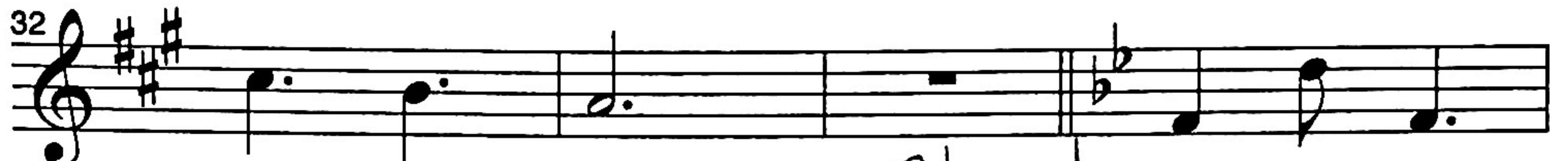
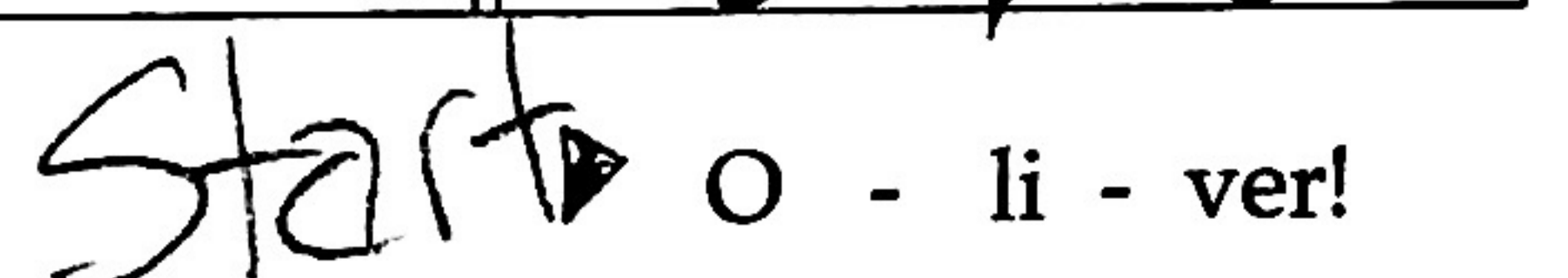


WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:

ALL:

32  *Start* 


O - li - ver. O - li - ver!

MR. BUMBLE:

36 

O - li - ver! Ne - ver be - fore has a

WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:

38 

boy want - ed more! O - li - ver! O - li - ver!

WIDOW CORNEY:


WIDOW CORNEY,  
MR. BUMBLE:

41 

Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store. There's a

43 

soo - ty chim - ney, long o - ver - due for a

46 

sweep - ing out — which we'll push him up, and



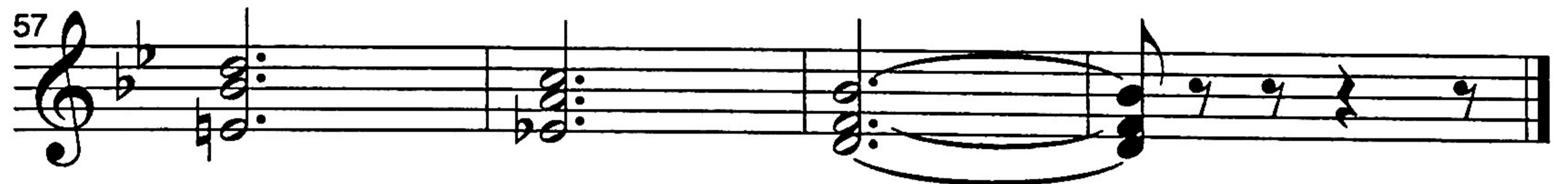
one day next year with the rats he'll come creep-ing out



O - li-ver! O - li-ver! Lock him in gaol and then



put him on sale, for the high-est bid glad to be rid of



O - li - ver! \_\_\_\_\_

**MR. BUMBLE**

Well I best be off and see what I can get for this young scoundrel.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Make sure you get a good price for him Mr. Bumble.

*(MR. BUMBLE leads OLIVER through the streets towards the undertaker's parlour.)*

**(WIDOW CORNEY)**

*(to the rest of the CHILDREN)*

To bed, all of you!

*(#6 - SCURRY MUSIC begins. CHILDREN are ushered off by PAUPER ASSISTANTS.)*