

RICHARD BARR CHARLES WOODWARD
ROBERT FRYER MARY LEA JOHNSON MARTIN RICHARDS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
DEAN & JUDY MANOS
PRESENT

ANGELA
LANSBURY

LEN
CARIOU

**Sweeney
Todd**
The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
A MUSICAL THRILLER

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
**STEPHEN
SONDHEIM**

BOOK BY
**HUGH
WHEELER**

BASED ON A VERSION OF "SWEENEY TODD" BY CHRISTOPHER BOND

DIRECTED BY
HAROLD PRINCE

WITH
VICTOR GARBER
KEN JENNINGS MERLE LOUISE EDMUND LYNDECK SARAH RICE JOAQUIN ROMAGUERA JACK ERIC WILLIAMS

DANCE AND MOVEMENT BY
LARRY FULLER

PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY **EUGENE LEE** COSTUMES DESIGNED BY **FRANNE LEE** LIGHTING DESIGNED BY **KEN BILLINGTON**

ORCHESTRATIONS BY **JONATHAN TUNICK** MUSICAL DIRECTOR **PAUL GEMIGNANI**

ASSISTANT TO MR. PRINCE
RUTH MITCHELL

ASSISTANTS TO THE PRODUCERS
JERRY SIRCHIA and SAM CROTHERS

Original Broadway Cast Recording on **RCA** Records and Tapes

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PREMIERE PERFORMANCE AT THE URIS THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 1, 1979

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order Of Appearance)

Anthony Hope Victor Garber
Sweeney Todd Len Cariou
Beggar Woman Merle Louise
Mrs. Lovett Angela Lansbury
Judge Turpin Edmund Lyndeck
The Beadle Jack Eric Williams
Johanna Sarah Rice
Tobias Ragg Ken Jennings
Pirelli Joaquin Romaguera
Jonas Fogg Robert Ousley
The Company Duane Bodin, Walter Charles, Carole Doscher,
Nancy Eaton, Mary-Pat Green, Cris Gorenendaal, Skip Harris, Marthe Ihde,
Betsy Joslyn, Nancy Killmer, Frank Kopyc, Spain Logue, Craig Lucas,
Pamela McLernon, Duane Morris, Robert Ousley, Richard Warren Pugh, Maggie Task
(Swings: Heather B. Withers, Robert Hendersen)

PLACE

London: Fleet Street and environs

THE TIME

The 19th Century

MUSICAL NUMBERS

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INSTRUMENTATION

Strings: 6 Violins; 2 Violas; 2 Celli; 1 String Bass; 1 Harp.
Keyboard: Yamaha E5 Organ; Celesta.
Brass: 2 Trumpets in C; 1 French Horn; 3 Trombones (2 tenors, 1 bass).
Winds: Reed 1: Flute; Piccolo; (Alto and Soprano Recorder optional).
Reed 2: B_♭ and E_♭ Clarinet; Flute; Piccolo.
Reed 3: Bass Clarinet; B_♭ Clarinet; (Flute optional).
Reed 4: Oboe; English Horn; (B_♭ Clarinet optional).
Reed 5: Bassoon; (B_♭ Clarinet optional).
Percussion: 3 Timpani; Concert Bass Drum; Concert-size Xylophone; Vibraphone; Snare Drum; tuneable Tom-Toms; Bass Drum with pedal; Orchestra Bells; large Tam-Tam (at least 36 inches); full set of Chimes; various Suspended Cymbals (4); Wood Block; Crash Cymbals; Bell Tree; Tambourine; Washtub.

This score has been prepared from the composer's piano copy rather than the piano-conductor parts so that it can be more useful to the rehearsal pianist. As a result, when the orchestral parts are utilized, some small musical discrepancies will be found. Insofar as discrepancies in the lyrics are concerned, this vocal score is to be considered correct.

Edited by FRANK METIS

Assisted by
JIM STENBORG and CLAY FULLUM

Proofreading by
ANTONIO FERNANDEZ

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For Milton Horowitz and Henry Erle

SWEENEY TODD

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

As the audience enters, two gravediggers stand before a front drop, digging a grave downstage center. As they dig, they disappear gradually into the hole.

PRELUDE*

(Organ)

1 Largo e Maestoso (♩ = 60)

Manuals

Upper

Lower

Pedal

*Optional

Musical score system 1, measures 14-17. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 14 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The treble staff contains complex chords and arpeggios. The middle staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a hairpin crescendo leading to a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in measure 15. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking in measure 17.

Più mosso

Musical score system 2, measures 18-21. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 18 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The treble staff features a series of chords with long, sweeping slurs. The middle staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is present in measure 18.

Musical score system 3, measures 22-25. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 22 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The treble staff features a series of chords with long, sweeping slurs. The middle staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties.

gva.

Musical score system 4, measures 26-29. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 26 starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The treble staff features a series of chords with long, sweeping slurs. The middle staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass staff has a melodic line with slurs and ties. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in measure 26.

A police warden appears, looks at his watch, hurries the gravediggers.

gva.

30

mp

gva.

33

cresc.

Two workmen enter and cross to the drop.

loco

35

ff *f* *cresc.*

The deafening shrill sound of a factory whistle blasts forth as the workmen pull down the drop. Blackout.

38

accel. (Whistle) *fff*

No.1

PROLOGUE

THE BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD

(TODD, COMPANY)

The lights come up slowly to reveal the company. A man steps forward and sings.

1 *Misterioso, con moto* (♩. = 132) 1st MAN (Bass or Baritone):*

p

At -

Piano

pp *sempre legato*

5

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd. His

9

skin was pale and his eye was odd. He

*Solo chorus parts are written in the treble clef throughout, for ease of reading and because registers may vary in different productions.

13

shaved the fa - ces of gen - tle - men Who nev - er there - af - ter were heard of a - gain.

17

He trod a path that few have trod, Did

21

Swee - ney Todd, The De - mon Bar - ber of

sempre pp

25

Fleet Street.

mp subito

2nd MAN (Tenor):

p

32

He 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

45

By Swee - ney,
gva......
by Swee - ney Todd,
gva......

L.H. *sempre pp* *L.H.*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 45 through 48. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The lyrics are "By Swee - ney," and "by Swee - ney Todd,". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff with a key signature of three sharps. The left hand (L.H.) plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand (R.H.) plays a melody with eighth notes and rests. The dynamic marking is *sempre pp*. There are *gva.* markings with dashed lines above the vocal line.

49

gva......
The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

L.H.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 49 through 52. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street." The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic marking is *pp*. There is a *gva.* marking with a dashed line above the vocal line.

53

Detailed description: This system contains measures 53 through 55. The vocal line is silent, indicated by a whole rest in each measure. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

56

Detailed description: This system contains measures 56 through 58. The vocal line is silent, indicated by a whole rest in each measure. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

A blinding light cuts down the stage as an upstage iron door opens. Two men enter, carrying a body tied in a bag. They dump the CHORUS (*marcato*):

59 *ff*

S. A. Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

T. Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

B. *div. ff* Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

ff subito L.H.

63 *body into the grave. A woman pours black ashes into the hole from a tin canister marked "Flour".*

S. A. Hold it to the skies! _____

T. Hold it to the skies! _____

B. Hold it to the skies! _____

(R.H.)

67

S. A. Free - ly flows the blood of those who

T. Free - ly flows the blood of those who

B. Free - ly flows the blood of those who

71

S. A. mor - al - ize. *dim. poco a poco* (end of Chorus)

T. mor - al - ize. *dim. poco a poco*

B. mor - al - ize. *dim. poco a poco*

fff

75

TOBIAS: *mp*

His

79

3rd MAN (Baritone):

needs were few, his room was bare: A

83

4th MAN (Bass):

la - va - bo and a fan - cy chair, A

87

mug of suds and a leath - er strop, An a - pron, a tow - el, a pail and a mop.

91 2 WOMEN (Mezzos): *p*

For neat - ness he de - serves a nod, Does

L.H.

p *mp sub.*

L.H. *L.H.*

95 *ALL: pp*

Swee - ney Todd, The De - mon Bar - ber of

L.H.

pp *L.H.*

99

Fleet Street.

102 WOMEN: *mp*

In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney was, Quick and qui - et and clean 'e — was.

mp

106

(WOMEN)

Back of his smile, un - der his word, Swee-ney heard mu - sic that no - bod - y heard.

cresc.

110

Swee - ney pon - dered and Swee - ney - planned, Like a per - fect ma - chine 'e - planned.

mp subito

114 CHORUS:

S.
A.
T. *mp*
B. *mp*
Bs. *mp*

Swee-ney was smooth, Swee-ney was sub - tle, Swee-ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.
Swee-ney was smooth, Swee-ney was sub - tle, Swee-ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.
Swee-ney was smooth, Swee-ney was sub - tle, Swee-ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

mp

118

S. _____

A. _____

T. *mf*
In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and like a per - fect ma -

B. *mf*
Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and rats would scut - tle.

Bs. *mf*
In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and clean 'e — was.

mf

122 *They start to gather around the grave.*

S. _____ *mf cresc.*

A. *mf cresc.*
Swee - ney was smooth,

T. *cresc.*
Swee - ney was smooth, Swee - ney was sub - tle, Swee - ney would blink and
chine 'e was, — was — Swee - ney. Clean 'e was, — was —

B. *cresc.*
In - con - spic - u - ous Swee - ney — was, Quick and qui - et and

Bs. *cresc.*
Swee - ney! Clean 'e was, — was — Swee - ney!

cresc.

132

S. ney!

A. ney!

T. ney!

B. ney!

Bs. ney!

136

TODD: (*Rising from the grave*) *ff* 138

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.


CHORUS: *ff*

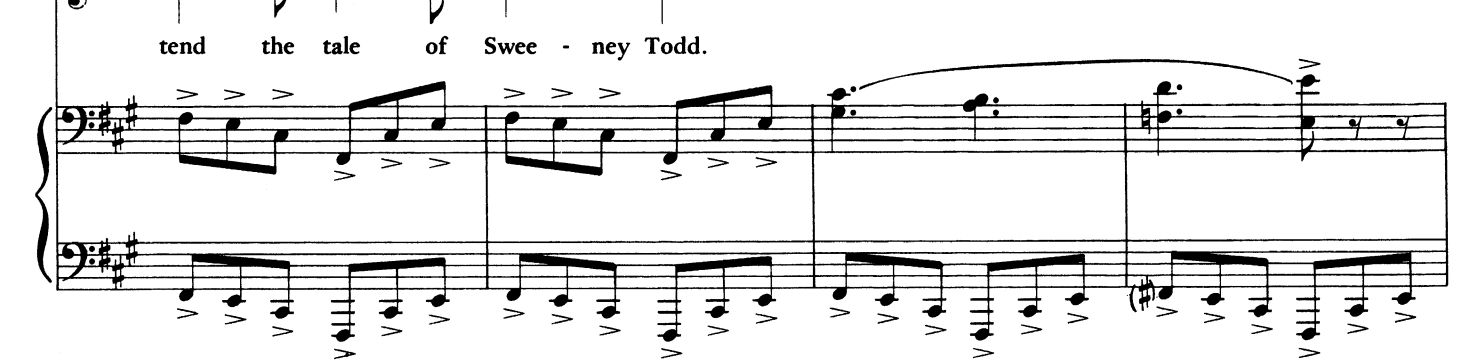
At -

fff

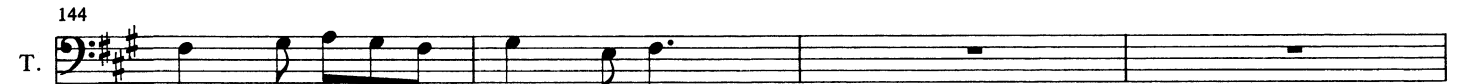
140


T.  He

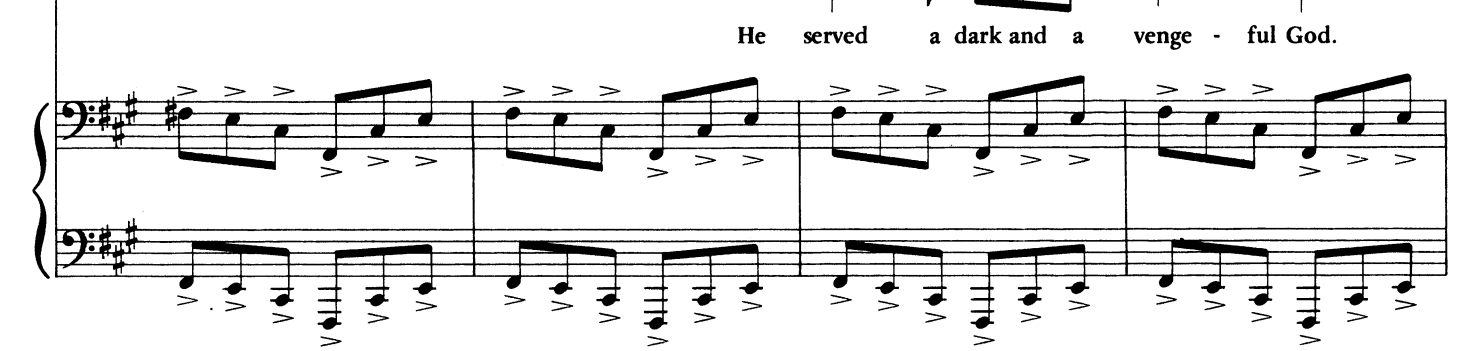
CH.  tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.



144

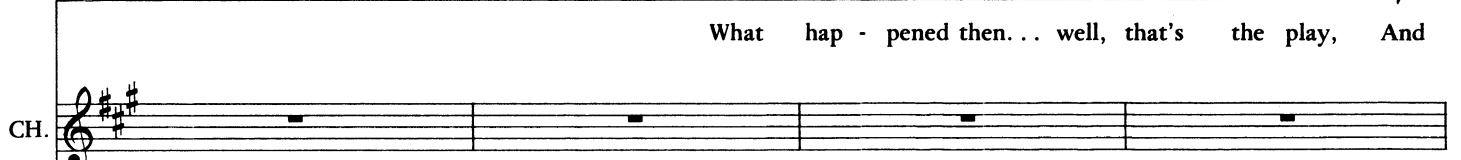
T.  served a dark and a venge - ful God.

CH.  He served a dark and a venge - ful God.



148

T.  What hap - pened then... well, that's the play, And *dim.*

CH. 



152

T. he would - n't want us to give it a - way,

CH.

mf *L.H.* *dim.*

155

T. Not Swee - ney,

CH.

p *L.H.*

158

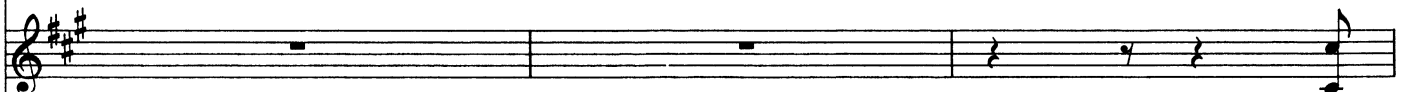
T. Not Swee - ney Todd,

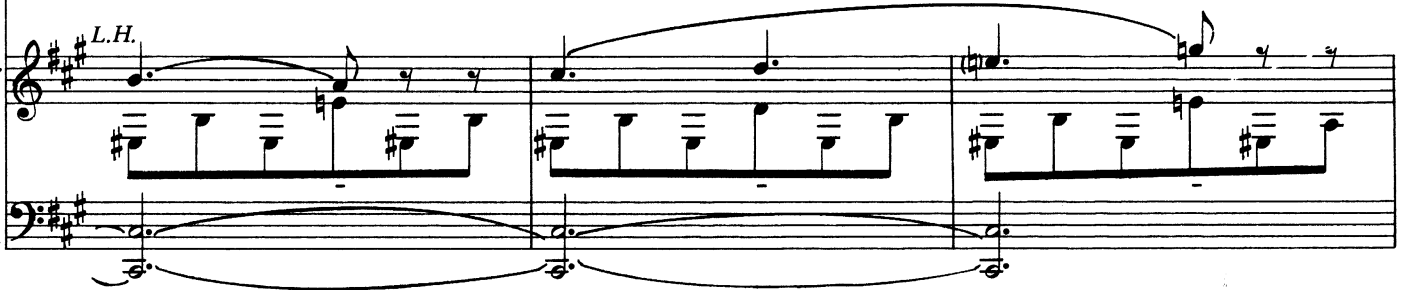
CH. Not Swee - ney Todd,

pp *pp* *dim.* *mp* *L.H.*

161

T. 
The

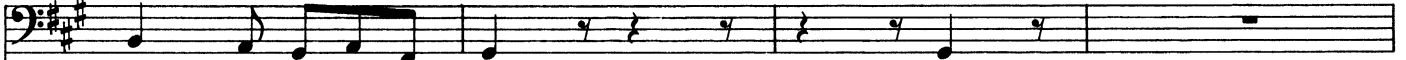
CH. 
The

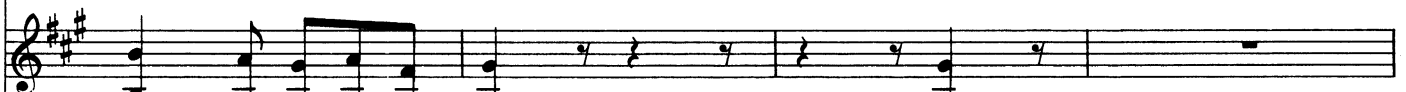
L.H. 


164

166

166a

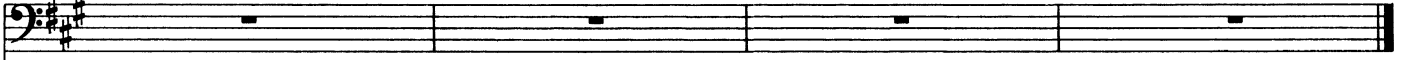
T. 
De - mon Bar - ber Of Fleet Street!

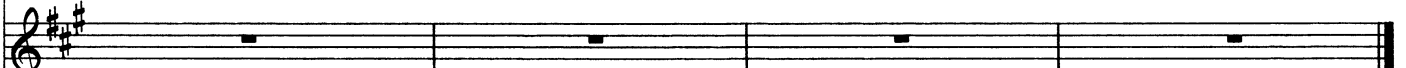
CH. 
De - mon Bar - ber Of Fleet Street!


p 

167

Blackout.

T. 
Blackout.

CH. 
Blackout.


dim. *pp*

ACT I

No. 2 & 2A

NO PLACE LIKE LONDON (ANTHONY, TODD, BEGGAR WOMAN)

A street by the London docks. Early morning light comes up. Anthony and Todd enter, carrying

A Largo (♩ = 80)

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a slow, atmospheric texture with chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include *f* and *bb*. The introduction concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

duffel bags. Anthony looks around happily. Todd is brooding, self-absorbed.

Piano accompaniment for the first part of the scene, marked *mp*. The music continues with a steady, somber accompaniment for the characters' entrance.

1 ANTHONY: *mf* (to 3)
I have

The vocal line for Anthony begins with the lyrics "I have". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* is indicated for the piano part.

3
sailed the world, be - held its won - ders From the Dar - da - nelles to the

The vocal line for Anthony continues with the lyrics "sailed the world, be - held its won - ders From the Dar - da - nelles to the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *mp* and *L.H.*

6
A. moun-tains of Pe - ru, But there's no place like Lon - don! — I feel

cresc.

f

9
home a - gain. I could hear the cit - y bells ring, what -

mf *dim.* *mf*

12 13 Mr. Todd, sir?

ev - er I would do. No, there's no --

TODD: (*Grimly*) *mf* *mp*

No, there's no place like Lon - don. — You are

f

L.H.

16
T. young. Life has been kind to you. You will

mp *poco dim.*

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.

Rubato (♩ = 66)

19

T. learn.

L.H.

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.

23

ten. ten. ten.

L.H.

A Beggar Woman appears.

27 Più mosso (♩ = ♩.) BEGGAR WOMAN:

28

Alms... alms... for a mis-'ra-ble wom-an On a mis-'ra-ble

R.H. L.H. mp

30

(As Anthony drops a coin in her bowl) rall. (Leers at him)

chil - ly morn - ing. Thank you, sir, thank you...

dim. rall.

32 (♩ = ♩.) more relaxed
mf sub.

B.W. 'Ow would you like a lit - tle muff, dear, A lit - tle jig jig, A lit - tle

35 bounce a-round the bush? Would-n't you like to push me par - sley? You looks to

38 me, dear, like you got plen - ty there to push! Alms! Alms! for a pit - i - ful

Tempo Primo (♩ = ♩)
(Turns to Todd, pathetically)
mp sub.

L.H. mp

41 wom - an _____ Wot's got wan - der - in' wits...Hey, don't I know you, Mis - ter?

rit.

rit.

TODD: (*Turning away*) Must you glare at me, woman? Off with you! . . . Off, I say!

43 A tempo (♩ = ♩)

43a

44

BEGGAR WOMAN:

Then

Musical score for measures 43-44. Measure 43 is a whole rest for the vocal line. Measure 43a shows the piano accompaniment. Measure 44 shows the vocal line starting with 'Then'.

45

'ow would you like to split me muff, Mis - ter, We'll go jig jig, A lit - tle . .

Musical score for measure 45. The vocal line contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line with slurs and a bass line with sustained notes.

TODD: Off, I said! To the devil with you!

The Beggar Woman scuttles away.

48

ff

dim. -----

Musical score for measures 48-50. Measure 48 starts with a forte (ff) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. A dynamic marking of 'dim.' with a dashed line indicates a decrescendo over measures 49 and 50.

51

Musical score for measures 51-53. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. Measure 53 ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

54 BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Exiting*)

(*Disappears*)

Alms! Alms! for a pit - i - ful wom - an . . . —

L.H. mp

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.

poco dim. e rit.

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.

p a tempo

ANTHONY: There's nothing to forgive. TODD: Farewell, Anthony. ANTHONY: Mr. Todd, before we part -- TODD (*Fiercely*): What is it? ANTHONY: I have

p

honed 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

65

(to 201)

London... if you need help -- or money --

Poco rubato

202

(As Anthony draws back, startled)

mp

A.

There's a hole in the world like a great black

203

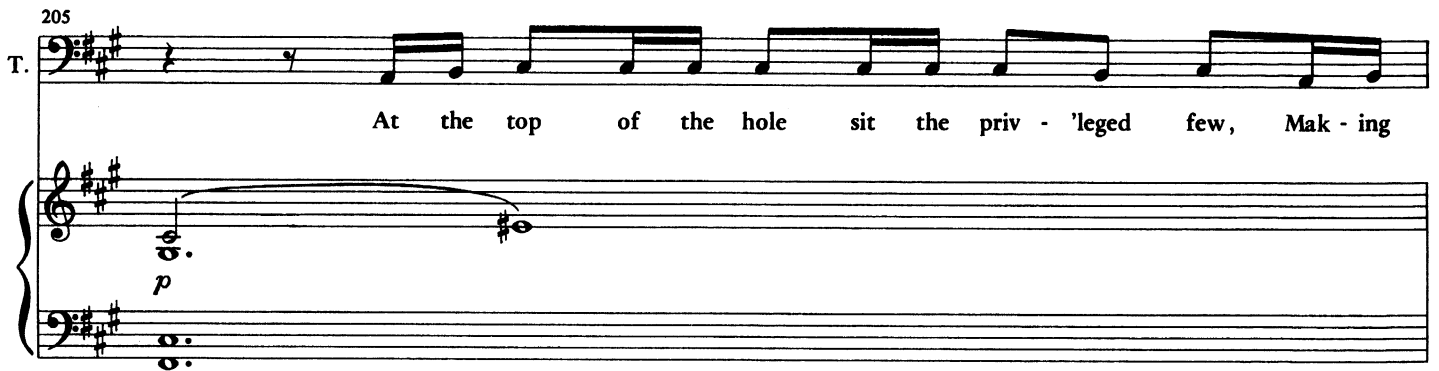
T.

pit, And the ver - min of the world in - hab - it it, And its mor - als are - n't

204

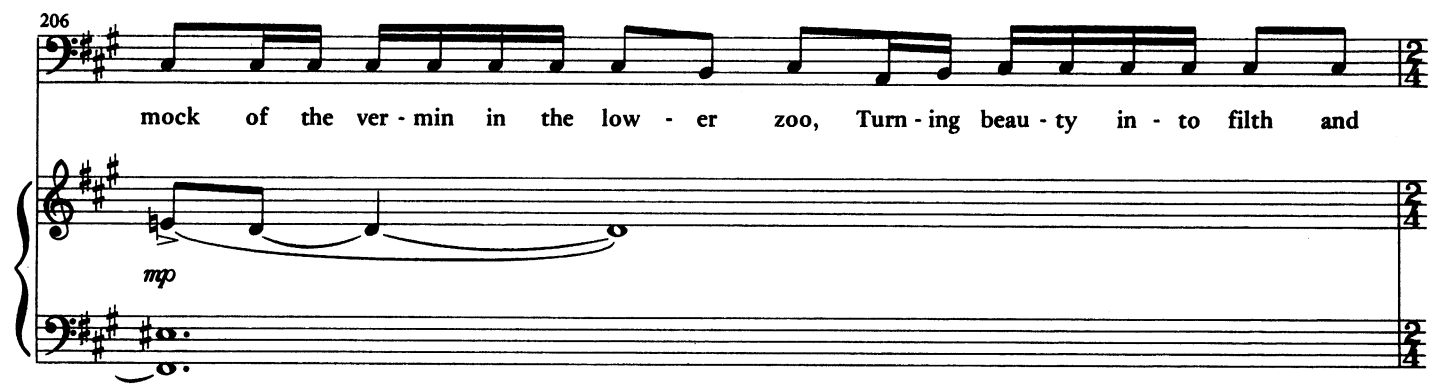
worth what a pig could spit, And it goes by the name of Lon - don.

205

T. 

