FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

All Workhouse Kids:
Is it worth the waiting for?
If we live ‘til eighty four,
All we’ll ever get is gruel!

Ev’ryday we say a pray’r
Will they change the bill of fare?
Still we get the same old gruel!

There’s not a crust, not a crumb we can find,
Can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge,
But there’s nothing to stop us from getting a thrill
When we all close our eyes and imagine...

Food, glorious food! Hot sausage and mustard!
While we’re in the mood

Solo 1 (Ashton Rathke)
Cold jelly and custard!

All Workhouse Kids:
Pease pudding and saveloys!

Solo 2 (Tristan Barrington)
“What next?” is the question.

All Workhouse Kids:
Rich gentlemen have it, boys—Indyegestion!
Food, glorious food! We’re anxious to try it.
Three banquets a day, our favorite diet.
Just picture a great big steak, fried, roasted, or stewed.
Oh, food!

Solo 2 (Tristan)
Wonderful!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Solo 3 (Sonnet Bayer)
Marvelous!
All Workhouse Kids:
Food! Glorious food!
Food, glorious 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?

Solo 1 (Ashton)
Piled peaches and cream about

All Workhouse Kids:
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 food,

Solo 2 (Tristan)
Once again

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Solo 3 (Sonnet)
Fabulous!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food! Glorious food!
Food, glorious food! Don’t care what it looks like!

Solo 1 (Ashton)
Burned!

Solo 3 (Sonnet)
Underdone!

All Workhouse Kids:
Crude! Don’t care what the cook’s like.
Just thinking of growing fat, our senses go reeling!

Solos 1&2 (Ashton & Tristan)
One moment of knowing that,
All Workhouse Kids:
Full up feeling!
Food, glorious food! What wouldn’t we give for
That extra bit more, that’s all that we live for.
Why should we be fated to
Do nothing but brook on food,

Solo 1 (Ashton)
Magical!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Solo 2 (Tristan)
Wonderful!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Solo 3 (Sonnet)
Marvelous!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Solo 4 (Alexandra Gilley)
Fabulous!

All Workhouse Kids:
Food!

Oliver
Beautiful food!

All Workhouse Kids:
Glorious food!!!

OLIVER
Corney/Bumble
Catch him! Snatch him! Hold him! Scold him!
Bounce him, trounce him, pick him up and bounce him!
Before we put the lad to task,
May I be so curious as to ask his name?

All Workhouse Kids:
Oliver!
*Corney/Bumble*

Oliver! Oliver! Never before has a boy wanted more!
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 throw him down,
And feed him on cockroaches served in a canister

*Bumble/Corney/All Workhouse Kids/Assistants:*

Oliver! Oliver!

*Corney/Bumble*

What will he do when he’s turned black and blue?
He will curse the day somebody named him

*Bumble/Corney/All Workhouse Kids/Assistants:*

Oliver!

*Corney/Bumble*

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

*Bumble/Corney/All Workhouse Kids/Assistants:*

Oliver! Oliver!

*Corney/Bumble*

What will he do in this terrible stew?
He will rue the day somebody named him

*Bumble/Corney/All Workhouse Kids/Assistants:*

Oliver!

**CONSIDER YOURSELF**

*Dodger*

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 along.

Consider yourself well in.
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn’t a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we’ve got, we share!
If it should chance to be
We should see some harder days,
Empty larder days, why grouse?
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!

*Dodger/Oliver*
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 along.

Consider yourself well in.
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share!

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah and uppity
There's a cup 'a tea for all.
Only it's wise to be handy wiv' a rolling pin
When the landlord 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

*Dodger/Oliver/All Chorus Members*
Consider yourself at home.
We've taken to you so strong.
Consider yourself well in
There isn't a lot to spare

If it should chance to be
We should see some harder days,
Empty larder days, why grouse?
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!

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 along.

Consider yourself well in.
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn’t a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we’ve got, we share!

If it should chance to be
We should see some harder days,
Empty larder days, why grouse?
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!

PICK A POCKET OR TWO

Fagin
In this life one thing counts,
In the bank large amounts
I’m afraid these don’t grow on trees.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

Fagin’s Kids
Large amounts don’t grow on trees,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

Fagin
Why should we break our backs,
Stupidly paying tax?
Better get some untaxed income
Better pick a pocket or two.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin’s Kids_
Why should we all break our backs?
Better pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin_
Robin Hood, what a crook!
Gave away what he took
Charity’s fine, subscribe to mine
Get out and pick a pocket or two.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin’s Kids_
Robin Hood was far too good,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin_
Take a tip from Bill Sykes,
He can whip what he likes,
I recall he started small,
He had to pick a pocket or two!
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin’s Kids_
We can be like old Bill Sykes
If we pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin_
Dear old gent passing by
Something nice take his eye.
Ev’rything’s clear! Attack the rear!
Advance and pick a pocket or two.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin’s Kids_
Have no fear, attack the rear.
Advance and pick a pocket or two.

