

START —

BEADLE

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

ANTHONY

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

BEADLE

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

ANTHONY

Johanna.

BEADLE

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

ANTHONY

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

BEADLE

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

ANTHONY

You have no right to order me about.

BEADLE

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

ANTHONY

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

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

BEADLE

(Calling after them)

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

STOP

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

Ah, Miss

(Anthony, Johanna, Beggar Woman)

Con moto, poco rubato (♩ = 88)

START

ANTHONY: 3
(Gazing at Johanna)

1 2 3 4

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

Str.
mp
Hn.
+ Organ

5 6 7 8

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

Ob.
Wws.
Hn., Bsn., Vln., Vc.

9 10 11 12

seen such a won - der. La - dy,

rit.
dim.

a tempo
(ANTHONY)

13

Musical score for measures 13-15. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics: "Look at me, look at me miss, oh look at me please oh, Fav-or me, fav-or me with your". The piano accompaniment includes Flute (Fl.), Harp, String (Str.) with pizzicato (pizz.) and Triangles (Tri.), and Horn (Hn.). Dynamics include *p* and *V* (accents).

Musical score for measures 16-18. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics: "glance. Ah, miss, What do you, what do you see off there in those trees oh,". The piano accompaniment includes Harp, String (Str.) with pizzicato (pizz.) and arco, and Horn (Hn.). Dynamics include *p*, *(arco)*, and *(pizz.)*.

Musical score for measures 19-20. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics: "Won't you give, won't you give me a chance? Who would". The piano accompaniment includes Horn (Hn.), Woodwind (Wws.), and Violin/Viola (Vlas., Vc.). Dynamics include *pp* and *V* (accents).

21

(ANTHONY)

22 23

sail to Spain, for all its won - ders, When in Kern-ey's Lane lies the

Vlns. + fl

Cl

Ob

Harp, Bell Tree

Bsn

Hr., B. Cl., Vc., Bs.

mf

24 25 26

great-est won-der yet? Ah, miss, Look at you, look at you pale and iv-or-y-skinned oh,

Fl.

Harp, Str. (pizz.) + Tri.

Hr.

mp

27 28 29

Look at you look-ing so sad, so queer. Pro-mise Not to re-treat to the dark-ness

Fl.

Harp (mf)

Vlns., Vc.

Harp, Str. (pizz.) + Tri.

mp

(ANTHONY)

30 back of your win - dow, 31 Not till you, not till you look down 32 here. Look at

Fl.

Harp,
Str. (pizz.)
+ Tri.

Hu.

mf

33 JOHANNA:

(ANTHONY) Green finch and lin - net bird, 34 night - in - gale, black - bird,

me! Look at

Fl.

Cl.

Bsn.

Harp & Organ

mf

B. Cl.

Tbn. 2

Tbn. 3

Vc., Bs.

35

Teach me how to sing. 36 If I can - not fly, Let me

me! Look at

Ob.

Hu.

Vlins.

Harp & Organ

f

Tbns.

Vc., Bs.

Stop

Piano / Conductor

#9 - Ah, Miss

(JOHANNA)

(Their eyes meet. They gaze at each other for a moment.)

37 38 39 To 41

sing... (ANTHONY)

me...

Wws. + Hn.

Wws.

mp p

41 BEGGAR WOMAN: (Grabbing Anthony from a garbage heap) (Johanna, frightened, slips back inside the house. The Beggar Woman thrusts her bowl

42

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

2 Vins. Soli

Vla. Solo

sub. mf

Tbus. + Hn.

Harp dim. mp

Vc., Bs. Vc., Bs.

at Anthony, who hastily drops a coin into it, then turns back to discover Johanna gone)

43

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

ANTHONY

ME!
LOOK AT
ME!

LOOK AT ME...

JOHANNA

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

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

START**BEGGAR WOMAN**

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

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

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

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

ANTHONY

One moment, mother.

(SHE turns)

Perhaps you know whose house this is?

BEGGAR WOMAN

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

ANTHONY

And the young lady who resides there?

BEGGAR WOMAN

Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward.

(Slyly confidential)

But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide.

(SHE nods her head)

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

(Leers at him)

END

(JOHANNA)

poco rit.

a tempo

34 35 36

Fl. Are you scream - ing?

Vlrs., Vla.

Harp *p*

Wws. & Hn.

Organ (Celeste) *sempre rubato* *mp*

Bsn., Vc. & Bs. (pizz.)

START

37 38 39 40

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

Harp

Wws.