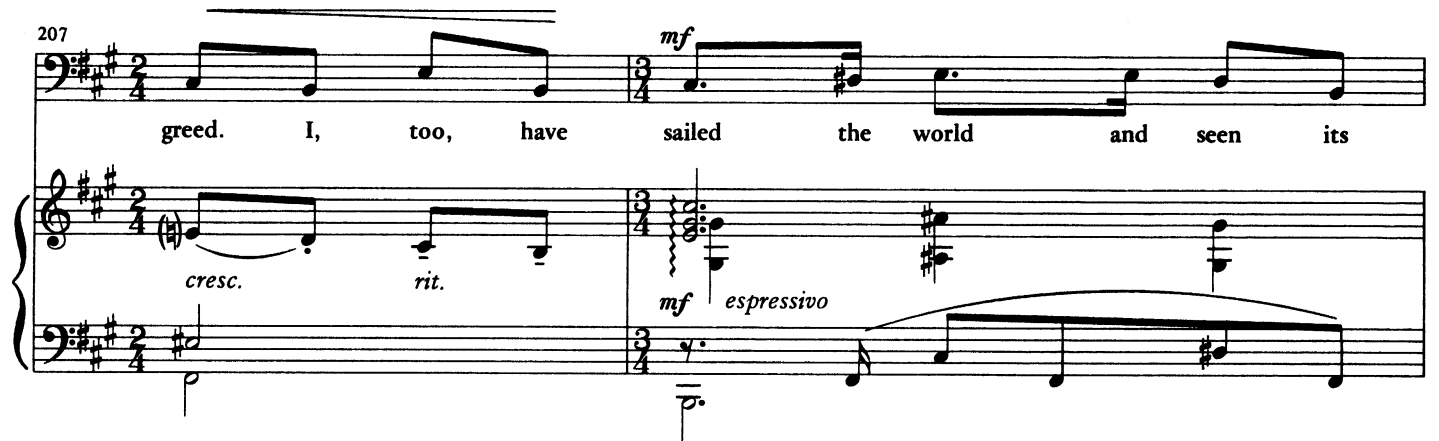
At the top of the hole sit the priv - 'leged few, Mak - ing

p

206 

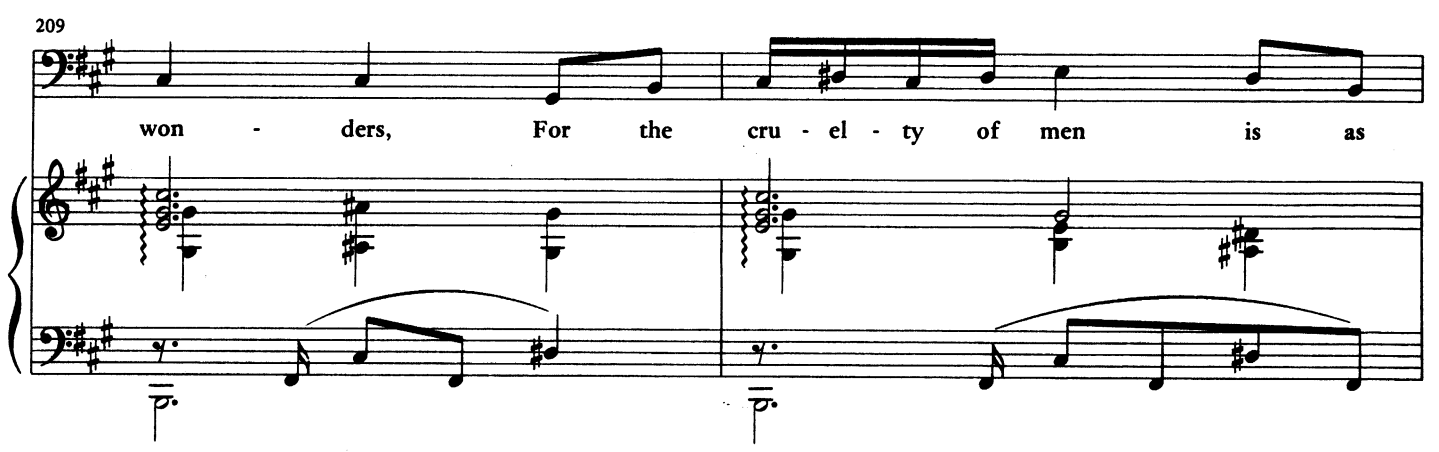
mock of the ver - min in the low - er zoo, Turn - ing beau - ty in - to filth and

mp

207 

greed. I, too, have sailed the world and seen its

cresc. *rit.* *mf* *espressivo*

209 

won - ders, For the cru - el - ty of men is as

211

T. won-drous as Pe - ru, But there's no place like Lon - don! —

214 *Meno mosso* *mp*

There was a

f intensely, molto rubato

R.H. (b)

216

bar - ber and his wife, And she was beau - ti - ful, — A fool - ish

mp

219

bar - ber and his wife. She was his rea - son and his life,

221

T. And she was beau - ti - ful. _____

dolce

223

And she was vir - tu - ous, _____

225

And he was na - ive. _____

ten.

mp

mf subito

228

There was an -

p

R.H.

mf subito

230

T. oth - er man who saw That she was beau - ti - ful. — A pi - ous

mp

233

vul - ture of the law, Who with a ges - ture of his claw Re - moved the

cresc.

236

bar - ber from his plate. Then there was noth - ing but to wait,

mf

dolce

239

And she would fall, So soft, So young, So lost and oh, so

cresc.

f

242 *f* ANTHONY: And the lady, sir. . . did she - - succumb?
 beau - ti - ful. —

245 TODD:
poco rall. *mp* 247 *a tempo*
 Oh, that was man - y years a - go.

248 Now leave me, Anthony,
 I beg of you.
 I doubt if an - y - one would know.

251 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.

253

L.H. L.H. L.H.

Anthony exits in one direction, Todd starts off in another, muttering to himself.
Safety

256 257 TODD: (last time) *mp*

There's a

R.H. / L.H. *sempre p*

258

hole in the world like a great black pit, And it's filled with peo-ple who are filled with

260

shit, And the ver-min of the world in - hab - it it...

Segue

No. 2B

TRANSITION MUSIC

Morning. The city comes to life. We see Mrs. Lovett's Pieshop. Above it is an empty apartment which is reached by an

Presto (♩ = 144)

1

ff

outside staircase. Mrs. Lovett, a vigorous, slatternly woman in her forties, enters and begins preparing dough, flicking flies

4

fff
R.H.
simile

off the trays of pies. Todd appears at the end of the street and moves slowly toward the pieshop, looking around as if

6

simile

No. 3

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON
(MRS. LOVETT)

*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.*

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)
MRS. LOVETT: *(Sticks the knife into the counter)*

2 *f* *>*

Wait! What's yer rush? What's yer hur - ry? You gave me such a

f mp f mp

(Wipes her hands on her apron) *(Pushes Todd onto a stool)*

3

fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min-ute, can't-cher? Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

f mp f mp f mp

(Todd (Mrs. Lovett flicks grunts) dust from a pie)

5

have-n't seen a cus - tom-er for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? Do for-give me if me

f mp

7 (Plucks something off a pie) (Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)

M.L. head's a lit-tle vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd think we had the plague from the way that people

9 (Flicks at something on the counter) (Spots it moving) (Smacks it with her hand) (Looks at her hand) (Wipes it on her apron)

keep a - void-ing...No, you don't! Heav-en knows I try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in

11 (Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) (Todd nods and grunts)

e-ven to in-hale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hard-ly

13 *poco rit.* 14 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato* *sempre f*

blame them. These are prob-a - bly the worst pies in Lon - don.

L.H./ *mf poco rit.* *mp espressivo* *mf*

17
M.L.

I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I

20

make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.

24

E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.

27

(Todd bites into the pie)

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust - ing? You have to con -

31 (Gives him ale)

M.L.

cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

36 *sempre f*

worst pies in Lon - don. And no won - der, with the price of

mf

Tempo I^o

39 (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

f mf f mf f mf f mf

41

Treat find - ing poor (*grunt*) an - i - mals (*grunt*) wot are dy - ing in the street. Mrs. - Moo - ney has a

f mf f mf f mf

M.L.

pie shop, Does a bus-'ness, but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

mp *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

(Rolls the dough)

cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) en-ter-prise,

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

(Pounds the dough)

(grunt) Popp-ing pussies in - to pies. Would - n't do in my shop. Just the thought of it's e -

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

(Again) rit.

nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them pus-sy- cats is quick. No de-nying, times is

f *mf* *rit.* *f* *mf*

51 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato*

M.L. *52*

hard, sir. E - ven hard - er than the worst pies in Lon - don.

f L.H. *mf* *f*

55 *(As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)*

On - ly lard and noth - ing more. Is that just re - volt - ing? All

mf *cresc.* *f*

58

greas - y and grit - ty. It looks like it's

61 *poco rit.*

molt - ing and tastes like... Well, pit - y a

poco rit.

64 *a tempo, molto espressivo*

M. L. *wom - an a - lone* *With*

a tempo, molto espressivo

68 *lim - it - ed wind* *And the worst pies in*

cresc.

p.

72 *Lon - don.* *Ah, sir, times is hard, times is*

ff *mf*

Rubato *mp* 74

76 *Tempo 1^o* *mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)*

hard.

f

No. 4

POOR THING
(MRS. LOVETT)

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?

Larghetto (♩ = 50)

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.

(Chimes)

1

p

MRS. LOVETT: *mp*

There was a

6

Molto rubato

5

3

bar-ber and his wife. — And he was beau-ti-ful. — A prop-er

9

5

5

(Sighs)

art-ist with a knife, — But they trans- port-ed him for life. — And he was

11 (♩ = ♩.) A tempo, delicato (in 3) Barker, his name was -- Benjamin Barker.

M.L. beau - ti - ful . . .

pp

p

15 TODD: Transported? What was his crime? MRS. LOVETT: Foolishness. Safety

18 MRS. LOVETT: (last time)

He had this

19 *A pretty young girl, Barker's wife, appears in the empty upstairs room, dancing her household chores.*

wife, you see. Pret - ty lit - tle thing. Sil - ly lit - tle nit had her

mp

L.H.

24

chance for the world on a string. Poor

29

M.L.

thing. Poor

L.H.

33

thing. There were these

Judge Turpin and his obsequious assistant, the Beadle, approach the house, gazing up

37

two, you see; Want - ed her like mad, One of 'em a

lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.

41

Più mosso (in 1)

judge, one of 'em his bea - dle. Ev - 'ry day they'd

mp

45
M.L. nudge and they'd whee - dle. Still she would - n't

49 budge from her nee - dle. Too

p subito

53 bad, Pure thing. So they mere - ly

mp *mf* (to 95)

95 *In the shadows of the stage, people appear dimly lit. They wear formal clothes and the masks of animals and demons.*

shipped the poor blight - er off south, they did. Leav - ing her with

99 *Barker's wife takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.*

M.L.

noth - ing but grief and a year - old kid. Did she use her

cresc.

103 (to 109)

head e - ven then? Oh no, God for - bid! Poor

mf

109 (Intake of breath)

fool. Ah, but there was worse yet to come. Poor

113 *The shadowy figures start to come together.* MRS. LOVETT: Johanna, that was the baby's

thing.

p subito

118 name . . . Pretty little Johanna . . . (*Drifts off*) TODD: (*Tensely*) Go on.

M.L.

121 MRS. LOVETT: (*Eyeing him sharply*) My, you do like a good story, don't you? *mf*

The Beadle reappears, mimes solicitously for the wife to come down. She does.

124 Moderato cantabile (♩ = ♩.)

127 thing. ———— The judge, he tells her, is all con - trite. He

130
M.L.
blames him - self for her dread - ful plight. She must come straight to his

133 (to 139)
house to - night, Poor thing, poor thing.

The shadowy figures have assembled. They are dancing a slow minuet as the Beadle leads the wife through them.

139 **Meno mosso – Minuet**
p subito

143 **A tempo** MRS. LOVETT:
Of
poco cresc.

145

M.L.

course, when she goes there, Poor thing, poor thing, They're hav - in' this ball all in

mp

148

The wife looks around dazedly, mimes drinking champagne.

masks. There's no one she knows there, Poor dear, poor thing, She

151

wan - ders tor - ment - ed and drinks, Poor thing. The judge has re - pent - ed, she

cresc.

dim.

154

thinks, Poor thing. "Oh, where is Judge Tur - pin?" she asks.

157 *The Judge appears and tears off first his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. The wife screams as he reaches for*

M.L. *f*

He was there, all right! On - ly not so con - trite!

160 *her. She struggles wildly as the Beadle hurls her to the floor. He holds her there as the Judge mounts her while the masked* *mf*

mf

She

162 *dancers pirouette around the ravishment, giggling.*

mf cresc. poco a poco (to 170)

was - n't no match for such craft, you see, And ev - 'ry - one thought it so

165

droll. They fig - ured she had to be daft, you see, So

168

M.L.

all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see, Poor soul!

171

173

Poor thing!

173a

173b

TODD: (With a wild shout)
Would no one have
mercy on her?

174

furiioso
ff

(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 doesn'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. *(She opens the case for him to look inside. For a long moment he stands, gazing down into the case)*

No. 5

MY FRIENDS (TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

Todd picks up a small razor, fondles it. MRS. LOVETT: My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they? TODD: Silver, yes.

Misterioso (♩ = 100)

The musical score is for a piano accompaniment. It consists of four measures, labeled A, B, 1, and 2. The top staff is a bass line with rests. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords. The score is marked 'Misterioso' and 'p' (piano). The tempo is indicated as 100 beats per minute. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the right hand of the piano part is a simple, rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

TODD:
p sempre dolce

3
 These are my friends. See how they glis - ten. —

7
 See this one shine, How he smiles in the light, My —

11 *Più mosso*
mp friend, — My faith - ful friend. — *He holds the razor to his ear.*
rit.

15 *p a tempo*
 Speak to me, friend. Whis - per, I'll lis - ten. —

19 *cresc.*

T. I know, I know. You've been locked out — of sight all these

poco cresc.

23 *mf*

years, ————— like me, my friend. ————— Well, I've come

mf *cresc.*

27 *Più mosso*
f

home ————— to find you wait - ing. —————

f *Più mosso*

31

Home, ————— and we're to - geth - er, —

mf

34 *dim.* *rit.*

T. And we'll do won-ders, — Won't we? —

37 MRS. LOVETT: (*Fondling Todd gently*)
a tempo *p*

TODD: (*Picking up a larger razor*)
p a tempo

I'm your friend, too, Mis-ter Todd, If you on - ly
You there, my friend. Come, let me hold you. —

41 *poco cresc.*

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 —

poco cresc.

45

M.L. *dim.* *poco rall.*
 You've come home. Al-ways had a fond-ness for you, I did.

T. *poco rall.*
 friend, My clev - er friend.

mf *dim.* *poco rall.*

49

a tempo *p*
 Nev - er you fear, Mis - ter Todd. You can move in

p a tempo
 Rest now, my friends. Soon I'll un - fold you, —

p *a tempo*

53

cresc. poco a poco
 here, Mis - ter Todd. Splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

cresc. poco a poco
 Soon you'll know splen - dors you nev - er have dreamed all your

cresc. poco a poco

M.L.
T.

days will be yours. I'm your friend, and you're
days, My luck-y friends. Till now your

mf

61

mine! Don't they shine beau-ti-ful! Sil-ver's good e-nough for me,
shine was mere-ly sil-ver.

f
f.p.

R.H.

65

Mis-ter T.
Friends, you shall drip ru-bies.

mf

R.H.

68

M.L.

T.

rit.

dim. *rit.*

You'll soon drip pre - cious — ru - bies... —

R.H. R.H.

R.H. R.H.

dim. *rit.*

71

A tempo, sempre dolce

Slowly, Todd rises and holds the razor up to the light.

p.

R.H.

L.H.

74

p.

R.H.

cresc. poco a poco

77

The lights dim, except for a harsh spot on Todd.

TODD: My right arm is complete again!

L.H.

fff

Meno mosso, ben marcato

80

COMPANY: (Appearing suddenly)

Todd exits slowly, holding the razor high.

Musical score for measures 80-83. It features three vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and mood are 'Meno mosso, ben marcato'. The lyrics are: 'Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney.' The piano part includes a 'div.' (diviso) marking and 'L.H.' (Left Hand) notation. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and accents (>).

84

Musical score for measures 84-87. It features three vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"'. The piano part includes '(R.H.)' (Right Hand) notation and dynamics like *ff* and accents (>).

88

S. A. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

T. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

B. Sink it in the ro - sy skin of

92

S. A. righ - teous - ness.

T. righ - teous - ness.

B. righ - teous - ness.

fff

dim.

95

BEADLE: *mp*

His voice was soft, his man - ner mild.

99

4 WOMEN:

He sel - dom laughed but he of - ten smiled.

103

1 BASS:

He'd seen how civ - i - lized men be-have. He nev - er for - got and he

107

ALL: *p*

nev - er for - gave, Not Swee - ney, Not

1 TENOR:
1 BASS:

111

Swee - ney Todd, The De - mon Bar - ber of

115

They disappear.

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 blond hair, appears at an upper level of the mansion and stands disconsolate.

----- Safety -----

(Add electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.)

118 119 120 121

fade

No. 6

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD
(JOHANNA)

JOHANNA: (To Bird Seller) And how are they today? BIRD SELLER: Hungry as always, Miss Johanna.

Ad lib. (Electronically reproduced bird sounds continue, then fade)

A B C

p *tr* *tr* *tr*

p

mp *p* 3

D E

He lifts the bird cages up to her.

p *tr* *tr*

mp 5 3 2

Allegretto, poco rubato (♩ = 112)

mp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

JOHANNA:

1 *mp*

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing? *tr*

mp *a tempo*

5
J. How can you ju-bi-late, sit-ting in cag - es, Nev - er tak-ing wing?

9 *poco rit.* *a tempo*
Out - side the sky waits, beck - on - ing, beck - on - ing, Just be - yond the bars.

12 *poco accel. e cresc.*
How can you re-main, star - ing at the rain, mad-dened by the

15 *mf* *poco rit.*
stars?

17 *mp* *rit.* *a tempo*

J. How is it you sing _____ an - y - thing? How is it you sing? _____

p *rit.* *a tempo*

21

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing? _____

mp *L.H.*

25 *Con poco moto* *cresc. poco a poco*

Whence comes this mel-o-dy con-stant-ly flow-ing? Is it re-joic-ing or

simile *cresc. poco a poco*

28 *f*

mere-ly hal-lo-ing? Are you dis-cuss-ing or fuss-ing or sim-ply

31 *p* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

J. dream - ing? Are you crow - ing?

p subito *poco rit.* *a tempo*

34 *sempre p poco rit.* *a tempo*

Are you scream - ing?

poco rit. *a tempo, sempre rubato* *mp*

37 *mp*

Ring - dove and rob - in - et, is it for wag - es, Sing - ing to be sold?

mf

40 *mf*

Have you de - cid - ed it's saf - er in cag - es,

f

Anthony enters. Instantly he sees her and stands

43

J. Sing - ing when you're told?

transfixed by her beauty.

45 *Più mosso* *mp*

My cage has man - y rooms, dam - ask and dark. Noth - ing there sings, not *ten.*

48

e - ven my lark. Larks nev - er will, you know, when they're cap - tive.

51 *poco rit.*

Teach me to be more a - dap - tive.

53 *poco rit.*

J. Ah,

tr

poco rit. *dim.*

Tranquillo
a tempo

55

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, Teach me how to sing.

mp *a tempo*

R.H.

58 *poco rit.*

If I can-not fly, let me

L.H.

poco rit. *p*

61 *a tempo*

She gazes disconsolately into the middle distance.

sing.

a tempo

Segue

No. 7

AH, MISS

(ANTHONY, JOHANNA, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Con moto, poco rubato (♩ = 80)

1 ANTHONY: (Gazing at Johanna) *mp* 3

I have sailed the world, be-held its won - ders From the

R.H. *mp*

5 *sempre mp*

pearls of Spain to the ru-bies of Ti-bet, But not e - ven in Lon-don— have I

L.H.

9 *dim.* *rit.*

seen such a won - der. — La - dy,

dim. *rit.*

13 *a tempo*

Look at me look at me miss, oh look at me please oh, Fa - vor me fa - vor me with your

pa tempo

16 *a tempo*
A. glance. Ah, miss, What do you what do you see off there in those trees oh,

19 *mf*
Won't you give won't you give me a chance? Who would sail to Spain, for all its

p. *mf* *L.H.*

22
won - ders, When in Kearn - ey's Lane lies the great - est won - der yet? Ah, miss,

25 *mp*
Look at you look at you pale and i - vo - ry - skinned oh, Look at you look - ing so sad, so

mp

28

A.

queer. Prom - ise Not to re - treat to the dark - ness back of your win - dow,

31 JOHANNA:

(ANTHONY)

33 *mf*

Green finch and lin - net bird,

Not till you not till you look down here. Look at me!

34

night - in - gale, black - bird, Teach me how to sing.

Look at me!

36 *f* *Their eyes meet. They gaze at*

J. If I can - not fly, _____ Let me sing ...

A. _____ Look at me ...

each other for a moment.

38 *mp* *p* to 41

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Grabbing Anthony from a garbage heap*) *Johanna, frightened, slips back inside the house. The Beggar*

41 *f* *mp*

Alms! Alms! For a mis-'ra-ble wom-an... Beg your par-don, it's

L.H. mf subito *dim.*

43 *Woman thrusts her bowl at Anthony, who hastily drops a coin into it, then turns back to discover Johanna gone.*

you, sir... Thank yer, thank yer kind - ly...

ANTHONY: (As the Beggar Woman starts off) One moment, mother. 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. But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not

if you value your hide. Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you -- or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Leering at him)

60

B.W. *O - pen me gate, but dock it straight, I see it lists to star - board!*

She grabs at his crotch and dances around him grotesquely, lifting her skirts. ANTHONY: (*Tossing coins at her*) Here and here and here! Take it and be off with you! Off!

64

ben marcato
mf

Cackling, the Beggar Woman collects the coins and scampers off. The noise has frightened the birds, who start screeching.

68

Anthony gazes up at the window, then goes to the Bird Seller and shakes him awake.

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. (*Exits*)

ANTHONY: (*Inspecting the cages*) Which one sings the sweetest?

BIRD SELLER: All's the same, sir. Sixpence and cheap at the price.

ANTHONY: (*Selecting a cage and giving the Bird Seller a coin*) He sings bravely -- but why does he batter his wings so wildly against the bars?

72

gva ----- *Safety* -----

p.

Segue

No. 8

JOHANNA (Part I)
(ANTHONY)

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.

1 *Tranquillo* (♩ = 66) *Safety* 3 *Their fingers touch.* ANTHONY: *mp*

Bird sounds continue, then fade.

5 feel you, Jo - han - na, I

9 feel you. I was half con-vinced I'd wak - en,

13

A.

Sat - is - fied e - nough to dream... you. Hap - pi - ly, I was mis - tak -

16

en, Jo - han - na! I'll steal

20

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?

They are so absorbed with each other that they fail to notice the approach of Judge Turpin and the Beadle.

ANTHONY: But, sir. I swear there was nothing in my heart...

Safety

(last time)

25

dim.

... but the most respectful sentiments of -- JUDGE: (*To Beadle*) Dispose of him. *He strides toward the house.*

27

p

JOHANNA: Oh dear! I knew! BEADLE: (*Fondling his truncheon, to Anthony*) You heard his worship.

31

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.

35

BEADLE: Get the gist of it, friend? Next time it'll be *your* neck. *He starts after the Judge and Johanna.*

38

Segue

No. 8A

JOHANNA (Part II)

(ANTHONY)

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, petting her cheek)* Dear child. *(gazing at her lustfully)* How sweet you look in that light muslin gown. *Jobanna runs into the house, the Judge after her. The Beadle follows. Anthony is left alone, the empty cage in his hands.*

1 *Maestoso* (♩ = 66) *-Safety-* 3 ANTHONY: *f*

5 steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll

9 *Con poco moto*
mf

steal you. Do they think that walls can hide you?

13

A.

E - ven now I'm at your win - dow. I am in the dark be - side

16

you, Bur - ied sweet - ly in your yel - low hair...

cresc. *f*

19

A tempo

I

ff

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

dim.

27 *mp* *He smashes the cage.*

A. *one day I'll steal you.*

mp *R.H.*

31 *mf*

Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your

mf *poco cresc.*

34 *cresc. poco a poco*

yel-low hair.

f *cresc. poco a poco*

37 *He throws the cage away, picks up his duffel bag, and runs off. The lights fade.*

ff *fff* *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.*

Segue

No. 9

PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR

(TOBIAS, CROWD, TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

The factory whistle blasts. Lights come up to reveal St. Dunstan's market place.

(♩ = 132)

A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script:

SIGNOR ADOLFO PIRELLI
HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-
TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL
MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES
and under this: BANISH BALDNESS
WITH 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 Tuesdays.

TODD: *(Reading the sign)* Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

MRS. LOVETT: Eytalian. 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 the Beadle)* Oh no! Look. The Beadle--Beadle Bamford.

TODD: So much the better.

MRS. LOVETT: But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we ought to--?

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 crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)*

L'istesso tempo

TOBIAS: *(last time)*

La - dies and gen - tle - men!

8 *He beats the drum enthusiastically.*

T. *May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?*

sempre mf

f

11 *Do you wake ev - 'ry morn - ing in*

mf

14 *shame and de - spair To dis - cov - er your pil - low is cov - ered with hair*

17 *Wot ought not to be there? Well,*

f *mf* *f*

21

T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, From now on you can wak - en at ease. You need

mf *L.H.* *f* *L.H.*

25

nev - er a - gain have a wor - ry or care, I will show you a mir - a - cle

28

mar - vel - ous rare. Gen - tle - men, you are a -

31

A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.

TOBIAS: *(Reassuringly)*

32

bout to see some-thing that rose from the dead. on the top of my

L.H. *f*

37 *mp* 39 *mp*

T. head! Scarce-ly a month a-go, gen-tle-men, I was

40

sud-den-ly struck with a rare Or-i-en-tal dis-ease. Though the

42

fin-est phy-si-cians in Lon-don were called, I a-wak-ened one morn-ing a-mazed and ap-palled To dis-

44

cov-er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov-ic-e's knees.

46

T. I was dy - ing of shame Till a gen - tle - man came,

48

poco rit. An il - lus - tri - ous bar - ber, Pi - rel - li by name. *a tempo* He

poco rit. *a tempo*

50

cresc. gave me a liq - uid as pre - cious as gold. *mf* I

cresc.

52

cresc. rubbed it in dai - ly like wot I was told, *mf* And be -

cresc.

He beats the drum and doffs his cap dramatically, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders.

54

T. *f*

R.H. hold! *f* L.H.

Less than thir - ty days

56 *L'istesso tempo*

57 (to 60) (Drum) 60

old! 'Twas Pi - rel - li's

mf *mp*

61

Mir - a - cle E - lix - - ir, That's wot did the trick, sir, True, sir, true.

sempre staccato

64

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an e - lix - ir

67
T. ought to do. How a - bout a bot - tle, mis - ter? On - ly costs a pen - ny, guar - an -

70 (TOBIAS) He proffers bottles of the elixir to the crowd.
teed. Go a - head and tug, sir, Go a - head, sir, hard - er (To 2nd Man)

1st MAN: Pen - ny buys a bot - tle, I don't know. (To 1st Man) Ah, let's

2nd MAN: You don't need...

