Book, Music & Lyrics by

Lionel Bart

based on Charles Dickens’ “Oliver Twist”

Vocal Score

2003
Act One

1. Prologue
2. Food, Glorious Food
3. Incidental music into Oliver
4. Oliver
5. Scurry Music
6. I Shall Scream
7. Boy For Sale
8. That’s Your Funeral
9. Coffin Music
10. Where Is Love?
11. Next Morning
12. The Fight
13. Oliver’s Escape
14. Consider Yourself Part 1
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17. Consider Yourself Reprise
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19. Rum Tum Tum
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26. Chaos
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Act Two

1. Oom Pah Pah
2. My Name
3. Underscore after ‘My Name’
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6. Where is Love Reprise
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18. As Long As he Needs Me Reprise
19. London Bridge
20. Bows Part 1
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22. Bows Part 3
23. Playout
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.
CUE: When ‘God is Love’ is in place

GO ON GREEN LIGHT

SEGUE Food, Glorious Food
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.

Is it worth the waiting for?
If we live till eighty-four
All we ever get is gruel
Every day we say our prayer
Will they change the bill of fare?
Still we get the same old gruel
There's not a crust not a crumb can we find, can we

2. Food, Glorious Food page 3
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Oliver!

beg, can we borrow or cadge, But there's nothing to stop us from
cresc. poco a poco
getting a thrill when we all close our eyes and imagine
gliss.

Lento $\frac{3}{4}$=84

Food glorious food! Hot sausage and mustard! While we're in the mood Cold jelly and custard!

Pease pudding and sausages What next is the question Rich gentlemen have it boys indigestion!

2. Food, Glorious Food page 4
The workhouse GOVERNORS process past, following an enormous steaming meal, held by servants. Boys gape and sniff the fabulous smells.

Food glorious food! We’re anxious to try it. Three banquets a day our favourite diet!

Just picture a great big steak fried, roasted or stewed. Oh, food wonderful food marvelous food glorious food wonder-ful food marvel-ous food glorious food splendid food.

What is there more handsome?
Gulped swallowed or chewed still worth a king’s ransom

What is it we dream about?

What brings on a sigh?

Piled peaches and cream about Six feet high!
Food, Glorious Food

Eat right through the menu

Just loosen your belt

Two inches and then you

Work up a new appetite in this interlude

Then

Oliver!
(shouted)

Don't care what the cook's like

Just thinking of

Growing fat

Our senses go reeling

One moment of knowing that full up

Food glorious food

Feeling

GROUP 1 + GIRLS BACKSTAGE

GROUP 2 + GIRLS BACKSTAGE

2. Food, Glorious Food page 9
What wouldn't we give for That extra bit

That's all that we live for

Why should we be fated to Do nothing but

brood on Food magical food wonderful
food marvellous food fabulous food beautiful

food glorious food

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.

The music livens a bit as WIDOW CORNEY, the Workhouse Mistress, takes her place beside him

MR BUMBLE then strikes the floor twice with his mace as the BOYS rise and file past the cauldron. They are served with one ladleful each, and they return to their benches.
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.

For what you are about to receive, may the Lord make you truly thankful. Amen.
Oliver!

3. Incidental Music into Oliver page 14
They've caught OLIVER and are about to throw him into his cell. (OLIVER under net)

MR BUMBLE

Colla voce

Before we put the lad to task

sfp

f

BOYS(spoken)

May I be so curious as to ask his name? OLIVER!

4. Oliver page 16
Moderato $\bar{=}105$

WIDOW C. & MR B.

$P$ Oliver! Oliver! Never before has a boy wanted more!

WIDOW C. & MR B.

Oliver! Oliver! Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a dark thin winding stairway without any banister Which we'll

$P < f$

throw him down and feed him on cockroaches served in a canister.

4. Oliver page 17
What will he do when he's turned black and blue? He will curse the day some-body named him Oliver. Never before has a boy wanted more! Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a...
sooty chimney long overdue for a sweeping out which we'll

push him up and one day next year with the rats he'll be creeping out

Oliver! Oliver! What will he do in this terrible stew? He will

rue the day somebody named him Oliver.

Suddenly the GOVERNORS appear, disturbed from their meal...
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.

Allegro $\frac{3}{4} = 168$

(On cue: "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream.")
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.

Widow C. (Widow C.)

You're a naught-y bad man If you think I can't be pro-per prim and

Mr B.

haughty I can and you'll par-don if I men-tion You must state your true in - ten-tion Is there

not an-oth-er room here? If there were a bride and groom here Would there be?

Well there might We shall see I shall

6. I Shall Scream  page 25

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Deliberately accel.

