

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

**Sweeney  
Todd**  
*The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*



A Musical Thriller

Music and Lyrics by **Stephen Sondheim**

Book by **Hugh Wheeler**

From an Adaptation by **Christopher Bond**

Originally Directed by **Harold Prince**

Orchestrations by **Jonathan Tunick**

Originally Produced on Broadway by Richard Barr, Charles Woodward, Robert Fryer,  
Mary Lea Johnson, Martin Richards in association with Dean and Judy Manos

**NOTICE: DO NOT DEFACE!**

Should you find it necessary to mark cues or cuts, use a soft black lead pencil only.

**NOT FOR SALE**

This book is rented for the period specified in your contract. It remains the property of:



421 West 54th Street  
New York, NY 10019  
(212) 541-4684

**PLEASE RETURN ALL MATERIALS TO:**

MTI MUSIC LIBRARY  
31A INDUSTRIAL PARK ROAD  
NEW HARTFORD, CT 06057

*In accordance with the terms and conditions specified in your performance license, all music, lyrics and dialogue contained herein are the property of the Authors and are fully protected by copyright.*

*You are not permitted to make any changes to the music, lyrics or dialogue of the Play, including the interpolation of new material and/or the exclusion of existing material. Any changes shall constitute a willful infringement of said copyright and will subject you to all the criminal penalties and civil liabilities under the United States Copyright Act.*

*This book may not be duplicated and must be returned at the conclusion of your production. This Play is the property of its Authors. Remember, you have rented these materials and been granted a performance license. You may not duplicate any portion of these materials, disseminate them in any way, in whole or in part, including electronic or digital transmission and posting on the Internet, or use them for performances other than those specified in your license agreement.*

*Federal Copyright Law specifically prohibits the public performance of the enclosed material without a performance license. MTI's delivery of the enclosed material does not authorize you or your group to perform the enclosed show(s) in any manner whatsoever. For example, it does not matter whether your audience pays for their tickets or not; it does not matter if your group is a school or not. The law requires you to obtain a license prior to performing the enclosed material.*

*For further information regarding the severity of the punishments for willful infringement of copyright, please visit [www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov).*



**MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL**

**MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL**  
**421 West 54th Street**  
**New York NY 10019**  
**(212) 541-4684**  
**[www.MTIShows.com](http://www.MTIShows.com)**

## *C H A R A C T E R S*

SWEENEY TODD

MRS. LOVETT

ANTHONY HOPE

JOHANNA

TOBIAS RAGG

JUDGE TURPIN

THE BEADLE

BEGGAR WOMAN

ADOLFO PIRELLI

JONAS FOGG

### **COMPANY:**

MEN

WOMEN

CUSTOMERS

LUNATICS

ETC.

# LIBRETTO - MUSICAL NUMBERS

## PROLOGUE

Prelude - <i>optional</i> .....	1
1. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .....	1

## ACT I

2. No Place Like London.....	4
2a. Transition Music.....	8
3. The Worst Pies In London .....	9
4. Poor Thing .....	12
5. My Friends.....	16
6. Green Finch and Linnet Bird .....	18
7. Ah, Miss .....	20
8. Johanna (Part I) .....	22
8a. Johanna (Part II) .....	24
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir .....	25
9a. Pirelli's Entrance .....	33
10. The Contest (Part I).....	36
10a. The Contest (Part II) - <i>optional</i> .....	39
10b. Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	43
11. Johanna.....	43
12. Wait .....	48
12a. Pirelli's Death .....	54
12b. Pirelli's Death Underscore .....	55
12c. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	56
12d. Underscore.....	57
13. Kiss Me (Part I).....	57
14. Ladies In Their Sensitivities .....	61
15. Kiss Me (Part II) .....	63
15a. Underscore.....	67
16. Pretty Women (Part I) .....	70
16a. Pretty Women (Part II) .....	71
17. Epiphany .....	75
18. A Little Priest.....	79

## ACT II

19. God, That's Good! .....	88
20. Johanna – Act II Sequence.....	100
20a. After Johanna – Act II Sequence .....	105
20b. I Am A Lass – <i>optional</i> .....	107
21. By The Sea (Part I).....	108
21a. By The Sea (Part II).....	111
22. Wigmaker Sequence.....	113
22a. The Letter .....	116
22b. After Letter.....	117
23. Not While I'm Around .....	118
23a. After “Not While I'm Around” .....	122
24. Parlor Songs (Part I).....	123
24a. Parlor Songs (Part II).....	125
24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) .....	128
25. Fogg's Asylum .....	129
25a. Fogg's Passacaglia .....	130
26. City On Fire .....	132
27. Searching (Part I).....	133
27a. Searching (Part II).....	135
28. Judge's Return .....	138
29. Final Scene (Part I) .....	143
29a. Final Scene (Part II) .....	147

## EPILOGUE

29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	148
30. Exit Music (Part I) .....	150
31. Exit Music (Part II) .....	150

# LIBRETTO - SONGS BY CHARACTER

## SWEENEY TODD

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . . .	1
2. No Place Like London . . . . .	4
5. My Friends . . . . .	16
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir . . . . .	25
16. Pretty Women (Part I) . . . . .	70
16a. Pretty Women (Part II) . . . . .	71
17. Epiphany . . . . .	75
18. A Little Priest . . . . .	79
19. God, That's Good! . . . . .	88
20. Johanna - Act II Sequence . . . . .	100
21. By The Sea (Part I) . . . . .	108
22. Wigmaker's Sequence . . . . .	113
27. Searching (Part I) . . . . .	133
28. Judge's Return . . . . .	138
29. Final Scene (Part I) . . . . .	143
29a. Final Scene (Part II) . . . . .	147
29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .	148

## MRS. LOVETT

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . . .	1
3. The Worst Pies In London . . . . .	9
4. Poor Thing . . . . .	12
5. My Friends . . . . .	16
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir . . . . .	25
12. Wait . . . . .	48
17. Epiphany . . . . .	75
18. A Little Priest . . . . .	79
19. God, That's Good! . . . . .	88
20b. I Am A Lass . . . . .	107
21. By The Sea (Part I) . . . . .	108
21a. By The Sea (Part II) . . . . .	111
23. Not While I'm Around . . . . .	118
24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) . . . . .	125
24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) . . . . .	128
27. Searching (Part I) . . . . .	133
29. Final Scene (Part I) . . . . .	143
29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .	148

## BEGGAR WOMAN

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . . .	1
2. No Place Like London . . . . .	4
7. Ah, Miss . . . . .	20
12. Wait . . . . .	48
20. Johanna - Act II Sequence . . . . .	100
27. Searching (Part I) . . . . .	133
27a. Searching (Part II) . . . . .	135
29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .	148

## ANTHONY HOPE

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . . .	1
2. No Place Like London . . . . .	4
7. Ah, Miss . . . . .	20
8. Johanna (Part I) . . . . .	22
8a. Johanna (Part II) . . . . .	24
13. Kiss Me (Part I) . . . . .	57
15. Kiss Me (Part II) . . . . .	63
16a. Pretty Women (Part II) . . . . .	71
20. Johanna - Act II Sequence . . . . .	100
22. Wigmaker's Sequence . . . . .	113
27a. Searching (Part II) . . . . .	135
29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .	148

## JOHANNA

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . . .	1
6. Green Finch and Linnet Bird . . . . .	18
7. Ah, Miss . . . . .	20
13. Kiss Me (Part I) . . . . .	57
15. Kiss Me (Part II) . . . . .	63
20. Johanna - Act II Sequence . . . . .	100
20a. After Johanna Act II - Sequence . . . . .	105
26. City On Fire . . . . .	132
27a. Searching (Part II) . . . . .	135
29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .	148

## JUDGE TURPIN

- 1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd .....1
- 11. Johanna .....43
- 15. Kiss Me (Part II) .....63
- 16. Pretty Women (Part I) .....70
- 16a. Pretty Women (Part II) .....71
- 28. Judge's Return .....138
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .148

## THE BEADLE

- 1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd .....1
- 14. Ladies In Their Sensitivities ...61
- 15. Kiss Me (Part II) .....63
- 24. Parlor Songs (Part I) .....123
- 24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) .....125
- 24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) .....128
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .148

## PIRELLI

- 1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd .....1
- 9a. Pirelli's Entrance .....33
- 10. The Contest (Part I) .....36
- 10a. The Contest (Part II) .....39
- 12a. Pirelli's Death .....54
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .148

## TOBIAS RAGG

- 1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd .....1
- 9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir .....25
- 10a. The Contest (Part II) .....39
- 19. God, That's Good! .....88
- 23. Not While I'm Around .....118
- 24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) .....125
- 24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) .....128
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .148

## ENSEMBLE

- 1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd .....1
- 5. My Friends .....16
- 9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir .....25
- 19. God, That's Good! .....88
- 25. Fogg's Asylum .....129
- 25a. Fogg's Passacaglia .....130
- 26. City On Fire .....132
- 27. Searching (Part I) .....133
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .148

## MEMBERS OF THE ENSEMBLE

- 10b. Ballad of Sweeney Todd ....43
- 12c. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd ..56
- 22. Wigmaker Sequence .....113
- 22a. The Letter .....116





**PROLOGUE**

*THE PLACE: London: Fleet Street and environs*

*THE TIME: The 19th Century*

*Prelude (Optional)*

*(As the audience enters, an organist takes his place at a huge eccentric organ to the side of the stage and begins to play funeral music. Before a front drop depicting in a honeycombed beehive the class system of mid-19th Century England two gravediggers appear, carrying shovels, and begin to dig a grave downstage center. As they dig they disappear six feet into the earth, leaving piles of dirt on the upstage side.*

*At curtain time a police warden appears, looks at his watch, hurrying them. Two workmen enter. They pull down the drop. The deafeningly shrill sound of a factory whistle. Blackout.*

*#1 – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd*

*The lights come up to reveal the COMPANY. A MAN steps forward and sings)*

**MAN (Bass)**

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.  
 HIS SKIN WAS PALE AND HIS EYE WAS ODD.  
 HE SHAVED THE FACES OF GENTLEMEN  
 WHO NEVER THEREAFTER WERE HEARD OF AGAIN.  
 HE TROD A PATH THAT FEW HAVE TROD,  
 DID SWEENEY TODD,  
 THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

**ANOTHER MAN (Tenor)**

HE KEPT A SHOP IN LONDON TOWN,  
 OF FANCY CLIENTS AND GOOD RENOWN.  
 AND WHAT IF NONE OF THEIR SOULS WERE SAVED?  
 THEY WENT TO THEIR MAKER IMPECCABLY SHAVED  
 BY SWEENEY,  
 BY SWEENEY TODD,  
 THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

*(A blinding light cuts down the stage as an upstage iron door opens. Two men enter. They carry a body in a bag, tied at both ends with rope. They are followed by a woman carrying a tin canister marked “Flour.” They walk to the edge of the grave and unceremoniously dump the body in it. The woman opens the canister and pours black ashes into the hole. This action covers the next verse of the song)*

**COMPANY**

SWING YOUR RAZOR WIDE, SWEENEY!  
HOLD IT TO THE SKIES!  
FREELY FLOWS THE BLOOD OF THOSE  
WHO MORALIZE!

*(Various members of the COMPANY step forward and sing)*

**TOBIAS**

HIS NEEDS WERE FEW, HIS ROOM WAS BARE:

**MAN (Baritone)**

A LAVABO AND A FANCY CHAIR,

**ANOTHER MAN (Bass)**

A MUG OF SUDS AND A LEATHER STROP,

**Add TENOR**

AN APRON, A TOWEL, A PAIL AND A MOP.

**TWO WOMEN (Mezzos)**

FOR NEATNESS HE DESERVES A NOD,  
DOES SWEENEY TODD,

**COMPANY**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

**WOMEN**

INCONSPICUOUS SWEENEY WAS,  
QUICK AND QUIET AND CLEAN ‘E WAS.  
BACK OF HIS SMILE, UNDER HIS WORD,  
SWEENEY HEARD MUSIC THAT NOBODY HEARD.  
SWEENEY PONDERED AND SWEENEY PLANNED,  
LIKE A PERFECT MACHINE ‘E PLANNED.  
SWEENEY WAS SMOOTH, SWEENEY WAS SUBTLE,  
SWEENEY WOULD BLINK AND RATS WOULD SCUTTLE.

*(The MEN join in singing, voices overlapping, in a gradual crescendo)*

**(COMPANY)**

SWEENEY WAS SMOOTH, SWEENEY WAS SUBTLE,  
SWEENEY WOULD BLINK AND RATS WOULD SCUTTLE  
INCONSPICUOUS SWEENEY WAS,  
QUICK AND QUIET AND CLEAN 'E WAS,  
LIKE A PERFECT MACHINE 'E WAS,  
WAS SWEENEY!  
SWEENEY!  
SWEENEY!  
SWEEEEENEEEEEEY!

*(TODD rises out of the grave and sings as the COMPANY repeats his words)*

**TODD**

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.

**COMPANY**

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.

**TODD**

HE SERVED A DARK AND A VENGEFUL GOD.

**COMPANY**

HE SERVED A DARK AND A VENGEFUL GOD.

**TODD**

WHAT HAPPENED THEN – WELL, THAT'S THE PLAY,  
AND HE WOULDN'T WANT US TO GIVE IT AWAY,  
NOT SWEENEY,

**TODD & COMPANY**

NOT SWEENEY TODD,  
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

*(The scene blacks out. The bells of a clock tower chime. Early morning light comes up)*

## ACT ONE

*(A street by the London docks. SWEENEY TODD and ANTHONY HOPE enter. ANTHONY is a cheerful country-born young ship's first mate with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. TODD is a heavy-set, saturnine man in his forties who might, say, be a blacksmith or a dockhand. There is about him an air of brooding, slightly nerve-chilling self-absorption)*

### #2 – *No Place Like London*

#### ANTHONY

I HAVE SAILED THE WORLD, BEHELD ITS WONDERS  
FROM THE DARDANELLES  
TO THE MOUNTAINS OF PERU,  
BUT THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE LONDON!  
I FEEL HOME AGAIN.

I COULD HEAR THE CITY BELLS  
RING WHATEVER I WOULD DO.  
NO, THERE'S NO PL –

#### TODD

*(sings grimly)*

NO, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE LONDON.

#### ANTHONY

*(surprised at the interruption)*

Mr. Todd, sir?

#### TODD

YOU ARE YOUNG.  
LIFE HAS BEEN KIND TO YOU.  
YOU WILL LEARN.

*(music under)*

It is here we go our several ways. Farewell, Anthony, I will not soon forget the good ship "Bountiful" nor the young man who saved my life.

#### ANTHONY

There's no cause to thank me for that, sir. It would have been a poor Christian indeed who'd have spotted you pitching and tossing on that raft and not given the alarm.

**TODD**

There's many a Christian would have done just that and not lost a wink's sleep for it, either.

*(A ragged BEGGAR WOMAN suddenly appears)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Approaching, holding out a bowl to ANTHONY)*

ALMS! ... ALMS! ...  
FOR A MIS'RABLE WOMAN  
ON A MIS'RABLE CHILLY MORNING

*(ANTHONY drops a coin in her bowl)*

THANK YER, SIR, THANK YER.

*(Softly, suddenly leering in a mad way)*

'OW WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE MUFF, DEAR,  
A LITTLE JIG JIG,  
A LITTLE BOUNCE AROUND THE BUSH?  
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO PUSH ME PARSLEY?  
YOU LOOKS TO ME, DEAR  
LIKE YOU GOT PLENTY THERE TO PUSH!

*(As ANTHONY starts back in embarrassment, SHE turns instantly and pathetically to TODD, who tries to keep his back to her)*

ALMS! ... ALMS! ...  
FOR A PITIFUL WOMAN  
WOT' S GOT WANDERIN' WITS ...  
HEY, DON'T I KNOW YOU, MISTER?

*(SHE peers intently at him)*

**TODD**

Must you glare at me, woman? Off with you, off, I say!

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Smiling vacantly)*

THEN 'OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPLIT ME MUFF, MISTER?  
WE'LL GO JIG JIG  
A LITTLE –

**TODD**

*(Making a gesture as if to strike her)*

Off, I said. To the devil with you!

*(She scuttles away, turns to give him a piercing look, then wanders off)*

## BEGGAR WOMAN

*(Singing as SHE goes)*

ALMS! ... ALMS! ...  
FOR A PITIFUL WOMAN ...

*(Music continues under)*

### ANTHONY

*(A little bewildered)*

Pardon me, sir, but there's no need to fear the likes of her. She was only a half-crazed beggar woman. London's full of them.

### TODD

*(Half to himself, half to ANTHONY)*

I beg your indulgence, boy. My mind is far from easy, for in these once-familiar streets I feel the chill of ghostly shadows everywhere. Forgive me.

### ANTHONY

There's nothing to forgive.

### TODD

Farewell, Anthony.

### ANTHONY

Mr. Todd, before we part—

### TODD

*(Suddenly fierce)*

What is it?

### ANTHONY

I have honored my promise never to question you. Whatever brought you to that sorry shipwreck is your affair. And yet, during those many weeks of the voyage home, I have come to think of you as friend and, if trouble lies ahead for you in London ... if you need help — or money ...

### TODD

*(Almost shouting)*

No!

*(ANTHONY starts, perplexed; TODD makes a placating gesture, sings quietly and intensely)*

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE WORLD  
LIKE A GREAT BLACK PIT  
AND THE VERMIN OF THE WORLD

**(TODD)**

INHABIT IT  
AND ITS MORALS AREN'T WORTH  
WHAT A PIG COULD SPIT  
AND IT GOES BY THE NAME OF LONDON.

AT THE TOP OF THE HOLE  
SIT THE PRIVILEGED FEW,  
MAKING MOCK OF THE VERMIN  
IN THE LOWER ZOO,  
TURNING BEAUTY INTO FILTH AND GREED.  
I TOO  
HAVE SAILED THE WORLD AND SEEN ITS WONDERS,  
FOR THE CRUELTY OF MEN  
IS AS WONDROUS AS PERU,  
BUT THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE LONDON!

*(Pause, music under, then as if in a trance)*

THERE WAS A BARBER AND HIS WIFE  
AND SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.  
A FOOLISH BARBER AND HIS WIFE.  
SHE WAS HIS REASON AND HIS LIFE,  
AND SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.  
AND SHE WAS VIRTUOUS.  
AND HE WAS

*(Shrugs)*

NAIVE.

THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN WHO SAW  
THAT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.  
A PIOUS VULTURE OF THE LAW  
WHO WITH A GESTURE OF HIS CLAW  
REMOVED THE BARBER FROM HIS PLATE.  
THEN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT TO WAIT  
AND SHE WOULD FALL.  
SO SOFT,  
SO YOUNG,  
SO LOST  
AND OH, SO BEAUTIFUL!

*(Pauses, music under)*

**ANTHONY**

And the lady, sir – did she – succumb?

**TODD**

OH, THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO ...  
I DOUBT IF ANYONE WOULD KNOW.

*(Music under)*

Now, leave me, Anthony, I beg of you. There's somewhere I must go, something I must find out. Now. And alone.

**ANTHONY**

But surely we will meet again before I'm off to Plymouth!

**TODD**

If you want, you may well find me. Around Fleet Street, I wouldn't wonder.

**ANTHONY**

Well, until then, Mr. Todd.

*(ANTHONY starts off down the street. TODD stands a moment alone in thought, then starts down the street in the opposite direction)*

**TODD**

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE WORLD  
LIKE A GREAT BLACK PIT  
AND IT'S FILLED WITH PEOPLE  
WHO ARE FILLED WITH SHIT  
AND THE VERMIN OF THE WORLD  
INHABIT IT ...

#2a – Transition Music

*(As TODD disappears, we see Mrs. Lovett's Pieshop. Above it is an empty apartment which is reached by an outside staircase. MRS. LOVETT, a vigorous, slatternly woman in her forties, is flicking flies off the trays of pies with a dirty rag as SHE sings or hums. TODD appears at the end of the street and moves slowly toward the pieshop, looking around as if remembering. Seeing the pieshop, HE pauses a moment at some distance, gazing at it and at MRS. LOVETT, who has now picked up a wicked-looking knife and starts chopping suet. After a beat, TODD moves toward the shop, hesitates and then enters. MRS. LOVETT does not notice him until his shadow passes across her. SHE looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks)*



#3 – *The Worst Pies In London***MRS. LOVETT**

A customer!

*(TODD has started out in alarm.)*

WAIT! WHAT'S YER RUSH? WHAT'S YER HURRY?

*(SHE sticks the knife into the counter)*

YOU GAVE ME SUCH A –

*(SHE wipes her hands on her apron)*

FRIGHT. I THOUGHT YOU WAS A GHOST.

HALF A MINUTE, CAN'TCHER?

SIT! SIT YE DOWN!

*(Forcefully)*

SIT!

ALL I MEANT IS THAT I

HAVEN'T SEEN A CUSTOMER FOR WEEKS.

DID YOU COME HERE FOR A PIE, SIR?

*(TODD nods. SHE flicks a bit of dust off a pie with her rag)*

DO FORGIVE ME IF ME HEAD'S A LITTLE VAGUE –

UGH!

*(SHE plucks something off a pie, holds it up)*

WHAT IS THAT?

BUT YOU'D THINK WE HAD THE PLAGUE –

*(SHE drops it on the floor and stamps on it)*

FROM THE WAY THAT PEOPLE –

*(SHE flicks something off a pie with her finger)*

KEEP AVOIDING –

*(Spotting it moving)*

NO YOU DON'T!

*(SHE smacks it with her hand)*

HEAVEN KNOWS I TRY, SIR!

*(Lifts her hand, looks at it)*

YICH!

*(SHE wipes it on the edge of the counter)*

BUT THERE'S NO ONE COMES IN EVEN TO INHALE –

(MRS. LOVETT)

*(SHE blows the last dust off the pie as SHE brings it to him)*

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE A DROP OF ALE?

*(TODD nods)*

MIND YOU, I CAN'T HARDLY BLAME THEM –

*(Pouring a tankard of ale)*

THESE ARE PROBABLY THE WORST PIES IN LONDON.

I KNOW WHY NOBODY CARES TO TAKE THEM –

I SHOULD KNOW,

I MAKE THEM.

BUT GOOD? NO,

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON –

EVEN THAT'S POLITE.

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON –

IF YOU DOUBT IT, TAKE A BITE.

*(HE does)*

IS THAT JUST DISGUSTING?

YOU HAVE TO CONCEDE IT.

IT'S NOTHING BUT CRUSTING –

HERE, DRINK THIS, YOU'LL NEED IT –

*(SHE puts the ale in front of him)*

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON –

*(During the following, SHE slams lumps of dough on the counter and rolls them out, grunting frequently as SHE goes)*

AND NO WONDER WITH THE PRICE OF

MEAT WHAT IT IS

*(grunt)*

WHEN YOU GET IT.

*(grunt)*

NEVER

*(grunt)*

THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY MEN'D THINK IT WAS A

TREAT FINDING POOR

*(grunt)*

ANIMALS

*(grunt)*

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

WOT ARE DYING IN THE STREET.  
MRS. MOONEY HAS A PIE SHOP.  
DOES A BUSINESS, BUT I NOTICE SOMETHING WEIRD –  
LATELY ALL HER NEIGHBORS' CATS HAVE DISAPPEARED.  
HAVE TO HAND IT TO HER –  
WOT I CALLS  
ENTERPRISE.  
POPPING PUSSIES INTO PIES.  
WOULDN'T DO IN MY SHOP –  
JUST THE THOUGHT OF IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SICK.  
AND I'M TELLING YOU THEM PUSSY CATS IS QUICK.  
NO DENYING TIMES IS HARD, SIR –  
EVEN HARDER THAN  
THE WORST PIES IN LONDON.  
ONLY LARD AND NOTHING MORE –

*(As TODD gamely tries another mouthful)*

IS THAT JUST REVOLTING?  
ALL GREASY AND GRITTY,  
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S MOLTING,  
AND TASTES LIKE –  
WELL, PITY  
A WOMAN ALONE  
WITH LIMITED WIND  
AND THE WORST PIES IN LONDON!

*(Sighs heavily)*

AH SIR,  
TIMES IS HARD. TIMES IS HARD.

*(SHE finishes one of the crusts with a flourish, then notices TODD having difficulty with his pie)*

Spit it out, dear. Go on. On the floor. There's worse things than that down there.

*(as HE does)*

That's my boy.

**TODD**

Isn't that a room up there over the shop? If times are so hard, why don't you rent it out? That should bring in something.

#4 – *Poor Thing*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Up there? Oh, no one will go near it. People think it's haunted.. You see – years ago, something happened up there. Something not very nice.

THERE WAS A BARBER AND HIS WIFE,  
AND HE WAS BEAUTIFUL,  
A PROPER ARTIST WITH A KNIFE,  
BUT THEY TRANSPORTED HIM FOR LIFE.

*(sighs)*

AND HE WAS BEAUTIFUL ...

*(Music continues under)*

Barker, his name was – Benjamin Barker.

**TODD**

Transported? What was his crime?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Foolishness.

HE HAD THIS WIFE, YOU SEE,  
PRETTY LITTLE THING.  
SILLY LITTLE NIT  
HAD HER CHANCE FOR THE WORLD ON A STRING –  
POOR THING. POOR THING.

*(As SHE sings, her narration is acted out. First we see the pretty young WIFE in the empty upstairs room dancing her household chores. During the following the JUDGE and his obsequious assistant, the BEADLE, approach the house, gazing up at the WIFE lecherously. The WIFE remains demure, sewing. The WIFE's part is mimed by the actress playing JOHANNA)*

THERE WERE THESE TWO, YOU SEE,  
WANTED HER LIKE MAD,  
ONE OF 'EM A JUDGE,  
ONE OF 'EM HIS BEADLE  
EVERY DAY THEY'D NUDGE  
AND THEY'D WHEEDLE.  
STILL SHE WOULDN'T BUDGE  
FROM HER NEEDLE.  
TOO BAD. PURE THING.

*(Far upstage, in very dim light, shapes appear. A swirl of cloth, glints of jewels, the faces of people masked as animals and demons. During the following lyric, the WIFE takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling it in her arms as SHE sobs)*

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

SO THEY MERELY SHIPPED THE POOR BLIGHTER OFF SOUTH THEY DID,  
LEAVING HER WITH NOTHING BUT GRIEF AND A YEAR-OLD KID.  
DID SHE USE HER HEAD EVEN THEN? OH NO, GOD FORBID!  
POOR FOOL.  
AH, BUT THERE WAS WORSE YET TO COME –

*(intake of breath)*

POOR THING.

*(Again the shapes appear, this time a bit, more distinctly. MRS. LOVETT speaks, musingly)*

Johanna, that was the baby's name ... Pretty little Johanna ...

*(Drifts off in reminiscence)*

**TODD**

*(Tensely)*

Go on.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Eyeing TODD sharply)*

My, you do like a good story, don't you?

*(The BEADLE reappears, gazing up at the WIFE, miming in a solicitous manner for her to come down. MRS. LOVETT, warming to the tale, sings)*

WELL, BEADLE CALLS ON HER, ALL POLITE,  
POOR THING, POOR THING.  
THE JUDGE, HE TELLS HER, IS ALL CONTRITE,  
HE BLAMES HIMSELF FOR HER DREADFUL PLIGHT,  
SHE MUST COME STRAIGHT TO HIS HOUSE TONIGHT!  
POOR THING, POOR THING.

*(Excited, almost gleeful)*

OF COURSE, WHEN SHE GOES THERE,  
POOR THING, POOR THING.  
THEY'RE HAVIN' THIS BALL ALL IN MASKS.

*(The shapes are now clear. A ball is in progress at the JUDGE's house: the COMPANY, wearing grotesque masks, is dancing a slow minuet. The BEADLE, leading the WIFE, appears, moving with her, through the dancers. HE gives her champagne. SHE looks dazedly around, terrified)*

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

THERE'S NO ONE SHE KNOWS THERE,  
POOR DEAR, POOR THING.  
SHE WANDERS TORMENTED, AND DRINKS,  
POOR THING.  
THE JUDGE HAS REPENTED, SHE THINKS,  
POOR THING.  
"OH, WHERE IS JUDGE TURPIN?" SHE ASKS.

*(During the following, the JUDGE appears, tears off his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. SHE screams as HE reaches for her, struggling wildly as the BEADLE hurls her to the floor. HE holds her there as the JUDGE mounts her and the masked dancers pirouette around the ravishment giggling)*

HE WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT –  
ONLY NOT SO CONTRITE!  
SHE WASN'T NO MATCH FOR SUCH CRAFT, YOU SEE,  
AND EVERYONE THOUGHT IT SO DROLL.  
THEY FIGURED SHE HAD TO BE DAFT, YOU SEE.  
SO ALL OF 'EM STOOD THERE AND LAUGHED, YOU SEE.  
POOR SOUL!  
POOR THING!

**TODD**

*(A wild shout)*

Would no one have mercy on her?

*(The dumb show vanishes. TODD and MRS. LOVETT gaze at each other)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Coolly)*

So it is you – Benjamin Barker.

**TODD**

*(Frighteningly vehement)*

Not Barker! Not Barker! Todd now! Sweeney Todd! Where is she?

**MRS. LOVETT**

So changed! Good God, what did they do to you down there in bloody Australia or wherever?

**TODD**

Where is my wife? Where's Lucy?

**MRS. LOVETT**

She poisoned herself. Arsenic from the apothecary on the corner. I tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen to me.

**TODD**

And my daughter?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Johanna? He's got her.

**TODD**

He? Judge Turpin?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Even he had a conscience tucked away, I suppose. Adopted her like his own. You could say it was good luck for her... almost.

**TODD**

Fifteen years sweating in a living hell on a trumped up charge. Fifteen years dreaming that, perhaps, I might come home to a loving wife and child.

*(TODD strikes ferociously on the pie counter with his fists)*

Let them quake in their boots – Judge Turpin and the Beadle – for their hour has come.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Awed)*

You're going to – get 'em? You? A bleeding little nobody of a runaway convict? Don't make me laugh. You'll never get His 'Igh and Mightiness! Nor the Beadle neither. Not in a million years.

*(No reaction from TODD)*

You got any money?

*(Still no reaction)*

Listen to me! You got any money?

**TODD**

No money.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Then how you going to live even?

**TODD**

I'll live. If I have to sweat in the sewers or in the plague hospital, I'll live – and I'll have them.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh, you poor thing! You poor thing!

*(A sudden thought)*

Wait!

*(SHE disappears behind a curtained entrance leading to her parlor. For a beat TODD stands alone, almost exalted. MRS. LOVETT returns with a razor case. SHE holds it out to him)*

See! It don't have to be the sewers or the plague hospital. When they come for the little girl, I hid 'em. I thought, who knows? Maybe the poor silly blighter'll be back again someday and need 'em. Cracked in the head, wasn't I? Times as bad as they are, I could have got five, maybe ten quid for 'em, any day. See? You can be a barber again.

#5 – *My Friends*

*(Music begins. SHE opens the case for him to look inside. TODD stands a long moment gazing down at the case)*

My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they?

**TODD**

Silver, yes.

*(Quietly, looking into the box)*

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS.  
SEE HOW THEY GLISTEN.

*(Picks up a small razor)*

SEE THIS ONE SHINE,  
HOW HE SMILES IN THE LIGHT.  
MY FRIEND, MY FAITHFUL FRIEND.

*(Holds it to his ear, feeling the edge with his thumb)*

SPEAK TO ME, FRIEND.  
WHISPER, I'LL LISTEN.

*(Listening)*

I KNOW, I KNOW –  
YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT OF SIGHT  
ALL THESE YEARS –  
LIKE ME, MY FRIEND.  
WELL, I'VE COME HOME  
TO FIND YOU WAITING.  
HOME,



**(TODD)**

AND WE'RE TOGETHER,  
AND WE'LL DO WONDERS,  
WON'T WE?

*(MRS. LOVETT, who has been looking over his shoulder, starts to feel his other ear lightly, absently, in her own trance. TODD lays the razor back in the box and picks out a larger one. THEY sing simultaneously)*

**TODD**

YOU THERE, MY FRIEND  
COME, LET ME HOLD YOU.

NOW, WITH A SIGH  
YOU GROW WARM  
IN MY HAND,  
MY FRIEND,  
MY CLEVER FRIEND.

*(Putting it back)*

REST NOW, MY FRIENDS.  
SOON I'LL UNFOLD YOU.  
SOON YOU'LL KNOW SPLENDORS  
YOU NEVER HAVE DREAMED  
ALL YOUR DAYS,  
MY LUCKY FRIENDS.  
TILL NOW YOUR SHINE  
WAS MERELY SILVER.  
FRIENDS,  
YOU SHALL DRIP RUBIES.  
YOU'LL SOON DRIP PRECIOUS  
RUBIES ...

*(TODD holds up the biggest razor to the light as the music soars sweetly, then stops. HE speaks into the silence)*

**TODD**

At last, my right arm is complete again!

*(Lights dim except for a scalding spot on the razor as music blares forth from both the organ and the orchestra. The COMPANY, including the JUDGE and the BEADLE, appears and sings)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

I'M YOUR FRIEND TOO, MR. TODD.  
IF YOU ONLY KNEW, MR. TODD –  
OOH, MR. TODD.

YOU'RE WARM  
IN MY HAND.  
YOU'VE COME HOME.  
ALWAYS HAD A FONDNESS FOR YOU,  
I DID.

NEVER YOU FEAR, MR. TODD,  
YOU CAN MOVE IN HERE, MR. TODD.  
SPLENDORS YOU NEVER HAVE DREAMED.  
ALL YOUR DAYS  
WILL BE YOURS.  
I'M YOUR FRIEND, AND YOU'RE MINE!  
DON'T THEY SHINE BEAUTIFUL?  
SILVER'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME,  
MR. T.

**COMPANY**

LIFT YOUR RAZOR HIGH, SWEENEY!  
HEAR IT SINGING, “YES!”  
SINK IT IN THE ROSY SKIN  
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

**BEADLE**

HIS VOICE WAS SOFT, HIS MANNER MILD,

**FOUR WOMEN**

HE SELDOM LAUGHED BUT HE OFTEN SMILED.

**MAN (Bass)**

HE'D SEEN HOW CIVILIZED MEN BEHAVE.  
HE NEVER FORGOT AND HE NEVER FORGAVE,

**COMPANY**

NOT SWEENEY,  
NOT SWEENEY TODD,

**TWO MEN (Bass & Tenor)**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET...

*#6 – Green Finch and Linnet Bird*

*(THEY disappear. There is a moment of darkness in which we hear the trilling and twittering of songbirds. Light comes up on the facade of JUDGE TURPIN's mansion. A BIRD SELLER enters carrying a bizarre construction of little wicker birdcages tied together. It is in these that the birds are singing. At an upper level of the JUDGE's mansion appears a very young, exquisitely beautiful girl with a long mane of shining blonde hair. This is JOHANNA. For a moment SHE stands disconsolate, then her eyes fall on the birds)*

**JOHANNA**

And how are they today?

**BIRD SELLER**

Hungry as always, Miss Johanna.

*(HE lifts the cages up to her)*

**JOHANNA**

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD,  
NIGHTINGALE, BLACKBIRD,  
HOW IS IT YOU SING?  
HOW CAN YOU JUBILATE,

**(JOHANNA)**

SITTING IN CAGES,  
 NEVER TAKING WING?  
 OUTSIDE THE SKY WAITS,  
 BECKONING, BECKONING,  
 JUST BEYOND THE BARS.  
 HOW CAN YOU REMAIN,  
 STARING AT THE RAIN,  
 MADDENED BY THE STARS?  
 HOW IS IT YOU SING ANYTHING?  
 HOW IS IT YOU SING?

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD,  
 NIGHTINGALE, BLACKBIRD,  
 HOW IS IT YOU SING?  
 WHENCE COMES THIS MELODY CONSTANTLY FLOWING?  
 IS IT REJOICING OR MERELY HALLOING?  
 ARE YOU DISCUSSING OR FUSSING  
 OR SIMPLY DREAMING?  
 ARE YOU CROWING?  
 ARE YOU SCREAMING?

RINGDOVE AND ROBINET,  
 IS IT FOR WAGES,  
 SINGING TO BE SOLD?  
 HAVE YOU DECIDED IT'S  
 SAFER IN CAGES,  
 SINGING WHEN YOU'RE TOLD?

*(ANTHONY enters. Instantly HE sees her and stands transfixed by her beauty)*

MY CAGE HAS MANY ROOMS,  
 DAMASK AND DARK.  
 NOTHING THERE SINGS,  
 NOT EVEN MY LARK.  
 LARKS NEVER WILL, YOU KNOW,  
 WHEN THEY'RE CAPTIVE.  
 TEACH ME TO BE MORE ADAPTIVE.

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD,  
 NIGHTINGALE, BLACKBIRD,  
 TEACH ME HOW TO SING.

**(JOHANNA)**

IF I CANNOT FLY,  
LET ME SING.

*(SHE gazes into the middle distance disconsolately)*

#7 – *Ah, Miss*

**ANTHONY**

*(Gazing at her, sings softly)*

I HAVE SAILED THE WORLD,  
BEHELD ITS WONDERS,  
FROM THE PEARLS OF SPAIN  
TO THE RUBIES OF TIBET,  
BUT NOT EVEN IN LONDON  
HAVE I SEEN SUCH A WONDER

*(Breathlessly)*

LADY LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME MISS, OH  
LOOK AT ME PLEASE OH  
FAVOR ME FAVOR ME WITH YOUR GLANCE.  
AH, MISS,  
WHAT DO YOU WHAT DO YOU SEE OFF  
THERE IN THOSE TREES OH  
WON'T YOU GIVE WON'T YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE?

WHO WOULD SAIL TO SPAIN  
FOR ALL ITS WONDERS,  
WHEN IN KEARNEY'S LANE  
LIES THE GREATEST WONDER YET?

AH, MISS,  
LOOK AT YOU LOOK AT YOU PALE AND  
IVORY-SKINNED OH  
LOOK AT YOU LOOKING SO SAD SO QUEER.  
PROMISE  
NOT TO RETREAT TO THE DARKNESS  
BACK OF YOUR WINDOW  
NOT TILL YOU NOT TILL YOU LOOK DOWN HERE.  
LOOK AT

**ANTHONY**

ME!  
 LOOK AT  
 ME!  
  
 LOOK AT ME ...

**JOHANNA**

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD,  
 NIGHTINGALE, BLACKBIRD,  
 TEACH ME HOW TO SING.  
 IF I CANNOT FLY...  
 LET ME SING ...

*(As JOHANNA turns to go inside, their eyes meet and the song dies on their lips. A hushed moment. Then suddenly a clawlike hand darts out from a pile of trash. ANTHONY jumps and looks down to see the BEGGAR WOMAN, who has been sleeping in the garbage under a discarded shawl, thrusting her bowl at him. JOHANNA, frightened, slips back out of sight)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

ALMS! ... ALMS! ...  
 FOR A MISERABLE WOMAN ...

*(ANTHONY hurriedly digs out a coin and drops it in her bowl; SHE peers at him)*

BEG YOUR PARDON, IT'S YOU, SIR...  
 THANK YER ... THANK YER KINDLY ...

*(ANTHONY turns back to discover JOHANNA gone and the window shut. The BEGGAR WOMAN starts off)*

**ANTHONY**

One moment, mother.  
*(SHE turns)*

Perhaps you know whose house this is?

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

That! That's the great Judge Turpin's house, that is.

**ANTHONY**

And the young lady who resides there?

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward.  
*(Slyly confidential)*

But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide.  
*(SHE nods her head)*

Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you – or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

*(Leers at him)*

HEY! HOY! SAILOR BOY!

**(BEGGAR WOMAN)**

WANT IT SNUGLY HARBORED?  
OPEN ME GATE, BUT DOCK IT STRAIGHT,  
I SEE IT LISTS TO STARBOARD.

*(SHE grabs at his crotch and starts to dance around him grotesquely, lifting her skirts. ANTHONY is appalled. HE pulls coins out of his pocket and tosses them to her)*

**ANTHONY**

Here and here and here. Take it and off with you. Off!

*(The BEGGAR WOMAN, cackling, collects the coins and scampers off. ANTHONY turns back to the house, gazes up at the window. The noise has frightened the birds, who start screeching. ANTHONY becomes aware of them and moves over to the now sleeping BIRD SELLER, shakes him awake, and inspects the cages)*

Which one sings the sweetest?

**BIRD SELLER**

All's the same, sir. Six pence and cheap at the price.

*(ANTHONY selects one, gives the man a coin, holds up the cage)*

**ANTHONY**

He sings bravely.

*(Watches the cage)*

But why does he batter his wings so wildly against the bars?

**BIRD SELLER**

We blind 'em, sir. That's what we always does. Blind 'em and, not knowing night from day, they sing and sing without stopping, pretty creatures.

*(HE gets up, slinging the cages on his back and starts off)*

Have pleasure of the bird, sir.

*(HE exits. JOHANNA reappears at the window. ANTHONY holds up the cage, indicating it is a present and SHE should come down to get it. SHE hesitates, smiles, nods, disappears from the window. HE waits. Shyly, almost furtively, JOHANNA slips out of the door and stands there. HE moves toward her, holding out the cage. Slowly her hand goes out toward him. Their fingers touch)*

#8 – Johanna (Part I)

**ANTHONY**

*(Softly)*

I FEEL YOU,  
JOHANNA,  
I FEEL YOU.

**(ANTHONY)**

I WAS HALF CONVINCED I'D WAKEN,  
SATISFIED ENOUGH TO DREAM YOU.  
HAPPILY I WAS MISTAKEN,  
JOHANNA!  
I'LL STEAL YOU,  
JOHANNA,  
I'LL STEAL YOU ...

*(THEY stand so absorbed with each other that THEY do not notice the approach of JUDGE TURPIN, followed by the BEADLE)*

**JUDGE**

*(Shouting)*

Johanna! Johanna!

**JOHANNA**

Oh, dear!

*(Forgetting the bird cage, JOHANNA scurries toward the house. ANTHONY turns to find the JUDGE glaring at him)*

**JUDGE**

If I see your face again on this or any other neighbor street, you'll rue the day you were born. Is that plain enough speaking for you?

**ANTHONY**

But, sir, I swear to you there was nothing in my heart but the most respectful sentiments of –

**JUDGE**

*(To BEADLE)*

Dispose of him!

*(HE strides toward the house)*

**JOHANNA**

Oh dear! I knew!

**BEADLE**

*(Fondling the truncheon, to ANTHONY)*

You heard His Worship.

**ANTHONY**

But, friend, I have no fight with you.

*(The BEADLE takes the cage from him, opens its door, takes out the bird, wrings its neck and then tosses it away)*

**BEADLE**

Get the gist of it, friend? Next time, it'll be your neck!

*(HE starts after the JUDGE and JOHANNA)*

**JUDGE**

Johanna, if I were to think you encouraged that young rogue...

**JOHANNA**

Oh father, I hope always to be obedient to your commands.

**JUDGE**

*(Relenting, patting her cheek)*

Dear child.

*(Gazing at her lustfully)*

How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.

*(SHE runs into the house, the JUDGE after her. The BEADLE follows. ANTHONY is left alone, the empty cage in his hand)*

#8a – Johanna (Part II)

**ANTHONY**

I'LL STEAL YOU,  
JOHANNA,  
I'LL STEAL YOU!  
DO THEY THINK THAT WALLS CAN HIDE YOU?  
EVEN NOW I'M AT YOUR WINDOW.  
I AM IN THE DARK BESIDE YOU,  
SWEETLY BURIED IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR.

I FEEL YOU,  
JOHANNA,  
AND ONE DAY  
I'LL STEAL YOU.  
TILL I'M WITH YOU THEN,  
I'M WITH YOU THERE,  
SWEETLY BURIED IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR ...

*(HE smashes the cage, throws it away and exits. Light fades on him and comes up to reveal St. Dunstan's Marketplace. A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script: SIGNOR ADOLPHO PIRELLI HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES and under this: BANISH BALDNESS WITH PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR)*



#9 – *Pirelli's Miracle Elixir*

*The BEADLE is strolling around, pompously patrolling his district. TODD and MRS. LOVETT enter. TODD is carrying his razor case. MRS. LOVETT has a shopping basket)*

**TODD**

*(Pointing at the caravan)*

That's him? Over there?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Yes, dear. He's always here Thursdays.

**TODD**

*(Reading the sign)*

Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Eyetalian. All the rage, he is.

**TODD**

Not for long.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh Mr. T., you really think you can do it?

**TODD**

By tomorrow they'll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Sees BEADLE)*

Oh no! Look. The Beadle – Beadle Bamford.

**TODD**

So much the better.

**MRS. LOVETT**

But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we better – ?

**TODD**

I will do what I have set out to do, woman.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oops. Sorry, dear, I'm sure.

*(TOBIAS, PIRELLI's adolescent, simple-minded assistant, appears through a curtain at the rear of the caravan, beating on a tin drum. A factory whistle blows and a crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)*

## TOBIAS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!  
MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PERLEASE?  
DO YOU WAKE EVERY MORNING IN SHAME AND DESPAIR  
TO DISCOVER YOUR PILLOW IS COVERED WITH HAIR  
WOT OUGHT NOT TO BE THERE?

WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
FROM NOW ON YOU CAN WAKEN WITH EASE.  
YOU NEED NEVER AGAIN HAVE A WORRY OR CARE,  
I WILL SHOW YOU A MIRACLE MARVELOUS RARE.  
GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE SOMETHING THAT ROSE  
FROM THE DEAD...

*(A WOMAN gasps – HE smiles and wiggles his finger “no”)*

ON THE TOP OF MY HEAD.  
SCARCELY A MONTH AGO, GENTLEMEN,  
I WAS SUDDENLY STRUCK WITH A RARE  
ORIENTAL DISEASE  
THOUGH THE FINEST PHYSICIANS IN LONDON WERE CALLED,  
I AWAKENED ONE MORNING AMAZED AND APPALLED  
TO DISCOVER WITH DREAD THAT MY HEAD WAS AS BALD  
AS A NOVICE’S KNEES.  
I WAS DYING OF SHAME  
TILL A GENTLEMAN CAME,  
AN ILLUSTRIOUS BARBER, PIRELLI BY NAME.  
HE GIVE ME A LIQUID AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD,  
I RUBBED IT IN DAILY LIKE WOT I WAS TOLD,  
AND BEHOLD!

*(Doffs his cap dramatically, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders)*

LESS THAN THIRTY DAYS OLD!

‘T WAS PIRELLI’S  
MIRACLE ELIXIR,  
THAT’S WOT DID THE TRICK, SIR,  
TRUE, SIR, TRUE.  
WAS IT QUICK, SIR?  
DID IT IN A TICK, SIR,  
JUST LIKE AN ELIXIR  
OUGHT TO DO!

**(TOBIAS)***(To FIRST MAN)*

HOW ABOUT A BOTTLE, MISTER?  
 ONLY COSTS A PENNY, GUARANTEED.

**CROWD***(Simultaneously)***FIRST MAN:**

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, I DON'T KNOW...

**SECOND MAN:**

YOU DON'T NEED –

**FIRST MAN:**

AH, LET'S GO!

*(Starts to leave)***TOBIAS:***(To THIRD MAN)*

GO AHEAD AND TUG, SIR.

**THIRD MAN:**

PENNY FOR A BOTTLE, IS IT?

**TOBIAS:**

GO AHEAD, SIR, HARDER ...

*(Stopping the FIRST MAN, who's quite bald, by pouring a drop on his head)*

DOES PIRELLI'S  
 STIMULATE THE GROWTH, SIR?  
 YOU CAN HAVE MY OATH, SIR,  
 'TIS UNIQUE.

*(Takes the man's hand and gently applies it to the wet spot)*

RUB A MINUTE.  
 STIMULATIN', I'N' IT?  
 SOON YOU'LL HAVE TO THIN IT  
 ONCE A WEEK!  
 PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, GUARANTEED!

**CROWD**

*(Simultaneously)*

**FIRST MAN:**

*(To SECOND MAN)*

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, MIGHT AS WELL ...

*(Looks hesitantly to SECOND MAN)*

**THIRD MAN:**

WOTCHER THINK?

**SECOND WOMAN:**

GO AHEAD AND TRY IT, WOT THE HELL ...

**TOBIAS:**

*(To OTHERS)*

‘OW ABOUT A SAMPLE? HAVE YOU EVER SMELLED A CLEANER SMELL?

**FIRST WOMAN:**

*(To THIRD MAN)*

ISN’T IT A CRIME THEY LET THESE URCHINS CLOG THE PAVEMENTS?

**FOURTH MAN:**

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, DOES IT?

**TOBIAS:**

*(To SECOND MAN)*

THAT’S ENOUGH, SIR, AMPLE.

GENTLY DAB IT.

GETS TO BE A HABIT.

SOON THERE’LL BE ENOUGH, SIR,

SOMEBODY CAN GRAB IT.

*(Points to a man standing nearby)*

SEE THAT CHAP WITH

HAIR LIKE SHELLEY’S?

YOU CAN TELL ‘E’S

USED PIRELLI’S!

**CROWD**

*(Simultaneously)*

**FIRST MAN:**

LET ME HAVE A BOTTLE.

**SECOND MAN:**

MAKE THAT TWO.

*(FIRST MAN buys bottles for both, gets change)*

**FIRST WOMAN**

THEN AGAIN I COULD GET SOME FOR HARRY...

**SECOND WOMAN:**

NOTHING WORKS ON HARRY, DEAR. BYE BYE.

**TOBIAS:**

GO AHEAD AND FEEL, MUM.

ABSOLUTELY REAL, MUM ...

**SECOND MAN:**

*(To FIRST MAN)*

HOW ABOUT A BEER?

**FIRST MAN:**

YOU KNOW A PUB?

**SECOND MAN:**

THERE'S ONE CLOSE BY.

**FIRST WOMAN:**

*(To SECOND WOMAN)*

YOU GOT ALL THE HAIR YOU NEED NOW.

**THIRD MAN:**

THAT'S NO LIE.

**FOURTH MAN:**

PASS IT BY.

**THIRD WOMAN:**

I'M JUST PASSING BY.

**TODD:**

*(Loudly to MRS. LOVETT)*

PARDON ME, MA'AM, WHAT'S THAT AWFUL STENCH?  
MUST BE STANDING NEAR AN OPEN TRENCH?

**MRS. LOVETT:**

ARE WE STANDING NEAR AN OPEN TRENCH?  
PARDON ME, SIR, WHAT'S THAT AWFUL STENCH?

**TOBIAS:**

BUY PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR:  
ANYTHING WOT'S' SLICK, SIR,  
SOON SPROUTS CURLS.  
TRY PIRELLI'S!  
WHEN THEY SEE HOW THICK, SIR,  
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR PICK, SIR,  
OF THE GIRLS!

*(To FOURTH WOMAN)*

WANT TO BUY A BOTTLE, MISSUS?

**CROWD**

*(Simultaneously)*

**TODD:**

*(Sniffing FIRST MAN's bottle)*

WHAT IS THIS?

**MRS. LOVETT:**

*(Examining THIRD MAN's bottle)*

WHAT IS THIS?

**FIRST MAN:**

PROPAGATES THE HAIR, SIR.

**FOURTH MAN:**

I'LL TAKE ONE!

**TODD:**

*(Hands bottle back distastefully)*

SMELLS LIKE PISS.

**MRS. LOVETT:**

SMELLS LIKE – PHEW!

**SECOND MAN:**

HE SAYS IT SMELLS LIKE PISS.

**TODD:**

LOOKS LIKE PISS.

**MRS. LOVETT:**

WOULDN'T TOUCH IT IF I WAS YOU, DEAR!

**MEN:**

*(To THIRD MAN)*

WOTCHER THINK?

**TODD:**

*(Nods)*

THIS IS PISS. PISS WITH INK,

**SECOND WOMAN & FIFTH MAN:**

SAYS IT SMELLS LIKE PISS OR SOMETHING.

**TOBIAS:**

PENNY FOR A BOTTLE ...

HAVE YOU EVER SMELLED A CLEANER SMELL?

HOW ABOUT A SAMPLE? ...

HOW ABOUT A SAMPLE, MISTER?

**MEN & WOMEN:**

LET ME SMELL THAT BOTTLE.

I DON'T WANT NO INK PISS!

WHAT IS THIS?

**WOMEN:**

GIVE US BACK OUR MONEY!

**MEN:**

WHAT DOES THAT SMELL LIKE TO YOU, MA'AM?

**MRS. LOVETT:**

GIVE 'EM BACK THEIR MONEY!

**TOBIAS**

*(Trying to calm them, gesturing to TODD)*

NEVER MIND THAT MADMAN, MISTER ...

NEVER MIND THE MADMAN ...

**TODD & MRS. LOVETT**

WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?

**CROWD**

YEAH, WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?