MEN: Pen - ny for a bot - tle, is it?

72 TOBIAS: (Stopping the 1st Man, who's bald, and pouring a drop on his head)
Does Pi - rel - li's stim - u - late the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir,

(1st MAN)
go!

mp *sempre staccato*

(Gently applying the 1st Man's hand to the wet spot)

75

T. 'Tis u - nique. Rub a min - ute. Stim - u - lat - in', i'n' it?

78

(To others)

Soon you'll have to thin it once a week. Pen-ny buys a bot - tle - guar - an -

cresc. *f*

81

(TOBIAS)

teed. 'Ow a - bout a sam - ple? Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er (To 3rd Man)

1st WOMAN:

2nd WOMAN: Is - n't it a

1st MAN: Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, might as well... (To 2nd Woman)

2nd MAN:

3rd MAN: Wot - cher think?

83 (TOBIAS) *(To 1st Man)* 84

smell? That's e-nough, sir, am - ple. Gen - tly dab it. Gets to be a hab - it.

(1st WOMAN)

crime they let these ur - chins clog the pave-ments?

(2nd WOMAN)

Go a - head and try it, wot the hell?

(1st MAN)

(2nd MAN)

(3rd MAN)

Pen-ny buys a bot - tle, does it?

cresc. *mp subito* *sempre staccato*

86 *(Points to a long-haired man)*

T. Soon there'll be e-nough, sir, some-bod - y can grab it. See that chap with

89

hair like Shel - ley's? You can tell 'e's used Pi - rel - li's!

cresc.

92 TOBIAS:

(Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)

TODD: Par - don. me, ma'am, what's that aw - ful

1st MAN: Let me have a bot - tle. Make that
2nd MAN: two.

94 TOBIAS: (To 3rd Woman)

MRS. LOVETT: Go a-head and feel, mum. Ab-so-lute-ly real, mum.
(To a man in the crowd)

TODD: Are we stand - ing near an o - pen trench? Par-don me, sir, what's that aw - ful

1st WOMAN: stench? Must be stand - ing near an o - pen
2nd WOMAN: Then a - gain I could get some for Har - ry. Noth-ing workson Har - ry, dear, 'bye -

3rd WOMAN:

2nd MAN: How a-bout a beer? You know a pub? There's one close
1st MAN: I'm just pass - ing
2nd MAN:

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,

(MRS. LOVETT)

stench?

(TODD)

trench.

(2nd WOMAN)

bye.

(3rd WOMAN)

by.

(2nd MAN)

by.

(3rd MAN)

by.

f *sempre staccato*

99

T. soon sprouts curls. Try Pi - rel - li's! When they see how thick, sir,

102 (TOBIAS) 104 (To 4th Woman)

You can have your pick, sir, of the girls! Want to buy a bot - tle, mis - sus?

MRS. LOVETT:

TODD: *f* What is

1st & 2nd MAN:

3rd & 4th MAN:

cresc. *f*

105 (TOBIAS)

(MRS. LOVETT) *f* Pen - ny for a bot - tle. Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er

(TODD) What is this? (*Handing the bottle back distastefully*) Smells like -- phew!

this? Smells like piss.

1st MAN: 2nd MAN:

Prop - a - gates the hair, sir. He says it smells like

4th MAN: 3rd MAN: (*To 2nd Man*)

I'll take one. What was that?

107

(TOBIAS)

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.

109

(TOBIAS)

(Trying to calm the crowd)

(MRS. LOVETT)

Nev - er mind that mad-man, mis - ter.

(TODD)

What does that smell like to you, sir?

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?

mp subito

cresc.

111 (TOBIAS) 112 (to 130)

(TOBIAS)
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! *ff* Yeah, where is this Pi -

(MEN)
What does that smell like to you, ma'am? *ff* Yeah, where is this Pi -

L.H.

130 (TOBIAS)
Let Pi - rel - li's ac - ti - vate your roots, sir.

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)
Keep it off your boots, sir,

(WOMEN)
rel - li?

(MEN)
rel - li?

mf *sempre staccato* *cresc. poco a poco*

133 (TOBIAS)

Yes, get Pi - rel - li's! Use a bot - tle of it!

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)

Eats right through!

CROWD:

Go and get Pi - rel - li!

136 (TOBIAS)

138

(to 140)

La - dies seem to love it!

(MRS. LOVETT)

Flies do, too!

(TODD)

(CROWD)

The crowd laughs uproariously.

140 CROWD:

Hand the blood - y mon - ey o - ver! Hand the blood - y mon - ey o - ver!

142 TOBIAS: (*Frenetically*)

See Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir grow a lit - tle wick, sir,

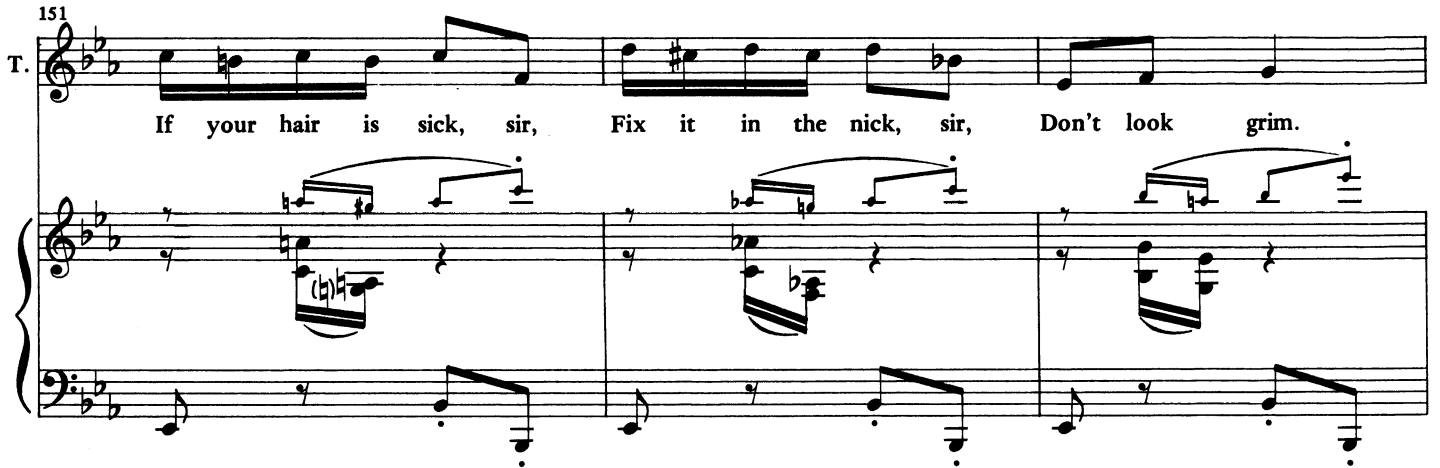
(leggiero)

mp subito

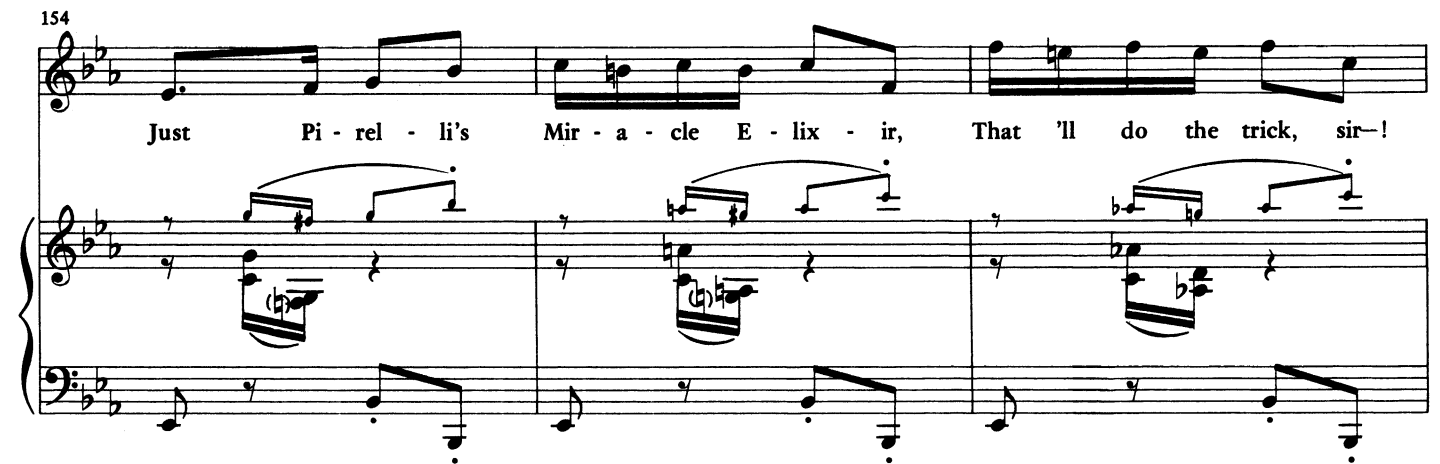
then some fuzz. The Pi - rel - li's soon 'll make - it thick, sir,

148 Like a good e - lix - ir al - ways does. Trust Pi - rel - li's!

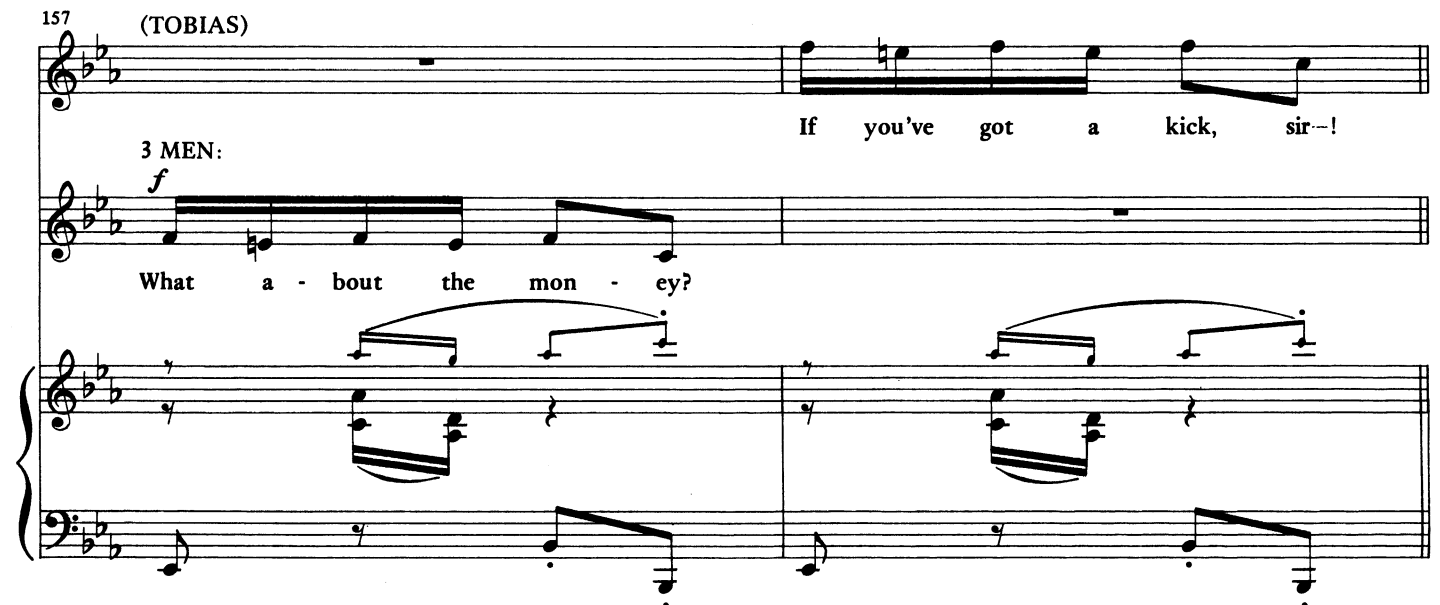
150

151
T. 

If your hair is sick, sir, Fix it in the nick, sir, Don't look grim.

154 

Just Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir, That 'll do the trick, sir--!

157 (TOBIAS) 

If you've got a kick, sir--!

3 MEN: *f*
What a - bout the mon - ey?

159 TOBIAS:

CROWD:

S. *f* What a - bout the mon - ey? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

A. *f* What a - bout the mon - ey? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

T. *f* Yeah, where is this Pi - rel - li?

B. *f* Yeah, where is this Pi - rel - li?

cresc.
R.H.

161 (TOBIAS)

S. Tell it to the mix - er of the
Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our

A. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our

T. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our mon - ey?

B. Go and get Pi - rel - li! What a - bout our mon - ey?

cresc.

163 (TOBIAS)

Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir. If you've got a kick, sir. . .

S. mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

A. mon - ey? What a - bout it? Where is this Pi - rel - li?

T. Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

B. Go and get Pi - rel - li! Where is this Pi - rel - li?

cresc.

165

Pirelli bursts through the curtain flamboyantly. The crowd falls silent, stunned.

TOBIAS: (*Exhausted*)

Talk to him!

S.

A.

T.

B.

ff L.H.

R.H.

Segue

No. 9A

PIRELLI'S ENTRANCE
(PIRELLI)

Moderato, con molto rubato

PIRELLI:

1 *Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment.* 2 *f*

I am A - dol - fo Pi -

rel - li, Da king of da bar - bers, Da bar - ber of kings, E buon gior - no, Good

day. I blow you a kiss. He does. And I,

Da so fa - mous Pi - rel - li, I wish - a to know - a who has - a da

14

mp dolce
ten.

f

nerve - a to say — My e - lix - ir is piss! Who says this?

mp dolce
ten.

f

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. *(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 "oob" and "aab" 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 razors 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 as 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!

No. 10

THE CONTEST (Part I)
(PIRELLI)

TODD: *(As the music starts, surveying the crowd)*
Friends, neighbors, who's for a free shave?

FIRST MAN: *(Heavily bearded, 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. *(The Bearded Man sits on Todd's
chair. The 2nd 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 win-
ner. *(He blows his whistle)*

Agitato (♩ = 144)

-----Safety (under dialogue)-----

Pirelli strops his razor quickly and starts whipping up lather furiously.

Todd also strops his razor, but with painstaking slowness.

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩.)

-----Safety-----

PIRELLI: (last time)
mf

9

Now si - gno - ri - ni, si - gno - ri, we mix - a da lath - er, but first - a you

12

gath - er a - round, Si - gno - ri - ni, si - gno - ri, you look - ing a man who have

15

(Lathering his man) (To the customer,

had - a da glo - ry to shave - a da Pope! Mis - ter Swee - ney who - ev - er - - I

18

as he accidentally lathers his nose)

beg - a your par - don - - 'll prob - a - bly say it was on - ly a car - di - nal.

21 *(Finishes lathering the man)* *(Exchanges his brush for a razor)* *mp* to 46

P. Nope! It was - a da Pope! To shave - a da

mf *f*

46 *(Shaves his man, with flourishes)* *grazioso*

face, To pull - a da toot' Re-qui-re da grace And not-a da

mp

49

brute, For if - a you slip, you nick da skin, you clip - a da chin, you rip - a da

52 *Todd strops his razor slowly and deliberately, disconcerting Pirelli and drawing the crowd's attention.* *PIRELLI: (Getting the crowd's attention back)* *a tempo* *mp*

lip a bit, and dat's - a da trut'! To shave - a da

lento *mp a tempo*

53 53a

54 *mf* *espressivo*

face Or e - ven a part Wid - out it - a smart Re - qui - re da

57 *ten.* *Meno mosso* (*Gesturing to Tobias, who pulls down an elaborate anatomical chart of the head*)

heart. It take - a da art. I show you a chart I stud - y - a

ten. *mp*

60 *Again, Todd slowly strops his razor.* *Rubato* *PIRELLI: (Gaining confidence)*

start - ing in my yout'! *mp* To cut - a da

60a 61

62 (*as he sees Todd so far behind*)

hair, To trim - a da beard, To make - a da bris - tle clean like a

L.H. *mf molto espressivo*

65
P. whis - tle, Dis is from ear - ly in - fan - cy da

67
tal - ent give to me by God! It take - a da skill, It take - a da

71
brains, It take - a da will To take - a da pains, — It take - a da

Todd, with a few deft strokes, lathers and shaves his man, and signals the Beadle.

74
pace, It take - a da grace -- BEADLE: The win - ner is Todd!

MRS. LOVETT: *(Feels the customer's cheek)*
Smooth as a baby's arse! *(The crowd "oobs" and "aabs")*

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. . .

*TODD: *(Looks around)* And now, who's for a tooth pulling -- free without charge!

PIRELLI: *(Giving him a swinging blow on the cheek)* You do now! *(Forces him into the chair and turns to the crowd)* We see who is zee victor now. Zis Mister Todd -- or the great Pirelli!

MAN WITH HEAD TIED UP IN RAG: Me, sir. Me, sir. *(Runs to the chair vacated by the shaved man)*

BEADLE: Ready?

TODD: *(Looking around)* Who else? *(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.

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

MRS. LOVETT: To which he is entitled!! *(To crowd)* Right? *(The crowd applauds)*

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.

No. 10A

THE CONTEST (Part II)
(PIRELLI, TOBIAS)

Molto rubato
1 PIRELLI: *mf*

TOBIAS: To pull - a da toot' *mp* Wid-out - a da skill *p* Can dam-age da

Ow! Ooh!

4 *(To the squirming Tobias)* *(To the crowd)* *rit.* *accel. poco a poco*

root... *mf* Now hold-a da still! *p* An' if - a you slip you grip a bit, you *mp rit.* *accel. poco a poco*

Anhh -! Ah... Honh... Honh... Honh...

rit. *accel. poco a poco*

*An optional cut may be taken from here to the asterisk on page 110.

7 *a tempo*

P. hit da pit of it or chip - a - da tip an' have - a to fill! To pull - a da

T. Honh... Honh... Honh... Ohhh... Anh!

f *a tempo*

10 *cresc.*

toot' Wid-out - a da grace, You leave - a da space All o - ver da

p (*With mounting alarm*) *mp*

Uh... Uh... Uh...

a tempo
R.H.

13 *mf* (*Glaring archly at Todd*)

place. You try to e - rase Wid-out - a da trace... Some-time is da

Uh... Uh... Uh...

mf *f*

*Pirelli withdraws the
extractor and wrestles
Tobias into a new position.*

16

P. *rit.* *a tempo*
case you e-ven - a kill. To hold - a da clamp Wid-out - a da

T. *ff* *rit.* *a tempo* *sempre mp*
Anh-eeee! Unh... Unh...

mp
a tempo

19 *molto espressivo* *Pirelli clamps his hand
over Tobias' mouth.* (To Tobias)

cramp, Wid all dat sa - li - va, It could - a drive - a you cra - zy (don' mut-ter or
(Muffled)

Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Unh... Mmph! Mmph! Mmph!

R.H.

22 *accel.* (To the crowd, forcing a smile) *a tempo*
Back - a you go to the gut-ter), I Hold - a da clamp like a but-ter - a - cup! I take - a da

mf accel. *a tempo*
Mmmm ph!

sfz accel. *p* *a tempo*

25 *rit. espressivo*

P. pains, I learn - a da art, I use - a - da brains, I give - a da

T. *p (Extractor in mouth)* No... No... No... *rit.*

28 *a tempo*

heart, I have - a da grace, I win - a da race!

T. No... No... (Screech) Aaahhhh! *ff*

a tempo mp *R.H. f*

*The Beadle blows his whistle,
the crowd roars its approval.*

31 *PIRELLI: (Drooping)*

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)**

PIRELLI: *(With a 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 - - *(With a sinister smile)* - - 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 pie shop 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 pie shop, 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. The factory whistle blasts.

No. 10B

BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD

(MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY)

Allegretto (♩ = 132)
 1 *(As the whistle dies)* 2 1a 2a

SOLO BASS:

3

mf

Swee - ney pon-dered and Swee - ney planned, Like a per-fect ma - chine 'e — planned,

SOLO BARI:

SOLO BASS:

SOLO TENOR:

7

mp

mp

mp

Barb-ing the hook, Bait-ing the trap, Set-ting it out for the Bea - dle to snap.

11

mf

SOPR. & TENOR:

mf

Sly - ly court-ed 'im, Swee - ney did, Set a sort of a scene, 'e — did,

15

mp

2 SOPRS. & 2 TENORS:

mp

Lay-ing the trail, Show-ing the trac-es, Let-ting it lead to high - er plac-es.

19 3 WOMEN: *cresc. poco a poco*
mp
 Swee - ney pon - dered and Swee - ney — planned, Like a per - fect ma -

TENORS:

3 BARIS.: *cresc. poco a poco* BARIS. & BASSES:
mp
 Lay - ing the trail, Show - ing the trac - es, Let - ting it lead to

Piano accompaniment for measures 19-21, featuring chords and a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

22 (WOMEN)
 chine 'e planned, Sly - ly court - ed 'im, Swee - ney — did.

(TENORS) *mf cresc. poco a poco*

(BARIS. & BASSES)
 Lay - ing the trail, Show - ing the trac - es,

high - er plac - es, Sly - ly court - ed 'im, Swee - ney — did.

Piano accompaniment for measures 22-24, including the instruction *cresc. poco a poco* in the right hand.

25 (WOMEN) *f*

Swee - - -

(TENORS) *f*

Let - ting it lead to high - er plac - es. Swee -

(BARIS. & BASSES)

Set it like a ma - chine, a sort of a scene 'e did, Did

28 (WOMEN) *dim.*

ney... - - -

(TENORS) *dim.*

ney... - - -

(BARIS. & BASSES) *f* *dim.*

Swee - ney... - - -

No. 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. 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 across the stage.

Largo (♩. = 50)

A

BEGGAR WOMAN: (To a generous passerby) Thank yer. . . (She shuffles

Alms. . . alms. . . for a mis-'ra-ble. . .

mf R.H. L.H. *mp*

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!

3

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!

5

Più mosso
agitato

Safety

sempre mp

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Shuffling off into the wings*)

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

Alms... alms... for a des-per-ate wom-an...

10

16

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.

16

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*) 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.

19

MRS. LOVETT: And who says the week's out yet? It's only Friday. *Todd continues pacing restlessly.*

22

24

Safety

(last time poco rit.)

Adagio espressivo ma non rubato (♩ = 112)

25

MRS. LOVETT:

mp

Eas - y now. — Hush, love, hush. — Don't dis - tress — your - self,

28

What's your rush? — Keep your thoughts — Nice and lush. —

31

p Todd keeps pacing.

32 (to 38)

38 *mp*

Wait. Hush, love, hush, —

39

Think it through. — Once it bub - bles, then what's to do? —

42 M.L. *p* Todd grows calmer.

Watch it close. — Let it brew. — Wait.

gva.

45 Mrs. Lovett looks around the room. *mf* 46

I've been think - ing, flow - ers — May - be dai - sies — To

48

bright - en up the room. ... Don't you think some flow - ers, — Pret - ty

51 *mp* Todd doesn't respond.

dai - sies, Might re - lieve the gloom? Ah,

L.H.

54

M.L.

Wait, love, wait.

dim.

R.H.

L.H.

57

TODD: (*Intensely*) And the Judge? When will I get him? MRS. LOVETT: Can't you think

p agitato

mf

of nothin' else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs
what happened heaven knows how many years ago --
(*Todd turns away violently with a hiss*)

MRS. LOVETT:

60

61 (to 68)

68 *mf*

Slow, love, slow. — Time's so fast. —

mf

dim.

70

Now goes quick - ly. See, now it's past! — Soon will come, — Soon will last. —

f

dim.

74 *Todd grows calm again.* 76 *mp*

M.L. *Wait.* Don't you know, _ sil - ly man, _

78

Half the fun_ is to plan the plan?_ All good things_ come to those who can_

82 *p* *Todd sits quietly.* *Mrs. Lovett looks around the room again.*

Wait.

84

Gil - ly-flow-ers may - be, 'stead of dai - sies... I don't know, though...

dim. poco a poco

87 TODD: (*Docilely*) Yes. MRS. LOVETT:

M.L. What do you think?

90 (*Gently taking the razor from him*) Gillyflowers, I'd say. Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.

pp

mp
L.H.

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. Todd and Mrs. Lovett alert. She hastily gives him back the razor. Anthony bursts enthusiastically in.

TODD: Anthony.

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna?

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

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*)

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: (*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. *(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 coquettishly, 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 short-cropped hair)* -- gets awful 'ot. *(He continues to eat the pie. Upstairs, 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)*

No. 12A

PIRELLI'S DEATH
(PIRELLI)

(♩ = 100)

1 PIRELLI: (*Nastily, quasi parlando*)

mp

You t'ink - a you smart? You fool-ish - a boy. To-mor-row you

4 (sung) *ten.*

start In my - a em - ploy. You un - ner - a -

ten.

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!

6

stan'? You like - a my plan?

f (Let die away naturally)

L.H.

TOBIAS: (cont'd) 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, sees 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. One of Pirelli's bands dangles out of the chest) Signor! (Calling as he runs up the stairs, adjusting his wig) I did like you said! I reminded you. . .the tailor. . . (Stops at the doorway as he sees the room empty except for Todd standing there)

No. 12B PIRELLI 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)

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.

68

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 downstairs and wait for your master there?

70

(Pushing him out the door) 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)*

71 *gva*.....

f

gves

TOBIAS: *(cont'd)* 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)*

72 *-Safety-*

ff

Segue

No. 12C THE BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD (THREE TENORS)

Three tenors enter and sing.

1 *Andante con moto* (♩ = 132)

TENOR I *mf*

His

TENOR II

TENOR III

p sempre legato

5

T. I
hands were quick, his fin - gers strong. _____ It

T. II

T. III

9

T. I
stung a lit - tle but not for long. _____

T. II
mf
And

T. III

T. I

T. II
 those who thought him a sim - ple clod Were soon re - con - sid - er - ing un - der the sod,

T. III

T. I
 From

T. II
 From

T. III
 Con - signed there with a friend - ly prod From

21

T. I
Swee - ney Todd,

T. II
Swee - ney Todd,

T. III
Swee - ney Todd, *mp* The De - mon Bar - ber of

25 (to 30)

30

T. I

T. II

T. III
Fleet Street.

32

p dolce

T. I
See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney, Feel how

T. II
See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney, Feel how

T. III
See your ra - zor gleam, Swee - ney, Feel how

p

37

T. I
well it fits As it floats a -

T. II
well it fits. . . Feel, As it floats a -

T. III
well it fits, How well it fits. It floats a -

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.