_Fagin_
When I see someone rich,
Both my thumbs start to itch.
Only to find some peace of mind,
I have to pick a pocket or two.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

Fagin’s Kids
Just to find some peace of mind,
We have to pick a pocket or two!

**Dialogue**

Fagin
Skiddle-eye-tye, tee-rye-tye-tye,
Tee-ruppa-tuppa-ruppa-tum-tum.
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two, boys,
You’ve got to pick a pocket or two.

IT’S A FINE LIFE

Nancy
Small pleasure, small pleasures,
Who would deny us these?
Gin toddies, large measures
No skimping if you please!

I rough it. I love it.
Life is a game of chance.
I never tire of it.
Leading a merry dance.

If you don’t mind having to go without things,
It’s a fine life!

Bet and Fagin’s Kids
It’s a fine life!

Nancy
Tho’ it ain’t all jolly old pleasure outings.
It’s a fine life!

Bet and Fagin’s Kids
It’s a fine life!

Nancy
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.

*Nancy and Bet*
It’s a fine, fine life!
Who cares if straight laces
Sneer at us in the street?
Fine airs and fine graces

*Nancy*
Don’t have to sin to eat.
We wander through London

*Nancy and Bet*
Who knows what we may find?

*Nancy*
There’s pockets left undone

*Nancy and Bet*
On many a behind.

*Nancy*
If you don’t mind taking it like it turns out
It’s a fine life!

*Bet and Fagin’s Kids*
It’s a fine life!

*Nancy*
Keep the candle burning until it burns out.
It’s a fine life!

*Bet and Fagin’s Kids*
It’s a fine life!

*Nancy*
Tho’ you sometimes do come by
The occasional black eye.
You can always cover one
Til he blacks the other one
But you don’t dare cry.

*Bet*
No flounces, no feathers
No frills and furbiloes.
All winds and all weathers
Ain’t good for fancy clo’es.

_Nancy_
These trappings, these tatters

_Nancy and Bet_
These we can just afford.

_Nancy_
What future, what matters?

_All_
We’ve got our bed and board.

_Nancy_
If you don’t mind having to deal with Fagin.
It’s a fine life!

_Bet and Fagin’s Kids_
It’s a fine life!

_Nancy_
Tho’ diseased rats threaten to bring the plague in,
It’s a fine life.

_Bet and Fagin’s Kids_
It’s a fine life!

_Nancy_
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.

_All_
And we don’t mean pence.

_Nancy and Bet_
If you don’t mind having to like or lump it
It’s a fine life

_Bet and Fagin’s Kids_
It’s a fine life!
Nancy
Tho’ there’s no tea sipping an’ eating crumpet.
It’s a fine life

Bet and Fagin’s Kids
It’s a fine life!

Nancy
Not for me the happy home
Happy husband, happy wife.
Tho’ it sometimes touches me,
For the likes of such as me.
Mine’s a fine...

All
Fine life!

I’D DO ANYTHING
Dodger
I’d do anything for you, dear,
Anything, for you mean everything to me.
I know that I’d go anywhere for your smile,
Anywhere, for your smile everywhere I’d see.

Nancy
Would you climb a hill?  Dodger
Anything!
Wear a daffodil?
Anything!
Leave me all your will?
Anything!
Even fight my Bill?
What fisticuffs?

Dodger
I’d risk everything for one kiss, everything,
Yes I’d risk anything (Nancy-Anything?)
Anything for you!

Oliver
I’d do anything for you, dear,
Anything, for you mean everything to me.
I know that I’d go anywhere for your smile,
Anywhere, for your smile everywhere I’d see.

Bet
Would you lace my shoe?  Oliver
Anything!
Paint your face bright blue?
Anything!
Catch a kangaroo?
Anything!
Go to Timbuktu?
And back again!
Oliver
I’d risk everything for one kiss, everything,
Yes I’d risk anything (Nancy and Bet-Anything?)
Anything for you!

Fagin
Would you rob a shop?
Would you risk “the drop”?
Tho’ your eyes go pop?
When you come down plop?

All
Anything!
Anything!
Anything!
Hang ev’rything!

All
We’d risk life and limb
To keep you in the swim
Yes we’d do anything (Fagin-Anything?)
Anything for you!

BE BACK SOON
Fagin
You can go but be back soon
You can go but while you’re working
This place I’m pacing ‘round
Until you’re home safe and sound.

Fare thee well but back soon.
Who can tell where danger’s lurking?
Do not forget this tune
Be back soon!

Kids
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.

Dodger
It’s him who pays the piper

Kids
It’s us who pipes his tune.
So long, fare thee well
Pip pip, cheerio
We’ll be back soon!

Fagin
You can go but be back soon
You can go but bring back plenty
Of pocket handkerchieves.
And you should be clever thieves.
Whip it quick and be back soon
There’s a sixpence here for twenty
Ain’t that a lovely tune
Be back soon!

_Dodger_
Our pockets'll hold a watch of gold
That chimes upon the hour!

