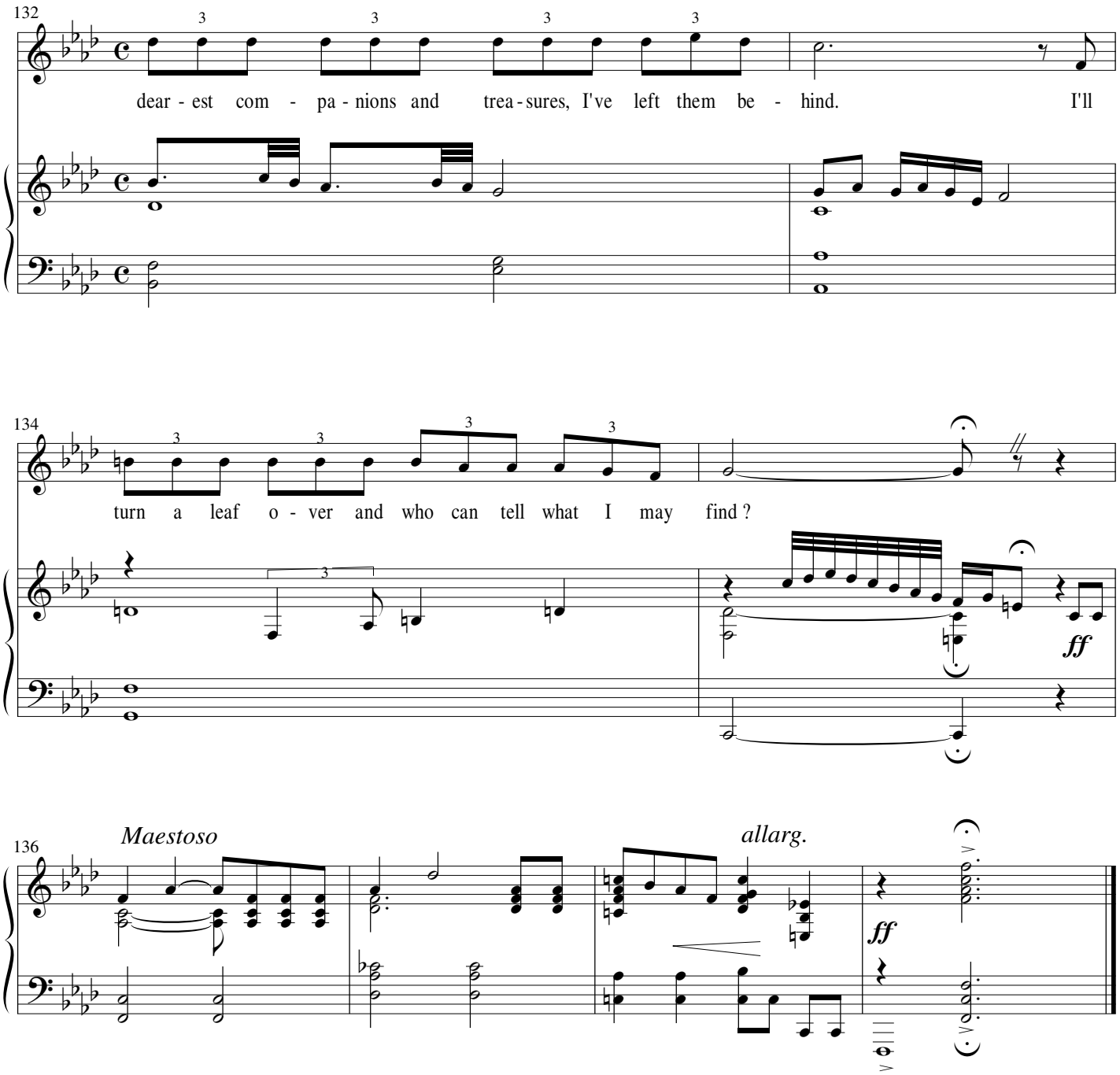
FAGIN: Out, boys, out!




66
(15ma)
8va
70
74
78
82
FAGIN drops the money
from bridge.
FAGIN on bridge.
R&R
86


90
94
98
102
R&R
till Chimney centre
ad. lib frenzy
106
"He's on the roof!"
Dict
SYKES:
Stand back or
I'll kill the boy.
SYKES: Give me
the rope boy, the
rope!
The eyes!
The eyes!
A Tempo
CUE: Green light
ff
sfp
p
(Gunshot)
111


Oliver!
Accel.
116
BROWNLOW:
Come Oliver,
we'll take you home now
120
ff
FAGIN appears from manhole
Colla voce
126
FAGIN
Can
f
some - bo - dy change ?
It's pos - si - ble.
128
May - be it's strange but it's pos - si - ble
All my
130


132
dear - est com - pa - nions and trea - sures, I've left them be - hind. I'll
134
turn a leaf o - ver and who can tell what I may find ?
ff
136
Maestoso
allarg.
ff

LONDON BRIDGE AT NIGHT.

MUSIC begins and continues under all ensuing action.

Out of the mists, London Bridge rises up, and with the distant striking of the clock, figures become more discernable. A NIGHTWATCHMAN, and a HUSSAR with his GIRL.

LAMPLIGHTER:
Goodnight, sir.

HUSSAR:
Goodnight.

GIRL:
Goodnight.

NANCY and OLIVER appear nervous of being spotted. The pace back and forth across the bridge waiting for BROWNLOW to appear. Suddenly a huge shadow falls across the scene - they turn to see SYKES looming out of the darkness, crazed with drink and jealousy. He moves closer.

NANCY:
Alright, Oliver, now you stay here and I'll look for Mr Brownlow. There's a good boy.
SYKES jumps down.
Bill! Don't take him back there Bill. Let him go for pity's sake, let him go.

SYKES hits OLIVER.

NANCY:
Why do you look at me like that, Bill?

BILL:
Give me away would yer?

NANCY:
No, not you Bill. Never you.

BILL:
Get away from me, woman.

NANCY:
No, I won't let go Bill. Look at me. Look at me! I've been true to you upon my soul I have.

BILL:
Get away from me!

He strangles her and pushes her to the ground.
He raises his cudgel.

NANCY:
God! God help me.

SYKES hits her with the cudgel. She screams.

SYKES:
Stop staring at me woman. Close your damn eyes.
SYKES hits her.
Damn you! Your eyes...

He hits her again. She dies. A clock strikes twelve. SYKES runs off with OLIVER. BROWNLOW appears in time to see SYKES running away. He sees NANCY'S body.

MR BROWNLOW:
I say, you there... Oh my God! Help! Help! Help!

BOW STREET RUNNERS arrive

RUNNER:
What happened?

MR BROWNLOW:
There's been a murder.

SYKES appears below the bridge with OLIVER.

RUNNER:
Did you know this woman?

WOMAN:
It's Nancy. They've murdered Nancy.

MR BROWNLOW:
I cam here to meet this poor creature, and as I crossed the bridge I saw someone running in the other direction.

WOMAN:
It's Nancy. Somebody's murdered Nancy.

RUNNER:
What did he look like?

MR BROWNLOW:
He was a broad shouldered heavily built man.

RUNNER:
Anything else?

MR BROWNLOW:
He wore a black coat and he carried a heavy cudgel.

1ST MAN:
Bill Sykes.

Upper bridge descends.

2ND MAN: *(on bridge)*
What's going on?

1ST MAN:
It's Nancy! Bill Sykes has killed Nancy!

3RD MAN:
Where will he be?

2ND MAN:
He'll be at Fagin's.

CROWD: *(ad lib)*
Let's follow him *(etc.)*

They exit.

