

It is here we go our several ways. Farewell, Anthony, I will not soon forget the good ship Bountiful nor the young man who saved my life.

Rubato (♩ = 66)

19

T. learn.

L.H.

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.

23

ten. ten. ten.

A Beggar Woman appears.

27 Più mosso (♩ = 66) BEGGAR WOMAN:

mp

Alms... alms... for a mis-'ra-ble wom-an On a mis-'ra-ble

R.H. L.H. mp

30 (As Anthony drops a coin in her bowl) rall. (Leers at him)

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

dim. rall.

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)
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.