

Songs and script required for principal roles

OLIVER

SONG: *WHERE IS LOVE*

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WjJDekSculo>

Karaoke Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=blr_UzwjAlk

Lyrics:

Where is love?

Does it fall from skies above? Is it underneath the willow tree That I've been dreaming of? Where is she

Who I close my eyes to see? Will I ever know the sweet hello That's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide? Must I travel far and wide?

'Til I am beside the someone who I can mean something to Where, where is love?

Who can say where she may hide? Must I travel far and wide?

'Til I am beside the someone who I can mean something to Where, where is love

READING:

Dodger: What yer starin' at? Ain't yer never seen a toff?

Oliver: No – never – I

Dodger: That's alright – don't worry about it. Hungry?

Oliver: Starving

Dodger: 'Ere catch

(He throws him an apple)

Dodger: Tired?

Oliver: I've been walking seven days.

Dodger: Seven days! Runnin' away from the Beak, yer must be?

Oliver: The what?

Dodger: Now don't tell me yer don't know what a beak is, me flash mate?

Oliver: A beak's a bird's mouth

Dodger: My eyes – how green! A beak – is a madg'strate, for your hinformation.

Who are you runnin' away from then - your old man?

Oliver: No, I'm an orphan. I've come to London to make my fortune.

Dodger: *(suddenly very interested)* Oh you 'ave, ave ya?

Oliver: Yes

Dodger: Got any lodgings?

Oliver: No

Dodger: Money?

Oliver: Not a fathering

The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snack of 'PICK A POCKET OR TWO' and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go

Oliver: Do you live in London?

Dodger: When I'm at home. I suppose you want some place to sleep tonight, don't you? Are you h'accommodated?

Oliver: No – I don't think so...

(He eyes Oliver speculatively)

Dodger: Then h'accommodated you shall be, me young mate. There's a certain place and I know 'spectable old gentleman lives there, wot'll give you lodgin's for nothink, and never ask for the change – this is – and that is if any other gentleman wot he knows interduces yer. And does he know me? I should say he does, not arf he don't, and some!

Oliver: Who is the respectable old gentleman, then? Is he a charity gentleman?

Dodger: Well, I wouldn't eggzackly say that – not eggzackly. But if I interduced someone it's all right on account of I happen ter be a pertickler favourite of Mister Fagin. That's his name – Mister Fagin. By the way... if I'm interducing you to Fagin, I better know who you are, me old china.

Oliver: My name's Oliver – Oliver Twist.

Dodger: *(with a flourish)* And my name's Jack Dawkins – better known among me more h'intimate friands as the Artful Dodger.

Oliver: Pleased to meet you, Mister Dawkins

Dodger: *(pausing for second thoughts)* Come to think of it – I ain't got no h'intimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

Oliver: Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

Dodger: Mind?

ARTFUL DODGER

SONG: CONSIDER YOURSELF

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wZxky51fxCg> (Note: singing starts 2mins in)

Karaoke Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O6KNuRfm-rc>

Lyrics:

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!

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Oliver: No – never – I

Dodger: That's alright – don't worry about it. Hungry?

Oliver: Starving

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(He throws him an apple)

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Oliver: Yes

Dodger: Got any lodgings?

Oliver: No

Dodger: Money?

Oliver: Not a farthing

The ARTFUL DODGER whistles a snatch of 'PICK A POCKET OR TWO' and puts his arms into his overcoat pockets as far as they go

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(He eyes Oliver speculatively)

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Dodger: *(pausing for second thoughts)* Come to think of it – I ain't got no h'intimate friends. Still, what's the difference, you're coming with me.

Oliver: Are you sure Mr Fagin won't mind?

Dodger: Mind?