42 44

T. I
8 cross the throats of hyp - o - crites.

T. II
8 cross the throats of hyp - o - crites.

T. III
8 cross the throats of hyp - o - crites.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are for Tenors I, II, and III, each with a vocal line and the lyrics 'cross the throats of hyp-o-crites.' The bottom staff is for piano accompaniment, showing chords and melodic lines for both hands. A right-hand section is marked 'ff' and a left-hand section has a 'V' marking.

JUDGE: (cont'd) 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 comdenmed prisoner is led away). Court adjourned. (During the following, the Judge removes cap, wig, and gown)

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

(♩ = 144)

(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,

CUE NO. 2

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

JUDGE: *(cont'd)* In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry Johanna next Monday.

CUE NO. 4 *(on cue)*

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.

No. 13

KISS ME (Part I)
(JOHANNA, ANTHONY)

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.

Allegro, ma non troppo (♩ = 120)

agitato

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked *Allegro, ma non troppo* (♩ = 120) and *agitato*. The music is in A major. The left hand (L.H.) plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a *mf* dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes. The piece is divided into two sections, A and B, with repeat signs and first/second endings.

1

JOHANNA: *mf*

He means to mar-ry me Mon-day. What shall I do? I'd rath-er die.

ANTHONY: *mf*

I have a

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first system. Johanna's vocal line is in A major, 4/4 time, with a *mf* dynamic. Anthony's vocal line is in A major, 4/4 time, with a *mf* dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

3

(Not listening to him)

I'll swal-low poi-son on Sun-day, that's what I'll do, I'll get some lye.

plan. I have a

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second system. Johanna's vocal line is in A major, 4/4 time, with a *mf* dynamic. Anthony's vocal line is in A major, 4/4 time, with a *mf* dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

5

J. Oh, dear, was that a noise? I think I heard a noise. It could-n't be, He's in court, he's in court to-day.

A. plan. A plan. A plan!

L.H.

7

Still, that was a noise, Was - n't that a noise? You must have heard that...

cresc.

8

(Shyly) *mp* Oh, sir... *p* Oh, sir... (to 11)

Kiss me! Ah, miss...

f *dim.*

(Pacing again)

11

J. *mf*
If he should marry me Mon - day, What will I do? I'll die of grief. *mf*

A. We fly to -

mf
L.H.

13

'Tis Fri - day, vir-tual-ly Sun - day, What can we do with time so brief?

night. We fly to ...

(Covering Anthony's mouth)

15

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.

To-night. To - night! It's not a gate. There's no

17

J. Still, there was a... Wait! There's an - oth - er click, You must have heard that...

A. gate, You don't have a gate. If you'd on - ly lis - ten, miss, And

cresc.

18

To - night? You mean to -

kiss me! Kiss me!

L.H. *f*

20

night? Oh, sir! I feel a

The plan is made, So kiss me.

22 *cantabile*

J. fright. Sir, I did love you e - ven as I

A. Be not a - fraid. To - night I'll steal

L.H.

24

saw you, E - ven as it did not mat - ter that I

you, Jo - han -

26

did not know your name.

na, I'll steal

mf

28

J.

A.

L.H.


30

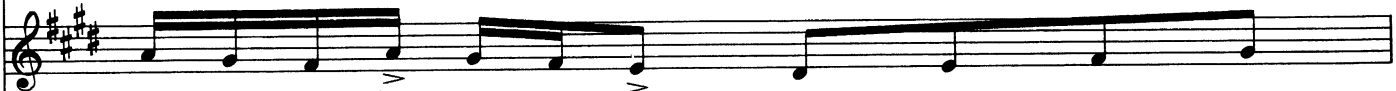
L.H.


32

L.H.

34

J.  That you'd been killed, had the plague, were in debt - or's jail,

A.  Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your hand. Prom - ise,


L.H.

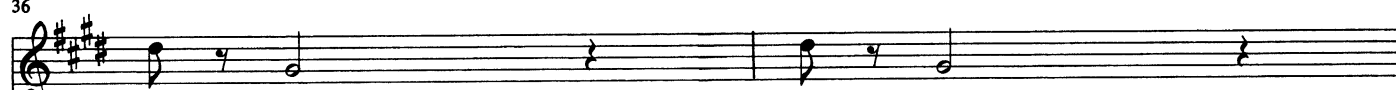
35

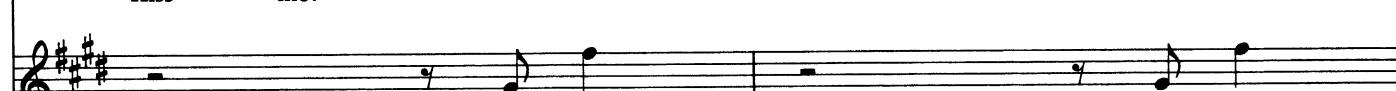
 Tram - pled by a horse, gone to sea a - gain, ar - rest - ed by the...


 mar - ry me, mar - ry me, Please, oh mar - ry me Mon - day...



36

 Kiss me! Kiss me!

 Of course. You're sure?


R.H. - L.H.

*He takes her in his arms and they fall back onto the couch.
poco dim. e rit.*

38

J. Kiss me! Kiss me... rit. oh, sir...

A. I shall...

L.H.

poco dim. e rit.

Segue

No. 14

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES

(BEADLE)

Light rises on the Judge and the Beadle, still walking together.

Allegretto grazioso (♩ = 144)

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

BEADLE:

1

Safety

mp

Ex -

5

cuse me, my lord, May I re - quest, my lord, Per - mis - sion, my lord, to

8

B.

speak? For - give me if I sug - gest, my lord, You're

11

look - ing less than your best, my lord, There's pow - der up - on your

14

vest, my lord, And stub - ble up - on your cheek.

17

And la - dies, my lord, are

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

20

B.

weak.

Larghetto (♩ = 80)

22 BEADLE: (*Wincing delicately*)

La - dies in — their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, — my lord,

Poco rubato

sempre mp

24

Have a frag - ile sen - si - bil - i - ty. —

26

When a girl's — e - mer - gent, Prob - a - bly — it's ur - gent

28
B. You de - fer — to her gen - til - i - ty, — my lord.

30 Per - son - al — dis - or - der can - not be — ig - nored,

32 Giv - en their — gen - teel pro - cliv - i - ties. —

34 Mean - ing no — of - fense, . it hap - pens they — re - sents it,

JUDGE: (*Feeling his chin*) Stubble, you say? Perhaps at times I am a little overhasty with my morning ablutions. . .

BEADLE:

36 *ten.* *mf*

B. La - dies in — their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, — my lord. Fret

38 *Tempo primo*

not, though, my lord, I know a place, my lord, A bar - ber, my lord, of

41

skill. Thus armed with a shav - en face, my lord, Some

44

eau de co - logne to brace my lord, And musk to en - hance the

47

B. chase, my lord, You'll daz - zle the girl un - til

50

She bows to your ev - 'ry

JUDGE: That may well be so.

53

will.

BEADLE: (As they reach the Judge's house) Well, here we are, sir. I bid you good day.

BEADLE: In Fleet Street, sir.

JUDGE: (cont'd) Take me to him. (They start off)

JUDGE: Perhaps you may be right.

JUDGE: Good day. (Muses, turns) And where is this miraculous barber?

55

-Safety-

Segue

No. 15

KISS ME (Part II)
(JOHANNA, ANTHONY, BEADLE, JUDGE)

Lights up on Johanna's room. Johanna and Anthony rise from the couch disbevelled.

Allegro (♩ = 132)

A

B

BEADLE: *mp*

The name is

L.H. *mp*

1

(BEADLE) JUDGE: Todd, eh? BEADLE:

Todd, Swee - ney

JOHANNA: *mp*

ANTHONY: *mp* Sir, I con - cur, and ful - ly, too.

We'd best not wait un-til Mon - day. It is - n't

3

The Judge and the Beadle move past the house.

Todd.

Sat-ur-day, sir, would al - so do.

right, We'd best be mar-ried on Sun - day. Or else to -

5 (JOHANNA) *cresc. poco a poco*
 I think I heard a noise, I mean an-oth-er noise. Oh, nev-er mind, just a noise, just an-oth-er noise,
 (ANTHONY) *cresc. poco a poco*
 night. Fear not. Like what? You must-n't mind, It's a

7
 Some - thing in the street, I'm a sil - ly lit - tle nin - ny nod - dle,
 noise, Just an - oth - er noise, Some - thing in the street, you sil - ly...

8 *f* (Falling into his arms) *mp*
 Kiss me! Oh, sir...
f *mf*
 Kiss me! We'll go to Par - is on Mon - day.

10

mf

J. What shall I wear? I dare - n't pack. With you be - side me on Sun - day,

A. We'll ride a train,

12

What will I care what things I lack? I'll take my ret - i - cule. I'll need my ret - i - cule.

Then sail to Spain. Why take your ret-i - cule? We'll buy a

14

cresc. poco a poco

You must - n't think me a fool, But my ret - i - cule

cresc. poco a poco

ret - i - cule. I'd nev - er think you a fool, but a

15

J. nev - er leaves my side, It's the on - ly thing my moth - er gave me...

A. ret - i - cule... Leave it all a - side and be - gin a - gain and...

cresc.

16


JOHANNA: *f*
Kiss me! Kiss me!

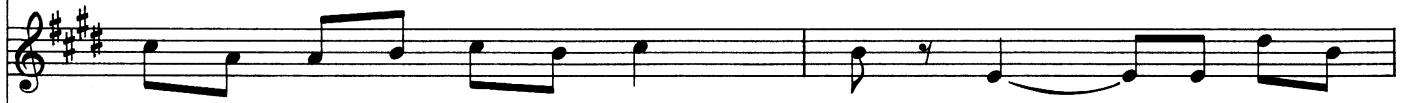
ANTHONY: *f*
Kiss me! I know a


BEADLE: *f*
The name is Todd.


JUDGE: *f*
Todd?

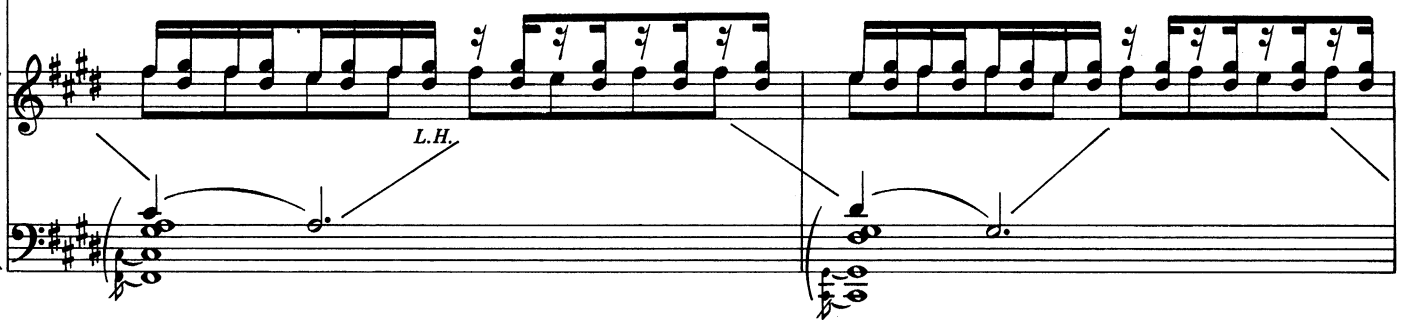
L.H. *f*


JOH.  We'll go there. Kiss me! We have a

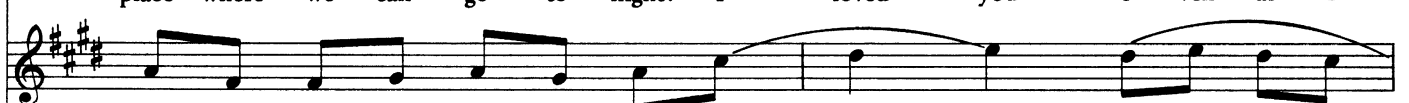
A.  place where we can go to - night. Kiss me! We have a

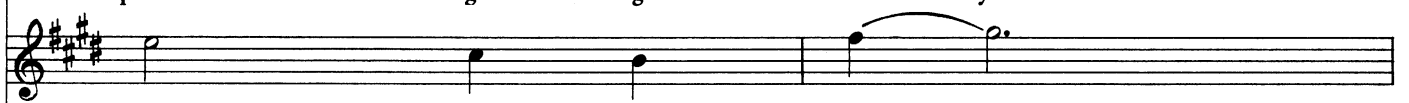
B.  Todd, Swee - ney Todd.

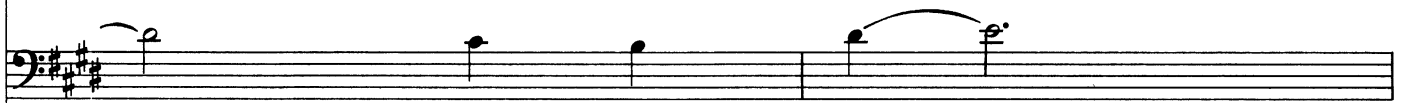
J.  Swee - ney Todd?

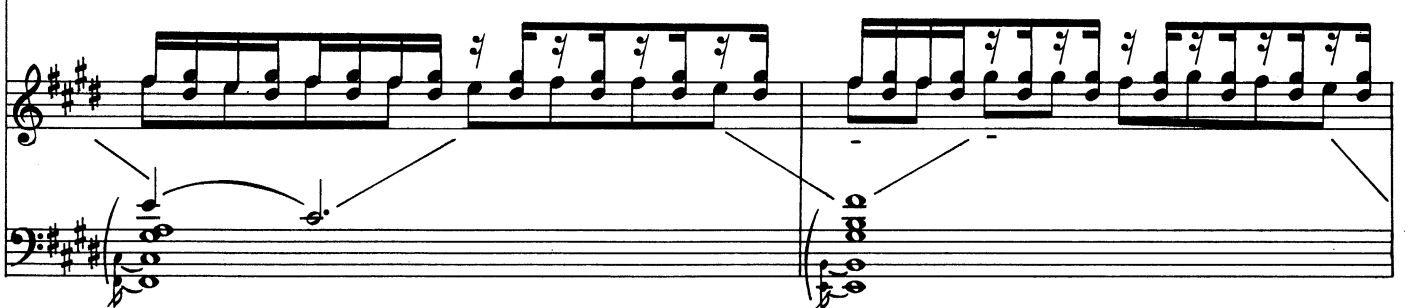
 L.H.

JOH.  place where we can go to - night! I loved you e - ven as I

A.  place where we can go to - night! I loved you e - ven as I

B.  Todd, Swee - ney Todd.

J.  Swee - ney Todd.



22

JOH.

saw you, E - ven as it does not mat - ter that I

A.

saw you, E - ven as it did not mat - ter that I

B.

Todd. _____

Todd. _____

J.

Todd. _____

Todd. _____

L.H.

poco dim.

24

JOH.

still don't know your name, sir, E - ven as I

A.

did not know your name. Jo -

B.

Swee - ney

Todd. _____

J.

Swee - ney

Todd. _____

JOH. *saw you, E - ven as it does not mat - ter that I*

A. *han - na! Jo - han - na! Jo -*

B. *Todd. Todd.*

J. *Todd. Todd.*

L.H.

JOH. *still don't know your name.*

A. *han - na! An-tho-ny.* *mf*

B.

J.

mf *cresc.*

30

JOH. *f* An-tho-ny! I'll mar - ry An-tho-ny Sun - day!

A. *f* You mar - ry An-tho-ny Sun - day!

B. *mf* Todd. *f* La-dies in — their sen - si -

J. *mf* Todd? Todd, eh?

32

JOH. That's what I'll do, no mat - ter what! I knew you'd come for me one day,

A. That's what you'll do, no mat - ter what! I knew I'd come for you one day,

B. tiv - i - ties, — my lord, *f* Have a frag - ile sen - si -

J. *f* Pray lead the way.


JOH.  On-ly a - fraid that you'd for - got. I feared you'd nev-er come, That you'd been called a-way,


A.  On-ly a - fraid that you'd for - got. Mar - ry me, mar - ry me, miss, Oh mar-ry me Sun - day!


B.  bil - i - ty. When a girl's e - mer - gent,

J.  Just as you say.



JOH.  That you'd been killed, had the plague, were in debt - or's jail,

A.  Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your hand! Prom - ise,

B.  Prob - a - bly it's ur - gent.

J. 



37

JOH. *Tram - pled by a horse, gone to sea a - gain, Ar - rest - ed by the...*

A. *mar - ry me, mar - ry me, That you'll mar - ry me, E - nough of all this...*

B. *La - dies in _____ their sen - si -*

J. _____

38

Anthony crushes Jobanna to him. They kiss.

JOH. _____ *mp*
Oh, sir...

A. _____

B. *tiv - i - ties...*

J. *Orch.*

R.H. - L.H. -

Anthony and Johanna sink onto the couch, embracing.

JOH. Oh, sir...

A. *mp* Ah, miss... Ah,

B. Sen - si -

J. *L.H.*

JOH. oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir...

A. miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah,

B. tiv - i - ties...

J. (JUDGE) *f* Todd...

f *molto dim.*

44

JOH. oh, sir... oh, sir...

A. miss... ah, miss... ah, miss...

B.

J.

f subito *ff*

Segue

No. 15A

UNDERSCORE

Light comes up on the pishop. Todd is upstairs, quietly cleaning his razor. In the shop, Mrs. Lovett and Tobias

(♩ = 160)

106

L.H. *mp*

unfreeze from the positions in which they were last seen.

Vamp and fade on scene

109

110

- 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, she 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! *(Todd nods toward the chest. Realizing, Mrs. Lovett jumps up. For a moment she stands looking at the chest. Gingerly, she lifts the lid and 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 pieshop, 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 curtsey)* 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 governor has gone and left you high and dry. But don't worry. Your Aunt Nellie will think of what to do with you. *(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 establish-

ment. It's only a few days ago that I set up quarters here and some necessaries are yet to come. *(Indicating chair)* Sit, sir, if you please, sir. Sit. *(The judge settles into the chair; Mrs. Lovett, still holding the gin bottle, enters her back parlor with Tobias)*

MRS. LOVETT: See how nice and cosy it is? Sit down, dear, sit. *(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?

No. 16

PRETTY WOMEN (Part I)
(JUDGE, TODD)

Allegretto grazioso (♩ = 144)

1 TODD: *(cont'd)* A soothing skin massage?

JUDGE: *mf*

Musical score for the first system. It features a vocal line for Judge and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'You'.

Musical score for the second system. It continues the vocal line for Judge and the piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'see, sir, a man in - fat - u - ate with love, Her ar - dent and ea - ger slave, So'.

9

J.

fetch the po-made and pum-ice stone, And lend me a more se-duc-tive tone, A

13

rall.

sprin-king per-haps of French co-logne, But first, sir, I think... a

rall.

rall.

A tempo

16

TODD:

mf

The clos-est I ev-er

(JUDGE)

shave.

20 He whips the sheet over the Judge and tucks the bib in. The Judge flicks imaginary dust off the sheet, humming as he

T. *gave.*

J.

24 *does so.*

25

mp

(Hums ad lib. syllables) Bum - bum-bum-bum-bum-bum - ba - da - dum-bum-bum (etc.)

28

(Gaily) *f*

29

(Whistles)

32

Musical score for measures 32-35. It features three staves: Tenor (T.), Bass (J.), and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/8. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The vocal lines for Tenor and Bass are positioned above the piano part.

36

Musical score for measures 36-37. The Tenor staff has a rest in measure 36. The Bass staff begins with the lyrics: 'Tis your de-light, sir, catch-ing fi-re from

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

38

Musical score for measures 38-40. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern. The Tenor staff has a rest in measure 38. The Bass staff continues with the lyrics: 'Tis true, sir, love can still in-spi-re the

40

Musical score for measures 40-41. The Tenor staff has a rest in measure 40. The Bass staff continues with the lyrics: one man to the next.

one man to the next.

Musical score for measures 41-44. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern. The Tenor staff has a rest in measure 41. The Bass staff continues with the lyrics: 'Tis true, sir, love can still in-spi-re the

'Tis true, sir, love can still in-spi-re the

44

T. *What more can man re - qui - re?*

J. *blood to pound, The heart leap high - er, What more can man re - qui - re than*

48

T. *More than love, sir. Wom - en. Pret - ty*

J. *love, sir? What, sir? Ah, yes, wom - en.*

52 *He lathers the Judge's face and strops the razor.*

54

J. *wom - en.*

(Jauntily) mf

(Hums ad lib. syllables) Bum - bum - bum - bum - bum - ba - da - dum - bum - bum

dim. *mp*

56

T. *mf*
(Whistles)

J.
(etc.)

Strop (optional)

60

63

poco rall.

Todd puts the razor down, tilts the Judge's head back and closes the Judge's eyes, then stands back to survey him.

poco rall.

poco rall.

Segue

No. 16A

PRETTY WOMEN (Part II)
(TODD, JUDGE, ANTHONY)

Ad lib. (♩ = 144)

TODD: (Finishing the lathering of the Judge's face)

(Hesitating at the throat)

mf 1

(Whistles)

5

8

molto rit. e dim.

11 (♩ = 72) (Puts down brush, picks up razor)

TODD: (To the razor)

13 *p*

Now then, my friend,

pp *p*

T. Now to your pur- pose. — Pa - tience, en - joy it, Re -

19 (TODD) *(Nodding)* *mf* $\text{—} \overset{\frown}{3} \text{—}$
 venge can't be tak - en in haste. My

JUDGE: *(Opens his eyes suddenly)* *f* $\overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3}$

22 $\overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3}$
 lord. And who may it be said, is your in - tend - ed, sir?
 My

(JUDGE) Todd freezes. JUDGE: And pretty as a rosebud. TODD: As pretty as her mother? JUDGE: What? What was that?

25 ward. $\overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3}$
 27 (to 29) 29

ward. $\overset{\frown}{3} \overset{\frown}{3}$
 27 (to 29) 29

TODD: Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing. May we proceed? *The Judge leans back again. Todd brings the razor down to his throat.*

30

(♩ = 72)

TODD: (*Shaving him*)

mp

33

Pret - ty wom - en . . . fas - ci - nat - ing . . . Sip - ping cof - fee, — danc - ing . . .

Non rubato

mp subito

poco cresc.

37

Pret - ty wom - en — are a won - der. — Pret - ty wom - en! —

dim.

mp

p

41

Sit - ting in the — win - dow or Stand - ing on the — stair,

mf

sempre mp

45 *mp* (h)

T. Some-thing in them_ cheers the air.

R.H. L.H. *poco cresc.* *dim.*

49 (TODD)

Pret - ty wom-en... Stay with - in you...

JUDGE: *mp*

Sil - hou-ett - ed... Glanc - ing...

53 *mf*

Stay for - ev - er... Pret - ty wom-en, - Pret - ty wom-en! -

Breath - ing light - ly... Pret - ty wom-en! -

mf

cresc. *mf*

L.H.

57

T. *mf* Blow-ing out their can - dles or comb-ing out their hair,

J. Blow-ing out their can - dles... Comb-ing out their hair, then they

61

E - ven when they_ leave, _____ they still _____ are

leave. E - ven when they leave you and van - ish, they some-how can still re - main

64 *f*

there, They're there. Ah,

there with you, There with you. Ah,

L.H. *cresc.*

66 *mf*

T. Pret - ty wom - en at their mir - rors, — let - ter - writ - ing, — weath - er - watch - ing,

J. Pret - ty wom - en — in their gar - dens, flow - er - pick - ing, —

f

68 *cresc.* *f*

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav - en —

cresc. *f*

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav - en —

71

as you're liv - ing, — Pret - ty wom - en, — sir, pret - ty wom - en, — Here's to

as you're liv - ing, — Pret - ty wom - en, — sir, pret - ty wom - en, — Yes,

ff

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

T. *ff*
pret - ty wom - en, — All the pret - ty wom - en! —

J. *ff*
pret - ty wom - en, sir, Pret - ty wom - en, pret - ty wom - en, sir, pret - ty wom - en. . .

(♩ = 120)

Todd stops in mid-stroke. The Judge whirls around in his chair.

76 ANTHONY: *f*

Jo - han - na mar-ries me Sun - day! Ev - 'ry - thing's set, we leave to - night!

L.H. *f subito*

Fade on cue: The Judge jumps up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from Todd's hand.

78

We'll be in Par - is by Mon - day, Out of that heart - less ty - rant's sight. . .

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! *(Bewildered, Anthony leaves)*

No. 17

EPIPHANY
(TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

Todd stands motionless, in shock. Mrs. Lovett, with a new bottle of gin in her hand, sees the Judge hurrying off down the street. She goes into the back parlor, where Tobias is now asleep. She glances at him, puts down the bottle, then rushes out and up the stairs to Todd.

Agitato (♩ = 132)

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 be-neath my hand. . .

*Optional transposition: For voices which lie higher, Bar 1 through the downbeat of Bar 67 may be taken up a tone.

MRS. LOVETT: There, there, dear, don't fret -- TODD:

7

No, I had him! His throat was there and he'll nev - er come a -

sfz *cresc.*

MRS. LOVETT:

10

Eas - y now. — Hush, love, hush. —

(TODD)

gain!

12

I keep tell - ing you... (Violently) What's your — rush?

ff

When? Why did I

sfz *dim.*

(TODD)

14

wait? You told me to wait! Now he'll nev - er come a -

f

sfz

16

gain! There's a

Feroce

mf

ff

18

hole in the world like a great black pit And it's filled with peo-ple who are filled with shit And the

20

ver-min of the world in - hab - it it... But not for

f

L.H.

L.H.

Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

22

T. long! They

f *poco dim.*

R.H.

24

all de - serve to die! Tell you

26

why, Mrs. — Lov - ett, tell you why: Be - cause in

mp

28

all of the whole hu - man race, Mrs. — Lov - ett, There are

R.H. L.H. *mp martellato*

T.

two kinds of men, and on - ly two. There's the one stay - ing put in his prop - er place And the

sempre mp *f*

31

one with his foot in the oth - er one's face. Look at me, Mrs... Lov - ett, look at you! No, we

cresc. *f*

33

all de - serve to die! E - ven

f

35

you, Mrs. — Lov - ett, e - ven I! Be - cause the

mf

37 *(Slashes at the air)* *cresc.*

T. lives of the wick - ed should be . . . made brief! For the rest of us, death will be a re - lief! We

39 *f.* *(Keening)*

all de - serve to die! And I'll

41 *mf cantabile*

nev - er see Jo - han - na, No, I'll

43 *cresc.* *ff*

nev - er hug my girl to me. Fin - ished!