**TOBIAS**

*(Desperately, beating the drum out of rhythm)*

LET PIRELLI'S ACTIVATE YOUR ROOTS, SIR –

**TODD**

KEEP IT OFF YOUR BOOTS, SIR –  
EATS RIGHT THROUGH.

**CROWD**

GO AND GET PIRELLI!

**TOBIAS**

YES, GET PIRELLI'S!  
USE A BOTTLE OF IT!  
LADIES SEEM TO LOVE IT

**MRS. LOVETT**

FLIES DO, TOO!

*(CROWD laughs uproariously)*

**CROWD**

HAND THE BLOODY MONEY OVER!  
HAND THE BLOODY MONEY OVER!

**TOBIAS**

*(Frenetically fast, looking desperately toward the curtain)*

SEE PIRELLI'S  
MIRACLE ELIXIR  
GROW A LITTLE WICK, SIR,  
THEN SOME FUZZ.  
*THE PIRELLI' S !*  
SOON'LL MAKE IT THICK, SIR,  
LIKE A GOOD ELIXIR  
ALWAYS DOES!

TRUST PIRELLI'S!  
IF YOUR HAIR IS SICK, SIR,  
FIX IT IN A NICK, SIR,  
DON'T LOOK GRIM.  
JUST PIRELLI'S



**(TOBIAS)**

MIRACLE ELIXIR,  
THAT'LL DO THE TRICK, SIR

**3 MEN**

WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?

**TOBIAS**

IF YOU'VE GOT A KICK, SIR –

**CROWD**

*(Individuals, building to a shout)*

WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?  
WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?  
GO AND GET PIRELLI!  
WHAT ABOUT OUR MONEY?

**TOBIAS**

TELL IT TO THE MIXER  
OF THE MIRACLE ELIXIR  
IF YOU'VE GOT A KICK, SIR –

**CROWD**

GO AND GET PIRELLI!  
WHAT ABOUT IT?  
WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?

**TOBIAS**

*(Desperately yanks the curtain aside, revealing PIRELLI, an excessively flamboyant Italian with a glittering suit, thick wavy hair and a dazzling smile – the CROWD falls silent, stunned. TOBIAS collapses, exhausted)*

TALK TO HIM!

*#9a – Pirelli's Entrance*

**PIRELLI**

*(Bows and poses splendidly for a moment, in one hand an ornate razor, in the other a sinister-looking tooth-extractor; sings)*

I AM ADOLFO PIRELLI,  
DA KING OF DA BARBERS, DA BARBER OF KINGS,  
E BUON GIORNO, GOOD DAY,  
I BLOW YOU A KISS!

**(PIRELLI)**

*(HE does)*

AND I, DA SO-FAMOUS PIRELLI,  
I WISH-A TO KNOW-A  
WHO HAS-A DA NERVE-A TO SAY  
MY ELIXIR IS PISS!  
WHO SAYS THIS?

**TODD**

I do.

*(HE holds up the bottle of elixir)*

I am Mr. Sweeney Todd and I have opened a bottle of Pirelli's Elixir, and I say to you it is nothing but an arrant fraud, concocted from piss and ink.

*(MRS. LOVETT takes the bottle from TODD, sniffs it)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

He's right. Phew! Better to throw your money down the sewer.

*(SHE tosses the bottle to the ground. The ONLOOKERS "ooh and aah" with shocked excitement)*

**TOBIAS**

*(Beating agitatedly on the drum, shouting)*

Ladies and gentlemen, pay no attention to that madman. Who's to be the first for a magnificent shave?

**TODD**

*(Breaking in)*

And furthermore...

*(Glaring at PIRELLI)*

I have serviced no kings, yet I wager that I can shave a cheek and pull a tooth with ten times more dexterity than any street mountebank!

*(HE holds up his razor case for the CROWD to see)*

You see these razors?

**MRS. LOVETT**

The finest in England.

**TODD**

*(To PIRELLI)*

I lay them against five pounds you are no match for me. You hear me, sir? Either accept my challenge or reveal yourself a sham.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Bravo, bravo.

*(The CROWD laughs and cheers, obviously on TODD's side. PIRELLI, as imposing as ever, holds up a hand for silence. Slowly HE swaggers toward TODD, takes the razor case, opens it and examines the razors carefully)*

**PIRELLI**

*(HE speaks with a fairly obvious put-on foreign accent, barely concealing an Irish underlay)*

Zees are indeed fine razors. Instruments like zees once seen cannot be soon forgotten.

*(Takes out a tooth-extractor)*

And a fine extractor, too! You wager zees against five pounds, sir?

**TODD**

I do.

**PIRELLI**

*(Addressing the crowd)*

You hear zis foolish man? Watch and see how he will regret his folly. Five pounds it is!

**TODD**

*(Surveying the crowd)*

Friends, neighbors, who's for a free shave?

**FIRST MAN**

*(Stepping forward eagerly)*

Me, Mr. Todd, sir.

**SECOND MAN**

*(Stepping forward eagerly, too)*

And me, Mr. Todd, sir.

**TODD**

Over here. Bring me a chair.

**PIRELLI**

*(To TOBIAS)*

Boy, bring ze basins, bring ze towels!

**TOBIAS**

Yes, sir...

**PIRELLI**

Quick!

*(HE kicks TOBIAS. The boy hurries off into the caravan)*

**TODD**

Will Beadle Bamford be the judge?

**BEADLE**

Glad, as always, to oblige my friends and neighbors.

*(As another man comes on with a wooden chair and TOBIAS emerges from the caravan with basins, towels, etc., the BEADLE instantly takes over.*

*To MAN, indicating where to set the chair)*

Put it there.

*(FIRST MAN sits on TODD's chair. The SECOND MAN is ensconced on PIRELLI's chair. PIRELLI shakes out a fancy bib with a flourish and covers his man. TODD takes a towel and tucks it around his man's neck)*

Ready?

**PIRELLI**

Ready!

**TODD**

Ready!

**BEADLE**

The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

*(HE blows his whistle. The music becomes agitated. The contest begins. PIRELLI strops his razor quickly, TODD in a leisurely manner. PIRELLI keeps glancing at TODD in various paranoid ways throughout, frightened of TODD's progress. HE starts whipping up lather rapidly.)*

#10 – The Contest (Part I)

**PIRELLI**

*(Sings to crowd while mixing, furiously)*

NOW SIGNORINI, SIGNORI,  
WE MIX-A DA LATHER  
BUT FIRST-A YOU GATHER  
AROUND SIGNORINI, SIGNORI,  
YOU LOOKING A MAN  
WHO HAD-A DA GLORY  
TO SHAVE-A DA POPE!

*(Begins to lather his man)*

**(PIRELLI)**

MR. SWEENEY-WHOEVER --

*(Sarcastic bow to TODD)*

OH, I BEG-A YOUR PARDON –

*(To the customer as he lathers his nose)*

‘IL PROBABLY SAY IT WAS ONLY A CARDINAL –

NOPE!

IT WAS-A DA POPE!

*(Unexpectedly, TODD still shows no sign of starting to shave his man. HE merely watches PIRELLI's performance. PIRELLI, now feeling that HE can take his time, sings lyrically as HE shaves with rhythmic scrapes and elaborate gestures of wiping the razor)*

TO SHAVE-A DA FACE,  
 TO PULL-A DA TOOT',  
 REQUIRE DA GRACE  
 AND NOT-A DA BRUTE,  
 FOR IF-A YOU SLIP,  
 YOU NICK DA SKIN,  
 YOU CLIP-A DA CHIN,  
 YOU RIP-A DA LIP A BIT  
 AND DAT'S-A DA TRUT'!

*(TODD strops his razor slowly & deliberately, disconcerting PIRELLI and drawing the crowd's attention)*

TO SHAVE-A DA FACE  
 OR EVEN A PART  
 WIDOUT IT-A SMART  
 REQUIRE DA HEART.  
 IT TAKE-A DA ART –  
 I SHOW YOU A CHART –

*(Pulls down an elaborate chart with many anatomical views of the face and closeups of follicles, etc.)*

I STUDY-A STARTING IN MY YOUT'!

*(TODD starts slowly mixing his lather)*

TO CUT-A DA HAIR,  
 TO TRIM-A DA BEARD,  
 TO MAKE-A DA BRISTLE  
 CLEAN LIKE A WHISTLE,  
 DIS IS FROM EARLY INFANCY  
 DA TALENT GIVE TO ME

**(PIRELLI)**

BY GOD!  
IT TAKE-A DA SKILL,  
IT TAKE-A DA BRAINS,  
IT TAKE-A DA WILL  
TO TAKE-A DA PAINS,  
IT TAKE-A DA PACE,  
IT TAKE-A DA GRACE –

*(While PIRELLI holds this note elaborately, TODD, with a few deft strokes, quickly lathers his man's face, shaves him and signals the BEADLE to examine the job)*

**BEADLE**

*(Blowing whistle)*

THE WINNER IS TODD.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Feeling the customer's cheek)*

Smooth as a baby's arse!

*(The CROWD "oohs and ahhs")*

OPTIONAL CUT – If you are not performing #10a – “The Contest (Part II),” turn to page 41.

**TODD**

*(Looks around)*

And now, who's for a tooth pulling – free without charge!

**MAN (With Head Tied Up In Rag)**

Me, sir. Me, sir.

*(HE runs to the chair vacated by the shaved man)*

**TODD**

*(Looking around)*

Who else?

*(There is silence from the crowd)*

No one?

*(Turning to the BEADLE)*

Then, sir, since there is no means to test the second skill, I claim the five pounds!

**MRS. LOVETT**

To which he is entitled!!

*(To CROWD)*

Right?

*(The CROWD applauds)*

**PIRELLI**

Wait! One moment. Wait!

*(HE turns to TOBIAS)*

You, boy. Get on that chair.

**TOBIAS**

*(in terror)*

Me, Signor? Oh, not a tooth, sir, I beg of you! I ain't got a twinge  
– not the tiniest pain. I–

**PIRELLI**

*(Giving him a swinging blow on the cheek)*

You do now!

*(Forces him into the chair. Turning to the CROWD)*

We see who is zee victor now. Zis Mister Todd – or the great Pirelli!

**BEADLE**

Ready?

**PIRELLI**

Ready!

**TODD**

Ready!

**#10a – The Contest (Part II)**

*(The BEADLE blows his whistle. While TODD, even more nonchalant than before, merely stands by his patient, PIRELLI forces open the mouth of TOBIAS, brandishing his extractor. HE peers in, selects a tooth, thrusts the extractor into the mouth and starts to tug while singing with pretended ease. During the song, TOBIAS starts moaning, then screaming – musically)*

**PIRELLI**

TO PULL-A DA TOOT'  
WIDOUT-A DA SKILL  
CAN DAMAGE DA ROOT ...

(PIRELLI)

*(To the squirming TOBIAS)*

NOW HOLD-A DA STILL!

*(To the CROWD)*

AN' IF-A YOU SLIP YOU GRIP A BIT  
YOU HIT DA PIT OF IT  
OR CHIP-A DA TIP  
AND HAVE-A TO FILL!

TO PULL-A DA TOOT'  
WIDOUT-A DA GRACE,  
YOU LEAVE-A DA SPACE  
ALL OVER DA PLACE.  
YOU TRY TO ERASE  
WID OUT-A DA TRACE ...

*(Glaring archly at TODD)*

SOMETIME IS DA CASE  
YOU EVEN-A KILL.

*(PIRELLI withdraws the extractor and wrestles TOBIAS, whose wails are becoming louder, into a new position. TODD still watches)*

TO HOLD-A DA CLAMP  
WIDOUT-A DA CRAMP,  
WID ALL DAT SALIVA,

*(HE clamps his hand over TOBIAS' mouth)*

IT COULD-A DRIVE-A  
YOU CRAZY –!

*(To TOBIAS, who is groaning)*

DON' MUTTER,  
OR BACK-A YOU GO TO DA GUTTER –

*(To the CROWD, forcing a smile)*

I HOLD-A DA CLAMP LIKE A BUTTER-A CUP!

*(Removes his hand and re-inserts the extractor)*

I TAKE-A DA PAINS,  
I LEARN-A DA ART,  
I USE-A DA BRAINS,  
I GIVE-A DA HEART,  
I HAVE-A DA GRACE,



**(PIRELLI)**

I WIN-A DA RACE! –

*(While again PIRELLI holds the note, TODD stands watching. Then in one swift move, HE tugs the rag off his patient's head, neatly opens the mouth, looks in, and with a single deft motion of the extractor, gives a tiny tug and, turning to the crowd, holds up the, extracted tooth. The BEADLE blows his, whistle. The crowd roars its approval. PIRELLI, cut off again in the middle of high note, sees that TODD has extracted his customer's tooth, and droops)*

I GIVE-A DA UP.

**MAN**

*(Jumping up from chair)*

Not a twinge of pain! Not a twinge!

**MRS. LOVETT**

The man's a bloody marvel!

**BEADLE**

*(Beaming at TODD)*

The two-time winner – Mr. Sweeney Todd!

*(PIRELLI leaves the tooth unpulled in TOBIAS's mouth and, still retaining his imposing dignity, moves over to TODD)*

*Continue here – If you are not performing #10a – “The Contest (Part II).”*

**PIRELLI**

*(With profound bow)*

Sir, I bow to a skill far defter than my own.

**TODD**

The five pounds.

**PIRELLI**

*(Produces a rather flamboyant purse, and from it takes five pounds)*

Here, sir. And may the good Lord smile on you – until we meet again. Come, boy.

*(Bows to CROWD)*

*Signori! Bellissime signorine! Buon giorno! Buon giorno a tutti!*

*(Kicking TOBIAS ahead of him, HE returns to the caravan which TOBIAS, like a horse, pulls off)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TODD)*

Who'd have thought it dear! You pulled it off!

*(The CROWD clusters around TODD)*

**MAN (With Cap)**

Oh, sir, Mr. Todd, sir, do you have an establishment of your own?

**MRS. LOVETT**

He certainly does. Sweeney Todd's Tonsorial Parlor – above my meat pieshop on Fleet Street.

*(The BEADLE strolls somewhat menacingly over to THEM)*

**BEADLE**

Mr. Todd ... Strange, sir, but it seems your face is known to me.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Concealing agitation)*

Him? That's a laugh – him being my uncle's cousin and arrived from Birmingham yesterday.

**TODD**

*(Very smooth)*

But already, sir, I have heard Beadle Bamford spoken of with great respect.

**BEADLE**

*(Whatever dim suspicions HE may have had allayed by the flattery)*

Well, sir, I try my best for my neighbors.

*(To MRS. LOVETT)*

Fleet Street? Over your pieshop, ma'am?

**MRS. LOVETT**

That's it, sir.

**BEADLE**

Then, Mr. Todd, you will surely see me there before the week is out.

**TODD**

*(Expressionless)*

You will be welcome, Beadle Bamford, and I guarantee to give you, without a penny's charge, the closest shave you will ever know.

*(MRS. LOVETT takes TODD's arm and starts with him offstage as the scene blacks out. In limbo, the BEGGAR WOMAN appears with other members of the company. THEY sing)*

#10b – *Ballad of Sweeney Todd*

## MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY

SWEENEY PONDERED AND SWEENEY PLANNED,  
 LIKE A PERFECT MACHINE ‘E PLANNED,  
 BARBING THE HOOK, BAITING THE TRAP,  
 SETTING IT OUT FOR THE BEADLE TO SNAP.

SLYLY COURTED ‘IM, SWEENEY DID,  
 SET A SORT OF A SCENE, ‘E DID.  
 LAYING THE TRAIL, SHOWING THE TRACES,  
 LETTING IT LEAD TO HIGHER PLACES ...

SWEENEY PONDERED AND SWEENEY PLANNED,  
 LIKE A PERFECT MACHINE ‘E PLANNED,  
 SLYLY COURTED ‘IM, SWEENEY DID,  
 LAYING THE TRAIL, SHOWING THE TRACES,  
 LETTING IT LEAD TO HIGHER PLACES  
 ‘E DID, DID SWEENEY –

*OPTIONAL CUT – This scene was cut from the original New York production during previews for reasons of time. It is included here as an optional scene because the authors feel it helps particularize JUDGE TURPIN.*

*If you are not performing #11 – “Johanna,” turn to page 47.*

*(The lights shift to a room in JUDGE TURPIN’s house. The JUDGE is in his judicial clothes, a Bible in his hand. In the adjoining room, JOHANNA sits sewing)*

#11 – *Johanna*

## JUDGE

MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA,  
 MEA MAXIMA CULPA,  
 MEA MAXIMA MAXIMA CULPA !  
 GOD DELIVER ME! RELEASE ME!  
 FORGIVE ME! RESTRAIN ME! PERVADE ME!

*(HE peers through the keyhole of the door to JOHANNA’s room)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,  
 SO SUDDENLY A WOMAN,

**(JUDGE)**

THE LIGHT BEHIND YOUR WINDOW  
IT PENETRATES YOUR GOWN ...  
JOHANNA, JOHANNA,  
THE SUN – I SEE THE SUN THROUGH YOUR ...

*(Ashamed, HE stops peering)*

NO!  
GOD!  
DELIVER ME!

*(Sinks to his knees)*

DELIVER ME!

*(starts tearing – off his robes)*

DOWN!  
DOWN.  
DOWN ...

*(Now naked to the waist, HE picks up a scourge from the table)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,  
I WATCH YOU FROM THE SHADOWS  
YOU SIGH BEFORE YOUR WINDOW  
AND GAZE UPON THE TOWN ...

YOUR LIPS PART, JOHANNA,  
SO YOUNG AND SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL ...

*(Whips himself)*

GOD!

*(Again and again, as HE continues)*

DELIVER ME!  
FILTH  
LEAVE ME!  
JOHANNA!  
JOHANNA!  
I TREASURED YOU IN INNOCENCE  
AND LOVED YOU LIKE A DAUGHTER.  
YOU MOCK ME, JOHANNA,  
YOU TEMPT ME WITH YOUR INNOCENCE,  
YOU TEMPT ME WITH THOSE QUIVERING ...

*(Whips himself)*

**(JUDGE)**

NO!

*(Again and again)*

GOD!

DELIVER ME!

IT WILL –

STOP –

NOW! IT WILL –

STOP –

RIGHT –

NOW.

RIGHT –

NOW.

RIGHT –

NOW ...

*(Calm again, having kneeed his way over to the door, HE peers through the keyhole)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,

I CANNOT KEEP YOU LONGER.

THE WORLD IS AT YOUR WINDOW,

YOU WANT TO FLY AWAY –

YOU STIR ME, JOHANNA,

SO SUDDENLY A WOMAN,

I CANNOT WATCH, YOU ONE MORE DAY –!

*(Again whips himself into a frenzy)*

GOD!

DELIVER ME!

GOD!

DELIVER ME!

GOD!

DELIVER –

*(Climaxes)*

GOD!!

*(Panting, HE relaxes; when HE is in control again, HE starts to dress)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,

I'LL KEEP YOU HERE FOREVER,

I'LL WED YOU ON THE MORROW.

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,

THE WORLD WILL NEVER TOUCH YOU,

**(JUDGE)**

I'LL WED YOU ON THE MORROW!  
AS YEARS PASS, JOHANNA,  
YOU'LL TEND ME IN MY SOLITUDE,  
NO LONGER AS A DAUGHTER,  
AS A WOMAN.

*(HE is fully dressed again)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,  
I'LL HOLD YOU HERE FOREVER THEN,  
YOU'LL KEEP AWAY FROM WINDOWS AND  
YOU'LL  
DELIVER ME,  
JOHANNA,  
FROM THIS  
HOT  
RED  
DEVIL  
WITH YOUR  
SOFT  
WHITE  
COOL  
VIRGIN  
PALMS ...

*(Magisterial again, picking up the Bible, HE produces a key and opens the door, the key forgotten, still in the lock. JOHANNA jumps up)*

**JOHANNA**

Father!

**JUDGE**

Johanna, I trust you've not been near the window again.

**JOHANNA**

*(During this speech her eyes fall on the key in the lock)*

Hardly, dear father, when it has been shuttered and barred these last three days.

**JUDGE**

How right I was to insist on such a precaution, for once again he has come, that conscienceless young sailor. Ten times has he been driven from my door and yet ...

*(Breaks off, gazing at her, smitten with lust)*

How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.

**JOHANNA**

'Tis nothing but an old dress, father.

**JUDGE**

But fairer on your young form than wings on an angel ... oh, if I were to think ...

**JOHANNA**

*(Demurely, moving to the door)*

Think what, dear father?

**JUDGE**

If I were to think you encouraged this young rogue...

**JOHANNA**

*(During this speech, SHE slips the key from the lock, hides it in her dress)*

I? A maid trained from the cradle to find in modesty and obedience the greatest of all virtues? Dear father, when have you ceased to warn me of the wickedness of men?

**JUDGE**

Venal young men of the street with only one thought in their heads. But there are men of different and far higher breed. I have one in mind for you.

**JOHANNA**

You have?

**JUDGE**

A gentle man, who would shield you from all earthly cares and guide your faltering steps to the sober warmth of womanhood – a husband – a protector – and yet an ardent lover too. It is a man who through all the years has surely earned your affection.

*(Drops to his knees)*

**JOHANNA**

*(Staggered)*

You?!!!

*(The scene blacks out)*

Continue here – If you are not performing #11 – “Johanna.”

*(Light comes up on MRS. LOVETT's Pieshop and the apartment above, which now is sparsely furnished with a washstand and a long wooden chest. At the foot of the outside staircase is a brand-new barber's pole. Attached to the first banister of the staircase is an iron bell. TODD is pacing in the apartment above. MRS. LOVETT comes hurrying out of the shop, carrying a wooden chair. As SHE does so, the BEGGAR WOMAN shuffles up to her)*

#12 – *Wait*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

ALMS ... ALMS ... FOR A MISERABLE ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Imitating her nastily)*

Alms ... Alms ...

*(Music continues)*

How many times have I told you? I'll not have trash from the gutter hanging around my establishment!

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

Not just a penny, dear? Or a pie? One of them pies that give the stomach cramps to half the neighborhood?

*(A cackling laugh)*

Come on, dear. Have a heart, dear.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Off. Off with you or you'll get a kick on the rump that'll make your teeth chatter!

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

Stuck up thing! You and your fancy airs!

*(Shuffling off, into the wings)*

ALMS ... ALMS . . .

FOR A DESPERATE WOMAN ...

*(SHE exits. Music continues. MRS. LOVETT rings the bell to indicate her approach and starts climbing the stairs. At the sound of the bell, TODD becomes alert and snatches up a razor. The music becomes agitated. As MRS. LOVETT appears, HE relaxes somewhat. MRS. LOVETT is now very proprietary towards him)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

It's not much of a chair, but it'll do till you get your fancy new one. It was me poor Albert's chair, it was. Sat in it all day long he did, after his leg give out from the dropsy.

*(Surveying the room, music under)*

Kinda bare, isn't it? I never did like a bare room. Oh, well, we'll find some nice little knickknacks.

**TODD**

Why doesn't the Beadle come? "Before the week is out," that's what he said.



**MRS. LOVETT**

And who says the week's out yet? It's only Tuesday.

*(As TODD paces restlessly)*

EASY NOW.  
HUSH, LOVE, HUSH.  
DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF,  
WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?  
KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS  
NICE AND LUSH.  
WAIT.

*(TODD paces)*

HUSH, LOVE, HUSH,  
THINK IT THROUGH.  
ONCE IT BUBBLES,  
THEN WHAT'S TO DO?  
WATCH IT CLOSE,  
LET IT BREW,  
WAIT.

*(TODD grows calmer)*

I'VE BEEN THINKING, FLOWERS—  
MAYBE DAISIES—  
TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ROOM.  
DON'T YOU THINK SOME FLOWERS,  
PRETTY DAISIES,  
MIGHT RELIEVE THE GLOOM?

*(As TODD doesn't respond)*

AH, WAIT, LOVE, WAIT.

*(Music continues under)*

**TODD**

*(Intensely)*

And the Judge? When will I get him?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Can't you think of nothing else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago —

*(TODD turns away violently with a hiss)*

SLOW, LOVE, SLOW.  
TIME'S SO FAST.

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

NOW GOES QUICKLY -  
SEE, NOW IT'S PAST!  
SOON WILL COME,  
SOON WILL LAST.  
WAIT.

*(TODD grows calm again)*

DON'T YOU KNOW,  
SILLY MAN,  
HALF THE FUN IS TO  
PLAN THE PLAN?  
ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO  
THOSE WHO CAN  
WAIT.

*(Looking around the room)*

GILLYFLOWERS, MAYBE,  
'STEAD OF DAISIES ...  
I DON'T KNOW, THOUGH ...  
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

**TODD**

*(Docilely)*

Yes.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Gently taking the razor from him)*

Gillyflowers, I'd say. Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.

*(During this, we have seen ANTHONY moving down the street. HE sees the sign and stops. HE goes to the bell and rings it, then starts running up the stairs. The effect on TODD is electric. Even MRS. LOVETT, affected by his tension, alerts. SHE hastily gives him back the razor. ANTHONY bursts enthusiastically in.)*

**TODD**

Anthony.

**ANTHONY**

Mr. Todd, I've paced Fleet Street a dozen times with no success. But now the sign!  
In business already.

**TODD**

Yes.

**ANTHONY**

I congratulate you.

*(Turning to MRS. LOVETT)*

And ... er ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

Mrs. Lovett, sir.

**ANTHONY**

A pleasure, ma'am. Oh, Mr. Todd, I have so much to tell you. I have found the fairest and most loving maid that any man could dream of! And yet there are problems. She has a guardian so tyrannical that she is kept shut up from human eye. But now this morning this key fell from her shuttered window.

*(HE holds up JOHANNA's key)*

The surest sign that Johanna loves me and ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

Johanna?

**ANTHONY**

That's her name, ma'am, and Turpin that of the abominable parent. A judge, it seems. But, as I said, a monstrous tyrant. Oh Mr. Todd, once the Judge has gone to court, I'll slip into the house and plead with her to fly with me tonight. Yet when I have her – where can I bring her till I have hired a coach to speed us home to Plymouth? Oh Mr. Todd, if I could lodge her here just for an hour or two!

*(HE gazes at the inscrutable TODD)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(After a beat)*

Bring her, dear.

**ANTHONY**

Oh thank you, thank you, ma'am.

*(To TODD)*

I have your consent, Mr. Todd?

**TODD**

*(After a pause)*

The girl may come.

*(ANTHONY grabs his hand and pumps it, then turns to grab MRS. LOVETT's)*

**ANTHONY**

I shall be grateful for this to the grave. Now I must hurry for surely the Judge is off to the Old Bailey.

**(ANTHONY)**

*(Turning at the door)*

My thanks! A thousand blessings on you both!

*(HE hurries out and down the stairs)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Johanna! Who'd have thought it! It's like Fate, isn't it? You'll have her back before the day is out.

**TODD**

For a few hours? Before he carries her off to the other end of England?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh, that sailor! Let him bring her here and then, since you're so hot for a little ...

*(Makes a throat-cutting gesture)*

... that's the throat to slit, dear. Oh Mr. T. we'll make a lovely home for her. You and me. The poor thing. All those years and not a scrap of motherly affection. I'll soon change that, I will, for if ever there was a maternal heart, it's mine.

*(During this speech PIRELLI, accompanied by TOBIAS, has appeared on the street. THEY see the sign and start up the stairs without ringing the bell. Now, as MRS. LOVETT goes to TODD coquetishly, PIRELLI and TOBIAS suddenly appear at the door. TODD pulls violently away from MRS. LOVETT.)*

**PIRELLI**

*(With Italianate bow)*

Good morning, Mr. Todd – and to you, Bellissima Signorina.

*(HE kisses MRS. LOVETT's hand)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Well, 'ow do you do, Signor, I'm sure.

**PIRELLI**

A little business with Mr. Todd, Signora. Perhaps if you will give the permission?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh yes, indeed, I'll just pop on down to my pies.

*(Surveying TOBIAS)*

Oh lawks, look at it now! Don't look like it's had a kind word since half past never!

*(Smiling at him)*

What would you say, son, to a nice juicy meat pie, eh? Your teeth is strong, I hope?

**TOBIAS**

Oh yes, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Taking his hand)*

Then come with me, love.

*(THEY start down the stairs to the shop)*

**PIRELLI**

Mr. Todd.

**TODD**

Signor Pirelli.

**PIRELLI**

*(Reverting to Irish)*

Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O'Higgins' the name when it's not professional.

*(Looks around the shop)*

Not much, but I imagine you'll pretty it up a bit.

*(Holds out his hand)*

I'd like me five quid back, if'n ya don't mind.

**TODD**

Why?

*(In the shop, MRS. LOVETT pats a stool for TOBIAS to sit down and hands him a piece of pie. HE starts to eat greedily)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

That's my boy. Tuck in.

**PIRELLI**

It'll hold me over till your customers start coming. Then it's half your profits you'll hand over to me every week on a Friday, share and share alike. All right ...

Mr. Benjamin Barker?

**TODD**

*(Very quiet)*

Why do you call me that?

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Stroking TOBIAS's luxurious locks)*

At least you've got a nice full head of hair on you.

**TOBIAS**

Well, Ma'am, to tell the truth, Ma'am –

*(HE reaches up and pulls off the "locks" which are a wig, revealing his own shortcropped hair)*

**(TOBIAS)**

– get awful ‘ot.

*(HE continues to eat the pie. PIRELLI strolls over to the washstand, picks up the razor, flicks it open)*

**PIRELLI**

You don’t remember me. Why should you? I was just a down and out Irish lad you hired for a couple of weeks – sweeping up hair and such like –

*(Holding up razor)*

but I remember these – and you. Benjamin Barker, later transported to Botany Bay for life. So, Mr. Todd – is it a deal or do I run down the street for me pal Beadle Bamford?

*(For a long moment TODD stands gazing at him)*

#12a – *Pirelli’s Death*

*(Sings, nastily)*

YOU T’INK-A YOU SMART,  
YOU FOOLISH-A BOY.  
TOMORROW YOU START  
IN MY-A EMPLOY!  
YOU UNNER-A-STAN’?  
YOU LIKE-A MY PLAN – ?

*(One again HE hits his high note, and once again HE is interrupted – TODD knocks the razor out of his hand and starts, in a protracted struggle, to strangle him)*

**TOBIAS**

*(Downstairs, unaware of this)*

Oh gawd, he’s got an appointment with his tailor. If he’s late and it’s my fault – you don’t know him!

*(HE jumps up and starts out)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

I wouldn’t want to, I’m sure, dear.

*(TODD violently continues with the strangling)*

**TOBIAS**

*(Calling on the stairs)*

Signor! It’s late! The tailor, sir.

*(Remembering)*

Oh, me wig!

*(Runs back for it. Upstairs TODD stops dead at the sound of the voice. HE looks around wildly, see the chest, runs to it, opens the lid and then drags PIRELLI to it and tumbles him in, slamming the lid shut just as TOBIAS enters. It is at this moment that we realize that one of PIRELLI's hands is dangling out of the chest)*

#12b – *Pirelli Death Underscore*

**(TOBIAS)**

Signor, I did like you said. I reminded you ... the tailor ... Ow, he ain't here.

**TODD**

Signor Pirelli has been called away.

**TOBIAS**

Where did he go?

**TODD**

He didn't say. You'd better run after him.

**TOBIAS**

Oh no, sir. Knowing him, sir, without orders to the contrary, I'd best wait for him here.

*(HE crosses to the chest and sits down on it, perilously near PIRELLI's hand, which HE doesn't notice. TODD at this moment does, however. Suddenly HE is all nervous smiles)*

**TODD**

So Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she, my lad?

**TOBIAS**

Oh yes, sir. She's a real kind lady. One whole pie.

*(As HE speaks, his hand moves very close to PIRELLI's hand)*

**TODD**

*(Moving toward him)*

A whole pie, eh? That's a treat. And yet, if I know a growing boy, there's still room for more, eh?

**TOBIAS**

I'd say, sir.

*(Patting his stomach)*

An aching void.

*(Once again his hand is on the edge of the chest, moving toward PIRELLI's hand. Slowly now, we see the fingers of PIRELLI's hand stirring, feebly trying to clutch TOBIAS's hand. When it has almost reached him, TODD grabs TOBIAS up off the chest)*

**TODD**

Then why don't you run downstairs and wait for your master there? There'll be another pie in it for you, I'm sure.

*(Afterthought)*

And tell Mrs. Lovett to give you a nice big tot of gin.

**TOBIAS**

Oo, sir! Gin, sir! Thanking you, sir, thanking you kindly. Gin! You're a Christian indeed, sir!

*(HE runs down the stairs to MRS. LOVETT)*

Oh, ma'am, the gentleman says to give me a nice tot of gin, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Gin, dear? Why not!

*(Upstairs, with great ferocity, TODD opens the chest, grabs PIRELLI by the hair, tugs him up from the chest and slashes his throat as, downstairs, MRS. LOVETT pours a glass of gin and hands it to TOBIAS. HE takes it. The tableau freezes, then fades)*

#12c – *The Ballad Of Sweeney Todd*

**THREE TENORS**

*(Enter and sing)*

HIS HANDS WERE QUICK, HIS FINGERS STRONG.  
IT STUNG A LITTLE BUT NOT FOR LONG.  
AND THOSE WHO THOUGHT HIM A SIMPLE CLOD  
WERE SOON RECONSIDERING UNDER THE SOD,  
CONSIGNED THEREWITH A FRIENDLY PROD  
FROM SWEENEY TODD,  
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

SEE YOUR RAZOR GLEAM, SWEENEY,  
FEEL HOW WELL IT FITS  
AS IT FLOATS ACROSS THE THROATS  
OF HYPOCRITES ...

*(The ballad ends on a crashing chord as the singers black out and lights comes up on JUDGE TURPIN in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. HE is about to convict a very young boy)*



**JUDGE**

This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. Though it is my earnest wish ever to temper justice with mercy, your persistent dedication to a life of crime is such an abomination before God and man that I have no alternative but to sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead.

*(HE produces the black cap and puts it on his head. As HE does so the condemned prisoner is led away)*

Court adjourned!

*(During the following, the JUDGE removes cap, wig and gown. To the BEADLE)*

It is perhaps remiss of me to close the court so early, but the stench of those miserable wretches at the bar was so offensive to my nostrils I feared my eagerness for fresher air might well impair the soundness of my judgment.

**#12d – Underscore**

*(Light dims on the court and finds the JUDGE, and the BEADLE now walking down a street together)*

**BEADLE**

Well, sir, the adjournment is fortunate for me, sir, for it's today we celebrate my sweet little Annie's birthday, and to have her daddy back so soon to hug and kiss her will be her crowning joy on such a happy day.

**JUDGE**

It is a happy moment for me, too. Walk home with me for I have news for you. In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry Johanna next Monday.

**BEADLE**

Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

**JUDGE**

Strange, when I offered myself to her, she showed a certain reluctance. But that's natural enough in a young girl. Now that she has had time for reflection, I'm sure she will greet my proposal in a more sensible frame of mind.

**#13 – Kiss Me (Part I)**

*(Light leaves them and comes up on JOHANNA and ANTHONY in JOHANNA's room. SHE is pacing in agitation and fear)*

**JOHANNA**

HE MEANS TO MARRY ME MONDAY,  
WHAT SHALL I DO? I'D RATHER DIE.

**ANTHONY**

I HAVE A PLAN –

**JOHANNA**

I'LL SWALLOW POISON ON SUNDAY,  
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO, I'LL GET SOME LYE.

**ANTHONY**

I HAVE A PLAN –

**JOHANNA**

*(Stops pacing suddenly)*

OH, DEAR, WAS THAT A NOISE?

**ANTHONY**

A PLAN –

**JOHANNA**

I THINK I HEARD A NOISE.

**ANTHONY**

A PLAN!

**JOHANNA**

IT COULDN'T BE,  
HE'S IN COURT,  
HE'S IN COURT TODAY,  
STILL THAT WAS A NOISE,  
WASN'T THAT A NOISE?  
YOU MUST HAVE HEARD THAT...

**ANTHONY**

KISS ME!

**JOHANNA**

*(Shyly)*

OH, SIR

**ANTHONY**

AH, MISS

**JOHANNA**

OH, SIR ...

*(SHE turns away, agitatedly)*

IF HE SHOULD MARRY ME MONDAY,  
WHAT WILL I DO? I'LL DIE OF GRIEF.

**ANTHONY**

WE FLY TONIGHT –

**JOHANNA**

'TIS FRIDAY, VIRTUALLY SUNDAY,  
WHAT CAN WE DO WITH TIME SO BRIEF?

**ANTHONY**

WE FLY TONIGHT –

**JOHANNA**

BEHIND THE CURTAIN – QUICK!

**ANTHONY**

TONIGHT –

**JOHANNA**

I THINK I HEARD A CLICK!

**ANTHONY**

TONIGHT!

**JOHANNA**

**ANTHONY**

IT WAS A GATE!

IT'S THE GATE!

WE DON'T HAVE A GATE.

STILL THERE WAS A – WAIT!

THERE'S ANOTHER CLICK!

YOU MUST HAVE HEARD THAT ...

IT'S NOT A GATE.

THERE'S NO GATE,

YOU DON'T HAVE A GATE.

IF YOU'D ONLY LISTEN, MISS, AND –

**ANTHONY**

KISS ME!

**JOHANNA**

TONIGHT?

**ANTHONY**

KISS ME.

**JOHANNA**

YOU MEAN TONIGHT?

**ANTHONY**

THE PLAN IS MADE.

**JOHANNA**

OH, SIR!

**ANTHONY**

SO KISS ME.

**JOHANNA**

I FEEL A FRIGHT.

**ANTHONY**

BE NOT AFRAID.

**JOHANNA**

SIR, I DID  
LOVE YOU EVEN AS I  
SAW YOU, EVEN AS IT  
DID NOT MATTER THAT I  
DID NOT KNOW YOUR NAME.

**ANTHONY**

TONIGHT, I'LL  
STEAL  
YOU,  
JOHANNA,  
I'LL STEAL YOU ...

**ANTHONY**

IT'S ME YOU'LL MARRY ON MONDAY,  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO!

**JOHANNA**

AND GLADLY SIR.

**ANTHONY**

ST. DUNSTAN'S, NOON.

**JOHANNA**

I KNEW I'D BE WITH YOU ONE DAY,  
EVEN NOT KNOWING WHO YOU WERE.  
I FEARED YOU'D NEVER COME,  
THAT YOU'D BEEN CALLED AWAY.  
THAT YOU'D BEEN KILLED,  
HAD THE PLAGUE,  
WERE IN DEBTOR'S JAIL,  
TRAMPLED BY A HORSE,  
GONE TO SEA AGAIN,  
ARRESTED BY THE –

**ANTHONY**

AH, MISS,  
MARRY ME, MARRY ME, MISS,  
OH, MARRY ME MONDAY!  
FAVOR ME, FAVOR ME  
WITH YOUR HAND.  
PROMISE,  
MARRY ME, MARRY ME,  
PLEASE,  
OH, MARRY ME MONDAY

**JOHANNA**

KISS ME!

**ANTHONY**

OF COURSE.

**JOHANNA**

KISS ME

**ANTHONY**

YOU'RE SURE?

**JOHANNA**

KISS ME!

**ANTHONY**

*(Taking her in his arms)*

I SHALL!

**JOHANNA**

KISS ME!

OH, SIR

*(Lights dim on them but remain; light rises on the JUDGE and the BEADLE, still walking together. Music continues under)*

#### #14 – Ladies In Their Sensitivities

**JUDGE**

*(Strolling with BEADLE)*

Yes, yes, but surely the respect that she owes me as her guardian should be sufficient to kindle a more tender emotion.

**BEADLE**

EXCUSE ME, MY LORD.

MAY I REQUEST, MY LORD,

PERMISSION, MY LORD, TO SPEAK?

FORGIVE ME IF I SUGGEST, MY LORD,

YOU'RE LOOKING LESS THAN YOUR BEST, MY LORD,

THERE'S POWDER UPON YOUR VEST, MY LORD,

AND STUBBLE UPON YOUR CHEEK.

AND LADIES, MY LORD, ARE WEAK.

*(Music continues)*

**JUDGE**

Perhaps if she greets me cordially upon my return, I should give her a small gift.

**BEADLE**

*(Winces delicately)*

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES, MY LORD,

**(BEADLE)**

HAVE A FRAGILE SENSIBILITY.  
WHEN A GIRL'S EMERGENT,  
PROBABLY IT'S URGENT  
YOU DEFER TO HER GENT-  
ILITY, MY LORD.  
PERSONAL DISORDER CANNOT BE IGNORED,  
GIVEN THEIR GENTEEL PROCLIVITIES.  
MEANING NO OFFENSE, IT  
HAPPENS THEY RESENTS IT,  
LADIES IN THEIR SENSIT-  
IVITIES, MY LORD.

**JUDGE**

*(Feeling his chin)*

Stubble, you say? Perhaps at times I am a little overhasty with my morning ablutions ...

**BEADLE**

FRET NOT THOUGH, MY LORD,  
I KNOW A PLACE, MY LORD,  
A BARBER, MY LORD, OF SKILL.  
THUS ARMED WITH A SHAVEN FACE, MY LORD,  
SOME EAU DE COLOGNE TO BRACE MY LORD  
AND MUSK TO ENHANCE THE CHASE, MY LORD,  
YOU'LL DAZZLE THE GIRL UNTIL  
SHE BOWS TO YOUR EVERY WILL.

**JUDGE**

That may well be so.

*(THEY have reached the JUDGE's house)*

**BEADLE**

Well, here we are, Sir. I bid you good day.

**JUDGE**

Good day.

*(HE muses, turns)*

And where is this miraculous barber?

**BEADLE**

In Fleet Street, sir.

**JUDGE**

Perhaps you may be right. Take me to him.

## #15 – Kiss Me (Part II)

*(THEY start off. Light up on JOHANNA's room. JOHANNA and ANTHONY get up from a couch)*

**BEADLE**

THE NAME IS TODD ...

**ANTHONY**

WE'D BEST NOT WAIT UNTIL MONDAY.

**JUDGE**

Todd, eh?

**JOHANNA**

**BEADLE**

SIR, I CONCUR,  
AND FULLY, TOO.

SWEENEY TODD.

**ANTHONY**

IT ISN'T RIGHT.  
WE'D BEST BE MARRIED ON SUNDAY.

**JOHANNA**

SATURDAY, SIR,  
WOULD ALSO DO.

**ANTHONY**

OR ELSE TONIGHT.

*(The JUDGE and the BEADLE move past the house)*

**JOHANNA**

I THINK I HEARD A NOISE.

**ANTHONY**

FEAR NOT.

**JOHANNA**

I MEAN ANOTHER NOISE!

**ANTHONY**

LIKE WHAT?

**JOHANNA**

**ANTHONY**

OH, NEVER MIND,  
JUST A NOISE  
JUST ANOTHER NOISE,  
SOMETHING IN THE STREET,  
I'M A SILLY LITTLE

YOU MUSTN'T MIND,  
IT'S A NOISE,  
JUST ANOTHER NOISE,

**(JOHANNA)**

NINNYNODDLE -

**(ANTHONY)**

SOMETHING IN THE STREET,  
YOU SILLY -

**BOTH**

*(Falling into each other's arms)*

KISS ME!

**JOHANNA**

OH, SIR ...

**ANTHONY**

WE'LL GO TO PARIS ON MONDAY.

**JOHANNA**

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

I DAREN'T PACK!

**ANTHONY**

WE'LL RIDE A TRAIN ...

**JOHANNA**

WITH YOU BESIDE ME ON SUNDAY,

WHAT WILL I CARE

WHAT THINGS I LACK?

**ANTHONY**

THEN SAIL TO SPAIN ...

**JOHANNA**

I'LL TAKE MY RETICULE.

I'LL NEED MY RETICULE

YOU MUSTN'T THINK

ME A FOOL

BUT MY RETICULE

NEVER LEAVES MY SIDE,

IT'S THE ONLY THING

MY MOTHER GAVE ME -

KISS ME!

KISS ME!

WE'LL GO THERE,

KISS ME!

WE HAVE A PLACE WHERE WE CAN  
GO TONIGHT.

**ANTHONY**

WHY TAKE YOUR RETICULE?

WE'LL BUY A RETICULE.

I'D NEVER THINK

YOU A FOOL,

BUT A RETICULE -

LEAVE IT ALL ASIDE

AND BEGIN AGAIN AND

KISS ME!

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GO  
TONIGHT.

KISS ME!

WE HAVE A PLACE WHERE WE CAN  
GO TONIGHT.



**BEADLE**

*(Simultaneously with the above)*

THE NAME IS TODD

**JUDGE**

TODD?

**BEADLE**

TODD. SWEENEY TODD.

**JUDGE**

TODD.

**BEADLE**

TODD.

**JOHANNA**

I LOVED YOU  
EVEN AS I SAW YOU,  
EVEN AS IT DOES NOT  
MATTER THAT I STILL  
DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, SIR.

EVEN AS I SAW YOU,  
EVEN AS IT DOES NOT  
MATTER THAT I STILL  
DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME

**ANTHONY**

I LOVED YOU  
EVEN AS I SAW YOU,  
EVEN AS IT DID NOT  
MATTER THAT I DID  
NOT KNOW YOUR NAME

JOHANNA ...  
JOHANNA ...  
JOHANNA ...

**BEADLE**

*(Simultaneously with above)*

TODD ... SWEENEY TODD.

**JUDGE & BEADLE**

SWEENEY TODD.

**ANTHONY**

ANTHONY...

**JUDGE**

TODD?

**BEADLE**

TODD.

**JOHANNA**

ANTHONY

**JUDGE**

TODD, EH?

**JOHANNA**

I'LL MARRY ANTHONY SUNDAY,  
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO,  
NO MATTER WHAT!  
I KNEW YOU'D COME FOR ME ONE DAY.  
ONLY AFRAID THAT YOU'D FORGOT.

**ANTHONY**

YOU MARRY ANTHONY SUNDAY,  
THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO,  
NO MATTER WHAT!  
I KNEW I'D COME FOR YOU ONE DAY  
ONLY AFRAID THAT YOU'D FORGOT.

**BEADLE**

*(Simultaneously with above)*

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES, MY LORD ...

**JUDGE**

PRAY LEAD THE WAY.

**BEADLE**

HAVE A FRAGILE SENSIBILITY

**JUDGE**

JUST AS YOU SAY.

**JOHANNA**

I FEARED YOU'D NEVER COME,  
THAT YOU'D BEEN CALLED AWAY,  
THAT YOU'D BEEN KILLED,  
HAD THE PLAGUE,  
WERE IN DEBTOR'S JAIL,  
TRAMPLED BY A HORSE,  
GONE TO SEA AGAIN,  
ARRESTED BY THE ...

**ANTHONY**

MARRY ME, MARRY ME, MISS,  
YOU'LL MARRY ME SUNDAY.  
FAVOR ME, FAVOR ME  
WITH YOUR HAND.  
PROMISE,  
MARRY ME, MARRY ME,  
THAT YOU'LL MARRY ME  
ENOUGH OF ALL THIS ...

*(HE crushes her to him; THEY kiss)*

**BEADLE**

*(Simultaneously with above)*

WHEN A GIRL'S EMERGENT,  
PROBABLY IT'S URGENT ...  
LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES

**JUDGE**

TODD ...

**JOHANNA**

*(As SHE sinks to the floor with ANTHONY)*

OH SIR

**ANTHONY**

AH, MISS

**JOHANNA****ANTHONY**

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

AH, MISS ...

AH, MISS ...

AH, MISS ...

AH, MISS ...

AH, MISS ...

*(Light leaves THEM, comes up on the pishop-tonsorial parlor. Upstairs, TODD is silently cleaning his razor. In the shop, MRS. LOVETT and TOBIAS unfreeze from the position in which THEY were last seen)*

**#15a – Underscore****MRS. LOVETT**

Maybe you should run along, dear.

**TOBIAS**

Oh no, ma'am, I daren't budge till he calls for me.

**MRS. LOVETT**

I'll pop up and see what Mr. Todd says.

*(Humming, MRS. LOVETT starts climbing the stairs. As SHE enters the parlor)*

Ah me, me poor knees is not what they was, dear.

*(SHE sits down on the chest)*

How long before the Eyetalian gets back?

**TODD**

*(Still impassively cleaning the razor)*

He won't be back.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Instantly suspicious)*

Now, Mr. T., you didn't!

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(TODD nods toward the chest. Realizing, MRS. LOVETT jumps up. For a moment SHE stands looking at the chest, then, gingerly, SHE lifts the lid. SHE gazes down, then spins to TODD)*

You're crazy mad! Killing a man wot done you no harm. And the boy downstairs?

**TODD**

He recognized me from the old days. He tried to blackmail me, half my earnings forever.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh well, that's a different matter! What a relief, dear! For a moment I thought you'd lost your marbles.

*(Turns to peer down again into the chest)*

Ooh! All that blood! Enough to make you come all over gooseflesh, ain't it. Poor bugger. Oh, well!

*(SHE starts to close the lid, sees something, bends to pick it up. It is PIRELLI's purse. SHE looks in it)*

Three quid! Well, waste not, want not, as I always say.

*(SHE takes out the money and puts it down her bosom. SHE is about to throw the purse away when something about it attracts her. SHE slips it too down her dress. SHE shuts the chest lid and, quite composed again, sits down on it)*

Now, dear, we got to use the old noggin.

*(As SHE sits deep in thought, we see the JUDGE and BEADLE coming up the street)*

**BEADLE**

*(Pointing)*

There you are sir. Above the pishop, sir.

**JUDGE**

I see. You may leave me now.

**BEADLE**

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

*(HE starts off as the JUDGE approaches the parlor)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Coming out of her pondering)*

Well, first there's the lad.

**TODD**

Send him up here.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Him, too! Now surely one's enough for today, dear. Shouldn't indulge yourself, you know. Now let me see, he's half seas over already with the gin ...

*(As SHE speaks, downstairs the JUDGE clangs the bell. TODD runs to the landing and peers down the stairs. The BEADLE is still visible, exiting)*

**TODD**

Providence is kind!

**MRS. LOVETT**

Who is it?

**TODD**

Judge Turpin.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Flustered)*

Him, him? The Judge? It can't be! It –

**TODD**

Quick, leave me!

**MRS. LOVETT**

What are you going to do?

**TODD**

*(Roaring)*

Leave me, I said!

**MRS. LOVETT**

Don't worry, dear. I'm – out!

*(SHE scuttles out of the tonsorial parlor and starts down the stairs as the JUDGE ascends. THEY meet halfway. SHE gives him a deep curtsy)*

Excuse me, your Lordship.

*(SHE hurries back to TOBIAS in the shop)*

**JUDGE**

Mr. Todd?

**TODD**

At your service, sir. An honor to receive your patronage, sir.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TOBIAS)*

Now, dear, seems like your guvnor has gone and left you high an dry. But don't worry. Your Aunt Nellie will think of what to do with you.

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(Picks up the bottle of gin and pours some more into his glass. Still holding the bottle, SHE leads him toward the curtains)*

Come on into my lovely back parlor.

*(THEY disappear through the curtains)*

**JUDGE**

*(Looking around)*

These premises are hardly prepossessing and yet the Beadle tells me you are the most accomplished of all the barbers in the city.

**TODD**

That is gracious of him, sir. And you must please excuse the modesty of my establishment. It's only a few days ago that I set up quarters here and some necessities are yet to come.

*(Indicating chair)*

Sit, sir, if you please, sir. Sit.

*(The JUDGE settles into the chair; music under as MRS. LOVETT, still holding the gin bottle, enters her back parlor with TOBIAS)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

See how nice and cozy it is? Sit down, dear, sir.

*(SHE starts to pour him more gin.)*

Oh, it's empty. Now you just sit there, dear, like a good quiet boy while I get a new bottle from the larder.

*(SHE leaves him alone)*

**TODD**

And what may I do for you, sir? A stylish trimming of the hair? A soothing skin massage?

#16 – *Pretty Women (Part I)*

**JUDGE**

YOU SEE, SIR, A MAN INFATUATE WITH LOVE,  
HER ARDENT AND EAGER SLAVE,  
SO FETCH THE POMADE AND PUMICE STONE  
AND LEND ME A MORE SEDUCTIVE TONE,  
A SPRINKLING PERHAPS OF FRENCH COLOGNE,  
BUT FIRST, SIR, I THINK – A SHAVE.

**TODD**

THE CLOSEST I EVER GAVE.

*(TODD whips the sheet over the JUDGE, then tucks the bib in. The JUDGE hums, flicking imaginary dust off the sheet; TODD whistles gaily)*

**JUDGE**

You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

**TODD**

*(Mixing lather)*

‘TIS YOUR DELIGHT, SIR, CATCHING FIRE  
FROM ONE MAN TO THE NEXT.

**JUDGE**

‘TIS TRUE, SIR, LOVE CAN STILL INSPIRE  
THE BLOOD TO POUND, THE HEART LEAP HIGHER.