SYKES with OLIVER bangs on FAGIN'S trapdoor with his cudgel.

SYKES:
Fagin, Fagin.

FAGIN appears in the trapdoor.

FAGIN:
What is it, Bill? What have you done?

SYKES:
The game's up Fagin.

FAGIN:
Oh no, Bill, you haven't? It can't be.
FAGIN shouts down into the trap
OUT boys, OUT!!

Suddenly, like rats from out of the sewers pour the BOYS. FAGIN has his money.

DODGER: *(to FAGIN)*
What do we do?

FAGIN:
Live up to your name. Dodge about.

FAGIN runs away. DODGER is about to leave and then remembers something.

DODGER:
Me hat!

As he runs to the trap, a BOW STREET RUNNER enters and grabs him.

RUNNER:
Where's Fagin?

DODGER:
I don't know.
He is lifted up and carried off by a BOW STREET RUNNER.
Who do you think you are a-laying your hands on? Assault and battery, that's what it is! Wakin' a respeckable man up in the early hours of the morning! Shame on you!
He is carried off bodily.

Simultaneous with DODGER'S lines, the boys are making a run for it, noisily, over an upper bridge. They exit at the same time as DODGER. There is a pause. Then, out of the darkeness, across the upper bridge runs FAGIN, lagging behind the BOYS and breathless, carrying his strongbox.

CHARLEY BATES: *(off)*
Fagin!

As he reaches halfway he trips, the box flies open, and the money and jewels are scattered into the darkness. He stands transfixed and frozen with horror: the open box in his hands. Then, in the distance, comes the noise of the crowd and he runs. The upper bridge flies out.

Down on stage the crowd enter, led by BULLSEYE. It has swelled and become more menacing. Some of the men hold torches.

CROWD: *(chanting low)*
Sykes, Sykes, Sykes...*(etc)*
over this
MAN:
He's on the roof!

SYKES:
Stand back or I'll kill the boy.

And as the crowd turns we find ourselves suddenly on the rooftops. The CROWD watches from downstage as SYKES, with OLIVER and a rope, climbs a chimney.

SYKES:
Give me the rope, boy. The rope.

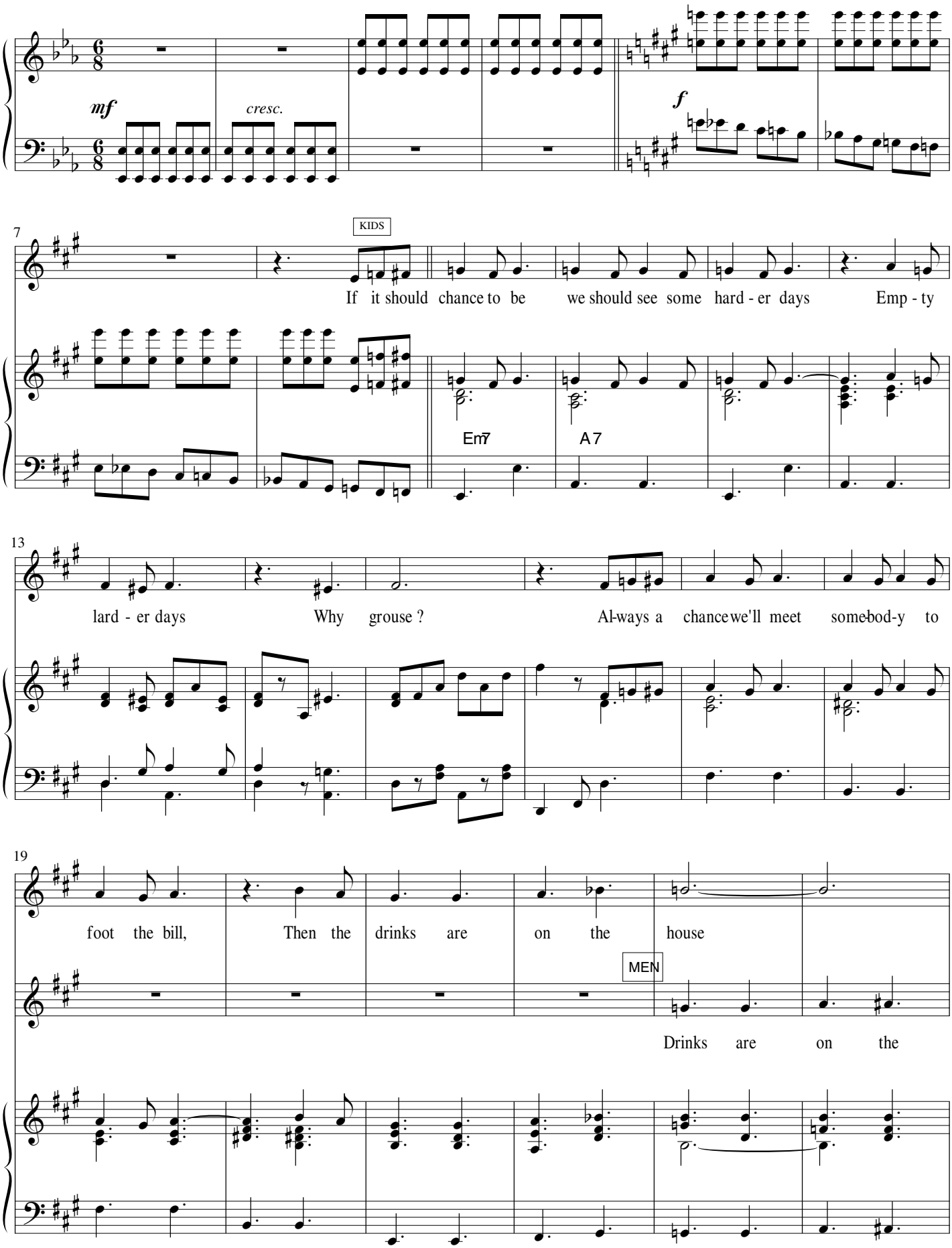
SYKES reaches the uppermost rooftop, and stands silhouetted against the moon. He imagines he sees NANCY'S face.

SYKES:
The eyes! The eyes!

Down on the ground a HUSSAR lifts a gun to his shoulder, takes aim and fires. The storm reached its climax. There is a flash of lightning. SYKES topples backwards off the rood to his death. The corwd lets out a huge cheer. OLIVER appears at ground level. They raise him to their shoulders as MR BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN appear. OLIVER sees them and runs to MRS BEDWIN, throwing his arms around her.

The crowd begins to disperse leaving OLIVER with MR BROWNLOW and MRS BEDWIN.