45 (To the audience) (Slashes at the audience)

T. All right! You, sir, How a - bout a shave? Come and vis - it

ff

48 *dolce*

your good friend Swee-ney! You, sir, too, sir, Wel - come to the grave! I will have

mp

51 *cantabile*

ven - geance, I will have sal - va - tion!

mp cantabile *cresc.*

54 *f*

Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney's wait-ing!

f

57

T. I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An - y - bod - y! Gen - tle - men, now don't be shy! Not

60 *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

one man no, Nor ten men, Nor a

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

62

hun - dred can as - suage me, I will

Moderato alla marcia (♩ = 80)

64 *ff*

have you!

L.H. *ff*

(To Mrs. Lovett)

67 *poco accel.*

T. **** And I will get him back e - ven as he gloats. In the

mp *poco accel.* *mf*

70 *(Keening again)*

mean - time I'll prac - tice on less hon - or - a - ble throats. And my

mp *mf*

72 *a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco*

Lu - cy lies in ash - es And I'll

mp *a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco al fine*

74

nev - er see my girl a - gain, But the

*End of optional transposition.
 **Cue notes to be used in conjunction with optional transposition.

76 *f*

T. work waits, I'm a -

f

78 *ff*

live at last, And I'm full of joy!

ff

80

R.H. L.H. *p* *ff* *p* Fade under dialogue

p *ff* *p* Fade under dialogue

Todd drops down into the barber's chair in a sweat, 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. Todd still 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!

MRS. LOVETT: *(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! *(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.

No. 18

A LITTLE PRIEST
(MRS. LOVETT, TODD)

MRS. LOVETT: *(After a pause)* You know Rubato (♩ = 120)
me. Sometimes ideas just
pop into my head and I was thinking.

TODD: Shame?

MRS. LOVETT:

8
M.L.

had... has... nor it can't be traced. Bus-'ness needs a

12

lift... Debts to be e-rased... Think of it as

cresc.

16

thrift, as a gift... If you get my drift... No?... Seems an aw-ful

mf *dim.* (Todd is staring into space) (Sighs)

19

waste. I mean, with the price of

Non rubato (♩. = 60) *mp* *poco accel.*

23 (♩ = 66) (Todd chuckles)

M.L. meat what it is, When you get it, If you get it... Good, you got it.

sempre mp

27 *cresc.*

Take, for in - stance, Mrs. Moo - ney and her

29 *mf*

pie shop. Bus - 'ness nev - er

32

bet - ter, us - ing on - ly pus - sy - cats and toast.

35
M.L.
Now a pus - sy's good for may - be six or sev - en at the most...

38
And I'm sure they can't com - pare as far as

41 (MRS. LOVETT) *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*
taste... Well, it
TODD: *mp* *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*
Mrs. — Lov - ett, What a charm - ing no - tion, Em - i - nent - ly

44 *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*
It's an idea...
does seem a waste...
prac - ti - cal and yet ap - pro - pri - ate, as al - ways... Mrs. — Lov - ett,

(♩. = 72)

mf

M.L. 47

Think a - bout it!

T. *mf*

How I did with - out you all these years, I'll nev - er know. How de -

50

Lots of oth - er gen - tle - men - 'll soon be com - ing for a shave.

lec - ta - ble!

Al - so un - de -

53

cresc.

rall.

Won't they? Think of all them pies. . .

tect - a - ble. How choice! How rare! For

57 (♩. = 66)

M.L.

mf

T.

what's the sound of the world out there?

mf

61

mf

What, Mis - ter Todd, what, Mis - ter Todd, what is that sound?

Those

65

crunch - ing nois - es per - vad - ing the air?

69

M.L. Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, all a - round...

T. It's

73

Then

man de - vour - ing man, my dear, And

77

who are we to de - ny it in here?

who are we to de - ny it in here?

81

M.L.

T.

Mrs. Lovett goes to the counter

85

TODD: These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for.

mp subito

and comes back with an imaginary pie.

-----Safety-----
 MRS. LOVETT: (Holding it out to him) Here we are, hot from the oven.

89

rit. mp

It's

rit.

What is that?

rit.

93 *a tempo*

M.L. *a tempo* priest. Have a lit - tle priest.

T. *a tempo* *mp* Is it real - ly

a tempo sempre mp

97 *ten.*

Sir, it's too good, at least. Then a - gain, they

good?

ten.

ten.

101

don't com - mit sins of the flesh, So it's pret - ty

105

M.L.

fresh.

T.

(Examining the pie)

Aw - ful lot of

109

On - ly where it sat.

fat.

Have - n't you got

113

No, you see, the

po - et or some - thing like that?

117

M.L. *trou - ble with po - et is, How do you*

T.

Measures 117-119: The piano accompaniment features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes and slurs, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

120

know it—'s de - ceased? Try the

Measures 120-122: The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with grace notes and slurs. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment. A fermata is present at the end of measure 122.

123

priest.

(Tasting it) Heavenly. Not as hearty as bishop perhaps, but not as bland as curate, either.

Measures 123-126: The piano accompaniment features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with grace notes and slurs. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment. A *dim. poco a poco* instruction is written in the bass staff for measures 124-126.

127 And good for business — *Safety* always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it in Sundays. (Offering another pie)

M.L.

T. Law-yer's rath - er

131 nice. Or - der some-thing

If it's for a price.

sempre mp

135 else, though, to fol - low, Since no one should swal - low it

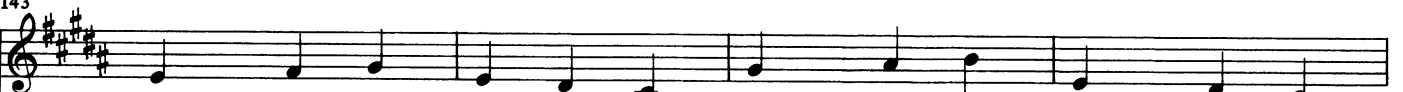
139


M.L.  twice. Well then, if you're

T.  An - y - thing that's lean.




143

 Brit - ish and loy - al, You might en - joy Roy - al Ma -



147

 rine... An - y - way, it's clean... Though, of course, it



151

M.L. tastes of wher - ev - er it's been... (Looking past her at an imaginary oven) *mf ten.*

T. Is that *ten.*

cresc.

155

mf Mer - cy

squi - re on the fi - re?


mf


159

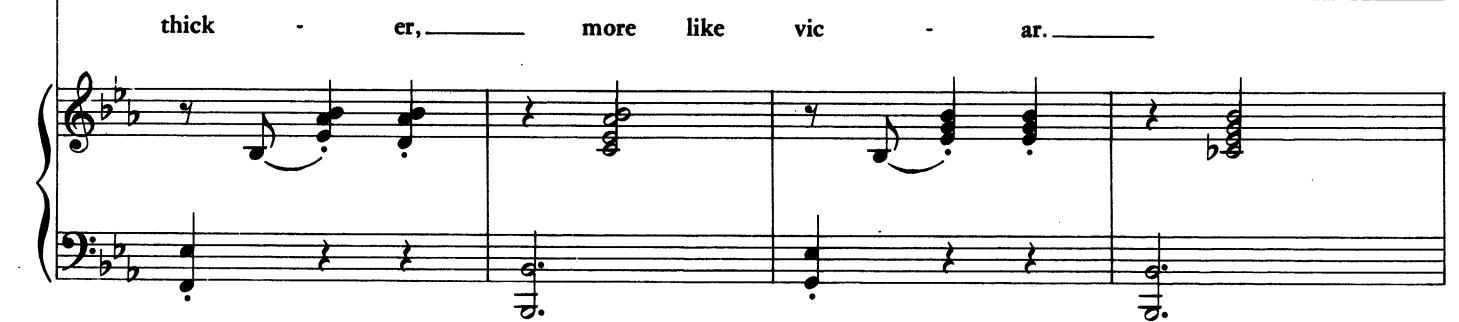
no, sir, look clos - er, You'll no - tice it's gro - cer. *ten.*

Looks *ten.*

163

M.L.  No, it

T.  thick - er, — more like vic - ar. —



167

 has to be gro - cer, it's green. *They roar with laughter.*



171



 *mf*
The



175

M.L.

T.

his - to - ry of the world, my love...

mf

179

mp

Save a lot of graves, Do a lot of rel - a - tives fa - vors... *mf*

Is

mp

183

those be - low serv - ing those up a - bove.

mf

187 *mp*

M.L. *mf*

Ev - 'ry - bod - y shaves, So there should be plen - ty of fla - vors...

T. How

mp

191 *mf*

That

grat - i - fy - ing for once to know That

mf

195

those a - bove will serve those down be - low!

those a - bove will serve those down be - low!

199

Mrs. Lovett surveys a tray of pies.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

203

Now, let's see. . .we've got tinker. Tailor? Potter?

(Looks at it) Something pinker. (Shakes his head) Something-paler. Something-

mp (#)

207

Butler? Locksmith? *Safety* (Offering another pie)

hotter. Something- - subtler. Something- - (Slumps, defeated) Love - ly bit of

mp

211

M.L. *a tempo*

T. *a tempo* clerk.* *mp* Then a - gain there's
 May - be for a lark.

mp a tempo

215

sweep If you want it cheap And you like it dark. Try the fin - an -

219

cier - Peak of his ca - reer. That looks pret - ty

*Pronounced "clark."

223

M.L.

T.

Well, he drank. No, it's bank cash - ier. Nev - er real - ly

rank.

227

sold... May - be it was old.

Have you an - y

231

Next week, so I'm told. Bea - dle is - n't

Bea - dle?

235

M.L. bad till you smell it and no - tice how

T.

238

well it ___'s been greased. Stick to

241

priest.

241A *(Offering another pie)* Now this may be a bit stringy, but then of course it's fiddle player.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

241E

How can you tell?

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

It's piping hot.

241I *(Guffaws)* Then blow on it first.

They fall about with laughter.

mf

The

245

M.L.

T.

his - to - ry of the world, my sweet . . .

mf

249

mp

Oh, Mis - ter Todd, Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, What does it tell?

mf

Is

mp

253

who gets eat - en and who gets to eat.

mf

257

M.L. *mf*
And Mis - ter Todd, too, Mis - ter Todd, Who gets to sell.

T. *mf*
But

261 *mf*
But

for - tu - nate - ly it's al - so clear That

265
ev - 'ry - bod - y goes down well with beer.

ev - 'ry - bod - y goes down well with beer.

269

She offers another pie.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

273

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

With or without

Too salty. I prefer general.

277

his privates? "With" is extra.

Safety

(Offering another pie)

mp

It's

(Guffaws)

What is that?

281 *a tempo*

M.L. *fop.* *a tempo* Fin - est in the shop. Or we have some

T.

mp a tempo

285

shep - herd's pie pep - pered with ac - tu - al shep - herd on

289

top. And I've just be - gun. Here's the pol - i -

293

M.L. ti - cian, So oil - y it's served with a doi - ly. Not
 T. (Todd refuses it)

297

one?
 (Shakes his head) *mp* (As she looks at him quizzically)
 Put it on a bun. Well, you nev - er

301

mf ten. Try the
cresc. know if it's go - ing to run.
ten.
cresc. *ten.*

305

M.L. *fri - ar. Fried, it's dri - er.*

T. *No, the*

mf

309

Then

cler - gy is real - ly too coarse and too meal - y.

ten.

ten.

313

ac - tor. That's com - pact - er.

Yes, and

Yes, and

317

M.L.

T.

al - ways ar - rives o - ver - done. I'll

f

321

come a - gain when you have Judge on the men - u...

f

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

mp subito

cresc. poco a poco

325A (Handing him a butcher's cleaver) Executioner.

M.L. Musical staff with treble clef and key signature of three flats.

T. Musical staff with bass clef and key signature of three flats. Lyrics: "What's that?" and "Todd picks up her wooden".

Piano accompaniment for section 325A, featuring chords and bass lines.

325B rolling pin and hands it to her. (last time) f Have

M.L. Musical staff with treble clef and key signature of three flats. Includes a dashed line labeled "Safety".

T. Musical staff with bass clef and key signature of three flats. Lyrics: "rolling pin and hands it to her." and "Have".

Piano accompaniment for section 325B, featuring chords and bass lines.

329 char - i - ty towards the world, my pet.

M.L. Musical staff with treble clef and key signature of three flats.

T. Musical staff with bass clef and key signature of three flats. Lyrics: "char - i - ty towards the world, my pet."

Piano accompaniment for section 329, featuring chords and bass lines. Includes the instruction "sempre f".

333 *f*

M.L. Yes, yes, I know, my love...

T. We'll

337

take the cus - tom - ers that we can get.

341 *f*

High - born and low, my love.

T. We'll

345

M.L.

T.

not dis - crim - i - nate great from small. No,

349

f cresc. poco a poco

Mean - ing an - y - one,
cresc. poco a poco

we'll serve an - y - one, Mean - ing an - y - one,

cresc. poco a poco

353

ff

And to an - y - one at

ff

And to an - y - one at

M.L. 356 358 359

all!

T. all!

ff

358A 359A 360 *Blackout.*

(b)

End of Act I

ACT II

No. 19

GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

(TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT, TODD, COMPANY)

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)

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, marked Moderato with a tempo of 132 beats per minute. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The second system starts at measure 5 and includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning. The right hand in the second system features a prominent triplet pattern, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

TOBIAS:

7 *f*

La - dies and gen - tle - men! May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?

10

Are your nos - trils a - quiv - er and

14

tin - gling as well At that del - i - cate lus - cious am - bro - si - al smell?

17

Yes they are, I can tell. Well,

21

T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, That a - ro - ma en - rich - ing the breeze _____ Is like

sempre f

L.H.

L.H.

25

noth - ing com - pared to its suc - cu - lent source, As the gour - mets a - mong you will

28

tell you, of course. _____

31

La - dies and gen - tle - men, You can't im - ag - ine the rap - ture in store _____

35 (Indicating the pieshop) 37 *L'istesso tempo*
He beats his drum. (to 41)

T. Just in-side of this door!

ff *ff*

41

There you'll sam - ple Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies, Sa - vor - y and sweet pies,

mf *sempre staccato*

44

as you'll see. You who eat pies, Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies

47

Con - jure up the treat pies used to be!

49 TOBIAS:

Right a -

S. A. Tell me, are they fla - vor - some? They

T. 1 MAN: O - ver here, boy, How a - bout some ALL: ale? Let me have an - oth - er, lad - die!

B.

cresc. poco a poco

51

T. way. Thrup-pence...

S. A. are. Could we have some ser - vice o - ver here, boy? God, that's good.

T. Could we have some ser - vice, wait - er? What a - bout that pie, boy?

B. Yes, what a - bout that pie, boy?

She enters the garden with a tray of pies, indicates a customer.

53 MRS. LOVETT: *(Rings bell twice)* *f*

TOBIAS: *(Calming them)* *f* *(To a customer)*

La - dies and gen - tle - men... Com - ing! 'Scuse me.

S. A. Thrup-pence for a meat pie?

T. Tell me, are they ten - der?

B. Where's the ale I asked you for, boy?

56 M.L. Quick, now!

He runs inside, picks up a jug of ale, whisks back out into the garden and starts filling tankards.

T. Right, mum! *(Licking their fingers)*

S. A. *f* God, that's good!

T. *f* God, that's good!

B. *f* God, that's good!

God, that's good!

L'istesso tempo

58 *mf* Serves pies, collects money, addresses different patrons with equal insincerity.

M.L.

Nice to see you, dear - ie. How have you been keep - ing?

mf R.H.

62 (Indicates a customer)

Cor, me bones is wea - ry! To - by-! One for the gen - tle - man...

66 Hear the bird - ies cheep - ing- Helps to keep it cheer - y...

70 (Indicates the Beggar Woman)

M.L.

To - by! Throw the old wom - an out!

S. A. God, that's good!

T. B. God, that's good!

f

gva

74 *mf* Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon returns, sniffing.

M.L.

What's your plea - sure, dear - ie? No, we don't cut slic - es.

mf

78 *f* *mf* 3 3 (Indicates the drunken man)

Cor, me eyes is blear - y!... To - by! None for the gen - tle - man...

82

I could up me pric - ces— I'm a lit - tle

85 3 3

leer - y. Bus - 'ness could - n't be bet - ter, though—

88 *mp* (Knocks)

M.L. *mp* Knock on wood!

S. *f* God, that's good!

A. *f* God, that's good!

T. *f* God, that's good!

B. *f* God, that's good!

f *mp* *mf*

L'istesso tempo

gives

92 MRS. LOVETT: (To customer) (To Tobias)

Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers.

TODD: (Leaning out of the window)

Psst! Psst!

mp

94 *mp* (To Todd)

Yes, what, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk. *mp*

Psst! But it's

96

M.L. *So it's six o'clock. And it's*

T. *six o'clock! It was due to arrive at a quarter to five And it's*

poco cresc.

98

cresc. f

prob-ably al-read-y down the block. It - 'll be here! It - 'll be here! Have a

f

six o'clock! I've been wait - ing all day.

mf

100

M.L. *beak - er of beer and stop wor - ry - in', dear! Now, now... Will you*

T. *But it should have been here by now!*

S. *f* *More hot pies!*

A. *f* *More hot pies!*

T. *More hot pies!*

B. *More hot pies!*

(Moving back to the garden)

102

M.L. *dim.*
 wait there, cool - ly? 'Cause my cus-tom-ers tru - ly are get-ting un - ru - ly and

T.
 You'll come back when it comes?

L'istesso tempo

104

(MRS. LOVETT) (Circulating among the customers again) (Spills ale on a customer)

mf
 What's your plea - sure, dear - ie? Oops! I beg your par - don!

(Indicates the drunken man, who is leaving without paying)

108

f
 Just me hands is smear - y... To - by! Run for the gen - tle - man!

112

mf Tobias runs and collects from the drunk. (Indicating the drunk)

Don't you love a gar - den? Al - ways makes me tear - y. Must be

117

M.L. *3* *3*
 one of them for - eign - ers...

S. *ff* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>*
 A. God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

T. *ff* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>*
 B. God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

122

MRS. LOVETT: *Workmen bring a crate down the street.*

f
 What's my se - cret? Frank - ly, dear— for - give my can - dor—

legato
f

126

Fam - 'ly se - cret, All to do with herbs.

130 *mf* The workmen carry the crate up the stairs.

M.L. Things like be - ing Care - ful with your

133 *f*

co - ri - an - der. That's what makes the gra - vy grand - er!

136 Todd sees the workmen and runs to the window.

M.L.

S. A. *ff* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

T. B. *ff* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

L'istesso tempo

141 MRS. LOVETT: (To a customer) *mp*

(To Tobias)

Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers.

TODD: (To Mrs. Lovett)

Psst!

Psst!

mp
R.H.

143 (To Todd)

What now, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk. It's where? I'll get

mp

Psst!

But it's here!

Com-ing up the stair!

146 (Holds up the tray)

cresc.

rid of this lot as they're still pret - ty hot And then I'll be there! No, I'll

cresc.

It's a - bout to be o-pened Or don't you care?

poco cresc.

148 *f* *dim.* (Addressing a customer)

M.L. be there! I will be there! But they'll nev - er be sold if I let 'em get cold. Oh, and

T. But we have to pre-*pare!*

L'istesso tempo

150 MRS. LOVETT: (To one particular customer)

mf

In - ci - dent - 'ly, dear - ie, You know Mrs. — Moo - ney.

154 *f* *mf* 3 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)

What a - bout that loon - y? Look - in' sort of beer - y...

162

(Hawklike, to a rising customer)

M.L. Oh, well, got her come - up - pance And that - 'll be thrup-pence and...

165

M.L. *f*

S. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

A. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

T. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

B. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

ff So she should!

Mrs. Lovett runs up the stairs and into the Tonsorial Parlor as Todd opens the crate.

169

S. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

A. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

T. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

B. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

173

S. A. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

T. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

B. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

cresc.

L'istesso tempo

177 MRS. LOVETT: *mf* They swoon with admiration at the new chair.

Ooohhh

TODD: *mf* Ooohhh

Ooohhh

ff *mp* *p* *mp*

179

mp dolce It's gor - geous! It's gor - geous!

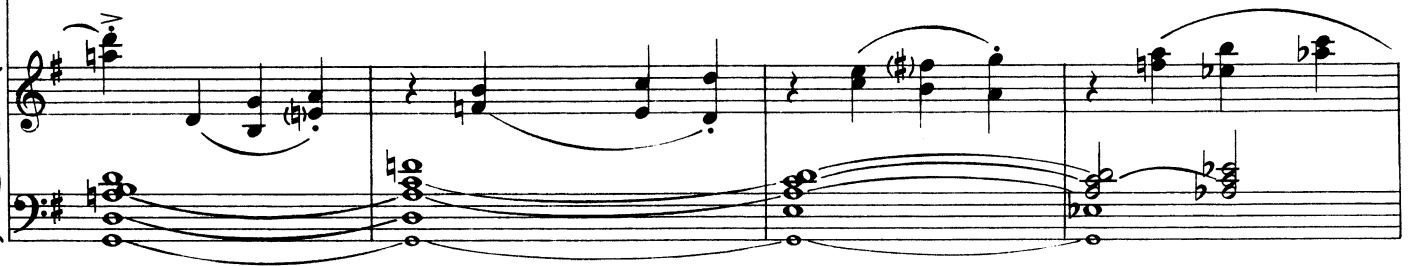
dolce Is that a chair fit for a king, A won - drous neat and most par - tic - u - lar

mp


183


M.L. 

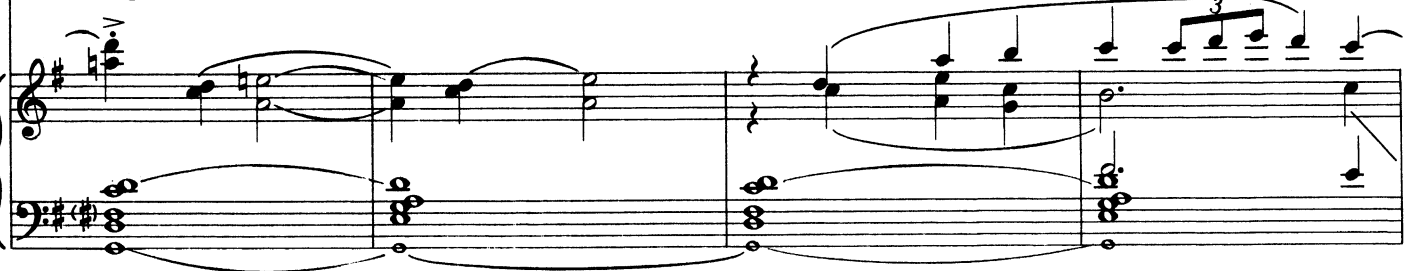
T. 



187





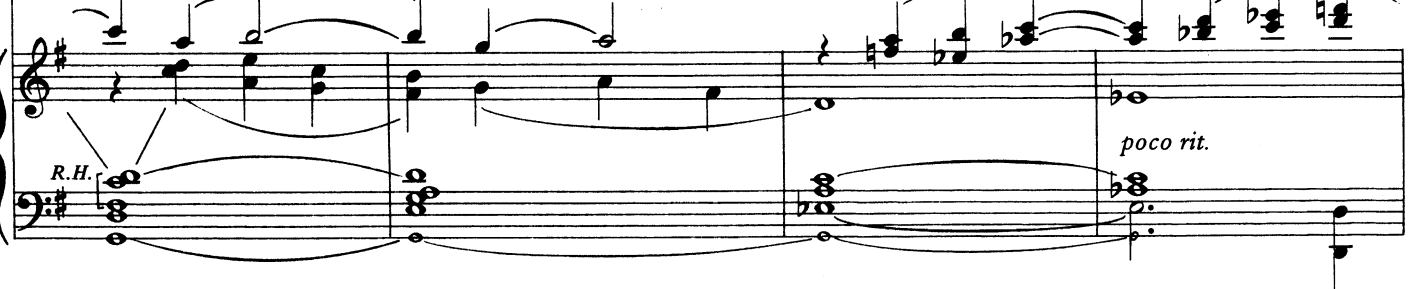


She goes back into the garden as Todd tinkers with the chair. poco rit.

191







195 A tempo
MRS. LOVETT:

(To the customers)
mf

MRS. LOVETT: (To the customers) *mf* It's gor - geous! It's gor - geous!

TOBIAS: (To the customers) *mf* Is that a pie fit for a king, A won - drous sweet and most par - tic - u - lar

TODD: Is that a pie fit for a king, A won - drous sweet and most par - tic - u - lar

S. A. *mf unis.* Yum!

T. B. *mf* Yum!

199 M.L. It's per - fect! It's gor - geous!

Tb. thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie Can com - pete with this de - lec - ta - ble

T.

S. A. Yum! Yum!

T. B. Yum! Yum!

203

M.L. *The crust all vel - vet - y and wav - y, That*

Tb. *pie! The crust all vel - vet - y and wav - y, That glaze, Those crimps...*

T. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

S. A. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

T. B. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

cresc. poco a poco

207

M.L. *glaze, Those crimps, And then the suc - cu - lent*

Tb. *And then the thick suc - cu - lent gra - vy... One whiff,*

T. *And now to test this best of*

S. A. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

T. B. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

mf

210 to 216

M.L. gra - vy. So thick it makes you

Tb. One glimpse... So ten - der that you sur -

T. bar - ber chairs... *dim.* It's time... It's time...

S. A. Yum! Yum!

T. B. Yum! Yum! Yum!

3

R.H.

216 *L'istesso tempo* *mp* (To Tobias) (To Todd)

M.L. sick. Ex - cuse me... Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers. All set, love?

Tb. ren - der.

T. *(Out the window)* Psst! Psst! Psst!

mp R.H.

219

M.L. *mp* My heart's a - flut-ter! When you pound the floor. . .

T. Quick, now! When I pound the floor, It's a

221

cresc. Yes, you told me, I know, you'll be read - y to go when you pound the floor. Will you

cresc. sig - nal to show that I'm read - y to go, When I pound the floor!

cresc.

223

f trust me? Will you trust me? I'll be wait-ing be-low for the whis-tle to blow. . .

f I just want to be sure. . . When I'm cer-tain that you're in

mp

225

M.L.

T. *mf* (Pounds on the window frame) (Pounds)

place, I'll pound three times. Three times.

228

(Knocks the air impatiently) (Knocks exaggeratedly)

(As she nods)

And then you -- Three times...

231

(Knocks heavily and wearily on the wall)

If you -- Ex - act - ly...

233

MRS. LOVETT:

f (Torn between the customers and Todd)

Gawd!

Right!

TODD:

Psst!

S. A.

More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

T.

More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

B.

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.

236

ff

M.L.

Wait!

T.

mp
R.H.
cresc.

239 (to 266) 266 (Knocks on the chute) to 269

M.L.