**BOTH**

WHAT MORE, WHAT MORE CAN MAN REQUIRE –

**JUDGE**

THAN LOVE, SIR?

**TODD**

MORE THAN LOVE, SIR.

**JUDGE**

WHAT, SIR?

**TODD**

WOMEN.

**JUDGE**

AH YES, WOMEN.

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN.

### #16a – *Pretty Women (Part II)*

*(The JUDGE hums jauntily; TODD whistles and starts stropping his razor rhythmically. HE then lathers the JUDGE’s face. Still whistling, HE stands back to survey the JUDGE, who is now totally relaxed, eyes closed. HE picks up the razor and sings to it)*

NOW THEN, MY FRIEND.  
NOW TO YOUR PURPOSE.

**(TODD)**

PATIENCE, ENJOY IT.  
REVENGE CAN'T BE TAKEN IN HASTE.

**JUDGE**

*(Opens his eyes)*

MAKE HASTE, AND IF WE WED,  
YOU'LL BE COMMENDED, SIR.

**TODD**

*(Bows)*

MY LORD

*(Goes to him)*

AND WHO, MAY IT BE SAID,  
IS YOUR INTENDED, SIR?

**JUDGE**

MY WARD.

*(TODD freezes; the JUDGE closes his eyes, settles comfortably, speaks)*

And pretty as a rosebud.

**TODD**

*(Music rising)*

As pretty as her mother?

**JUDGE**

*(Mildly puzzled)*

What? What was that?

*(As the music reaches a shrill crescendo, TODD is slowly bringing the razor toward the JUDGE's throat when suddenly the JUDGE opens his eyes and starts to twist around in curiosity)*

**TODD**

*(Musingly, lightly)*

Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing. May we proceed?

*(Starts to shave the JUDGE)*

PRETTY WOMEN ...  
FASCINATING ...  
SIPPING COFFEE,  
DANCING ...  
PRETTY WOMEN



**(TODD)**

ARE A WONDER.  
PRETTY WOMEN.

SITTING IN THE WINDOW OR  
STANDING ON THE STAIR,  
SOMETHING IN THEM  
CHEERS THE AIR.

PRETTY WOMEN

**JUDGE**

SILHOUETTED

**TODD**

STAY WITHIN YOU ...

**JUDGE**

GLANCING ...

**TODD**

STAY FOREVER

**JUDGE**

BREATHING LIGHTLY ...

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN ...

**BOTH**

PRETTY WOMEN!  
BLOWING OUT THEIR CANDLES OR  
COMBING OUT THEIR HAIR ...

**JUDGE**

**TODD**

THEN THEY LEAVE ...  
EVEN WHEN THEY LEAVE YOU  
AND VANISH, THEY SOMEHOW  
CAN STILL REMAIN  
THERE WITH YOU,  
THERE WITH YOU.

EVEN WHEN THEY LEAVE,  
THEY STILL  
ARE  
THERE.  
THEY'RE THERE.

**BOTH**

AH,  
PRETTY WOMEN

**TODD**

AT THEIR MIRRORS ...

**JUDGE**

IN THEIR GARDENS ...

**TODD**

LETTER-WRITING

**JUDGE**

FLOWER-PICKING

**TODD**

WEATHER-WATCHING ...

**BOTH**

HOW THEY MAKE A MAN SING –  
PROOF OF HEAVEN  
AS YOU'RE LIVING –  
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!

**JUDGE**

PRETTY WOMEN, YES!  
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!  
PRETTY WOMEN!  
PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!  
PRETTY WOMEN ...

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN, HERE'S TO  
PRETTY WOMEN,  
ALL THE  
PRETTY WOMEN ...

*(TODD raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the JUDGE's throat when ANTHONY bursts in)*

**ANTHONY**

JOHANNA MARRIES ME SUNDAY,  
EVERYTHING'S SET, WE LEAVE TONIGHT

*(Fade on cue)*

WE'LL BE IN PARIS BY MONDAY,  
OUT OF THAT HEARTLESS TYRANT'S SIGHT

**JUDGE**

*(Jumping up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from TODD's hand)*  
You!

**ANTHONY**

Judge Turpin!

**JUDGE**

There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time.

*(As ANTHONY retreats, HE jumps on him and grabs him by the arm)*

Johanna elope with you? Deceiving slut – I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile, corrupting youth shall ever lay eyes on her again.

**ANTHONY**

*(Shaking himself free)*

But, sir, I beg of you –

**JUDGE**

*(To TODD)*

And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well! and hold their custom – for you'll have none of mine.

*(HE strides out and down the stairs)*

**ANTHONY**

Mr. Todd!

**TODD**

*(Shouting)*

Out! Out, I say!

**#17 – Epiphany**

*(Bewildered, ANTHONY leaves. Music begins under, very agitated. TODD stands motionless, in shock. As the JUDGE hurries off down the street, MRS. LOVETT, with a new bottle of gin in her hand, sees him. SHE glances after him, then goes into the back parlor where TOBIAS is now asleep. SHE looks at him, puts down the bottle and hurries out and up the stairs to TODD)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

All this running and shouting. What is it now, dear?

**TODD**

I HAD HIM – AND THEN ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

The sailor busted in. I saw them both running down the street and I said to myself: "The fat's in the fire, for sure!"

**TODD**

*(Interrupting)*

I HAD HIM!  
HIS THROAT WAS BARE  
BENEATH MY HAND – !

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Alarmed, pacifying)* ·

There, there, dear. Don't fret.

**TODD**

NO, I HAD HIM!  
HIS THROAT WAS THERE,  
AND HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN!

**MRS. LOVETT**

EASY NOW.  
HUSH, LOVE, HUSH.  
I KEEP TELLING YOU –

**TODD**

*(Violently)*

WHEN?

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?

**TODD**

WHY DID I WAIT?  
YOU TOLD ME TO WAIT!  
NOW HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN!

*(Music becomes ferocious. TODD's insanity, always close to the surface, explodes finally)*

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE WORLD  
LIKE A GREAT BLACK PIT  
AND IT'S FILLED WITH PEOPLE  
WHO ARE FILLED WITH SHIT  
AND THE VERMIN OF THE WORLD  
INHABIT IT –  
BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THEY ALL DESERVE TO DIE!  
TELL YOU WHY, MRS. LOVETT,

**(TODD)**

TELL YOU WHY,  
BECAUSE IN ALL OF THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE, MRS. LOVETT,  
THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF MEN AND ONLY TWO.  
THERE'S THE ONE STAYING PUT  
IN HIS PROPER PLACE  
AND THE ONE WITH HIS FOOT  
IN THE OTHER ONE'S FACE –  
LOOK AT ME, MRS. LOVETT,  
LOOK AT YOU!  
NO, WE ALL DESERVE TO DIE!  
EVEN YOU, MRS. LOVETT  
EVEN I.  
BECAUSE THE LIVES OF THE WICKED SHOULD BE –

*(Slashes at the air)*

MADE BRIEF.  
FOR THE REST OF US, DEATH  
WILL BE A RELIEF –  
WE ALL DESERVE TO DIE!

*(Keening)*

AND I'LL NEVER SEE JOHANNA,  
NO, I'LL NEVER HUG MY GIRL TO ME –  
FINISHED!

*(Turns on the audience)*

ALL RIGHT! YOU, SIR,  
HOW ABOUT A SHAVE?

*(Slashes twice)*

COME AND VISIT  
YOUR GOOD FRIEND SWEENEY  
YOU, SIR, TOO, SIR –  
WELCOME TO THE GRAVE!  
I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE,  
I WILL HAVE SALVATION!

WHO, SIR? YOU, SIR?  
NO ONE'S IN THE CHAIR  
COME ON, COME ON!  
SWEENEY'S WAITING!

**(TODD)**

I WANT YOU, BLEEDERS!  
YOU, SIR – ANYBODY!  
GENTLEMEN, NOW DON'T BE SHY!  
NOT ONE MAN, NO,  
NOR TEN MEN,  
NOR A HUNDRED  
CAN ASSUAGE ME  
I WILL HAVE YOU!

*(To MRS. LOVETT)*

AND I WILL GET HIM BACK  
EVEN AS HE GLOATS.  
IN THE MEANTIME I'LL PRACTICE  
ON LESS HONORABLE THROATS.

*(Keening again)*

AND MY LUCY LIES IN ASHES  
AND I'LL NEVER SEE MY GIRL AGAIN,  
BUT THE WORK WAITS,  
I'M ALIVE AT LAST

*(Exalted)*

AND I'M FULL OF JOY!

*(HE drops down into the barber's chair in a seat, panting)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Who has been watching him intently)*

That's all very well, but all that matters now is him.

*(SHE points to the chest, sits motionless. SHE goes to him, peers at him)*

Listen! Do you hear me? Can you hear me? Get control of yourself.

*(SHE slaps his cheek. After a long pause TODD, still in a half-dream, gets to his feet)*

What are we going to do about him? And there's the lad downstairs. We'd better go and have a look and be sure he's still there. When I left him he was sound asleep in the parlor.

*(SHE starts downstairs)*

Come on!

*(TODD follows. SHE disappears into the back parlor and re-emerges)*

No problem there. He's still sleeping. He's simple as a baby lamb. Later I can fob him off with some story easy. But him!

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(Indicating the tonsorial parlor above)*

What are we going to do with him?

**TODD**

*(Disinterestedly)*

Later on, when it's dark, we'll take him to some secret place and bury him.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Well, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose there's any relatives going to come poking around looking for him. But ...

*(Pause. Chord)*

You know me. Sometimes ideas just pop into me head and I keep thinking ...

*#18 – A Little Priest*

SEEMS A DOWNRIGHT SHAME

**TODD**

Shame?

**MRS. LOVETT**

SEEMS AN AWFUL WASTE ...  
 SUCH A NICE PLUMP FRAME  
 WOT'S 'IS-NAME  
 HAS ...  
 HAD ...  
 HAS ...  
 NOR IT CAN'T BE TRACED.  
 BUSINESS NEEDS A LIFT –  
 DEBTS TO BE ERASED –  
 THINK OF IT AS THRIFT,  
 AS A GIFT ...  
 IF YOU GET MY DRIFT ...

*(TODD stares into space)*

NO?

*(SHE sighs)*

SEEMS AN AWFUL WASTE.  
 I MEAN,  
 WITH THE PRICE OF MEAT WHAT IT IS,  
 WHEN YOU GET IT,  
 IF YOU GET IT –

**TODD**

*(Becoming aware, chuckling)*

Ah!

**MRS. LOVETT**

GOOD, YOU GOT IT.

*(Warming to it)*

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE,  
MRS. MOONEY AND HER PIE SHOP.  
BUSINESS NEVER BETTER, USING ONLY  
PUSSYCATS AND TOAST.  
AND A PUSSY'S GOOD FOR MAYBE SIX OR  
SEVEN AT THE MOST.  
AND I'M SURE THEY CAN'T COMPARE  
AS FAR AS TASTE -

**TODD.**

**MRS. LOVETT**

MRS. LOVETT,  
WHAT A CHARMING NOTION,  
EMINENTLY PRACTICAL AND YET  
APPROPRIATE, AS ALWAYS.  
MRS. LOVETT  
HOW I DID WITHOUT YOU  
ALL THESE YEARS I'LL NEVER KNOW!  
HOW DELECTABLE!  
ALSO UNDETECTABLE.

WELL, IT DOES SEEM A  
WASTE ...

It's an idea...  
THINK ABOUT IT ...  
LOTS OF OTHER GENTLEMEN'LL  
SOON BE COMING FOR A SHAVE  
WON'T THEY?  
THINK OF  
ALL THEM  
PIES!

HOW CHOICE!  
HOW RARE!

**TODD**

FOR WHAT'S THE SOUND OF THE WORLD OUT THERE?

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHAT, MR. TODD,  
WHAT, MR. TODD,  
WHAT IS THAT SOUND?

**TODD**

THOSE CRUNCHING NOISES PERVADING THE AIR?



**MRS. LOVETT**

YES, MR. TODD,  
 YES, MR. TODD, YES,  
 ALL AROUND –

**TODD**

IT'S MAN DEVOURING MAN, MY DEAR,  
 AND WHO ARE WE  
 TO DENY IT IN HERE?

**MRS. LOVETT**

THEN WHO ARE WE  
 TO DENY IT IN HERE?

**TODD**

These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for.  
*(SHE goes to the counter and comes back with an imaginary pie)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Here we are, hot from the oven.  
*(SHE holds it out to him)*

**TODD**

WHAT IS THAT?

**MRS. LOVETT**

IT'S PRIEST.  
 HAVE A LITTLE PRIEST.

**TODD**

IS IT REALLY GOOD?

**MRS. LOVETT**

SIR, IT'S TOO GOOD,  
 AT LEAST.  
 THEN AGAIN, THEY DON'T COMMIT SINS OF THE FLESH,  
 SO IT'S PRETTY FRESH.

**TODD**

*(Looking at it)*

AWFUL LOT OF FAT.

**MRS. LOVETT**

ONLY WHERE IT SAT.

**TODD**

HAVEN'T YOU GOT POET  
 OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

**MRS. LOVETT**

NO, YOU SEE THE TROUBLE WITH POET  
IS, HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S  
DECEASED?  
TRY THE PRIEST.

**TODD**

*(Tasting it)*

Heavenly.

*(MRS. LOVETT giggles)*

Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps, but not as bland as curate, either.

**MRS. LOVETT**

And good for business – always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it  
on Sundays ...

*(TODD chuckles. MRS. LOVETT presents another imaginary pie)*

LAWYER'S RATHER NICE.

**TODD**

IF IT'S FOR A PRICE.

**MRS. LOVETT**

ORDER SOMETHING ELSE, THOUGH, TO FOLLOW,  
SINCE NO ONE SHOULD SWALLOW  
IT TWICE.

**TODD**

ANYTHING THAT'S LEAN.

**MRS. LOVETT**

WELL, THEN, IF YOU'RE BRITISH AND LOYAL,  
YOU MIGHT ENJOY ROYAL  
MARINE.

*(TODD makes a face)*

ANYWAY, IT'S CLEAN.  
THOUGH, OF COURSE, IT TASTES OF WHEREVER IT'S BEEN.

**TODD**

*(Looking past her at an imaginary oven)*

IS THAT SQUIRE  
ON THE FIRE?

**MRS. LOVETT**

MERCY NO, SIR,  
LOOK CLOSER,  
YOU’LL NOTICE IT’S GROCER.

**TODD**

LOOKS THICKER.  
MORE LIKE VICAR.

**MRS. LOVETT**

NO, IT HAS TO BE GROCER – IT’S GREEN.

**TODD**

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY LOVE

**MRS. LOVETT**

SAVE A LOT OF GRAVES,  
DO A LOT OF RELATIVES FAVORS ...

**TODD**

– IS THOSE BELOW SERVING THOSE UP ABOVE.

**MRS. LOVETT**

EVERYBODY SHAVES,  
SO THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY OF FLAVORS

**TODD**

HOW GRATIFYING FOR ONCE TO KNOW –

**BOTH**

– THAT THOSE, ABOVE WILL SERVE THOSE DOWN BELOW!

**MRS. LOVETT**

Now, let’s see ...

*(Surveying an imaginary tray of pies on the counter)*

We’ve got tinker ...

**TODD**

*(Looking at it)*

Something pinker.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Tailor?

**TODD**

*(Shaking his head)*

Paler.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Butler?

**TODD**

Subtler.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Potter?

**TODD**

*(Feeling it)*

Hotter.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Locksmith?

*(TODD shrugs, defeated. MRS. LOVETT offers another imaginary pie)*

LOVELY BIT OF CLERK.

**TODD**

MAYBE FOR A LARK ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

THEN AGAIN, THERE'S SWEEP  
IF YOU WANT IT CHEAP  
AND YOU LIKE IT DARK.

*(Another)*

TRY THE FINANCIER.  
PEAK OF HIS CAREER.

**TODD**

THAT LOOKS PRETTY RANK.

**MRS. LOVETT**

WELL HE DRANK. NO,  
IT'S BANK  
CASHIER  
NEVER REALLY SOLD

*(Feels it)*

MAYBE IT WAS OLD

**TODD**

HAVE YOU ANY BEADLE?

**MRS. LOVETT**

NEXT WEEK, SO I'M TOLD.  
 BEADLE ISN'T BAD TILL YOU SMELL IT  
 AND NOTICE HOW WELL IT'S  
 BEEN GREASED.  
 STICK TO PRIEST.

*(Offers another pie)*

Now this may be a bit stringy, but then, of course, it's fiddler player.

**TODD**

This isn't fiddle player. It's piccolo player.

**MRS. LOVETT**

How can you tell?

**TODD**

It's piping hot.

*(Giggles)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Snorts with glee)*

Then blow on it first.

*(HE guffaws)*

**TODD**

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY SWEET –

**MRS. LOVETT**

OH, MR. TODD,  
 OOH, MR. TODD,  
 WHAT DOES IT TELL?

**TODD**

– IS WHO GETS EATEN AND WHO GETS TO EAT.

**MRS. LOVETT**

AND, MR. TODD,  
 TOO, MR. TODD,  
 WHO GETS TO SELL.

**TODD**

BUT FORTUNATELY, IT'S ALSO CLEAR –

**TODD**

THAT EVERYBODY  
GOES DOWN WELL WITH BEER.

**MRS. LOVETT**

BUT EVERYBODY  
GOES DOWN WELL WITH BEER.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how about rear admiral?

**TODD**

Too salty. I prefer general.

**MRS. LOVETT**

With or without his privates? "With" is extra.

*(TODD chortles)*

**TODD**

*(As MRS. LOVETT offers another pie)*

WHAT IS THAT?

**MRS. LOVETT**

IT'S FOP.  
FINEST IN THE SHOP.  
OR WE HAVE SOME SHEPHERD'S PIE PEPPERED  
WITH ACTUAL SHEPHERD  
ON TOP.  
AND I'VE JUST BEGUN.  
HERE'S THE POLITICIAN – SO OILY  
IT'S SERVED WITH A DOILY –

*(TODD makes a face)*

NOT ONE?

**TODD**

PUT IT ON A BUN.

*(As SHE looks at him quizzically)*

WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW IF IT'S GOING TO RUN.

**MRS. LOVETT**

TRY THE FRIAR.  
FRIED, IT'S DRIER.

**TODD**

NO, THE CLERGY IS REALLY  
TOO COARSE AND TOO MEALY.

**MRS. LOVETT**

THEN ACTOR –  
THAT'S COMPACTER.

**TODD**

YES, AND ALWAYS ARRIVES OVERDONE.  
I'LL COME AGAIN WHEN YOU  
HAVE JUDGE ON THE MENU ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

Wait! True, we don't have Judge – yet – but we've got something you might fancy even better.

**TODD**

What's that?

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Handing him a butcher's cleaver)*

Executioner.

*(TODD roars, and then, picking up her rolling pin, hands it to her)*

**TODD**

HAVE CHARITY TOWARD THE WORLD, MY PET –

**MRS. LOVETT**

YES, YES, I KNOW, MY LOVE –

**TODD**

WE'LL TAKE THE CUSTOMERS THAT WE CAN GET.

**MRS. LOVETT**

HIGH-BORN AND LOW, MY LOVE.

**TODD**

WE'LL NOT DISCRIMINATE GREAT FROM SMALL.  
NO, WE'LL SERVE ANYONE  
MEANING ANYONE –

**BOTH**

AND TO ANYONE AT ALL!

*(Music continues as the two of them brandish their "weapons." The scene blacks out)*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****#19 – God, That’s Good!**

*(Thanks to her increasing prosperity, MRS. LOVETT has created a modest outdoor eating garden outside the pieshop, consisting of a large wooden table with two benches, a few bushes in pots, birds in cages. At rise, contented customers, one of whom is drunk, are filling the garden, devouring their pies and drinking ale while TOBIAS, in a waiter’s apron, drums up trade along the sidewalk. Inside the pieshop, MRS. LOVETT, in a “fancy” gown, a sign of her upward mobility, doles out pies from the counter and collects a few on a tray to bring into the garden subsequently. TODD is pacing restlessly in the tonsorial parlor. The BEGGAR WOMAN hangs around throughout, hungry and ominous)*

**TOBIAS**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PERLEASE?  
ARE YOUR NOSTRILS AQUIVER AND TINGLING AS WELL  
AT THAT DELICATE, LUSCIOUS AMBROSIAL SMELL?  
YES THEY ARE, I CAN TELL.  
WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
THAT AROMA ENRICHING THE BREEZE  
IS LIKE NOTHING COMPARED TO ITS SUCCULENT SOURCE,  
AS THE GOURMETS AMONG YOU WILL TELL YOU, OF COURSE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
YOU CAN’T IMAGINE THE RAPTURE IN STORE

*(Indicating the shop)*

JUST INSIDE OF THIS DOOR!

*(Beating his usual drum)*

THERE YOU’LL SAMPLE  
MRS. LOVETT’S MEAT PIES,  
SAVORY AND SWEET PIES,  
AS YOU’LL SEE.  
YOU WHO EAT PIES,  
MRS. LOVETT’S MEAT PIES  
CONJURE UP THE TREAT PIES  
USED TO BE!



**TOBIAS & CUSTOMERS***(Sing simultaneously)***MAN (Tenor):**

OVER HERE, BOY, HOW ABOUT SOME ALE?

**MEN:**

LET ME HAVE ANOTHER, LADDIE!

**WOMEN:**TELL ME, ARE THEY FLAVORSOME?  
THEY ARE.**TOBIAS:***(To SECOND MAN)*

RIGHT AWAY.

**WOMEN:**

COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE OVER HERE, BOY?

**MEN (Tenors):**

COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE, WAITER?

**WOMEN:**

GOD THAT'S GOOD!

**MEN (Tenors):**

WHAT ABOUT THAT PIE, BOY?

**WOMEN:**

TELL ME, ARE THEY TENDER?

**TOBIAS:**

THRUPPENCE.

**MEN (Baritones):**

YES, WHAT ABOUT THAT PIE, BOY?

**WOMEN:**

THRUPPENCE FOR A MEAT PIE?

**MEN (Baritones)**

WHERE'S THE ALE I ASKED YOU FOR, BOY?

**TOBIAS:**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN – !

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Ringing a bell to attract TOBIAS's attention)*

TOBY!

*(SHE starts into the garden with a tray of pies)*

**TOBIAS**

COMING!

*(To a customer)*

'SCUSE ME

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Indicating a beckoning customer)*

ALE THERE!

**TOBIAS**

RIGHT, MUM!

*(HE runs inside, picks up a jug of ale, whisks back out into the garden and starts filling tankards)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

QUICK, NOW!

**CUSTOMERS**

*(Licking their fingers)*

GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(A bundle of activity, serving pies, collecting money, giving orders, addressing each of the patrons individually and with equal insincerity)*

NICE TO SEE YOU, DEARIE ...

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING? ...

COR, ME BONES IS WEARY!

TOBY –!

*(Indicating a customer)*

ONE FOR THE GENTLEMAN ...

HEAR THE BIRDIES CHEEPING -

HELPS TO KEEP IT CHEERY ...

*(Spying the BEGGAR WOMAN)*

TOBY!

THROW THE OLD WOMAN OUT!

**CUSTOMERS**

GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

*(TOBIAS shoos the BEGGAR WOMAN away, but SHE soon comes back, sniffing)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To other CUSTOMERS, without breaking rhythm)*

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE, DEARIE?

NO, WE DON'T CUT SLICES ...

COR, ME EYES IS BLEARY!

*(As TOBIAS is about to pour for a plastered customer)*

TOBY!

NONE FOR THE GENTLEMAN!

I COULD UP ME PRICES—

I'M A LITTLE LEERY ...

BUSINESS

COULDN'T BE BETTER, THOUGH

**CUSTOMERS**

GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

**MRS. LOVETT**

KNOCK ON WOOD.

*(SHE does)*

**TODD**

*(Leaning out of the window)*

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To a customer)*

EXCUSE ME

**TODD**

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TOBIAS)*

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

**TODD**

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Moving toward him)*

YES, WHAT, LOVE?  
QUICK, THOUGH, THE TRADE IS BRISK.

**TODD**

BUT IT'S SIX O'CLOCK!

**MRS. LOVETT**

SO IT'S SIX O'CLOCK.

**TODD**

IT WAS DUE TO ARRIVE  
AT A QUARTER TO FIVE

**TODD**

AND IT'S SIX O'CLOCK!

I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL DAY!

BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE  
BY NOW!

**MRS. LOVETT**

AND IT'S PROBABLY ALREADY  
DOWN THE BLOCK!

IT'LL BE HERE, IT'LL BE HERE!

HAVE A BEAKER OF BEER  
AND STOP WORRYIN', DEAR,  
NOW, NOW ...

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT PIES!

**TODD**

YOU'LL COME BACK  
WHEN IT COMES?

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TODD, moving back to the garden)*

WILL YOU WAIT THERE,  
COOLLY,  
'COS MY CUSTOMERS TRULY  
ARE GETTING UNRULY.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Circulating in the garden)*

AND WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE, DEARIE?

*(Spilling ale)*

OOPS! I BEG YOUR PARDON!  
JUST ME HANDS IS SMEARY –

*(Sporting a would-be freeloader)*

TOBY!  
RUN FOR THE GENTLEMAN!

*(TOBIAS catches him, collects the money; MRS. LOVETT turns to another customer)*

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

DON'T YOU LOVE A GARDEN?  
ALWAYS MAKES ME TEARY ...

*(Looking back at the freeloader)*

MUST BE ONE OF THEM FOREIGNERS –

**CUSTOMERS**

GOD THAT'S GOOD! THAT IS DELICIOUS!

*(During the following a huge crate appears high on a crane and moves slowly downstage to the tonsorial parlor. TODD sees it)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

*(To a woman)*

FRANKLY, DEAR – FORGIVE MY CANDOR –  
FAMILY SECRET,  
ALL TO DO WITH HERBS.  
THINGS LIKE BEING  
CAREFUL WITH YOUR CORIANDER,  
THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE GRAVY GRANDER –!

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT PIES!

*(MRS. LOVETT hastens into the shop and loads the tray again)*

MORE HOT!  
MORE PIES!

**TODD**

*(Out the window)*

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To a customer in the shop)*

EXCUSE ME

**TODD**

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TOBIAS)*

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

**TODD**

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHAT NOW, LOVE?

QUICK, THOUGH, THE TRADE IS BRISK.

**TODD**

BUT IT'S HERE!

**MRS. LOVETT**

IT'S WHERE?

**TODD**

COMING UP THE STAIR!

**MRS. LOVETT**

**TODD**

*(Holding up the tray)*

I'LL GET RID OF THIS LOT  
AS THEY'RE STILL PRETTY HOT  
AND THEN I'LL BE THERE!

IT'S ABOUT TO BE OPENED  
OR DON'T YOU CARE?

NO, I'LL BE THERE!  
I WILL BE THERE!  
BUT THEY'LL NEVER BE SOLD  
IF I LET 'EM GET COLD –

BUT WE HAVE TO PREPARE!

*(During the following, the crate is lowered to the tonsorial parlor)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Without pausing for breath, smiling to a customer)*

OH, AND  
INCIDENTALLY, DEARIE,  
YOU KNOW MRS. MOONEY.  
SALES 'VE BEEN SO DREARY

*(Spots the BEGGAR WOMAN again)*

TOBY –!

*(To the same customer)*

POOR THING IS PENNILESS.

*(Indicating BEGGAR WOMAN, to TOBIAS)*

WHAT ABOUT THAT LOONY?

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(To the same customer, as TOBIAS shoos the BEGGAR WOMAN away again)*

LOOKIN' , SORT OF BEERY –  
OH WELL, GOT HER COMEUPPANCE –

*(Hawklike, to a rising customer)*

AND THAT'LL BE THRUPPENCE – AND

**CUSTOMERS****MRS. LOVETT**

*(Singing with mouths full)*

GOD, THAT'S GOOD THAT IS DE HAVE YOU	SO SHE SHOULD
LICIOUS EVER TASTED SMELL SUCH	
OH MY GOD WHAT MORE THAT'S PIES GOOD!	

*(MRS. LOVETT goes up to the tonsorial parlor, entering as TODD opens the crate, revealing an elaborate barber chair)*

**TODD & MRS. LOVETT**

*(Swooning with admiration)*

OOOOHHHH! OOOOHHHH!

*(The empty crate swings away on the crane)*

**TODD****MRS. LOVETT**

IS THAT A CHAIR FIT FOR A KING,	
A WONDROUS NEAT	IT'S GORGEOUS!
AND MOST PARTICULAR CHAIR?	IT'S GORGEOUS!
YOU TELL ME WHERE	
IS THERE A SEAT	
CAN HALF COMPARE	IT'S PERFECT!
WITH THIS PARTICULAR THING!	IT'S GORGEOUS!
I HAVE A FEW	
MINOR ADJUSTMENTS	YOU MAKE YOUR FEW
TO MAKE –	MINOR ADJUSTMENTS.
THEY'LL TAKE	
A MOMENT.	YOU TAKE YOUR TIME,
I'LL CALL YOU	I'LL GO SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

**TODD**

*(Looking at the chair, as MRS. LOVETT goes back to the garden)*

I HAVE ANOTHER FRIEND

**TOBIAS**

**MRS. LOVETT**

**CUSTOMERS**

*(To the customers)*

IS THAT A PIE FIT FOR A KING,  
A WONDROUS SWEET  
AND MOST PARTICULAR THING?  
YOU SEE, MA'AM, WHY  
THERE IS NO MEAT  
PIE CAN COMPETE  
WITH THIS DELECTABLE  
PIE.

IT'S GORGEOUS!  
IT'S GORGEOUS!  
  
IT'S PERFECT!  
IT'S GORGEOUS!

YUM!  
  
YUM!  
YUM!

**TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT**

**CUSTOMERS**

THE CRUST ALL VELVETY AND WAVY,  
THAT GLAZE, THOSE CRIMPS ...  
AND THEN THE THICK, SUCCULENT GRAVY  
ONE WHIFF, ONE GLIMPSE ...

YUM! YUM!  
YUM! YUM!  
YUM! YUM!  
YUM! YUM!

**TODD**

AND NOW TO TEST  
THIS BEST OF BARBER CHAIRS

**MRS. LOVETT**

**TOBIAS**

**CUSTOMERS**

SO RICH,  
SO THINK  
IT MAKES YOU SICK

SO TENDER  
THAT YOU SURRENDER

YUM!  
YUM!  
YUM! YUM!

**TODD**

IT'S TIME ...  
IT'S TIME ...  
PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To the customers)*

EXCUSE ME

**TODD**

*(From above )*

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(To TOBIAS)*

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.



**TODD**

PSST!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Moving toward him)*

ALL SET, LOVE?

**TODD**

QUICK, NOW!

**MRS. LOVETT**

ME HEART'S A FLUTTER –!

**TODD**

WHEN I POUND THE FLOOR,  
IT'S A SIGNAL TO SHOW  
THAT I'M READY TO GO,  
WHEN I POUND THE FLOOR!

I JUST WANT TO BE SURE.

WHEN I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU'RE  
IN PLACE –

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHEN YOU POUND THE FLOOR,  
YES, YOU TOLD ME, I KNOW,  
YOU'LL BE READY TO GO  
WHEN YOU POUND THE FLOOR –  
WILL YOU TRUST ME?  
WILL YOU TRUST ME?  
I'LL BE WAITING BELOW  
FOR THE WHISTLE TO BLOW ...

**TODD**

I'LL POUND THREE TIMES.

*(HE demonstrates on the frame of the window)*

THREE TIMES.

*(HE does it again; SHE nods impatiently)*

AND THEN YOU –

*(SHE knocks at the two times)*

THREE TIMES –

*(SHE knocks heavily and wearily at the wall)*

IF YOU –

*(SHE knocks again, rolling her eyes skyward)*

EXACTLY.

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT PIES!

**MRS. LOVETT**

GAWD!

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Over her shoulder to them)*

RIGHT!

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE PIES!

**TODD**

*(Seeing her attention waver)*

PSST!

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE!

**MRS. LOVETT**

WAIT!

*(SHE runs into the bakehouse, which we see for the first time. Upstage are the large baking ovens. Downstage is a butcher's block table, on which stands a bizarre meat-grinding machine. In the wall is the mouth of a chute leading down from the tonsorial parlor. Upstage is a trap door leading down to an invisible cellar. While music continues under, TODD takes a stack of books tied together, puts it in the chair, then pounds three times on the floor. MRS. LOVETT responds by knocking three times on the mouth of the chute. TODD pulls a lever in the arm of the chair. The books disappear through a trap. Music. The books reappear from the hole in the bakehouse wall and plop on the floor. MRS. LOVETT knocks three times excitedly on the chute; TODD responds by pounding on the floor three times)*

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT PIES!

*(MRS. LOVETT hurries out of the bakehouse)*

MORE HOT! MORE PIES!

*(TODD resumes tinkering happily with the chair)*

MORE! HOT! PIES!

**TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT**

*(To the customers)*

EAT THEM SLOW AND

**(TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT)**

FEEL THE CRUST, HOW THIN SHE (I) ROLLED IT!  
 EAT THEM SLOW, ‘COS  
 EVERY ONE’S A PRIZE!  
 EAT THEM SLOW, ‘COS  
 THAT’S THE LOT AND NOW WE’VE SOLD IT!

*(SHE hangs up a “Sold Out” sign)*

COME AGAIN TOMORROW –

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Spotting something along the street)*

HOLD IT

**CUSTOMERS**

MORE HOT PIES!

**MRS. LOVETT**

BLESS MY EYES – !

*(For SHE sees the MAN WITH CAP, from Act I, approaching the barber sign. HE looks up and rings TODD’s bell – three times)*

FRESH SUPPLIES!

*(TODD leans out, sees the man, beckons him up; the man starts up the steps. TODD holds his razor, THEY both freeze. MRS. LOVETT takes down the “Sold Out” sign and turns back to the customers)*

<b>MRS. LOVETT</b>	<b>TOBIAS</b>	<b>CUSTOMERS</b>
HOW ABOUT IT, DEARIE?	IS THAT A PIE	YUM!
BE HERE IN A TWINKLING!	FIT FOR A KING,	YUM!
JUST CONFIRMS MY THEORY –	A WONDROUS SWEET	YUM!
TOBY!	AND MOST DELECTABLE	YUM! YUM!
GOD WATCHES OVER US.	THING?	
DIDN’T HAVE AN INKLING POSITIVELY	YOU SEE, MA’AM, WHY	YUM!
EERIE ...	THERE IS NO MEAT PIE	YUM!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Spotting the BEGGAR WOMAN again)*

TOBY!

THROW THE OLD WOMAN OUT!

*(As TOBIAS leads the BEGGAR WOMAN off again, MRS. LOVETT runs back to the pishop)*

## CUSTOMERS

*(Starting with their mouths full, gradually swallowing and singing clearly)*

GOD THAT'S GOOD THAT IS DE HAVE YOU  
LICIOUS EVER TASTED SMELL SUCH  
OH MY GOD WHAT PERFECT MORE THAT'S  
PIES SUCH FLAVOR

*(MRS. LOVETT relaxes in the pishop with a mug of ale)*

GOD THAT'S GOOD!!!

*(The scene blacks out. The chimes of St. Dunstan's sound softly. It is dawn.  
ANTHONY is searching the streets of London for JOHANNA)*

## #20 – Johanna (Act II Sequence)

### ANTHONY

I FEEL YOU, JOHANNA,  
I FEEL YOU.  
DO THEY THINK THAT WALLS CAN HIDE YOU?  
EVEN NOW I'M AT YOUR WINDOW.  
I AM IN THE DARK BESIDE YOU,  
BURIED SWEETLY IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR,  
JOHANNA ...

*(As HE continues the search, the Light comes up on the tonsorial parlor. TODD is seated on the outside stairs, smoking and enjoying the morning. During the following passage, a customer arrives. TODD ushers him into the office and into the chair, preparing him for a shave. Throughout the song, TODD remains benign, wistful, dream-like. What HE sings is totally detached from the action, as is HE. HE sings to the air)*

### TODD

JOHANNA ...  
AND ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL AND PALE,  
WITH YELLOW HAIR, LIKE HER?  
I'D WANT YOU BEAUTIFUL AND PALE,  
THE WAY I'VE DREAMED YOU WERE,  
JOHANNA ...

### ANTHONY

JOHANNA ...

### TODD

AND IF YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, WHAT THEN,

**(TODD)**

WITH YELLOW HAIR, LIKE WHEAT?  
I THINK WE SHALL NOT MEET AGAIN –

*(HE slashes the customer's throat)*

MY LITTLE DOVE, MY SWEET  
JOHANNA ...

**ANTHONY**

I'LL STEAL YOU,  
JOHANNA ...

**TODD**

GOODBYE, JOHANNA.  
YOU'RE GONE, AND YET YOU'RE MINE.  
I'M FINE, JOHANNA,  
I'M FINE!

*(HE pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute)*

**ANTHONY**

JOHANNA ...

*(Night falls. We see a wisp of smoke rise from the bakehouse chimney, a small trail gradually bellowing out into a great, noxious plume of black. As it thickens, we become aware of MRS. LOVETT, in a white nightdress, inside the bakehouse. The oven doors are open and cast a hot light. SHE is tossing "objects" into the oven. As the music continues under, a figure stumbles into view from the alleyway beside the chimney. It is the BEGGAR WOMAN, coughing and spitting and carrying a meager straw pallet, her bed)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(In a rage, loudly)*

SMOKE! SMOKE!  
SIGN OF THE DEVIL! SIGN OF THE DEVIL!  
CITY ON FIRE!

*(SHE tries to interest passers-by but, clearly revolted by her, THEY move away)*

WITCH! WITCH!

*(Spits at bakehouse)*

SMELL IT, SIR! AN EVIL SMELL!  
EVERY NIGHT AT THE VESPER BELL –  
SMOKE THAT COMES FROM THE MOUTH OF HELL  
CITY ON FIRE!

*(The smoke trails away as dawn comes up)*

**(BEGGAR WOMAN)**

CITY ON FIRE ...  
MISCHIEF! MISCHIEF!  
MISCHIEF! ...

*(SHE shuffles off. It is now the next day. ANTHONY is searching through another part of London. TODD is upstairs and looking pleasantly down at the street. A second customer arrives and is shown into the shop and prepared, as before)*

**TODD**

AND IF I NEVER HEAR YOUR VOICE,  
MY TURTLEDOVE, MY DEAR,  
I STILL HAVE REASON TO REJOICE:  
THE WAY AHEAD IS CLEAR,  
JOHANNA ...

**JOHANNA'S VOICE**

*(Heard only by ANTHONY, SHE becomes visible behind bars in a section of the madhouse, Fogg's Asylum, in which SHE has been incarcerated)*

I'LL MARRY ANTHONY SUNDAY ...  
ANTHONY SUNDAY ...

**ANTHONY**

I FEEL YOU ...

**TODD**

AND IN THAT DARKNESS WHEN I'M BLIND  
WITH WHAT I CAN'T FORGET –

**ANTHONY**

JOHANNA ...

**TODD**

IT'S ALWAYS MORNING IN MY MIND,  
MY LITTLE LAMB, MY PET,  
JOHANNA ...

**JOHANNA'S VOICE**

I KNEW YOU'D COME FOR ME ONE DAY  
COME FOR ME ... ONE DAY ...

**TODD**

YOU STAY, JOHANNA --

**ANTHONY**

JOHANNA ...

*(As THEY both sing the second syllable of the name, TODD slashes the second customer's throat so that his mouth opens simultaneously with theirs)*

**TODD**

THE WAY I'VE DREAMED YOU ARE

*(Dusk gathers; TODD looks up)*

OH LOOK, JOHANNA –

*(HE pulls the lever and the customer disappears)*

A STAR!

**ANTHONY**

BURIED SWEETLY IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR

**TODD**

*(Tossing the customer's hat down the chute)*

A SHOOTING STAR!

*(Night falls again. Smoke rises. MRS. LOVETT is again in the bakehouse. The BEGGAR WOMAN reappears, coughing fit to kill)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Pointing)*

THERE! THERE!

SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY LOOK UP THERE!

*(Passers-by continue to ignore her)*

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? SMELL THAT AIR!

CITY ON FIRE!

QUICK, MISS, RUN AND TELL!

WARN 'EM ALL OF THE WITCH'S SPELL!

THERE IT IS, THERE IT IS, THE UNHOLY SMELL!

TELL IT TO THE BEADLE AND THE POLICE AS WELL!

TELL 'EM! TELL 'EM!

HELP!!! FIEND!!!

CITY ON FIRE!!!

*(The smoke thins; dawn rises)*

CITY ON FIRE ...

MISCHIEF ... MISCHIEF ... MISCHIEF ...

*(SHE makes a feeble curse with her fingers at the bakehouse)*

FIEND ...

*(Shrugs, turns pathetically to a passer-by)*

ALMS ... ALMS ...

*(SHE shuffles off again. During the last section of the song, which follow's, TODD welcomes a third customer. HE does not kill this one because a wife and child are waiting outside – the child has entered the room and sits on the chest watching TODD. By the end of the song TODD is again looking softly up at the sky)*

**TODD**

*(Shaving the customer)*

AND THOUGH I'LL THINK OF YOU, I GUESS,  
UNTIL THE DAY I DIE,  
I THINK I MISS YOU LESS AND LESS  
AS EVERY DAY GOES BY,  
JOHANNA ...

**ANTHONY**

JOHANNA ...

**JOHANNA'S VOICE**

WITH YOU BESIDE ME ON SUNDAY,  
MARRIED ON SUNDAY ...

**TODD**

*(Sadly)*

AND YOU'D BE BEAUTIFUL AND PALE,  
AND LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE HER.  
IF ONLY ANGELS COULD PREVAIL,  
WE'D BE THE WAY WE WERE,  
JOHANNA ...

**ANTHONY**

I FEEL YOU ...  
JOHANNA

**JOHANNA'S VOICE**

MARRIED ON SUNDAY ...  
MARRIED ON SUNDAY ...

**TODD**

*(Cheerfully, looking up at the sky)*

WAKE UP, JOHANNA!  
ANOTHER BRIGHT RED DAY!

*(Wistful smile)*

WE LEARN, JOHANNA,  
TO SAY  
GOODBYE



*(Having completed the shave, TODD accepts money from the customer, who leaves with his family)*

**ANTHONY**

*(Disappearing into the distance)*

I'LL STEAL YOU ...

**#20a – After Johanna – Act II Sequence**

*(The scene fades and we see the barred door to Fogg's Asylum. From inside we hear a weird and frightening sound, the cries and jibbers of the inmates. After a moment, rising above the bizarre cacophony, we hear JOHANNA's voice from inside a window, singing a snatch of "Green Finch and Linnet Bird." A few moments later, SHE breaks off singing and the inmates quieten too as ANTHONY, dejected, enters. As HE starts across the stage, once again we hear JOHANNA's voice, singing)*

**JOHANNA**

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...

**ANTHONY**

*(Incredulous, overjoyed, stops in his tracks)*

Johanna!

*(Calling excitedly up at a window)*

Johanna! Johanna!

*(A male passer-by enters)*

Oh sir, please tell me. What house is this?

**PASSER-BY**

That? That's Mr. Fogg's Private Asylum for the Mentally Deranged.

**ANTHONY**

A madhouse!

**PASSER-BY**

I'd keep away from there if I were you.

*(HE exits. Once again we hear JOHANNA's voice)*

**ANTHONY**

Johanna! Johanna!

*(HE starts beating wildly on the door)*

Open! Open the door!

*(The BEADLE, falsely amiable as ever, swaggers on, recognizes him)*

**BEADLE**

Now, now, friend, what's all this hollering and shouting?

**ANTHONY**

Oh, sir, there has been a monstrous perversion of justice. A young woman, as sane as you or I, has been incarcerated there.

**BEADLE**

Is that a fact? Now what is this young person's name?

**ANTHONY**

Johanna.

**BEADLE**

Johanna. That wouldn't by any chance be Judge Turpin's ward?

**ANTHONY**

He's the one. He's the devil incarnate who has done this to her.

**BEADLE**

You watch your tongue. That's girl's as mad as the seven seas. I brought her here myself. So – hop it.

**ANTHONY**

You have no right to order me about.

**BEADLE**

No right, eh? You just hop it or I'm booking you for disturbing of the peace, assailing an officer –

**ANTHONY**

Is there no justice in this city? Are the officers of the law as vicious and corrupted as their masters? Johanna! Johanna!

*(With a little what-can-you-do? shrug, the BEADLE blows a whistle. Two policemen hurry on. The BEADLE nods to ANTHONY. The policemen jump on him but just before THEY subdue him, HE breaks loose and runs away. The Policemen start after him)*

**BEADLE**

*(Calling after them)*

After him! Get him!! Bash him on the head if need be! That's the sort of scalawag that gets this neighborhood into disrepute.

*(As the scene dims we hear first, in the darkness, the shrieks and moans of the asylum inmates. Then loud and raucous, banishing them, we hear the sound of MRS. LOVETT singing, as lights come up on her back parlor)*

## #20b – I Am A Lass

**MRS. LOVETT***(Sitting at a harmonium)*

I AM A LASS WHO ALAS LOVES A LAD  
 WHO ALAS HAS A LASS  
 IN CANTERBURY.  
 'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY  
 'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DEE

*(The parlor has been prettied up with new wallpaper and a second-hand harmonium. TODD is sitting on the love seat, cleaning his pipe. MRS. LOVETT is using the harmonium as a desk. SHE has a little cash book and is counting out shillings and pennies in piles)*

Nothing like a nice sit down, is there, dear, after a hard day's work?

*(Piling up coins)*

Four and thruppence ... four and eleven pence ...

*(Makes a note in the book and does some adding)*

That makes seven pounds nine shillings and four pence for this week. Not bad – and that don't include wot I had to payout for my nice cheery wallpaper or the harmonium ...

*(Patting it approvingly)*

And a real bargain it was, dear, it being only partly singed when the chapel burnt down.

*(Glancing at the unresponsive TODD)*

Mr. T., are you listening to me?

**TODD**

Of course.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Then what did I say, eh?

**TODD***(Back in his reflections)*

There must be a way to the Judge.

**MRS. LOVETT***(Cross)*

The bloody old Judge! Always harping on the bloody old Judge!

*(SHE massages his neck)*

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and – since we’re careful to pick and choose – only strangers and such like wot won’t be missed – who’s going to catch on?

*(No response; SHE leans across and pecks him on the lips; music)*

#21 – *By The Sea (Part I)*

OOH, MR. TODD--

*(Kisses him again)*

I’M SO HAPPY –

*(Again)*

I COULD –

*(Again)*

EAT YOU UP, I REALLY COULD!  
YOU KNOW WHAT I’D LIKE TO  
DO, MR. TODD?

*(Kisses him again)*

WHAT I DREAM –

*(Again)*

IF THE BUSINESS STAYS AS GOOD,  
WHERE I’D REALLY LIKE TO GO –

*(No response)*

IN A YEAR OR SO ...

*(No response)*

DON’T YOU WANT TO KNOW?

**TODD**

Of course.

**MRS. LOVETT**

DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

**TODD**

*(Feigning enthusiasm)*

Yes, yes, I do, I do.

*(Music continues under)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Settling back, after a pause)*

I've always had a dream – ever since I was a skinny little slip of a thing and my rich Aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside August Bank Holiday ... the pier ... making little castles in the sand. I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briny.

BY THE SEA, MR. TODD,  
 THAT'S THE LIFE I COVET  
 BY THE SEA, MR. TODD,  
 OOH, I KNOW YOU'D LOVE IT!  
 YOU AND ME, MR. T.,  
 WE COULD BE ALONE  
 IN A HOUSE WOT WE'D ALMOST OWN  
 DOWN BY THE SEA ...

**TODD**

ANYTHING YOU SAY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

WOULDN'T THAT BE SMASHING?

*(TODD gives her a pained smile)*

WITH THE SEA AT OUR GATE,  
 WE'LL HAVE KIPPERED HERRING  
 WOT HAVE SWUM TO US STRAIGHT  
 FROM THE STRAITS OF BERING.  
 EVERY NIGHT IN THE KIP  
 WHEN WE'RE THROUGH OUR KIPPERS,  
 I'LL BE THERE SLIPPIN' OFF YOUR SLIPPERS  
 BY THE SEA ...  
 WITH THE FISHIES SPLASHING,  
 BY THE SEA ...  
 WOULDN'T THAT BE SMASHING?  
 DOWN BY THE SEA –

**TODD**

ANYTHING YOU SAY,  
 ANYTHING YOU SAY.

**MRS. LOVETT**

I CAN SEE US WAKING,  
 THE BREAKERS BREAKING,  
 THE SEAGULLS SQUAWKING:  
 HOO! HOO!

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(SHE thinks she's being charming; TODD looks at her in terror)*

I DO ME BAKING,  
THAN I GO WALKING  
WITH YOU-HOO ...

*(Waves)*

YOO-HOO ...

I'LL WARM ME BONES  
ON THE ESPLANADE,  
HAVE TEA AND SCONES  
WITH ME GAY YOUNG BLADE,  
THEN I'LL KNIT A SWEATER  
WHILE YOU WRITE A LETTER,

*(Coyly)*

UNLESS WE GOT BETTER  
TO DO-HOO ...

**TODD**

Anything you say ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

THINK HOW SNUG IT'LL BE  
UNDERNEATH OUR FLANNEL  
WHEN IT'S JUST YOU AND ME  
AND THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.  
IN OUR COZY RETREAT,  
KEPT ALL NEAT, AND TIDY,  
WE'LL HAVE CHUMS OVER EVERY FRIDAY  
BY THE SEA ...

**TODD**

ANYTHING YOU SAY

**MRS. LOVETT**

DON'T YOU LOVE THE WEATHER  
BY THE SEA?  
WE'LL GROW OLD TOGETHER  
BY THE SEASIDE,  
HOO HOO!  
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!

**(MRS. LOVETT)***(Music under)*

Oh, I can see us now – in our bathing dresses – you in a nice rich navy – and me, stripes perhaps.

*#21a – By The Sea (Part II)*

IT'LL BE SO QUIET  
 THAT WHO'LL COME BY IT  
 EXCEPT A SEAGULL?  
 HOO! HOO!  
 WE SHOULDN'T TRY IT,  
 THOUGH, TILL IT'S LEGAL  
 FOR TWO-HOO!

BUT A SEASIDE WEDDING  
 COULD BE DEVISED  
 ME RUMPLED BEDDING  
 LEGITIMIZED.  
 ME EYELIDS'LL FLUTTER,  
 I'LL TURN INTO BUTTER,  
 THE MOMENT I MUTTER  
 "I DO-OO!"

*(TODD gives her a rather appalled glance)*

BY THE SEA, IN OUR NEST,  
 WE COULD SHARE OUR KIPPERS  
 WITH THE ODD PAYING GUEST  
 FROM THE WEEKEND TRIPPERS.  
 HAVE A NICE SUNNY SUITE  
 FOR THE GUEST TO REST IN –  
 NOW AND THEN, YOU COULD DO THE GUEST IN –  
 BY THE SEA.  
 MARRIED NICE AND PROPER,  
 BY THE SEA –  
 BRING ALONG YOUR CHOPPER  
 TO THE SEASIDE,

*(Two slashes)*

HOO! HOO!  
 BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

*(Just before the end of the song, SHE plays a measure of “Here Comes the Bride” on the harmonium. After the song, SHE nuzzles up to TODD on the love seat)*

Come on, dear. Give us a kiss.

*(Kisses him)*

Ooh, that was lovely. Now, Mr. T., you do love me just a little bit, don't you?

**TODD**

Of course.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Then how about it? Of course, there'd have to be a little visit to St. Swithin's to legalize things. But that wouldn't be too painful, would it?

**TODD**

*(Back with his obsession)*

I'll make them pay for what they did to Lucy.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Almost scolding)*

Now, dear, you listen to me. It's high time you forgot all them morbid fancies. Your Lucy's gone, poor thing. It's your Nellie now. Here.

*(SHE takes a bon-bon from her purse)*

Have a nice bon-bon.

*(SHE kisses him over the bon-bon, has a thought)*

You know, it's seventeen years this Whitsun since my poor Albert passed on. I don't see why I shouldn't be married in white, do you?

*(From the pishop, upstage, we hear ANTHONY calling)*

**ANTHONY**

*(Off)*

Mr. Todd! Mr. Todd!

*(HE comes running in)*

I've found her!

**TODD**

*(Jumping up)*

You have found Johanna?

**ANTHONY**

That monster of a Judge has had her locked away in a madhouse!



**TODD**

Where? Where?

**ANTHONY**

Where no one can reach her, at Mr. Fogg's Asylum. Oh, Mr. Todd, she's in there with those screeching, gibbering maniacs –

**TODD**

A madhouse! A madhouse!

*(Swinging around, feverishly excited, buzzing music under)*

#22 – *Wigmaker Sequence*

Johanna is as good as rescued.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Bewildered)*

She is?