47. Bows Part 1



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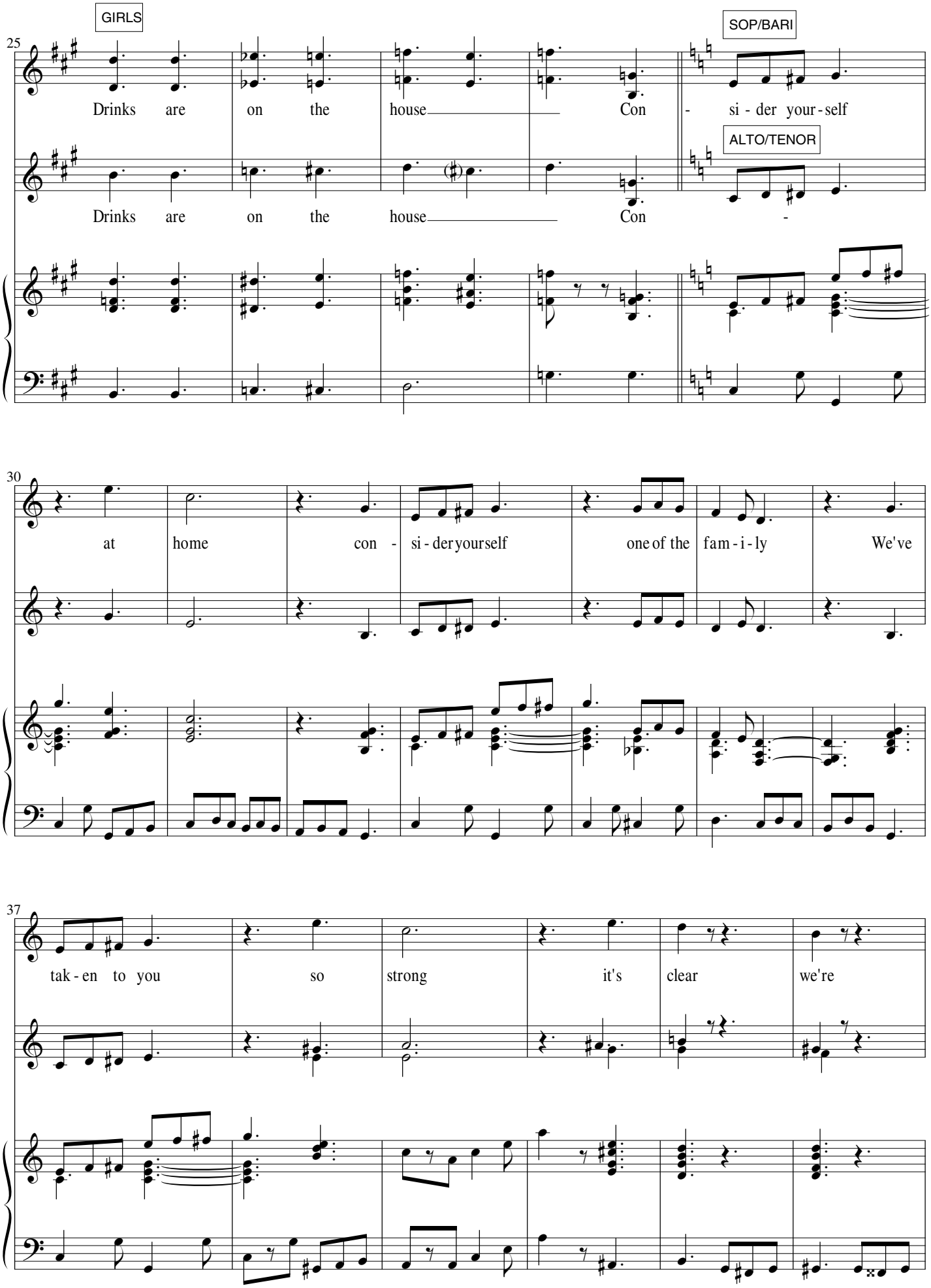