FAGIN

SONG: REVIEWING THE SITUATION

Song link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=96rC4X_KWl4

Karaoke Link:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R6gnWlulF5g&list=OLAK5uy_k_wCHp38VT_TuU7PEkAsHvF0eFL3CSEnQ

Lyrics:

A man's got a heart, hasn't he? Joking apart, hasn't he?
And tho' I'd be the first one to say that I wasn't a saint I'm finding it hard to be really as
black as they paint
I'm reviewing the situation
Can a fellow be a villain all his life?
All the trials and tribulations!
Better settle down and get myself a wife.
And a wife would cook and sew for me, And come for me, and go for me, And go for me,
and nag at me, The fingers, she will wag at me.
The money she will take me. A misery, she'll make from me... I think I'd better thing it
out again

READING:

Fagin: I'm a real miser, y'know. But can I help it? I JUST LIKE TO LOOK AT IT! This is my little pleasure – a cup of coffee – and a quick count-up. I mean... who's gonner look after me in me old age? (To Bird) Will you, birdie? Will (Sees Oliver) YOU!! You! Why are you awake? What have you seen? Quick – quick! Speak! I want to hear every detail you saw!

Oliver: I'm very sorry if I disturbed you, sir.

Fagin: Were you awake five minutes ago?

Oliver: No, sir.

Fagin: Two minutes ago?

Oliver: Not that I know of, sir.

Fagin: Be sure – be sure!!!

Oliver: Alright then, I'm sure.

Fagin: Alright then... if you're sure, I'm sure. Of course, I knew all along, my dear. I was only trying to frighten you. You're a brave boy, Oliver. A brave boy. Did you see any of the pretty things, my dear?

Oliver: Yes, sir.

Fagin: Ah! – they're mine, Oliver, my little property. All I've got ta live on in me old age. It's a terrible thing – old age.

NANCY:

SONG: AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME REPRISE

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TkXQqYa0wrw> **Karaoke Link:**
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NUt1QoucC6w>

As long as he needs me... Oh, yes, he does need me... In spite of what you see... ...I'm sure that he needs me. Who else would love him still When they've been used so ill? He knows I always will... As long as he needs me.

I miss him so much when he is gone,

But when he's near me I don't let on... ...The way I feel inside. The love, I have to hide...

The hell! I've got my pride As long as he needs me.

He doesn't say the things he should. He acts the way he thinks he should. But all the same,

I'll play This game His way.

As long as he needs me... I know where I must be. I'll cling on steadfastly... As long as he needs me.

READING:

Nancy: I won't stand by and see it done, Bill. You've got him here – what more would you have? Let'im be, or I shall put my mark on someone, and not care for the consequence.

Fagin: Why Nancy, you were wonderful tonight. Such talent. What an actress.

Nancy: Am I? Take care I don't overdo it. 'cause I'm warning you I'll put my finger on some of you and I don't care if I hang with yer. I wish I'd been struck dead in the street before I lent a hand in bringing him here. After tonight. 'e's a thief, a liar, and all that's bad from this day forth, isn't that enough for yer, without beating him to death!

Fagin: Come, come Sykes, we must have civil words, civil words, Bill.

Nancy: Civil words, yes, you deserve them from me. I thieved for you when I was a child, half his age for twelve years since. Don't you forget it.

Bill Sykes:

SONG: MY NAME

Song link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=boH7hT7A_sk

Karaoke Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aj4mensQqi0>

Lyrics:

Strong men tremble when they hear it! They've got cause enough to fear it!
It's much blacker than they smear it! Nobody mentions...
My name!
Rich men hold their five-pound notes out -- Saves me emptying their coats out.
They know I could tear their throats out Just to live up to...
My name!
Wiv me
Jemmy in me hand,
Lemme see the man who dares Stop me.
Taking what I may
He can start to say his prayers!
Biceps like an iron girder, Fit for doing of a murder,
If I just so much as heard a bloke even whisper... (spoken) My name! Bill Sikes...
(sung) Some toff, slumming wiv his valet,
Bumped into me in the alley Now is eyes'll never tally He'd never heard of ... My name!
One bloke
Used to boast the claim He could take my name in vain... Poor bloke...
Shame 'e was so green Never was 'e seen again!
Once bad -- What's the good of turning? In hell, I'll be there-a-burning Meanwhile, think of what
I'm earning All on account of...
My name!
What is it? What is it? What is it.