**TODD**

Where do you suppose all the wigmakers of London go to obtain their human hair?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Who knows, dear? The morgue, wouldn't be surprised.

**TODD**

Bedlam. They get their hair from the lunatics at Bedlam.

**ANTHONY**

Then you think –?

**TODD**

Fogg's Asylum? Why not? For the right amount, they will sell you the hair off any madman's head –

**MRS. LOVETT**

And the scalp to go with it too, if requested. Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm out!

*(Exits)*

**TODD**

*(Excitedly, to ANTHONY)*

We will write a letter to this Mr. Fogg offering the highest price for hair the exact shade of Johanna's – which I trust you know?

**ANTHONY**

Yellow.

**TODD**

Not exact enough. I must make you into a credible wigmaker – and quickly.

THERE'S TAWNY AND THERE'S GOLDEN SAFFRON,

THERE'S FLAXEN AND THERE'S BLONDE ...

Repeat that. Repeat that!

**ANTHONY**

Yes, Mr ... Todd.

**TODD**

Well?

**ANTHONY**

THERE'S TAWNY AND THERE'S GOLDEN SAFFRON,

THERE'S FLAXEN AND THERE'S BLONDE ...

**TODD**

**ANTHONY**

GOOD.

*(Sings)*

THERE'S COARSE AND FINE,

THERE'S STRAIGHT AND CURLY,

THERE'S GREY, THERE'S WHITE,

THERE'S ASH, THERE'S PEARLY,

THERE'S CORN-YELLOW, ,

BUFF AND OCHRE AND

STRAW AND APRICOT ...

THERE'S COARSE AND FINE,

THERE'S STRAIGHT AND CURLY,

THERE'S GRAY, THERE'S WHITE,

THERE'S ASH, THERE'S PEARLY,

THERE'S CORN-YELLOW ...

*(THEY exit. As the lights dim, a QUINTET from the company appears)*

**QUINTET**

*(Variously)*

SWEENEY'D WAITED TOO LONG BEFORE –

“AH, BUT NEVER AGAIN,” HE SWORE.

FORTUNE ARRIVED. “SWEENEY!” IT SANG.

SWEENEY WAS READY, AND SWEENEY SPRANG.

SWEENEY'S PROBLEMS WENT UP IN SMOKE,

ALL RESOLVED WITH A SINGLE STROKE.

SWEENEY WAS SHARP, SWEENEY WAS BURNING,

SWEENEY BEGAN THE ENGINES TURNING.

SWEENEY'S PROBLEMS WENT UP IN SMOKE,

ALL RESOLVED WITH A SINGLE STROKE.

WITH A SINGLE STROKE

BY SWEENEY!

**(QUINTET)**

SWEENEY  
 DIDN'T WAIT,  
 NOT SWEENEY!  
 SET THE BAIT,  
 DID SWEENEY!  
 SWEENEY! SWEENEY! SWEENEY!

*(During this, TODD appears on the staircase, accompanied by a strange figure; THEY enter the tonsorial parlor. WE soon realize the figure is ANTHONY, disguised as a wigmaker)*

**ANTHONY****TODD**

*(Finished with his catechism)*

WITH FINER TEXTURES,  
 ASH LOOKS FAIRER,  
 WHICH MAKES IT RARE,  
 BUT FLAXEN'S RARER –

GOOD.  
 GOOD. GOOD.  
 NO! NO!

YES, YES, I KNOW -  
 CHEAPER, NOT RARER

THE FLAXEN'S CHEAPER ...

*(Music continues under)*

**TODD**

HERE'S MONEY

*(Hands him a purse)*

And here's the pistol.

*(Hands him a gun)*

For kill if you must. Kill.

**ANTHONY**

I'll kill a dozen jailers if need be to set her free.

**TODD**

Then off with you, off. But, Anthony, listen to me once again. When you have rescued her, bring her back here. I shall guard her while you hire the chaise to Plymouth.

**ANTHONY**

I'll be with you before the evening's out. Mr. Todd.

*(Clasping both TODD's hands)*

Oh, thank you – friend.

*(HE hurries off. TODD goes to a little writing table, picks up a quill pen and starts to write. The QUINTET sings what HE writes)*

#22a – The Letter

QUINTET

*(Variously as TODD writes)*

MOST HONORABLE JUDGE TURPIN –

*(TODD pauses reflectively)*

MOST HONORABLE –

*(TODD snorts derisively)*

HONORABLE!

*(HE resumes writing)*

I VENTURE THUS TO WRITE YOU THIS –

*(Thinks, choosing the word)*

URGENT NOTE TO WARN YOU THAT THE HOT-BLOODED

*(Thinks)*

YOUNG –

*(Grunts with satisfaction)*

SAILOR HAS ABDUCTED YOUR WARD JOHANNA –

*(Stares off sadly)*

JOHANNA – JOHANNA –

*(Resumes writing)*

FROM THE INSTITUTION WHERE YOU

*(Thinks)*

SO WISELY CONFINED HER BUT,  
HOPING TO EARN YOUR FAVOR,  
I HAVE PERSUADED THE BOY TO LODGE HER HERE TONIGHT  
AT MY TONSORIAL PARLOR –

*(Dips the pen)*

IN FLEET STREET.  
IF YOU WANT HER AGAIN IN YOUR ARMS,  
HURRY  
AFTER THE NIGHT FALLS.

*(HE starts to sign, then adds another phrase with a smile)*

**(QUINTET)**

SHE WILL BE WAITING.

*(Reads it over)*

WAITING ...

*(Dips pen again, writing carefully)*

YOUR OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,  
SWEENEY

*(A flourish of the pen)*

TODD.

**#22b – After Letter**

*(Music continues under as TODD hurries across the stage to JUDGE TURPIN's house, knocks on the door, which opens, and hands in the letter)*

**TODD**

Give this to Judge Turpin. It's urgent.

*(As HE disappears, lights come up on the eating garden. It is early evening. The garden is deserted. MRS. LOVETT is sitting on the steps knitting a half-finished muffler. The bells of St. Dunstan's sound. After a beat, TOBIAS emerges from the shop with a "Sold Out" sign, puts it on the shop door, and goes to MRS. LOVETT.)*

**TOBIAS**

I put the sold-out sign up, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT**

That's my boy.

*(Holding up the knitting)*

Look dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

**TOBIAS**

Coo, ma'am. For me?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Wouldn't you like to know!

**TOBIAS**

Oh, you're so good to me, ma'am. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor Pirelli – it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

**MRS. LOVETT**

It's just my warm heart, dear. Room enough there for all God's creatures.

**TOBIAS**

*(Coming closer, hovering, very earnest)*

You know, ma'am, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. If there was a monster or an ogre or anything bad like that wot was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.

**MRS. LOVETT**

What a sweet child it is.

**TOBIAS**

Or even if it was just a man ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Somewhat uneasy)*

A man, dear?

**TOBIAS**

*(Exaggeratedly conspiratorial)*

A man wot was bad and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

#23 – *Not While I'm Around*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Even more wary)*

What is this? What are you talking about?

**TOBIAS**

NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU.  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Of course not, dear, and why should it?

**TOBIAS**

NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU,  
NO, SIR,  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND.

**MRS. LOVETT**

What do you mean, "a man"?

**TOBIAS**

DEMONS ARE PROWLING  
EVERYWHERE  
NOWADAYS.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Somewhat relieved, patting his head)*

And so they are, dear.

**TOBIAS**

I'LL SEND 'EM HOWLING,  
I DON'T CARE  
I GOT WAYS.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh course you do ... What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

**TOBIAS**

NO ONE'S GONNA HURT YOU,  
NO ONE'S GONNA DARE.

**MRS. LOVETT**

I know what Toby deserves ...

**TOBIAS**

OTHERS CAN DESERT YOU –  
NOT TO WORRY –  
WHISTLE, I'LL BE THERE.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Here, have a nice bon-bon.

*(Starts to reach for her purse, but TOBIAS stays her hand in adoration)*

**TOBIAS**

DEMONS'LL CHARM YOU  
WITH A SMILE  
FOR A WHILE,  
BUT IN TIME  
NOTHING CAN HARM YOU,  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND.

*(Music continues)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

What is this foolishness? What're you talking about?

**TOBIAS**

Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about ... It's him, you see – Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't like women, they ain't wot you can trust, as I've lived and learned.

*(SHE looks at him uneasily)*

**(TOBIAS)**

NOT TO WORRY, NOT TO WORRY,  
I MAY NOT BE SMART BUT I AIN'T DUMB.  
I CAN DO IT,  
PUT ME TO IT,  
SHOW ME SOMETHING I CAN OVERCOME.  
NOT TO WORRY, MUM.

BEING CLOSE AND BEING CLEVER  
AIN'T LIKE BEING TRUE.  
I DON'T NEED TO, I WON'T NEVER  
HIDE A THING FROM YOU,  
LIKE SOME.

*(Music continues under)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Now Toby dear, haven't we had enough foolish chatter? Let's just sit nice and quiet for a bit. Here.

*(SHE pulls out the chatelaine purse, which is now immediately recognizable to the audience as PIRELLI's money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon)*

**TOBIAS**

*(Suddenly excited, pointing)*

That! That's Signor Pirelli's purse!

*(MRS. LOVETT, realizing her slip, quickly hides it)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Stalling for time)*

What's that? What was that, dear?

**TOBIAS**

That proves it! What I've been thinking. That's his purse.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Concealing what is now almost panic)*

Silly boy! It's just a silly little something Mr. T. gave me for my birthday.

**TOBIAS**

Mr. Todd gave it to you! And how did he get it? How did he get it?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Bought it, dear. In the pawnshop, dear.

*(To distract him, SHE lifts the unfinished muffler on its needles)*



**(MRS. LOVETT)**

Come on now.

NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU,  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!  
NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU, DARLING –  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND.

**TOBIAS**

You don't understand.

TWO QUID WAS IN IT,  
TWO OR THREE –

*(Music continuing)*

The guvnor giving up his purse – with two quid?

NOT FOR A MINUTE!  
DON'T YOU SEE?

*(Music under)*

It was in Mr. Todd's parlor that the guvnor disappeared.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(With a weak laugh)*

Boys and their fancies! What will we think of next? Here, dear. Sit here by your Aunt Nellie like a good boy and look at your lovely muffler. How warm it's going to keep you as the days draw in. And it's so becoming on you.

**TOBIAS**

DEMONS'LL CHARM YOU  
WITH A SMILE  
FOR A WHILE,  
BUT IN TIME  
NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU,  
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!

**MRS. LOVETT**

You know, dear, it's the strangest thing you coming to chat with me right now of all moments because, as I was sitting here with my needles, I was thinking: "What a good boy Toby is! So hard working, so obedient." And I thought ... know how you've always fancied coming into the bakehouse with me to help bake the pies?

**TOBIAS**

*(For the first time distracted)*

Oh yes, ma'am. Indeed, ma'am. Yes.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Well, how about it?

**TOBIAS**

You mean it? I can help make ‘em and bake ‘em?

*(MRS. LOVETT kisses him again and, rising, starts drawing him back toward the pieshop)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

No time like the present, Come on!

*(SHE leads him through the pieshop into the bakehouse)*

#23a – After “Not While I’m Around”

**TOBIAS**

*(Looking around)*

Coo, quite a stink, ain’t there?

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Indicating the trap door)*

Them steps go down to the old cellars and the whiffs come up, love. God knows what’s down there – so moldy and dark. And there’s always a couple of rats gone home to Jesus.

*(SHE leads him across to the ovens)*

Now the bake ovens is here.

*(SHE opens the oven doors. A red glow illuminates the stage. SHE closes the doors)*

**TOBIAS**

They’re big enough, ain’t they?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Hardly big enough to bake all the pies we sell. Ten dozen at a time. Always be sure to close the doors properly, like this.

*(Closes doors. Draws him to the butcher’s block table)*

Now here’s the grinder.

*(SHE turns its handle, indicating how it operates)*

You see, you pop meat in and you grind it and it comes out here.

*(Indicates the mouth of the grinder)*

And you know the secret that makes the pies so sweet and tender? Three times. You must put the meat through the grinder three times.

**TOBIAS**

Three times, eh?

**MRS. LOVETT**

That's my boy. Smoothly, smoothly. And as soon as a new batch of meat comes in, we'll put you to work.

*(SHE starts for the door back into the pie shop)*

**TOBIAS**

*(Blissfully )*

Me making pies all on me own! Cool!

*(Noticing her leaving)*

Where are you going, ma'am?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Back in a moment, dear.

*(At the door SHE turns, blows him a kiss and then goes into the pieshop, slamming the door behind her and locking it, putting the key in her pocket. TOBIAS, too fascinated to realize HE has been locked in, starts happily turning the handle of the grinder)*

**TOBIAS**

Smoothly does it, smoothly, smoothly ...

*(As HE grinds and MRS. LOVETT appears at the foot of the stairs to the tonsorial parlor, unseen by her the BEADLE enters the back parlor)*

**BEADLE**

Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett!

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Climbing the stairs, looking for TODD)*

Mr. Todd! Mr. Todd!

#24 – Parlour Songs (Part I)

**BEADLE**

*(Notices the harmonium, sits down, and sings from a song book, accompanying himself)*

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS,  
 TURNED HER EYES HEAVENWARD, SIGHING,  
 "I AM A LASS WHO ALAS LOVES A LAD  
 WHO ALAS HAS A LASS IN CANTERBURY.  
 'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY,  
 'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DEE "

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Enters, clapping)*

Oh, Beadle Bamford, I didn't know you were a music lover, too.

**BEADLE**

*(Not rising)*

Good afternoon, Mrs. Lovett! Fine instrument you've acquired.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh yes, it's my pride and joy.

**BEADLE**

*(Sings, as SHE watches him uneasily)*

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT SAW HER LIFE PASS,  
FLEW DOWN THE CITY ROAD, CRYING,  
"I AM A LASS WHO ALAS LOVES A LAD  
WHO ALAS HAS A LASS LOVES ANOTHER LAD  
WHO ONCE I HAD  
IN CANTERBURY.  
'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY,  
'TIS A ROW DOWDIDDLE DOW DEE ..."

*(He speaks, leafing through the pages)*

Well, ma'am I hope you have a few moments, for I'm here today on official business.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Official?

**BEADLE**

That's it, ma'am. You see, there's been complaints –

**MRS. LOVETT**

Complaints?

**BEADLE**

About the stink from your chimney. They say at night it's something foul. Health regulations being my duty, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to let me take a look.

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Hiding extreme anxiety)*

At the bakehouse?

**BEADLE**

That's right, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT***(Improvising wildly)*

But, it's locked and ... and I don't have the key. It's Mr. Todd upstairs – he's got the key and he's not here right now.

**BEADLE**

When will he be back?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Couldn't say, I'm sure.

**BEADLE***(Finds a particular song)*

Ah, one of mother's favorites ...

**#24a – Parlour Songs (Part II)**

IF ONE BELL RINGS IN THE TOWER OF BRAY,  
DING DONG, YOUR TRUE LOVE WILL STAY.  
DING DONG, ONE BELL TODAY  
IN THE TOWER OF BRAY ...  
DING DONG!

**TOBIAS***(Joining in from the bakehouse)*

ONE BELL TODAY, IN THE TOWER OF BRAY ...  
DING DONG!

**BEADLE***(Stops playing)*

What's that?

**MRS. LOVETT**

Oh, just my boy – the lad that helps me with the pies.

**BEADLE**

But surely he's in the bakehouse, isn't he?

**MRS. LOVETT***(Almost beside herself)*

Oh yes, yes, of course. But you see ... he's – well, simple in the head. Last week he run off and we found him two days later down by the embankment half-starved, poor thing. So ever since then, we locks him in for his own security.

**BEADLE**

Then we'll have to wait for Mr. Todd, won't we?

BUT IF TWO BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF BRAY,  
DING ...

Since you're a fellow music lover, ma'am, why don't you raise your voice along with mine?

**MRS. LOVETT**

All right.

**BEADLE**

DING, DONG!

**MRS. LOVETT**

DING DONG –

**BEADLE**

YOUR TRUE LOVE WILL STRAY. DING DONG

**MRS. LOVETT**

DING, DONG!

**BEADLE, MRS. LOVETT & TOBIAS**

TWO BELLS TODAY IN THE TOWER OF BRAY.

DING DONG!

DING DONG!

**BEADLE**

BUT IF THREE BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF BRAY...

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Another "inspiration")*

Oh yes, of course! Mr. Todd's gone down to Wapping. Won't be back for hours. And he'll be ever so sorry to miss you. Why, just the other day he was saying, "If only the Beadle would grace my tonsorial parlor I'd give him a most stylish haircut, the daintiest shave – all for nothing." So why don't you drop in some other time and take advantage of his offer?

**BEADLE**

Well, that's real friendly of him.

*(Immovable, HE starts to sing another verse)*

IF FOUR BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF – (BRAY...)

**MRS. LOVETT**

Just how many bells are there?

**BEADLE**

Twelve.

DING DONG!

**MRS. LOVETT**

DING DONG!

**TOBIAS**

DING DONG!

**BEADLE**

DING DONG!

**BEADLE, MRS. LOVETT & TOBIAS**

THEN LOVERS MUST PRAY!

DING, DONG!

DING, DONG!

FOUR BELLS TODAY.

*(During this, TODD enters, reacts on seeing the BEADLE)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(With a huge smile of relief)*

Back already! Look who's here, Mr. T., on some foolish complaint about the bakehouse or something. He wants the key and I told him you had it. But ...

*(Coquettishly, to the BEADLE)*

... there's no hurry, is there, sir? Why don't you run upstairs with Mr. Todd and let him fix you up nice and pretty – there'll be plenty of time for the bakehouse later.

**BEADLE**

*(Considering)*

Well ... tell me, Mr. Todd, do you pomade the hair? I dearly love a pomaded head.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Pomade? Of course! And a nice facial rub with bay rum too. All for free!

**BEADLE**

*(To TODD)*

Well, sir, I take that very kindly.

**TODD**

*(Bowing to the BEADLE)*

I am, sir, entirely at your – disposal.

*(The two men exit. MRS. LOVETT hesitates, then speaks)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Let's hope he can do it quietly. But just to be on the safe side, I'll provide a little musical send-off.

#24b – Parlour Songs (Part III)

*(SHE goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing a loud verse of "Polly Plunkett" )*

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS.  
TURNED HER EYES HEAVEN-WARD SIGHING.

*(In the bakehouse, TOBIAS stands by the grinding machine eating a pie. HE feels something on his tongue, puts a finger in his mouth and pulls the something out, holding it up for inspection)*

**TOBIAS**

An 'air! Black as a rook. Now that ain't Mrs. Lovett's 'air ... Oh, well, some old black cow probably.

*(HE continues to eat. HE bites on something else, takes it out of his mouth, looks at it)*

Coo, bit of fingernail! Clumsy. Ugh!

*(HE drops the pie. Bored, HE starts around the room, inspecting. HE peers at an unidentifiable hole in the wall – the chute. HE is baffled by it. As HE does so, we hear a strange, shambling, shuffling sound as if a heavy object is falling inside the wall. TOBIAS spins around just as the bloody body of the BEADLE comes trundling out of the mouth of the chute. TOBIAS screams)*

No! Oh no!

*(HE dashes to the door, tries the handle; it is locked. HE starts beating on it)*

Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett! Let me out! Let me out!

*(Wildly, HE tries to break down the door. It is too solid for him. Whimpering, HE stands paralyzed. Then HE sees the open trap door leading to the cellar steps. HE runs and disappears down them. In the parlor, MRS. LOVETT continues to sing and play. After a suitable period, SHE stops)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY.  
'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOWDEE.  
SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS,  
FLEW DOWN THE CITY ROAD,  
CRYING:

*(As SHE gets up from the harmonium, TODD hurries in)*



**TODD**

It's done.

**MRS. LOVETT**

Not yet it isn't! The boy, he's guessed.

**TODD**

Guessed what?

**MRS. LOVETT**

About Pirelli. Since you weren't here, I locked him in the bakehouse. He's been yelling to wake the dead. We've got to look after him.

**TODD**

*(Fiercely)*

But the Judge is coming. I've arranged it.

**MRS. LOVETT**

You – worrying about the bloody Judge at a time like this!

*(Grabbing his arm and pulling him toward the door.)*

Come on.

*(The scene blacks out. MEMBERS of the company appear and sing)*

#25 – Fogg's Asylum

**COMPANY**

*(Variously)*

THE ENGINE ROARED, THE MOTOR HISSED,  
AND WHO COULD SEE THAT THE ROAD WOULD TWIST?  
IN SWEENEY'S LEDGER THE ENTRIES MATCHED:  
A BEADLE ARRIVED, AND A BEADLE DISPATCHED  
TO SATISFY THE HUNGRY GOD  
OF SWEENEY TODD,

**ALL**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET ...  
SWEENEY!  
... STREET.  
SWEENEY! SWEENEY!  
SWEENEY! SWEENEY! SWEENEY! SWEENEY!  
SWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

*(And as THEY sing the name, THEY transform themselves into the inmates of Fogg’s Asylum, which is now revealed: a huge stone wall and a heavy iron door. Behind the wall, the ragged inmates are crawling, lolling, capering, giggling, shrieking. In the center of them sits JOHANNA, her long yellow hair tumbling about her)*

**INMATES**

*(Intoning, chattering, screaming)*

SWEEEY  
SWEENEYSWEENEYSWEENEYSWEENEY ...

*(These moans and humming noises continue under the following, Occasionally interrupted by little mad birdlike outbursts of song. MR. FOGG enters with ANTHONY in his wigmaker’s disguise. HE carries a huge pair of scissors. Behind them, is the asylum wall)*

#25a – Fogg’s Passacaglia

**FOGG**

Just this way, sir.

**ANTHONY**

You do me honor. Mr. Fogg.

**FOGG**

I agree it would be to our mutual interest to come to some arrangement in regard to my poor children’s hair.

**ANTHONY**

Your – children?

**FOGG**

We are one happy family here, sir, and all my patients are my children, to be corrected when they’re naughty, and rewarded with a sweetie when they’re good. But to our business.

*(As THEY enter the inside of the asylum, lights come up behind the scrim wall revealing the shadows of the inmates. MR. FOGG, as in a shadow play, grabs one female by the hair, pulling her head up for ANTHONY’s inspection)*

Here is a charming yellow, a little dull in tone perhaps, but you can soon restore its natural gleam.

*(HE drops the head, moves to a man and grabs his head up by the hair)*

Now, here! A fine texture for a man and, as you must know, sir, there is always a discount on the hair of a male.

*(ANTHONY has been looking around and has spotted JOHANNA)*

**ANTHONY**

This one here has hair the shade I seek.

**FOGG**

Poor child. She needs so much correction. She sings all day and night and leaves the other inmates sleepless.

*(HE goes to JOHANNA and tugs her, indignantly struggling, across the floor toward ANTHONY, by the hair)*

Come, child. Smile for the gentleman and you shall have a sweetie.

*(HE brandishes the scissors)*

Now, where shall I cut?

**JOHANNA**

*(Sees ANTHONY)*

Anthony!

**ANTHONY**

Johanna!

**FOGG**

What is this? What is this?

**ANTHONY**

*(Drawing his pistol)*

Unhand her!

**FOGG**

Why you—!

*(Clutching the scissors, HE moves resolutely toward ANTHONY. ANTHONY backs away a few steps, but FOGG keeps coming)*

**ANTHONY**

Stop, Mr. Fogg, or I'll fire.

**FOGG**

Fire, and I will stop.

**ANTHONY**

I cannot shoot.

*(Losing his nerve, ANTHONY drops the gun which JOHANNA catches in mid-air. FOGG moves toward ANTHONY, raising the scissors. JOHANNA, holding the gun with both hands, shoots FOGG, who falls. SHE drops the gun and together SHE and ANTHONY run out. Compelled by the energy released by FOGG's death, the LUNATICS tear down the wall and rush out of the asylum, spilling with euphoric excitement onto the street)*

#26 – *City On Fire*

**LUNATICS**

*(In three contrapuntal groups)*

CITY ON FIRE!  
RATS IN THE GRASS  
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING IN THE STREETS!  
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! YES!  
CITY ON FIRE!  
HUNCHBACKS DANCING!  
STIRRINGS IN THE GROUND  
AND THE WHIRRING OF GIANT WINGS!  
WATCH OUT!  
LOOK!  
BLOTTING OUT THE MOONLIGHT,  
THICK BLACK RAIN FALLING ON THE  
CITY ON FIRE!  
CITY ON FIRE!  
CITY ON FIRE!

*(During this, police whistles sound. ANTHONY and JOHANNA are still visible hurrying away, ANTHONY systematically disposing of the wig-maker's costume, tossing the hat off here, the cloak off there, etc. Throughout, JOHANNA is excited and chatty. At one point, ANTHONY stops briefly to reconnoiter nervously)*

**JOHANNA**

WILL WE BE MARRIED ON SUNDAY?  
THAT'S WHAT YOU PROMISED,  
MARRIED ON SUNDAY!

*(Pensively)*

THAT WAS LAST AUGUST ...

*(HE looks at her unbelievably)*

KISS ME!

*(HE drags her off as the LUNATICS reappear, this time in two groups)*

**LUNATICS**

THERE! LOOK!  
CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS,  
GREAT BLACK CROWS SCREECHING AT THE  
CITY ON FIRE!

**(LUNATICS)**

CITY ON FIRE!

CITY ON FIRE!

*(As THEY run off, lights come up on the bakehouse. TODD, holding a lantern, and MRS. LOVETT enter, looking around for TOBIAS)*

**#27 – Searching (Part I)****MRS. LOVETT**

TOBY!

WHERE ARE YOU, LOVE?

**TODD**

TOBY!

WHERE ARE YOU, LAD?

**MRS. LOVETT**

NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU

**TODD**

TOBY!

**MRS. LOVETT**

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND ...

**TODD**

*(Opening trap door, peering down)*

TOBY!

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHERE ARE YOU HIDING?

NOTHING'S GONNA HARM YOU,

DARLING...

**TODD**

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, BOY ...

*(Closes the trap door, peers into the darkness)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND.

*(Muttering)*

DAMN!

**TODD**

TOBY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(SHE and TODD move upstage, Where their voices echo)*

DEMONS ARE PROWLING EVERYWHERE  
NOWADAYS ...

**TODD**

TOBY ...

*(THEY wander off as the LUNATICS run on)*

**LUNATICS**

CITY ON FIRE!  
RATS IN THE STREETS  
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE MOON!  
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! YES!

*(Lights go down on them and come up on, the BEGGAR WOMAN, peering off through the darkness as if at the pishop)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

BEADLE! ... BEADLE! ...

**TODD**

TOBY ...

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

NO GOOD HIDING, I SAW YOU!  
ARE YOU IN THERE STILL?  
BEADLE! ... BEADLE! ...  
GET HER, BUT WATCH IT!  
SHE'S A WICKED ONE, SHE'LL DECEIVE YOU  
WITH HER FANCY GOWNS  
AND HER FANCY AIRS  
AND HER –

*(Suddenly shrieking)*

MISCHIEF! MISCHIEF!  
DEVIL'S WORK!

*(Quietly calling again)*

WHERE ARE YOU, BEADLE?  
BEADLE ...

*(As SHE shuffles off toward the pishop, lights dim on her and come up on the lunatics)*

**LUNATICS (GROUP 1)**

RATS IN THE STREETS  
 AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE  
 MOON!  
 IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! GOOD!  
 CITY ON FIRE!  
 HUNCHBACKS KISSING!  
 STIRRINGS IN THE GRAVES  
 AND THE SCREAMING OF GIANT WINDS!  
 WATCH OUT! LOOK!  
 CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS,  
 GREAT BLACK CROWS SCREECHING AT THE

**LUNATICS (GROUP 2)**

CITY ON FIRE!  
 RATS IN THE STREETS  
 AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE MOON!  
 IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! GOOD!  
 CITY ON FIRE!  
 HUNCHBACKS KISSING!  
 STIRRINGS IN THE GRAVES  
 AND THE SCREAMING OF GIANT WINDS!  
 WATCH OUT! LOOK!  
 CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS ...

**LUNATICS**

CITY ON FIRE!

*(Light comes up on the tonsorial parlor. It is empty for a moment, then ANTHONY and JOHANNA, who is now dressed in a sailor's uniform, enter; music under)*

**#27a – Searching (Part II)****ANTHONY**

Mr. Todd?

**JOHANNA**

No one here. Where is this Mr. Todd?

**ANTHONY**

No matter. He'll be back in a moment, for I trust him as I trust my right arm. Wait for him here – I'll return with the coach in less than half an hour.

**JOHANNA**

But they are after us still. What if they trace us here? Oh, Anthony, please let me come with you.

**ANTHONY**

No, my darling, there is no safety for you on the street.

**JOHANNA**

But dressed in these sailors clothes, who's to know it is I?

**ANTHONY**

No, the risk is too great.

*(As SHE turns away pouting, HE sings)*

**(ANTHONY)**

AH, MISS,  
LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, MISS, OH  
LOOK AT ME PLEASE, OH,  
FAVOR ME, FAVOR ME WITH YOUR GLANCE.  
AH, MISS,  
SOON WE'LL BE, SOON WE'LL BE GONE  
AND SAILING THE SEAS  
AND HAPPILY, HAPPILY WED IN FRANCE.

*(SHE looks at him and smiles)*

**BOTH**

AND WE'LL SAIL THE WORLD  
AND SEE ITS WONDERS  
FROM THE PEARLS OF SPAIN  
TO THE RUBIES OF TIBET –

*(THEY kiss)*

**JOHANNA**

AND THEN HOME.

SOME DAY.

**ANTHONY**

AND THEN COME BACK TO

LONDON.

SOME DAY.

**ANTHONY**

*(Starting out)*

And I'll be back before those lips have time to lose that smile.

*(HE rushes off. Music continues under. JOHANNA paces. SHE sees the barber chair, starts to move toward it. During this, the BEGGAR WOMAN can be seen below approaching the pieshop. A factory whistle blows. JOHANNA gasps, startled, then goes to the chair. SHE sits in it. Her hand moves to inspect the lever, but before SHE touches it, the BEGGAR WOMAN approaches, calling.)*

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

BEADLE! ...  
BEADLE!  
WHERE ARE YOU?  
BEADLE, DEAR!  
BEADLE!

**JOHANNA**

*(Simultaneously, jumping up)*

Someone calling the Beadle! I knew it!



*(JOHANNA looks wildly around, sees the chest, runs to it and clambers in, closing the lid just as the BEGGAR WOMAN comes shuffling on. Dimly surveying the room, SHE mimes opening a window. SHE then gently picks up an imaginary infant and rocks it in her arms)*

### BEGGAR WOMAN

*(Suddenly becoming giddily crazy)*

BEADLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DUMPLING  
 BEADLE DUMPLING BEDEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE  
 DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE  
 DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE ...

*(BEGGAR WOMAN whimpers., growls lasciviously, prowls around. Sees the chest, feels it, opens a window. Sees a baby, screams and wails. Clutches baby to her, pats and rocks it.)*

AND WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP THEN,  
 MY JO, MY JING?  
 OOH, YOUR FATHER'S AT TEA  
 WITH THE SWEDISH KING.  
 HE'LL BRING YOU THE MOON  
 ON A SILVER STRING  
 OOH ... OOH ...

QUICKLY TO SLEEP THEN,  
 MY JO, MY JING  
 HE'LL BRING YOU A SHOE  
 AND A WEDDING RING  
 SING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN,  
 COME AGAIN SPRING.

HE'LL BE COMING SOON NOW TO KISS YOU,  
 MY JO, MY JING  
 BRINGING YOU THE MOON AND A SHOE  
 AND A WEDDING RING  
 HE'LL BE COMING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN ...

*(Without warning, leaping in like a thunderbolt, TODD appears, the razor in his hand; music continues)*

### TODD

You! What are you doing here?

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Clutching his arm)*

Ah, evil is here, sir. The stink of evil – from below – her!

*(Calling)*

Beadle dear, Beadle!

**TODD**

*(Looking anxiously out the window for the JUDGE)*

Out of here, woman.

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Still clutching his arm)*

She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. Beware her. She with no pity ... in her heart.

**TODD**

Out, I say!

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Peering dimly at him)*

HEY, DON'T I KNOW YOU, MISTER?

*(On the street, the JUDGE approaches the tonsorial parlor)*

#28 – *The Judge's Return*

**TODD**

*(Seeing him)*

The Judge. I have no time.

*(HE turns on the BEGGAR WOMAN, slits her throat, puts her in the chair and releases her down the chute! The JUDGE enters the room. Music continues under)*

**JUDGE**

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS THE GIRL?

**TODD**

Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor, Mrs. Lovett. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her. Thank heavens too, she has seen the error of her ways.

**JUDGE**

She has?

**TODD**

Oh yes, your lesson was well learned, sir. She speaks only of you, longing for forgiveness.

**JUDGE**

And she shall have it. She'll be here soon, you say?

**TODD**

I THINK I HEAR HER NOW.

**JUDGE**

Oh, excellent, my friend!

**TODD**

IS THAT HER DAINTY FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR?

**JUDGE**

*(Listening)*

I hear nothing.

**TODD**

YES, ISN'T THAT HER SHADOW ON THE WALL?

**JUDGE**

WHERE?

**TODD**

*(Points)*

THERE!

*(The JUDGE looks, getting excited)*

PRIMPING,  
MAKING HERSELF EVEN PRETTIER THAN USUAL—

**JUDGE**

EVEN PRETTIER

**TODD**

IF POSSIBLE.

**JUDGE**

*(Blissful)*

OHHHHHHH,  
PRETTY WOMEN!

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN, YES ...

**JUDGE**

*(Straightening his coat, patting his hair)*

Quickly, sir, a splash of bay rum!

**TODD**

*(Indicating the chair)*

Sit, sir, sit.

**JUDGE**

*(Sitting in the chair, in lecherous rapture)*

JOHANNA, JOHANNA ...

*(TODD gets a towel, puts it carefully around him, moves to pickup a bottle of bay rum)*

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN...

**JUDGE**

HURRY, MAN!

**TODD**

PRETTY WOMEN  
ARE A WONDER ...

**JUDGE**

YOU'RE IN A MERRY MOOD AGAIN TODAY, BARBER.

**TODD**

YES, SIR,

*(Joyfully)*

PRETTY WOMEN!

**JUDGE**

**TODD**

WHAT WE DO FOR

PRETTY WOMEN!

PRETTY WOMEN!

*(During the following, TODD smooths bay rum on the JUDGE's face, reaching behind him for a razor)*

**JUDGE**

BLOWING OUT THEIR CANDLES  
OR COMBING OUT THEIR HAIR --  
THEN THEY LEAVE –  
EVEN WHEN THEY LEAVE YOU  
AND VANISH, THEY SOMEHOW!  
CAN STILL REMAIN  
THERE WITH YOU, THERE ...

*(Music continues under)*

**TODD**

BLOWING OUT THEIR CANDLES  
OR COMBING OUT THEIR HAIR,  
  
EVEN WHEN THEY LEAVE,  
THEY STILL,  
ARE THERE,  
THEY'RE THERE ...

**JUDGE**

How seldom it is one meets a fellow spirit!

**TODD**

*(Smiling down)*

With fellow tastes – in women, at least.

**JUDGE**

What? What's that?

**TODD**

The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose, the face of a barber – the face of a prisoner in the dock – is not particularly memorable.

**JUDGE**

*(With horrified realization)*

Benjamin Barker!

**TODD**

*(Exalted)*

Benjamin Barker!

*(The factory whistle blows; the JUDGE in terror tries to jump up but TODD slashes his throat, then pulls the lever and sends the body tumbling out of sight and down the chute. Music continues. For a long moment, TODD stands crouched forward by the chair, exhaling deeply. Then slowly HE drops to his knees and even more slowly holds up the razor, gazing at it. HE sings)*

REST NOW MY FRIEND,  
REST NOW FOREVER.  
SLEEP NOW THE UNTRoubLED  
SLEEP OF THE ANGELS ...

*(Suddenly remembering)*

Tobias!

**(TODD)**

*(HE starts down the stairs. HE stops midway, remembering his razor)*

My razor!

*(HE starts back up the steps just as JOHANNA has climbed out of the chest.  
SHE stands frozen)*

You! What are you doing here? Speak!

**JOHANNA**

Oh, dear. Er—excuse me, sir. I saw the barber’s sign.  
So thinking to ask for a shave, I—

**TODD**

When? When did you come in?

**JOHANNA**

Oh sir, I beg of you. Whatever I have seen, no man shall ever know. I swear it.  
Oh, sir, please, sir ...

**TODD**

A shave, eh?

*(HE turns chair toward her)*

At your service.

**JOHANNA**

But, sir ...

**TODD**

Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir. Sit.

*(TODD sits JOHANNA in the chair. As HE goes for the razor, simultaneously the factory whistle blows and MRS. LOVETT is heard screaming “Die! Die!” from the bakehouse below. JOHANNA jumps up and runs out. TODD lunges after her, misses her. SHE runs away. TODD pauses; another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as HE disappears into the pishop, the COMPANY appears)*

**COMPANY**

LIFT YOUR RAZOR HIGH, SWEENEY!  
HEAR IT SINGING, “YES! “  
SINK IT IN THE ROSY SKIN  
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

## #29 – Final Scene (Part I)

*(Light comes up on the bakehouse. MRS. LOVETT is standing in horror by the mouth of the chute from which the JUDGE, still alive, clutches her skirt. MRS. LOVETT tries to tug the skirt away from the vise-like grip)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

Die! Die! God in heaven – die!

*(The JUDGE's fingers relax their grip; HE is dead. Panting, MRS. LOVETT backs away from him and for the first time notices the body of the BEGGAR WOMAN. SHE pauses)*

You! Can it be? How all the demons of Hell come to torment me!

*(Looks hastily over her shoulder)*

Quick! To the oven.

*(SHE starts to drag the BEGGAR WOMAN to the oven as TODD enters, runs to her)*

**TODD**

Why did you scream? Does the Judge still live?

**MRS. LOVETT**

He was clutching, holding on to my skirt, but now – he's finished.

*(Continues dragging BEGGAR WOMAN to oven)*

**TODD**

Leave them to me. Open the doors.

*(HE starts to shove her toward the oven)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Clutching the BEGGAR WOMAN's wrists)*

No!

**TODD**

Open the doors, I say!

*(HE goes to the JUDGE, razor in hand, to be sure he's dead; MRS. LOVETT, seeing his attention distracted, runs to the oven. TODD sees the JUDGE is dead and starts back to the BEGGAR WOMAN just as MRS. LOVETT opens the oven doors and the light hits the BEGGAR WOMAN)*

**MRS. LOVETT**

*(Rushing to him)*

No! Don't touch her!!

**TODD**

*(Leaning down to pick up the BEGGAR WOMAN)*

What is the matter with you? It's only some meddling old beggar –

*(A chord of music as HE realizes who SHE is)*

Oh no, oh God ... “Don't I know you?” she said ...

*(Looks up)*

You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

**MRS. LOVETT**

I was only thinking of you!

**TODD**

*(Looking down again)*

LUCY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and rotten spuds out of alley ashcans! Would you have wanted to know that was all that was left of her?

**TODD**

*(Slowly looking up)*

You lied to me.

**MRS.. LOVETT**

NO, NO, NOT LIED AT ALL.

NO, I NEVER LIED!

**TODD**

*(To the BEGGAR WOMAN)*

LUCY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

SAID SHE TOOK THE POISON – SHE DID –

NEVER SAID THAT SHE DIED –

POOR THING,

SHE LIVED –

**TODD**

I'VE COME HOME AGAIN ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

BUT IT LEFT HER WEAK IN THE HEAD,

ALL SHE DID FOR MONTHS WAS JUST LIE THERE IN BED –



**TODD**

LUCY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

SHOULD'VE BEEN IN HOSPITAL,  
WOUND UP IN BEDLAM INSTEAD,  
POOR THING!

**TODD**

OH, MY GOD ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

BETTER YOU SHOULD THINK SHE WAS DEAD.  
YES, I LIED 'COS I LOVED YOU!

**TODD**

LUCY ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

I'D BE TWICE THE WIFE SHE WAS!  
I LOVE YOU!

**TODD**

WHAT HAVE I DONE? ...

**MRS. LOVETT**

COULD THAT THING HAVE CARED FOR YOU  
LIKE ME?

*(TODD rises, soft and smiling; MRS. LOVETT takes a step back in panic.  
Waltz music starts)*

**TODD**

MRS. LOVETT,  
YOU'RE A BLOODY WONDER,  
EMINENTLY PRACTICAL AND YET  
APPROPRIATE AS ALWAYS.  
AS YOU'VE SAID REPEATEDLY,  
THERE'S LITTLE POINT IN DWELLING ON THE PAST.

**MRS. LOVETT**

DO YOU MEAN IT?  
EVERYTHING I DID I SWEAR I THOUGHT  
WAS ONLY FOR THE BEST,  
BELIEVE ME!  
CAN WE STILL BE  
MARRIED?

**TODD**

NO, COME HERE, MY LOVE ...  
  
NOT A THING TO FEAR,  
MY LOVE ...  
WHAT'S DEAD  
IS DEAD.

*(TODD puts his arms around her waist; SHE starts to relax in her babbling, and  
THEY sway to the waltz, her arms around his neck)*

**TODD**

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY PET –

**MRS. LOVETT**

OH, MR. TODD,  
OOH, MR. TODD,  
LEAVE IT TO ME ...

**TODD**

IS LEARN FORGIVENESS AND TRY TO FORGET.

**MRS. LOVETT**

BY THE SEA, MR. TODD,  
WE'LL BE COMFY-COZY.  
YOU AND ME, MR. TODD,  
WHERE THERE'S NO ONE NOSY ...

*(HE waltzes her closer to the oven)*

**TODD**

AND LIFE IS FOR THE ALIVE, MY DEAR,  
SO LET'S KEEP LIVING IT –!

**BOTH**

JUST KEEP LIVING IT,  
REALLY LIVING IT –!

*(HE flings her into the oven. SHE screams. HE slams the doors behind her. Black smoke  
belches forth. The music booms like an earthquake. TODD, gasping, sinks to his knees  
by the oven doors. Then HE rises, moves back to the BEGGAR WOMAN and kneels,  
cradling her head in his arms)*

## #29a – Final Scene (Part II)

**TODD**

THERE WAS A BARBER AND HIS WIFE,  
 AND SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.  
 A FOOLISH BARBER AND HIS WIFE,  
 SHE WAS HIS REASON AND HIS LIFE.  
 AND SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.  
 AND SHE WAS VIRTUOUS.  
 AND HE WAS –

*(Shrugs)*

NAIVE.

*(TOBIAS emerges from the cellar, singing in an eerie voice. His hair has turned completely white)*

**TOBIAS**

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE, BAKER MAN.  
 BAKE ME A CAKE –  
 NO, NO,  
 BAKE ME A PIE –  
 TO DELIGHT MY EYE,  
 AND I WILL SIGH  
 IF THE CRUST BE HIGH ...

*(Sees TODD)*

Mr. Todd.

*(Notices the BEGGAR WOMAN)*

It's the old woman. Ya harmed her too, have ya? Ya shouldn't, ya know. Ya shouldn't harm nobody.

*(HE bends to examine the body; TODD, suddenly aware of someone, pushes him violently aside. As TOBIAS staggers back and recovers his balance, HE notices the razor on the floor, picks it up, plays with it)*

Razor! Razor! Cut, cut, cut cadougan, watch me grind my corn. Pat him and prick him and mark him with B, and put him in the oven for baby and me!

*(Cuts TODD's throat. TODD dies across the body of LUCY as the factory whistle blows. ANTHONY, JOHANNA and OFFICERS OF THE GUARD come running on. Seeing the carnage, THEY all stop)*

You will pardon me, gentlemen, but you may not enter here. Oh no! Me mistress don't let no one enter here, for, you see, sirs, there's work to be done, so much work.

**(TOBIAS)**

*(While THEY watch in horror, HE moves to the grinding machine and slowly starts to turn the handle)*

Three times. That's the secret. Three times through for them to be tender and juicy.  
Three times through the grinder. Smoothly, smoothly ...

*(JOHANNA gives a little cry. ANTHONY throws his arm around her. As the group stands watching, still in silence, TOBIAS continues to grind. Suddenly, the trap door slams shut; the light brightens abruptly, TOBIAS steps back, looks up and sings)*

**EPILOGUE**

*#29b – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd*

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.  
HIS SKIN WAS PALE AND HIS EYE WAS ODD.

**JOHANNA & ANTHONY**

HE SHAVED THE FACES OF GENTLEMEN  
WHO NEVER THEREAFTER WERE HEARD OF AGAIN.

**POLICEMEN**

HE TROD A PATH THAT FEW HAVE TROD,

**POLICEMEN, JOHANNA & ANTHONY**

DID SWEENEY TODD,

**add TOBIAS**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

*(Rising)*

HE KEPT A SHOP IN LONDON TOWN,  
OF FANCY CLIENTS AND GOOD RENOWN.

**JUDGE**

*(Rising)*

AND WHAT IF NONE OF THEIR SOULS WERE SAVED?  
THEY WENT TO THEIR MAKER IMPECCABLY SHAVED

**BEGGAR WOMAN, JUDGE & POLICEMEN**

BY SWEENEY,  
BY SWEENEY TODD,

**ALL (thus far)**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

**PIRELLI & BEADLE**

*(Entering)*

SWING YOUR RAZOR WIDE, SWEENEY!  
 HOLD IT TO THE SKIES!  
 FREELY FLOWS THE BLOOD OF THOSE  
 WHO MORALIZE!

*(The rest of the COMPANY enters)*

**ALL**

HIS NEEDS ARE FEW, HIS ROOM IS BARE:  
 HE HARDLY USES HIS FANCY CHAIR.  
 THE MORE HE BLEEDS, THE MORE HE LIVES.  
 HE NEVER FORGETS AND HE NEVER FORGIVES.  
 PERHAPS TODAY YOU GAVE A NOD  
 TO SWEENEY TODD,  
 THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY,  
 SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,  
 HUGGING THE BLADE, WAITING THE YEARS,  
 HEARING THE MUSIC THAT NOBODY HEARS.  
 SWEENEY WAITS IN THE PARLOR HALL,  
 SWEENEY LEANS ON THE OFFICE WALL.

**MEN**

NO ONE CAN HELP, NOTHING CAN HIDE YOU –  
 ISN’T THAT SWEENEY THERE BESIDE YOU?  
 SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY.  
 SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,

**ALL**

NO ONE CAN HELP, NOTHING CAN HIDE YOU –  
 ISN’T THAT SWEENEY THERE BESIDE YOU?  
 SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY.  
 SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,  
 IS SWEENEY!  
 THERE HE IS, IT’S SWEENEY!  
 SWEENEY! SWEENEY!

**(ALL)**

*(Pointing around the theater)*

THERE! THERE! THERE! THERE!

THERE! THERE! THERE!

*(Pointing to the grave)*

THERE!

*(TODD and MRS. LOVETT rise from the grave)*

**TODD & COMPANY**

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD!

HE SERVED A DARK AND A HUNGRY GOD!

**TODD**

TO SEEK REVENGE MAY LEAD TO HELL,

**MRS. LOVETT**

BUT EVERYONE DOES IT, IF SELDOM AS WELL

**TODD & MRS. LOVETT**

AS SWEENEY,

**COMPANY**

AS SWEENEY TODD,

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET

*(THEY start to exit)*

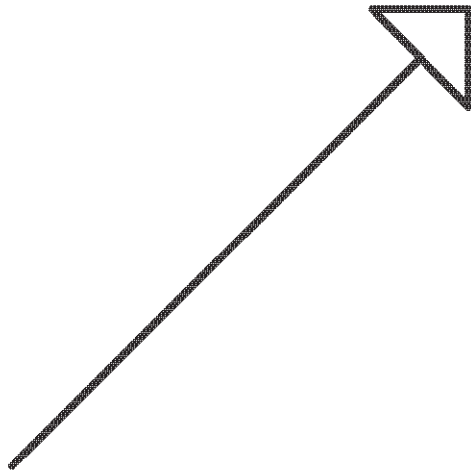
STREET!

*(The COMPANY exits. TODD and MRS. LOVETT are the last to leave. THEY look to each other, then exit in opposite directions, MRS. LOVETT into the wings, TODD upstage. HE glares at us malevolently for a moment, then slams the iron door in our faces. Blackout)*

**END OF ACT TWO**

#30 – *Exit Music (Part I)*

#31 – *Exit Music (Part II)*



## V O C A L B O O K - M U S I C A L N U M B E R S

**PROLOGUE**

Prelude - <i>optional</i> .....	157
1. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	158

**ACT I**

2. No Place Like London.....	168
2a. Transition Music.....	177
3. The Worst Pies In London.....	178
4. Poor Thing.....	184
5. My Friends.....	191
6. Green Finch and Linnet Bird.....	199
7. Ah, Miss.....	203
8. Johanna (Part I).....	208
8a. Johanna (Part II).....	210
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir.....	212
9a. Pirelli's Entrance.....	226
10. The Contest (Part I).....	227
10a. The Contest (Part II) - <i>optional</i> .....	230
10b. Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	234
11. Johanna.....	237
12. Wait.....	244
12a. Pirelli's Death.....	249
12b. Pirelli's Death Underscore.....	250
12c. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	252
12d. Underscore.....	256
13. Kiss Me (Part I).....	258
14. Ladies In Their Sensitivities.....	265
15. Kiss Me (Part II).....	268
15a. Underscore.....	279
16. Pretty Women (Part I).....	281
16a. Pretty Women (Part II).....	286
17. Epiphany (Original Key - B $\flat$ ).....	293
17. Epiphany (Transposed Key - C).....	299
18. A Little Priest.....	305



**ACT II**

19. God, That’s Good! .....	324
20. Johanna – Act II Sequence.....	348
20a. After Johanna – Act II Sequence .....	359
20b. I Am A Lass – <i>optional</i> .....	361
21. By The Sea (Part I).....	362
21a. By The Sea (Part II).....	366
22. Wigmaker Sequence.....	368
22a. The Letter .....	373
22b. After Letter .....	379
23. Not While I’m Around .....	380
23a. After “Not While I’m Around” .....	385
24. Parlor Songs (Part I).....	386
24a. Parlor Songs (Part II).....	389
24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) .....	394
25. Fogg’s Asylum .....	396
25a. Fogg’s Passacaglia .....	403
26. City On Fire .....	404
27. Searching (Part I).....	406
27a. Searching (Part II).....	410
28. Judge’s Return .....	417
29. Final Scene (Part I) .....	423
29a. Final Scene (Part II).....	431

**EPILOGUE**

29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd.....	432
30. Exit Music (Part I) .....	442
31. Exit Music (Part II).....	443

VOCAL BOOK – SONGS BY CHARACTER

SWEENEY TODD

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
 Todd .....158  
 2. No Place Like London .....168  
 5. My Friends .....191  
 9. Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir .....212  
 16. Pretty Women (Part I) .....281  
 16a. Pretty Women (Part II) .....286  
 17. Epiphany .....293  
 18. A Little Priest .....305  
 19. God, That’s Good! .....324  
 20. Johanna – Act II Sequence ... .348  
 21. By The Sea (Part I) .....362  
 22. Wigmaker’s Sequence .....368  
 27. Searching (Part I) .....406  
 28. Judge’s Return .....417  
 29. Final Scene (Part I) .....423  
 29a. Final Scene (Part II) .....431  
 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

MRS. LOVETT

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
 Todd .....158  
 3. The Worst Pies In London .....178  
 4. Poor Thing .....184  
 5. My Friends .....191  
 9. Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir .....212  
 12. Wait .....244  
 17. Epiphany .....293  
 18. A Little Priest .....305  
 19. God, That’s Good! .....324  
 20b. I Am A Lass .....361  
 21. By The Sea (Part I) .....362  
 21a. By The Sea (Part II) .....366  
 23. Not While I’m Around .....380  
 24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) .....389  
 24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) .....394  
 27. Searching (Part I) .....406  
 29. Final Scene (Part I) .....423  
 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

BEGGAR WOMAN

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
 Todd .....158  
 2. No Place Like London .....168  
 7. Ah, Miss .....203  
 12. Wait .....244  
 20. Johanna – Act II Sequence ... .348  
 27. Searching (Part I) .....406  
 27a. Searching (Part II) .....410  
 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

ANTHONY HOPE

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
 Todd .....158  
 2. No Place Like London .....168  
 7. Ah, Miss .....203  
 8. Johanna (Part I) .....208  
 8a. Johanna (Part II) .....210  
 13. Kiss Me (Part I) .....258  
 15. Kiss Me (Part II) .....268  
 16a. Pretty Women (Part II) .....286  
 20. Johanna – Act II Sequence ... .348  
 22. Wigmaker’s Sequence .....368  
 27a. Searching (Part II) .....410  
 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

JOHANNA

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
 Todd .....158  
 6. Green Finch and Linnet Bird . .199  
 7. Ah, Miss .....203  
 13. Kiss Me (Part I) .....258  
 15. Kiss Me (Part II) .....268  
 20. Johanna – Act II Sequence ... .348  
 20a. After Johanna Act II – Sequence ..  
 .....359  
 26. City On Fire .....404  
 27a. Searching (Part II) .....410  
 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## JUDGE TURPIN

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd . . . . .158
11. Johanna . . . . .237
15. Kiss Me (Part II) . . . . .268
16. Pretty Women (Part I) . . . . .281
- 16a. Pretty Women (Part II) . . . . .286
28. Judge's Return . . . . .417
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## THE BEADLE

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd . . . . .158
14. Ladies In Their Sensitivities . .265
15. Kiss Me (Part II) . . . . .268
24. Parlor Songs (Part I) . . . . .386
- 24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) . . . . .389
- 24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) . . . . .394
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## PIRELLI

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd . . . . .158
- 9a. Pirelli's Entrance . . . . .226
10. The Contest (Part I) . . . . .227
- 10a. The Contest (Part II) . . . . .230
- 12a. Pirelli's Death . . . . .249
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## TOBIAS RAGG

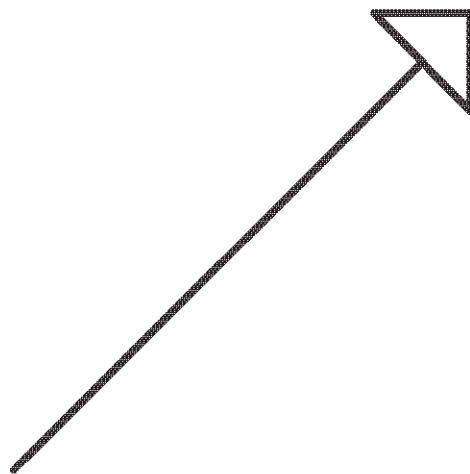
1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd . . . . .158
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir . . . . .212
- 10a. The Contest (Part II) . . . . .230
19. God, That's Good! . . . . .324
23. Not While I'm Around . . . . .380
- 24a. Parlor Songs (Part II) . . . . .389
- 24b. Parlor Songs (Part III) . . . . .394
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## ENSEMBLE

1. Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney  
Todd . . . . .158
5. My Friends . . . . .191
9. Pirelli's Miracle Elixir . . . . .212
19. God, That's Good! . . . . .324
25. Fogg's Asylum . . . . .396
- 25a. Fogg's Passacaglia . . . . .403
26. City On Fire . . . . .404
27. Searching (Part I) . . . . .406
- 29b. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .432

## MEMBERS OF THE ENSEMBLE

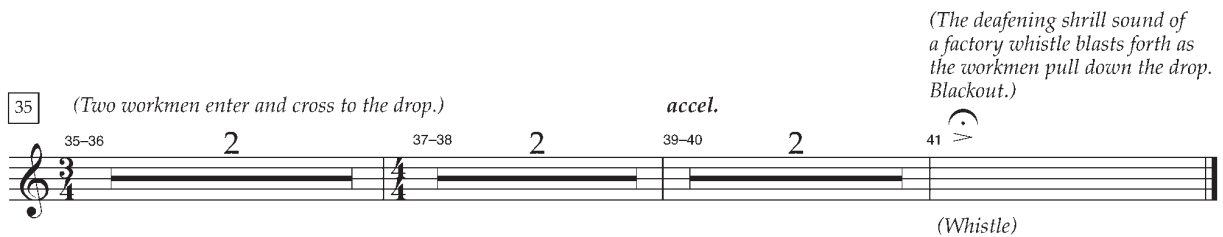
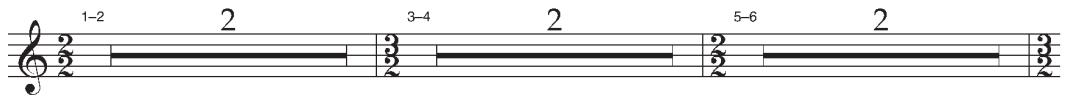
- 10b. Ballad of Sweeney Todd . . . .234
- 12c. The Ballad of Sweeney Todd .252
22. Wigmaker Sequence . . . . .368
- 22a. The Letter . . . . .373



## PRELUDE

(Optional)

(tacet)

**Largo e maestoso** (♩ = 60)

# 1

Company

## PROLOGUE The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

(The lights come up slowly to reveal the company. A man steps forward and sings.)