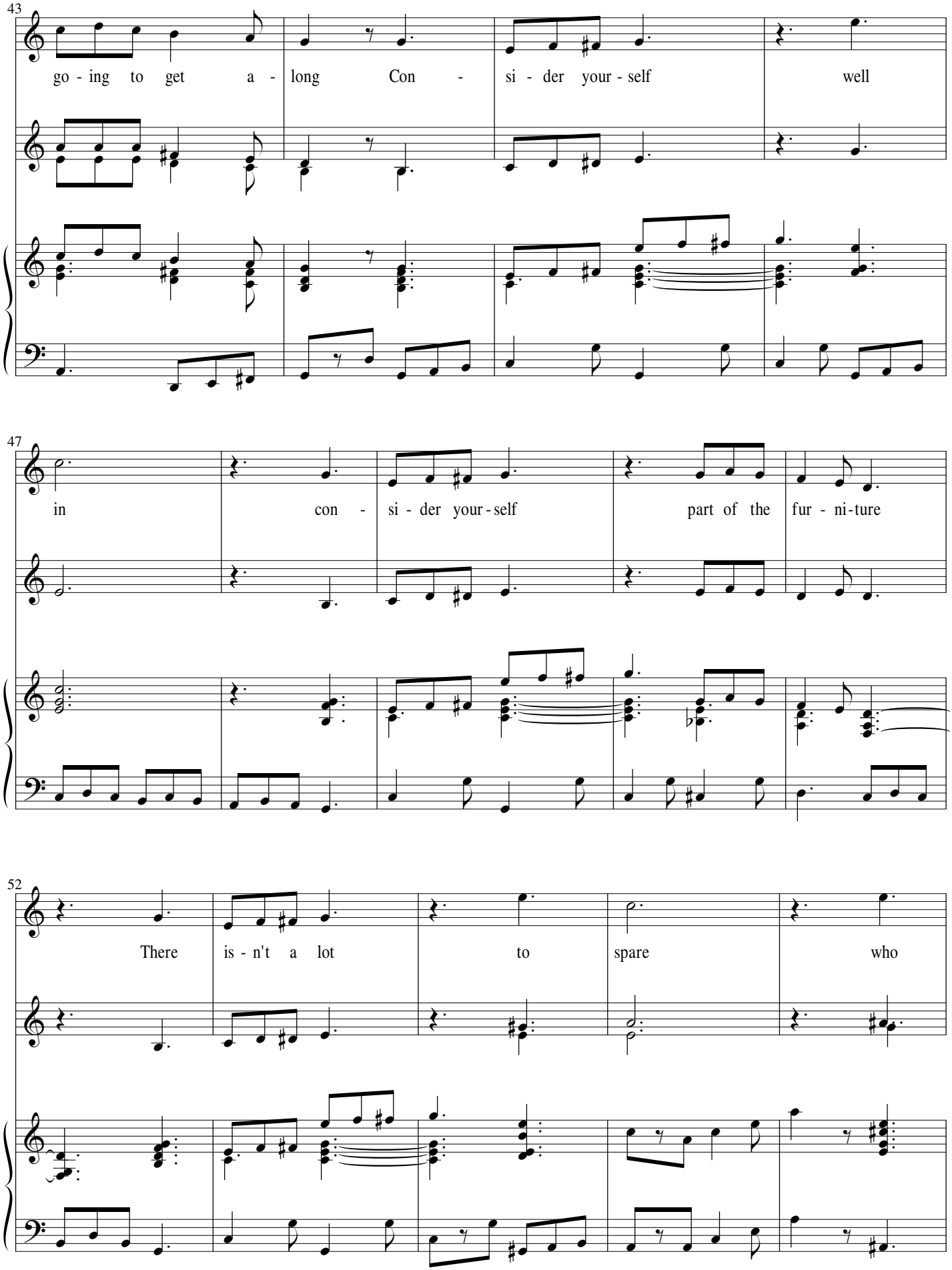
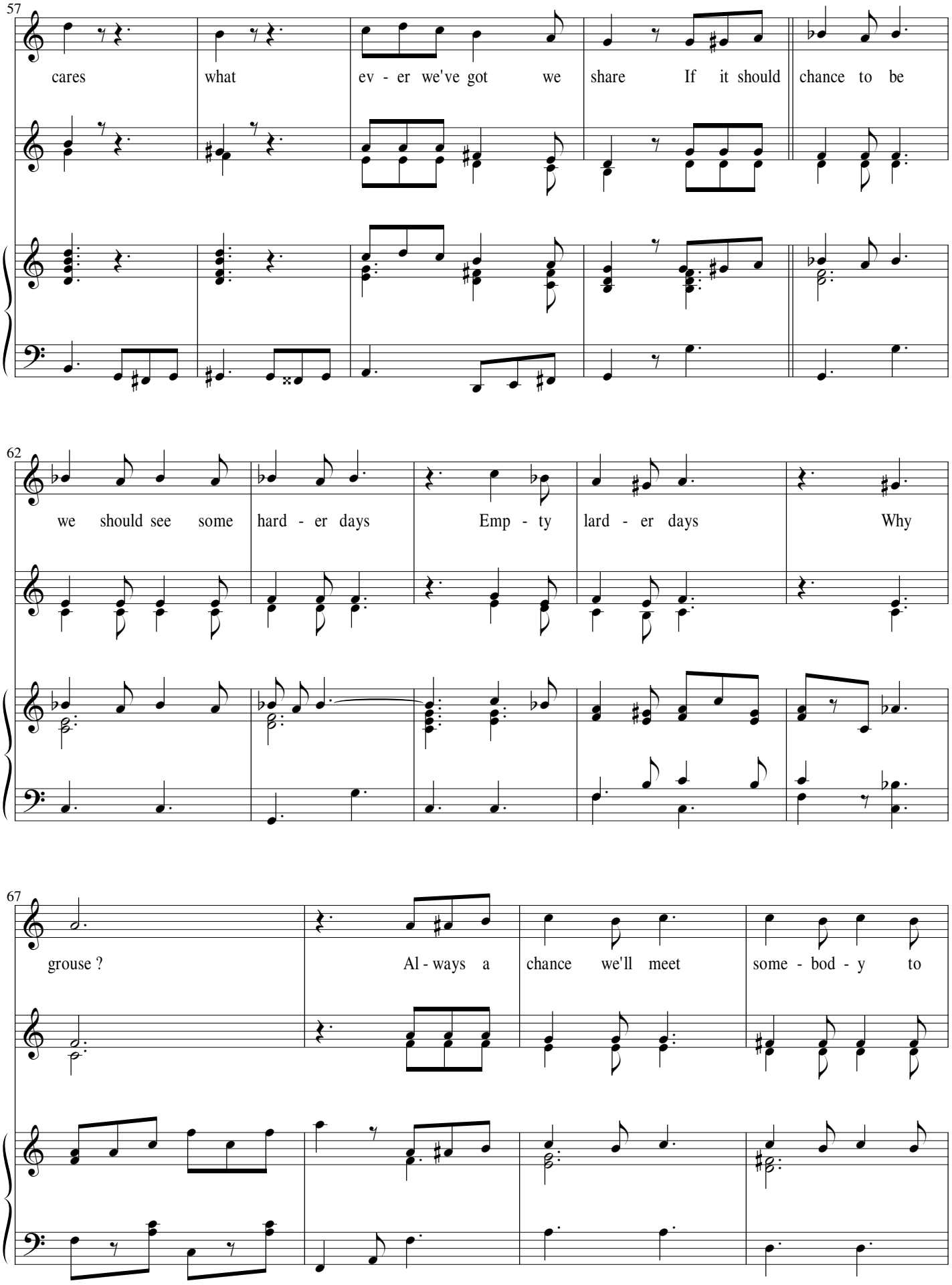
