

## NOAH

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

*(He enters majestically)*

Yer 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 young scallywag.

*NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER taking down the shutter, 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 surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. THEY all begin eating.*

## NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

## CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

## NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

*CHARLOTTE feeds him.*

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 him alone — his mother left him alone — they all left him alone — except dear old, kind old Noah.

*NOAH gropes CHARLOTTE.*

**CHARLOTTE**

I better go downstairs. Something's burning.

*CHARLOTTE exits.*

**NOAH**

*(addressing OLIVER conversationally)*

Work'us... How's yer 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!

*(NOAH curls up his nose 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 yer very much. But yer must know work'us, your mother was a regular right down bad 'un.

**OLIVER**

What did you say?

**NOAH**

And it's a good thing she died when she did or she'd have been transported to Australaylia, or hung from a gibbet as like as not!

#12 – *The Fight*

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

Help, Charlotte, Missis... this here new boy's a murderin' of me! Char—LOTTE !!

*CHARLOTTE enters followed by MRS SOWERBERRY.*

## 36. Who Will Buy (Part Two)

CUE:

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

In 4 ♩ = 126

MILKMAID *mp*

Who will buy? \_\_\_\_\_

STRAWBERRY SELLER *mp*

Who will buy? \_\_\_\_\_

ROSE SELLER *mp*

Who will buy? \_\_\_\_\_

KNIFE GRINDER *mp*

Who will buy? \_\_\_\_\_

5 In 2 ♩ = 54 6

M

S

R

K

ENSEMBLE

Who will buy this won-der-ful morn-ing