**Misterioso, con moto** (♩ = 132)

**1st MAN\***  
(Bass or Baritone)

At -

5

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd. His

skin was pale and his eye was odd. He

shaved the fa - ces of gen - tle - men Who nev - er there - af - ter were

18

heard of a - gain. He trod a path that few have trod,

Did Swee - ney Todd, The

\* Solo chorus parts are written in the treble clef throughout, for ease of reading and because registers may vary in different productions.

(1st MAN) 2nd MAN  
(Tenor)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street. He

32 (2nd MAN)

kept a shop in Lon - don Town Of

fan - cy cli - ents and good re - nown. And

what if none of their souls were saved? They went to their Mak - er im - pec - ca - bly shaved—

46

By Swee - ney, by

Swee - ney Todd, The

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

V.S.

(A blinding white light cuts down the stage as an upstage iron door opens. Two men enter, carrying a body tied in a bag. They dump the body into the grave. A woman pours black ashes into the hole from a tin canister marked "Flour".)

59 SOPRANOS  
*marc.*

ALTS  
Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

TENORS  
*marc.*  
Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

BARITONES  
*marc.*

BASSES  
Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

Measures 59-62. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked *marcato* (marc.). The lyrics are: "Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,".

63  
Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

64  
Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

65  
Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

66  
Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

Measures 63-66. The music continues in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Hold it to the skies!".

67  
Free - ly flows the blood of those who

68  
Free - ly flows the blood of those who

69  
Free - ly flows the blood of those who

70  
Free - ly flows the blood of those who

Measures 67-70. The music continues in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Free - ly flows the blood of those who".



71 (WOMEN) *dim. poco a poco*

mor - al - ize.

(TENORS) *dim. poco a poco*

mor - al - ize.

(BARITONES)

(BASSES) mor - al - ize.

75-77 3

78 TOBIAS

His

79 (TOBIAS) 3rd MAN (Baritone)

needs were few, his room was bare: A

(3rd MAN) 4th MAN (Bass)

lav - a - bo and a fan - cy chair, A mug of suds and a

Add TENOR 2 WOMEN (Mezzos)

88 leath - er strop, An a - pron, a tow - el, a pail and a mop. For

92 (2 WOMEN)

neat - ness he de - serves a nod, Does Swee - ney Todd,

96 ALL 98 99

The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

V.S.

100-101 2

102 **WOMEN**

103 104 105

In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney was, Quick and qui - et and clean 'e\_\_\_ was.

106 107 108 109

Back of his smile, un - der his word, Swee - ney heard mu - sic that no - bo - dy heard.

110 111 112 113

Swee - ney pon - dered and Swee - ney\_\_\_ planned, Like a per - fect ma - chine 'e\_\_\_ planned.

114 **TENORS**

115 116 117

Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

**BARITONES**

Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

**BASSES**

Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

(TENORS) 118 119 120 121

In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and like a per - fect ma -

(BARITONES)

Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

(BASSES)

In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and clean 'e — was.

122 (They start to gather around the grave.) SOPRANOS 123 124

Swee - ney was smooth,

ALTOS

Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and

(TENORS)

chine 'e was, — was — Swee - ney. Clean 'e was, — was —

(BARITONES)

In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and

(BASSES)

Swee - ney! Clean 'e was, — was — Swee - ney!

V.S.

(SOPRANOS) 125 Swee - ney was sub - tle, 126 Swee - ney would blink and 127 rats would scut - tle.

(ALTOS) rats would scut - tle. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(TENORS) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(BARITONES) like a per - fect ma - chine 'e was, — was — Swee - ney!

(BASSES) Keen 'e was, — was — Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

128 Swee - ney! 129 Swee - ney! 130 Swee - 131

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee -

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee -

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee -

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee -

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee -

(SOPRANOS)  
132

133 134 135

ney!

(ALTOS)

ney!

(TENORS)

ney!

(BARITONES)

ney!

(BASSES)

ney!

136

137 138 139

CHORUS

At -

TODD  
*(Rising from the grave)*

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

(CHORUS)

140 141 142

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

**V.S.**

(CHORUS)

He

TODD

He served a dark and a venge - ful God.

served a dark and a venge - ful God.

What

150 (TODD)

hap-pened then... well, that's the play, And he would -n't want us to give it a-way,

Not Swee - ney,

CHORUS

Not Swee - ney Todd, The

TODD

Not Swee - ney Todd, The

164 (CHORUS)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street!

(TODD)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street!

165 166 166A

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus 'Demon Barber of Fleet Street!'. It is presented in two systems. The first system is for the Chorus, and the second system is for Todd. Both systems feature a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line. The music is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The chorus part starts at measure 164 and ends at measure 166A. The lyrics are 'De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street!'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

167-170

4

Detailed description: This block shows a musical score for measures 167-170. It consists of a single treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The staff contains a four-measure rest, indicated by a horizontal line with a '4' above it. The staff ends with a double bar line.

2

# No Place Like London

Anthony  
Todd  
Beggar Woman

*A street by the London docks. Early morning light comes up. Anthony and Todd enter, carrying duffel bags. Anthony looks around happily. Todd is brooding, self-absorbed.*

Largo (♩ = 80)

(Chimes) A > > > B C-D 2 E (Oboe)

(Flute) F G H I

J > > > K L ANTHONY (to 3)  
I have

3 (ANTHONY) 4 5  
sailed the world, be-held its won-ders From the Dar-den-elles to the

6 *cresc.* 7 8  
moun-tains of Pe-ru, But there's no place like Lon-don!— I feel

9 10 11  
home a-gain. I could hear the ci - ty bells ring, what -



(ANTHONY) *f*




ev - er I would do. No, there's no...

TODD *f*



No, there's no place like Lon-don.——


(TODD)  
*rit. poco a poco*



You are young. Life has been kind to you. You will

19 **a tempo**

TODD: It is here we go our several ways. Farewell, Anthony,  
I will not soon forget the good ship Bountiful nor the young man  
who saved my life.



learn.

ANTHONY: There's no cause to thank me for that, sir. It would have been a poor Christian indeed who'd have spotted you pitching and tossing on that raft and not given the alarm.

TODD: There's many a Christian would have done just that and not lost a wink's sleep for it, either.



learn.



learn.

V.S.

(A Beggar Woman appears)

28 **Piu mosso** (♩ = ♩)  
BEGGAR WOMAN

(As Anthony

Alms... Alms... For a mis-'ra-ble wo-man— On a mis-'ra-ble chil-ly morn-ing.

drops a coin in her bowl)

*rall.*

32 **a tempo** (♩ = ♩)

(Leers at Anthony)

Thank yer, sir, thank yer... 'Ow would you like a lit - tle muff, dear, A lit - tle

jig jig, A lit - tle bounce a - round the bush? Would-n't you like to push me

pars - ley? You looks to me, dear, like you got plen - ty there to push!

40 **Tempo primo** (♩ = ♩)  
(Turns to Todd, pathetically)

Alms! Alms! For a pit - i - ful wo-man— Wot's got wan-der - in'

**TODD** (Turning away): Must you glare at me, woman? Off with you!... Off, I say!

**a tempo** (♩ = ♩)  
(2 times)

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

wits... Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter? Then

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

45 46 47

'ow would you like to split me muff, Mis - ter, We'll go jig, jig, A lit - tle...

**TODD:**

Off, I said! To the devil with you!  
*(The Beggar Woman scuttles away.)*

48-52 53

54 (BEGGAR WOMAN)  
*(Exiting)*

55 (Disappears)

Alms! Alms! For a pit - i - ful wo-man...\_\_\_\_\_

**ANTHONY:**

Pardon me, sir, but there's no need to fear the likes of her. She was only a half-crazed beggar woman.  
 London's full of them.

56-57 2

**TODD:** I beg your indulgence, boy. My mind is far from easy,  
 for in these once-familiar streets I feel the chill of ghostly shadows everywhere. Forgive me.

58 a tempo 3 61

**ANTHONY:** There's nothing to forgive.**TODD:** Farewell, Anthony.**ANTHONY:** Mr. Todd, before we part--**TODD:** *(Fiercely)* What is it?

62 63

**ANTHONY:**

I have honored my promise never to question you. Whatever brought you to that sorry shipwreck is your affair.  
 And yet, during those many weeks of the voyage home, I have come to think of you as friend and, if trouble lies  
 ahead for you in London... if you need help-- or money--

64-67 4 (to 201)

**V.S.**

TODD: No! (As Anthony draws back, startled)

Poco rubato, largo

TODD

Musical notation for measure 201, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The measure contains a whole rest.

There's a hole in the world like a great black

Musical notation for measure 203, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. The measure contains a series of eighth notes.

pit, And the ver-min of the world in-hab-it it, And its mor-als are-n't

Musical notation for measure 204, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. The measure contains a series of eighth notes.

worth what a pig could spit, And it goes by the name of Lon-don.

Musical notation for measure 205, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. The measure contains a series of eighth notes.

At the top of the hole sit the priv-'leged few, Mak-ing

Musical notation for measures 206 and 207, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. Measure 206 contains a series of eighth notes. Measure 207 contains a series of eighth notes and ends with a double bar line. A *rit.* marking is placed above measure 207.

mock of the ver-min in the low-er zoo, Turn-ing beau-ty in-to filth and greed. I, too, have

Musical notation for measure 208, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. The measure contains a series of eighth notes. A box containing the number 208 is placed to the left of the measure.

a tempo

sailed the world and seen its won-ders, For the cru-el-ty of men is as

Musical notation for measures 211, 212, and 213, bass clef, 3/4 time signature, key signature of three sharps. Measure 211 contains a series of eighth notes. Measure 212 contains a series of eighth notes. Measure 213 contains a series of eighth notes and ends with a double bar line. A fermata is placed above measure 213.

won-drous as Pe-ru, But there's no place like Lon-don!—

**Meno mosso**

214

215

(TODD)  
*mp*

There was a

216

217

218

bar-ber and his wife, And she was beau - ti-ful, — A fool-ish

219

220

221

bar-ber and his wife. She was his rea-son and his life, And she was

222

223

224

beau - ti-ful. — And she was vir - tu-ous, —

225

226

And he was na - ive. —

**V.S.**

227 (TODD)

There was an -

230

oth - er man who saw That she was beau - ti - ful. — A pi - ous

233

vul - ture of the law, Who with a ges - ture of his claw Re - moved the

236

bar - ber from his plate. Then there was noth - ing but to wait, And she would

240

fall, So soft, So young, So lost and oh, so beau - ti - ful! —

ANTHONY:  
And the lady, sir... did she-- succumb?

*poco rall.* (TODD)

Oh, that was

247 **a tempo**

man - y years a - go. I doubt if an - y - one would know.

**TODD:** Now leave me, Anthony, I beg of you. There's somewhere I must go, something I must find out. Now. And alone.

**ANTHONY:** But surely we will meet again before I'm off to Plymouth.

**TODD:** If you want, you may well find me. Around Fleet Street, I wouldn't wonder.

**ANTHONY:** Well, until then, Mr. Todd.

*Anthony exits in one direction, Todd starts off in another, muttering to himself.*

256

**Safety**

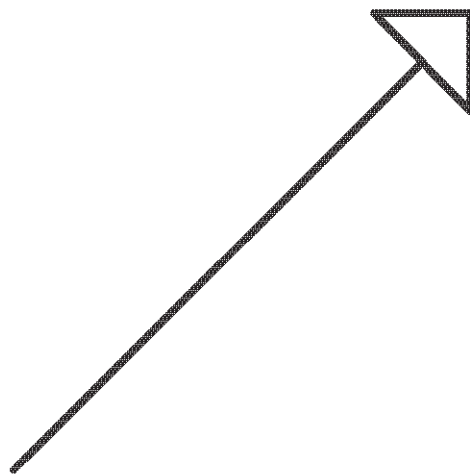
TODD  
(last time)

There's a

hole in the world like a great black pit And it's filled with peo-ple who are filled with

shit And the ver-min of the world in - hab - it it...

*Segue*





## 2A

## Transition Music (tacet)

*Morning. The city comes to life. We see Mrs. Lovett's Pieshop. Above it is an empty apartment which is reached by an outside staircase. Mrs. Lovett, a vigorous, slatternly woman in her forties, enters and begins preparing dough, flicking flies off the trays of pies. Todd appears at the end of the street and moves slowly toward the pieshop, looking around as if remembering. Seeing the shop, he pauses a moment at some distance, gazing at Mrs. Lovett, who has now picked up a wicked-looking knife and starts chopping suet.*

**Presto** (♩. = 144)

**L'istesso tempo**

13 *After a beat, Todd moves toward the shop, hesitates, and then enters.*

14 *Safety*

*Segue*

# 3

Mrs. Lovett  
(Todd)

## The Worst Pies In London

Mrs. Lovett does not notice Todd until his shadow passes across her.  
She looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks.

MRS. LOVETT: A customer!

**Allegretto agitato** (♩ = 112)

2

Mrs. Lovett

(Sticks the knife  
into the counter)

Wait! What's your rush? What's your hur - ry? You gave me such a

(Wipes her hands  
on her apron)

fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min - ute, can't - cher?

(Pushes Todd  
onto a stool)

Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

have - n't seen a cus - tom - er for weeks. Did you come here for a

(Todd grunts)

(Mrs. Lovett flicks dust from a pie)

(Plucks something off a pie)

6

pie, sir? Do for-give me if me head's a lit-tle vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd

(MRS. LOVETT) *(Drops it on the floor)* *(Stomps on it)*

think we had the plague from the way that peo - ple

*(Flicks at something on the counter)* *(Spots it moving)* *(Smacks it with her hand)*

keep a - void - ing... No, you don't! Heav - en knows I

*(Looks at her hand)* *(Wipes it on her apron)* *(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him)* *rit.*

try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in e - ven to in - hale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you

*(Todd nods and grunts)* *poco rit.*

like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hard - ly blame them.

14 **Meno mosso, sempre rubato**

These are prob - a - bly the worst pies in Lon - don.

I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I

make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.

**V.S.**  
*(quick!)*

(MRS. LOVETT)



E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.

(Todd bites into the pie) 28



If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust-ing? You have to con -

(Gives him ale)



cede it. It's noth - ing but crust-ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The



worst pies in Lon - don. And no won-der, with the price of

39 **Tempo I°**

(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)



Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Nev - er



(grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men - 'd think it was a

(MRS. LOVETT)

41 42

Treat find-ing poor (*grunt*) an-i-mals (*grunt*) wot are dy-ing in the street. Mrs. Moo-ney has a

43

44

pie shop, Does a bus-'ness but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

45 46

(*Rolls the dough*)

cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (*grunt*) Wot I calls (*grunt*) en-ter-prise,

47

(*grunt*) Pop - ping pus - sies in - to pies. Would - n't do in

48 49

(*Pounds the dough*) (*Again*) *rit.*

my shop. Just the thought of it's e - nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them

51

**Meno mosso,  
sempre rubato**

50

pus - sy - cats is quick. No de - ny - ing, times is hard, sir.

52 53 54

E - ven hard - er than the worst pies in Lon - don.

**V.S.**  
(*quick!*)

(MRS. LOVETT) (As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)



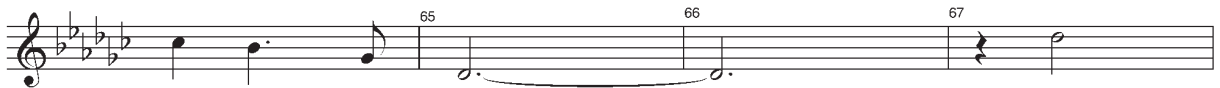
On - ly lard and noth - ing more. Is that just re - volt - ing? All greas - y and



grit - ty. It looks like it's molt - ing and tastes like... Well, pi - ty a

*poco rit.*

64 a tempo, molto espressivo

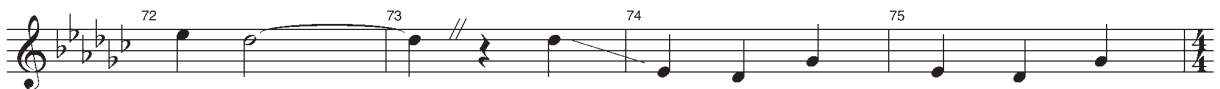


wo - man a - lone \_\_\_\_\_ With



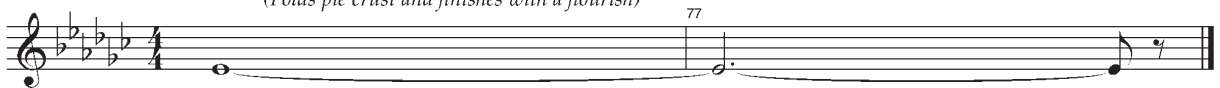
lim - it - ed wind \_\_\_\_\_ And the worst pies in

**Rubato**

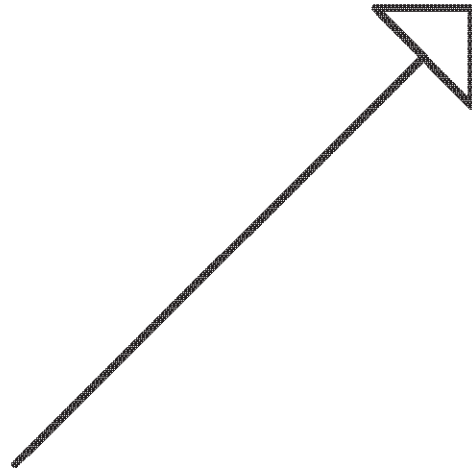


Lon - don. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, sir, times is hard, times is

76 **Tempo I° (Deliberate)**  
(Folds pie crust and finishes with a flourish)



hard. \_\_\_\_\_



4

Mrs. Lovett

# Poor Thing

**MRS. LOVETT:** *(Notices Todd having difficulty with his pie)*  
 Spit it out, dear. Go on. On the floor. There's worse things  
 than that down there. *(Sighs, as Todd spits the pie out)* That's my boy.  
**TODD:** Isn't that a room up there over the shop?

**TODD:** *(continuing as distant chimes sound)*  
 If times are so hard, why don't you rent it  
 out? That should bring in something.

**MRS. LOVETT:** Up there? Oh, no one  
 will go near it. People think it's haunted.  
 You see -- years ago, something happened  
 up there. Something not very nice.

**Larghetto** (♩ = 50)  
*Chimes*

MRS. LOVETT  
 There was a

6 **Molto rubato**

bar-ber and his wife. — And he was beau-ti-ful. — A pro-per

art-ist with a knife, — But they trans- port-ed him for life. — And he was

**MRS. LOVETT:** Barker, his name was -- Benjamin Barker.

**TODD:** Transported? What was his crime?

**MRS. LOVETT:** Foolishness.

11 **A tempo, delicato** (♩ = ♩)

beau-ti-ful... — He had this

*Safety (last time)*

*(A pretty young girl, Barker's wife, appears in the empty upstairs room, dancing her household chores)*

19

wife, you see. — Pret-ty lit-tle thing. Sil-ly lit-tle nit had her



(MRS. LOVETT)

24 25 26 27

chance for the world on a string.

28 29 30 31 32

Poor thing. Poor

33 34 35 36

thing. There were these

37

*(Judge Turpin and his obsequious assistant, the Beadle, approach the house, gazing up lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.)*

38 39 40

two, you see; Want-ed her like mad, One of 'em a

41

**Piu mosso (in 1)**

42 43 44

judge, one of 'em his bea-dle. Ev-ry day they'd

45 46 47 48

nudge and they'd whee-dle. Still she would-n't

49 50 51

budge from her nee-dle.

**V.S.**

(MRS. LOVETT)

52 53 54 55 56 (to 95)

Too bad, Pure thing. So they mere-ly

95 (In the shadows of the stage, people appear dimly lit. They wear formal clothes and the masks of animals and demons. Barker's wife

96 97 98

shipped the poor blight-er off south, they did. Leav-ing her with

takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.)

99 100 101 102

noth-ing but grief and a year-old kid. Did she use her

103 104 105 106 (to 109)

head ev-en then? Oh no, God for-bid! Poor

109 (Intake of breath)

110 111 112

fool. Ah, but there was worse yet to come. Hoo! Poor

(The shadowy figures start to come together.)

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna, that was the baby's name... Pretty little Johanna... (Drifts off)

113 114-119 6

thing.

**TODD:** (*Tensely*) Go on.      **MRS. LOVETT:** (*Eyeing him sharply*) My, you do like a good story, don't you?

119A      120      120A      121-122      2      123      **MRS. LOVETT**

Well,

124      **Moderato cantabile** ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ )      (*The Beadle reappears, mimes solicitously for the wife to come down. She does.*)

(**MRS. LOVETT**)

125      126

Bea - dle calls on her, all po - lite, Poor thing, \_\_\_\_\_ Poor

127      128      129

thing. \_\_\_\_\_ The judge, he tells her, is all con-trite. He

130      131      132

blames him - self for her dread - ful plight. She must come straight to his

133      134      135      (to 139)

house to - night, Poor thing, poor thing.

V.S.

Meno mosso - Minuet

139 (The shadowy figures have assembled. They are dancing a slow minuet as the Beadle leads the wife through them.)

139-142 **4** **A tempo** 143 144 MRS. LOVETT

Of

145 (MRS. LOVETT) 146

course, when she goes there, Poor thing, poor thing, They're

(The wife looks around dazedly, mimes drinking champagne.)

147 148 149

hav - in' this ball all in masks. — There's no one she knows there, Poor

150 151 152

dear, poor thing, She wand - ers tor - men - ted and drinks, Poor thing. The

153 154 155

judge has re - pent - ed, she thinks, Poor thing. "Oh, where is Judge Tur - pin?" she

(The Judge appears and tears off first his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. The wife screams as he reaches for her. She struggles wildly as the Beadle hurls her to the floor. He holds

156 157 158

asks. He was there, all right! On - ly

her there as the Judge mounts her while the masked dancers pirouette around the ravishment, giggling.)

(MRS. LOVETT)

159 160 161

not so con - trite! She

162 163 164

was - n't no match for such craft, you see, And ev - 'ry - one thought it so

165 166 167

droll. They fig - ured she had to be daft, you see, So

168 169

all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see, Poor

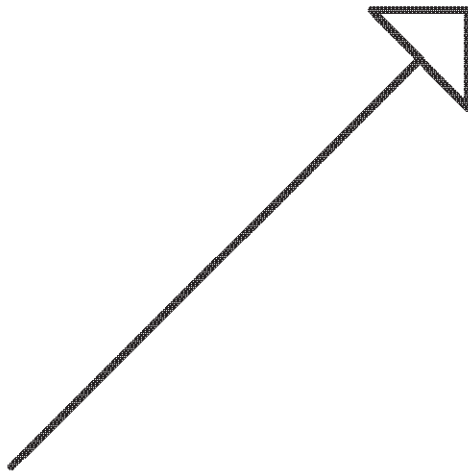
170 *accel. poco a poco al fine* 171 172 173

soul! Poor thing!

**TODD:** (With a wild shout)  
Would no one have mercy on her?

173A-173B 2 174-175 2

2 2



Todd  
Mrs. Lovett  
Chorus

5

# My Friends

**Warning:**

**MRS. LOVETT:** ...See? You can be a barber again!  
(cue) As TODD picks up the razor.

(Todd picks up a small razor, fondles it.)

**MRS. LOVETT:** My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they?  
**TODD:** Silver, yes.

**Misterioso** (♩ = 100)

Bell Tree

3 **Safety**  
**TODD** (last time)

These are my friends. See how they glis - ten. —

See this one shine, How he smiles in the light, My —

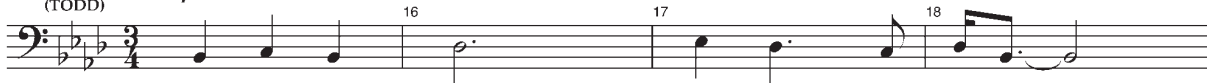
**Piu mosso** *rit.* (He holds the razor to his ear.)

friend, — My faith - ful friend. —

**V.S.**

15

(TODD) *a tempo*



Speak to me, friend. Whis - per, I'll lis - ten.---



I know, I know. You've been locked out--- of sight all these



years,--- like me, my friend.--- Well, I've come

27

*Piu mosso*



home--- to find you wait - ing.---



Home,--- and we're to - geth - er,---



And we'll do won - ders,--- *rit.* Won't we?---



37 *a tempo* MRS. LOVETT (*Fondling Todd gently.*)

I'm your friend, too, Mis-ter Todd, If you on-ly

TODD (*Picking up a larger razor.*)

You there, my friend. Come, let me hold you.—

41

knew, Mis-ter Todd. Ooh, Mis-ter Todd, you're warm in my hand.—

Now, with a sigh, you grow warm in my hand, My—

45 *poco rall.*

— You've come home. Al-ways had a fond-ness for you, I did.

friend, — My clev-er friend.—

V.S.

49 *a tempo*  
(MRS. LOVETT)

50 51 52

Nev-er you fear, Mis-ter Todd. You can move in

(TODD)

Rest now, my friends. Soon I'll un - fold you,—

53 54 55 56

here, Mis-ter Todd. Splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

Soon you'll know splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

57 58 59 60

days will be yours. I'm your friend, and you're

days, My luck-y friends. Till now your

61

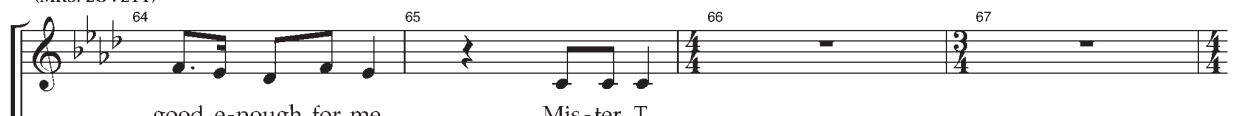
62 63

mine! Don't they shine beau - ti - ful! Sil - ver's

shine was mere - ly sil - ver.

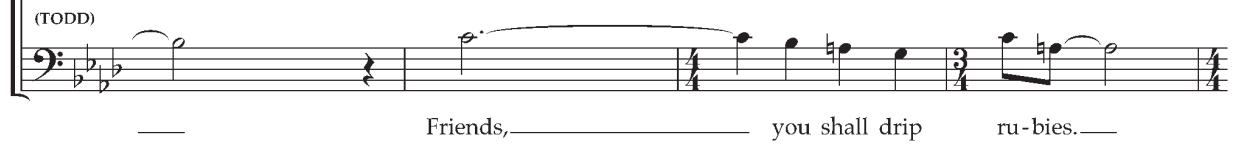
(MRS. LOVETT)

64 65 66 67



good e-nough for me, Mis-ter T.

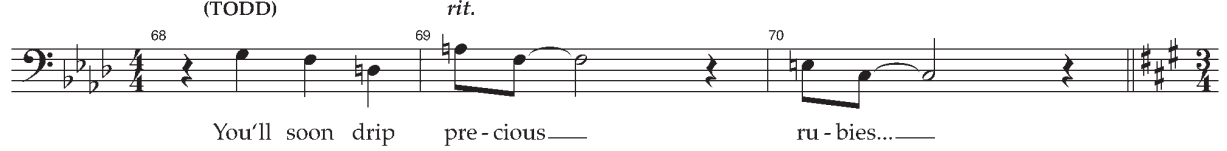
(TODD)



Friends, you shall drip ru-bies.

(TODD) *rit.*

68 69 70



You'll soon drip pre-cious ru-bies...

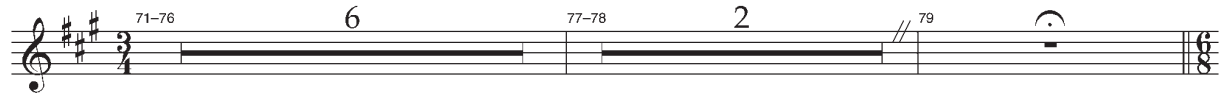
**A tempo sempre dolce**  
 (Slowly, Todd rises and holds the razor up to the light.)

(The lights dim, except for a harsh spot on Todd.)

**TODD:** At last, my right arm is complete again!

71

71-76 6 77-78 2 79



*attacca*

**Meno mosso, ben marcato**  
WOMEN (Todd exits slowly, holding the razor high.)

80 Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

TENORS  
Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

BARITONES  
Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

BASSES  
Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.

84 Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

85 Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

86 Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

87 Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

88 Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

89 Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

90 Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

91 Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

(WOMEN) BEADLE

92 93 94 95

righ - teous - ness. \_\_\_\_\_ His

(TENORS)

righ - teous - ness. \_\_\_\_\_

(BARITONES & BASSES)

righ - teous - ness. \_\_\_\_\_

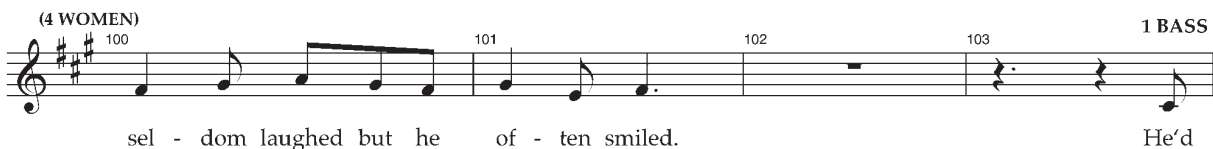
**V.S.**

96 (BEADLE) 4 WOMEN



voice was soft, his man - ner mild. He

(4 WOMEN) 1 BASS



sel - dom laughed but he of - ten smiled. He'd

(1 BASS) ALL



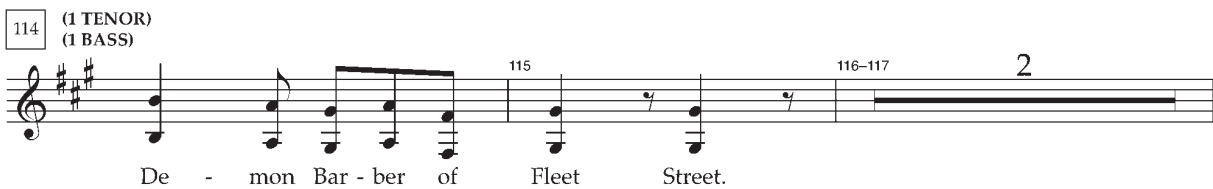
seen how civ-il-ized men be-have. He nev-er for-got and he nev-er for-gave, Not

(ALL) 1 TENOR 1 BASS



Swee - ney, Not Swee - ney Todd, The

114 (1 TENOR) (1 BASS) 2



De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

*(Light comes up on Judge Turpin's mansion. A Bird Seller enters, carrying small birds in wicker cages. Johanna, a young girl with long blonde hair, appears at an upper level of the mansion and stands disconsolate.)*

Safety

(Celli)



(Celli)

NOTE: Overlap (cross-fade) with next number (Vamp A-B-C).

Johanna

6

## Green Finch and Linnet Bird

**JOHANNA:**  
(To Bird Seller) And how are they today?

**BIRD SELLER:**  
Hungry as always, Miss Johanna.

**Ad lib. Repeat**

(He lifts the cages up to her.)



Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing?—



How can you ju-bi-late, sit-ting in ca-ges, Nev-er tak-ing wing?—



Out-side the sky waits, beck-on-ing, beck-on-ing, Just be-yond the bars.—



How can you re-main, star-ing at the rain, mad-dened by the stars?



How is it you sing— an-y-thing? How is it you sing?—

**V.S.**

21 (JOHANNA)



Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing?\_\_\_\_\_

**Con poco moto**



Whence comes this mel-o-dy con-stant-ly flow-ing? Is it re-joic-ing or



mere-ly hal-lo-ing? Are you dis-cuss-ing or fuss-ing or simp-ly

31



dream-ing? Are you crow-ing?


*poco rit.* *a tempo*



Are you scream-ing?\_\_\_\_\_


*poco rit.* *a tempo*

37



Ring-dove and rob-in-et, is it for wa-ges, Sing-ing to be sold?\_\_\_\_\_

(Anthony enters. Instantly he sees her and stands transfixed by her beauty.)



Have you de-cid-ed it's saf-er in ca-ges, Sing-ing when you're told?\_\_\_\_\_



45

**Piu mosso**

(JOHANNA)



My cage has man-y rooms, dam-ask and dark. Noth-ing there sings, not ev-en my lark.



Larks nev - er will, you know, when they're cap - tive. Teach me to be



more ad - ap - tive.

Ah, \_\_\_\_\_

55

**A tempo, tranquillo**

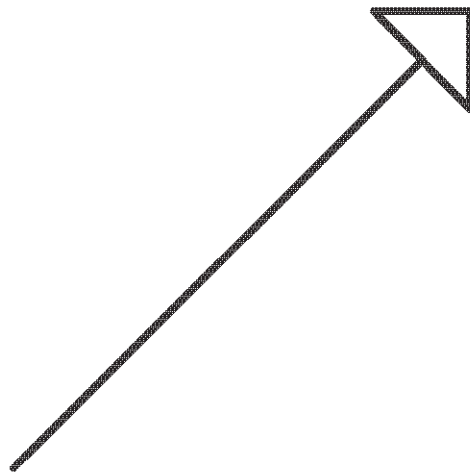
Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, Teach me how to sing. \_\_\_\_\_



If I can - not fly, \_\_\_\_\_ let me sing. \_\_\_\_\_

(She gazes disconsolately into the middle distance.)

*Segue as one*



Anthony  
Johanna  
Beggar Woman

7

# Ah, Miss

**Con moto, poco rubato**  
(♩ = 80)

ANTHONY  
(Gazing at Johanna)

1 I have sailed the world, be-held its won-ders From the

2

3

4

5 pearls of Spain to the ru-bies of Ti-bet, But not ev - en in Lon-don— have I

6

7

8

9 seen such a won-der. La - dy,

10

11

12 *rit.*

13 *a tempo*  
*pp*

14 Look at me look at me miss, oh look at me please oh,

15

16 Fav - or me fav - or me with your glance. Ah, miss,

**V.S.**

(ANTHONY)

Musical notation for measures 17 and 18. Measure 17 is in 5/8 time, and measure 18 is in 4/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

What do you what do you see off there in those trees oh,

Musical notation for measures 19 and 20. Measure 19 is in 5/8 time, and measure 20 is in 4/8 time. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

Won't you give won't you give me a chance? Who would

21

Musical notation for measure 21, in 3/4 time. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

sail to Spain, for all its won - ders, When in

Musical notation for measures 23 and 24. Measure 23 is in 3/4 time, and measure 24 is in 4/8 time. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Kearn - ey's Lane lies the great - est won - der yet? Ah, miss,

Musical notation for measures 25 and 26. Measure 25 is in 5/8 time, and measure 26 is in 4/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Look at you look at you pale and iv - or - y - skinned oh,

Musical notation for measures 27 and 28. Measure 27 is in 5/8 time, and measure 28 is in 12/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Look at you look - ing so sad, so queer. Pro - mise

(mf)

Musical notation for measures 29 and 30. Measure 29 is in 5/8 time, and measure 30 is in 4/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Not to re - treat to the dark - ness back of your win - dow,

(mp)

Musical notation for measures 31 and 32. Measure 31 is in 5/8 time, and measure 32 is in 4/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Not till you not till you look down here. Look at

33 JOHANNA

Green finch and lin - net bird, night - in - gale, black - bird,

(ANTHONY)  
me! \_\_\_\_\_ Look at

35 36

Teach me how to sing. If I can - not fly, \_\_\_\_\_ Let me

me! \_\_\_\_\_ Look at

(Their eyes meet. They gaze at each other for a moment.)

37 38-39 2 (to 41)

sing...

me...

V.S.

41 **BEGGAR WOMAN** (Grabbing Anthony from a garbage heap) (Johanna, frightened, slips back inside the house. The Beggar Woman

Musical notation for Beggar Woman starting at measure 41. Lyrics: Alms! Alms! For a mis-'ra-ble wo-man... Beg your par-don, it's

thrusts her bowl at Anthony, who hastily drops a coin into it, then turns back to discover Johanna gone.)

**ANTHONY:** (As the Beggar Woman starts off) One moment, mother. Perhaps you know whose house this is.

Musical notation for Anthony starting at measure 43. Lyrics: you, sir... Thank yer, thank yer kind-ly... Includes a violin solo section starting at measure 44.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:**  
That! That's the great Judge Turpin's house, that is.

**ANTHONY:**  
And the young lady who resides there?

Musical notation for Beggar Woman starting at measure 46. Includes a ritardando section starting at measure 49.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:**  
Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward. But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide.

Musical notation for a section of the score from measure 50 to 53, consisting of a whole rest.

**BEGGAR WOMAN (cont.):**  
Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you -- or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

Musical notation for a Clarinet solo section starting at measure 54 and ending at measure 57.

58 **(BEGGAR WOMAN)**  
(Leering at him)

Musical notation for Beggar Woman starting at measure 58. Lyrics: Hey! Hoy! Sail - or boy! Want it snug - ly har - bored? Op - en me gate, but

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

61 62 63

dock it straight, I see it lists to star - board!

*(She grabs at his crotch and dances around him grotesquely, lifting her skirts.)*

*Tpt. Solo* 65 66

**ANTHONY:** *(Tossing coins at her)* Here and here  
and here! Take it and be off with you! Off!

*(Cackling, the Beggar Woman collects the coins and scampers  
off. The noise has frightened the birds, who start screeching.)*

67 68 69

70 71 72

*(Dialog)* **Vamp**  
*Picc.*

*Segue*

8

Anthony

# Johanna (Part I)

*Johanna reappears at the window. Anthony holds the cage up as a present, beckoning her down. She hesitates, smiles, nods, disappears into the house. He waits. Shyly, almost furtively, she slips out of the door and stands there. He moves toward her, holding out the cage. Slowly her hand goes out toward him.*

**Tranquillo** (♩ = 66) **ANTHONY**  
(last time)

(Bird sounds overlap) I

5 (ANTHONY)

feel you, Jo - han - na, I feel you.

11

I was half con-vinced I'd wak - en, Sat-is-fied e-nough to dream— you.

Hap-pi-ly, I was mis-tak - en, Jo - han - na! I'll

*(They are so absorbed with each other that they fail to notice the approach of Judge Turpin and the Beadle.)*

19

steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll steal you...



**JUDGE:** (*Shouting*) Johanna! Johanna!

**JOHANNA:** Oh dear! (*Forgetting the birdcage, she scurries to the house*)

**JUDGE:** (*Glaring at Anthony*) If I see your face again on this or any other neighbor street, you'll rue the day you were born. Is that plain enough speaking for you?

**ANTHONY:** But, sir. I swear there was nothing in my heart...

*Safety*



**ANTHONY** (*cont.*): ... but the most respectful sentiments of--

**JUDGE:** (*To Beadle*) Dispose of him. (*He strides toward the house.*)

27

Musical notation for measure 27-32. The notation shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a measure rest of 6 measures. The measure rest is indicated by a horizontal line with a "6" above it.

**JOHANNA:** Oh dear! I knew!

**BEADLE:** (*Fondling his truncheon, to Anthony*) You heard his worship.

**ANTHONY:** But friend, I have no fight with you.

(*The Beadle opens the cage door, takes the bird out, wrings its neck and then tosses it away.*)

**BEADLE:** Get the gist of it, friend? Next time it'll be *your* neck. (*He starts after the Judge and Johanna.*)

33

Musical notation for measure 33-40. The notation shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a measure rest of 8 measures. The measure rest is indicated by a horizontal line with an "8" above it.

*Segue as one*

# 8A

Anthony

## Johanna (Part II)

**Maestoso** (♩ = 66)  
(Dialogue)

**Safety**

(ANTHONY)  
(last time)

I'll

5 (ANTHONY)

steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll steal you.

11 **Con poco moto**

Do they think that walls can hide — you? E-ven now I'm at your win - dow.

I am in the dark be-side — you, Bur-ied sweet-ly in your yel-low hair... —


I

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

one day I'll steal you.

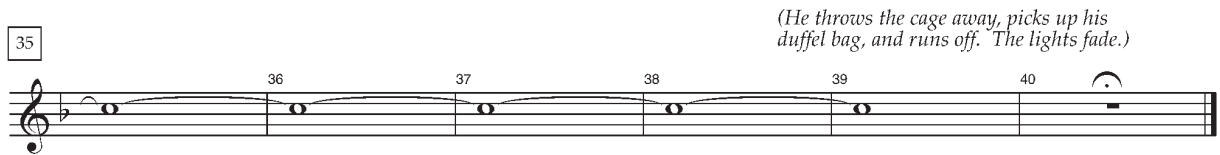
31 (ANTHONY)



Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your yel-low hair.—

32 33 34

35



(He throws the cage away, picks up his duffel bag, and runs off. The lights fade.)

36 37 38 39 40

*Applause Segue*

9

# Pirelli's Miracle Elixir

Tobias  
Todd  
Mrs. Lovett  
Crowd

(♩ = 132)

1 (h) 2 3 (h) 4 (h)

*Tpts., Chimes + Organ*

**Brightly** (♩ = 132)  
*Vamp* 5 *Whistle*

6 *Fl. Harp*

7 **L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♩)  
*Safety*  
TOBIAS (*last time*)

La - dies and gen - tle - men!

*Clar., Tbn. (Sub)*

(*He beats the drum enthusiastically*)

8 9 10 11 12

May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you

13 14 15 16

wake ev - 'ry morn - ing in shame and des - pair To dis - cov - er your pil - low is cov - ered with hair

17 18 19 20

Wot ought not to be there? Well,

21



La - dies and gen - tle - men, From now on you can wak - en with ease. ———




— You need nev - er a - gain have a wor - ry or care, I will




show you a mir - a - cle mar - vel - ous rare. ———

**V.S.**

31 (TOBIAS)



Gen - tle - men, you are a - bout to see some - thing that rose from the dead...——



— (A woman in the crowd gasps with horror) (Reassuringly) ...on the top of my

37 Moderato



head! Scarce - ly a month a - go, gen - tle - men, I was



sud - den - ly struck with a rare Or - i - en - tal dis - ease. Though the



fin - est phy - si - cians in Lon - don were called, I a -



wak - ened one morn - ing a - mazed and ap - palled To dis -



cov - er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov - i - ce's knees.

(TOBIAS)

I was dy-ing of shame Till a gen-tle-man came,

*poco rit.*

An il-lus-tri-ous bar-ber, Pi-rel-li by

49 *a tempo*

name. He gave me a li-quad as pre-cious as gold. I

rubbed it in dai-ly like wot I was told, And be-

(He beats the drum and doffs his cap dramatically, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders.)

*L'istesso tempo*

hold! Less than thir-ty days old! (to 60)

60

'Twas Pi-rel-li's Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir, That's what did the trick, sir, True, sir, true.

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an e-lix-ir ought to do.

**V.S.**

(TOBIAS)

How a-bout a bot - tle, mis - ter? On - ly costs a pen - ny, guar - an -

*(He proffers bottles of the elixir to the crowd.)*

(TOBIAS)

teed. Go a-head and tug, sir, Go a-head, sir, hard - er.

1st MAN

Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, I don't know. Ah, let's

2nd MAN

You don't need...

MEN

Pen-ny for a bot - tle, is it?

72 (TOBIAS)

Does Pi-rel-li's stim - u - late the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir, 'Tis u-nique.

(1st MAN)

go!

*(Gently applying the 1st Man's hand to the wet spot.)*

(TOBIAS)

Rub a min - ute. Stim - u - lat - in', i'n' it? Soon you'll have to thin it once a week.



(TOBIAS) *(To others)*

80 Pen-ny buys a bot - tle guar - an - teed. 81 'Ow a - bout a sam - ple?

1st MAN

Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, might as

(TOBIAS) 82 Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er smell? 83 *(To 1st Man)* That's e - nough, sir, am - ple.

1st WOMAN *(To 3rd Man)*

Is - n't it a crime they let these ur - chins clog the

2nd WOMAN

Go a - head and try it, wot the

(1st MAN)

well...

2nd MAN *(To 2nd Woman)*

Wot - cher think?

3rd MAN

Pen - ny buys a bot - tle, does it?

(TOBIAS) 85 Gent - ly dab it. Gets to be a hab - it. 86 Soon there'll be e - nough, sir, some - bo - dy can grab it. 87

(1st WOMAN)

pave - ments?

(2nd WOMAN)

hell?

V.S.

(TOBIAS) *(Points to a long-haired man)*

88 89 90 91

See that chap with hair like Shel - ley's? You can tell 'e's used Pi - rel - li's!

92

TODD  
*(Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)*

93

Par - don me, ma'am, what's that aw - ful

1st MAN 2nd MAN

Let me have a bot - tle. Make that two.

TOBIAS

*(To 3rd Woman)*

94 95

Go a-head and feel, mum. Ab-so-lute-ly real, mum.

MRS. LOVETT

*(To a man in the crowd)*

Are we stand - ing near an o - pen trench? Par-don me, sir, what's that aw - ful

(TODD)

stench? Must be stand - ing near a o - pen

1st WOMAN

2nd WOMAN

Then a - gain I could get some for Har - ry. Noth-ing works on Har - ry, dear, bye -

3rd WOMAN

I'm just pass-ing

2nd MAN

1st MAN

2nd MAN

How-a-bout a beer? You know a pub? There's one close

3rd MAN

Pass it

96

(TOBIAS) *(Handing Todd a bottle for inspection.)*

Buy Pi-rel-li's Mir - a-cle E-lix-ir. An - y-thing wot's slick, sir, soon sprouts curls.

(MRS. LOVETT)

stench?

(TODD)

trench.

(2nd WOMAN)

bye.

(3rd WOMAN)

by.

(2nd MAN)

by.

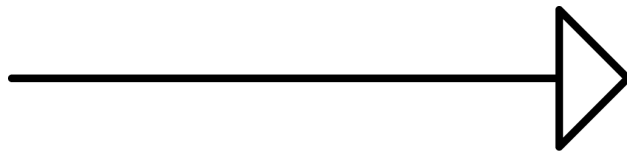
(3rd MAN)

by.

(TOBIAS)

Try Pi-rel-li's! When they see how thick, sir, You can have your pick, sir, of the girls!

**V.S.**



(TOBIAS) *(To 4th Woman)*

104 Want to buy a bot-tle, mis-sus? Pen-ny for a bot-tle. Have you ev-er smelled a clean-er

MRS. LOVETT

What is this? Smells like - phew!

TODD *(Handing the bottle back distastefully)*

What is this? Smells like piss.

1st MAN 2nd MAN

Pro-pa-gates the hair, sir. He says it smells like

4th MAN 3rd MAN *(To 2nd Man)*

I'll take one. What was that?

(TOBIAS)

107 smell? How a-bout a sam - ple? How a-bout a sam-ple, mis-ter?

(MRS. LOVETT)

Would-n't touch it if I was you, dear.

(TODD)

Looks like piss. This is piss. Piss with

(2nd MAN)

piss. Wot - cher think?

2nd WOMAN & 5th MAN

Says it smells like piss or some-thing.

V.S.

109 (TOBIAS) (Trying to calm the crowd)

110

Nev-er mind that mad-man, mis-ter.

(MRS. LOVETT)

What does that smell like to you, sir?

(TODD)

ink.

WOMEN

Let me smell that bot-tle. I don't want no ink-piss! What is this?

MEN

Let me smell that bot-tle. I don't want no ink-piss! What is this?

(TOBIAS) 112 (to 130)

111

Nev-er mind the mad-man.

(MRS. LOVETT)

Give 'em back their mon-ey! Where is this Pi-rel-li?

(TODD)

Where is this Pi-rel-li?

(WOMEN)

Give us back our mon - ey! Yeah, where is this Pi-

(MEN)

What does that smell like to you, ma'am? Yeah, where is this Pi-

130 TOBIAS

Let Pi-rel-li's ac-ti-vate your roots, sir. Yes,

TODD

Keep it off your boots, sir, Eats right through!

(WOMEN)

rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!

(MEN)

rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!

CROWD

CROWD

(TOBIAS)

134 get Pi-rel-li's! Use a bot-tle of it! La-dies seem to love it!

MRS. LOVETT (Opt. 8va)

Flies do, too!

(The crowd laughs uproariously)

138 (to 140) 140 CROWD

141 Hand the blood-y mon-ey o-ver! Hand the blood-y mon-ey o-ver!

142 TOBIAS

See Pi-rel-li's Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir grow a lit-tle wick, sir, then some fuzz.

146 The Pi-rel-li's soon-'ll make it thick, sir, Like a good e-lix-ir al-ways does.

V.S.

150 (TOBIAS)

Trust Pi-rel-li's! If your hair is sick, sir, Fix it in a nick, sir, Don't look grim.