READING:

Sykes: What did you tell him about us?

Oliver: Nothing

Sykes: That remains to be seen – but if we found out you said anything – anything out of place... I'll wager that young scoundrels told him everything (To Nancy) Stand-off o' me or I'll split your head against the wall.

He can start to say his prayers!

Mr. Bumble :

SONG: BOY FOR SALE

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U3OprVY8gu8> **Karaoke Link:**
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MTXpKxEe4As>

Lyrics: One boy, Boy for sale. He's going cheap.
Only seven guineas. That -- or thereabouts.
Small boy... Rather pale...
Through lack of sleep. Feed him gruel dinners. Stop him getting stout.
If I should say he wasn't very greedy... I could not, I'd be telling you a tale.
One boy, Boy for sale.
Come take a peep. Have you ever seen as
Nice A boy For sale.

READING 1:

Bumble: It's nice to be appreciated, Mrs. Corney, these here paupers in this here parish don't appreciate me. Anti-parochial they are, ma'am, anti-parochial we have given away a matter of twenty loaves and a cheese-and- a half this very blessed afternoon; and still, them paupers is not contented.

Corney: of course they're not. When would they be? Sweet Mr. Bumble?

Bumble: Very sweet, indeed, Ma'am (notices cat in the basket)

Corney: You little tinker, you

Bumble: You have a cat ma'am, I see... and kittens too, I declare!

Corney: I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr. Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

Bumble: Mrs Corney, ma'am. I must say... that any cat... or kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of its home...must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

Corney: Oh, Mr Bumble!

Bumble: It's no use discussing facts ma'am. An h'idiot! I would drown it myself with pleasure!

Corney: Then you're a cruel man. And a very hard-hearted man and besides.

Bumble: Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? Hard? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs Corney?

Corney: Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for?

READING 2:

Oliver: Please Sir, I want some more

Bumble: What?

Oliver: Please Sir, I want some more

Bumble: More?!

Mrs. Corney:

SONG: I SHALL SCREAM

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=68RpJymb30k>

Karaoke Link: <https://youtube.com/watch?v=r5c-3vTwxOU&feature=share>

Lyrics:

[MR. BUMBLE]

No you wouldn't, heigh ho.

If I wanted something special, Then you couldn't say "no". Did I nearly catch you smiling? Yes I did. And it's beguiling. If you hand is close, I'll press it. Yes, you like it -- come confess it! Yes, you do...

[WIDOW CORNEY] No, I don't.

[MR. BUMBLE] Yes, you do!

[WIDOW CORNEY]

I shall scream! I shall scream!

'Til they hasten to my rescue, I shall scream.

[MR. BUMBLE]

Since there's nobody that's near us

Who could see us, or could hear us?

If you ask you can I kiss you

Say what will my pretty miss do?

[WIDOW CORNEY]

I shall scream! Scream! Scream!

READING:

Bumble: You have a cat ma'am, I see... and kittens too, I declare!

Corney: I'm so fond of them you can't imagine, Mr. Bumble. And they're fond of their home too.

Bumble: Mrs Corney, ma'am. I must say... that any cat... er kitten... that could live with you ma'am... and not be fond of its home... must be an idiot, ma'am, and don't deserve to live in it.

Corney: Oh, Mr Bumble!

Bumble: It's no use discussing facts ma'am. An idiot! I would drown it myself – with pleasure!

Corney: Then you're a cruel man... a very hard-hearted man and all.

Bumble: Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? Hard? Hard-hearted, ma'am? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs Corney?

Corney: Dear me! What a very curious question coming from a single man. What can you want to know for?

Mr. Sowerberry :

SONG: THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8WH11JJtpec>

Karaoke Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dx54b2RxSyM>

Lyrics:

[MR. SOWERBERRY]

He's a born undertaker's mute. I can see him in his black silk suit.

Following behind the funeral procession... With his features fixed in a suitable expression.