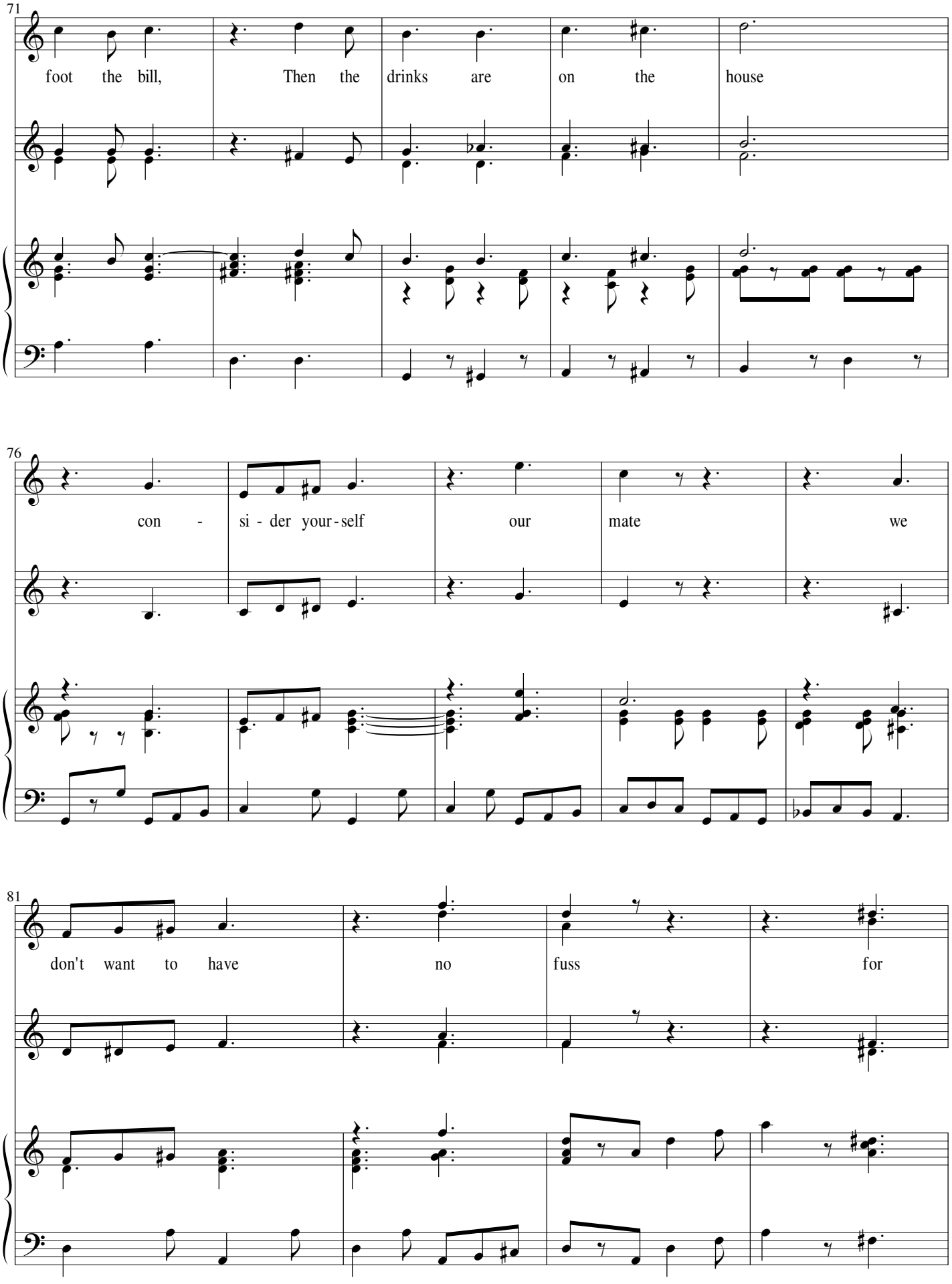
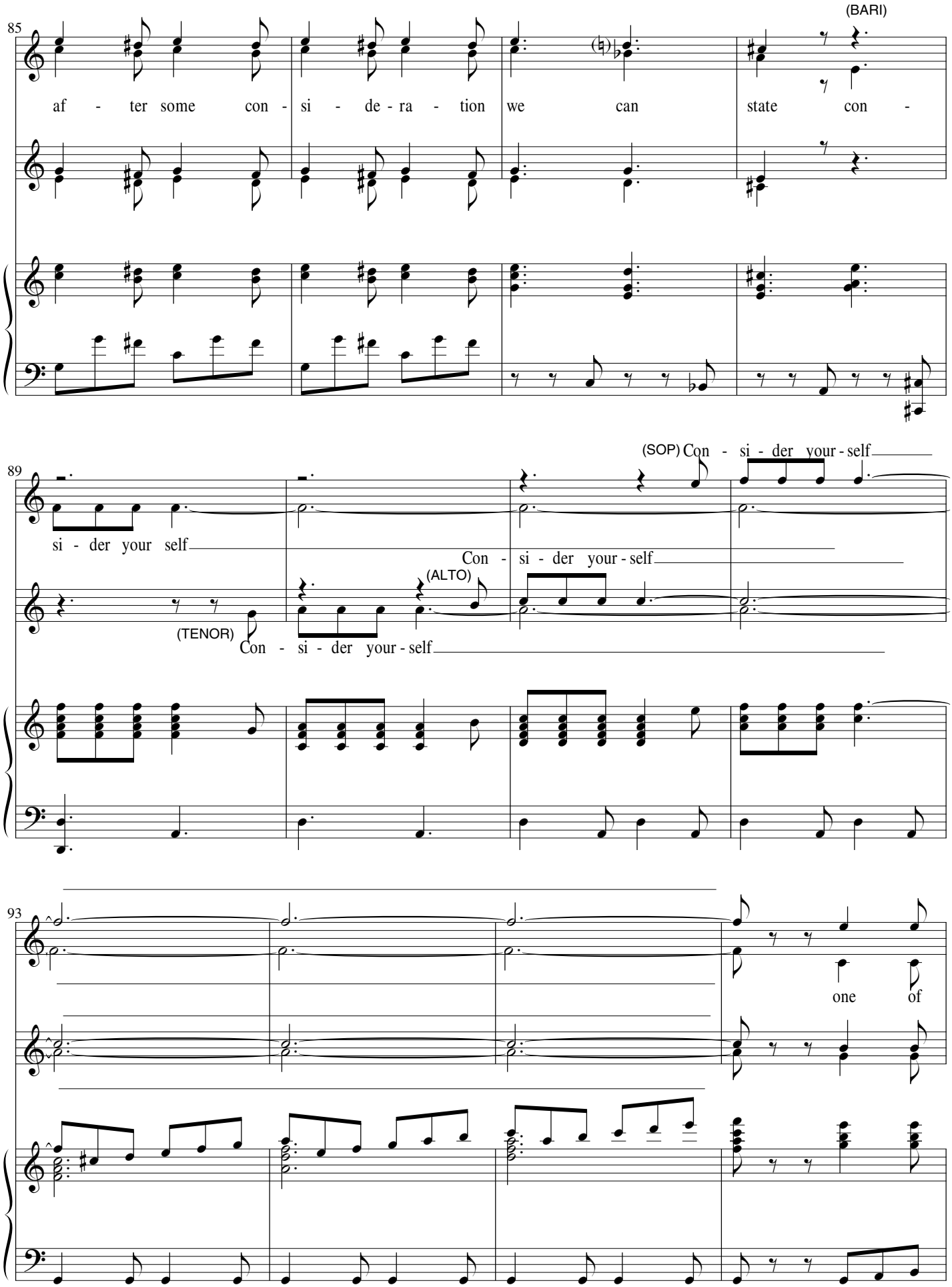
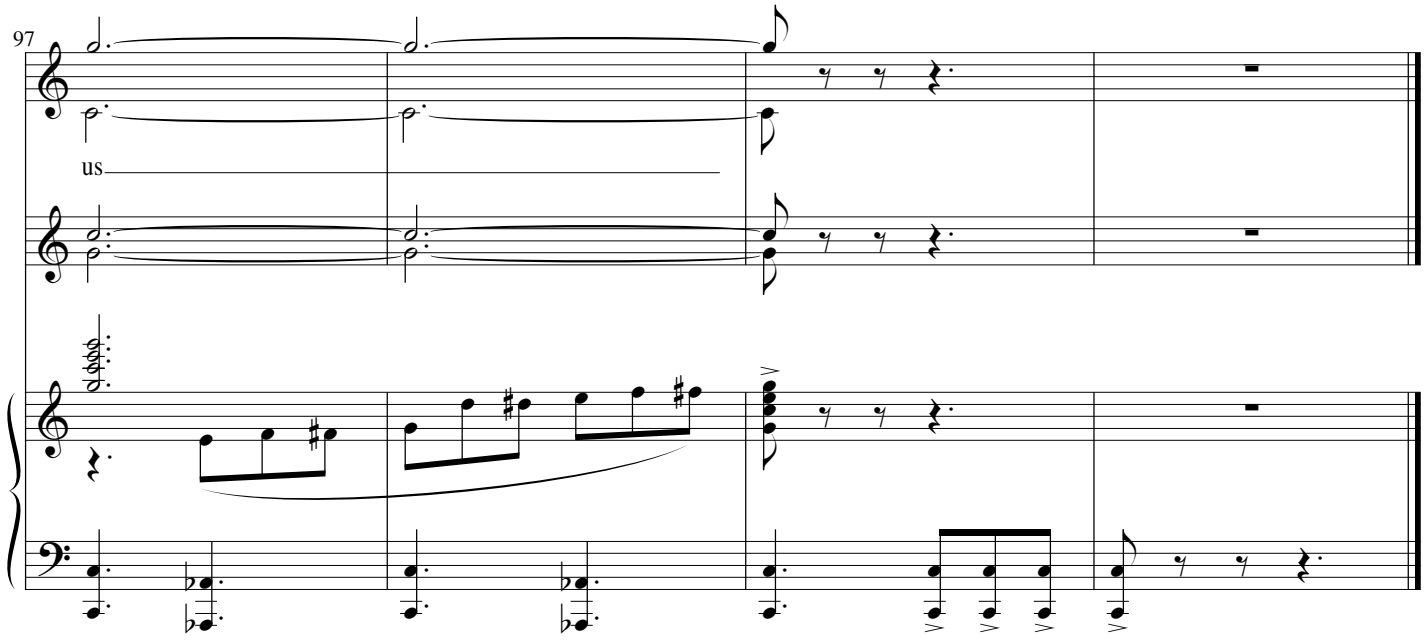