Just Pi-rel-li's Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir, That-'ll do the trick, sir!

TOBIAS

If you've got a kick, sir!

3 MEN

What a-bout the mon-ey?

### CROWD

159 Sopranos

What a-bout the mon-ey? Where is this Pi-rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!

Altos

What a-bout the mon-ey? Where is this Pi-rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!

Tenors

Yeah, where is this Pi-rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!

Basses

Yeah, where is this Pi-rel-li? Go and get Pi-rel-li!



**TOBIAS**

162 Tell it to the mix - er of the 163 Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir. 164 If you've got a kick, sir...

(Sopranos)  
What a - bout our mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

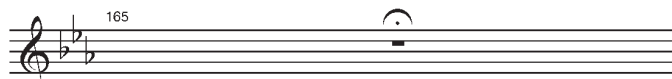

(Altos)  
What a - bout our mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

(Tenors)  
What a - bout our mon - ey? Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

(Basses)  
What a - bout our mon - ey? Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

*(Pirelli burst through the curtain flamboyantly.  
The crowd falls silent, stunned.)*

**TOBIAS**

165  166 

Talk to him!

*Segue*

# 9A

Pirelli

## Pirelli's Entrance

**Moderato, con molto rubato**

(Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment)

2

PIRELLI

I \_\_\_\_\_ am A - dol - fo Pi -

rel - li, Da king of da bar - bers, Da bar - ber of kings, *accel.* E buon gior - no, Good

day. I blow you a kiss. *(He does)* And

10 *a tempo*

I, \_\_\_\_\_ Da so fa-mous Pi - rel - li, I wish - a to know - a who has - a da

nerve - a to say \_\_\_\_\_ My e - lix - ir is piss! **Dictated** Who says this?

Pirelli  
(Beatle)

10

## The Contest (Part I)

**PIRELLI:** Ready!**TODD:** Ready!**BEADLE:** The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.*(He blows his whistle)*

**Agitato** (♩ = 144)  
*Safety*

1 2 3 4

*Tbns.*

*Pirelli strops his razor quickly and starts whipping up lather furiously. Todd also strops his razor, but with painstaking slowness.*

5 6 3

*Whistle*

**L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♩)  
*Safety*  
**PIRELLI** *(last time)*

9

10 11 12

Now si-gnor-i-ni, si - gnor - i, we mix-a da lath-er, but first-a you gath-er a-round, Si-gnor-

*(Lathering his man)*

13 14 15 16

i-ni, si-gnor - i, you look-ing a man who have had - a da glo-ry to shave-a da Pope! Mis-ter

*(To the customer, as he accidentally lathers his nose)*

17 18 19 20

Swee-ney who-ev-er-I beg - a your par-don-'ll prob - a-bly say it was on-ly a car-din-al.

*(Finishes lathering the man)* *(Exchanges his brush for a razor)* *(to 46)*

21 22 23

Nope! It was - a da Pope! To shave - a da

**V.S.**

46 (PIRELLI) (Shaves his man, with flourishes)

face, To pull - a da toot' Re - qui - re da grace And not - a da

*accel. poco a poco*

brute, For if - a you slip, you nick da skin, you clip - a da chin, you rip - a da

Todd strops his razor slowly and deliberately, disconcerting Pirelli and drawing the crowd's attention.

**a tempo**  
**PIRELLI:**  
 (Getting the crowd's attention back)

lip a bit, and dat's - a da trut'! To shave - a da

54 *mf espress.*

face Or e - ven a part Wid - out it - a smart Re - qui - re da

(Gesturing to Tobias, who pulls down an elaborate anatomical chart of the head)

*ten.*

heart. It take - a da art. I show you a chart I stud - y - a

Again, Todd slowly strops his razor, then plucks a hair from his head, holds it up, slices it and watches it fall.

**Rubato**  
 (Gaining confidence  
*mp*)

start - ing in my yout'! To cut - a da

62 *a tempo*  
as he sees Todd so far behind)

(PIRELLI)

hair, To trim - a da beard, To make-a da bris-tle clean like a whis-tle, Dis is from

ear - ly in - fan-cy da tal-ent give to me by God! ————— It take - a da

70

skill, It take - a da brains, It take - a da will To take-a da

*ten.*

pains, ————— It take - a da pace, It take - a da grace! —————

Todd, with a few deft strokes,  
lathers and shaves his man,  
and signals the Beadle.

BEADLE

The win - ner is Todd!

# 10A

Pirelli  
Tobias

## The Contest (Part II)

(Optional)

BEADLE: Ready?

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

(The Beadle blows his whistle)

**Molto rubato**

2

PIRELLI

To pull - a da toot' Wid - out - a da skill Can dam - age da

Ow! Ooh!

(To the squirming Tobias)

(To the crowd)

*rit.*

*accel. poco a poco*

root... Now hold - a da still! An' if - a you slip you grip a bit, you

Anhh! Ah... Honh... Honh... Honh...

*a tempo*

hit da pit of it or chip - a da tip an' have - a to fill! To pull - a da

Honh... Honh... Honh... Ohhh... Anh!

10

toot' Wid - out - a da grace, You leave - a da space All o - ver da

Uh... Uh... Uh...

(PIRELLI) (Glaring archly at Todd)

13 place. You try to e - rase 14 Wid - out - a da trace... 15 Some - time is da

(TOBIAS)

Uh... Uh... Uh...

*Pirelli withdraws the extractor and wrestles Tobias into a new position.*

*rit.* *a tempo*

16 case you e - ven - a kill. 17 To hold - a da clamp Wid - out - a da

*ff* *mp*

Anh - eeee! ————— Unh... Unh...

*Pirelli clamps his hand over Tobias' mouth.* (To Tobias)

19 clamp, 20 Wid all dat sa - li - va, 21 It could - a drive - a you cra - zy (don' mut - ter or

Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Mmph! Mmph! Mmph!

*(Removes his hand and re-inserts the extractor)*

*accel.* *a tempo*

22 Back - a you go to the gut - ter), I 23 hold - a da clamp like a but - ter - a - cup! 24 I take - a da

*mf*

Mmmm ————— ph!

V.S.

25 (PIRELLD)

pains, I learn - a da art, I use - a da

(TOBIAS) *p* (Extractor in mouth)

No... No...

27 *rit. espress.*

brains, I give - a da heart, I have - a da

No... No...

Todd, with a tiny tug,  
extracts his man's tooth. The Beadle blows his whistle,  
the crowd roars its approval.  
(Drooping)

29

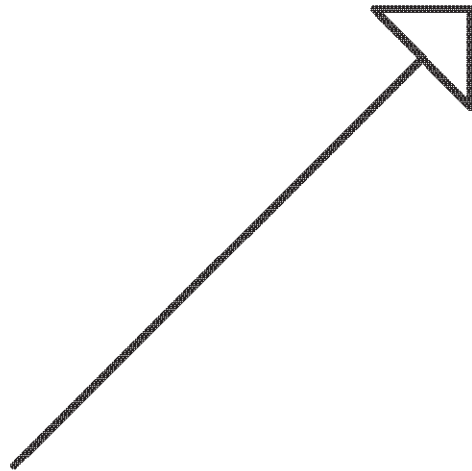
grace, I win - a da race! I give - a da up.

*mp* *ff*

No... Aaahhhh! —

(to 32) 32





# 10B

Members of the Company

## Ballad of Sweeney Todd

**TODD:** (*Expressionless*) You will be welcome, Beadle Bamford, and I guarantee to give you, without a penny's charge, the closest shave you will ever know.

(*Mrs. Lovett takes Todd's arm and starts with him offstage as the scene blacks out. The factory whistle blasts.*)

**Allegretto** (♩. = 132)

(*As the whistle dies*)

1 Flute

mf

3

**SOLO BASS**

Swee-ney pon-dered and Swee-ney planned, Like a per-fect ma-chine 'e planned,

**SOLO BARI** **SOLO BASS** **SOLO TENOR**

Barb-ing the hook, Bait-ing the trap, Set-ting it out for the Bea-dle to snap.

**SOPR. & TENOR**

Sly-ly court-ed 'im, Swee-ney did, Set a sort of a scene 'e did,

15

**2 SOPR. & 2 TENORS**

Lay-ing the trail, Show-ing the tra-ces, Let-ting it lead to high-er pla-ces.

**3 WOMEN**

Swee-ney pon-dered and Swee-ney planned, Like a per-fect ma-

**3 BARIS**

Lay-ing the trail, Show-ing the tra-ces, Let-ting it lead to

(WOMEN)

22 chine 'e planned, 23 Sly - ly court - ed 'im, 24 Swee - ney did,

TENORS

Lay - ing the trail, Show - ing the tra - ces,

(BARIS, BASSES)

high - er pla - ces, Sly - ly court - ed 'im, Swee - ney did.

25

Swee - - - - -

26 27

Let - ting it lead to high - er pla - ces. Swee - -

Set it like a ma - chine, a sort of a scene 'e did, Did

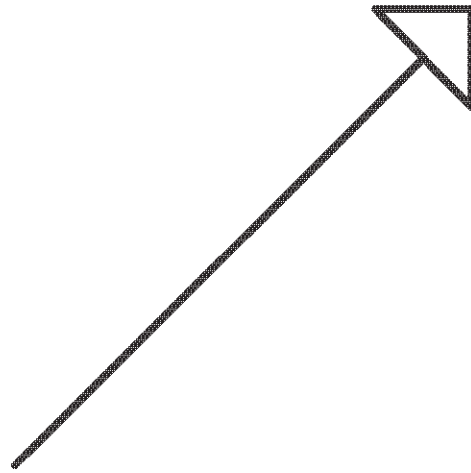
28 29 30 31

ney... \_\_\_\_\_

ney... \_\_\_\_\_

Swee - ney... \_\_\_\_\_

Segue



Judge Turpin

11

## Johanna

(The lights shift to a room in Judge Turpin's house. The Judge is in his judicial clothes, a Bible in his hand.  
In the adjoining room, Johanna sits sewing.)

**Molto rubato**

JUDGE TURPIN



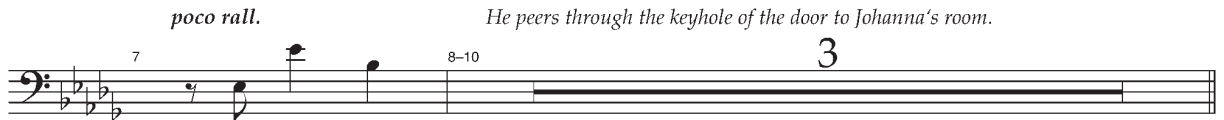
Me - a cul - pa, me - a cul - pa, Me - a max - i - ma cul - pa, Me - a



max - i - ma max - i - ma cul - pa.



God de-liv - er me! Re-lease me! For-give me! Re-strain me!



Per - vade me!

**V.S.**

Moderato, non rubato (♩ = 160)

JUDGE TURPIN  
(last time)

11-13 3 14

Jo -

15 (JUDGE TURPIN)

han - na, Jo - han - na, So sud - den - ly a wo - man,

The light be - hind your win - dow, It pen - e - trates your

22 23 24 *mp*

gown. \_\_\_\_\_ Jo -

25 26 27 28

han - na, Jo - han - na, The sun, I see the sun through your..

29 *Ashamed, he turns away.* *He sinks to his knees, starts tearing off his robe.*

*f* 30 31 32

No! God! De - liv - er me! De - liv - er me!

*Naked to the waist, he picks up a scourge from the table.*

33 34 35 36

Down! Down... Down... Jo -

37

(JUDGE)



han - na, Jo - han - na, I watch you from the



sha - dows. You sigh be - fore your win - dow



And gaze up - on the town... Your

47



lips part, Jo - han - na, So young and soft and beau - ti - ful...



God! De - liv - er me! Filth! Leave me!

55

*cantabile*

Jo - han - na, Jo - han - na. I trea - sured you in in - no - cence



And loved you like a daugh - ter.

V.S.

63

(JUDGE)

Musical notation for measures 63-66 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The notes are: 63: G2, A2, B2; 64: C3, D3, E3; 65: F3, G3, A3; 66: B3, C4, D4.

You mock me, Jo-han-na, You tempt me with your in - no - cence.

Musical notation for measures 67-70 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measure 67: E3, F3, G3. Measure 68: A3, B3, C4. Measure 69: D4, E4, F4. Measure 70: G4, A4, B4. Performance markings: *poco cresc.* above measure 68, *ff* above measure 69, and *(Flails himself)* and *(Again)* above measures 69 and 70 respectively.

You tempt me with those quiv - er - ing... No! God!

Musical notation for measures 71-74 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measure 71: G3, A3, B3. Measure 72: C4, D4, E4. Measure 73: F4, G4, A4. Measure 74: B4, C5, D5. Performance markings: *(Flails himself again)* above measure 71, and *(Again)* above measures 72, 73, and 74.

De - liv - er me! It will Stop! Now! It will

75

Musical notation for measures 75-78 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measure 75: G3, A3, B3. Measure 76: C4, D4, E4. Measure 77: F4, G4, A4. Measure 78: B4, C5, D5. Performance markings: *(Again)* above measure 75, *(Again)* above measure 76, *f* above measure 76, *(Again)* above measure 77, *mf* above measure 77, and *(Again, becoming exhausted)* above measure 78.

Stop Right Now. Right

Musical notation for measures 79-82 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measure 79: G3, A3, B3. Measure 80: C4, D4, E4. Measure 81: F4, G4, A4. Measure 82: B4, C5, D5. Performance markings: *(Again)* above measure 79, *mp* above measure 79, *(Again, weakly)* above measure 80, *(Again)* above measure 81, and *p* above measure 81.

Now. Right Now...

*Panting, he kneels his way over to the door and peers through the keyhole.*

Musical notation for measures 82A-82C and 82D in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measures 82A-82C: A whole rest. Measure 82D: G3, A3, B3. Performance markings: *3* above the whole rest, and *p* above measure 82D with *(to 83)* to its right.

Jo -

83

Musical notation for measures 83-86 in bass clef, 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. Measure 83: G3, A3, B3. Measure 84: C4, D4, E4. Measure 85: F4, G4, A4. Measure 86: B4, C5, D5.

han - na, Jo - han - na, I can - not keep you long - er.





As he relaxes and regains control of himself, he starts to dress.

JUDGE TURPIN

108-110 3 111

Jo -

112 (JUDGE TURPIN)

han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll keep you here for - ev - er,

I'll wed you on the mor - row. Jo -

han - na, Jo - han - na, The world will nev - er touch you,

I'll wed you on the mor - row! \_\_\_\_\_ As

128 *f*

years pass, Jo - han - na, You'll tend me in my sol - i - tude,

No long - er as a daugh - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ As a wo - man.

(JUDGE) *(Now fully dressed)*  
*mp* *poco cresc.*

Jo - han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll hold you here for -

*poco cresc.*

ev - er then, You'll keep a - way from win - dows and

142 *mp*

You'll de - liv - er me, Jo - han - na, From this

*dim. poco a poco*

Hot red dev - il With your

soft white cool vir - gin

154 *pp* 155 156-157 **2**

palms...—————

# 12

## Wait

Mrs. Lovett  
Beggar Woman

Light comes up on Mrs. Lovett's Pie Shop and the apartment above, which now is sparsely furnished with a washstand and a long wooden chest. As the foot of the outside staircase is a brand-new barber's pole. Attached to the first banister of the staircase is an iron bell. Todd is pacing in the apartment above. Mrs. Lovett comes hurrying out of the shop, carrying a wooden chair. As she does so, the Beggar Woman shuffles across the stage.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** (To a generous passerby)  
Thank yer... (She shuffles to Mrs. Lovett)  
**MRS. LOVETT:** (Imitating her, nastily)  
Alms... Alms... How many times have I told you?  
I'll not have trash from the gutter hanging around  
my establishment!

1 **BEGGAR WOMAN**

Alms... alms... — for a mis-'ra-ble...

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** Not just a penny, dear? Or a pie? One of them pies that gives the stomach cramps to half the neighborhood? (A cackling laugh) Come on, dear. Have a heart, dear.  
**MRS. LOVETT:** Off! Off with you or you'll get a kick on the rump that'll make your teeth chatter!  
**BEGGAR WOMAN:** Stuck up thing! You and your fancy airs!

She exits. Mrs. Lovett rings the bell to indicate her approach and starts climbing the stairs carrying the chair. At the sound of the bell, Todd becomes alert and snatches up the razor.

8 **(BEGGAR WOMAN)**  
(Shuffling off into the wings)  
(last time)

Alms... alms... — for a des-per-ate wo-man...

As Mrs. Lovett appears, Todd relaxes somewhat. Mrs. Lovett is now very proprietary towards him.

**MRS. LOVETT:** (*Putting the chair down*) It's not much of a chair, but it'll do till you get your fancy new one.

It was me poor Albert's chair, it was. Sat in it all day long, he did, after his leg gave out from the dropsy.

(*Surveying the room*) Kinda bare, isn't it? I never did like a bare room. Oh, well, we'll find some nice little knickknacks.

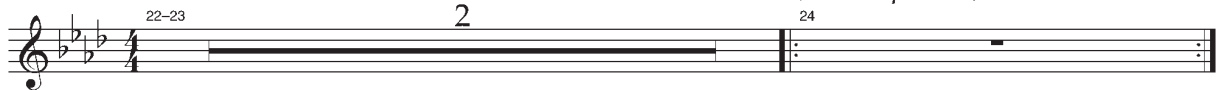
16



**TODD:** Why doesn't the Beadle come? "Before the week is out,"  
that's what he said.

**MRS. LOVETT:** And who says the week's out yet? It's only Friday.

(*Todd continues pacing*)



*Vamp*  
(*last time poco rit.*)

24

**V.S.**

25 **Adagio espress., non rubato** (♩ = 112)  
MRS. LOVETT

Eas-y now.— Hush, love, hush.— Don't dis-tress—your-self, What's your rush?—

*Todd keeps pacing.*

Keep your thoughts— Nice and lush.— Wait.

38

Hush, love, hush,— Think it through.— Once it bub - bles, then what's to do?—

*Todd grows calmer. Mrs. Lovett looks around the room.*

Watch it close,— Let it brew,— Wait. I've been think-ing,

46

flow-ers, May-be dai-sies,— To bright-en up the room...— Don't you think some

*Todd doesn't respond.*

flow - ers,— Pret-ty dai-sies, Might re - lieve the gloom? Ah,

54 **TODD: (Intensely)**  
And the Judge? When will I get him?

Wait, love, wait.

**MRS. LOVETT:** Can't you think of nothin' else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago--  
(Todd turns away violently with a hiss)



68 (MRS. LOVETT)

Slow, love, slow. — Time's so fast. — Now goes quick - ly. See, now it's past! —

72 73 74 75

Soon will come, — Soon will last. — Wait.

*Todd grows calm again.*

76 (MRS. LOVETT)

Don't you know, — sil-ly man, — Half the fun — is to plan the plan? —

80 81 82 83

All good things — come to those who can — Wait.

*Todd sits quietly. Mrs. Lovett looks around the room again.*

84 (MRS. LOVETT)

Gil-ly flow-ers may-be, 'stead of dai-sies... I don't know, though... What do you think?

**TODD:** (Docilely) Yes.

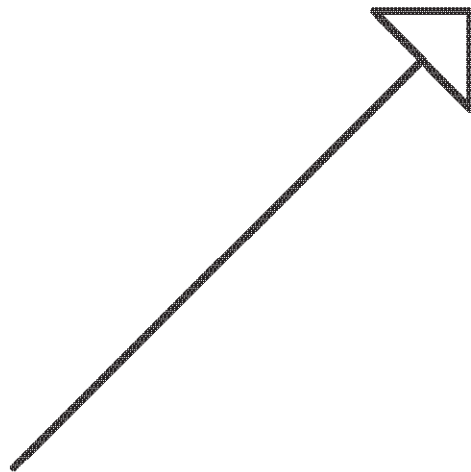
**MRS. LOVETT:** (Gently taking the razor from him) Gillyflowers, I'd say.

**MRS. LOVETT:** (cont.)

Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.

88-90 91 92 93

*rit.*





Pirelli

12A

## Pirelli's Death

(♩. = 100) **PIRELLI**  
(*Nastily, quasi parlando*) 2

1 You t'ink - a you smart? 3 You fool - ish - a boy. To - mor - row you

*ten.*

4 start 5 In my - a em - ploy. 6 You un - ner - a - stan'? You like - a my

Todd knocks the razor out of his hand and, in a protracted struggle, starts to strangle him. **TOBIAS:** (*Downstairs, unaware of this*)  
Oh, gawd, he's got an appointment with his tailor!

7 plan?

# 12B

## Pirelli's Death Underscore

**TOBIAS:** Ow, he ain't here.  
**TODD:** Signor Pirelli has been called away.

**TOBIAS:** Where did he go?  
**TODD:** He didn't say. You'd better run after him.  
**TOBIAS:** Oh no, sir, knowing him, sir,

66 **Allegretto** (♩ = 100)



**TOBIAS (cont.):**  
without orders to the contrary, I'd best wait for him here.  
*(He crosses to the chest and sits down on it, perilously near Pirelli's hand, which he doesn't notice. Todd at this moment does, however. Suddenly he is all nervous smiles)*  
**TODD:** So, Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she, my lad?

**TOBIAS:** Oh yes, sir.  
She's a real kind lady.



**TOBIAS (cont.):** One whole pie.  
*(As he speaks, his hand moves very close to Pirelli's hand)*  
**TODD:** *(Moving toward him)* A whole pie, eh? That's a treat.  
And yet, if I know a growing boy, there's still room for more, eh?

**TOBIAS:** I'd say, sir. *(Patting his stomach)*  
An aching void. *(Once again his hand is on the edge of the chest, moving toward Pirelli's hand. Slowly now, we see the fingers of Pirelli's hand stirring, feebly trying to clutch Tobias' hand. When it has almost reached him, Todd grabs Tobias up off the chest)*  
**TODD:** Then why don't you run down-stairs and wait for your master there?

70 *E-flat Clar. (cued in Oboe)*



**TODD:** *(Pushing him out the door)*  
There'll be another pie in it for you, I'm sure.

**TODD:** *(Afterthought)* And tell Mrs. Lovett to give you a nice big tot of gin.  
**TOBIAS:** Oo, sir. Gin, sir! Thanking you, sir, thanking you kindly. Gin! You're a Christian indeed, sir!  
*(He runs down the stairs to Mrs. Lovett)*



**TOBIAS:** (*cont.*) Oh, ma'am, the gentleman says to give me a nice tot of gin, ma'am.

**MRS. LOVETT:** Gin, dear? Why not? (*Upstairs, with great ferocity, Todd opens the chest, grabs Pirelli by the hair, tugs him up from the chest and slashes his throat. The whistle shrieks. Downstairs Mrs. Lovett pours a glass of gin and hands it to Tobias. The tableau freezes, then fades*)

**Presto**  
*Safety*

72

*Vins.*

*ff*

*Segue*

# 12C

Three Tenors

## The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Three tenors enter and sing.

**Andante con moto** (♩. = 132)

(Two times) TENOR I 5

1 2 (to 5) 6 7

His hands were quick, his fin-gers strong.\_\_\_\_\_

(TENOR I)

8 9 10 11

It stung a lit-tle, but not for long.\_\_\_\_\_

TENOR II

12 13 14

And those who thought him a sim-ple clod Were

(TENOR II)

15 16 17

soon re-con-sid-er-ing un-der the sod,\_\_\_\_\_

TENOR III

Con -

18

TENOR I

19 20 21 22

From Swee - ney Todd,

TENOR II

From Swee - ney Todd,

(TENOR III)

signed there with a friend - ly prod From Swee - ney Todd,

TENOR III

23 24 25 (to 30) 30 2

The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

**V.S.**

32

TENOR I

See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney,

TENOR II

See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney,

TENOR III

See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney,

36

Feel how well it fits

37

38

39

Feel how well it fits... Feel,

Feel how well it fits, How well it

40

41

42

43

As it floats a - cross the throats of

As it floats a - cross the throats of

fits. It floats a - cross the throats of

Lights black out on the singers and come up on Judge Turpin in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. He is about to convict a young boy.

**JUDGE:** This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. (*Scene continues*)

(TENOR I) 44 45

hyp - o - crites.

(TENOR II)

hyp - o - crites.

(TENOR III)

hyp - o - crites.

# 12D

## Underscore

**JUDGE:**

*(To the Beadle)* It is perhaps remiss of me to close the court so early, but the stench of those miserable wretches at the Bar was so offensive to my nostrils I feared my eagerness for fresher air might well impair the soundness of my judgment.

### CUE NO. 1

*(♩ = 100)*

*p*

*Harp*

Musical score for Cue No. 1, featuring a Harp accompaniment. The score is in 8/8 time and consists of two measures. The melody is in the bass clef, starting on a low note and rising to a higher note in the second measure, then falling back down. The treble clef has a few notes in the first measure. The piece is marked *p* and *Harp*.

*(Light dims on the court and finds the Judge and the Beadle now walking down a street together)*

**BEADLE:** Well, sir, the adjournment is fortunate for me, sir, for it's today we celebrate my sweet little Annie's birthday, *(cont'd)*

### CUE NO. 2

*+ Celeste*

Musical score for Cue No. 2, featuring a Celeste accompaniment. The score is in 8/8 time and consists of two measures. The melody is in the bass clef, starting on a low note and rising to a higher note in the second measure, then falling back down. The treble clef has a few notes in the first measure. The piece is marked *+ Celeste*.

**BEADLE:** *(cont'd)* and to have her daddy back so soon to hug and kiss her will be her crowning joy on such a happy day.

**JUDGE:** It is a happy moment for me, too. Walk home with me for I have news for you.

### CUE NO. 3

*(last time)*

Musical score for Cue No. 3. The score is in 8/8 time and consists of two measures. The melody is in the bass clef, starting on a low note and rising to a higher note in the second measure, then falling back down. The treble clef has a few notes in the first measure. The piece is marked *(last time)*.



**JUDGE:** (*cont'd*) In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry Johanna next Monday.

**BEADLE:** Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

**JUDGE:** Strange, when I offered myself to her, she showed a certain reluctance. But that's natural enough in a young girl. Now that she has had time for reflection, I'm sure she will greet my proposal in a more sensible frame of mind.

**CUE NO. 4**

(*on cue*)

*Celeste only*

# 13

Johanna  
Anthony

## Kiss Me (Part I)

*Light comes up on Johanna and Anthony in Johanna's room. She is pacing in agitation and fear. Anthony sits on a couch, watching her.*

**Allegretto ma non troppo** (♩ = 120)

(Two times) (to 1)

1

**JOHANNA**

He means to mar-ry me Mon-day. What shall I do? I'd rath-er die.

**ANTHONY**

I have a

(Not listening to him)

3

I'll swal-low poi-son on Sun-day, that's what I'll do, I'll get some lye.


plan. I have a

5

Oh, dear, was that a noise? I think I heard a noise.

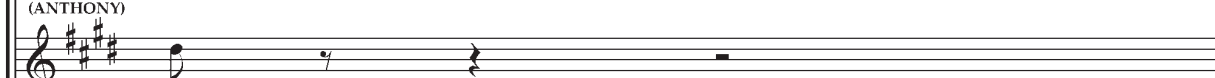
plan. A plan. A

(JOHANNA) 6



It could - n't be, He's in court, he's in court to - day.

(ANTHONY)



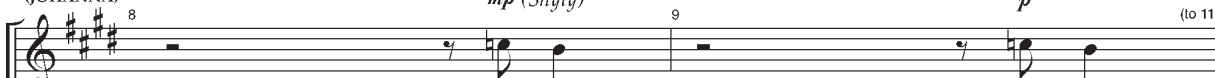
plan!

(JOHANNA) 7



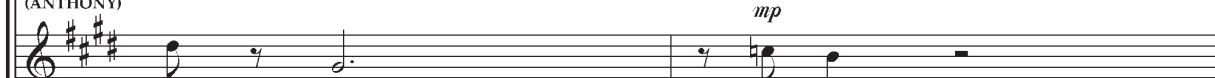
Still, that was a noise, Was - n't that a noise? You must have heard that...

(JOHANNA) 8 *mp (Shyly)* 9 *p* (to 11)



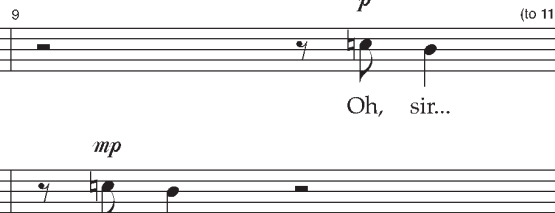
Oh, sir...

(ANTHONY)



Kiss me!

*mp*



Oh, sir...

Ah, miss...

V.S.

11 (JOHANNA) *mf* (Pacing again)

If he should mar-ry me Mon - day, What will I do? I'll die of grief.

(ANTHONY) *mf*

We fly to -

'Tis Fri - day, vir-tual-ly Sun - day, What can we do with time so brief?

night. We fly to...

(Covering Anthony's mouth)

Be-hind the cur-tain, quick! I think I heard a click. It was a gate. It's the gate. We don't have a gate.

*Muffled*

To - night. To - night! It's not a gate. There's no

Still, there was a... Wait! There's an - oth - er click, You must have heard that...

gate, You don't have a gate. If you'd on - ly lis - ten, miss, And

18

(JOHANNA)

To - night? You mean to - night? Oh, sir!

(ANTHONY)

kiss me! Kiss me! The plan is made, So

21

I feel a fright. Sir, I did

kiss me. Be not a - fraid. To - night I'll

23

*cantabile*

love you e-ven as I saw you, E-ven as it did not mat-ter that I

steal you, Jo - han -


26

did not know your name.

na, I'll steal you.


**V.S.**

29 (JOHANNA)




And glad - ly, sir.

(ANTHONY)



It's me you'll mar-ry on Mon - day, That's what you'll do! St. Dun - stan's,

31



I knew I'd be with you one day, E - ven not know - ing who you were.

noon.

Ah, miss,


33



I feared you'd nev - er come, That you'd been called a - way,

mar - ry me, mar - ry me, miss, Oh mar - ry me Mon - day!

34



That you'd been killed, had the plague, were in debt - or's jail,

Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your hand. Prom - ise,

(JOHANNA) <sup>35</sup>

Tram - pled by a horse, gone to sea a - gain, ar - rest - ed by the...

(ANTHONY)

mar - ry me, mar - ry me, Please, oh mar - ry me Mon - day...

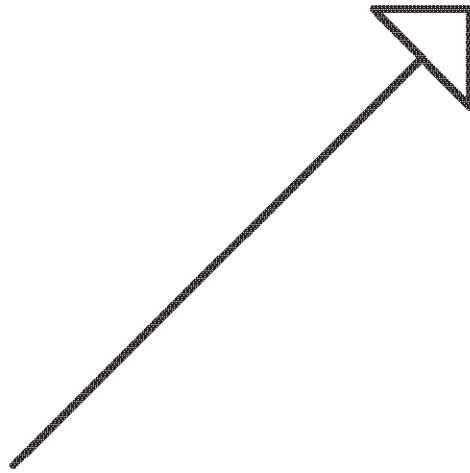
36

Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me...— oh, sir...

*He takes her in his arms and they fall back onto the couch.  
rit.*

Of course. You're sure? I shall...

*Segue*





Beadle

14

## Ladies In Their Sensitivities

*Light rises on the Judge and the Beadle, still walking together.***JUDGE:** Yes, yes, but surely the respect that she owes me as her guardian should be sufficient to kindle a more tender emotion.

**Allegretto grazioso** (♩ = 144)

1 2 3 *Safety* 4 **BEADLE (last time)**

Ex -

5 **(BEADLE)**

6 7 8

cuse me, my lord, May I re-quest, my lord, Per - mis-sion, my lord, to speak? For -

9 10 11 12

give me if I sug - gest, my lord, You're look-ing less than your best, my lord, There's

13 14 15 16 17

pow-der up-on your vest, my lord, And stub-ble up-on your cheek. —

**JUDGE:** Perhaps if she greets me cordially upon my return, I should give her a small gift...

18 19 20 21

And la - dies, my lord, are weak. —

**V.S.**

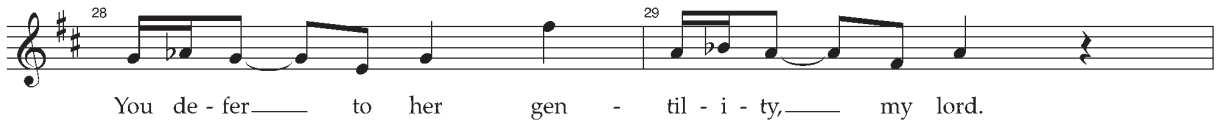
22 **Larghetto** (♩ = 80)  
(BEADLE)



La-dies in\_\_\_ their sen - si - tiv - i - ties,\_\_\_ my lord, Have a frag - ile sen - si -



bil - i - ty.\_\_\_ When a girl's\_\_\_ e - mer - gent, Prob - a - bly\_\_\_ it's ur - gent

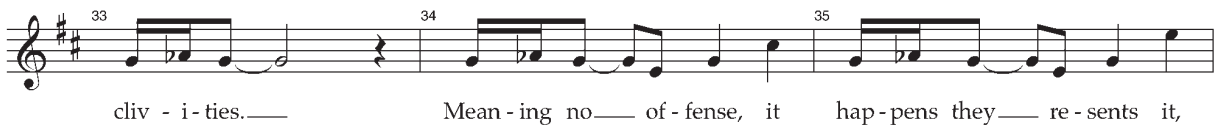


You de - fer\_\_\_ to her gen - til - i - ty,\_\_\_ my lord.

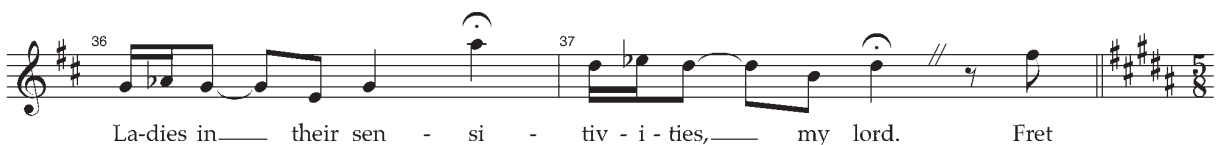
30



Per - son - al\_\_\_ dis - or - der can - not be\_\_\_ ig - nored, Giv - en their\_\_\_ gen - teel pro -



cliv - i - ties.\_\_\_ Mean - ing no\_\_\_ of - fense, it hap - pens they\_\_\_ re - sents it,



La-dies in\_\_\_ their sen - si - tiv - i - ties,\_\_\_ my lord. Fret

38 (BEADLE) *Tempo primo*

not, though, my lord, I know a place, my lord, A bar-ber, my lord, of skill. Thus

armed with a shav-en face, my lord, Some eau de co-logne to brace my lord, And

musk to en-hance the chase, my lord, You'll daz-zle the girl un - til \_\_\_\_\_

JUDGE: Until --?

She bows to your ev - 'ry

53

will. \_\_\_\_\_

*Safety*

*Segue*

# 15

## Kiss Me (Part II)

Johanna  
Anthony  
Beadle  
Judge

Lights up on Johanna's room. Johanna and Anthony rise from the couch dishevelled.

**Allegro** (♩ = 132)

**ANTHONY**

A B (to 1) 1

We'd best not wait un-til Mon-day.

**BEADLE** **JUDGE:** Todd, eh?

The name is Todd,

**JOHANNA**

2 3

Sir, I con - cur, and ful - ly, too.

**(ANTHONY)**

It is - n't right, We'd best be mar-ried on Sun - day.

**(BEADLE)**

Swee - ney Todd.

The Judge and the Beadle move past the house.

**(JOHANNA)**

4 5

Sat-ur-day, sir, would al-so do. I think I heard a noise, I mean an-oth-er noise.

**(ANTHONY)**

Or else to - night. Fear not. Like

(JOHANNA) 6

Oh, nev - er mind, just a noise, just an - oth - er noise,

(ANTHONY)

what? You must - n't mind, It's a

(Falling into his arms)

(JOHANNA) 7

Some-thing in the street, I'm a sil - ly lit-tle nin - ny nod-dle, Kiss me! Oh, sir...

(ANTHONY)

noise, Just an - oth-er noise, Some-thing in the street, you sil - ly... Kiss me!

V.S.

9 (JOHANNA)

10  
What shall I wear? I dare - n't pack.

(ANTHONY)

We'll go to Par-is on Mon-day. We'll ride a

11  
With you be - side me on Sun - day, 12  
What will I care what things I lack?

train, Then sail to

13  
I'll take my ret - i - cule. I'll need my ret - i - cule.

Spain. Why take your ret - i - cule? We'll buy a

14  
You must - n't think me a fool, But my ret - i - cule

ret - i - cule. I'd nev - er think you a fool, but a

(JOHANNA) 15

nev - er leaves my side, It's the on - ly thing my moth - er gave me...

(ANTHONY)

ret - i - cule... Leave it all a - side and be - gin a - gain and...

**V.S.**

16 (JOHANNA)

Kiss me! Kiss me! We'll go there.

(ANTHONY)

Kiss me! I know a place where we can go to-night.

BEADLE

The name is Todd. Todd, Swee-ney

JUDGE

Todd? Swee-ney

19

Kiss me! We have a place where we can go to - night! I

20

Kiss me! We have a place where we can go to - night! I

Todd. Todd, Swee - ney

Todd? Swee - ney



21 (JOHANNA)

loved you e-ven as I saw you, E-ven as it does not mat-ter that I

(ANTHONY)

loved you e-ven as I saw you, E-ven as it did not mat-ter that I

(BEADLE)

Todd. \_\_\_\_\_

(JUDGE)

Todd. \_\_\_\_\_

24 still don't know your name, sir, E - ven as I

25 did not know your name. Jo -

Swee - ney Todd. \_\_\_\_\_

Swee - ney Todd. \_\_\_\_\_

V.S.

(JOHANNA) 26 saw you, E - ven as it does not mat - ter that I

(ANTHONY) han - na! Jo - han - na! Jo -

(BEADLE) Todd. Todd.

(JUDGE) Todd. Todd.

28 still don't know your name. 29 An-tho-ny!

han - na! An-tho-ny.

Todd.

Todd? Todd, eh?

31

(JOHANNA)

I'll mar - ry An - tho - ny Sun - day! That's what I'll do, no mat - ter what!

(ANTHONY)

You mar - ry An - tho - ny Sun - day! That's what you'll do, no mat - ter what!

(BEADLE)

La - dies in — their sen - si - ti - vi - ties, — my lord,

(JUDGE)

Pray lead the

I knew you'd come for me one day, On - ly a - fraid that you'd for - got.

I knew I'd come for you one day On - ly a - fraid that you'd for - got.

Have a frag - ile sen - si - bil - i - ty. —

way. Just as you

V.S.

(JOHANNA) 35

I feared you'd nev - er come, That you'd been called a - way,

(ANTHONY)

Mar - ry me, mar - ry me, miss, Oh mar - ry me Sun - day!

(BEADLE)

When a girl's e - mer - gent,

(JUDGE)

say.

(JOHANNA) 36

That you'd been killed, had the plague, were in debt - or's jail,

(ANTHONY)

Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your hand! Prom - ise,

(BEADLE)

Prob - a - bly it's ur - gent.

37

Tram - pled by a horse, gone to sea a - gain, Ar - rest - ed by the...

mar - ry me, mar - ry me, That you'll mar - ry me, E - nough of all this...

La - dies in their sen - si -

38 (JOHANNA) *Anthony crushes Johanna to him. They kiss.* *Anthony and Johanna sink onto the couch, embracing.*

(ANTHONY) Oh, sir...

(BEADLE) ti - vi - ties...

**V.S.**

(JOHANNA) 41 42 43

Oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir...

(ANTHONY)

Ah, miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah,

(BEADLE)

Sen - si - ti - vi - ties...

(JUDGE)

Todd...

44 Opt. repeat

45 46

oh, sir... oh, sir...

miss... ah, miss... ah, miss...

*Applause Segue*

## 15A

Underscore  
(tacet)

*Light comes up on the pieshop. Todd is upstairs, quietly cleaning his razor. In the shop, Mrs. Lovett and Tobias unfreeze from the positions in which they were last seen.*

106 (♩ = 160)

Wros. & Bells

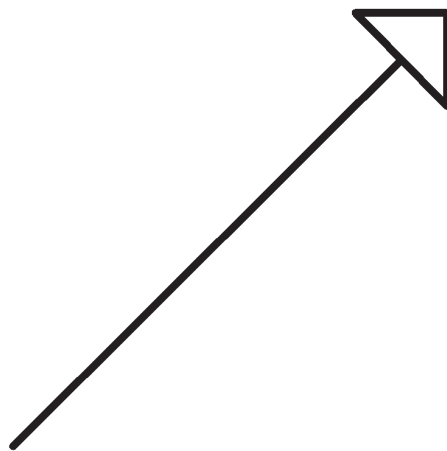
108

109

110 *Vamp*

111

*Fade on scene*





Judge  
Todd

16

## Pretty Women (Part I)

*(cue)* TODD:And what may I do for you, sir?  
A stylish trimming of the hair?TODD: *(cont'd)*

A soothing skin massage?

**Allegretto grazioso** (♩ = 144)

1-3 3 4 JUDGE

You

5

6 7 8

see, sir, a man in - fat - u - ate with love, Her ar - dent and ea - ger slave, So

9 10 11 12

fetch the po-made and pum-ice stone, And lend me a more se - duc-tive tone, A

13 14 15

sprin-king per - haps of French co - logne, But first, sir, I think... a

16 *a tempo*

17 18 19 20

TODD

The clos-est I ev - er gave.——

(JUDGE)

shave.

V.S.

He whips the sheet over the Judge and tucks the bib in. The Judge flicks imaginary dust off the sheet, humming as he does so.

JUDGE  
(Hums ad lib. syllables)

21-23 3 24

Bum -

25 26 27

bum - bum - bum - bum - bum - ba - da - dum - bum - bum (etc.)

TODD

28 29 30

Whistles

Hums

31 32 33 34

JUDGE:  
You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

(TODD)  
Sung

(TODD) 36 37

'Tis

38 (TODD)

your de-light, sir, catch-ing fi-re from one man to the next.

JUDGE  
*Sung*

'Tis

(JUDGE)

true, sir, love can still in-spi-re the blood to pound, The heart leap high-er, What

46

TODD

What more can man re-qui-re? More than love, sir.

(JUDGE)

more can man re-qui-re than love, sir? What, sir?

50

51

52

Wo-men. Pret-ty wo-men.

Ah, yes, wo-men.

*He lathers the Judge's face and strops the razor.*

V.S.

**JUDGE**  
*Jauntily*

Bum - bum-bum-bum-bum-bum - ba - da-dum-bum-bum (etc.)

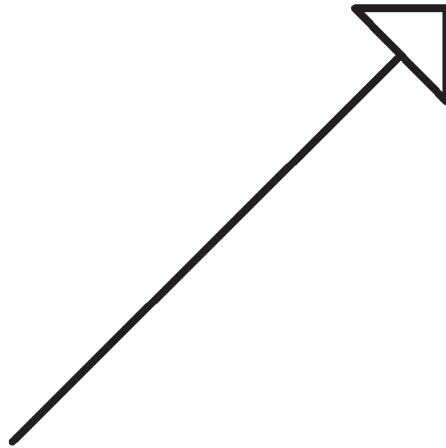
**TODD**

*Whistles*

**(JUDGE)**

*Todd puts the razor down, tilts the Judge's head back and closes the Judge's eyes, then stands back to survey him.*

*Segue*



# 16A

## Pretty Women (Part II)

Todd  
Judge  
Anthony

1

Ad Lib. (♩ = 144)

TODD (Finishing the lathering of the Judge's face)

Whistles

Musical notation for measures 1-4 of the whistle. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 5/8. Measure 1 starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5. Measure 2 has eighth notes F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, D6. Measure 3 has eighth notes E6, F6, G6, A6, Bb6, C7. Measure 4 has eighth notes D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, Bb7.

Musical notation for measures 5-7 of the whistle. Measure 5 has eighth notes C8, Bb7, A7, G7, F7, E7. Measure 6 has eighth notes D7, C7, Bb6, A6, G6, F6. Measure 7 has eighth notes E6, D6, C6, Bb5, A5, G5.

*molto rit.*

Musical notation for measures 8-10 of the whistle. Measure 8 has eighth notes F5, E5, D5, C5, Bb4, A4. Measure 9 has eighth notes G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb3. Measure 10 has eighth notes A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

11

(Puts down brush, picks up razor)

TODD

(♩ = 72)

(To the razor)

Musical notation for measures 12-15 of the vocal line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 3/4. Measure 12 is a whole rest. Measure 13 has quarter notes G2, A2, B2. Measure 14 has a quarter note C3. Measure 15 has quarter notes D3, E3, F3.

Now then, my friend, Now to your

Musical notation for measures 16-19 of the vocal line. Measure 16 has quarter notes G2, A2, B2, C3. Measure 17 has quarter notes D3, E3, F3, G3. Measure 18 has quarter notes A3, B3, C4, D4. Measure 19 has quarter notes E4, F4, G4, A4.

pur-pose. — Pa-tience, en-joy it, Re-venge can't be



**L'istesso tempo** (♩ = 72) *non rubato*

33

TODD (*Shaving him*)

Pret-ty wo-men...— fas-ci-nat-ing...— Sip-ping cof-fee,— danc - ing...

Pret-ty wo-men— are a won-der.— Pret-ty wo-men!—

41

Sit-ting in the— win-dow or Stand-ing on the— stair,

Some-thing in them— cheers the air.—

49

(TODD)

Pret-ty wo-men...— Stay with-in you...—

JUDGE

Sil-hou-ett-ed...— Glanc-ing...



(TODD)

53 Stay for-ev-er...—

54

55 Pret-ty wo-men,—

56 Pret-ty wo-men!—

(JUDGE)

Breath-ing light-ly...—

Pret-ty wo-men!—

The musical score is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The top staff is for Todd, and the bottom staff is for Judge. Todd's part begins at measure 53 with the lyrics 'Stay for-ev-er...—'. At measure 54, there is a whole rest. At measure 55, Todd sings 'Pret-ty wo-men,—'. At measure 56, Todd sings 'Pret-ty wo-men!—'. Judge's part begins at measure 54 with a whole rest. At measure 55, Judge sings 'Breath-ing light-ly...—'. At measure 56, Judge sings 'Pret-ty wo-men!—'. The music features eighth and quarter notes with slurs and ties.

**V.S.**

57 (TODD)

Blow-ing out their can - dles or comb-ing out their

(JUDGE)

Blow - ing out their can-dles... Comb - ing out their

60

hair, E - ven when they — leave, — they

61

hair, then they leave. E - ven when they leave you and van - ish, they

62

63

still — are there, They're there. Ah,

64

some-how can still re - main there with you, There with you. Ah,

65

66

Pret-ty wo-men at their mir-rors, — let-ter writ-ing, — weath-er watch-ing,

67

Pret-ty wo-men — in their gar-dens, flow-er pick-ing, —

#16A - Pretty Women (Part II)

(TODD)

68 69 70 71

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav-en— as you're liv-ing,—

(JUDGE)

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav-en— as your'e liv-ing,—

72

Pret - ty wo - men, — sir, pret - ty wo - men, — Here's to

Pret - ty wo - men, — sir, pret - ty wo - men, — Yes,

*Todd raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the Judge's throat when Anthony bursts in.*

74 75

pret - ty wo - men, — All the pret - ty wo - men! —

pret - ty wo - men, sir, Pret - ty wo - men, pret - ty wo - men, sir, pret - ty wo - men...

76

$\text{♩} = 120$

ANTHONY

*Todd stops in mid-stroke. The Judge whirls around in his chair.*

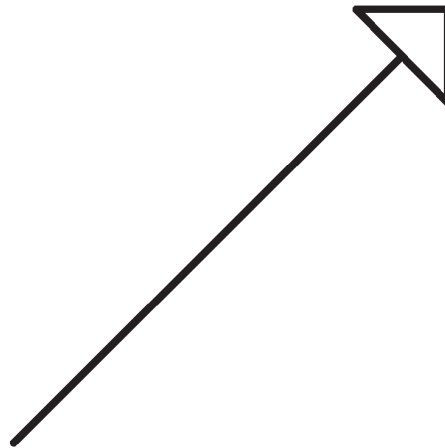
77

Jo - han - na mar - ries me Sun - day! Ev - 'ry - thing's set, we leave to - night!

*The Judge jumps up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from Todd's hand.*

78 79

We'll be in Par - is by Mon - day, Out of that heart - less ty - rant's sight...





(MRS. LOVETT) 13  
 What's your — rush?  
 (TODD)  
 When? Why did I wait? You told me to wait! Now he'll nev - er come a -

16 (TODD)  
 gain! There's a hole in the world like a great black pit And it's

19 filled with peo-ple who are filled with shit And the ver-min of the world in-hab-it it... But not for

22 **Meno mosso** (♩ = 120)


23 long! They all de-serve to die! Tell you


26 why, Mrs.—Lov-ett, tell you why: Be-cause in all of the whole hu-man race, Mrs. Lov-ett, There are

29 two kinds of men, and on-ly two. There's the one stay-ing put in his pro-per place And the


31 one with his foot in the oth - er one's face. Look at me, Mrs.— Lov-ett, look at you! No, we


33 (TODD)    
 all de-serve to die! E-ven you, Mrs.— Lov-ett, e-ven

36  *Slash*   
 I! Be-cause the lives of the wick-ed should be... made brief! For the

38    
 rest of us, death will be a re-lief! We all de-serve to die! And I'll

41    
 nev-er see Jo-han-na, No, I'll nev-er hug my girl to me. Fin-ished!

45 (To the Audience)  *Slash* *Slash*   
 All right! You, sir, How a-bout a shave? Come and vis-it

48    
 your good friend Swee-ney! You, sir, too, sir, Wel-come to the grave! I will have

*Cantabile*    
 ven-geance, I will have sal-va-tion!

V.S.

54 (TODD)

Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney's wait-ing!

I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An-y-bo-dy! Gen-tle-men, now don't be shy! Not

60 *Cantabile*

one man, no, Nor ten men, Nor a hun-dred can as - suage me, I will

64 *Moderato alla marcia* (♩ = 80)

have you! And I

(TODD)  
(To Mrs. Lovett)

68

will get him back e-ven as he gloats. In the mean-time I'll prac-tice on less hon-or-a-ble throats. And my

72


Lu - cy lies in ash - es And I'll nev - er see my

girl a - gain, But the work waits, I'm a -



**Long Ending****NOTE:**

Use the *Long Ending* for transition to the next scene (no applause).  
Use the *Short Ending* if applause is wanted.

78 (TODD) (h) 

live at last, And I'm full of joy!\_\_\_\_\_

81 

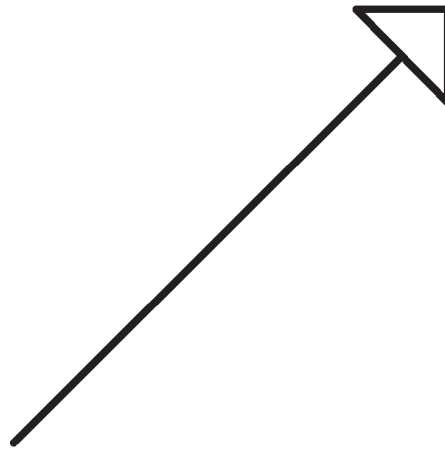
82 

83 

*Segue***Short Ending**

78 (TODD) (h) 

live at last, And I'm full of joy!\_\_\_\_\_



Todd  
Mrs. Lovett

17

# Epiphany

(Transposed Key - C)

(cue) TODD: Out, I say, out!

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
All this running and shouting.  
What is it now, dear?

**Furioso** (♩ = 132)

*Vamp*

**TODD**  
(last time)

**MRS. LOVETT:** I saw them  
both running down the street...

I had him... and then...

I had him! His throat was bare be-neath my hand...

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
There, there, dear.  
Don't fret.

No, I had him! His throat was there and he'll nev - er come a -

**MRS. LOVETT**  
Ea - sy now. — Hush, love, hush. — I keep tell - ing you...

**(TODD)**  
gain!

**V.S.**

(MRS. LOVETT) 13 14 15

What's your— rush?

