

Scene III.

Commodo. ♩ = ♩ (A voice is heard in the distance)

Father.

Tra la la la, tra la la

pp
Hr.(con Sordino)

la, Lit-tle mo-ther, here am I! Tra la la la, tra la la la, Bringing luck and jol-li-

Dble B.

(somewhat nearer)

ty! 1. Oh for you and me, poor

Str.(con Sordino)
pp *p*

mo-ther, Ev'-ry day is like the o-ther; With a big hole in the

Vel. *cresc.*

Tempo.

(complainingly)

rit.

purse, And in the sto - mach an e - ven worse. Tra la la la, tra la la

rit. *Tempo.*

p

la, Hun - ger is the poor man's curse! Tra la la, tra la la la

Cl. Fl.

p

(The father appears at the window, and

la, Hun - ger is the poor man's curse!

Str. *f*

during the following he comes into the room in a very lively mood, with a basket on his back.)

dim.

2. 'Tis - n't much that we re - quire, Just a lit - tle food and
 3. Yes, the rich en - joys his din - ner, While the poor grows dai - ly

fire! But a - las, it's true e - nough, Life on some of us is
 thin - ner; Strives to eat, as well he may, Some - what less than yes - ter -

cresc.

rit.
 (complaining) *Tempo.*

rough! Tra la la la, tra la la la, Hun - ger is a cus - tom - er
 day! Tra la la la, tra la la la, Hun - ger is the de - vil to

rit. *Tempo.*

p

tough! Tra la la, tra la la la la, Hun - ger is a cus - tom - er
 pay! Tra la la, tra la la la la, Hun - ger is the de - vil to

Fl.

mf

(He puts down his basket.)

tough!
pay!

Yes,
Hb.

Str.
ff

dimin.

mf

hun - ger's all very well to feel if you can get a good square meal, But

Hr.

Bass.

when there's nought what can you do, Sup - pos - ing the purse be emp - ty too?

Hb.

Hr.

Bass.

rit.

Tempo.

rit.

Tempo.

Str.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, O for a drop of "mountain dew!"

Tempo.

Tempo.

mf

mf

F1.