



chance I've brought the pun-ish - ment That



best be-fits the crime Brim-stone and tre-acle and



car - bo - lic soap — These are the tools of my



trade With spoon-fuls of su - gar you



don't have a hope — Of see - ing that

(MISS ANDREW removes a terrifying-looking bottle and large spoon out of her bag, fills the spoon from the bottle and pushes it into the mouth of JANE, who gags with disgust, and then turns to MICHAEL.)

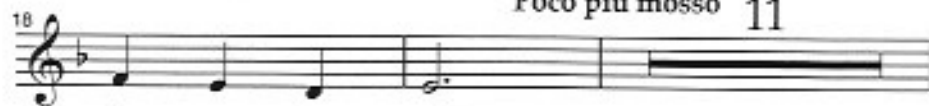
(MISS ANDREW:) Open!

MICHAEL: Does it taste as bad as it smells?

MISS ANDREW: Worse! Open!

(MICHAEL obeys, swallowing in disgust.)

Poco più mosso 11



chan - ges are made

(MISS ANDREW:) Your son will go to boarding school at once!
As for the girl, I shall take charge of her myself.

31 **Rall.** 2 **A tempo** 2

35 (MISS ANDREW:)
mp I won't stand for whin-ing or

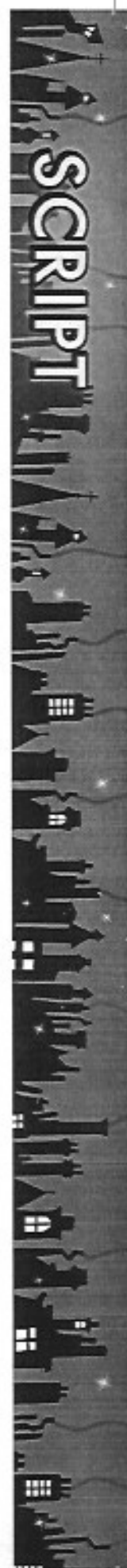
39 whinge-ing or whim-p - er - ing Cry - ing or

42 ly - ing or sobb - ing or simp - er - ing

45 **Meno Mosso**
I fear it's clear that in these two such

48 **Poco rit.**
bad hab - its lurk _____ First

53 **Broadly** **Rall.**
threat-en to throt-tle Then un-cork the bot-tle



57  59 **Allegro**
Brim - stone and trea - cle will work! _____

(MISS ANDREW:) (*tossing her bag to WINIFRED*) Now, show me to my room.

61  4