GIRLS
SOP/BARI
ALTO/TENOR
25
Drinks are on the house Con - si - der your - self
Drinks are on the house Con -
30
at home con - si - der yourself one of the fam - i - ly We've
37
tak - en to you so strong it's clear we're


43
go - ing to get a - long Con - si - der your - self well
47
in con - si - der your - self part of the fur - ni - ture
52
There is - n't a lot to spare who

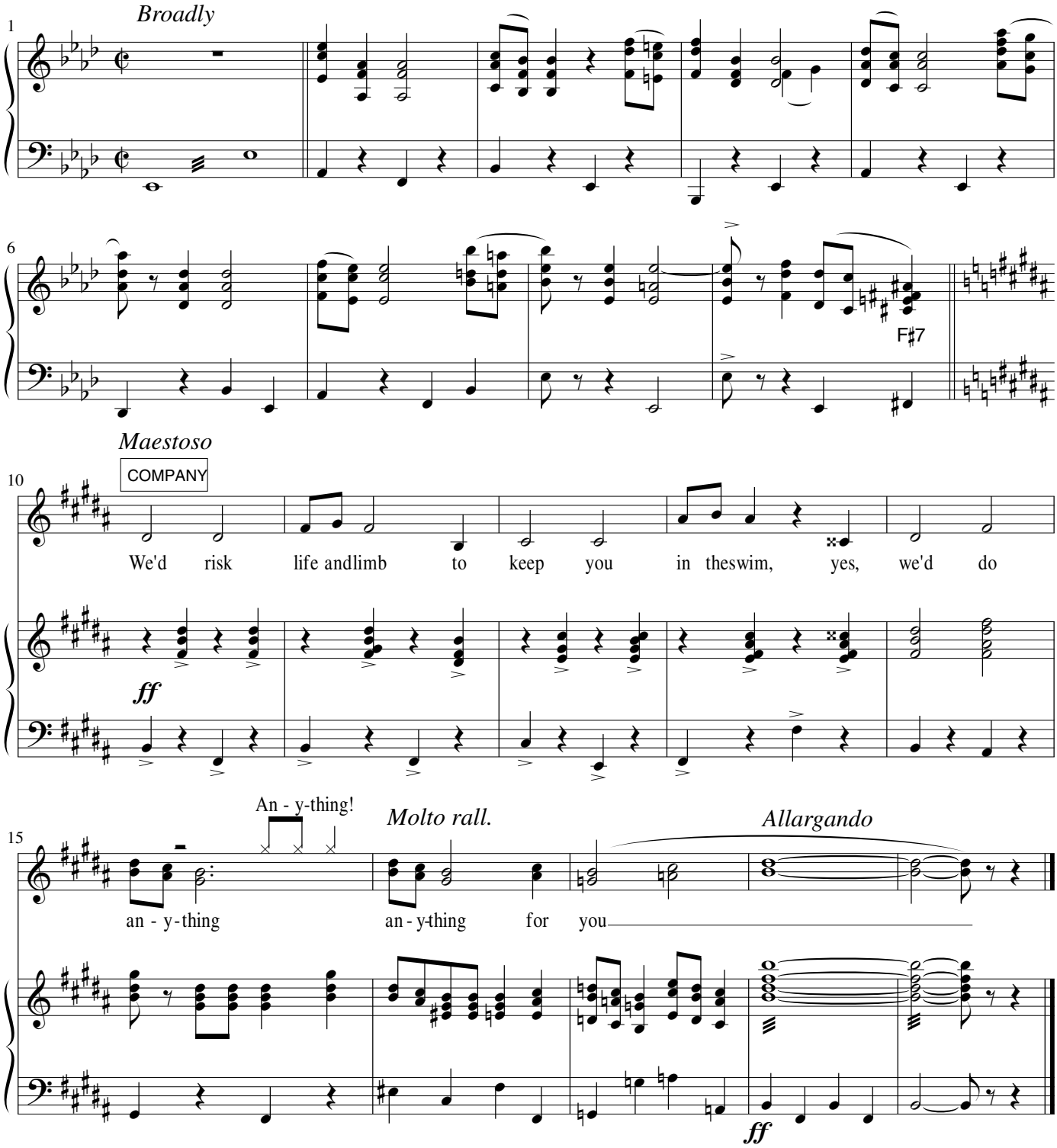

57
cares what ev - er we've got we share If it should chance to be
62
we should see some hard - er days Emp - ty lard - er days Why
67
grouse ? Al - ways a chance we'll meet some - bod - y to


71
foot the bill, Then the drinks are on the house
76
con - si - der your-self our mate we
81
don't want to have no fuss for


85
(BARI)
af - ter some con - si - de - ra - tion we can state con -
89
(SOP) Con - si - der your - self
si - der your self
Con - si - der your - self
(ALTO)
(TENOR)
Con - si - der your - self
93
one of


97
us

48. Bows Part 2



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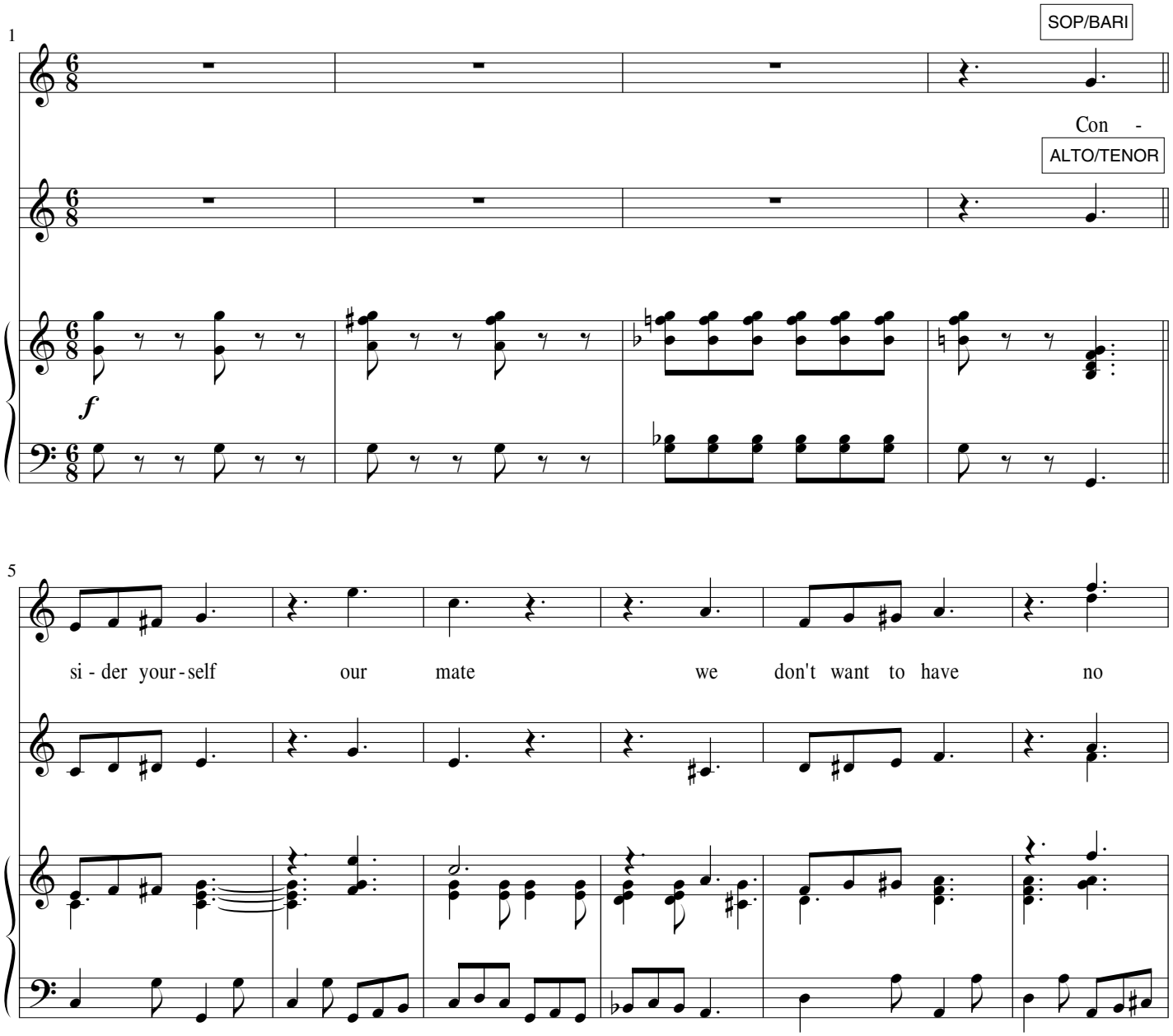
49. Bows Part 3