A Tempo e cresc

scream I shall scream At the thought of what you’re thinking I shall

scream You will wonder where the scream went When we come to an agreement As my

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

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

Oliver!

6. I Shall Scream page 26
Oliver!

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 -

Andante \( \frac{4}{4} = 76 \)

Rall.  MR. BUMBLE Larghetto \( \frac{4}{4} = 56 \)

To passing man

7. Boy For Sale page 27

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sleep Feed him gruel dinners. Stop him getting stout. If

Piu mosso

I should say he wasn't very greedy I could not, I'd be

Tempo primo

telling you a tale. One boy. Boy for sale. Come, take a peep. Have you ever

Rit.  A Tempo

They enter the undertakers shop.

seen as Nice a boy for sale?
INSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S PARLOUR

_MRS 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 bondlings 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.

\[ \text{SOWERBERRY} \quad \text{\( \frac{d}{\text{\,O\!l\!i\!v\!e\!r\!}} \text{\( \frac{\text{\,O\!l\!i\!v\!e\!r\!}}{\text{\,O\!l\!i\!v\!e\!r\!}} \)\,} \]
\[ \text{\( \frac{\text{\,O\!l\!i\!v\!e\!r\!}}{\text{\,O\!l\!i\!v\!e\!r\!}} \)\,} \]

\[ \text{He’s a born un-der-ta-kers mute. I can see him in his black silk suit.} \]

\[ \text{(Gong)} \]
\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{Fol-low-ing be-hind the fu-ner-al pro-ces-sion With his fea-tures fixed in a suit-a-ble ex-pres-sion. There’ll be} \]

\[ \text{hor-ses with tall black plumes To es-cort us to the fam-ly tombs, With} \]

\[ \text{mour-ners in all cor-ners who’ve been taught to weep in tune.} \]

\[ \text{(cough)} \]

\[ \text{Rall.} \]

\[ \text{Rall.} \]
Then the coffin lined with satin That's your funeral That's your funeral

Large enough to wear your hat in That's your funeral That's your funeral

We're just here to glamourise you for that endless sleep.

You might just as well look fetching when you're six feet deep.
At the wake we'll drink a toddy to the body beautiful.

That's your funeral. Not our funeral. That's your funeral.

If you're fond of overeating

That's your funeral. That's your funeral. Starve yourself by undereating.

8. That's Your Funeral page 34
That's your funeral? Visualise the earth descending

Ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha,

You can't come back when you're buried on you clod by clod.

Ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha, ah, ha,

(loco)
MRS S & SOWERBERRY

We will not reduce our prices underneath the sod.

SOWERBERRY

keep your vi - ces u - su - al

CHORUS

u - su - al

SOWERBERRY

That's your fu - ner - al

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

That's your fu - ner - al.
I don't think this song is funny! That's your funeral, That's your funeral.

Here's the boy, now where's the money? That's your funeral, That's your funeral.

We don't harbour thoughts macabre, there's no need to frown.

In the end we'll either burn you up or nail you down.

Rall.
We love coughs and wheezes and diseases called in - cur - a - ble.

Ah (etc. sim)

In - cur - a - ble

Ah (etc. sim)

In - cur - a - ble

Ah (etc. sim)

In - cur - a - ble

That's your funeral No - one else's funeral

That's your, that's your

That's your,
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!
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**

**Misterioso**

OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

**SLOW SEGUE AS ONE**

**INTO Where Is Love**
10. Where Is Love?

Lento $\frac{1}{8}=75$

Where ______ is love? Does it fall from skies above?

Is it underneath the willow tree that I've been dreaming of?

Where ______ is she Who I close my eyes to see?
Will I ever know the sweet "hel-lo" that's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide?

Til I am beside the someone who I can mean something to

Where, where is love?
Who can say where she may hide?
Must I travel far and wide?
Til I am beside the someone who I can mean something to

Where, where is love?

Where is love? page 44
Oliver!

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
OLIVER:
Did you knock sir?

NOAH: *(between mouthfuls)*
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 anything 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.

11. Next Morning page 47
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 villain!

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

\[12. \text{ The Fight}\]

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

Agitato \( \text{\textit{d}=200} \)

13. Oliver’s Escape page 55

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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 voluminous 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 conscious 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?

DOGER:
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.

DOGER: (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.

DOGER: (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?

DOGER:
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?

Allegro $\frac{\text{d} \cdot \text{l}}{\text{b}} = 128$

Consider yourself at home, consider yourself one of the family. We’ve taken to you so strong, it’s clear we’re going to get a long. Consider yourself well in, consider yourself...
part of the furniture. There isn't a lot to

spare. Who cares? What ever we've got we

share! If it should chance to be we should see some harder days Empty

larger days, Why grouse? Always a chance we'll meet some-body to
foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house

Con - sider your - self our mate.
We

don't want to have no fuss,
For after some con - sider - a - tion we can state
Consider Yourself (Part One) page 64
85

si - der your-self

Well in?

