

Jacks Mother - bar 26 to 41

20 *mp* 21 22

Jack Jack Jack, head in a sack, The house is get - ting cold - er.

Cantabile

mp

J.M. 23 24 25

This is not a time for dream - ing.

mp

J.M. 26 27 28 29

Chim - ney - stack start - ing to crack, The mice are get - ting bold - er, the floor's gone slack, Your

J.M. 30 31 32 *mf* 33

moth-er's get-ting old - er, your fa - ther's not back, And you can't just sit here dream-ing pret - ty dreams. To

J.M. 34 *f* 35 *dim.* 36 37

wish and wait from day to day Will nev - er keep the wolves a - way, so

(♩ = 138)
Leggiero, jauntily
mp

J.M. 38 39 40

In - to the woods, the time is now. We have to live, I don't care how. In - to the woods to sell the cow, You

J.M. 41 42 43

must be - gin the jour - ney. Straight through the woods and don't de - lay, We have to face the mar - ket-place.