There'll be horses with tall black plumes To escort us to the family tombs,

With mourners In all corners Who've been taught to weep in tune. Then the coffin lined with satin. That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

Large enough to wear your hat in. That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

We're just here to glamourize you for that Endless sleep.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWERBERRY]

You might just as well look fetching When you're six feet deep.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] At the wake we'll drink a toddy To the body beautiful.

READING:

Mr. Sowerberry: Mrs Sowerberry!

Mrs. Sowerberry: (Shrieks off) What is it?

Mr. Sowerberry: Would you have the goodness to come here a moment, my dear?

Mrs. Sowerberry: What do you want? Well! What is it?

Mr. Sowerberry: My dear, I have told Mr Bumble that we may consider taking this boy in to help in the shop.

Mrs. Sowerberry: Dear me! He's very small. They're a waste of time, these workhouse boys – they always cost more to keep than what they're worth. Still, you men always think you know best. What're you going to do with him?

Mr. Sowerberry: There's an expression of melancholy on his face, my dear, which is very interesting. He could make a delightful coffin-follower, only for the children's practice. It would be very nice to have a follower in proportion, my sweet.

Mrs Sowerberry: For once – just for once – you might have a decent idea.

Mrs. Sowerberry:

SONG: THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8WH11JJtpec>

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You might just as well look fetching When you're six feet deep.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] At the wake we'll drink a toddy To the body beautiful.

[MR. SOWERBERRY] That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] Not our funeral.

[BOTH]

That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY] If you're fond of overeating That's your funeral.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY] That's your funeral.

[SOWERBERRY]

Starve yourself by undereating That's your funeral.

[THE FUNERAL PROCESSION] That's your funeral?

[MRS. SOWERBERRY]

Visualize the earth descending on you clod by clod. You can't come back when you're buried
Underneath the ...sod.

[MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWERBERRY] We will not reduce our prices.

Keep your vices usual. [Mr. S.] That's yo

READING:

Mr. Sowerberry: Mrs Sowerberry!

Mrs. Sowerberry: (Shrieks off) What is it?

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Mrs Bedwin:

Song link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i3Y7iq90lYA>

Karaoke Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8qDbpznqH4s>

Lrics:

Where is love?

Does it fall from skies above? Is it underneath the willow tree That I've been dreaming of? Where is she

Reading:

Mrs.Bedwin: There is a young person, sir, at the back door enquiring for you and saying that she has come about Oliver.

Mr Brownlow: Mrs Bedwin, take a look at this miniature. (he hands her the locket)
You see who it is.

Mrs.Bedwin: Why it is Miss Agnes sir!

Mr Brownlow: Yes, my daughter Agnes. And I have every reason to suspect that Oliver was her child.

Mrs.Bedwin: Sir!

READINGS for other non-singing roles

Mr Brownlow:

Brownlow: Doctor, do you notice the most extraordinary likeness between that boy's face and the portrait of my daughter Agnes? Didn't I tell you? He was arrested for stealing my pocket handkerchief. It was all my mistake and when the shopkeeper told us what really happened, and he was released by the magistrate I brought him here to make what amends I could. But I must confess I find myself strangely attached to the child

Dr Grimwig:

He's deceiving you, my good friend. He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people, are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes, haven't they? He stole your pocket handkerchief, didn't he? Then he'll steal more, sir.

Charlotte and Noah:

Charlotte: Hello, Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from the master's breakfast. Oliver! Shut the door! And take them bits and your tea and go over there and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

Noah: D'you hear? Work'us?

Charlotte: Lor Noah! What a tease you are! Let the boy alone.

Noah: Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing! Ev'ryone lets him alone. His father left him alone – his mother left him alone – they all left him alone except dear old, kind old Noah. Eh, Charlotte? He, he, he!

Charlotte: How's yer mother? She dead?

Noah: What did she die of, work'us? Shortage of breath?

Old Sally:

READING: Now listen to me. Once in this very room, in this very bed I nursed a pretty young cretur' that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking. She gave birth to a boy and died. I robbed her. I robbed her so I did. All she had, were round her neck and it were gold