Hn. *mf* *mf*

Bsn., Vc. & Bs.

(Anthony enters. Instantly he sees her and stands transfixed by her beauty.)

41 42 43 44

Have you de - cid - ed it's saf - er in ca - ges, Sing - ing when you're told?

f

A tempo, tranquillo

55

(JOHANNA)

56

57

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

Harp

Vlms., Vla.

mp

Hn.

Vc., Bs.

poco rit.

58

59

If I can-not fly, let me

Harp

Wws.

p

Bsn.

a tempo

61

62

(She gazes disconsolately into the middle distance.)

sing.

Fls. & Vlms., Vla.

mp

Hn.

Segue as one

STOP

JUDGE

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

TODD

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

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

ANTHONY

JOHANNA MARRIES ME SUNDAY!
EVERYTHING'S SET, WE LEAVE TONIGHT!
WE'LL BE IN PARIS BY MONDAY
OUT OF THAT HEARTLESS TYRANT'S SIGHT

JUDGE

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

ANTHONY

Judge Turpin!

JUDGE

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

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

Johanna elope with you?—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)

SOP

ANTHONY

Mr. Todd!

TODD

(Shouting)

Out! Out, I say!

The Worst Pies In London

Mrs. Lovett does not notice Todd until his shadow passes across her. (Mrs. Lovett)
She looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks

MRS. LOVETT: A customer!

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 96)

2 MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

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

Str. *Harp, Org., Fl & Ob.* *Str.*

f *mp* *sempre leggiero* *f* *mp*

Vla., Cl. *Vla., Cl.*

(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? 4 Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

Str. *sim.*

Wds., Hp., Org., Perc. *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

Vla., Cl.

(Todd grunts)

(Mrs. Lovett flicks dust from a pie)

5 have-n't seen a cus-tom-er for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? 6 Do for-give me if me

Fl., Ob., Bsn. *Str.* *Fl., Ob., Bsn.*

f *mp*

(Plucks something off a pie) 7 8 (Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)

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

Str., Hp., Wtus. Org., Wtus. Wtus. Fl., Ob., Bsn. Str. Str.

(Flicks at something on the counter) (Spots it moving) (Smacks it with her hand) (Looks at her hand) (Wipes it on her apron) 9 10

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

Clar. Str. Bsn. Bsn. (Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) rit. (Todd nods and grunts)

11 12 (Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) rit. (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

Ob.

13 *poco rit.* 14 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato* 15 16

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

Wws.
Str.
Hn.
Harp, Bs. + Tbus.

17 18 19

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

Vlns., Wws.
Str.
Vla., Cello
Hn., Hp.
Hp., Hns., Bass

20 21 22 23

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

Add Wws.
Hn. Cello

pp. *p.* *pp.* *pp.*

24 25 26

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

Wws. (8va)
Strings
Tbus.
Vla., Cello
Hn. Cello
Bs. Bs.

27 (Todd bites into the pie) 28 29

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

Vlrs., Wws. *Str.*

Hn. *Hn., Hp.*

Vla., Cello

Harp, Bs. *Bsn., Bs.*

30 31 32 33

have to con - cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here,

Hrp.

34 35 (Gives him ale)

drink this, you'll need it. The

qp. *qp.*

36 37 38

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

Wws. (8va) *Strings*

Hn. *Hrp., Tbn., Bs.*

Bsn.

STOP

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

(During the following, the JUDGE appears and tears off his mask, revealing himself. SHE screams as HE reaches for her, struggling wildly as the BEADLE hurls her to the floor. HE holds her there as the JUDGE ravishes her and the masked dancers pirouette around them)

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

START

TODD

(A wild shout)

Would no one have mercy on her?

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Coolly)

So it is you—Benjamin Barker.

TODD

(Frighteningly vehement)

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

Where is my wife? Where's Lucy?

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

And my daughter?

MRS. LOVETT

Johanna? He's got her.

TODD

He? Judge Turpin?

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

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

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Awed)

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

(No reaction from TODD)

You got any money?

(Still no reaction)

Listen to me! You got any money?

TODD

No money.

MRS. LOVETT

Then how you going to live even?

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

Oh, you poor thing! You poor thing!

(A sudden thought)

STOP

Wait!

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

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

#7—My Friends

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

(MRS. LOVETT)

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

TODD

Silver, yes.

(Quietly, looking into the box)

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS.
SEE HOW THEY GLISTEN.

(Picks up a small razor)

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

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

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

(Listening)

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

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)

STAB

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 perffessional.

