

No 6TRIO - (Mr Sowerberry, Mrs Sowerberry and Mr Bumble)  
"THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL"*Oliver is standing under an undertaker's sign wearing a top hat*

Cue: Mrs SOWERBERRY: Can you keep that expression for a long time, boy, with a crowd watching you?

OLIVER: Yes ma'am I think so.

**Doloroso**  $\text{♩} = 72$  Mr Sowerberry A

*Tutti* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

Fl. Ob. Hn. Trom. Perc.  
Cl. Bsn. Str.

He's a born un-der-ta-ker's mute. I can see him in a black silk  
suit. Fol-low-ing be-hind the fu-ner-al pro-ces-sion With his fea-tures fixed in a  
suit - a - ble ex-press-ion. There'll be hors - es with tall black plumes To es -  
- cort us to the fam-'ly tombs, With mourn-ers in all corn - ers Who've been

Oliver

Mr S *rit.* **B**  
 taught to weep in tune.— Then the cof-fin lined with sat-in That's your fu-ner-al

**Mrs Sowerberry** **Mr Sowerberry**  
 That's your fu-ner-al Large e-nough to wear your hat in That's your fu-ner-al

**Mrs Sowerberry** **Mr Sowerberry**  
 That's your fu-ner-al We're just here to glam-our-ise you for that end-less

**Mr and Mrs Sowerberry**  
 Mr S sleep You might just as well look fetch-ing when you're six feet deep.

## Mr Sowerberry

At the wake we'll drink a tod - dy To the bo - dy beau-ti - ful

## Mrs Sowerberry

## Mr Sowerberry

*Mr Sowerberry produces a tape*

That's your fu-ner-al Not our fu-ner-al That's your fu-ner-al—

*and begins to measure Mr Bumble as he sings*

## C Mr Sowerberry

## Mrs Sowerberry

If you're fond of o - ver - eat - ing That's your fu-ner-al That's your fu-ner-al

## Mr Sowerberry

## Mr Bumble

Starve your-self by un - der - eat - ing That's your fu-ner-al That's my fu-ner-al?

## Mr Sowerberry

Vi - sua-lise the earth des-cen-ding on you clod by clod. You can't come back

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry

Mr S

when you're bu-ried un-der-neath the sod. We will not re-duce our pri-ces

Mr S Mrs S

Keep your vi-ces u-su-al That's your fu-ner-al Not our fu-ner-al

Mr Sowerberry

That's your fu-ner-al.

*Mr Bumble turns to go but is stopped by Mr and Mrs Sowerberry* Mr Bumble

I don't think this song is fun-ny!

Mr Sowerberry Mrs Sowerberry Mr Bumble

That's your fu-ner-al, That's your fu-ner-al. Here's the boy, now where's the mon-ey?

Mr Sowerberry Mr Bumble Mr Sowerberry

That's your fu-ner-al, That's your fu-ner-al. We don't har-bour thoughts ma-ca-bre, there's no need to frown.

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry

Mr Bumble exits

Mr Sowerberry

In the end we'll eith-er burn you up or nail you down. We love coughsand

Mr and Mrs Sowerberry Mr Sowerberry

Mr S

wheez-es And di - sea-sescalled in - cur-a-ble. That's your fu-ner-al No-one el-ses fu-ner-al

Mr Sowerberry

Mrs Sowerberry

That's your

fu-ner-al!

That's your

W.W.Chrom.  
Vln.

fu-ner-al!

gliss.

ff Dialogue

No 6a

COFFIN MUSIC

*Cue:* Mrs SOWERBERRY: Now then Oliver Twist you can sleep here under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among coffins I suppose. But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, you can't sleep no where else

*She takes the lamp and shuts Oliver in the shop*

Adagio

*Oliver peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings*

Str. trem.  
p  
Fl. Cor. Ang. Vibra.

attacca

Oliver

B. Cl. Bsn.  
Cello, C.B.