(TODD)

When? Why did I wait? You told me to wait! Now he'll nev - er come a -

16 (TODD) (b)

gain! There's a hole in the world like a great black pit And it's

19 20 21

filled with peo-ple who are filled with shit And the ver-min of the world in-hab-it it... But not for

22 **Meno mosso** (♩ = 120)

long! They all de-serve to die! Tell you

26 27 28

why, Mrs.—Lov-ett, tell you why: Be-cause in all of the whole hu-man race, Mrs.—Lov-ett, There are

29 30

two kinds of men, and on-ly two. There's the one stay-ing put in his pro - per place And the

31 32

one with his foot in the oth - er one's face. Look at me, Mrs.— Lov-ett, look at you! No, we

33 (TODD)



all de-serve to die! E-ven you, Mrs.— Lov-ett, e-ven

36 I! Be-cause the lives of the wick-ed should be... made brief! For the

37

38 rest of us, death will be a re-lief! We all de-serve to die! And I'll

39

40

41



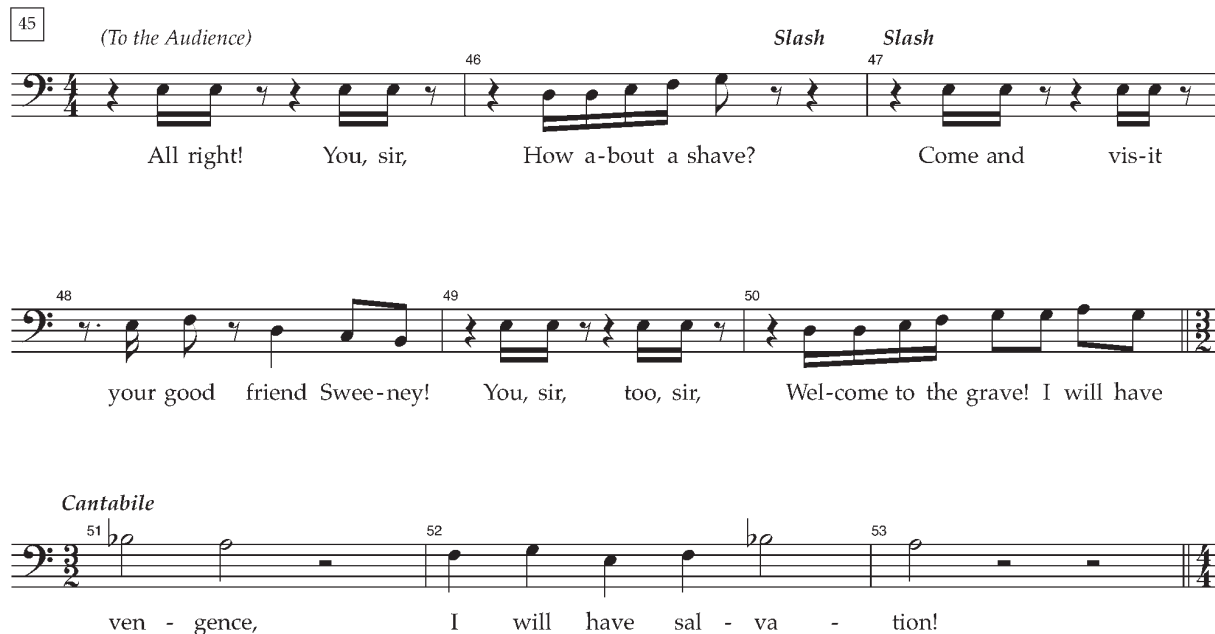
nev-er see Jo-han-na, No, I'll nev-er hug my girl to me. Fin-ished!

42

43

44

45 (To the Audience)



All right! You, sir, How a-bout a shave? Come and vis-it

46

47

48 your good friend Swee-ney! You, sir, too, sir, Wel-come to the grave! I will have

49

50

*Cantabile*

51 ven-geance, I will have sal-va-tion!

52

53

V.S.

54

(TODD)



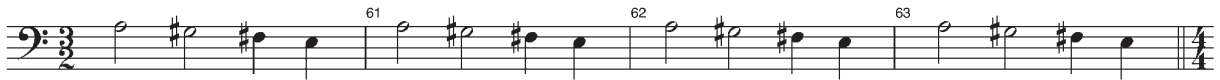
Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney's wait-ing!



I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An-y-bo-dy! Gen-tle-men, now don't be shy! Not

60

*Cantabile*



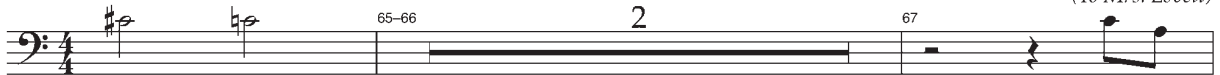
one man, no, Nor ten men, Nor a hun-dred can as - suage me, I will

64

**Moderato alla marcia** (♩ = 80)

(TODD)

(To Mrs. Lovett)



have you!

And I

68

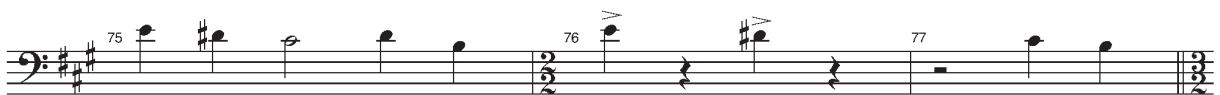


will get him back e-ven as he gloats. In the mean-time I'll prac-tice on less hon-or-a-ble throats. And my

72



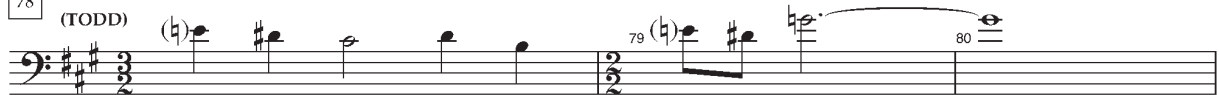
Lu - cy lies in ash - es And I'll nev - er see my



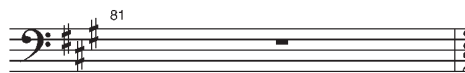
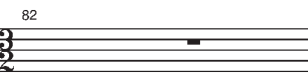

girl a - gain, But the work waits, I'm a -

**Long Ending****NOTE:**

Use the *Long Ending* for transition to the next scene (no applause).  
Use the *Short Ending* if applause is wanted.

78 (TODD) (h) 

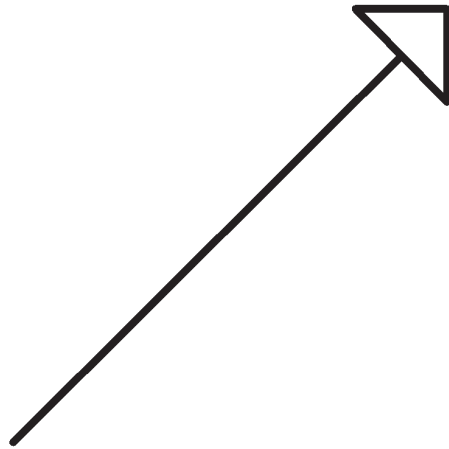
live at last, And I'm full of joy!\_\_\_\_\_

81  82  83 

*Segue***Short Ending**

78 (TODD) (h) 

live at last, And I'm full of joy!\_\_\_\_\_





Mrs. Lovett  
Todd

18

## A Little Priest

**MRS. LOVETT:** Well, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose there's any relatives going to come poking around looking for him. *(After a pause)* You know me. Sometimes ideas just pop into my head and I was thinking...

**Rubato** **MRS. LOVETT** **TODD:**  
*mp* Shame? **(MRS. LOVETT)**

Seems a down-right shame. Seems an aw-ful waste.

6 *ten.*

Such a nice plump frame wot's-'is-name has.. had... has... nor it can't be traced.

11 12 13 14

Bus-'ness needs a lift... Debts to be e - rased...

15 16 *mf* *dim.* 17 *(Todd is staring into space)* *(She sighs)* 18

Think of it as thrift, as a gift... If you get my drift... No?... Seems an aw-ful

19 **Non rubato** (♩ = 60) *poco accel.* *mp* 20 21 22

waste. I mean, with the price of

23 (♩ = 66) 24 25

meat what it is, When you get it, If you get it..

V.S.

(Todd chuckles)  
(MRS. LOVETT) *cresc.*

26 Good, you got it. 27 Take, for in-stance, 28 Mrs.—— Moo-ney and her

29 *mf*

29 pie shop. 30 31 Bus-'ness nev - er 32 bet - ter, us - ing on - ly

33 pus - sy - cats and toast.—— 34 35 Now a pus - sy's 36 good for may - be six or

37 sev - en at the most.—— 38 39 And I'm sure they 40 can't com - pare as far as

41 (MRS. LOVETT) *accel. poco a poco*

41 taste... 42 Well, it 43 does seem a 44

TODD *mp*

Mrs. — Lov - ett, 45 What a charm - ing 46 no - tion, Em - i - nent - ly 47 prac - ti - cal and yet ap -

MRS. LOVETT:  
It's an idea.

45 waste... 46 47 48

pro - pri - ate, as al - ways... Mrs. — Lov - ett, How I did with - out you all these years, I'll nev - er

49 (MRS. LOVETT) (♩. = 72) *accel. poco a poco*

Think a-bout it! Lots of oth-er gen-tle-men-'ll soon be com-ing for a shave.

(TODD)

know. How de - lec - ta-ble! Al-so un-de -

53 *rall.*

Won't they? Think of all them pies...

tect - a - ble. How choice! How rare! For

57 (TODD) (♩. = 66)

what's the sound of the world out there?

MRS. LOVETT

61 62 63 64

What, Mis - ter Todd, what, Mis - ter Todd, what is that sound?

(TODD)

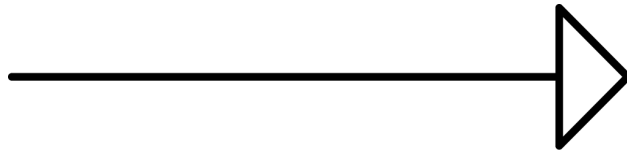
Those

(TODD)

65 66 67 68

crunch - ing nois - es per - vad - ing the air?

V.S.



MRS. LOVETT

69 70 71 72

Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, all a - round...

TODD

It's

73 (MRS. LOVETT)

74 75 76

man de - vo - ur - ing man, my dear, And

(TODD)

Then

*f*

77 78 79 80

who are we to de - ny it in here?

who are we to de - ny it in here?

81 82-84

3

3

V.S.

TODD: These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for.

(Mrs. Lovett goes to the counter and comes back with an imaginary pie)

MRS. LOVETT (holding out a pie to Todd): Here we are, hot from the oven.

85 *Safety* 90-91 92

MRS. LOVETT  
It's  
What is that?

TODD  
What is that?

93 **A tempo**  
(MRS. LOVETT) 94 95 96

priest. Have a lit - tle priest. (TODD) Is it real - ly

97 98 99 100

Sir, it's too good, at least. Then a - gain, they  
good?

101 (MRS. LOVETT) 102 103 104

don't com - mit sins of the flesh, So it's pret - ty

(MRS. LOVETT)

105 fresh. 106–107 2 108

TODD

Aw - ful lot of

109

110 On-ly where it sat. 111 112 113

fat. Have-n't you got po - et or

114 115 116 117

No, you see, the trou - ble with

some - thing like that?

(MRS. LOVETT)

118 po - et is, 119 How do you 120 know it's 121 de - ceased? 122 Try the

TODD: (*Tasting the pie*) Heavenly. Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps, but not as bland as curate, either.

123

124–127 4

priest.

V.S.

MRS. LOVETT: And good for business. Always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it on Sundays.

*Safety*

128-129

2

130

MRS. LOVETT:

*(Offering another pie)*

Law - yer's rath - er

131

**A tempo**

(MRS. LOVETT)

132

133

134

nice. Or - der some-thing

TODD

If it's for a price.

(MRS. LOVETT)

135

136

137

138

else, though, to fol - low, Since no one should swal - low it

139

(MRS. LOVETT)

140

141

142

twice. Well then, if you're

TODD

An - y - thing that's lean.

(MRS. LOVETT)

143

144

145

146

Brit - ish and loy - al, You might en - joy Roy - al Ma -

147

148

149

150

rine... An - y - way it's clean... Though, of course, it



(MRS. LOVETT) *(Todd looks past her at an imaginary oven)*

151 152 153 154

tastes of wher - ev - er it's been...

(TODD) *ten.*

Is that

155

156 157 158

Mer - cy

squi - re\_\_\_\_\_ on the fi - re?\_\_\_\_\_

159 160 161 162 *ten.*

no, sir, look clos - er, You'll no - tice it's gro - cer.

(b) *ten.* (b)

Looks

163 *a tempo*

164 165 166

No, it

thick - er,\_\_\_\_\_ more like vic - ar.\_\_\_\_\_

(MRS. LOVETT)

167 168 169 170

has to be gro - cer, it's green.

V.S.

171-173 3 174 TODD  
*mf*

The

(TODD) 175 176 177 178

his - to - ry of the world, my love...

MRS. LOVETT 179 180 181 182

Save a lot of graves, Do a lot of rel - a - tives fa - vors...

TODD

Is

(TODD) 183 184 185 186

those be - low serv - ing those up a - bove.

MRS. LOVETT 187 188 189 190

Ev - 'ry - bo - dy shaves, So there should be plen - ty of fla - vors...

TODD

How

191 (MRS. LOVETT)

192 193 194

That

(TODD)

grat - i - fy - ing for once to know That

(Points upstairs)

195 196 197 198

those a - bove will serve those down be - low!

those a - bove will serve those down be - low!

(Mrs. Lovett surveys a tray of pies)

199–200 2 201–202 2

MRS. LOVETT: Now, let's see... We've got tinker.  
 TODD: Something pinker.  
 MRS. LOVETT: Tailor.  
 TODD: (shakes his head) Something paler.

MRS. LOVETT: Potter.  
 TODD: Something hotter.  
 MRS. LOVETT: Butler?  
 TODD: Something subtler.

203 5

V.S.

MRS. LOVETT: Locksmith?  
(Todd slumps, defeated)

Vamp  
208-209

2

MRS. LOVETT  
(Offering another pie)

210

Love - ly bit of

211

A tempo  
(MRS. LOVETT)

212

213

214

clerk.\*

TODD

Then a - gain there's

(\*Pronounced "Clark.")

May-be for a lark.

(MRS. LOVETT)

215

216

217

218

sweep If you want it cheap And you like it dark. Try the fin-an -

219

(MRS. LOVETT)

220

221

222

cier... Peak of his ca - reer.

TODD

That looks pret - ty

223

224

225

226

Well, he drank. No, it's bank cash - ier. Nev-er real-ly

rank.

227 (MRS. LOVETT)

228 229 230

sold... May - be it was old.

(TODD)

Have you an - y

231 232 233 234

Next week, so I'm told. Bea - dle is - n't

Bea - dle?

(MRS. LOVETT)

235 236 237

bad till you smell it and no - tice how

(Indicating a bribe)

238 239 240

well it's been greased. Stick to

Snare Drum

MRS. LOVETT: (*Offering another pie*) Now this may be a little stringy, but then of course, it's fiddle player.

241

242-244 3 241A-244A 4

priest.

**V.S.**

TODD: This isn't fiddle player. It's piccolo player.  
 MRS. LOVETT: How can you tell?  
 TODD: It's piping hot.

MRS. LOVETT: (*Guffaws*)  
 Then blow on it first.  
 (*They fall about with laughter*)

241B-244B 4 241C-243C 3 244C TODD (to 245)

The

245 (TODD)

his - to - ry of the world, my sweet...

MRS. LOVETT 249 *mp*

Oh, Mis - ter Todd, Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, What does it tell?

(TODD)

Is

(TODD) 253

who gets eat - en and who gets to eat.

MRS. LOVETT 257

And, Mis - ter Todd, too, Mis - ter Todd, Who gets to sell.

(TODD)

But

261 (MRS. LOVETT)

262 263 264

But

(TODD)

for - tu - nate - ly it's al - so clear That

265 266 267 268

ev - 'ry - bo - dy goes down well with beer.

ev - 'ry - bo - dy goes down well with beer.

(Mrs. Lovett offers another pie)

269–271 3 272

273

MRS. LOVETT:  
Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how about rear admiral?

TODD:  
Too salty. I prefer general.

273–277 5

**V.S.**

MRS. LOVETT: With or without his privates? "With" is extra.

MRS. LOVETT  
(Offering another pie)

*Vamp*  
278-279

280

It's

TODD

What is that?

281

**A tempo**  
(MRS. LOVETT)

282 283 284

fop. Fin - est in the shop. Or we have some

285 286 287 288

shep - herd's pie pep - pered with ac - tu - al shep - herd on

289

290 291 292

top. And I've just be - gun. Here's the pol - i -

293 294 295 296

ti - cian, So oil - y it's served with a doi - ly. Not

297

(MRS. LOVETT)

298 299 300

one?

(Todd shakes his head) TODD

Put it on a bun. Well, you nev - er



(MRS. LOVETT)

301 302 303 304 *mf ten.*

Try the

(TODD)

know if it's go - ing to run.

305

306 307 308

fri - ar. Fried, it's dri - er.

No, the

309 310 311 312 *ten.*

Then

*ten.*

cler - gy is real - ly too coarse and too meal - ly.

313

314 315 316

ac - tor. That's com - pact - er.

Yes, and

(TODD)

317 318 319 320

al - ways ar - rives ov - er - done. I'll

321 322 323 324

come a - gain when you have judge on the men - u...

V.S.

MRS. LOVETT: Wait! True, we don't have judge--yet--but we've got something you might fancy even better.

TODD: What's that?

MRS. LOVETT: *(Handing him a butcher's cleaver)* Executioner.

325

Musical notation for Mrs. Lovett's line, measures 325-328 and 325A-328A, featuring a 4-measure rest.

*(Todd picks up her wooden rolling pin and hands it to her)*

Safety

TODD  
*(last time)*

Musical notation for Todd's line, measures 325B-326B, 327B, and 328B, featuring a 2-measure rest and a final note.

Have

329

(TODD)

Musical notation for Todd's line, measures 330, 331, and 332.

char - i - ty towards the world, my pet.

MRS. LOVETT

Musical notation for Mrs. Lovett's line, measures 333, 334, 335, and 336.

Yes, yes, \_\_\_\_\_ I know, my love...

TODD

Musical notation for Todd's line, measures 337, 338, 339, and 340.

We'll

(TODD)

Musical notation for Todd's line, measures 337, 338, 339, and 340.

take the cus - to - mers that we can get.

MRS. LOVETT

341 High - born and 342 low, 343 my 344 love.

(TODD)

We'll

345 (TODD)

346 not dis - crim - i - nate 347 great from

348 small. 349 No, we'll 350 serve an - y - one,

MRS. LOVETT

351 We'll serve 352 an - y - one, 353 And to 354 an - y - one 355 at

(TODD)

And to an - y - one at

356 all!

357 all!

358-359 2 359A-359B 2 360-361 2

End of Act I

# 19

Tobias  
Mrs. Lovett  
Todd  
Company

## ACT II God, That's Good!

Thanks to her increasing prosperity, Mrs. Lovett has created a modest outdoor eating garden outside the pieshop, consisting of a large wooden table with two benches, a few bushes in pots, birds in cages. At rise, contented customers, one of whom is drunk, are filling the garden, devouring their pies and drinking ale while Tobias, in a waiter's apron, drums up trade along the sidewalk. Inside the pieshop, Mrs. Lovett, in a "fancy" gown, a sign of her upward mobility, doles out pies from the counter and collects a few on a tray to bring into the garden subsequently. Todd is pacing restlessly in the Tonsorial Parlor. The Beggar Woman hangs around throughout, hungry and ominous.

**Moderato** (♩ = 132)

Whistle

Musical notation for the introduction of the song, marked Moderato (♩ = 132). It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of notes with rests, including a triplet of eighth notes (1-3), a quarter note (4), a quarter rest, a quarter note with an accent and a wavy line above it (5), a quarter note (7), and a quarter note (6). The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

**L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♩.)

**7** **TOBIAS**

La - dies and gen - tle-men! May I have your at - ten-tion, per-lease?\_\_\_\_\_

Musical notation for the first line of lyrics, starting at measure 7. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 8 has a quarter rest. Measure 9 continues with eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 10 has a half note: G4.

Are your nos-trils a - quiv-er and ting-ling as well At that

Musical notation for the second line of lyrics, starting at measure 11. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. Measure 11 has a quarter rest. Measure 12 has a quarter rest. Measure 13 has eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 14 has eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4.

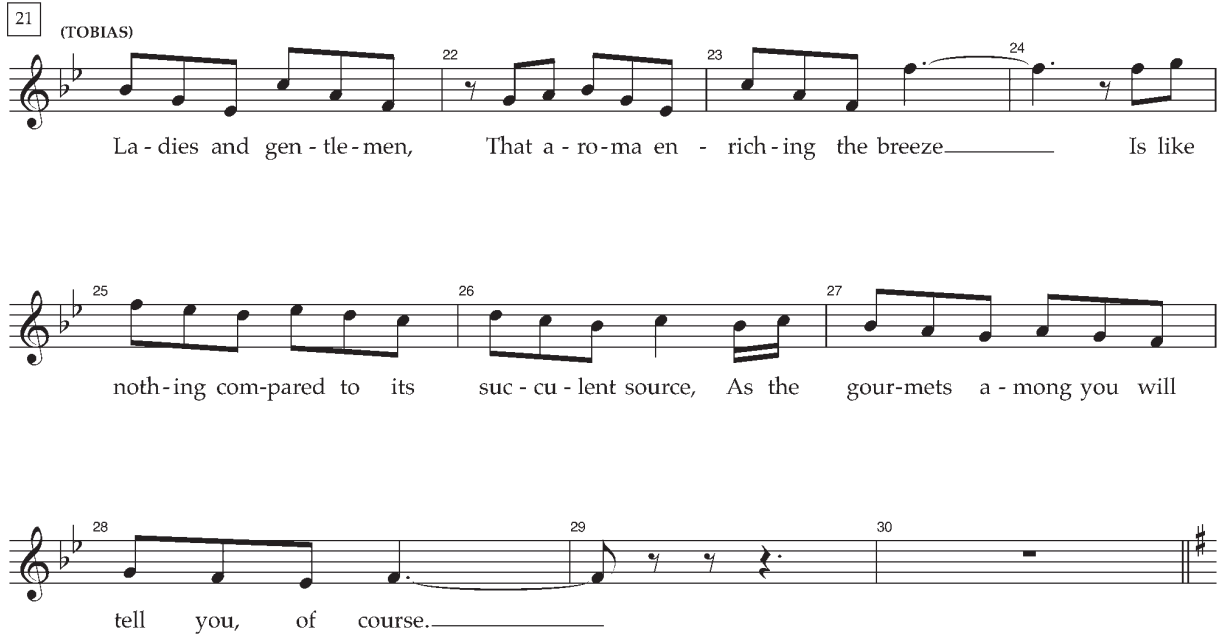
de - li - cate lus - cious am - bro - si - al smell?

Musical notation for the third line of lyrics, starting at measure 15. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. Measure 15 has eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 16 has eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 17 has a quarter rest.

Yes they are, I can tell. Well,

Musical notation for the fourth line of lyrics, starting at measure 18. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. Measure 18 has eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Measure 19 has a quarter note: G4. Measure 20 has a quarter rest. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

21 (TOBIAS)



La - dies and gen - tle - men, That a - ro - ma en - rich - ing the breeze \_\_\_\_\_ Is like

noth - ing com - pared to its suc - cu - lent source, As the gour - mets a - mong you will

tell you, of course. \_\_\_\_\_

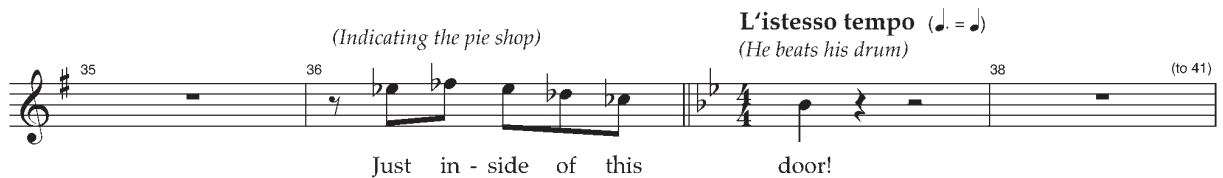
31



La - dies and gen - tle - men, you can't im - a - gine the rap - ture in store \_\_\_\_\_

(*Indicating the pie shop*)

**L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♩)  
(*He beats his drum*)



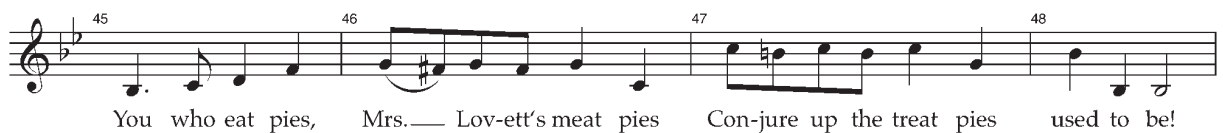
Just in - side of this door!

(to 41)

41



There you'll sam - ple Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies, Sa - vor - y and sweet pies, as you'll see.



You who eat pies, Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies Con - jure up the treat pies used to be!

V.S.

50

TOBIAS

Right a -

ALL WOMEN

Tell me, are they fla - vor - some? They

1st MAN

ALL MEN

O - ver here, boy, How a - bout some ale? Let me have an - oth - er, lad - die!

(TOBIAS) 51

way.

Thrup - pence...

(WOMEN)

are. Could we have some ser - vice o - ver here, boy? God, that's good.

TENORS

Could we have some ser - vice, wai - ter? What a - bout that pie, boy?

BARITONES & BASSES

Yes, what a - bout that pie, boy?

52

53

MRS. LOVETT  
(Rings bell twice)

*She enters the garden with a tray of pies, indicates a customer.*

To - by! Ale there!

(TOBIAS)

La-dies and gen-tle-men... Com - ing! 'Scuse me.

(WOMEN)

Thrup-pence for a meat pie?

(TENORS)

Tell me, are they ten-der?

(BARITONES & BASSES)

Where's the ale I asked you for, boy?

(MRS. LOVETT)

*Tobias runs inside, picks up a jug of ale, whisks back out into the garden and starts filling tankards.*

56 Quick, now!

(TOBIAS)

Right, mum!

(Licking their fingers)

Sopranos *f* God, that's good!

Altos God, that's good!

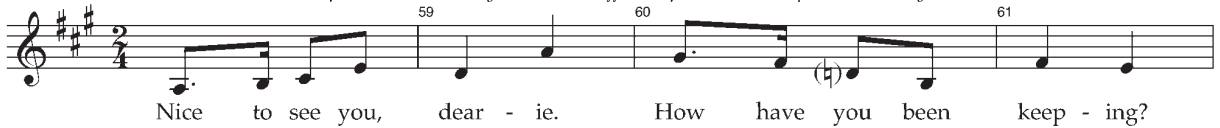
Tenors *f* God, that's good!

Basses God, that's good!

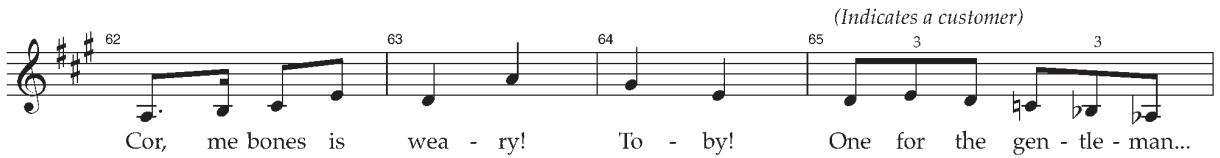
V.S.

58

MRS. LOVETT *Serves pies, collects money, addresses different patrons with equal insincerity.*



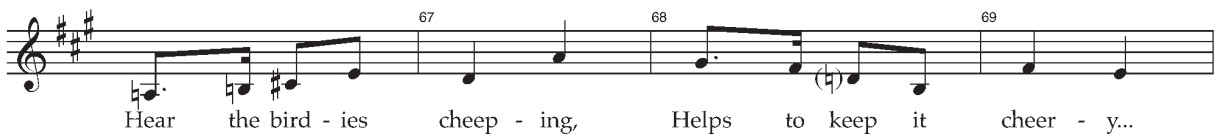
Nice to see you, dear - ie. How have you been keep - ing?



Cor, me bones is wea - ry! To - by! One for the gen - tle - man...

(Indicates a customer)

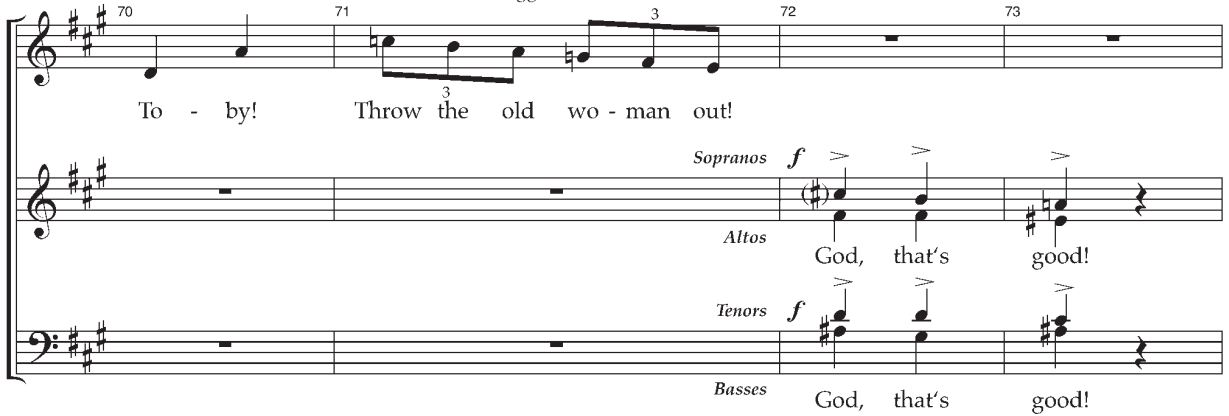
66



Hear the bird - ies cheep - ing, Helps to keep it cheer - y...

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Indicates the Beggar Woman)

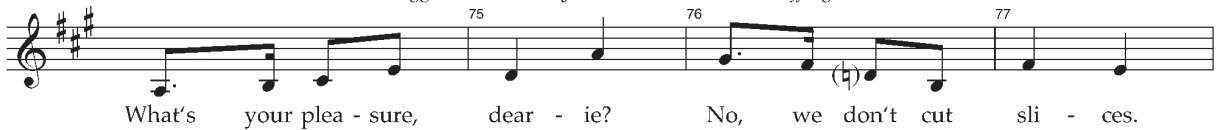


To - by! Throw the old wo - man out!

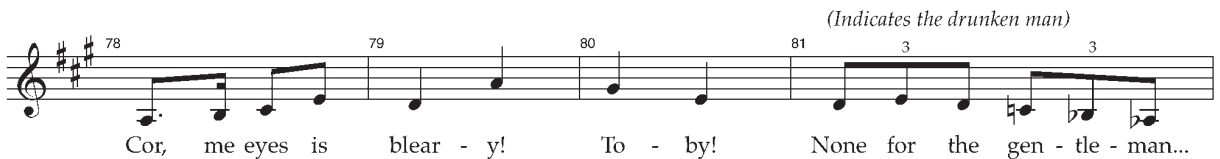
Sopranos *f* > > >  
 Altos God, that's good!  
 Tenors *f* > > >  
 Basses God, that's good!

74

(MRS. LOVETT) *Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon returns, sniffing.*



What's your plea - sure, dear - ie? No, we don't cut sli - ces.



Cor, me eyes is blear - y! To - by! None for the gen - tle - man...

(Indicates the drunken man)



82

(MRS. LOVETT)

I could up me pri - ces, I'm a lit - tle

leer - y. Bus - 'ness could - n't be bet - ter, though...

MRS. LOVETT (Knocks)

Knock on wood!

Sopranos *f*

Altos God, that's good!

Tenors *f*

Basses God, that's good!

V.S.

92 **L'istesso tempo**  
 (MRS. LOVETT) *(To customer)* 93 *(To Tobias)*

Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus - to - mers.

TODD *(Leaning out of the window)*

Psst! Psst!

94 *(To Todd)* 95

Yes, what, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk.

Psst! But it's

96 97

So it's six o-'clock. And it's

six o-'clock! It was due to ar-rive at a quar-ter to five And it's

98 99

prob-a-bly al-read-y down the block. It-'ll be here! It -'ll be here! Have a

six o-'clock! I've been wait-ing all day.

(MRS. LOVETT) 100

beak - er of beer and stop wor - ry - in', dear! Now, now... Will you

(TODD)

But it should have been here by now!

Sopranos *f*

Altos

Tenors *f*

Basses

More hot pies!

(MRS. LOVETT) (Moving back to the garden)

102 103

wait there, cool-ly? 'Cause my cus-to-mers tru-ly are get-ting un-ru-ly and

(TODD)

You'll come back when it comes?

**L'istesso tempo**

104 (MRS. LOVETT) (Circulating among the customers again)

105 106 107

What's you plea - sure, dear - ie? Oops! I beg your par - don!

(Spills ale on a customer)

V.S.

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Indicates the drunken man who is leaving without paying)

108 109 110 111

Just me hands is smear - y... To - by! Run for the gen - tle - man!

112

Tobias runs and collects from the drunk.

113 114

Don't you love a gar - den? Al - ways makes me

(Indicates the drunk)

115 116 117

tear - y. Must be one of them for - eign - ers...

*Sopranos f* 118 119 120 121

*Altos* God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

*Tenors f*

*Basses* God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

122

MRS. LOVETT Workmen bring a crate down the street.

123 124 125

What's my se - cret? Frank - ly, dear— for - give my can - dor—

126 127 128 129

Fam - 'ly se - cret, All to do with herbs.

130 (MRS. LOVETT) *The workmen carry the crate up the stairs.*

Things like be - ing Care - ful with your

cor - i - an - der. That's what makes the gra - vy grand - er!

*Sopranos f* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

*Altos* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

*Tenors f* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

*Basses* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

**V.S.**

141 **L'istesso tempo**  
**MRS. LOVETT** (To a customer) (To Tobias) (To Todd)  
 Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-to-mers. What now, love?  
**TODD** (To Mrs. Lovett)  
 Psst! Psst! Psst!

144 145  
 Quick, though, the trade is brisk. It's where? I'll get  
 But it's here! Com-ing up the stair!

(Holds up the tray)  
 146 147  
 rid of this lot as they're still pret-ty hot And then I'll be there! No, I'll  
 It's a - bout to be o-pened Or don't you care?

148 149 (Addressing a customer)  
 be there! I will be there! But they'll nev-er be sold if I let 'em get cold. Oh, and  
 But we have to pre-pare!

**L'istesso tempo**  
**(MRS. LOVETT)**  
 151 152 153  
 In - ci-dent - 'ly, dear - ie, You know Mrs. — Moo - ney.

(MRS. LOVETT) (To Tobias) (To the customers)

154 155 156 157 3

Sales have been so drear - y— To - by! Poor thing is pen - ni - less.

158 (To Tobias, indicating the Beggar Woman) (To the same customer)

159 160 161

What a - bout that loon - y? Look - in' sort of beer - y...

(Hawklike, to a rising customer)

162 163 164 3

Oh, well, got her come - up - pance And that - 'll be thrup-pence and...

165 (MRS. LOVETT) (To the previous customer)

166 167 168 169 170

So she should!

*Sopranos*  
*Altos* God, that's good That is de - Have you li - cious ev - er  
*Tenors*  
*Basses* God, that's good That is de - Have you li - cious ev - er

*Mrs. Lovett runs up the stairs and into the Tonsorial Parlor as Todd opens the crate.*

171 172 173 174 175 176

tas - ted smell such Oh my God What more That's pies Good!...

tas - ted smell such Oh my God What more That's pies Good!...

V.S.

177

**L'istesso tempo**

MRS. LOVETT *They swoon with admiration at the new chair.*

178

Ooohhh

Ooohhh

TODD

Ooohhh

Ooohhh

179

180 181 182

It's gor-geous! It's gor-geous!

Is that a chair fit for a king, A won-drous neat and most par-tic-u-lar

183 184 185 186

It's per-fect! It's gor-geous!

chair? You tell me where is there a seat can half com-pete with this par-tic-u-lar

187

188 189 190

You make your few mi-nor ad-just-ments. You

thing! I have a few mi-nor ad-just-ments to make, They'll take



*poco rit.*

(MRS. LOVETT) Mrs. Lovett goes back into the garden as Todd tinkers with the chair.

191 192 3 3 193 194

take your time, I'll go see to the cus-tom-ers.

(TODD) (Looking at the chair) *poco rit. ten.*

a mo-ment. I'll call you... I have an - oth - er friend...

195 *a tempo*

MRS. LOVETT (To the customers)

196 197 198

It's gor-geous! It's gor-geous!

TOBIAS (To the customers)

Is that a pie fit for a king, A won-drous sweet and most par-ti-cu-lar

Sopranos *unis.*

Altos Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum!

199 200 201 202

It's per-fect! It's gor-geous!

thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie Can com-pete with this de-lec-ta-ble

Yum! Yum!

Yum! Yum!

V.S.

203 (MRS. LOVETT)

204 205 206

The crust all vel-vet-y and wav-y, That

(TOBIAS)

Pie! The crust all vel-vet-y and wav-y, That glaze, Those crimps...

Sopranos

Altos Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

(MRS. LOVETT)

207 208 209 210 (to 213)

glaze, Those crimps, And then the suc-cu-lent gra-vy. So

(TOBIAS)

And then the thick suc-cu-lent gra-vy... One whiff, One glimpse...

TODD

And now to test this best of bar-ber chairs...

Sopranos

Altos Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

213 (MRS. LOVETT)

thick it makes you

(TOBIAS)

So ten - der that you sur -

(TODD)

It's time... It's time...

Sopranos

Altos Yum! Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum! Yum!

214 (to 216)

216 **L'istesso tempo**

(MRS. LOVETT) (To the customers) 217 (To Tobias) 218 (To Todd)

sick. Ex - cuse me... Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers. All set, love?

(TOBIAS)

ren - der.

(TODD) (Out the window)

Psst! Psst! Psst!

V.S.

(MRS. LOVETT) 219 220

My heart's a - flutter! When you pound the floor...

(TODD)

Quick now! When I pound the floor, It's a

221 222

Yes, you told me, I know, you'll be read-y to go when you pound the floor. Will you

sig-nal to show that I'm read-y to go, When I pound the floor!

223 224

trust me? Will you trust me? I'll be wait-ing be-low for the whis-tle to blow...

I just want to be sure... When I'm cer-tain that you're in

225 (TODD) (Pounds on the window frame) 226

place, I'll pound three times.

MRS. LOVETT (Knocks the air impatiently) 227 228 229

(TODD) (Pounds) (As she nods)

Three times. And then you— Three

(TODD) *(Knocks exaggeratedly)* *(Knocks heavily and wearily on the wall)*

times... If you— Ex - act - ly...

233 (MRS. LOVETT) *(Torn between the customers and Todd)*

Gawd! Right! Psst!

(TODD)

*Sopranos f*

*Altos* More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

*Tenors f*

*Basses* More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

*She runs into the bakehouse, which has a large oven and a meat grinder on a butcher's block. In the wall is the mouth of a chute leading from the Tonsorial Parlor upstairs. As she does, Todd takes a stack of books tied together and puts it in the chair.*

MRS. LOVETT

Wait!

**V.S.**

Todd pulls a lever on the chair and the books disappear through a trap door, reappearing from the hole in the bakehouse wall and plopping on the floor at Mrs. Lovett's feet.

266

MRS. LOVETT (*Knocks on the chute*)

267 (to 269) 269-270 2

TODD (*Stamps on the floor*)

2

MRS. LOVETT (*Knocks excitedly on the chute*)

271 272 (to 274)

TODD (*Stamps on the floor in triumph*)

274

Mrs. Lovett hurries out of the bakehouse, while Todd resumes tinkering happily with the chair.

Sopranos *ff* 275 276 277 *div.*

Altos More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More hot! Pies!

Tenors *ff*

Basses More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More hot! Pies!

L'istesso tempo

278

MRS. LOVETT (*To the customers*)

279 280 281

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin I rolled it.

TOBIAS (*To the customers*)

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin she rolled it.

(MRS. LOVETT) 282 Eat them slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize.

(TOBIAS) 283 Eat them slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize.

286

287 Eat them slow, 'Cause that's the lot and

288 Eat them slow 'Cause that's the lot and

(Hanging up a "Sold Out" sign) 289 now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row... Hold it!

(Spotting something along the street) 290 now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row!

292

MRS. LOVETT 293 Bless my eyes! 294 295

*The man with the cap, from Act I, comes into view, approaches the Tonsorial Parlor and rings the bell.*

Sopranos

Altos More hot pies!

Tenors

Basses More hot pies!

**V.S.**

MRS. LOVETT

296-297 2 298 299

Fresh sup - plies!

300 *As Mrs. Lovett takes the sign down and turns back to her customers, Todd sees the man, beckons him up. As the man*

(MRS. LOVETT) 301 302 303

How a - bout it, dear - ie? Be here in a twin - kling.

TOBIAS

Is that a pie fit for a king, A

Sopranos

Altos Yum! Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum! Yum!

*starts up the stairs, he and Todd freeze, Todd with the razor in his hand.*

304 305 306 307 3 3

Just con-firms my theo - ry... To - by!... God watch - es ov - er us.

won - drous sweet and most de - lec - ta - ble

Yum! Yum! Yum!

Yum! Yum! Yum!



308 (MRS. LOVETT)

309 310 311

Did - n't have an ink - ling... Pos - i - tive - ly ee - rie...

(TOBIAS)

thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie...

Sopranos

Altos Yum! Yum!

Tenors

Basses Yum! Yum!

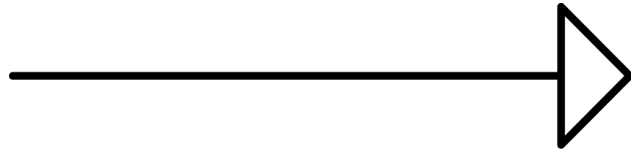
*She spots the Beggar Woman again.*

(MRS. LOVETT)

312 313

To - by! THROW THE OLD WO - MAN OUT!

**V.S.**



*As Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, Mrs. Lovett runs back to the pieshop.  
The customers sing with their mouths full, gradually swallowing and singing clearly.*

*cresc. poco a poco al Fine*

Sopranos  
Altos  
Tenors  
Basses

314 315 316 317

God, that's good That is de - Have you

God, that's good That is de - Have you

318 319 320 321

- li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

- li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

*Mrs. Lovett relaxes in the pieshop with a mug of ale.*

322 323 324 325

Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

326 327 328 329

pies such fla - vor God that's good!

pies such fla - vor God that's good!

*Applause Segue*

# 20

## Johanna - Act II Sequence

Anthony  
Todd  
Johanna  
Beggar Woman

*Dawn. The streets of London.*

**Rubato**

**5** **Andante** (♩ = 66) *Anthony searches through the streets for Johanna.* **ANTHONY**

**9** **(ANTHONY)**

feel you, Jo - han - na. I feel you.

**15** *Light comes up on the pishop. Todd sits on the outside stairs, smoking and enjoying the morning.*

Do they think that walls can hide\_\_\_\_\_ you? E-ven now I'm at your win - dow.

*A customer arrives. Todd ushers him into the Tonsorial Parlor and seats him in the chair, preparing him for a shave.*

I am in the dark be - side\_\_\_\_\_ you, Bur - ied sweet-ly in your

(ANTHONY) *rit.* *ten. ten.* 23 **Allegretto** ( $\text{♩} = 80$ , strict tempo throughout)

yel-low hair, Jo-han-na...

*(Todd sings dreamily to himself throughout, benign and detached from the action)* **TODD** *ten. ten.*

Jo-han-na...

25 **(TODD)**  
*(last time)*

And are you beau-ti-ful and pale, With yel-low hair, like her?

I'd want you beau-ti-ful and pale, The way I've dreamed you were, Jo -

**ANTHONY**

Jo-han-na...

**(TODD)**

han-na...

37

And if you're beau-ti-ful, what then, With yel-low hair like wheat?

**V.S.**

(TODD) *He slashes the customer's throat.*

41 42 43 44

I think we shall not meet a - gain, My lit - tle dove, my sweet Jo -

ANTHONY

45 46 47 48

I'll steal you, Jo-han - na...

(TODD)

han - na...

49

*Todd stomps on the floor to signal Mrs. Lovett.*

50 51 52

(Stomp) (Stomp) (Stomp)

Good-bye, Jo - han - na. You're gone, and yet you're mine.

*Todd pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute.*

53 54 55 56

Jo - han -

(TODD)

I'm fine, Jo - han - na, I'm fine.

57 58 59 60 (to 65)

na...

(TODD)

Night falls. Black smoke rises from the bakehouse chimney. As it thickens, we become aware of Mrs. Lovett, in a white nightdress, inside the bakehouse. The oven doors are open and cast a hot light. She is tossing "objects" into the oven. As the music continues, the Beggar Woman stumbles into view from the alleyway beside the chimney, coughing and spitting and carrying a meager straw pallet, her bed.

Safety

BEGGAR WOMAN

(last time)

65

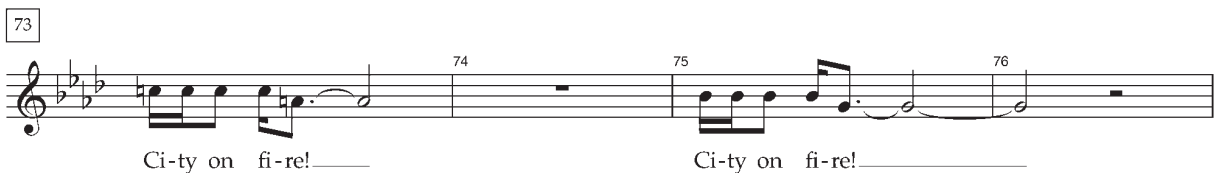
Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the dev-il! Sign of the dev-il! Ci-ty on fi-re!\_\_\_\_\_

She tries to interest passers-by who, clearly revolted, move away.

Witch! Witch! Smell it, sir! An e - vil smell!

Ev - 'ry night at the ves - pers bell, Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell,

73



Ci-ty on fi-re!\_\_\_\_\_ Ci-ty on fi-re!\_\_\_\_\_

She shuffles off. Light comes up. Morning again.  
Anthony is searching through another part of  
London. Todd, on the steps, greets another...



Mis-chief! Mis-chief! Mis-chief!

V.S.

...customer, ushers him into the Tonsorial Parlor and prepares him as before.

85 **Safety**  
**TODD**  
(last time)

And if I nev - er hear your voice, My tur - tle dove, \_\_\_\_\_ my dear,  
I still have rea - son to re - joice: The way a - head \_\_\_\_\_ is clear, Jo -

**JOHANNA** (*Becoming visible behind bars in Fogg's Asylum, the madhouse where she is incarcerated*)


I'll mar - ry An - tho - ny Sun - day... An - tho - ny Sun - day... \_\_\_\_\_  
ANTHONY  
I  
(TODD)  
han - na... \_\_\_\_\_

97 (JOHANNA)

(ANTHONY)  
feel \_\_\_\_\_ you, \_\_\_\_\_ Jo -  
(TODD)  
And in that dark - ness when I'm blind with what I can't \_\_\_\_\_ for - get,




(ANTHONY) 101 102 103 104




han - na...

(TODD)



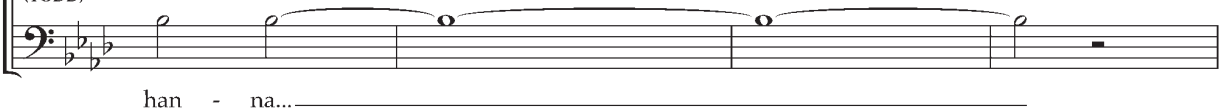
It's al-ways morn-ing in my mind, My lit - tle lamb, my pet, Jo -

JOHANNA 105 106 107 108



I knew you'd come for me one day... Come for me... One day...

(TODD)

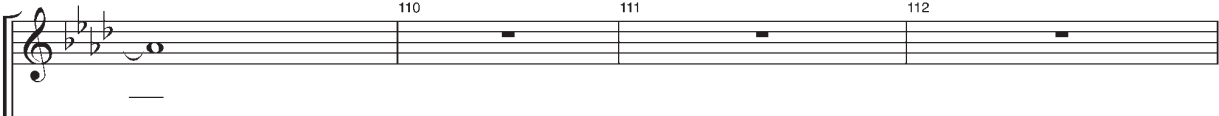


han - na...

(JOHANNA) 110 111 112


*(Todd slashes the customer's throat, and stomps on the floor to signal Mrs. Lovett)*

*(Dusk gathers.)*




Jo - han - na...

(ANTHONY)



You stay, Jo - han - na, The way I've dreamed you are,

(TODD)



*(Stomp)(Stomp) (Stomp)*

**V.S.**

(ANTHONY) *(Todd pulls the lever and again the customer disappears)*

113 114 115 116  
Bur - ied sweet - ly in your

(TODD) *(Looking up)*

Oh, look, Jo - han - na, A star! \_\_\_\_\_

*Todd tosses the customer's hat down the chute. Night falls again. Smoke rises. The Beggar Woman reappears, coughing fit to kill.*

117 118 119 120  
yel - low hair... \_\_\_\_\_  
A shoot - ing star! \_\_\_\_\_

**Safety**  
**BEGGAR WOMAN**  
*(last time)*

125

125 126  
There! There! Some - bod - y, some - bod - y look up there!

*Passers-by continue to ignore her.*

127 128 129  
Did-n't I tell you? Smell that air! Ci - ty on fi - re! \_\_\_\_\_

130 131  
Quick, miss! Run and tell! Warn 'em all of the witch's spell! There it

132 133  
is, there it is, the un - ho - ly smell! Tell it to the Bea - dle and the po - lice as well!

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

(Top line optional)

*The smoke thins.*

134 Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend! 135 Ci-ty on fi-re! 136 Ci-ty on fi-re!

137

*Dawn rises.*

137 Ci-ty on fi-re... 138 Ci-ty on fi-re... 139 Mis-chief... 140 Mis-chief...

*She curses at the bakehouse with her fingers.*

141 Fiend... 142 Fiend... 143 Fiend... 144 Alms...

*She shuffles off. Todd greets a third customer, whose small daughter, much to Todd's chagrin, follows her father into the shop.*

145 Alms... 146-149 Alms...

**V.S.**

150 TODD (Shaving the customer)  
(last time)

And though I'll think of you, I guess, un - til the day\_\_\_\_\_ I die,

I think I miss you less and less as ev - 'ry day\_\_\_\_\_ goes by, Jo -

158 159 160 161

**JOHANNA**

With you be - side me on Sun - day,

**ANTHONY**

Jo-han - na...

**(TODD)**

han - na...

162 (JOHANNA)

Mar-ried on Sun - day...\_\_\_\_\_

**(TODD)**

And you'd be beau-ti - ful and pale, And look too much\_\_\_\_\_ like her.

(TODD)

166 167 168 169

If on - ly an - gels could pre - vail, We'd be the way we were, Jo -

*Todd finishes shaving the customer, who pays him and leaves with his daughter.*

JOHANNA

170 171 172 173

Mar-ried on Sun - day... Mar-ried on Sun - day... —

ANTHONY

I feel you, Jo-han - na... —

(TODD)

han - na... —

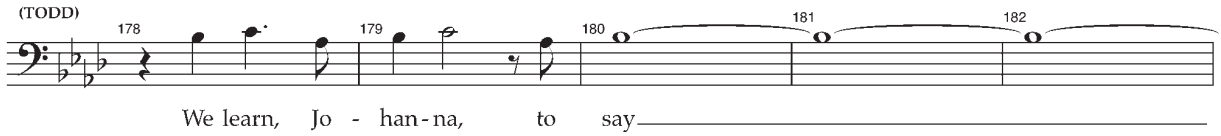
174

175 176 177

Wake up, Jo - han - na! An - oth - er bright red day!