(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)

—get awful 'ot.

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

PIRELLI

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

(Holding up razor)

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

(For a long moment TODD stands gazing at him)

end

#17—Pirelli's Death

PIRELLI

(Sings, nastily)

YOU TINK-A YOU SMART?

YOU FOOLISH-A BOY.

TOMORROW YOU START

IN MY-A EMPLOY!

YOU UNNER-A-STAN'?

YOU LIKE-A MY PLAN—?

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

STACT

Piano / Conductor

#27 - Epiphany

(TODD) 45 46 47

Slash Slash

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

Wws. (Svn)
Brass

Vlins., Vla.

Str.
Tbus.

+ Perc.

Organ *ff*

Tbn.
Vc., Bs.

48 49 50

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

Vlins., Vla.

Organ
+ Tbn
Vc., Bs.

Cantabile

51 52 53

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

Vlins., Vla.

Hn.

Brass

Clars.

mf

Harp

Vc., Bs.

(TODD)

54 55

Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on!

Wws. (8va)
Brass

Vlins., Vla.

Vlins., Vla.

Organ
+ Tbn.
Vc., Bs.

56 57

Swee-ney's wait-ing! I want you bleed-ers!

Str. Tbn.

Organ

58 59

You, sir! An-y-bo-dy! Gen-tle-men, now don't be shy! Not

(TODD) *Cantabile*

60 61

one man no, Nor ten men, Nor a

Vln., Vla.
Hu *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

Clars.
mp *cresc. poco a poco*

Harp

Vc., Bs.

62 63

hun - dred can as - suage me, I will

Vln. (Sua)
Vla., Tpt.
Hu

Clars.

Harp (Sua)
Cello

Bs.
+ Timp.

Moderato alla marcia (♩ = 138)

64 65

have you!

Picc.
Tpt.

Clars.
Tbns.

Organ *ff*

Vc., Bs.

(TODD)

66 67

And I

Picc.
Tpt.

Clars.
Tbn.

+ Perc.

Organ
+ Tbn.
Vc., Bs.

68 69

will get him back e - ven as he gloats. In the

Vlrs.
Vla.

mp

mf

Organ
Cello
+ Perc.

70 71

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

Vlrs.
Vla.

mp

mf

Organ
Cello
+ Perc.

(TODD)

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

Vlns., Vla

Hrn. cresc. poco a poco

Clars.

Harp cresc. poco a poco

Organ + Tbn. Vc., Bs

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

76 *work* waits, I'm a -

Str

Organ Brass

Vc., Bs.

78 (TODD)

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

79

Str.

Organ

Brass

Vc., Bs.

+ Hrt.

end

80 81 82 83

Wtus.

Str.

Wtus.

+ Xylo.

+ Br.

Organ

p

ff

TOBIAS

(Downstairs, unaware of this)

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

(HE jumps up and starts out)

MRS. LOVETT

I wouldn't want to, I'm sure, dear.

(TODD violently continues with the strangling)

TOBIAS

(Calling on the stairs)

Signor! It's late! The tailor, sir.

(Remembering)

Oh, me wig!

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

#18—Pirelli's Death Underscore

START _____

TOBIAS

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

TODD

Signor Pirelli has been called away.

TOBIAS

Where did he go?

TODD

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

TOBIAS

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

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

TODD

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

TOBIAS

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

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

TODD

(Moving toward him)

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

TOBIAS

I'd say, sir.

(Patting his stomach)

An aching void.

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

TODD

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

(Afterthought)

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

TOBIAS

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

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

Gin, dear? Why not!

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

#19—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd**THREE TENORS**

(Enter and sing)

HIS HANDS WERE QUICK, HIS FINGERS STRONG.
IT STUNG A LITTLE BUT NOT FOR LONG.
AND THOSE WHO THOUGHT HIM A SIMPLE CLOD

ACT II

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. 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.

(cue - Blackout)

Moderato (♩ = 132)

Organ

Whistle

Brass & Clunes

Organ,
Vc., Bs.,
Bsn., Tbn.

START

Whistle

Str.

Harp & Wtus.

Brass

Low Brass

Organ,
Vc., Bs.,
Bsn., Tbn.

+ Hn.

7 L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩.)

TOBIAS:

8 9 10

La - dies and gen - tle - men! May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?

Vlrs., Vla.

Str. cont.

Tpts.

Harp, Bells

+ Wws. (8va)

Cello + Hn.

Hn.

