

23 24 25 26 To 28

ANTHONY: There's no cause to thank me for that, sir. It would have been a poor Christian indeed who'd have spotted you pitching and tossing on that raft and not given the alarm.

TODD: There's many a Christian would have done just that and not lost a wink's sleep for it, either.

(FL.)

Cello Solo + Eng. Hn. Cello Solo + Eng. Hn.

p mp p mp

Vla. & Cello

(A Beggar Woman appears)

Piu mosso (♩ = ♩.)

28 **BEGGAR WOMAN:** 29

Alms... Alms... For a mis - 'ra - ble wo - man — On a mis - 'ra - ble

Vlins. Vla. + Harp

Organ, Va., Cello

p

+ Tbns. + Bs.

(As Anthony drops a coin in her bowl)

rall.

(Leers at him)

30 31

chil - ly morn - ing. Thank yer, sir, thank yer...

Cl.

Vlins. Vla. Harp No Org. Vc., Bs.

Piano / Conductor

#2 - No Place Like London

32

a tempo (♩ = ♩.)

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

33 34 35

'Ow would you like a lit-tle muff, dear, A lit-tle jig jig, A lit-tle bounce a-round the bush?

Vlns.

mf

Tbns. 2,3 (muted)

Tbn. 1

+ Vlas. trem.

36 37

Would - n't you like to push me pars - ley? You looks to

Eng. Hn.

Cls.

Bsn.

Vc. (8va) & Bs.

38 39 //

me, dear, like you got plen - ty there to push! //

// //

Piano / Conductor

#2 - No Place Like London

Tempo primo (♩. = ♩)

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

(Turns to Todd, pathetically)

40

Alms! Alms! For a pit-i-ful wo-man—— Wot's got wan-der-in'

41

Vlins.
Vla.
Harp + Organ
Vlas., Vc. & Bs.
Tbns. + Hn.
No Trb., Hn.

42

wits... Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter?

rit. a tempo (♩. = ♩)

43

2 X's

TODD: (Turning away) Must you glare at me, woman? Off with you!... Off, I say!

2 X's

Wws.
ff
Vc., Bs.

44

Then 'ow would you like to split me muff, Mis-ter, We'll go jig, jig, A lit-tle...

45

Hrp.
Vc.

46

Wws.
Tbns.
Vc., Bs.

47

TODD: Off, I said! To the devil with you!

(The Beggar Woman scuttles away.)

48 49 50

Wws. & Str.

ff *dim. poco a poco*

Timp.

Bsn., Vc. & Bs.

51 52 53 //

Wws. only

dim. poco a poco

54 (BEGGAR WOMAN)

(Exiting)

(Disappears)

55

Alms! Alms! For a pit - i - ful wo - man...

2 Vlns.

Vla. Solo

Tbns. + Hn. + Harp

Vlas., Vc. & Bs. + Organ

56 57

ANTHONY: Pardon me, sir, but there's no need to fear the likes of her. She was only a half-crazed beggar woman. London's full of them.

2 Vlns.

Vla. Solo

Cello Solo