

With A Little Bit Of Luck

Cue: DOOLITTLE: Goodnight, Eliza! You're a noble daughter!—You see, boys, I told you not to go home! It's just faith, hope and a little bit of luck!

Moderato
DOOLITTLE: (Fl., E. H. *colla voce*)

The Lord a - bove gave man an arm of i - ron,
bove made li - quor for temp - ta - tion; (Hns.)

Piano

So he could do his job and nev - er shirk.
To see if man could turn a - way from sin.

The Lord a - bove gave man an arm of i - ron,
The Lord a - bove made li - quor for temp - ta - tion; (Hp. gliss.)

(+Hns.)

but — With a lit - tle bit of luck, with a lit - tle bit of
but — With a lit - tle bit of luck, with a lit - tle bit of

(Str.)
pp

luck, Some -
luck, When t

f (add W.W.)

JAMIE:
HARRY:

With a
With a

DOOLITTLE:

With a
With a
(+ Br. st. mute)

(W.W.)
f

With
With

With
With

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!

1. DOOLITTLE: 2. DOOLITTLE:

The Lord a - Oh, you can walk the straight and

(WW, Str. 8va)

mf

(Bsn, Hns)

(Bs. pizz.)

nar - row; but with a lit - tle bit of luck you'll run a -

(Fl, E.H. colla voci) ©

muck! The gen - tle sex was made for man to

(rim shots)

mf

(Str, Hp.)

(Br.)

mar - ry To share his nest and see his food is

(Hns) > >

(Hns.)

cooked.

mar - ry,

(Harp)

lit - tle bit

JAMIE:
HARRY:

With a
DOOLITTLE:

With a

(W.W.,
Br. st. mu)

(Hns.)

cooked. The gen - tle sex was made for man to

(+Hns.)

mar - ry, but With a lit - tle bit of luck, with a

(Harp gliss.)

(Str.) *pp*

lit - tle bit of luck, You can have it all and not get hooked.

(+W.W.)

(Tbn., Tuba)

JAMIE:
HARRY:

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

DOOLITTLE:

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

(W.W.)
f Br. st. mute (Str.)

(Cello, B. pizz.)

Alfred Doolittle and Higgins (Doolittle monologue at the end)

Doolittle: Morning, governor. I come about a very serious matter.

Higgins: Born in Houndslow, Mother Welch. What do you want, Doolittle?

Doolittle: I want my daughter. That's what I want. See?

Higgins: Of course you do. You're her father, aren't you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs, here. Take her away at once.

Doolittle: What????!!

Higgins: Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

Doolittle: Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fairity to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. What do I come in?

Higgins: How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

Doolittle: Now don't take a man up like that, Governor.

Higgins: The Police shall take you up. This is a plant – a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone the police.

Doolittle: Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to this gentleman here. Have I said a word about money?

Higgins: What else did you come for?

Doolittle: Well, what would a bloke come for? Be human, Governor.

Higgins: Alfred, you sent her here on purpose?

Doolittle: So help me, Governor. I never did.

Higgins: Then how did you know she was here?

Doolittle: I'll tell ya, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell ya. I'm wanting to tell ya. I'm waiting to tell ya.

Higgins: Pickering, this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild: "I'm willing to tell you; I'm wanting to tell you; I'm waiting to tell you.

BREAK

Higgins: have you no morals, man?

Doolittle: No!. I can't afford 'em, Governor. Neither could you if you was a spoor as me. Not that I mean any harm, mind ya....but....

Eh, look at it my way. What am I? I ask ya, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor, that's what I am. Think what that means to a man. It means he's up agenst middle class morality for all the time. If there's anything going and I put in for a bit of it, It's always the same story: You're undeserving, so you can't have it.

But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband.

I don't need less than a deserving man, I need more. I don't eat less hearty than he does, and I drink a lot more. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving, and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it, and that's the truth. But will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up, fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow till she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? I put it to you, and I leave it to you.