11 12 13 14 15

Are your nos - trils a - quiv - er and ting - ling as well At that de - li - cate lus - cious am -

Tpts.

Wws. out

Bsn., Tbus.,
Bass
+ Timp.

Hn.

Tbus.

16 17 18 19 20

bro - si - al smell? Yes they are, I can tell. Well,

Fls.

Tpts.

+ Hn.

Tbus.
Bass

21 (TOBIAS)

22 23 24

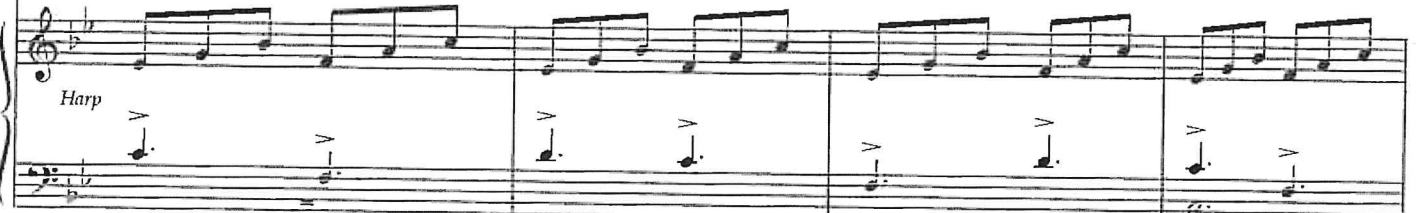
La - dies and gen - tle - men, That a - ro - ma en - rich - ing the breeze — Is like



Vlns., Vla.



Harp

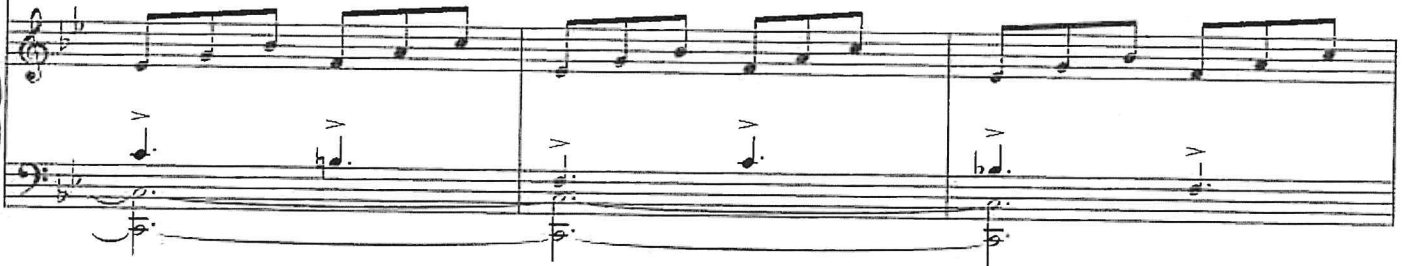


*Bass
Hrn.
Bsn.*

*Bsn.
Timp.
Bass*

25 26 27

noth - ing com - pared to its suc - cu - lent source, As the gour - mets a - mong you will

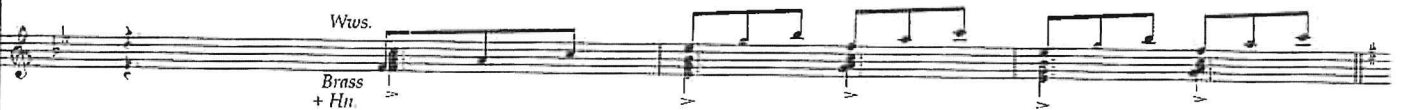


28 29 30

tell you, of course. —



*Wws.
Brass
+ Hrn.*



+ Bass

(TOBIAS)

31 32 33 34 35

La - dies and gen - tle - men, you can't im - a - gine the rap - ture in store

Vlns., Vla.

Harp

Tpts., Trn., Wtes.

Cello, Bnss, Bsn.

(Indicating the pie shop)

36 37 38 To 41

L'istesso tempo (He beats his drum)

Just in - side of this door!

Harp, Strings, Brass, Organ

Sit. Dr. + Timp. *ff*

Sit. Dr. + Timp.

Sit. Dr.

Harp

end

41 42 43 44

There you'll sam - ple Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies, Sa - vor - y and sweet pies, as you'll see.

mf *sempre staccato*

Harp

45 46 47 48

You who eat pies, Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies Con - jure up the treat pies used to be!

Hrn.

Bsn., Vc. & Bs.