

B 2

W. COR

scream! I shall scream! For the safe - ty of my

W.W.

*a tempo*

W. COR

vir - tue I shall scream Tho' your knee is ra - ther co - sy see my

W. COR

cheeks are get - ting ro - sy You would have me in your pow'r\_ If I sat here for an

Mr. Bumble *His voice muffled by W. Corney's ample bosom.* *She gets off his lap.* W. Corney

W. COR

hour\_ I shall scream, scream scream. You're a

Oliver

W. COR *C*  
 naugh-ty, bad man. If you think I can't be pro-per, prim and haugh-ty I

W. COR  
 can And you'll par-don if I men-tion You must state your true in -

*Mr. Bumble treads  
 in the cat basket  
 and a caterwaul  
 follows.*

W. CORNEY  
 (Spoken) No  
 (She nods dissent)

W. COR *Mr. Bumble*  
 -ten-tion. Is there not an-oth-er room here? If there were a bride and

Mr BU *W. Corney* *Mr. Bumble*  
 groom here Would there be? Well there might. We shall

Cl.  
 Bsn. Hn. Trom.

Mr BU *W. Corney* *D*  
 see. Fl. Glock. I shall scream! I shall  
 Ob. W. W.  
*a tempo*

W. COR

scream ——— At the thought of what you're think-ing I shall scream ———

W. COR

**Mr. Bumble** *He kneels*

You will won - der where the scream went When we come to an a -

Mr BU

*He advances on his knees*

-gree-ment As my lov - ey dove is chub - by could she love a - chub - by

*rall.*

Mr BU

**W. Corney** *(Mr. Bumble sits down again)*

hub - by? I shall scream, Mis - ter Bum - ble. I shall scream. Bum - ble

W. W. Trom

W. COR

*(Mr. Bumble whistles invitingly)* *She sits in his lap and they embrace*

Wum-ble, I shall scream, scream, scream!

*pp*

W. W. Trom. *Segue*