

Tiny Tim and Cratchit Side

Cratchit: Right! Now then, where's our Tiny Tim?

Tiny Tim: I'm here, Day! Happy Christmas!

Cratchit:

We're off to buy the finest Christmas dinner in London, and I can't do it without you!

I don't need a fortune hidden in a shoe. Many men have fortunes, but they don't have you. When I look at you, I'm richer than a king. Yes, you mean more to me than anything! Up you go, son!

Cratchit:

We shall buy some apples.

Tiny Tim:

Mum will love them so. Father, look the theater!

Cratchit:

When we're rich, we'll go.

Tiny Tim:

All the joys of Christmas bundled up with string.

Both: you mean more to me than anything.

Cratchit:

Well, let's see, Tiny Tim. We've got five shillings. Now what can we get....

How much is that bird? Oh, I'm afraid that bird is a little out of our price range.....

Tiny Tim:

I don't need a feast, Dad. All I'd get is fat. I don't need a turkey – how'd I eat all that? I'll be content, no matter what you bring because you mean more to me than anything.

122

MARTHA: "Father! Father! Happy Christmas!" (etc.)

CRATCHIT: "Ah, Martha, where's our Mum
There she is. Hello, love."

123 5

A Tempo

MRS. CRATCHIT:

"Did that old skinflint give you Christmas day off?"

CRATCHIT: "He did."

128 10

CRATCHIT: "We're off to buy the finest Christmas
dinner in London, and I can't do it without you."

TINY TIM: "I'm here, Dad! Happy Christmas."

138 3

Vamp (vocal last x)

CRATCHIT:

141 142 143

I don't need— a for-tune hid-den in— a shoe. Ma-ny men— have for-tunes

Poco Rit.

144 145 146

but they don't— have you. When I look— at you I'm ri-cher than— a king. Yes,

A Tempo

CRATCHIT: "Up you go, son."

MRS. CRATCHIT: "Bye, love."

147 148 149 150

you mean more to me than an - y - thing.

Poco Più

152

CRATCHIT:

TINY TIM:

151 153

We shall buy— some ap - ples Mum 'll love— them so!

(TINY TIM:)

154 Fa - ther, look! — The thea - tre! 155 CRATCHIT: When we're rich, — we'll go!

CRATCHIT:

156 All the joys — of Christ-mas 157 bun-dled up — with string, 158

TINY TIM:

All the joys — of Christ-mas bun-dled up — with string, but you mean more to

159 you mean more, yes, 160 you mean more to 161 me than an - y -
me, yes, you mean more to me than an - y -

POULTERER:
"Fresh turkeys!"

Meno

CRATCHIT: "Let's see, Tiny Tim ... We've got five shillings. Now what can we get ..."
POULTERER: "Here's a fine bird. My prize turkey" CRATCHIT: "How much is it?"

162 thing. 163 8
thing. 8

POULTERER:

"Somethin' else then?"

Rit. If Necessary

172 TINY TIM:

171 I don't need — a feast, Dad, 173 all I'd get — is fat.

174 I don't need — a tur - key. 175 How'd I eat — all that?