_Solo 1, 2, 3_
A wallet fat
An old man’s hat
The crown jewels from the Tower.

_Kids_
We know the Bow Street Runners

_Dodger_
But they don’t know this tune!

_Kids_
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we’ll be back soon!

_Fagin_
Cheerio, but be back soon.
I dunno somehow I’ll miss you.
I love you, that’s why I say cheerio, not goodbye.
Don’t be gone long, be back soon.
Give me on long last look—bless you.
Remember our old tune
Be back soon.

_Kids_
We must disappear, we’ll be back here.
Today, perhaps tomorrow.
We’ll miss you, too, it’s sad but true
That parting is such sweet sorrow.
And when we’re in the distance,
You’ll hear this whispered tune
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we’ll be back soon.
Kids (sing as Fagin sings his last verse over you)
We must disappear, we'll be back here.
Today, perhaps tomorrow.
We'll miss you, too, it's sad but true
That parting is such sweet sorrow.
And when we're in the distance,
You'll hear this whispered tune
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we'll be back soon.

And when we’re in the distance,
You’ll hear this whispered tune
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we’ll be back soon.

Oliver and Dodger
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we’ll be back soon

Kids
So long, fare thee well,
Pip pip cheerio, we’ll be back soon
*Whistle two times*

OOM-PAH-PAH
Chorus
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that's how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear oom-pah-pah!

Nancy
There's a little ditty their singing in the city
Espeshly when they've been on the gin or the beer.
If you've got the patience, your own imaginations
Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear.

Chorus
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that's how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.

Nancy
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear oom-pah-pah!
Nancy
Mister Percy Snodgrass would often have the odd glass,
But never when he thought anybody could see.
Secretly he’d buy it and drink it on the quiet
And dream he was an earl with a girl on each knee

Chorus
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that’s how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.

Nancy
What is the cause of his shiny red nose?
Can it be oom-pah-pah?

Pretty little Sally goes walking down the alley
Displays her pretty ankles to all of the men.
They could see her garters, but not for free and gratis.
An inch or two, and then she knows when to say when.

Chorus
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that’s how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.

Nancy
Whether it’s hidden or whether it shows,
It’s the same oom-pah-pah!

She was from the country but now she’s up a gum tree,
She let a feller feed ‘er, then lead ‘er along.
What’s the good of cryin’? She’s made a bed to lie in.
She’s glad to bring the coin in and join in this song.

Chorus
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that’s how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.

Nancy
She is no longer the same blushing rose
Ever since oom-pah-pah?

Chorus (while Nancy sings over it)
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that’s how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear oom-pah-pah!
Chorus (with Nancy)
Oom-pah-pah, Oom-pah-pah, that's how it goes.
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, everyone knows.
They all suppose what they want to suppose,
When they hear oom-pah-pah!

WHO WILL BUY
Rose Seller, Milkmaid, Strawberry Seller, Knife Grinder, and Long Song Seller sing

Oliver
Who will buy this wonderful morning?
Such a sky you never did see?

Rose Seller
Who will buy my sweet red roses?

Oliver
Who will tie it up with a ribbon,
And put it in a box for me?

Strawberry Seller
Ripe strawberries, ripe!

Oliver
So I could see it at my leisure
Whenever things go wrong
And I could keep at as a treasure
To last my whole life long.

Milkmaid
Any milk today?

Oliver
Who will buy this wonderful feeling?
I'm so high I swear I could fly.

Knife Grinder
Knives, knives to grind!

Strawberry Seller
Ripe strawberries, ripe!

Oliver
Me, oh my, I don't want to lose it.
So what am I to do to keep a sky so blue?
There must be someone who will buy. (echo from LSS, KG, MM, RS)

*DIALOGUE*
“WHO WILL BUY”

All Chorus Members and Oliver
Who will buy this wonderful morning?
Such a sky you never did see?
Who will tie it up with a ribbon,
And put it in a box for me?

There’ll never be a day so sunny
It could not happen twice!
Where is the man with all the money?
It’s cheap at half the price!

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?
I’m so high I swear I could fly.
Me, oh my, I don’t want to lose it.
So what am I to do to keep a sky so blue?
There must be someone who will buy.

Rose Seller
Who will buy my sweet red roses,
Two blooms for a penny?

FINALE

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

Pease pudding and saveloys!
“What next?” is the question.
Rich gentlemen have it boys,
In-dye-ges- tion!

Oliver
I’d do anything for you dear,
Anything for you mean everything to me.

All
I know that I’d go anywhere for your smile
Anywhere, for your smile everywhere I’d see.
Let the clouds of grey come along.
Never mind if they come along.
Surely the won’t stay very long.
If you’ll only say you’re mine alone.
I’d risk everything for this bliss,
Everything, yes I’d do anything
Anything for you!

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 along.

Consider yourself well in.
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn’t a lot to spare.
Who cares? Whatever we’ve got we share.

If it should chance to be we should see some harder days
Empty larder days, why grouse?
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!