Con - si - der your-self

90

part of the fur - ni - ture.

There is - n’t a lot to

95

Who cares?

What - e - ver we’ve got we

100

share. No - bo - dy tries to be lah - di - dah and up - pi - ty

There’s a
cup - pa tea for all. On - ly it's wise to be handy wiv a rolling pin When the land - lord comes to call! Con - sider your - self our mate. We don't want to have no fuss, For af - ter some con - sid - er - a - tion
we can state Consider yourself. Yes! one of us! Consider yourself.

Listesso

si - der your-self at home,

We've taken to you so strong,

Con - si - der your-self well in,
There isn't a lot to spare. If it should chance to be we should see some harder days, Empty later days, Why always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill Then the drinks are on the house! Consider yourself our
mate. We don't want to have no

fuss, For after some consideration we can

state Consider yourself one of us!

We've taken to you so

14. Consider Yourself (Part One) page 70
strong, Consider yourself well in, There

isn't a lot to spare. Nobody tries to be la di dah and

up - pi - ty There's a cuppa tea for all. On ly it's

wise to be han - dy wiv a roll - ing pin When the land - lord comes to
call! Consider yourself our mate. We don't want to have no fuss, For after some consideration we can state Consider yourself one of us.
15. Consider Yourself (Part Two)

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Consider Yourself (Part Three)

Oliver!
Poco meno mosso

After some consideration we can state, Consider yourself one of us!

Segue as one
Consider Yourself (Part Three)
If it should chance to be we should see some

harder days Empty harder days Why grouse?

chance we’ll meet somebody to foot the bill, Then the drinks are on the

MEN

Drinks are on the house Con -

Drinks are on the Drinks are on the house Con -

GIRLS


16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 75
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Oliver!

16. Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 76
in consider yourself part of the

There isn't a lot to spare

who cares what ever we've got we share If it should
chance to be we should see some harder days Empty harder days

Why grouse? Always a chance we'll meet somebody to

foot the bill, Then the drinks are on the
71 Consider Yourself (Part Three) page 79

house
consider your-self
our mate

76
we don't want to have
no fuss for

81
after some consideration we can state con

CHILDREN & TENORS
17. Consider Yourself Reprise page 82
Oliver!

CHILDREN off stage

Cares what ever we've got we share What ever we got we share Con -

CHILDREN off stage

Consider yourself at home Con - si - der your self

one of the family We've taken to you so strong

It's clear we're going to get a long Con -
Consider Yourself Reprise page 84
grouse?

Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill

Then the drinks are on the house

Consider Yourself Reprise page 85
state Consider yourself.

As FAGIN appears.

17. Consider Yourself Reprise page 86
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 sausages 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.*
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...
FAGIN: Let's show Oliver how to do it my dears.

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

(DIALOGUE)

Why should we break our backs stupidly paying tax?

18. Pick A Pocket Or Two page 90
Better get some untaxed income
Better pick a pocket or two. You've got to pick a pocket or

BOYS

two, boys. You've got to pick a pocket or two. Why should we all break our backs -

FAGIN: Who said crime doesn't pay?

FAGIN

Better pick a pocket or two

Robin Hood, what a crook!

Gave a-way what he took
Charity's fine, Subscribe to mine Get out and pick a pocket or
two. You’ve got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys, you’ve got to pick a poc-ket or two.

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

Take a tip From Bill Sykes - He can whip

What he likes I re-call he start-ed small, He had to pick a poc-ket or
two! You've got to pick a pocket or two, boys.

We can be like old Bill Sykes
If we pick a pocket or two.

Dear old gent
Passing by
Something nice
Takes his eye.
Ev'-ry-thing’s clear! At -
tack the rear! Get in and pick a poc-ket or two. You’ve
got to pick a poc-ket or two, boys. You’ve got to pick a poc-ket or two. Have no fearat-
tack the rear Get in and pick a poc-ket or two.

When I see Some - one rich Both my thumbs start to itch.

FAGIN

Oliver!
Oliver!

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 two.

A Tempo

BOYS

FAGIN & BOYS

Just to find some peace of mind We have to pick a poc-ket or two.

Rall

BOYS

FAGIN

Just to find some peace of mind you've got to pick a poc-ket or two. Hey!

Allegro con moto

(shouted)

BOYS

ffa

18. Pick A Pocket Or Two page 95
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 pattered.*

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

FAGIN: Now then, tell me, can you see my silk handkerchief, protruding from my pocket?

