

luck, Some - one else - 'll do the blink - in' work!
 luck, When temp - ta - tion comes, you'll give right in!

f (add W.W.)

(Tbn., Tuba)

JAMIE:
 HARRY:

(B)

With a lit - tle bit, with a lit - tle bit,
 With a lit - tle bit, with a lit - tle bit,

DOOLITTLE:

With a lit - tle bit, with a lit - tle bit,
 With a lit - tle bit, with a lit - tle bit,

(+ Br. st. mute)

(w.w.) *f* (Str., Hns.)

(Cello, Bs. pizz.)

With a lit - tle bit of luck, you'll nev - er work!
 With a lit - tle bit of luck, you'll give right in!

With a lit - tle bit of luck, you'll nev - er work!
 With a lit - tle bit of luck, you'll give right in!

Audition Materials for Named Cockney Men and Women (or Mrs. Hopkins)

Mrs. Hopkins: How'd ya like that? Knocked me for a row of pins, it did.

Bartender: (throwing Doolittle, Harry and Jamie out of the bar): Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now. I ain't running no charity bazaar.

Doolittle: Thanks for your hospitality, Goerge. Sen...

Bartender: Yes, I know. Send the bill to Buckingham Palace.

Mrs. Hopkins: You can buy your own drinks now, Alfie Doolittle. Fallen into a tub of butter you have.

Doolittle: What tub of butter?

Mrs. Hopkins: Your daughter, Eliza. Oh, you're a lucky man, Alfie Doolittle.

Doolittle: What are you talkin' about? What about Eliza?

Mrs. Hopkins: He don't know. Her own father, and he don't know. Moved in with a swell, Eliza has. Left here in a taxi all by herself, smart as a paint, and ain't been home for three days. And thn I gets a message from her this morning; She wants her things sent over to 27-A Wimpole Street, care of Professor Higgins. And what things does she want? Her bird cage and her Chinese fan. But, she says, never mind about sendin' any clothes!

Doolittle: I knowed she had a career in front of her! Harry, boy, we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shinin' on Alfred P. Doolittle.

Cockney Men – named parts - Audition

Bartender: I ain't running no charity bazaar. Drinks is to be paid for or not drunk. Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now, Doolittle. On the double. On the double.

Doolittle: Thanks for your hospitality, George. Send the bill to Buckingham Palace.

Jamie: Well, Alfie, I guess it's home we go.

Doolittle: Home? What do yo want to go home for? Eliza should be along in a few minutes. She ought to be good for half a crown for her father that loves her.

Harry: Loves her? That's a laugh. You ain't been near her for months.

Doolittle: What's that got to do with it? What's half a crown after all I give her.

Jamie: When did you ever give her anything?

Doolittle: Anything. I gave her everything. I give her the greatest gift any human being can give to another: Life! I introduced her to this here planet, I did, with all its wonders and marvels. This lovely world with the sun that shines and the moon that glows. Hyde Park to walk through on a fine Spring night. The whole ruddy cit of London to roam about in sellin' her bloomin' flowers. I

give her all that and then I disappears and leaves her on her own to enjoy it. Now it that ain't worth half a crown now and again, I'll take off my belt and give here what for.

Jamie: You got a good heart, Alfie, but if you want that half a crown from Eliza, you better have a good story to go with it.