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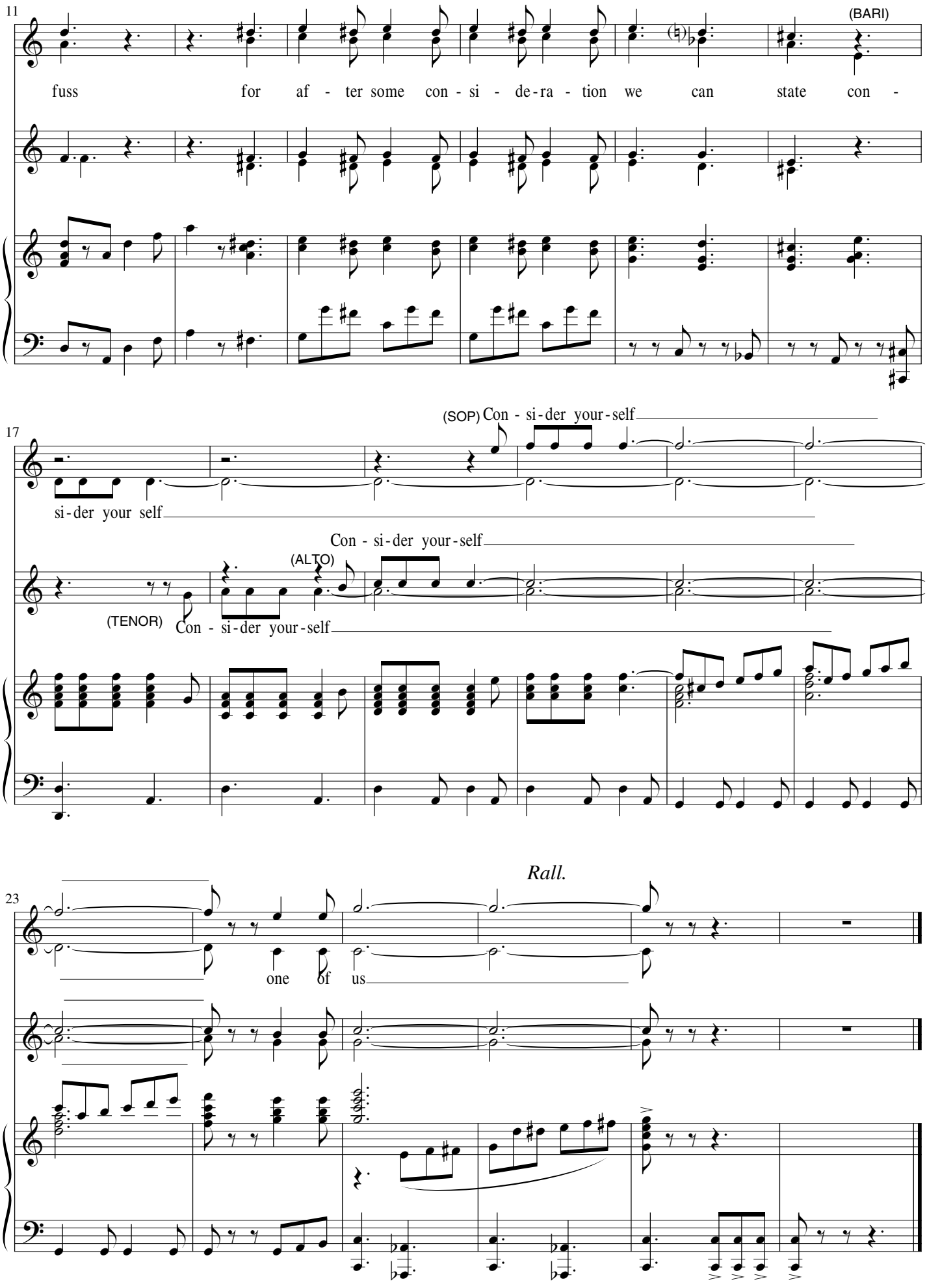
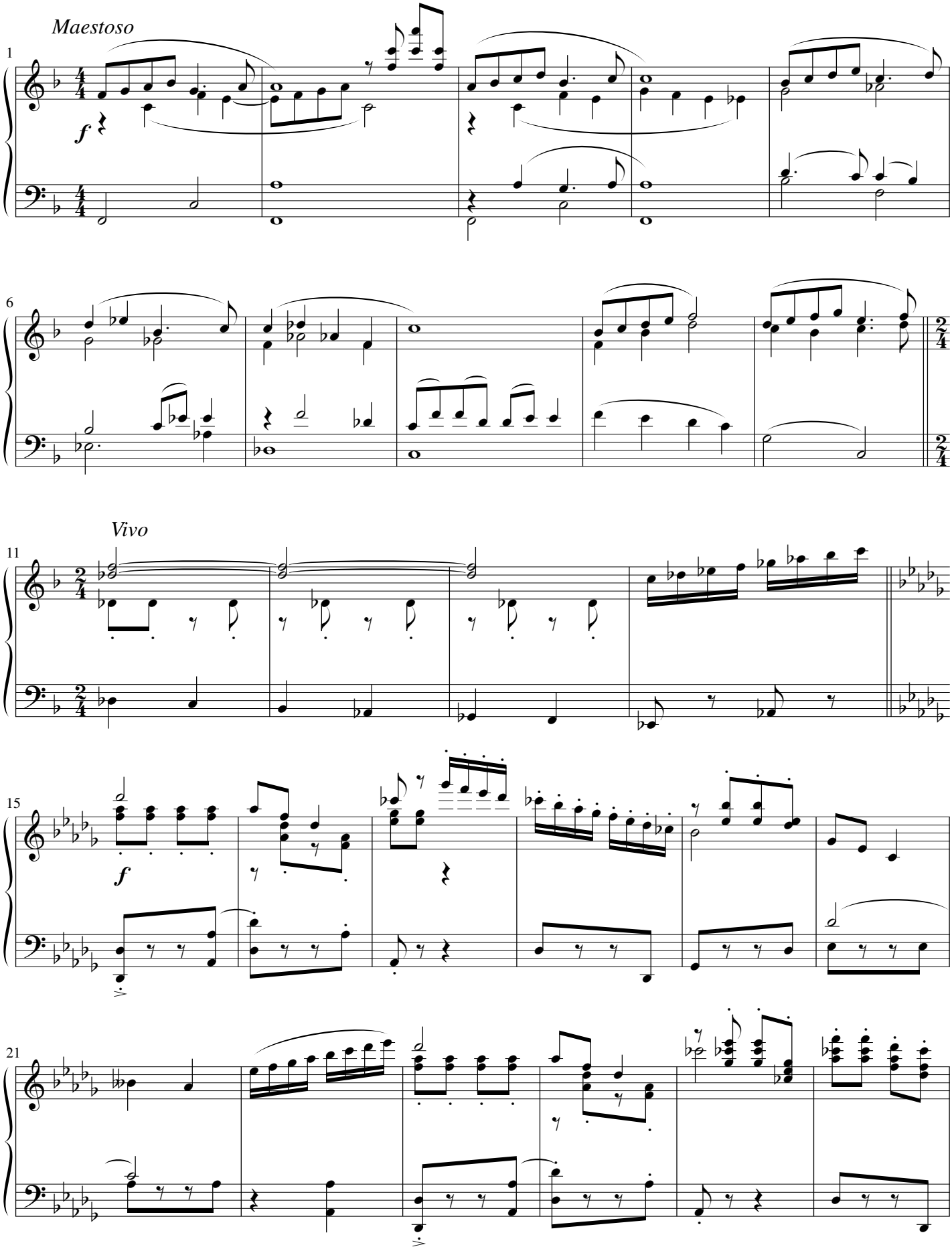

11
(BARI)
fuss for af - ter some con - si - de - ra - tion we can state con -
17
(SOP) Con - si - der your - self
si - der your self
Con - si - der your - self
(ALTO)
(TENOR) Con - si - der your - self
Rall.
23
one of us

