

# BEGGAR WOMAN

254

113

(ANTHONY)

(TODD) (*Looking up*)

*(He pulls the lever and again the customer disappears)*

Oh, look, Jo - han na, A star!

117

(to 125)

yel - low hair...

*He tosses the customer's hat down the chute. Night falls again. Smoke rises. The Beggar Woman reappears,*

A shoot - ing star!

*coughing fit to kill.*

*Safety*  
BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Pointing*)  
*f* (*last time*)

125

126

There! There! Some - bod - y, some - bod - y look up there!

*mf*

START

127 *Passers-by continue to ignore her.*

B.W. *Did - n't I tell you? Smell that air! Cit - y on fi - re!*

130 *Quick, miss! Run and tell! Warn 'em all of the witch's spell! There it*

L.H.

132 *is, there it is, the un - ho - ly smell! Tell it to the Bea - dle and the po - lice as well!*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

134 *Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend! Cit - y on fi - re!*

*ff* (Top line optional) *The smoke thins.*



STOP

137 *f* Dawn rises. *mf*

Cit - y on fi - re... Mis - chief... Mis - chief...

*dim. poco a poco*

140 *mp*

She curses at the bakehouse with her fingers. *mp*

Mis - chief... Fiend...

143 *p*

Alms... Alms...

146 *mp*

She shuffles off. Todd greets a third customer, whose small daughter, much to Todd's chagrin, follows her father into

32 (♩ = ♩.) more relaxed  
mf sub.

B.W.

'Ow would you like a lit - tle muff, dear, A lit - tle jig jig, A lit - tle

35

bounce a-round the bush? Would-n't you like to push me par - sley? You looks to

38

Tempo Primo (♩ = ♩)  
(Turns to Todd, pathetically)  
40 mp sub.

me, dear, like you got plen - ty there to push! Alms! Alms! for a pit - i - ful

L.H. mp

41

wom - an \_\_\_\_\_ Wot's got wan - der - in' wits...Hey, don't I know you, Mis - ter?

rit.

STOP