T.

(Pounds on the floor)

Percussion

8va

269

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.

f

271 (Knocks excitedly on the chute) to 274

(Pounds on the floor in triumph)

Mrs. Lovett burries out of the bakehouse, while Todd resumes tinkering happily

274

ff

S. *More hot pies! More hot! More*

A. *More hot pies! More hot! More*

T. *More hot pies! More hot! More*

B. *More hot pies! More hot! More*

ff

R.H.

with the chair.

276

S. *pies! More hot! Pies!* *div.*

A. *pies! More hot! Pies!*

T. *pies! More hot! Pies!*

B. *pies! More hot! Pies!*

L'istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (*To the customers*)

278

f

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin I rolled it. Eat them

TOBIAS: (*To the customers*)

f

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin she rolled it. Eat them

283

slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize. Eat them slow, 'Cause

slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize. Eat them slow, 'Cause

288

*(Hanging up a "Sold Out" sign)**(Spotting something along the street)*

that's the lot and now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row... Hold it!

that's the lot and now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row!

The man with the cap, from Act I, comes into view, approaches the Tonsorial Parlor and rings the bell.

292

MRS. LOVETT:

TOBIAS:

Bless my eyes!

More hot pies!

More hot pies!

More hot pies!

296

Fresh supplies!

300 *As Mrs. Lovett takes the sign down and turns back to her customers, Todd sees the man, beckons him up. As the man*

M.L. *f* How a - bout it, dear - ie? Be here in a twin - kling.

T. *f* Is that a pie fit for a king, A

S. *mf unis.* Yum! Yum!

A. *mf* Yum! Yum!

T. *mf* Yum! Yum!

B. *mf* Yum! Yum!

304 *starts up the stairs, he and Todd freeze, Todd with the razor in his hand.*

M.L. Just con-firms my theo - ry... To - by!... God watch-es o - ver us.

T. won - drous sweet and most de - lec - ta - ble

S. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

A. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

T. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

B. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

M.L. *Did - n't have an ink - ling... Pos - i - tive - ly ee - rie...*

T. *thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie—*

S. *Yum! Yum!*

A. *Yum! Yum!*

T. *Yum! Yum!*

B. *Yum! Yum!*

312 *She spots the Beggar Woman again.*

M.L. *To - by! THROW THE OLD WOM - AN OUT!*

T.

S.

A.

T.

B.

314

As Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, Mrs. Lovett runs back to the pishop. The customers sing with their mouths

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

S. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

A. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

T. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

B. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

318

full, gradually swallowing and singing clearly.

S. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

A. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

T. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

B. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

322

Mrs. Lovett relaxes in the pieshop with a mug of ale.

S. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

A. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

T. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

B. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

326

(Blackout)

S. *div.* Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

A. Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

T. Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

B. *div.* Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

Segue
gva

No. 20

JOHANNA - ACT II SEQUENCE
(ANTHONY, TODD, JOHANNA, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Dawn. The streets of London.

Rubato
(Chimes)

1

L.H. *p*

Andante (♩ = 66)

Anthony searches through the streets for Jobanna.

ANTHONY: *mp*

5

p R.H.

I feel

10

you, Jo - han - na. I feel you.

Light comes up on the pishop. Todd sits on the outside stairs, smoking and enjoying the morning.

15

mp

Do they think that walls can hide — you? E - ven now I'm at your win -

18 *A customer arrives. Todd ushers him into the tonsorial parlor and seats him in the chair, preparing him for a shave.*

A.

dow. I am in the dark be - side you,

cresc.

21 (ANTHONY) *rit.* *ten. ten.*

Bur - ied sweet - ly in your yel - low hair, Jo - han - na... —

TODD: (*Sings dreamily to himself throughout, benign and detached from the action*) *rit.* *mp ten. ten.*

Jo - han - na... —

mf rit.

23 *Allegretto* (♩ = 80) (Strict tempo throughout) *Safety*

25

mp (last time)

And are you beau - ti - ful and

mp sempre simile

27

A.

T.

pale, With yel - low hair, — like her? I'd want you beau - ti - ful and

mp

31

mp

Jo - han

pale, The way I've dreamed — you were, Jo - han - na...

mp

35

na...

And if you're beau - ti - ful, what then, With yel - low hair —

40

A. 

T.  *He slashes the*

 *mp*

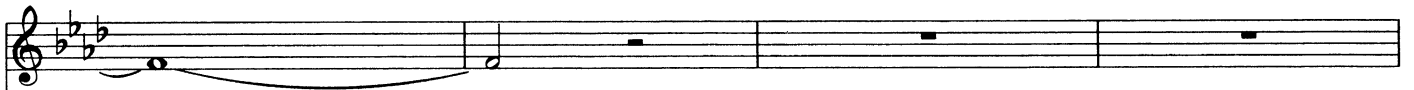
44

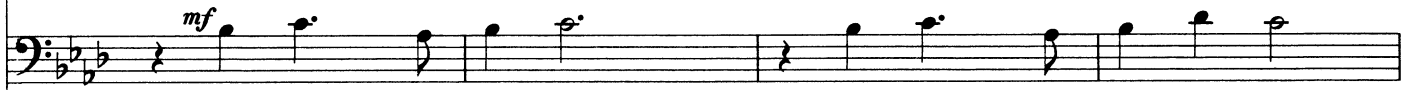
 *mp*

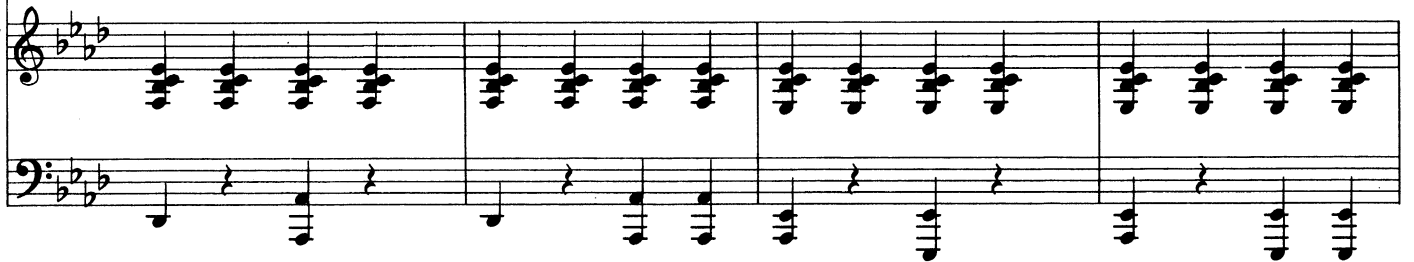
T. 

 *mp*

49



T.  *mf*



53 *mp*

A. *Jo - han*
He pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute.

T. *I'm fine, Jo - han - na, I'm fine.*

mf

57 (to 65)

na...

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.

65 *f* (last time) *mf* 66

-Safety-

BEGGAR WOMAN: (In a rage)

f *mf*

Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the dev - il! Sign of the dev - il!

67 *She tries to interest passers-by who, clearly revolted, move away.*

B.W. *mp*

Cit - y on fi - re! _____ Witch! Witch! Smell it, sir! An e - vil smell!

71 *cresc.*

Ev - 'ry night at the ves - pers bell, Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell,

cresc.

73 *f*

Cit - y on fi - re! _____ Cit - y on fi - re! _____

f *dim. poco a poco*

She shuffles off. Light comes up. Morning again. Anthony is searching through another part of London. Todd, on the steps, greets another (to 85)

77 *mf* *mp*

Mis - chief! Mis - chief! Mis - chief!

customer, ushers him into the tonsorial parlor and prepares him as before.

TODD: (last time) *Safety*

85

mp

And if I nev - er hear your voice, My tur - tle dove, — my dear,

mp

89

I still have rea - son to re - joice: The way a - head — is clear, Jo -

mp

93

JOHANNA: (*Becoming visible behind bars in Fogg's Asylum, the madhouse where she is incarcerated*)

mp

I'll mar - ry An - tho - ny Sun - day... An - tho - ny Sun - day... —

ANTHONY:

mf

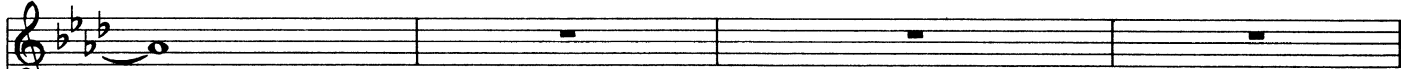
I


(TODD)


han - na... —


mp

97

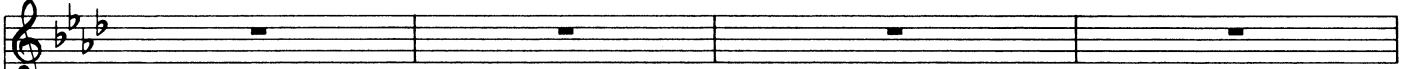
J. 


A. 
feel _____ you, _____ Jo -


T. 
And in that dark - ness when I'm blind with what I can't _____ for - get,

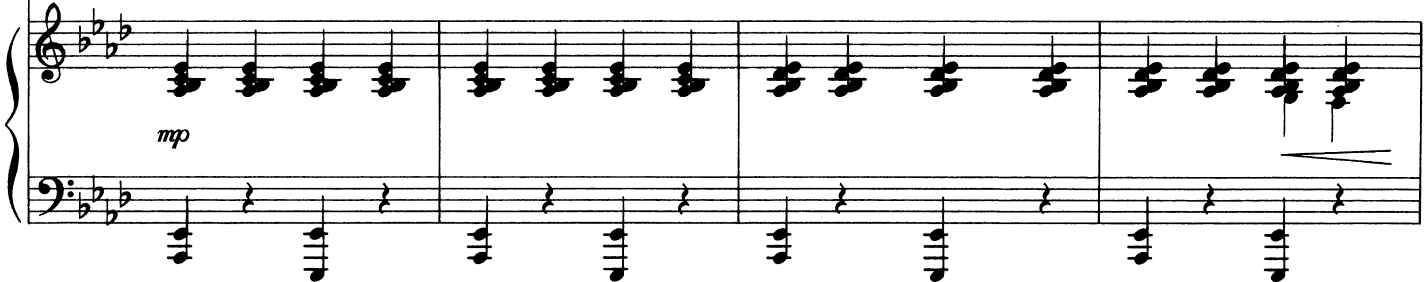


101

J. 

A. 
han - na . . .

T. 
It's al - ways morn - ing in my mind, My lit - tle lamb, _____ my pet, Jo -



113

(ANTHONY)

Musical staff for Anthony's vocal line, measures 113-116. The staff is in a key with two flats and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with a long note on 'A' in measure 116.

(TODD) (*Looking up*)

Bur - ied sweet - ly in your
(*He pulls the lever and again the customer disappears*)

Musical staff for Todd's vocal line, measures 113-116. It features a bass line with a long note on 'A' in measure 116, corresponding to the lyrics above.

Oh, look, Jo - han - na, A star! _____

Piano accompaniment for measures 113-116. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

117

(to 125)

Musical staff for Anthony's vocal line, measures 117-120. It features a melodic line with a long note on 'yel' in measure 117.

yel - low hair. . . _____

He tosses the customer's hat down the chute. Night falls again. Smoke rises. The Beggar Woman reappears,

Musical staff for Todd's vocal line, measures 117-120. It features a bass line with a long note on 'A' in measure 120.

A shoot - ing star! _____

Piano accompaniment for measures 117-120. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

coughing fit to kill.

Safety
BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Pointing*)
f (*last time*)

125

126

Musical staff for Beggar Woman's vocal line, measures 125-126. It features a melodic line with a long note on 'There!' in measure 125.

There! There! Some - bod - y, some - bod - y look up there!

Piano accompaniment for measures 125-126. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

127 *Passers-by continue to ignore her.*

B.W. *Did - n't I tell you? Smell that air! Cit - y on fi - re!*

130 *Quick, miss! Run and tell! Warn 'em all of the witch's spell! There it*

L.H.

132 *is, there it is, the un - ho - ly smell! Tell it to the Bea - dle and the po - lice as well!*

cresc.

cresc.

134 *Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend! Cit - y on fi - re!*

ff (Top line optional)

The smoke thins.

f

137 *f* Dawn rises. *mf*

B.W. Cit - y on fi - re... Mis - chief... Mis - chief...

dim. poco a poco

140 *mp* She curses at the bakehouse with her fingers.

Mis - chief... Fiend...

143 *p*

Alms... Alms...

146 *mp* She shuffles off. Todd greets a third customer, whose small daughter, much to Todd's chagrin, follows her father into

the shop.

Safety

150

JOHANNA:

ANTHONY:

TODD: (*Shaving the customer*)

(*last time*) *mp*

And though I'll think of you, I guess, un - til the day — I die,

154

J.

A.

T.

I think I miss you less and less as ev - 'ry day — goes by, Jo -

158

J. *mf* With you be - side me on Sun - day,

A. *mf* Jo - han - na . . .

T. han - na . . .

mp

162

J. *dim.* Mar - ried on Sun - day . . .

A.

T. And you'd be beau - ti - ful and pale, And look too much — like her.

166

J. 

A. 

T. 

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.

170

J. 

mp Mar-ried on Sun - day... *p* Mar-ried on Sun - day... —

A. 

mp I feel — you, Jo - han - na... —

T. 

han - na... —



174 (tacet al Fine)

J. _____

A. _____

T. *mf* Wake up, Jo - han - na! An - oth - er bright red day!

mf

178

A. _____

T. *dim.* We learn, Jo - han - na, to say _____

mp

182

mp Good - bye... _____

dim. poco a poco al Fine

186 *mp*

A. *I'll steal*

T. *dim.*

191 *p* *dim.* *pp*

you.

195

The scene fades.

Segue

No. 20A

AFTER JOHANNA ACT II SEQUENCE

Light comes up on the barred door to Fogg's Asylum. From inside we hear the cries and gibbers of the inmates, Johanna's voice rising above them.

(♩ = 200)
1 *mf* (*Birds ad lib. on electronic strip*) *(continue under scene)*

JOHANNA:
mf
Green finch and lin-net bird... Green finch and lin-net bird... Green finch and lin-net bird...

dim.

The cries of the inmates continue under the scene.

ANTHONY: (*Entering, 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. (*Organ music begins
and continues under the dialogue*)

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 per-
version 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 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 book-
ing you for disturbing of the peace, assail-
ing 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? sbrug, 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)*

4 *(Birds fade)*

Adagio (♩ = 50)

(on cue "... Mentally Deranged.")

Organ Manuals

Upper

Lower

Pedal

P (Under dialogue)

7

11 *(Ad lib. repeat swell on cue)*
(Fade on scene)

Segue

No. 21

BY THE SEA (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT, TODD)

Lights come up on Mrs. Lovett's back parlor. It has been prettied up with new wallpaper and a second-band 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.

MRS. LOVETT: (ad lib.)

mp

I am a lass who a - las loves a lad Who a -

Moderato (♩ = 80)

Organ Manuals

Upper

Lower *mp*

Pedal

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...

(Organ stops)

MRS. LOVETT: 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 pay out 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! (*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)

1 MRS. LOVETT: *mf* (*Kisses him again*) (*Again*)

Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, I'm so hap - py I could

5 (*Again*) (to 10)

eat you up, I real - ly could. You know what I'd like to do, Mis - ter Todd?

10 (*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) *dim.* (Still no response) *mp*

M.L. go...? In a year or so...? Don't you want to

mp leggiero

17 TODD: (Dully) Of course. TODD: Yes, yes, I do, I do.

know? Do you real - ly want to know?

-----Safety-----

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 wig-gling around in the briny.

21 MRS. LOVETT: (last time) *mp* (to 29)

By the

29

M.L.

sea, Mis-ter Todd, That's the life I cov-et, By the sea, Mis-ter Todd, Ooh, I

(leggiero)

32

know you'd love-it! You and me, Mis-ter T, We could be a-lone- In a

35 (MRS. LOVETT)

house wot we'd al-most own - Down by the sea! Would-n't that be

TODD: *mp* An-y-thing you say. -

39 (MRS. LOVETT) *(Todd gives her a pained smile)*

smash-ing? *mp* With the sea at our gate, We'll have

42

M.L.

kip-pered her - ring Wot have swum to us straight from the Straits of Ber - ing. Ev - 'ry

45

night in the kip when we're through our kip - pers, I'll be there slip - pin' off your slip -

48

pers By — the sea, With the fish - ies

51

splash - ing. By the sea, Would-n't that be

55 (MRS. LOVETT)

57 *mf*

smash - ing? Down by the sea!

TODD: *mf* An - y - thing you say, —

58 *mp* (to 63)

I can

An - y - thing you say.

63 (MRS. LOVETT)

see us wak - ing, The break - ers break - ing, The sea - gulls squawk - ing,

(*sempre leggiero*)

mp

66 Hoo! Hoo! I do me bak - ing, Then I go walk - ing with

L.H. *p* *mp*

69 *(Waving gaily)*

M.L. you - hoo! Yoo - hoo! I'll warm me bones on the es - pla - nade, Have

L.H.

73 *(Indicating Todd)*

tea and scones with me gay young blade, Then I'll knit a sweat - er while

76 *(Coyly)* (to 81)

you write a let - ter, Un - less we got bet - ter to do - hoo.

81 TODD: Anything you say. . .

MRS. LOVETT: 83

Think how snug it - 'll be un - der -

84
M.L.

neath our flan - nel When it's just you and me and the Eng - lish Chan - nel. In our

87

co - zy re - treat, Kept all neat and ti - dy, We'll have chums o - ver ev - 'ry Fri -

90 (MRS. LOVETT) *mf*

day By the sea, Don't you love the

TODD:
An - y - thing you say... —

L.H. *mf*

93 (MRS. LOVETT)

weath - er By the sea?

96

M.L.

We'll grow old to - geth - er By the

99

sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea!

102

Oh, I can see us now - - in our bathing dresses - -

mp

Segue as one

No. 21A

BY THE SEA (Part II)
(MRS. LOVETT)

Moderato (♩ = 84)

Safety

1 you in a nice rich navy - - and me, stripes perhaps.

MRS. LOVETT: (last time)
p

M.L.

It - 'll

mf

dim. poco a poco

5

be so qui - et that who'll come by it Ex - cept a sea - gull?

leggiero

p

8

Hoo! Hoo! We should - n't try it, Though, till it's le - gal For

L.H.

11

M.L. *mp*

two - hoo! ——— But a sea - side wed - ding could be de - vised, Me

L.H. *mp*

15

rum - pled bed - ding le - git - i - mized. Me eye - lids - 'll flut - ter, I'll

18

turn in - to but - ter, The mo - ment I mut - ter, "I do - oo!" ———

21 (to 25) *mf* 25

By the sea, in our nest, We could

mf

26
M.L.

share our kip - pers With the odd pay - ing guest from the week-end trip - pers, Have a

29

nice sun - ny suite for the guest to rest — in... Now and then, you could do the guest —

32

in... By the sea, Mar - ried nice and

35

prop - er, By the sea.

38

M.L.

Bring a - long your chop - per To the

41

(Slashes the air twice)

sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea!

44

(Harmonium)

(Orch.)

(Mrs. Lovett nuzzles up to Todd on the love seat)

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

MRS. LOVETT: 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 bong-bong. (*From the pishop, upstairs, 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 Fogg's Asylum. Oh, Mr. Todd, she's in there with those screeching, gibbering maniacs - -

TODD: A madhouse! A madhouse!

No. 22

WIGMAKER SEQUENCE

(TODD, ANTHONY, QUINTET)

♩ = 48

TODD: (Swinging around, feverishly) Johanna is as good as rescued. MRS. L.: She is? TODD: Where do you

A

mp agitato

(repeat pattern as fast as possible)

4 suppose all the wigmakers of London go to obtain their human hair?

6 MRS. L.: Who knows, dear? The morgue, wouldn't be surprised.

(On cue)

8 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.

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

14 (Exits) TODD: (Excitedly, to Anthony) We will write a letter to

(On cue)

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.

16

mf
There's

19

taw - ny and there's gold - - en saf - fron, There's

mf (pattern continues)

21

flax - en and there's blonde...

(end of pattern)

23

ANTHONY: Yes, Mr. Todd.

mf

TODD: Repeat that. (Anthony stares at him) Repeat that!

Well?

There's

27

A. 
 T. 
 Good. There's

taw - ny and there's gold - en saf - fron, There's flax - en and there's blonde...



31


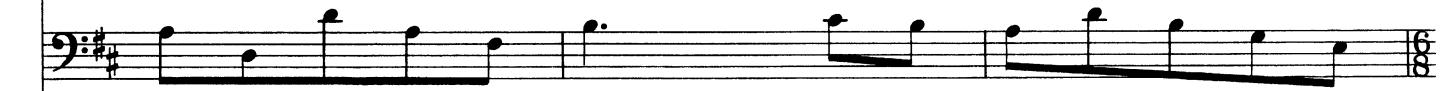


 There's coarse and fine, There's


coarse and fine, There's straight and curl - y, There's grey, there's white, There's



34



 straight and curl - y, There's grey, there's white, There's ash, there's pearl - y, There's

ash, there's pearl - y, There's corn - yel - low, Buff and o - chre And



As the lights dim on them, a quintet from the company appears. SOLO ALTO & TENOR:

37 (Exiting with Todd) 39 *mp*

A. corn - yel - low... Swee - ney'd wait - ed too

T. straw and ap - ri - cot...

40

long be - fore. "Ah, but nev - er a - gain," he swore.

43

SOLO BARI. & BASS:

mp For - tune ar - rived. "Swee - ney!" it sang. Swee - ney was read - y and

cresc.

46

47 SOLO ALTO & TENOR:
mp

(SOLO BARI. & BASS)

Swee - ney's prob - lems went up in smoke,

Swee - ney sprang.

mp subito

49

51

All re - solved with a sin - gle stroke.

cresc. poco a poco

Swee - ney was sharp,

L.H.

cresc. poco a poco

52

Swee - ney was burn - ing,

Swee - ney be - gan

the en - gines turn - ing.

55 *mf cresc. poco a poco* (to 61) 61

S. Swee - ney's prob - lems went up in smoke, All re - solved with a

A. Swee - ney! Did - n't wait, — no, — nev - er a - gain,

T. Swee - ney was sharp, Swee - ney was burn - ing, Swee - ney be - gan the

B. Sin - gle stroke — by — Swee - ney! Did - n't wait, — did —

Bs. Swee - ney! Did - n't wait, — did — Swee - ney!

mf cresc. poco a poco

62 *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

S. sin - gle stroke by — Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

A. Set the bait, — Did — Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. en - gines turn - ing. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. Swee - ney. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Bs. Set the bait, — Did — Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

ff

Todd appears on the staircase accompanied by a strange figure, whom we

soon realize is Anthony, disguised as a wigmaker. ANTHONY: (Finishing his catechism)

65 *mf* 67

TODD: With fin - er tex - tures,

S. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

A. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Bs. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

mf
L.H.

68 (ANTHONY)
Ash looks fair - er, Which makes it rare, But flax - en's rar - er...

(TODD)
Good. Good. Good. No!

71

A. *f* Yes, yes, I know, cheap - er, not rar - er... *dim.*

T. no, The flax - en's cheap - er... Here's mon - ey. *(Hands him purse)*

74

TODD: And here's the pistol. *(Hands him a pistol)* For kill if you must. Kill. ANTHONY: I'll kill a dozen jailers if

75 *Play 3 times*

sempre mp

need be to set her free. TODD: Then off with you, off. But, Anthony, listen to me once again. When you have rescued

77

her, bring her back here. I shall guard her while you hire the chaise to Plymouth. ANTHONY: I'll be with you before

80

the evening's out, Mr. Todd. (*Clasping Todd's hands*) Oh, thank you -- friend.

-----Safety-----

83

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.

No. 22A

THE LETTER
(QUINTET)

1 Andante, molto rubato

Todd pauses reflectively.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bs.

mf
Most Hon - or - a - ble Judge Tur - pin...

sempre rubato mf

dim. poco a poco

R.H. *mf* *>* L.H. *>*

5 TODD: (Snorts) Hm!

He resumes writing.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bs.

Hon - or - a - ble!...
Hon - or - a - ble!...
Hon - or - a - ble...
Hon - or - a - ble!...
I ven - ture thus to write you this...

mf

Todd thinks, choosing the word. He writes.

9

S. $\frac{3}{4}$

A. $\frac{3}{4}$

T. $\frac{3}{4}$

B. $\frac{3}{4}$
Ur - gent. . . note to warn you that the

Bs. $\frac{3}{4}$
Ur - gent. . . That the

mp *dim. poco a poco*

R.H. $\frac{3}{4}$

L.H. $\frac{3}{4}$

He thinks. He grunts with satisfaction. He resumes writing.

12

S. $\frac{3}{4}$
Young *sempre rubato mp* has ab - duct - ed your ward Jo -

A. $\frac{3}{4}$
Young *sempre rubato mp* has ab - duct - ed your ward Jo -

T. $\frac{3}{4}$
Young

B. $\frac{3}{4}$
hot - blood - ed young sail - or

Bs. $\frac{3}{4}$
hot - blood - ed young sail - or

R.H. $\frac{3}{4}$

L.H. *p* $\frac{3}{4}$

16

Todd stares off sadly.

18

He resumes writing again.

S. han - na... From the in - sti -

A. han - na... From the in - sti -

T. *sempre rubato mp* Jo - han - na... *p*

B. *mp dolce* Jo - han - na...

Bs. *mp dolce* Jo - han - na...

mp
R.H.
L.H.

19

He thinks a bit, then writes.

S. tu - tion where you... Con - fined her.

A. tu - tion where you... Con - fined her.

T. So wise - ly...

B. So wise - ly... But

Bs. So wise - ly...

R.H.
L.H. *p*

22 Non rubato (♩. = 120)

S. _____

A. _____

T. *mf* _____
I have per - suad - ed the boy to lodge her

B. *mf* _____
hop - ing to earn your fa - vor, I have per - suad - ed the boy to lodge her

Bs. _____

mp

R.H. _____

L.H. _____

He dips his pen, resumes writing.

S. _____

A. *mp* _____
If you

T. *mp* _____
In Fleet Street. If you

B. *mp* _____
here to - night at my ton - so - ri - al par - lor in Fleet Street. If you

Bs. *mp* _____
At my ton - so - ri - al par - lor in Fleet Street. If you

R.H. _____

L.H. _____

28

cresc. *mf rall.*

S. want her a - gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the

A. want her a - gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the

T. want her a - gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the

B. want her a - gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the

Bs. want her a - gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the

sempre mp *rall.*

30

He starts to sign, then adds another phrase with a smile.

