

8. That's Your Funeral

OLIVER: (*faintly*): Yes ma'am, I think so.

MR SOWERBERRY **Doloroso** $\text{♩} = 80$

He's a born un - der - ta - ker's mute. I can

see him in his black silk suit. Fol - low - ing be - hind the

rall. *A tempo*

fu - ner - al pro - ces - sion With his fea - tures fixed in a suit - a - ble ex - pres - sion. There'll be

hor - ses with tall black plumes To es - cort us to the fam - 'ly tombs, With

rall.

mour - ners in all cor - ners who've been taught to weep in tune.

Poco più mosso **MRS SOWERBERRY**

Then the cof - fin lined with sat - in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

MRS S **MRS S**

Large e - nough to wear your hat in That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

MRS S

We're just here to glam - our - ise you for that end - less sleep.

BOTH

You might just as well look fetch - ing when you're six feet deep.

34 MRS S

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

38 MR S MRS S BOTH accel. 2

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

Più mosso

44 MR S MRS S

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

48 MR S MRS S

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

52

Vi - sua - lise the earth des - cend - ing on you clod by clod.

56

You can't come back when you're bu - ried un - der - neath the sod.

60 BOTH MR S

We will not re - duce our pri - ces keep your vi - ces u - su - al That's your fu - ner - al

65 MRS S MR S

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

MR BUMBLE turns to go but is stopped by MR & MRS SOWERBERRY

69 MR BUMBLE MR S MRS S

I don't think this song is fun - ny! That's your fu - ner - al That's your fu - ner - al

73 **MR BUMBLE** **MR S** **MR BUMBLE**

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

77 **MRS S**

We don't har - bour thoughts ma - ca - bre, there's no need to frown.

81 **MR & MRS SOWERBERRY** **rall.**

In the end we'll ei - ther burn you up or nail you down.

85 **A tempo**

We love coughs and wheez - es and di - sea - ses called in - cu - ra - ble.

89 **MR S** **MRS S** **MR S**

That's your fu - ner - al No - one el - se's fu - ner - al That's your

92 **MRS S** **BOTH** *(Coffin slam)*

That's your fu - ner - all!

9. Coffin Music - TACET

MRS SOWERBERRY: ... you can't sleep nowhere else!

OLIVER peers apprehensively at his sinister surroundings.

Misterioso

6

Slow SEGUE AS ONE into **Where Is Love?**