

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Two**

**The Widows 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 had quite a turn and I fancy 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 infant's medicine when they ain't well and I'll not deceive you Mr B,

*CORNEY fumbles in pocket to reveal a bottle of gin.*

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, anti-parochial. We have given away, Mrs Corney, a matter of twenty loaves and cheese-and-a-half this very afternoon, and still them paupers is not contented.

*BUMBLE drinks gin and offers to Corney.*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

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

**MR BUMBLE**

Very sweet, indeed, ma'am

*(Bumble Sneezes)*

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Bless you .

*CORNEY drops two lumps of sugar in the gin, and stirs. BUMBLE spreads his pocket handkerchief over his fat knees, heaves a deep sigh and looks at the cat basket)*

**MR BUMBLE**

Do you still keep a cat, ma'am.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Yes, and kittens too, I'm so fond of them you can't imagine Mr Bumble. They are so happy, so cheerful, so frolicsome that they are quite companions for me.

**MR BUMBLE**

*(loudly)*

Very nice animals indeed, ma'am, and so very domestic.

**WIDOW CORNEY**

So very 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 h'idiot! I would drown it myself with pleasure!

**WIDOW CORNEY**

Then you're a cruel man. And a very hard hearted 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.?

*BUMBLE drinks his gin, wipes his lips and kisses CORNEY.*

Mr Bumble, I shall scream!

**#6 - I Shall Scream!**

YOU'RE A NAUGHTY BAD MAN  
IF YOU THINK I CAN'T BE PROPER  
PRIM AND HAUGHTY I CAN  
AND YOU'LL PARDON IF I MENTION  
YOU MUST STATE YOUR TRUE INTENTION

## 7. Boy For Sale

(D minor Version)

WIDOW CORNEY: Make sure you get a good price for him, Mr Bumble.

Andante  $\text{♩} = 76$   
4

rall. MR BUMBLE **Larghetto**  $\text{♩} = 56$

One boy. Boy for sale. He's go - ing

8 *(To passing man)*  
cheap. On - ly se - ven guin - eas; That or there a - bouts. Small boy, ra - ther

12  
pale. from lack of sleep Feed him gru - el din - ners. Stop him get - ting

15 **Più mosso**  
stout. If I should say he was - n't ve - ry greed - y I could not, I'd be

19 **19A** **19B Tempo primo** 20  
tel - ling you a tale. One boy. Boy for sale. Come take a

21 **rit.** **A tempo**  
peep. Have you e - ver seen as Nice a boy for sale?