S. night falls.

A. night falls.

T. night falls. *mp dolce poco rall.* She will be

B. night falls.

Bs. night falls.

gva *p* *poco rall.*

32 **A tempo** *Todd reads the letter over.* **A tempo** *He dips the pen again and writes carefully.*

S. *Wait - ing...*

A. *Wait - ing...*

T. *wait - ing.*

B. *Wait - ing...* *Your o -*

Bs. *Wait - ing...* *Your o -*

loco

mp rall. molto espr. *mf*

rall. *mp*

R.H. L.H.

35 **L'istesso tempo** *Todd gives the last word a flourish.*

S.

A.

T.

B. *be - di - ent hum - ble ser - vant... ten.*

Bs. *be - di - ent hum - ble ser - vant, Swee - ney Todd.*

f

R.H. L.H.

Segue

No. 22B

AFTER LETTER
(UNDERScore)

1 **Misterioso** *Todd hurries across the stage to Judge Turpin's house, knocks on the door, which opens, and hands*

Organ Manuals

Upper

Lower

Pedal

6 *in the letter.*

mp

mf

TODD: Give this to Judge Turpin. It's urgent. *He disappears into the darkness.*

11

mp

(Lights come up on the eating garden. Early evening. The place 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, mum.

MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy. (Holding up the knitting) Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

TOBIAS: Coo! For me?

MRS. LOVETT: Wouldn't you like to know!

TOBIAS: Oh, you're so good to me, mum. 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, mum, 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. . .

No. 23

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

(TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT)

Molto rubato (♩ = 112)

1 TOBIAS: . . . 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?

MRS. LOVETT: Of course not, dear, and why should it?

7 TOBIAS: *mp* MRS. LOVETT: What do you mean, "a man"?

Noth-ing's gon - na harm you, no, sir, Not while I'm a - round. _____

p L.H. *cresc.* *mp* L.H.

11 TOBIAS: *mf* MRS. LOVETT: (Relieved, patting his head) And so they are, dear.

De - mons are prowl - ing ev - 'ry - where now - a - days. _____

15 TOBIAS: *dim.* *mp*

I'll send 'em howl - ing, I don't care... I got ways. _____

(b) *mp* *mp*

18 *poco accel.* MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do. . .What a sweet, affectionate child it is. *rit.*

L.H. *p poco accel.* *rit.*

21 TOBIAS: *a tempo p* MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves. . .

No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare. _____

p a tempo

25 TOBIAS: *mp* *cresc.*

Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry,

cresc.

27 MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (*Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration*)

mf

Whis - tle, I'll be there. _____

mf

(b)

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

mp L.H.

(b)

MRS. LOVETT: What is

33

T. Noth - ing can harm you, *p* Not while I'm a - round.

p *sempre legato*

37 this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about. . .

39 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,

41 as I've lived and learned. (She looks at him uneasily)

Safety

Più mosso, sempre rubato

43 TOBIAS: *mf*

Not to wor - ry, Not to wor - ry, I may not be smart but I ain't

mf sempre legato

47 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

dumb. I can do it, Put me to it, Show me some - thing

poco rit. *a tempo*

51 *poco rit.*

I can o - ver - come. Not to wor - ry, mum.

poco rit.

55 *A tempo*

Be - ing close and be - ing clew - er ain't like be - ing

58

T. true. I don't need to, I won't nev - er

61

hide a thing from you, Like some.

rit. mp 63 Tempo primo

rit. e dim. espressivo mp

Segue

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 bides 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.

64

(Under dialogue)

67 Più mosso espressivo

Musical score for measures 67-69. The piece is in 8/8 time and features a piano accompaniment. Measure 67 is marked *sempre p*. Measure 68 is marked *poco rit.*. Measure 69 is marked *a tempo*. The bass line includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

70

Musical score for measures 70-72. Measure 70 is marked *poco rit.*. Measure 71 is marked *a tempo*. Measure 72 is marked *poco rit.*. The bass line includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

73

Musical score for measures 73-75. Measure 73 is marked *a tempo*. Measure 74 is marked *poco rit.*. Measure 75 is marked *poco rit.*. The bass line includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure.

Tempo primo

Musical score for measures 75-76a. Measure 75 is marked *p* and includes the vocal line for MRS. LOVETT: "Noth-ing's gon - na harm you,". Measure 76 is marked *Safety* and *mp*. Measure 76a is marked *mp*. The piano accompaniment includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure. The bass line includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final measure. The right hand (R.H.) is marked *molto espressivo*. The left hand (L.H.) is marked *p*.

M.L.

Not while I'm a - round. Noth-ing's gon - na harm you, dar - ling,

TOBIAS: You don't understand! *Più mosso*

(TOBIAS) *mf*

Not while I'm a - round. Two quid was in it, Two or three...

The gov'nor giving up his purse -- with two quid? *A tempo*

Not for a min - ute! Don't you see?

dim. *mf subito*

It was in Mr. Todd's parlor that the gov'nor disappeared! MRS. LOVETT: Boys and their fancies!

L.H. accel. *rit. e dim.* *L.H.*

What will we think of next! Here, dear. Sit here by your Aunt Nellie like a good boy and look at your lovely muffler.

93 *A tempo*

How warm it's going to keep you as the days draw in. And it's so becoming on you.

97

101 TOBIAS:

f

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

105 *dim.*

Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a -

mp subito *p*

107

round.

p

- MRS. LOVETT: You know, dear, it's the strangest thing you coming to chat with me 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, mum. Indeed, mum. 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 pieszop)*
- MRS. LOVETT: No time like the present, is there? *(Music begins as she leads him through the pieszop into the bakehouse)*
- 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)*
- 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 pieszop)*
- TOBIAS: *(Blissful)* Me making pies all on me own! Coo! *(Noticing her leaving)* Where are you going, mum?
- MRS. LOVETT: Back in a moment, dear. *(At the door she turns, blows him a kiss and then goes into the pieszop, 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, Mrs. Lovett appears at the foot of the stairs to the tonsorial parlor. Meanwhile, 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! *(The Beadle, getting no reply, notices the harmonium, seats himself at it and strikes a chord, reading from the songbook open on the stand)*

No. 23A AFTER "NOT WHILE I'M AROUND"

(Under dialogue, on cue:) MRS. LOVETT: No time like the present, is there?

Largo (♩ = 50)

To Coda

Organ Manuals

Lower Manual *mf* *dim.*

Pedal *mf* *mp*

D. C. Last time D. C. al Coda

5

p

Coda (On cue:) BEADLE: Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett!

-Safety-

(As the Beadle strikes a chord on on the harmonium)

(Harmonium stop) *mf*

10

Segue

No. 24

PARLOR SONGS (Part I)

(BEADLE)

Andante (♩ = 132)

BEADLE: (Sings from a song book, accompanying himself)

1 *mf rubato e espressivo*

Sweet Pol-ly Plunk-ett lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heav-en-ward, sigh-ing,

mf rubato

"I am a lass who a-las loves a lad Who a-las has a lass In — Can-ter-bur-y. 'Tis a

rall.

row dow did-dle dow day, 'Tis a row dow did-dle dow dee..."

f a tempo

mp

accel.

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.

A tempo (♩ = 132)

*BEADLE: (As Mrs. Lovett watches him uneasily and looks over her shoulder for Todd)

13

mf

Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett saw her life pass, Flew — down the cit - y road,

mf

16

poco accel. *rall.*

cry - ing, "I am a lass who a - las loves a lad Who a - las has a lass loves an -

poco accel. *rall.*

20

rall. *ten.* *a tempo* *accel.*

oth - er lad Who — once I had *ten.* In — Can - ter - bur - y. 'Tis a row dow

rall. *a tempo* *accel.*

ten.

24

rall.

did - dle dow day, 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow dee..."

f *rall.*

*Bars 13 through 26 were omitted in the New York production.

BEADLE: 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. . .

No. 24A

PARLOR SONGS (Part II)
(BEADLE, MRS. LOVETT, TOBIAS)

27 Andante (♩ = 144)

BEADLE: *f*

If one bell rings in the

Harmonium

The musical score for 'If one bell rings in the tower of Bray' is in 6/8 time, marked Andante with a tempo of ♩ = 144. It features a vocal line for Beadle and a piano accompaniment for Harmonium. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, then enters with the lyrics 'If one bell rings in the'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and bass notes in the left hand.

30

Tow - er of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong!

The musical score for 'Ding dong, your true love will stay' is in 6/8 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Tow - er of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong!'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and bass notes in the left hand.

34 BEADLE: *(Hears Tobias' voice)*
 One bell to - day in the Tow - er of . . .

TOBIAS: *(Joining in)*
 One bell to - day in the Tow - er of Bray, Ding dong!
(The Beadle stops playing)

BEADLE: 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)*

37 BEADLE: *f*
 But if

BEADLE: Since you're a fellow music lover, ma'am, why don't you raise your voice along with mine?

MRS. LOVETT: *(Reluctantly)* All right.

38
 two bells ring in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding . . .

41 MRS. LOVETT: *f*
 Ding dong! Ding dong!

BEADLE:
 Ding dong! Your true love will stray. Ding dong!

TOBIAS:

46 M.L. (tacet)
 Two bells to - day in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding dong! Ding dong!

B. *ff*
 Two bells to - day in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding dong! Ding dong! But if (tacet)

T.
 Two bells to - day in the Tow - er of Bray. Ding dong! Ding dong!

49 (BEADLE)
 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 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

MRS. LOVETT: (*cont'd*) 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.

A tempo (♩ = 144)
(*Under dialogue*)

51

55

58

MRS. LOVETT: How many BEADLE:
bells are Twelve.
there?

61

BEADLE: *ff*

If four bells ring in the Tow - er of (Bray...)

64 MRS. LOVETT: *ff*
Ding dong! Then lov - ers must pray.

BEADLE: *sempre ff*
Ding dong! Ding dong! Then lov - ers must pray.

TOBIAS: *ff*
Ding dong! Then lov - ers must pray.

sempre ff

69 M.L.
Ding dong! Four bells to - day...

B.
Ding dong! Ding dong! Four bells to - day...

T.
Ding dong! Four bells to - day...

(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. (She goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing loudly)

No. 24B PARLOR SONGS (Part III) (MRS. LOVETT)

Andante (♩ = 132)

A B accel. C rall. 1 f a tempo

MRS. LOVETT: Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett

Harmonium mp accel. rall. f a tempo

2 (fade) rit. (to 13)

lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heav - en - ward, sigh - ing...

(fade) rit. p Segue

(The music continues distantly during the following. 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 something out, holding it up for inspection)

(cont'd)

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 whistle shrieks and 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)

TOBIAS:

An 'air! Black as a rook. Now that ain't Mrs. Lovett's 'air. Oh, well, some old black cow probably. *(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.*

(Under dialogue)
Largo misterioso (♩ = 50)

13 (to 17)

Organ Manuals *p*

Pedal *p*

17

a tempo

p

20

Musical score for measures 20-23. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 20 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music features complex chords and melodic lines with slurs and ties. Measure 21 continues the melodic development. Measure 22 shows a change in the bass line. Measure 23 concludes the system with a double bar line and repeat signs.

24

Musical score for measures 24-26. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 24 begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with complex harmonic structures and melodic lines. Measure 25 shows a change in the bass line. Measure 26 concludes the system with a double bar line and repeat signs.

27

(On cue: "...bit of fingernail" *cresc. poco a poco to ff* as the whistle blows, then cut off and segue to Bar 33)

Musical score for measures 27-29. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 27 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music features complex chords and melodic lines with slurs and ties. Measure 28 continues the melodic development. Measure 29 concludes the system with a double bar line and repeat signs.

30

Musical score for measures 30-32. The system consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. Measure 30 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with complex harmonic structures and melodic lines. Measure 31 shows a change in the bass line. Measure 32 concludes the system with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Andante (♩ = 132)

MRS. LOVETT: (*Cue: whistle blows*)

33

f 34

'Tis a row dow did - dle dow day, 'Tis a row dow did - dle dow dee!

Harmonium

f

38

(*Cut off when Todd enters*)

Sweet Pol - ly Plunk - ett lay in the grass, Flew_ down the cit - y road, cry - ing:

(*Todd hurries in; she gets up quickly from the harmonium*)

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*)

1 *Misterioso* (♩ = 132)
Members of the company appear. SOLO BARITONE: (*Whispered*) *pp*

The

pp
sempre legato

5 2 WOMEN: (*Whispered*) *pp*

en - gine roared, the mo - tor hissed. And

pp
sempre legato

9 1 SOPRANO & 1 TENOR: *p*

who could see how the road would twist? In

p

13 *dim.*

Swee - ney's ledg - er the en - tries matched: A Bea - dle ar - rived, and a Bea - dle dis - patched,

pp
sempre legato
dim.

17 **1 TENOR:** *pp* **ALL (thus far):** *p*

To sat - is - fy the hun - gry god of

21 *p*

Swee - ney Todd, The

24 **WOMEN:** *f* (to 32)

(ALL) Swee - ney!
De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

32 **TUTTI:** *mf*

Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

35 (TUTTI) *cresc.*

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

cresc.

38 *L'istesso tempo* (♩. = ♩)

SOLO SOPR. *ff ad lib. (birdlike)*
Swee-he - he - he-ney! Swee-he - he - he-ney! Swee-he - he - he-ney! Swee-he - he - he-ney!

SOLO ALTO *ff ad lib. (keening)*
Swee - - - - - ney!

SOLO BARI. *ff ad lib. (high whisper)*
Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

SOLO BASS *ff ad lib. (low whisper)*
Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney

S. A. *ff*
Swee - - - - -

T. *ff*
Swee - - - - -

B. Bs. *ff*
Swee - - - - -

ff
R.H. >

38a *dim.*

SOLO SOPR. *dim.*
Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

SOLO ALTO *dim.*
Swee - - - - - ney!

SOLO BARI. *dim.*
3 Swee - ney! 3 Swee - ney! 3 Swee - ney! 3 Swee - ney! 3 Swee - ney! 3 Swee - ney!

SOLO BASS *dim.*
3 Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney.

S. *dim.*
A. ney!

T. *dim.*
ney!

B. *dim.*
Bs. ney!

dim.

39

SOLO SOPR. *mp* (5/4) Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

SOLO ALTO *mp* (8/4) Swee - - - - - ney!

SOLO BARI. *mp* (6/4) Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

SOLO BASS *mp* (5/4) Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney

S. A. *mp* (8/4) Swee - - - - -

T. *mp* (8/4) Swee - - - - -

B. Bs. *mp* (8/4) Swee - - - - -

39a

SOLO SOPR. *dim.*
 Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

SOLO ALTO *dim.*
 Swee - - - - - ney!

SOLO BARI. *dim.*
 3 3 3 3 3 3
 Swee - ney! . Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

SOLO BASS *dim.*
 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
 Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney Swee - ney.

S. A. *dim.*
 ney!

T. *dim.*
 ney!

B. Bs. *dim.*
 ney!

dim.

Segue

No. 25A

FOGG'S PASSACAGLIA

(Mr. Fogg enters with Anthony in his wig-maker's disguise. He carries a huge pair of scissors. Behind them is the asylum wall)

MR. FOGG: Just this way, sir.
 ANTHONY: You do me honor, Mr. Fogg.
 MR. 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?
 MR. 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 inmates. Fogg 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.
 MR. FOGG: Poor child. She needs so much correction. She sings all day and all 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!
 MR. FOGG: What is this? What is this?
 ANTHONY: (Drawing his pistol) Unhand her!
 MR. 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.
 MR. FOGG: Fire, and I will stop.
 ANTHONY: (Losing his nerve) I cannot shoot. (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)

Largo (♩ = 50)

1 Electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.

1
 Electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.
 (Bird sounds continue)
 Preceding solo voices continue ad lib.
 S. A. T. Bs. Organ* Upper Lower (C#m) Pedal
 Sweetie - ney! Sweetie - ney!
 Sweetie - ney! Sweetie - ney!
 Sweetie - ney! Sweetie - ney!

*To be improvised. Suggested key progression: C#m, Em, Gm, Dm, Fm, Ebm, F#m, Dm, Fm, etc.
 As shown

3

S. A. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. Bs. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Em)

5

S. A. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. Bs. Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

(Gm)

(Continue until gunshot)

Segue

No. 26

CITY ON FIRE!
(LUNATICS, JOHANNA)

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)

1 LUNATICS (last time):
p almost whispered Safety

Cit - y on fi - re! Rats in the grass and the lu - na - tics yell - ing in the

Vamp
p feroce

4 *cresc.* streets! It's the end of the world! Yes! *p* Cit - y on fi - re! *p* Hunch - backs danc - ing!

cresc. *p*

7 Stir - rings in the ground And the whir - ring of gi - ant wings! Watch out! Look! *f*

10 *dim.* Blot - ting out the moon - light, Thick black rain fall - ing on the

13 *mp* (Whistle) *mp* (Whistle) *mf* (Whistle)

Ltcs. Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re!

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

Police whistles sound. Anthony and Jobanna are still visible hurrying away, Anthony systematically disposing of the

16

ff *ff*

wigmaker's costume. At one point he stops nervously to reconnoiter.

18

-----Safety-----

JOHANNA (last time):

20 *mf* (Chattily, excited)

Will we be mar - ried on Sun - day?

mp

22 That's what you prom - ised, Mar - ried on Sun - day!

24 (Pensively) He looks at her unbelievably. (to 36)

That was last Au - gust...

36 *f* 36a He drags her off as the lunatics reappear.

Kiss me!

p

-----Safety-----

37 LUNATICS (last time): *f* 37a

There! Look! Crawl - ing on the chim - neys,

38 *dim.*

Great black crows screech - ing at the

40 *p* *p* *f*

Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re! Cit - y on fi - re!

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Segue

As they run off, lights come up on the bakehouse. Todd, holding a lantern, and Mrs. Lovett enter, looking around for Tobias. Their voices echo eerily.

No. 27

SEARCHING (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT, TODD, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Misterioso (♩ = 132)

1

MRS. LOVETT:

mp To - by! *rubato* Where are _____

TODD:

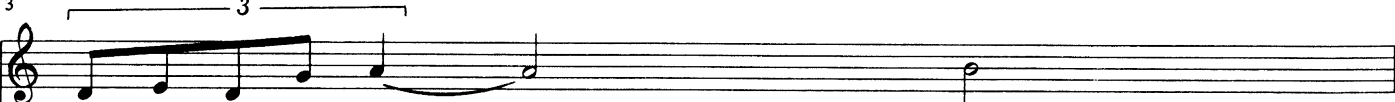
gva. _____
pp (Chimes)
p _____

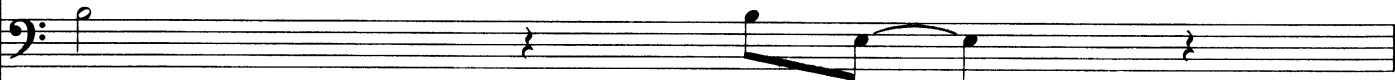
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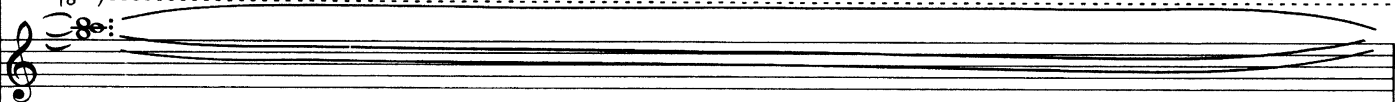
_____ you, luv? _____


mf To - by! _____ Where are you, _____

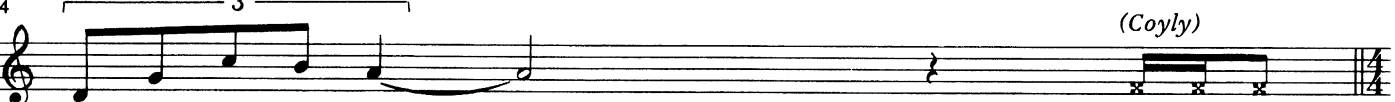
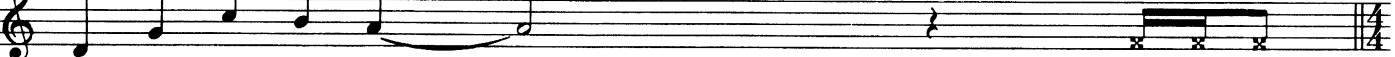
(gva.) _____


M.L. ³  Noth - ing's gon - na harm _____ you,

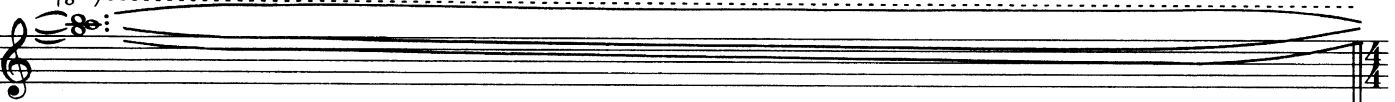
T.  lad? To - by! _____


(8^{va}) 



⁴  Not while I'm a - round! _____ *(Coyly)*  Where are you

(Opening a trap door and peering down)  **f** To - by! _____

(8^{va}) 



5 *(Spots something in a corner, sneaks up on it,*

M.L. *hid - ing? Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, dar - ling...*

T. *Noth - ing to be a - fraid of, boy...*

mp 3

(gva) *pp* *R.H.* *gva*

L.H. *sempre p*

8 *pounces, sees that it is a pile of old rags)*

dolce *(Muttering)* *(Exiting)*

Not while I'm a - round. Damn! De - mons are prowl - ing

(Closes the trap door and resumes search)

To - by...

mf *gva* *gva*

11

M.L. *poco rit.*

ev - 'ry - where now - a - days...

T. *poco rit.*

To - by...

gva.

R.H.

L.H.

poco rit. e dim.

Presto

13a **LUNATICS: (Running on)** *mp*

Cit - y on fi - re!

13b (They cluster together, watching)

Rats in the streets and the

mf

13c

13d *cresc.* *f*

lu - na - tics yell - ing at the moon. It's the end of the world. Yes!

L'istesso tempo

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Appearing suddenly and peering through the darkness toward the pishop)

14

mf

Bea - dle... Bea - dle... No good hid - ing, I saw you. (tacet)

TODD: (Exiting) *mf*

espressivo To - by...

mf L.H.

17

B.W. *dim.* Are you in there still? *mp (Whispered)* Bea - dle!... Bea - dle!...

dim. *mp*

20

Più mosso, rubato

Get her, — but watch it! She's a wick - ed one, She'll de - ceive you with her

p. *(h)p.*

24

fan - cy gowns And her fan - cy airs And her --

p.

Poco animato

28 *f* subito (Sbrieking)

B.W. *Mis - chief! Mis - chief! Dev - il's work!*

mf

Meno mosso

31 *rit. e dim.* *mp* (Shuffling off towards the pishop)

Where are you, Bea - dle? Bea - dle...

rit. e dim. *mp* *p*

L.H.

Presto (♩ = 132)

LUNATICS:

33 Group I *mp* (to 36)

Rats in the streets and the lu - na - tics yell - ing at the

Group II *mp*

Cit - y on fi - re!

p

36

Gr. I *cresc.* *f*
 moon! It's the end of the world! Good! Cit - y on fi - re!

Gr. II *mp*
 Rats in the streets and the lu - na - tics yell - ing at the moon! It's the

38

Gr. I *dim.*
 Hunch - backs kiss - ing! Stir - rings in the graves And the

Gr. II *cresc.* *f*
 end of the world! Good! Cit - y on fi - re!

40

Gr. I *f subito*
 scream - ing of gi - ant winds! Watch out! Look!

Gr. II *dim.*
 Hunch - backs kiss - ing! Stir - rings in the graves And the scream - ing of

42 *dim.*
 Gr. I Crawl - ing on the chim - neys, Great black crows screech - ing at the
 Gr. II *f subito*
 gi - ant winds! Watch out! Look! Crawl - ing on the chim - neys!

45 *mp* 45a (tacet)
 Gr. I Cit - y on fi - re!
 Gr. II *mp* (tacet)
 Cit - v on fi - re!

46 *Safety*
 Orch. Anthony and Johanna are seen running toward the pishop.

Segue

SEARCHING (Part II)
(ANTHONY, JOHANNA, BEGGAR WOMAN)

(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)

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 sailor's clothes, who's to know it it?