OLIVER: Yes sir.

FAGIN: See if you can take it from me, without my noticing, like you saw the others do.

During pause.

FAGIN (incredulous): Is it gone?

OLIVER (showing it in his hand): Yes sir, it’s in my hand

19. Rum Tum Tum page 98

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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 "I 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 makes 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 orphans 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.

CUE: FAGIN: Sykes, Bill Sykes. FAGIN clambers up the stairs

21. Intermezzo Part 2

CUE: As FAGIN opens treasure chest

Slower \( \frac{1}{2} = 72 \)

CUE: FAGIN: ...To Fulfill all my dreams
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.

22. It's a Fine Life

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DODGER: Not me!

these?

Gin tod-dies, large mea-sures, No skimp-ing if you please!

I rough it, I love it, Life is a game of chance.

I ne-ver tire of it, Lead-ing this mer-ry dance. If you don’t mind hav-ing to go with-out things, It’s a fine life! It’s a fine life! Tho’ it
ain't all jolly old pleasure outings, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! When you've
got someone to love, You forget your care and strife. Let the
prudes look down on us, Let the wide world frown on us, It's a fine, fine

NANCY: 'ain't that right, Bet?
BET: Yeah, that's right Nancy.

Who cares if straight laces

22. It's a Fine Life page 106
sneer at us in the street? Fine airs and fine graces Don't have to sin to

eat. We wander through London, Who knows what we may find?

There's pockets left undone On many a behind. If you

don't mind taking it as it turns out, It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Keep the
can - dle burn - ing un - til it burns out. It's a fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' you

some - times do come by The oc - ca - sion - al black eye. You can

al - ways co - ver one 'Til he blacks the o - ther one But you don't dare

cry.

No floun - ces, No fea - thers,
No frills and furbelows.

All winds and all weathers.

Ain't good for fancy clothes.

These trap-pings, these tat-ters,

These we can just af-ford.

What fu-ture? What mat-ters?

We've got our bed and board.

If you don't mind hav-ing to deal with Fa-gin, It's a
fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' diseased rats threaten to bring the plague in It's a fine life! It's a fine life! But the grass is green and dense On the right side of the 'fence' And we take good care of it That we get our share of it And we don't mean pence! If you don't mind having to like or lump it It's a...
fine life! It's a fine life! Tho' there's no tea sipping an' eating crum-pet, It's a fine life! Tho' there's no tea sipping an' eating crum-pet, It's a

hus-band, hap-py wife. Tho' it some-times touch-es me, For the likes of such as me, Mine's a

In 2

fine fine life!

22. It's a Fine Life page 111
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 gentlemen '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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an-y-where For your smile, an-y-where, For your smile ev-ry-where I'd see.

Would you climb a hill? An-y-thing! Wear a daf-fo-dil?

An-y-thing! Leave me all your will? An-y-thing! E-ven fight my Bill?

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.

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

I'd do an-y-thing, An-y-thing? An-y-thing for you!

I'd do an-y-thing For you, dear, an-y-thing For you mean ev'-ry-thing To me. I know that I'd go an-y-where For
"your smile, any-where, For your smile ev-ry-where I'd see.__________ Would you
lace my shoe? An- y-thing! Paint your face bright blue? An - y-thing! Catch a
kang-a-roo? An- y-thing! Go to Tim-buk-tu? And back a-gain!"

"I'd risk ev-ry-thing For one kiss, ev-ry-thing - Yes I'd do"
come down "plop"?
Hang ev'ry-thing!
We'd risk life and limb
To keep you

in the swim -
Yes we'd do any-thing, any-thing?
any-thing for you!

23. I'd Do Anything page 118
Oliver!

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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go but be back soon
You can go but while you’re working
This place I’m pacing
leggiero

round
until you’re home safe and sound.
Fare thee well but be back soon
Who can
tell where danger’s lurking?
Do not forget this tune
Be back

BOYS mark time
They march

BOYS

Be back soon
How could we forget? How could we let our dear old Fagin worry?
We
love him so. We'll come back home in, oh, such a great big hurry. It's him that pays the

piper It's us that pipes his tune. So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i-o. We'll be back soon. You can go but be back soon. You can go but bring back

plenty Of pocket handkerchiefs. And you should be clever thieves. Whip it
(full voice)

So long, fare thee well, Pip, pip, cheer-i-o, We'll be back soon.

Cheer-i-o

Idun -

no some-how I'll miss you I love you that's why

Give me

remember our old tune

Bless you. Remember our old tune

Be back

Oliver!

24. Be Back Soon page 123