50. Playout



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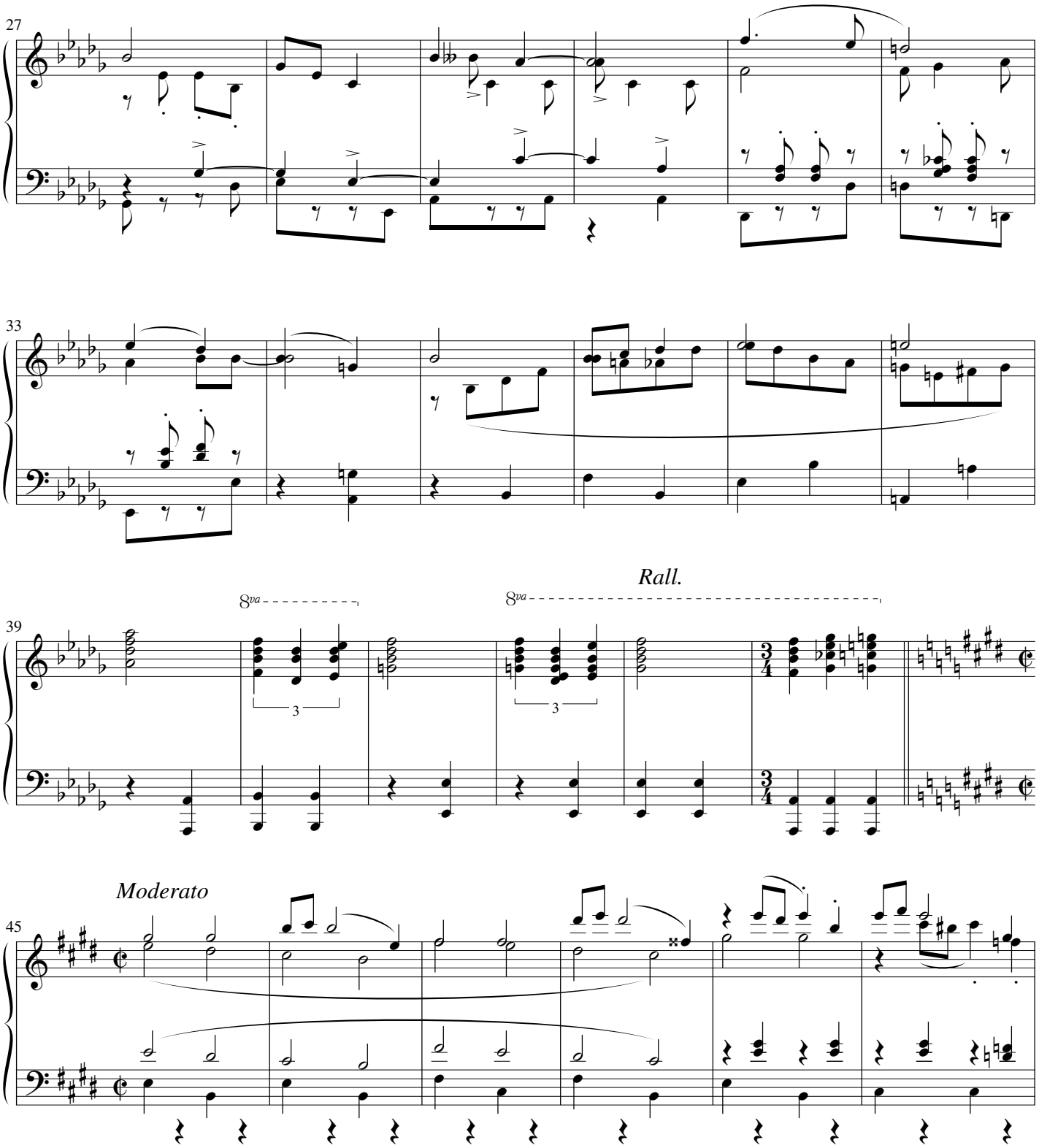
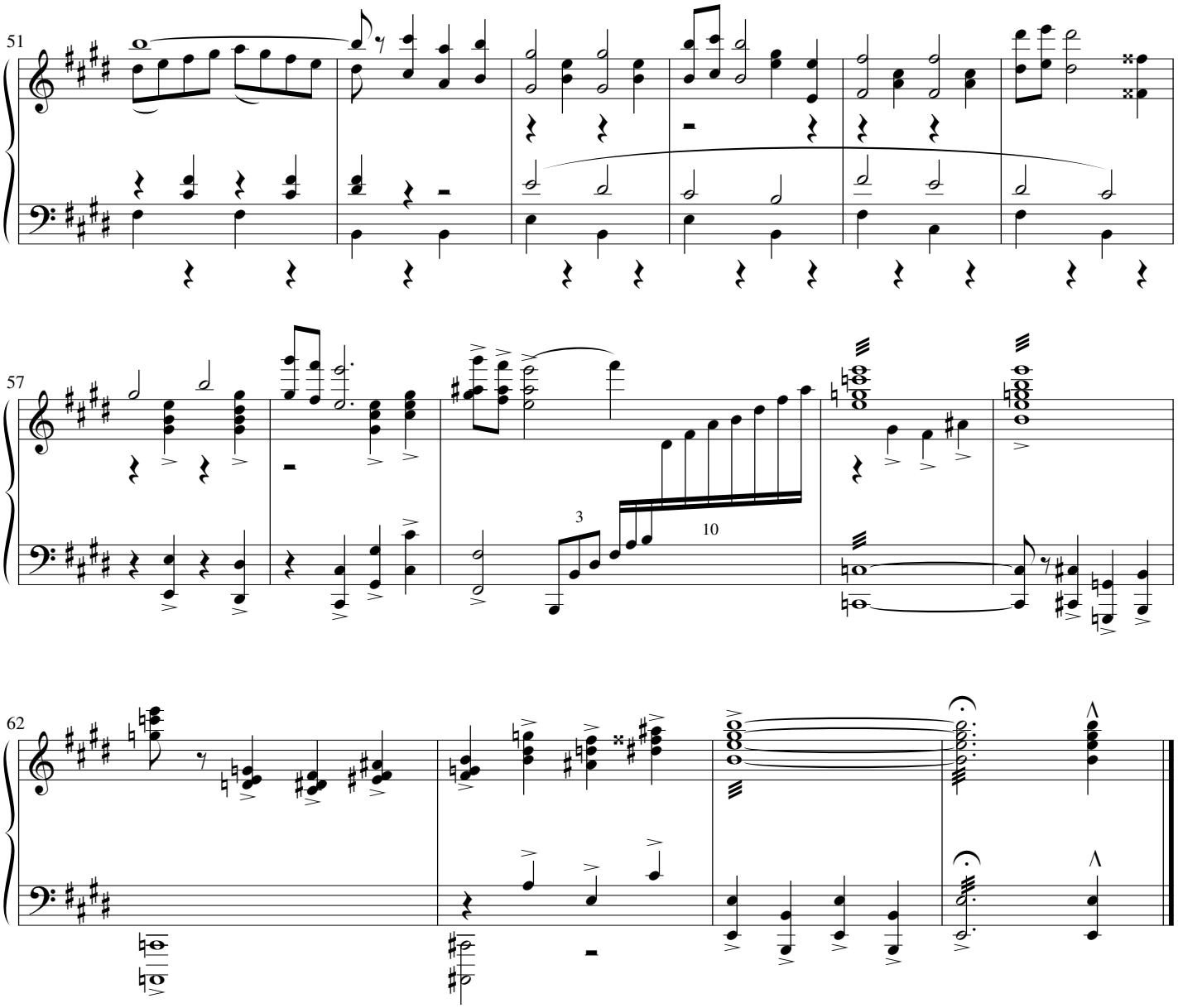

27
33
Rall.
8va
8va
39
3
3
3/4
3/4
Moderato
45


51
57
3
10
62