



Mis-ter Hearst and Pu-lit - zer,— have we got news for

A



you. See, the *World* don't know,

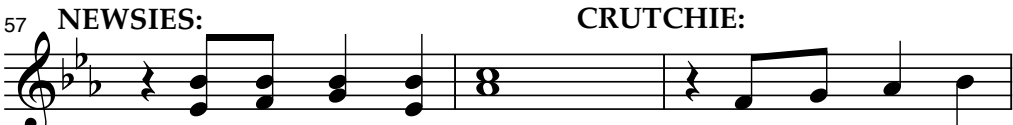


JACK, DAVEY:

but they're gon-na pay. 'Stead of hawk-in'



head-lines, we'll be mak-in' 'em to-day.—



NEWSIES:

CRUTCHIE:

And our ranks will grow! And we'll kick their



NEWSIES:

rear! Yeah! And the *World* will know that

(Now worried, WIESEL and the DELANCEYS pack up the cart and exit.)



we been here.



DAVEY:

When the cir - cu - la - tion bell— starts ring - ing,



68 **NEWSIES:**

will we hear— it? No!

70 **MURIEL:**

What if the De-lan-ceys come— out swing-ing?

72 **NEWSIES:**

Will we hear— it? No!

B

74

When ya got a hun-dred voi - ces sing - ing,

76

who can hear a lous-y whis-tle blow?_____ And the

80

World will know that this ain't no game,

84

that we got a ton of rot-ten fruit—and per-fect aim.

88

We been down too long, and we paid our dues.