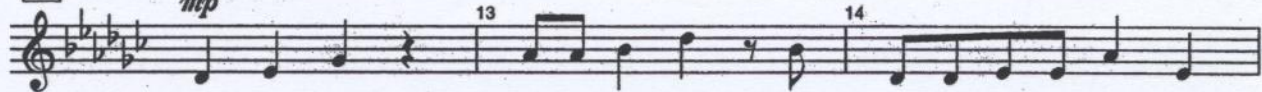


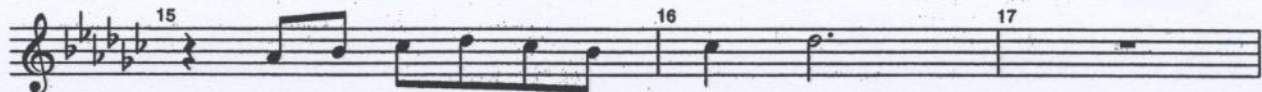
12

JACK'S MOTHER:

mp



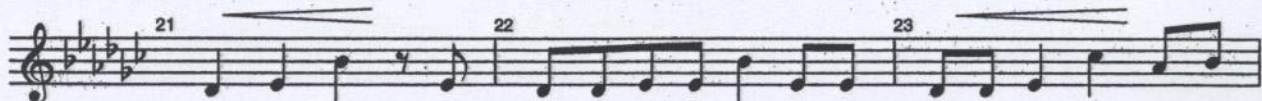
Jack Jack Jack, head in a sack, the house is get-ting cold - er.



This is not a time for dream - ing.

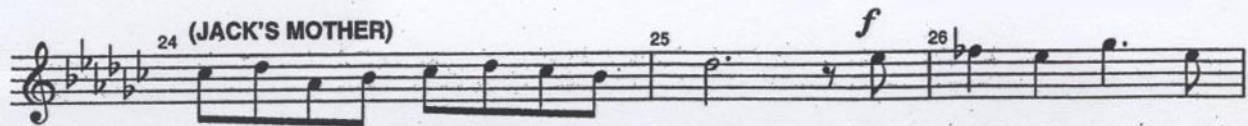


Chim - ney stack start-ing to crack, the mice are get-ting bold - er, the

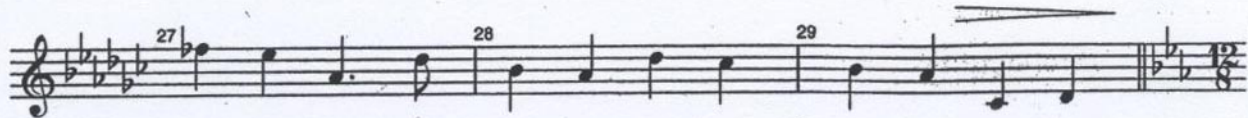


floor's gone slack, your moth-er's get-ting old - er, your fath-er's not back, and you

24 (JACK'S MOTHER)

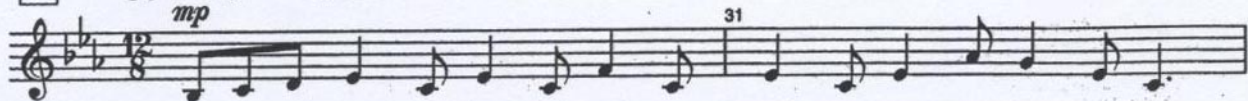


can't just sit here dream-ing pret - ty dreams. To wish and wait from

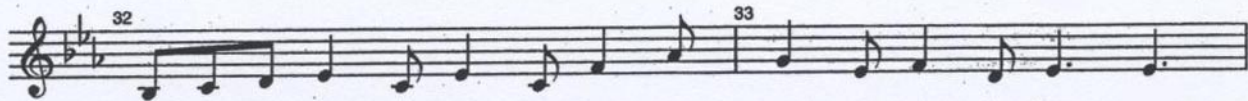


day to day will nev - er keep the wolves a - way. So

30 **Leggiero, jauntily** (♩ = 138)



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 must be - gin the jour - ney.