ANTHONY: No, the risk is too great. *(She turns away pouting)*

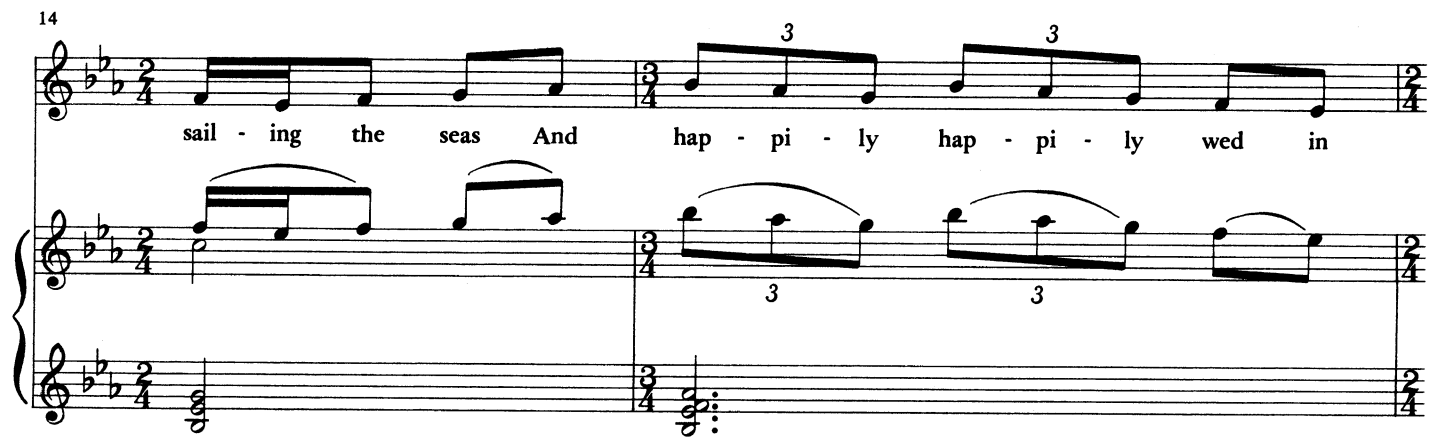
1 Andante (♩ = 60)
(Under dialogue)

5 ANTHONY: *p ten. ten.*
Ah, miss, *ten.*

9 Poco rubato

Look at me, look at me, miss, oh, Look at me please, oh

11
A. 
Fa - vor me, fa - vor me with your glance. Ah, miss, Soon we'll be soon we'll be gone And

14

sail - ing the seas And hap - pi - ly hap - pi - ly wed in

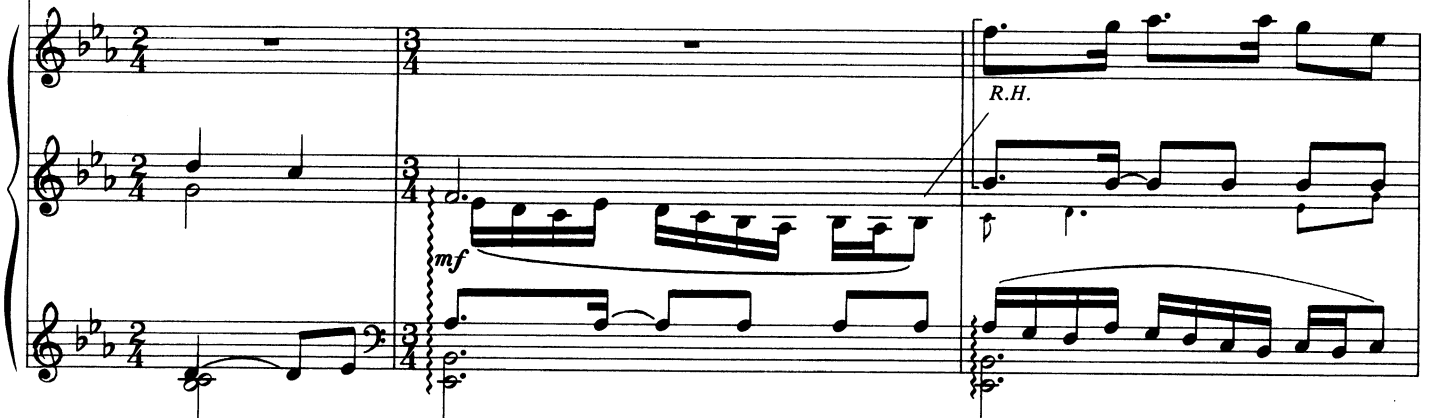
A tempo

16 JOHANNA: (Looks at him, smiles)


mf And we'll sail the world and see its won - ders From the *cresc.*

(ANTHONY)


mf France. And we'll sail the world and see its won - ders From the *cresc.*


mf *R.H.*

19

J. pearls of Spain to the ru-bies of Ti-bet And then home. *f*

A. pearls of Spain to the ru-bies of Ti-bet And then come back to *f*

dim. *L.H.* *f subito*

22

p They kiss. Anthony starts out.

Some day... And I'll be back before those lips have time to lose that smile.

Lon - don — Some day... —

dim. *p* *pp*

25

p *mp* *p* *mf*

p *mp* *p* *mp*

He rushes off. Johanna, restless, moves toward the barber chair, inspects it curiously.

Meanwhile, the Beggar Woman comes out of the darkness below, approaching the pieshop. Johanna sits in the chair.

Her band moves
to inspect the lever.

29

(Whistle)

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Calling up the stairs)

mf
Bea - dle! —

p mp p

33

JOHANNA: (Jumping up) Someone calling the Beadle! I knew it!

cresc.

Bea - dle! Where are you? Bea - dle, dear! Bea - dle!

L.H. cresc.

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 sur-
veying the room, she mimes opening a window. She then gently picks
up an imaginary infant and rocks it in her arms.

♩ = 152

-Safety-

BEGGAR WOMAN (last time):

(Suddenly becoming giddily crazy)

36

p 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Bea - dle dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle dump - ling, Bea - dle dump - ling, Be - dee - dle

detaché p

38 *Repeat ad lib. until Todd appears*
molto cresc.

B.W. *dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle, Dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle...*

molto accel.

40 *Todd leaps into the room like a thunderbolt, razor in hand.*

ff *(let die naturally)*

gva.

TODD: You! What are you doing here? BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Clutching his arm*) Ah, evil is here, sir.

41 $\text{♩} = 144$

p *L.H. mp cantabile*

gva.

The stink of evil -- from below -- from her! (*Calling aimlessly*) Beadle dear, Beadle!

45

(*gva*)

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!

48

gva

51

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Peering dimly at him*)

mp

Hey, don't I know you, — mis - ter? —

dim. poco a poco

Segue

No. 28

THE JUDGE'S RETURN

(TODD, JUDGE)

♩ = 112

On the street the Judge approaches the tonsorial parlor. Todd sees him.

cresc. poco a poco

mp

gva.

TODD: The Judge. I have no time. He turns on the Beggar Woman and slits her throat, shoves her into the chair

3

Musical score for measures 3-5. The score is for piano and includes a vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth notes. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. Measure 3 starts with a 4/4 time signature, which changes to 3/4 in measure 4 and back to 4/4 in measure 5. Dynamics include 'gva' and 'fff sub.' with accents.

Molto rubato

and releases her down the chute. As he is wiping blood from the chair, the Judge enters the room.

6

Musical score for measures 6-8. The piano accompaniment continues with sustained chords in the left hand and a more active right hand. The vocal line has a few notes. The key signature remains three sharps. Dynamics include 'ff' and 'gva'. There are some thick black bars in the left hand of measure 7, possibly indicating a specific performance technique or a correction.

7

Musical score for measures 9-11. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth notes. The key signature has three sharps. Dynamics include 'gva' and 'gliss.' with a wavy line above the notes in measure 11.

8

JUDGE:

mf

3

TODD: Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor, Mrs. Lovett.

Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her.

Where is she? Where is the girl?

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?

11

14

Poco rubato

TODD: *p*

I think I hear her now.

Is that her dain - ty foot-step on the stair?

JUDGE:

Oh, excellent, my friend!

T. *mf* *(Listening)* I hear nothing. Yes, is - n't that her shad-ow on the wall? There. Primp - ing,

J. Where?

23 *cantabile*

Mak - ing her - self e - ven pret - ti - er than us - u - al, if pos - si - ble.

mf E - ven pret - ti - er... Oh,

28 *L'istesso tempo* (♩ = ♩) *Non rubato* *mp* *(Indicating the chair)* Sit, sir, sit.

mp Pret - ty wom - en, - yes... *(Straightening his coat, patting his hair)* Quickly, sir, a splash of bay rum. *(Settling into the chair, rapturously)* Jo -

Pret - ty wom - en. . .

31

Todd gets a towel, puts it carefully around him, moves to pick up a bottle of bay rum.

T. *mf* Pret - ty wom - en... Pret - ty wom - en

J. han - na, Jo - han - na... Hur - ry, man!

cresc. *mf*

33

are a won - der. Yes, sir. Pret - ty wom - en! —

You're in mer - ry mood a - gain to - day, bar - ber. What we do for

dim. *cresc.*

35

Todd smooths bay rum on the Judge's face, then reaches behind

f Pret - ty wom - en! — Blow - ing out their can - dles or

pret - ty wom - en! — Blow - ing out their can - dles...

f

him for a razor.

38

T. 
 comb - ing out their hair, E - ven when they—

J. 
 Comb - ing out their hair. Then they leave. E - ven when they



41


 leave, They still are


 leave you and van - ish, They some - how can still re - main



43

Todd now has the razor in his hand.


 there, They're there...


 there with you, there...

L.H. 

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?

45

mp subito

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.

48

cresc.

JUDGE: (*With horrified realization*) Benjamin Barker!

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.*

51 52 53

L.H. *fff*

The Judge tumbles out of sight and down the chute.

For a long moment, Todd stands by the chair, exhaling deeply.

54

gva *loco* *ff* *L.H.* *ff*

56 *Slowly he drops to his knees and even more slowly holds up the razor, gazing at it.*

TODD:
mf

Rest now, my friend.

pp

60

Rest now for - ev - er. Sleep now the

poco cresc.

63

un - trou - bled sleep of the an - gels...

poco cresc.

(Suddenly remembering)
Tobias!

66 *He starts down the stairs. He stops midway, remembering the razor.*

p

mp

TODD: My razor! He goes back up the steps and reenters the room just as
Johanna is climbing out of the chest.

TODD: You! What are you
doing here? Speak!

68

JOHANNA: Oh, dear. Er -- (*Deep voice*) Excuse me,
sir. I saw the barber's sign. So thinking
to ask for a shave, I --

JOHANNA: Oh sir. I beg of you. Whatever I have seen,
no man shall ever know. I swear it. Oh,
sir, please, sir --

TODD: When? When did you come in?

70

TODD: A shave, eh? (*Turning the chair
towards her*) At your service.

TODD: Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are
still as much in need of the razor as before.
Sit, sir. Sit.

JOHANNA: But, sir. . .

71

--Safety--

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 into the pieszop, members of the company appear.

72

to 75

MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY:

ff > > > > > >

Lift your ra - zor high, Swee - ney,

ff L.H.

Hear it sing - ing, "Yes!"

R.H.

Sink it in the ros - y skin of

Segue

No. 29

FINAL SCENE (Part I)
(TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

(Light comes up on the bakehouse. Mrs. Lovett is standing 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 --

Todd sees the Beggar Woman's face in the light. TODD: *(Realizing)* Oh, no!

The musical score for Todd's line "right - eous - ness!" is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line starts with a half note on G4, followed by a quarter note on A4, and a half note on B4. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a half note on G2, a quarter note on A2, and a half note on B2. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* and *ff*, and a *gva.* (ritardando) marking. The score is divided into two sections, A and B, with a repeat sign at the end.

Oh, God... "Don't I know you?" she said... *(Looks up)* You knew she lived.
Largo (♩ = 100)

From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

The musical score for Mrs. Lovett's line "Oh, God..." is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Largo" with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The score is marked "mp dolce e cantabile". The vocal line begins with a half note on G4, followed by a quarter note on A4, and a half note on B4. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a half note on G2, a quarter note on A2, and a half note on B2. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mp* and *ff*, and a *gva.* (ritardando) marking. The score is divided into two sections, A and B, with a repeat sign at the end.

MRS. LOVETT:
I was only
thinking of
you!

Your Lucy! A crazy
hag picking bones
and spuds out of
alley ash cans. Would
you have wanted to
know that was all
that was left of her?

(MRS. LOVETT)

5

mp
No, no, not

TODD: (*Looking down again*)
mp Lu - cy... (*Slowly looking up*) You lied to me.

mp subito *mf cresc.* *dim.*

8

M.L. *g^{va}* lied at all, — No, I nev - er lied. — Said she took the poi -

sempre mp

8

(*To the body*)
Lu - cy...

mp cresc. poco a poco to Bar 10

M.L. 8c 8d

son-- she did-- Nev - er said that she died. Poor thing,

(8^{va})

T. 8AA 19/4

I've come

M.L. *cresc. poco a poco* 8e 8f 8g

She lived, but it left her weak in the head, All she did for months was just lie there in bed.

(8^{va}) - *loco*

T. 8BB 19/4

home a gain.

M.L. ^{8h} ⁸ⁱ ^{8j}
Should've been in hos-pi-tal, Wound up in Bed-lam in-stead, Poor thing. Bet-ter you should

T. ^{8CC}
Lu - cy... Oh, my

Detailed description: This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line (M.L.) is in a key with two flats and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, with measure numbers 8h, 8i, and 8j above it. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand has a treble clef with chords and moving lines, and the left hand has a bass clef with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking '(b)' is present in the left hand of the piano part.

M.L. ⁹ ^{10 f}
think she was dead. Yes, I lied 'cause I loved you! I'd be twice the wife she was! I

T. ^f
God! Lu - cy!

f
tr
mp *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 and 10. The vocal line (M.L.) continues the melody from the previous system, with measure numbers 9 and 10 above it. A dynamic marking 'f' is placed above measure 10. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture as the first system. In measure 10, there is a dynamic marking 'f' above the piano part, a 'tr' (trill) marking above the right hand, and dynamic markings 'mp' and 'mf' below the left hand.

12 *cresc.*

M.L. love you! Could that thing have cared for you like

T. What have I done?

tr. *cresc.*

14 *Meno mosso (in 1)* *ff* *accel. poco a poco*

me?

mp subito (Smiling up) *(As Mrs. Lovett takes a step away in panic)* *accel. poco a poco*

Mrs. — Lov - ett, You're a blood - y won - der, Em - i - nent - ly

f *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*

17

prac - ti - cal And yet ap - pro - pri - ate as al - ways. As you've said re -

20 *mp*

M.L. *Do you mean it?*

T. *(Moving quietly toward her)*
 peat - ed - ly, There's lit - tle point in dwell - ing on the past. No, come

23

Ev - 'ry - thing I did, I swear, I thought was on - ly for the best,
 here, my love... ————— Not a thing to

26 *cresc.* *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

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

30 *As she begins to relax, they sway to the music.*

M.L.

T. *mf*

his - to - ry of the world, my pet--

mf

34 *mf*

Oh, Mis - ter Todd, Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, Leave it to me.

Is

38 *They begin to waltz.*

41 *Ad lib.*

By the sea,

learn for - give - ness and try to for - get.

42

M.L.  *Mis - ter Todd, We'll be com - fy co - zy, You and me, Mis - ter Todd, Where there's no-one no - sy...*

T.  *f*

And



46 *He waltzes her closer to the oven.*



life is for the a - live, my dear, So




50 *f*

Just keep liv - ing it,

let's keep liv - ing it! Just keep liv - ing it,





He flings her into the oven. She screams. He slams the door behind her. Black smoke belches forth. Gasping, he sinks to his knees. Then he rises, moves back to the Beggar Woman and kneels, cradling her head in his arms.

54

M.L. Real - ly liv - ing it--!

T. Real - ly liv - ing it--!

fff

gva

segue

No. 29A

FINAL SCENE (Part II)

(TODD)

Adagio, molto rubato (♩ = 80)

214

TODD:

215

p sempre legato

215a

215b

p

There was a

p

216

T. bar - ber and his wife, And she was beau - ti - ful, — A fool - ish

mp

219

bar - ber and his wife. She was his rea - son and his life,

221

And she was beau - ti - ful. — And she was

224

vir - tu - ous, — And he was -

p poco ritard.

R.H. *poco cresc.* R.H. *p poco ritard.*

226 *a tempo*

T. na - ive.

mp a tempo *mf subito*

228 *Molto rubato* *Tobias emerges from the cellar. His hair has turned completely white.*

p sempre legato *rall.* *a tempo* *rall.*

232

a tempo *rall.* *molto ritard. e morendo*

TOBIAS: *(Singing in an eerie voice)* 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 cofn. Pat him and prick him and mark him with B. and put him in the oven for baby and me!

TOBIAS: *(cont'd.)* *(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 siop)* 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. *(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 and looks up)*

No. 29B

THE BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD
(COMPANY)

Misterioso, con moto (♩ = 132)

1

TOBIAS: (last time)

p
At -

pp sempre legato

Detailed description: This block contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line (top staff) is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) is in bass clef and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The piano part is marked *pp sempre legato*.

5

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

His

pp

Detailed description: This block contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd." and ends with "His". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment and bass line. The piano part is marked *pp*.

9

JOHANNA & ANTHONY:

skin was pale and his eye was odd.

He

p

Detailed description: This block contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line (top staff) is in treble clef and begins with the lyrics "skin was pale and his eye was odd." and ends with "He". The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment and bass line. The piano part is marked *p*.

13
 J. A.
 shaved the fac - es of gen - tle - men Who nev - er there - af - ter were heard of a - gain.

17
 2 POLICEMEN: *p* He trod a path that few have trod, POLICEMEN, JOHANNA, ANTHONY: *p* Did

21
 Swee - ney Todd, +TOBIAS: The De - mon Bar - ber of

25
 Fleet Street.

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Rising)

29

mp

He kept a shop in

33

Lon - don Town

Of fan - cy cli - ents and

37

JUDGE: (Rising)

mp

good re - nown.

And what if none of their

41

souls were saved? They went to their Mak - er im - pec - ca - bly shaved

45 **BEGGAR WOMAN, JUDGE,
2 POLICEMEN: *mp***

By Swee - ney, by Swee - ney Todd,

8va *L.H.* *8va* *L.H.*

sempre pp

L.H. *L.H.*

49 **ALL thus far:**

p

The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

8va *L.H.*

53

56 *Pirelli and The Beadle enter.*

BEADLE:

59

mf

Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

PIRELLI:

mf

Swing your ra - zor wide, Swee - ney,

mf

63

Hold it to the skies.

Hold it to the skies.

67

Free - ly flows the blood of those who

Free - ly flows the blood of those who

71 *dim. poco a poco*

B. mor - al - ize.

P. mor - al - ize.

dim. poco a poco

dim. poco a poco

75 *The rest of the company enters.* *ALL: pp*

His

79 needs are few, his room is bare: *L.H.* He

pp

83 hard - ly us - es his fan - cy chair. *L.H.* The

L.H.

87
ALL

more he bleeds, the more he lives, He nev - er for - gets and he nev - er for - gives.

L.H. L.H.

91

Per - haps to - day you gave a nod To

L.H. p

95

Swee - ney Todd, The De - mon Bar - ber of

L.H. pp L.H.

99

Fleet Street.

102 *mp*
 ALL Swee - ney wish - es the world a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing for

105
 yes - ter - day, Hug - ging the blade, wait - ing the years,

108
 Hear - ing the mu - sic that no - bod - y hears. Swee - ney waits in the

111
 par - lor — hall, Swee - ney leans on the of - fice — wall.

CHORUS:

114

S. _____

A. _____

T. *mp*
 No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

B. *mp*
 No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

Bs. *mp*
 No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

118

S. _____

A. _____

T. *mf*
 Swee - ney wish - es the world a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing, yes, Swee - ney's weep - ing for

B. *mf*
 No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

Bs. *mf*
 Swee - ney wish - es the world a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing for yes - ter - day.

122

S. *mf cresc.*
No - one can help,

A. *mf cresc.*
No - one can help, Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney

T. *cresc.*
yes - ter - day is Swee - ney. There he is, is

B. *cresc.*
Swee - ney wish - es the world a - way, Swee - ney's weep - ing, yes

Bs. *cresc.*
Swee - ney! There he is, is Swee - ney!

125

S. *f*
Noth - ing can hide you. Is - n't that Swee - ney there be - side you?

A. *f*
there be - side you? Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. *f*
Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. *f*
Swee - ney's weep - ing for yes - ter - day is Swee - ney!

Bs. *f*
There he is, is Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

S. Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

A. Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

T. Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

B. Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

Bs. Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

ff *ff* *ff*

They point around the theater, then to the grave or the shadows, from which Todd and Mrs. Lovett appear.

Solo: There! There! There! There! There! There! There! There!

S. ney! There!

A. ney! There!

T. ney! There!

B. ney! There!

Bs. ney! There!

136 TODD:

f
At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

CHORUS:

f
At -

fff

140

T. He

CH. tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

144

T. served a dark and a hun - gry God.

CH. He served a dark and a hun - gry God.

148 MRS. LOVETT:

Musical score for Mrs. Lovett, starting at measure 148. The score includes vocal lines for Mrs. Lovett, Todd, and the Chorus, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "But To seek re-venge may lead to hell." The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *dim.*

Musical score starting at measure 152. The score includes vocal lines for M.L., T., and CH., and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "ev - 'ry - one does it, if sel - dom as well". The piano part includes a section marked "L.H." and features dynamics such as *mf* and *dim.*

155

M.L. *p*
As Swee - ney,

T. *p*
As Swee - ney,

CH.

p
L.H.

158

M.L. *pp*
As Swee - ney Todd,

T. *pp*
As Swee - ney Todd,

CH. *pp*
As Swee - ney Todd,

pp
L.H.

ALL:

ffsubito

The De - mon Bar - ber of

L.H.

ff subito

They start to exit.

Fleet

b c d

The company exits. Todd and Mrs. Lovett are the last to leave, Todd upstage, Mrs. Lovett into the wings.

Street!

f g h to 168

Play 3 times

Just before they exit, they exchange a look. Mrs. Lovett goes. Todd steps through the iron door, glares malevolently at us for a moment, then slams the door in our faces.

Blackout.

fff

Blackout.

The following scene was cut from the production during previews for reasons of time. It took place immediately after No. 10B and is included here because the authors feel it helps particularize the character of Judge Turpin.

No. 11

JOHANNA

(JUDGE TURPIN)

(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

1 JUDGE: *mf* 1a

Me - a cul - pa, me - a cul - pa, Me - a max - i - ma cul - pa, Me - a

2 2a

max - i - ma max - i - ma cul - pa.

Moderato, non rubato (♩ = 160)

3 *f*

God de - liv - er me! Re - lease me! For - give me! Re - strain me!

7 *poco rall.* *He peers through the keyhole of the door to Johanna's room.*

J. *Per - vade me!*

p poco rall.

11 *A tempo* *-Safety-* *(last time) p*

Jo -

sempre p e legato

15 *han - na, Jo - han - na, So sud - den - ly a wom - an,*

19 *The light be - hind your win - dow, It pen - e - trates your*

22 mp

J. *gown.*
sempre p

mf subito *dim.*

Jo -

25

han - na, Jo - han - na, The sun, I see the sun through your...

mp

29 *f* *f* *f* *f*

f subito

Ashamed, he turns away. He sinks to his knees, starts tearing off his robe.

No! God! De - liv - er me! De - liv - er me!

33 *mf* *mp* *p*

Down! Down. Down... Jo -

dim. poco a poco

37

J. *han - na, Jo - han - na, I watch you from the shad - ows.*

p

41

You sigh be - fore your win - dow And gaze up - on the

44

town. Your

mf subito dim.

mp

47

lips part, Jo - han - na, So young and soft and beau - ti - ful. . .

mp

51 (Flails himself) (Flails himself again) (Again) (Again)

J. God! De - liv - er me! Filth! Leave me!

55 *cantabile*

Jo - han - na! Jo - han - na! I trea - sured you in in - no - cence

59 *mf*

And loved you like a daugh - ter.

mf legato

63

You mock me, Jo - han - na, You tempt me with your

R.H. *cresc.*

66 *poco cresc.*

J. in - no - cence. You tempt me with those quiv - er - ing -

69 *(Flails himself) ff subito* No! *(Again)* God! *(Again)* De - liv - er me!

72 *(Again)* It will *(Again)* Stop! *(Again)* Now! It will

75 *(Again)* Stop *(Again) f* Right *(Again) mf* Now. *(Again, becoming exhausted)* Right

dim. poco a poco

79 (Again) *mp* (Again, weakly) (Again) *p* Panting, he knees his way

J. Now. Right Now...

mp *dim. poco a poco*

82a over to the door and peers through the keyhole. 82b 82c 82d *p*

Jo -

p sempre legato

83

han - na, Jo - han - na, I can - not keep you long - er.

87

The world is at your win - dow, You want to fly a -

90 *cresc.* *mf*

J. way. You

93

stir me, Jo - han - na, So sud - den - ly a

mf *cresc. poco a poco*

96

wom - an. I can - not watch you one more day. . .

99 *ff* (Whips himself) (Again) (Again) (Again)

— God! De - liv - er me! God! De - liv - er me!

103 (Again) (Again) *fff* (Climaxing)

J. God! De - liv - er - - God!!

106 *dim.*

mp

L.H. *mp* / *dim. poco a poco*

108 *As he relaxes and regains control of himself, he starts to dress.*

J. *p*

Jo -

han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll keep you here for - ev - er,

p legato

I'll wed you on the mor - row. Jo -

dolce

han - na, Jo - han - na, The world will nev - er touch you,

124

J. *cresc.*
 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,

132

dim.
 No long - er as a daugh - ter, As a wom - an.

(Now fully dressed)

136

mp *poco cresc.*
 Jo - han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll hold you here for -

139 *poco cresc.*

J. ev - er then, You'll keep a - way from win - dows and

poco cresc.

142 *mp subito*

You'll de - liv - er me, Jo - han - na, From this

mp subito

146 *dim. poco a poco*

Hot red dev - il With your

dim. poco a poco

150

soft white cool vir - gin

L.H.

L.H.

154

pp

palms. . .

pp

(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 a 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)*

The following song was added for the London production and should be considered optional.

No. 27A (Insert)

SEARCHING (Part II)
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

35 //36 (Soft cry) 37

Bea-dle, dear! Bea - dle!

(♩ = 100)
38 (Looks around) 38A

(4 + 2) *Gua* *p*

38B 38C *f* (Terrified) *gliss.* 38D (Crouches)

(*Gua*) *f* (Terrified) *gliss.* (Crouches)
Bea - dle!..

Larghetto (♩ = 66)

38E (Vacantly) 38F

Bea - dle dee - dle dee - dle Dee - dle dee - dle dee - dle

p

38G (Whimpers) 38H 38I (Agitato) 38J (Growls lasciviously, prowls around)

Dump - ling...

mp

38K (Sees the chest) 38L (Feels it) 38M (♩ = 144) 38N (♩ = ♩)

molto ritard

dim. *p*

38O (Opens window) 38P 38Q 38R

38S 38T (Sees imaginary baby) 38U (Scream and wail) 38V 38W 38X

38Y (Clutches baby to her) 38Z 38AA (Pats and rocks it) 38BB 38CC 38DD

39 39A 39B

why should you weep then, my Jo, my jing? Ooh... Your

(mp) *p*

p *piu mosso* *mp*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 39, 39A, and 39B. The vocal line starts at measure 39 with the lyrics 'why should you weep then, my Jo, my jing?'. Measure 39A continues the vocal line. Measure 39B features a vocal line with 'Ooh...' and a piano line with 'Your'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). Performance markings include *piu mosso* and hairpins for crescendo and decrescendo.

39C 39D 39E

fath - er's at tea with the Swed - ish king. He'll

p

Detailed description: This system contains measures 39C, 39D, and 39E. The vocal line starts at measure 39C with the lyrics 'fath - er's at tea with the Swed - ish king.' Measure 39D continues the vocal line. Measure 39E features a vocal line with 'He'll'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

39F 39G 39H 39I

bring you the moon on a sil - ver string. Ooh... Ooh...

p

Detailed description: This system contains measures 39F, 39G, 39H, and 39I. The vocal line starts at measure 39F with the lyrics 'bring you the moon on a sil - ver string.' Measure 39G continues the vocal line. Measure 39H features a vocal line with 'Ooh...'. Measure 39I features a vocal line with 'Ooh...'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

39R (Bounces the baby gently) 39S

He'll be com - ing soon now to kiss you, my

poco cresc. *gliss.* *molto* *sub. p*

39T 39U 39V

Jo, my jing, Bring-ing you the moon and a shoe and a wed-ding ring. He'll be com - ing

39W 40 (TODD appears) TODD:You! What are you doing here?

here a - gain, home a - gain.

poco cresc. *ff*