**V.S.**

(TODD)



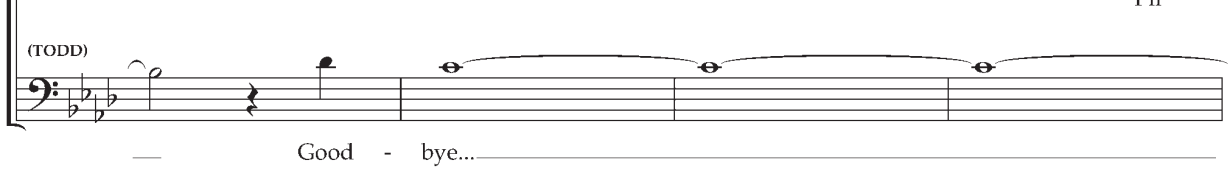
We learn, Jo - han-na, to say \_\_\_\_\_

ANTHONY




I'll \_\_\_\_\_

(TODD)



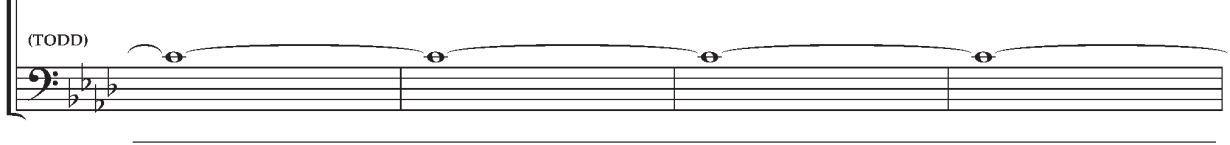
Good - bye... \_\_\_\_\_

(ANTHONY)



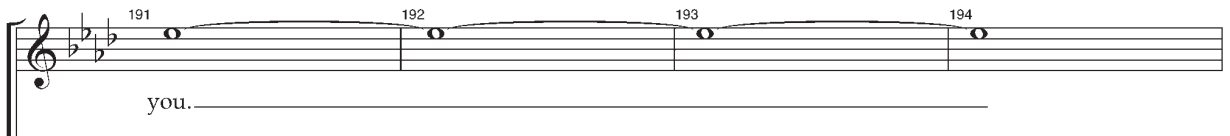
steal \_\_\_\_\_

(TODD)



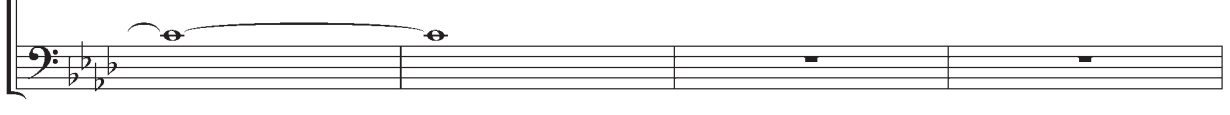
\_\_\_\_\_

(ANTHONY)



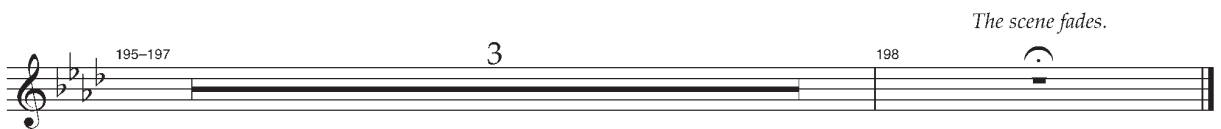
you. \_\_\_\_\_

(TODD)



\_\_\_\_\_


195-197



\_\_\_\_\_

3

198



\_\_\_\_\_

*The scene fades.*

*Segue*

Johanna

20A

## After Johanna Act II Sequence

(♩ = 200)  
JOHANNA  
*mf ad lib.*

A B C

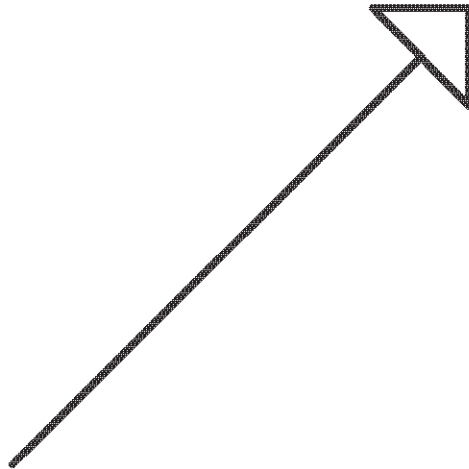
Green finch and lin-net bird... Green finch and lin-net bird... Green finch and lin-net bird...

1

*Ad lib. repeat*

2-10 9

(Fade on scene)





Mrs. Lovett

20B

## I Am A Lass

*(Optional)**(As lights come up on Mrs. Lovett's parlor)*MRS. LOVETT *(ad lib.)*

I am a lass who a - las loves a lad Who a -

las has a lass in— Can - ter - bur - y. 'Tis a row dow

did - dle dow day, 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow dee...

*Segue*

# 21

Mrs. Lovett  
Todd

## By The Sea (Part I)

(cue) **MRS. LOVETT:** (Cross) The bloody old Judge! (She massages his neck) We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and-- since we're careful to pick and choose-- only strangers and such like wot won't be missed-- who's going to catch on? (No response; she leans across and pecks him on the lips)

**Moderato** (♩ = 84) **Vamp**  
**MRS. LOVETT**  
 (last time) (Kisses him again) (Again)

Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, I'm so hap - py I could

(Again)

eat you up, I real - ly could. You know what I'd like to do, Mis - ter Todd?

(Kisses him again) (Again)

What I dream...? If the bus - 'ness stays as good, Where I'd real - ly like to

13 (No response from Todd) (Still no response)

go...? In a year or so...? Don't you want to

**TODD:** (Dully) Of course. **TODD:** Yes, yes, I do, I do.

know? Do you real - ly want to know?

**MRS. LOVETT:** (Settling back) I've always had a dream-- ever since I was a skinny little slip of a thing and my rich aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside August Bank Holiday... the pier... making little castles in the sand. I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briny.

21 **Safety** 21-23 3 24 **MRS. LOVETT** (last time) (to 29)

By the

29

(MRS. LOVETT)

sea, Mis - ter Todd, That's the life I cov - et, By the

sea, Mis-ter Todd, Ooh, I knew you'd love— it! You and me, Mis-ter T, We could

be a - lone— In a house wot we'd al-most own— Down by the

37

(MRS. LOVETT)

*(Todd gives her a pained smile)*

sea! Would-n't that be smash - ing? With the

TODD

An-y-thing you say.

41

(MRS. LOVETT)

sea at our gate, We'll have kip-pered her - ring Wot have swum to us straight from the

Straits of Ber - ing. Ev-'ry night in the kip when we're through our kip - pers, I'll be

there slip - pin' off your slip - pers By— the sea,

V.S.

(MRS. LOVETT)

50 51 52 53

With the fish - ies splash - ing. By the sea,

54 55 56

Would - n't that be smash - ing? Down by the

(MRS. LOVETT)

57 58 59 60 (to 63)

sea! I can

TODD

An-y-thing you say, An - y-thing you say.

63

(MRS. LOVETT)

64 65 66

see us wak-ing, The break-ers break-ing, The sea gulls squawk-ing, Hoo! Hoo! I

67 68 69 70

do me bak-ing, Then I go walk-ing with you - hoo! Yoo - hoo! I'll

(Waving gaily)

71

(Indicating Todd)

72 73 74

warm me bones on the es-plan-ade, Have tea and scones with me gay young blade, Then

75 76 77 78 (to 81)

I'll knit a sweat-er while you write a let-ter, Un - less we got bet-ter to do - hoo.

(Coyly)

81 TODD: Anything you say... 83 MRS. LOVETT

82 84

Think how snug it-'ll be un-der - neath our flan - nel When it's

85 86 87

just you and me and the Eng - lish Chan - nel. In our co - zy re-treat, Kept all

88 89 90

neat and ti - dy, We'll have chums o - ver ev - 'ry Fri - day By the

91 (MRS. LOVETT)

92 93 94

sea, Don't you love the weath - er By the

TODD

An - y - thing you say. \_\_\_\_\_

95 96 97 98

sea? We'll grow old to - geth - er By the

99

100 101 102

sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea! \_\_\_\_\_

MRS. LOVETT:

Oh, I can see us now-- in our bathing dresses--

103-104 2

*Segue as one*

# 21A

Mrs. Lovett

## By The Sea (Part II)

(cont.) MRS. LOVETT: ...you in a nice rich navy-- and me, stripes perhaps.

Moderato (♩ = 84)      Safety      MRS. LOVETT (last time)

It - 'll

5

be so qui-et that who'll come by it Ex - cept a sea-gull? Hoo! Hoo! We

should - n't try it, Though, till it's le-gal For two - hoo! But a

13

sea - side wed-ding could be de-vised, Me rum-pled bed-ding le - git - i-mized. Me

eye-lids-'ll flut-ter, I'll turn in-to but-ter, The mo-ment I mut-ter, "I do - oo!"

(MRS. LOVETT)

21 22 (to 25) 26

By the sea, in our nest, We could share our kip - pers With the

27 28 29

odd pay-ing guest from the week-end trip - pers, Have a nice sun-ny suite for the

30 31 32

guest to rest\_\_\_ in... Now and then, you could do the guest\_\_\_ in... By the

33

34 35 36

sea, Mar-ried nice and prop - er, \_\_\_\_\_ By the

37 38 39 40

sea. Bring a - long your chop - per \_\_\_\_\_ To the

(Slashes the air twice)

41 42 43 44

sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea! \_\_\_\_\_

45-46

2

# 22

Todd  
Anthony  
Quintet

## Wigmaker Sequence

(cue) TODD  
A madhouse... a madhouse!

TODD: (*Swinging around, feverishly*)  
Johanna is as good as rescued.

MRS. LOVETT:  
She is?

TODD:  
Where do you...

(♩ = 48) *Oboe Solo*

TODD: (*cont.*)  
suppose all the wigmakers of London go to obtains their human hair?

MRS. LOVETT: Who knows, dear?  
The morgue, wouldn't be surprised.

7 TODD: Bedlam. They get their  
hair from the lunatics at Bedlam.

ANTHONY:  
Then you think--?

TODD: Fogg's Asylum? Why not? For the right amount,  
they will sell you the hair off any madman's head.

MRS. LOVETT: And the scalp to go with it, too,  
if requested. Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm out! (*Exits*)

TODD: (*Excitedly, to Anthony*) We will write a letter to this Mr. Fogg  
offering the highest price for hair the exact shade of Johanna's--

15 TODD: (*cont.*)  
which I trust you know?

ANTHONY:  
Yellow.

TODD: Not exact enough. I must make  
you into a credible wigmaker-- and quickly.

TODD

There's

19 (TODD)

taw - ny and there's gold - en saf - fron, There's flax - en and there's blonde...



TODD: Repeat that. *(Anthony stares at him)* Repeat that!  
 ANTHONY: Yes, Mr. Todd.

TODD:  
 Well?

ANTHONY

23-25 3 26  
 There's

27 (ANTHONY)  
 28 29  
 taw - ny and there's gold - en saf - fron, There's flax - en and there's

(ANTHONY)  
 30 31 32  
 blonde... There's  
 TODD  
 Good. There's coarse and fine, There's straight and curl - y, There's

33 34 35  
 coarse and fine, there's straight and curl - y, There's grey, there's white, There's  
 grey, there's white, There's ash, there's pearl - y, There's corn - yel - low,

36 37 38  
 ash, there's pearl - y, There's corn - yel-low...  
 Buff and o - chre And straw and ap - ri - cot...  
 (Exiting with Todd)  
 As the lights dim on them,  
 a quintet from the company appears.

V.S.

39 SOLO ALTO,  
SOLO TENOR

Swee-ny'd wait-ed too long be-fore. "Ah, but nev-er a - gain," he swore.

43 SOLO BARITONE  
SOLO BASS

For-tune ar-rived. "Swee-ney!" it sang. Swee-ney was read-y and Swee-ney sprang.

SOLO ALTO,  
SOLO TENOR

Swee - ny's prob-lems went up in smoke, All re-solved with a sin - gle stroke.

51 SOLO BARITONE  
SOLO BASS

Swee-ney was sharp, Swee-ney was burn-ing, Swee-ney be-gan the en-gines turn-ing.

61

*Sopranos*

Swee - ny's prob-lems went up in smoke, All re-solved with a sin - gle stroke by—

*Altos*

Swee - ney! Did-n't wait,— no, nev-er a-gain, Set the bait,— Did

*Tenors*

Swee-ney was sharp, Swee-ney was burn-ing, Swee-ney be-gan the en - gines turn - ing.

*Baritones*

Sin - gle stroke— by— Swee - ney! Did-n't wait,— did— Swee - ney!

*Basses*

Swee - ney! Did-n't wait,— did Swee - ney! Set the bait,— Did

Todd appears on the staircase accompanied by a strange figure,  
who we soon realize is Anthony, disguised as a wigmaker.

**ANTHONY**  
(Finishing his catechism)

63 64 65 66

With

(Sopranos)

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Altos)

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Tenors)

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Baritones)

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Basses)

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

67

(ANTHONY)

68 69 70

fin - er tex-tures, Ash looks fair - er, Which makes it rare, But flax-en's rar-er...

**TODD**

Good. Good. Good. No,

71 72 73 74

Yes, yes, I know, cheap-er, not rar - er...

(Hands him purse)

no, The flax-en's cheap-er... Here's mon-ey.

**V.S.**

**TODD:** And here's the pistol. (*Hands him a pistol*) For kill if you must. Kill.

**ANTHONY:** I'll kill a dozen jailers if need be to set her free.

**TODD:** Then off with you, off. But, Anthony, listen to me once again. When you have rescued her, bring her back here. I shall guard her while you hire the chaise to Plymouth.

**ANTHONY:** I'll be with you before the evening's out, Mr. Todd. (*Clasping Todd's hands*)  
Oh, thank you - - friend.

75

75-84

10

85

**On cue**

*Segue*

(Todd)  
Quintet

22A

# The Letter

*Anthony hurries off. Todd goes to the little writing table, picks up a quill pen and starts to write. The quintet sings what he writes.*

**Andante, molto rubato** (♩ = 144)

Musical score for the first system. The top staff is for Xylophone, with measures 1, 2, and 3. Measure 2 has an accent (^) over the note. The bottom staff is for Bass, with measures 1, 2, and 3. Measure 2 has the instruction *Molto rubato (Bass)*. The lyrics below the Bass staff are: Most Hon - or - a - ble Judge

*Todd pauses reflectively.*

**TODD**  
(Snorts)

Musical score for the second system. The top staff is for Soprano, with measures 4, 5, and 6. Measure 5 has the instruction *TODD (Snorts)* and the text "Hm!". The bottom staff is for Bass, with measures 4, 5, and 6. The lyrics below the Bass staff are: Tur - pin... I. The lyrics for the other parts are: Soprano: Hon - or - a - ble!...; Alto: Hon - or - a - ble!...; Tenor: *sempre rubato (Tenor)* Most Hon - or - a - ble... Hon - or - a - ble!...

*He resumes writing.*

9 *Todd thinks, choosing the word.*

Musical score for the third system. The top staff is for Xylophone, with measures 7, 8, and 9. Measure 9 has an accent (^) over the note. The bottom staff is for Bass, with measures 7, 8, and 9. The lyrics below the Bass staff are: ven - ture thus to write you this...

**V.S.**

He writes. He thinks. He grunts with satisfaction.

TODD 10 11 12 13

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Baritone

Bass

Ur-gent... note to warn you that the hot-blood - ed young

Ur-gent... That the hot-blood - ed young

Young

Young

Young

He resumes writing. Todd stares off sadly.

(Soprano) 14 15 16 17

*sempre rubato*

*sempre rubato*

*sempre rubato*

*mp dolce*

*mp dolce*

has ab - duct - ed your ward Jo - han - na...

has ab - duct - ed your ward Jo - han - na...

Jo -

sail - or Jo - han - na...

sail - or Jo - han - na...

18 (Soprano) *He resumes writing again.* *He thinks a bit, then writes.*

From the in-sti - tu-tion where you... Con - fined her.

(Alto)

From the in-sti - tu-tion where you... Con - fined her.

(Tenor)

han - na... So wise - ly...

(Baritone)

So wise - ly... But

(Bass)

So wise - ly...

V.S.

**L'istesso tempo, non rubato**

(Tenor) 22 23 24  
I have per - suad-ed the boy to lodge her

(Baritone)  
hop-ing to earn your fa - vor, I have per - suad-ed the boy to lodge her

*He dips his pen, resumes writing.*

Soprano 25 26 27  
If you

Alto  
In Fleet Street. If you

(Tenor)  
here to-night at my Ton - so - ri - al Par - lor in Fleet Street. If you

(Baritone)  
here to-night at my Ton - so - ri - al Par - lor in Fleet Street. If you

Bass  
At my Ton - so - ri - al Par - lor in Fleet Street. If you



28 (Soprano) *rall.* He starts to sign,

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

(Alto)

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

(Tenor)

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

(Baritone)

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

(Bass)

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

**V.S.**

then adds another phrase with a smile.

32

Todd reads the letter over.

He dips the pen again and writes carefully.

(Soprano)

31

33

34

Musical score for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Baritone, and Bass parts, measures 31-34. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The Soprano part has a fermata over measure 31. The Alto part has a fermata over measure 31 and a note in measure 33. The Tenor part has a fermata over measure 31 and the lyrics "She will be wait - ing." with a dynamic marking of *mp dolce*. The Baritone part has a fermata over measure 31 and the lyrics "Wait - ing... Your o -". The Bass part has a fermata over measure 31 and the lyrics "Wait - ing... Your o -".

L'istesso tempo

Todd gives the last word a flourish.

(Baritone)

35

36

37

38

Musical score for Baritone and Bass parts, measures 35-38. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The Baritone part has the lyrics "be - di - ent hum - ble ser - vant..." and a fermata over measure 38. The Bass part has the lyrics "be - di - ent hum - ble ser - vant, Swee - ney Todd." and a fermata over measure 38.

Segue

## 22B

After Letter  
(tacet)

Todd hurries across the stage to Judge Turpin's house, knocks on the door, which opens, and hands in the letter.

**Misterioso**

1 Organ 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

**TODD:**  
Give this to Judge Turpin, it's urgent!

11 12 13

(Fade on scene)

# 23

Tobias  
Mrs. Lovett

## Not While I'm Around

(cue) **TOBIAS:** ... a man wot was bad and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

**MRS. LOVETT:** (*Even more wary*)  
What is this? What are you talking about?

**Molto rubato** (♩ = 112)

**3** **TOBIAS**

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
Of course not, dear,  
and why should it?

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, Not while I'm a-round. \_\_\_\_\_

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
What do you mean,  
"a man"?

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, no sir, Not while I'm a-round. \_\_\_\_\_

**11**

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
(*Relieved, patting his head*)  
And so they are, dear.

De - mons are prowl - ing ev - 'ry-where now - a - days \_\_\_\_\_

**MRS. LOVETT:**  
Of course you do...

*poco accel.*

I'll send 'em howl - ing, I don't care... I got ways. \_\_\_\_\_

MRS. LOVETT (*cont.*): What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

*rit.*



MRS. LOVETT:  
I know what  
Toby deserves...

21

*a tempo* (TOBIAS)



No one's gon-na hurt you, No one's gon-na dare. \_\_\_\_\_

MRS. LOVETT: Here,  
have a nice bon-bon.  
(Starts to reach for her purse, but  
Tobias stays her hand in adoration)



Oth-ers can de - sert you, Not to wor-ry-- whist-le, I'll be there. \_\_\_\_\_

29



De - mons-'ll charm you with a smile For a while, but in time



Noth-ing can harm you, Not while I'm a - round. \_\_\_\_\_

MRS. LOVETT: What is this foolishness? What are you talking about?

TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about...  
It's him, you see-- Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't  
like women, they ain't wot you can trust, as I've lived and learned.  
(She looks at him uneasily)

37



V.S.

43 **Piu mosso, sempre rubato**  
**TOBIAS**

Not to wor - ry, Not to wor - ry, I may not be smart but I ain't

dumb. I can do it, Put me to it, Show me some - thing

I can o - ver - come, Not to wor - ry, mum. *rit.*

55 **a tempo**

Be - ing close and be - ing clev - er ain't like be - ing true.

I don't need to, I won't nev - er hide a thing from you, like *rit.*

**MRS. LOVETT:** Now Toby dear, haven't we had enough foolish chatter? Let's just sit nice and quiet for a bit. Here. *(She pulls out the chatelaine purse, which is now immediately recognizable to the audience as Pirelli's money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon)*

63 **Tempo primo**

some.

**TOBIAS:** (*Suddenly excited, pointing*) That! That's Signor Pirelli's purse! (*Mrs. Lovett, realizing her slip, quickly hides it*)

**MRS. LOVETT:** (*Stalling for time*) What's that? What was that, dear?

**TOBIAS:** That proves it! What I've been thinking. That's his purse!

**MRS. LOVETT:** (*Concealing what is now almost panic*) Silly boy! It's just a little something Mr. T. gave me for my birthday.

**TOBIAS:** Mr. Todd gave it to you! And how did he get it? How did he get it?

**MRS. LOVETT:** Bought it, dear, in the pawnshop, dear. (*To distract him, she lifts the unfinished muffler on its needles*)  
Come on, now.

67

**Piu mosso, espressivo**

67-74

75

**Tempo primo***Safety* **MRS. LOVETT** (*last time*)

76 77 78

Noth - ing's gon - na harm you Not while I'm a - round.

**TOBIAS:**  
You don't understand!

79 80 81 82

Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, darl - ing, Not while I'm a - round.

83

**Piu mosso**  
**TOBIAS**

**TOBIAS:** The guv'nor giving up  
his purse-- with two quid?

84 85-86

Two quid was in it, Two or three...

**A tempo**  
**(TOBIAS)**

87 88

Not for a min - ute! Don't you see?

**V.S.**

TOBIAS: It was in Mr. Todd's parlor that the gov'nor disappeared!  
MRS. LOVETT: Boys and their fancies! What will we think of next?

*accel.* 90-91 2 92 *rit.*

(MRS. LOVETT): Here, dear. Sit here by your Aunt Nellie like a good boy and look at your lovely muffler. How warm it's going to keep you as the days draw in. And it's so becoming on you.

93 *a tempo* 6 99 *Bells* 100

101 TOBIAS 102 103 104

De - mons-'ll charm you with a smile For a-while, But in time

105 106 107 108

Noth-ing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a - round.\_\_\_\_\_

109 110



# After “Not While I’m Around” (tacet)

23A

(cue) MRS. LOVETT: No time like the present. Come on!

**Largo** (♩ = 60)

*Orgm*

*ff*

**⊕ Coda**

*Segue*

# 24

Beadle

## Parlor Songs (Part I)

(Beadle sings from a song book, accompanying himself on the harmonium)

**Andante** (♩ = 132)

BEADLE

1 Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett      2 lay in the grass,      3 Turned her eyes heav - en - ward,

4 sigh - ing,      5 I am a lass who, a - las,      6 loves a lad, who, a -

7 las, has a lass in —      8 Can - ter - bur - y.      9 'Tis a row dow

*rall.*

**MRS LOVETT:** (*Enters, clapping*) Oh, Beadle Bamford, I didn't know you were a music lover, too.

**BEADLE:** (*not rising*) Good afternoon, Mrs. Lovett! Fine instrument you've acquired.

**MRS. LOVETT:** Oh yes, it's my pride and joy.

10 did - dle dow day,      11 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow      12 dee.

*a tempo*      *accel.*      *rall.*

Harmonium

(BEADLE)

Sweet Pol-ly Plunk - ett saw her life pass, Flew— down the ci-ty road,

*poco accel.*

cry - ing, 'I am a lass who a - las loves a lad who a - las has a lass loves an -

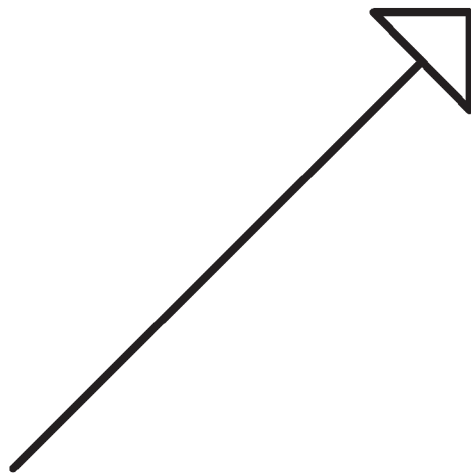
*rall.*

*rall.* *ten.* *a tempo*

oth - er lad who— once I had in— Can - ter - bur - y. 'Tis a

*accel.* *rall.*

row dow did - dle dow day, 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow dee.



Beadle  
Mrs. Lovett  
Tobias

24A

## Parlor Songs (Part II)

**BEADLE:** When will he be back?

**MRS. LOVETT:** Couldn't say, I'm sure.

**BEADLE:** (*Finds a particular song*)

Ah, one of mother's favorites...

**Andante** (♩ = 144)

27 28 **BEADLE** 29

If one bell rings in the

30 31 32 33

Tow - er of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong!

**TOBIAS**

34 35 36

One bell to-day in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding dong!

(**BEADLE**) (*Hears Tobias' voice*) (*The Beadle stops playing*)

One bell to-day in the Tow - er of...

**BEADLE:** (*Stops playing*) What's that?

**MRS. LOVETT:** Oh, just my boy – the lad that helps me with the pies.

**BEADLE:** But surely he's in the bakehouse, isn't he?

**MRS. LOVETT:** (*Almost beside herself*) Oh yes, yes, of course. But you see...

he's – well, simple in the head. Last week he run off and we found him

two days later down by the embankment half-starved, poor thing.

So ever since then, we locks him in for his own security.

**BEADLE:** Then we'll have to wait for Mr. Todd, won't we?

(*Turns back to the book*)

**BEADLE:** Since you're a fellow music lover, ma'am, why don't you raise your voice along with mine?

**MRS. LOVETT:** All right.

(**BEADLE**)

37 38 39 40

But if two bells ring in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding...

V.S.

MRS. LOVETT

41 42 43

Ding dong!

(BEADLE)

Ding dong! Your true love will stray.

(MRS. LOVETT)

44 45 46 47

Ding dong! Two bells to-day in the Tow-er of Bray.

(TOBIAS)

Two bells to-day in the Tow-er of Bray.

(BEADLE)

Ding dong! Two bells to-day in the Tow-er of Bray.

(MRS. LOVETT)

48 49 50

Ding dong! Ding dong!

(TOBIAS)

Ding dong! Ding dong!

(BEADLE)

Ding dong! Ding dong! But if three bells ring in the Tow-er of Bray...

**MRS LOVETT:** (Another “inspiration”)

Oh yes, of course! Mr. Todd's gone down to Wapping. Won't be back for hours. And he'll be ever sorry to miss you. Why, just the other day he was saying, “If only the Beadle would grace my tonsorial parlor I'd give him a most stylish haircut, the dantiest shave – all for nothing.” So why don't you drop in some time and take advantage of his offer?

**BEADLE:** Wee, that's real friendly of him.

(Immovable, HE starts to sing another verse)

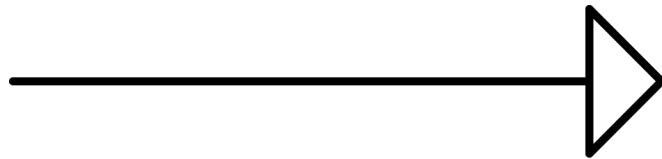


**MRS. LOVETT:**  
Just how many  
bells are there?  
**BEADLE:** Twelve.

**BEADLE**

If four bells ring in the Tow - er of (Bray...)

**V.S.**





MRS. LOVETT

64 65 66

Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_

TOBIAS

Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_

BEADLE

Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_

(MRS. LOVETT)

67 68 69

Then lov - ers must pray.

(TOBIAS)

Then lov - ers must pray.

(BEADLE)

Ding dong! Then lov - ers must pray. Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_

70 71 72 73

Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_ Four bells to-day...

Ding dong! \_\_\_\_\_ Four bells to-day...

Ding dong! Four bells to-day...

# 24B

## Parlor Songs (Part III)

Beadle  
Mrs. Lovett  
Tobias

**TODD:** (*Bowing to the Beadle*) I am, sir, entirely at your -- disposal.  
(*The two men exit. Mrs. Lovett hesitates, then speaks*)

**MRS. LOVETT:** Let's hope he can do it quietly. But just to be on the safe side, I'll provide a little musical send-off.  
(*She goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing loudly*)

**Andante** (♩ = 132) *accel.* *rall.* **a tempo**  
MRS. LOVETT

Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett

*(Fade)* *rit.* (to 13)

lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heav - en - ward, sigh - ing...

**Largo misterioso** (♩ = 50) (*Under dialog*)

13 (to 17)

**a tempo** 7

17-23

9 (*On cue: segue to meas. 33*)

24-32

**Andante** (♩ = 132)  
MRS. LOVETT

33 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow day, 'Tis a

34

35

36 row dow did - dle dow dee! Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett

37

38

(Cut off when Todd enters)

39 lay in the grass, Flew — down the cit - y road, cry - ing:

40

41

# 25

Chorus

## Fogg's Asylum

Misterioso (♩ = 132)

SOLO BARITONE  
(last time)  
*pp* (Whispered)

The

5 (SOLO BARITONE)

2 WOMEN  
*pp* (Whispered)

en - gine roared, the mo - tor hissed. And

(2 WOMEN)

1 SOPRANO  
& 1 TENOR  
*p*

who could see how the road would twist? In

(1 SOPRANO & 1 TENOR)

Swee - ney's led - ger the en - tries matched: A

*dim.*

1 TENOR  
*pp*

Bea - dle ar - rived, and a Bea - dle dis - patched, To

18 (1 TENOR)

19 20 21 22

ALL (*thus far*)

sat - is - fy the hun - gry god Of Swee - ney Todd, \_\_\_\_\_

23 24 25 26 27 (to 32)

The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

WOMEN

Swee - ney!

32 TUTTI

33 34

Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

35 36 37

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

**V.S.**

38

Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee - - - - ney!

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney! Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney!

Swee - - - -

Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee - - - - - ney!

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney! Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney!

ney!

ney!

**V.S.**

39

Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee - - - - - ney!

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney! Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney!

Swee - - - - -

The musical score consists of seven systems. The first system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The third system is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with triplets and lyrics. The fourth system is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with triplets and lyrics. The fifth system is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The sixth system is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with lyrics. The seventh system is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with lyrics.



Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee - - - - - ney!

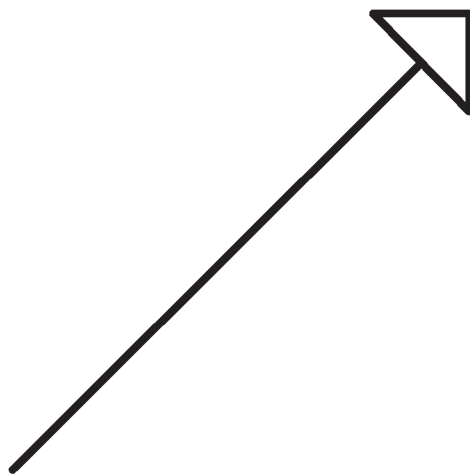
Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney! Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee - ney!Swee-ney!Swee-ney!

ney!

ney!

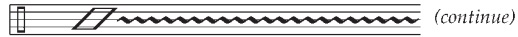
*Segue*



Chorus

25A

## Fogg's Passacaglia

**Largo** (♩ = 50)*Electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.*

*pp*

1 2 3

Sopranos

Altos Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Tenors *pp*

Baritones

Basses Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

*(Continue until gunshot)*

4 5 6

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

*Segue*

# 26

Lunatics  
Johanna

## City On Fire

The whistle shrieks. Johanna drops the gun and together she and Anthony run out. Compelled by the energy released by Fogg's death, the lunatics tear down the wall and rush out of the asylum, spilling with euphoric excitement onto the street.

**Presto** (♩ = 132)

*Vamp*

**LUNATICS (Chorus)** (last time)

(Almost whispered) <

Cit-y on fi-re! Rats in the grass and the lu-na-tics yell-ing in the

streets! It's the end of the world! Yes! Cit-y on fi-re!

Hunch-backs danc-ing! Stir-rings in the ground And the whir-ring of gi-ant wings! Watch

out! Look! Blot-ting out the moon-light, Thick black rain fall-ing on the

Cit-y on fi-re! Cit-y on fi-re! Cit-y on fi-re!

Police whistles sound. Anthony and Johanna are still visible hurrying away, Anthony systemically disposing of the wigmaker's costume. At one point he stops nervously to reconnoiter.

16

20

*Safety*  
**JOHANNA** (last time)  
 (Chattily, excited)

Will we be mar-ried on Sun - day? That's what you prom - ised,

23

24

25

(Pensively) He looks at her unbelievably. (to 36)

Mar-ried on Sun - day! That was last Au - gust...

36

(JOHANNA)

He drags her off as the lunatics reappear.

*Safety*  
**LUNATICS (Chorus)** (last time)

Kiss me! There! Look! Crawl-ing on the chim - neys,

(CHORUS)

38

39

Great black crows screech - ing at the

40

Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re!

Segue



(MRS. LOVETT)  
11 *poco rit.*  
ev - 'ry - where now - a - days...  
(TODD)  
(Exiting)  
To - by...

**Presto**  
13A **TUTTI CHORUS** (They cluster together, watching)  
Cit - y on fi - re! Rats in the streets and the

13C lu - na - tics yell - ing at the 13D moon. It's the end of the world. Yes!

**L'istesso tempo**  
14 **BEGGAR WOMAN** (Appearing suddenly and peering through the darkness toward the pishop)  
Bea - dle... Bea - dle... No good hid - ing, I saw you.\_\_\_\_\_  
TODD  
To - by...

(BEGGAR WOMAN) (Whispered)  
17 Are you in there still? 18 Bea - dle!...\_\_\_\_ 19 Bea - dle!...\_\_\_\_

V.S.

20 **Piu mosso, rubato**  
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

21 22 23

Get her, — but watch it! She's a wick - ed one, She'll de - ceive you with her

24 25 26 27

fan - cy gowns And her fan - cy airs And her...

28 **Poco animato**  
(Shrieking)

29 30

Mis - chief! Mis - chief! Dev - il's work!

**Meno mosso**  
(Shuffling off towards the pishop)

31 rit. 32

Where are you, Bea - dle? Bea - dle...

33 **Presto** (♩ = 132)  
GROUP I

34 (to 36)

Rats in the streets and the lu - na - tics yell - ing at the

GROUP II

Cit - y on fi - re!

(GROUP I) 36 37

moon! It's the end of the world! Good! Cit - y on fi - re!

(GROUP II)

Rats in the streets and the lu - na - tics yell - ing at the moon! It's the



38 (GROUP I)

Hunch - backs kiss - ing! Stir - rings in the graves And the

(GROUP II)

end of the world! Good! Cit - y on fi - re!

39

40

scream - ing of gi - ant winds! Watch out! Look!

41

Hunch - backs kiss - ing! Stir - rings in the graves And the scream - ing of

42

Crawl - ing on the chim - neys, Great black crows screech - ing at the

43

44

gi - ant winds! Watch out! Look! Crawl - ing on the chim - neys!

45

*Anthony and Johanna are seen running toward the pishop.*

46 Trumpets

47

Cit - y on fi - re!

Cit - y on fi - re!

*Segue as one*

# 27A

## Searching (Part II)

Anthony  
Johanna  
Beggar Woman

**Andante** (♩ = 60)

1-7 7 8

**ANTHONY**  
*ten. ten.*

Ah, miss,

**Poco rubato**  
(ANTHONY)

9

Look at me, look at me, miss, oh, Look at me please, oh,

11 12

Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your glance. Ah, miss,

13 14

Soon we'll be soon we'll be gone And sail - ing the seas And

**JOHANNA**  
*(Looks at him, smiles)*

15 16

And we'll

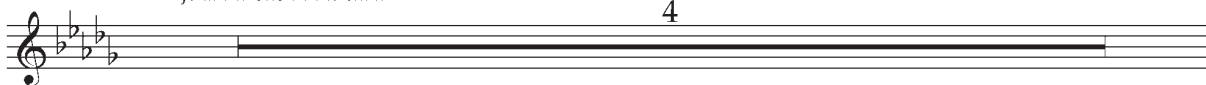
(ANTHONY)

hap - pi - ly hap - pi - ly wed in France. And we'll



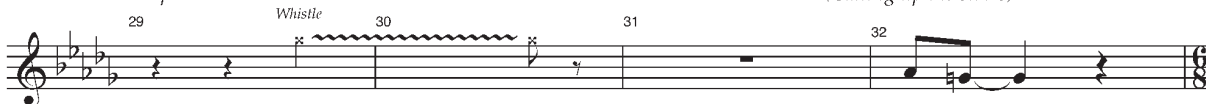
25

Anthony rushes off. Johanna, restless, moves toward the barber chair, inspects it curiously. Meanwhile, the Beggar Woman comes out of the darkness below, approaching the peshop. Johanna sits in the chair.



Johanna's hand moves to inspect the lever.

BEGGAR WOMAN (Calling up the stairs)



JOHANNA: (Jumping up) Someone calling the Beadle! I knew it!

Johanna looks wildly around, sees the chest, runs to it and clammers in, closing the lid just as the Beggar Woman comes shuffling on. Dimly surveying the room, she mimes opening a window. She then gently picks up an imaginary infant and rocks it in her arms.



Short Insert

♩ = 152

BEGGAR WOMAN



molto accel.

Repeat ad lib. until Todd appears

To measure 40



**Long Insert**

36 (BEGGAR WOMAN) (Soft cry)

38 (Looks around) (Terrified) (Crouches)

38-40 3 38C *f* 38D

Bea - dle!...

38E **Larghetto** (♩ = 66) (Vacantly) (Whimpers)

Bea - dle dee - dle dee - dle Dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle Dump - ling...

**Piu mosso, rubato (agitato)** (Grows lasciviously, prowls around) *molto rit.* (Sees the chest) (Feels it)

38I 38J 38K 38L

Xylophone

38M (♩ = 144, ♩. = ♩.) (Opens window) (Sees imaginary baby) (Scream and wail)

38M-38N 2 38O-38T 6 38U 38V

(Clutches baby to her)

38W-38X 2 38Y-38Z 2

**V.S.**

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

*(Pats and rocks baby)*

38AA 38BB 38CC 38DD (to 39)

Mmm \_\_\_\_\_ And

39

(♩ = ♪)

**Piu mosso**

39A 39B

why should you weep then, my Jo, my jing? Ooh... \_\_\_\_\_ Your

39C 39D 39E

fath - er's at tea with the Swed - ish king. He'll

39F 39G 39H 39I

bring you the moon on a sil - ver string. Ooh... \_\_\_\_\_ Ooh... \_\_\_\_\_

39J

39K 39L

Quick - ly to sleep then, my Jo, my jing. He'll

39M 39N 39O

bring you a shoe and a wed - ding ring. Sing

39P 39Q 39R

here a - gain, home a - gain, Come a - gain spring. He'll be com-ing

39S (BEGGAR WOMAN) *(Bounces the baby gently)*

soon now to kiss you, my Jo, my jing, Bring-ing you the moon and a shoe and a  
wed - ding ring. He'll be com - ing here a - gain, home a - gain--

40 *(Todd leaps into the room like a thunderbolt, razor in hand)*

*attacca*

**TODD:** You! What are you doing here?

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** *(Clutching his arm)* Ah, evil is here, sir. The stink of evil -- from below -- from her!  
*(Calling aimlessly)* Beadle dear, Beadle!

**TODD:** *(Looking anxiously out of the window for the Judge)* Out of here, woman.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** *(Still clutching his arm)* She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. Beware of her.  
She with no pity in her heart...

**TODD:** Out, I say!

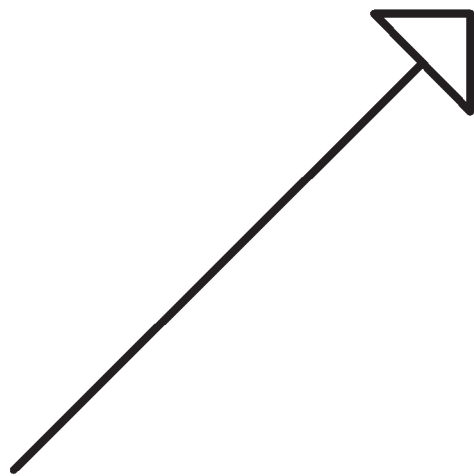
41  $\text{♩} = 144$

42-50 9

BEGGAR WOMAN  
*(Peering dimly at him)*

Hey, don't I know you, Mis - ter?

*Segue*





Todd  
Judge

28

## Judge's Return

On the street the Judge approaches  
the Tonsorial Parlor. Todd sees him.

**TODD:** The Judge.  
I have no time.

(Todd turns on the Beggar Woman and slits her throat,  
shoves her into the chair...)

♩ = 112

...and releases her down the chute. As he is wiping blood from the chair, the Judge enters the room.)

**Molto rubato**

**TODD:** Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor,  
Mrs. Lovett. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her.  
Thank heavens too, she has seen the error of her ways.

**JUDGE:** She has?

**TODD:** Oh yes, your lesson was well learned, sir. She  
speaks only of you, longing for your forgiveness.

**JUDGE:** And she shall have it.  
She'll be here soon, you say?

8

**JUDGE**

Where is she? Where is the girl?

14

**Poco rubato (dictated)**

**TODD**

I think I hear her now. Is that her dain-ty foot-step on the stair?

**JUDGE:** (Listening)  
I hear nothing.

18

(TODD)

Yes, is - 'nt that her shad-ow on the wall? There.

**JUDGE**

Where?

**V.S.**

(TODD) *cantabile*

22 Primp - ing, 23 Mak - ing her - self e - ven 24 pret - ti - er than

(JUDGE)

E - ven

25 us - u - al, 26 if pos - si - ble. 27

pret - ti - er.. Oh, \_\_\_\_\_

28 **L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♪) **non rubato**

29 Pret-ty wo-men, — yes...

**JUDGE:** (*Straightening his coat, patting his hair*)  
Quickly, sir, a splash of bay rum.

Pret-ty wo-men... —

**TODD:** (*Indicating the chair*)  
Sit, sir, sit.

*Todd gets a towel, puts it carefully around him, moves to pick up a bottle of bay rum.*

30 (Settling into the chair, rapturously)

31 Jo - han - na, Jo - han - na...

(TODD)

32 Pret-ty wo-men...— Pret-ty wo-men are a won-der.— Yes, sir.

(JUDGE)

Hur-ry, man! You're in a mer-ry mood a-gain to -

34 Pret - ty wo - men!— Pret - ty wo-men!—

day, bar - ber. What we do for pret - ty wo-men!—

35

**V.S.**

36 *Todd smooths bay rum on the Judge's face, then reaches behind him for a razor.*

(TODD)

Blow-ing out their can-dles or comb-ing out their

(JUDGE)

Blow - ing out their can-dles... Comb - ing out their

39

hair, E-ven when they — leave, — They

hair. Then they leave. E-ven when they leave you and van-ish, They

*Todd now has the razor in his hand.*

42

still — are there, They're there...

some-how can still re - main there with you, there...

JUDGE: How seldom it is one meets a fellow spirit!

TODD: *(Smiling down)* With fellow tastes -- in women, at least.

JUDGE: What? What's that?

TODD: The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose, the face of a barber -- the face of a prisoner in the dock -- is not particularly memorable.

JUDGE: *(With horrified realization)* Benjamin Barker!

45

45-50 6 51

52

**TODD:** Benjamin Barker! *The factory whistle shrieks. The Judge in terror tries to jump up but Todd slashes his throat, then pulls the lever on the chair.*

*The Judge tumbles out of sight and down the chute. For a long moment, Todd stands by the chair, exhaling deeply.*

56

*Slowly he drops to his knees and even more slowly holds up the razor, gazing at it.*

**TODD**

*He starts down the stairs. He stops midway, remembering the razor.*

**TODD:** My razor! *He goes back up the steps and reenters the room just as Johanna is climbing out of the chest.*

66

**TODD:** You! What are you doing here? Speak!

**JOHANNA:** Oh, dear. Er -- (*deep voice*) Excuse me, sir. I saw the barber's sign. So thinking to ask for a shave, I --

**TODD:** When? When did you come in?

**JOHANNA:** Oh, sir. I beg of you. Whatever I have seen, no man shall ever know. I swear it. Oh, sir, please, sir--

**TODD:** A shave, eh? (*Turning the chair towards her*) At your service.

**JOHANNA:** But, sir...

**TODD:** Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir, sit.

*Todd sits Johanna in the chair. As he goes for the razor, Mrs. Lovett is heard screaming "Die! Die!" from the bakehouse below.*

*Todd is momentarily distracted, and Johanna jumps up and runs out as the factory whistle blows. Todd lunges after her, misses her.*

*She runs off. Todd pauses. Another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as he disappears in to the pishop, members of the company appear.*

70

**V.S.**

75

MEMBERS OF  
THE COMPANY

Musical notation for measures 75-78. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody consists of quarter notes with accents. The lyrics are: Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney,

Musical notation for measures 79-82. The key signature is three flats and the time signature is 6/8. The melody consists of quarter notes with accents. The lyrics are: Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

Musical notation for measures 83-86. The key signature is three flats and the time signature is 6/8. The melody consists of quarter notes with accents. The lyrics are: Sink it in the ros - y skin of

*Segue as one*

Todd  
Mrs. Lovett

29

## Final Scene (Part I)

(cue) **TODD** (*Leaning down to pick up the Beggar Woman*) What is the matter with you? It's only some meddling old beggar--

(*Todd sees the Beggar Woman's face in the light.*)

**TODD:** (*Realizing*)  
Oh, no!

CHORUS

right - eous - ness!\_\_\_\_\_

**TODD:**

Oh, God... "Don't I know you?" she said...

(*Looks up*) You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

1 **Largo** (♩ = 100)

**V.S.**





(MRS. LOVETT)  
8CC

6 8 4 8 (to 9)

Should-'ve been in hos-pi-tal, Wound up in Bed-lam in-stead, Poor thing. Bet-ter you should

(TODD)

Lu - cy... ——— Oh, my

9

10 11

think she was dead. Yes, I lied 'cause I loved you! I'd be twice the wife she was! I

God! Lu - cy!

12 13

love you! Could that thing have cared for you like

What have I done?

**V.S.**



14 **Meno mosso (In 1)**  
 (MRS. LOVETT) *accel. poco a poco*

me?

(TODD) *(Smiling up)* *(As Mrs. Lovett takes a step away in panic)*

Mrs.—Lov-ett, You're a blood-y won-der, Em-i-nent-ly prac-ti-cal And yet ap-

(TODD)

pro-pri-ate as al-ways. As you've said re - peat-ed-ly, There's lit-tle point in dwell-ing on the

22 **MRS. LOVETT**

Do you mean it? Ev-'ry-thing I did, I swear, I thought was on-ly for the best,

(TODD) *(Moving quietly toward her)*

past. No, come here, my love... Not a thing to

*Todd puts his arms around her waist.*

Be-lieve me! Can we still be mar-ried?

fear, my love... What's dead is dead. The

30 **L'istesso tempo** (♩ = ♪)  
 (TODD) *As she begins to relax, they sway to the music.*

his - to - ry of the world, my pet,

V.S.

(MRS. LOVETT)

34 35 36 37

Oh, Mis - ter Todd, Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, Leave it to me.

(TODD)

Is

38

*They begin to waltz.*

39 40 41

*ad lib.*

By the sea,

learn for - give - ness and try to for - get.

42 43 44 45

Mis-ter Todd, We'll be com-fy co - zy, You and me, Mis-ter Todd, Where there's no-one—

And

46

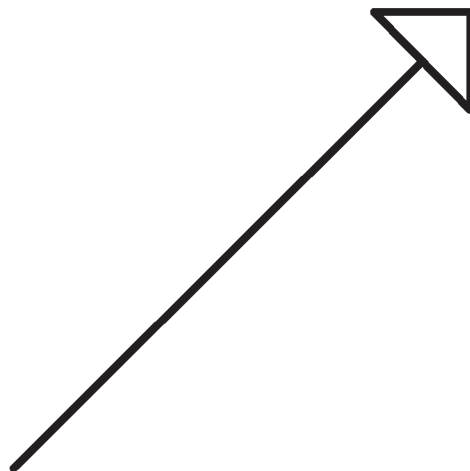
*He waltzes her closer to the oven.*

47 48

— no - sy...

life is for the a - live, my





Todd

29A

## Final Scene (Part II)

214 **Adagio - molto rubato** ( $\text{♩} = 80$ ) TODD

There was a

216 *ritard* *a tempo*

bar-ber and his wife, And she was beau-ti-ful,— A fool-ish

219 *ritard* *a tempo*

bar-ber and his wife. She was his rea-son and his life, And she was

222 *ritard* *a tempo*

beau-ti-ful.— And she was vit-tu-ous,—

225 *ritard* *a tempo*

And he was— na-ive.—

*Tobias emerges from the cellar. His hair has turned completely white.*

228 **Molto rubato** *rall.* *a tempo* *rall.*

*a tempo* *rall.* *molto rit.*

# 29B

Company

## The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Misterioso, con moto (♩. = 132)

*Safety*

TOBIAS  
(last time)

At -

5

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

His

skin was pale and his eye was odd.

He

JOHANNA &  
ANTHONY

13

(JOHANNA & ANTHONY)

shaved the fa-ces of gen - tle-men Who nev - er there - af - ter were heard of a - gain. —

2 POLICEMEN

He trod a path that few have trod,

2 POLICEMEN,  
JOHANNA &  
ANTHONY

+ TOBIAS

Did Swee - ney Todd, \_\_\_\_\_

The



24 (2 POLICEMEN,  
JOHANNA & ANTHONY,  
TOBIAS) BEGGAR WOMAN  
(Rising)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street. He

32 (BEGGAR WOMAN)

kept a shop in Lon - don Town Of

36 JUDGE  
(Rising)

fan - cy cli - ents and good re - nown. And

40 (JUDGE)

what if none of their souls were saved? They went to their Mak - er im - pec - ca - bly shaved —

BEGGAR WOMAN,  
JUDGE and  
2 POLICEMEN

By Swee - ney,

ALL thus far

by Swee - ney Todd, The

51 (ALL thus far) (Pirelli and The Beadle enter)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

V.S.

59 BEADLE

Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

PIRELLI

Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

63

Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

PIRELLI

Hold it to the skies! \_\_\_\_\_

67

Free - ly flows the blood of those who

PIRELLI

Free - ly flows the blood of those who

71

mor - al - ize. \_\_\_\_\_

PIRELLI

mor - al - ize. \_\_\_\_\_

75–77 3 78 ALL

His

79 (ALL)

needs are few, his room is bare: He

hard - ly us - es his fan - cy chair. The

87

more he bleeds the more he lives, He nev - er for - gets and he nev - er for - gives.

92

Per - haps to - day you gave a nod To

Swee - ney Todd, The

98

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

V.S.

102 ALL

Swee-ney wish-es the world a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing for yes - ter - day,

Hug - ging the blade, wait - ing the years, Hear - ing the mu - sic that no - bo - dy hears.

110

Swee - ney waits in the par - lor — hall, Swee - ney leans on the off - ice — wall.

TENORS

No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

BARITONES

No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

BASSES

No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

Swee - ney wish - es the world a - way, Swee - ney'sweep - ing, yes, Swee - ney's weep - ing for,

No one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

Swee - ney wish - es the world - a - way, Swee - ney'sweep - ing for yes - ter - day.

122

SOPRANOS

123 124

No - one can help,

ALTOS

No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney

TENOR

Yes - ter - day — is — Swee - ney. there he - is, — is —

BARITONE

Swee - ney wish - es the world - a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing, yes

BASSES

Swee - ney! There he is, — is — Swee - ney!

125 126 127

Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

there be - side you? Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Swee - ney's weep - ing for yes - ter - day — is — Swee - ney!

There he is, — is — Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

V.S.

(SOPRANOS) 128 Swee - ney! 129 Swee - ney! 130 Swee - ney! 131

(ALTOS) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - - -

(TENORS) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - - -

(BARITONES) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - - -

(BASSES) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - - -

*They point around the theatre, then to the grave or the shadows, from which Todd and Mrs. Lovett appear.*

Solo      Solo      Solo      Solo      Solo      Solo      Solo      Solo

132      133      134      135

There!    There!    There!    There!    There!    There!    There!    There!

SOPRANOS  
 ney! \_\_\_\_\_ There!

ALTOS  
 ney! \_\_\_\_\_ There!

(TENORS)  
 ney! \_\_\_\_\_ There!

(BARITONES)  
 ney! \_\_\_\_\_ There!

(BASSES)  
 ney! \_\_\_\_\_ There!

**V.S.**

138

CHORUS

136 137 139

At -

TODD

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

(CHORUS)

140 141 142 143

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

(TODD)

He

144

145 146

He served a dark and a

served a dark and a hun - gry God.

147

148

149

hun - gry God.

To

150

MRS. LOVETT

150 151 152

But ev - 'ry - one does it, if

(TODD)

seek re - venge may lead to hell.



(MRS. LOVETT)  
153

sel-dom as well

As

(TODD)

As

156

CHORUS & MRS. LOVETT

157-158 2 159

Swee - ney,

As

(TODD)

2

Swee - ney,

As

(CHORUS & MRS. LOVETT)

160

161-162 2 163

Swee - ney Todd,

ALL

The

(TODD)

2

Swee - ney Todd,

ALL

The

164

(ALL)

164A 164B-164D 3 164E

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street!

(3 Times)

164F-164H 3 (to 168) 168-169 2 170-171 2



31

# Exit Music (Part II)

(tacet)

**L'istesso tempo (twice as fast)**

8 (to 35)

35 35-42 8 43 43-50 8

51 51-57 7 58 59 59-65 7 66

67 67-74 8 75 75-78 4

79 79-86 8 87 87-94 8 95 95-105 11

106 (2 Times) 106-107 2 108-109 2 110-111 2

**Fine**