RICHARD BARR, CHARLES WOODWARD
ROBERT FRYER, MARY LEA JOHNSON, MARTIN RICHARDS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
DEAN & JUDY MANOS
PRESENT

ANGELA LANSBURY, LEN CARIOL

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 LYNOCK, SARAH RICE, JOAQUIN ROMAGUERA, JACK ERIC WILLIAMS

DANCE AND MOVEMENT BY
LARRY FULLER

PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY
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COSTUMES DESIGNED BY
FRANNE LEE

LIGHTING DESIGNED BY
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ORCHESTRATIONS BY
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RUTH MITCHELL

ASSISTANTS TO THE PRODUCERS
JERRY SIRCHIA AND SAM CROSTERS

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 Ible,
Betsy Joslyn, Nancy Killmer, Frank Kopyc, Spain Logue, Craig Lucas,
Pamela McLemon, 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
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INSTRUMENTATION

Strings: 6 Violins; 2 Violas; 2 Cellos; 1 String Bass; 1 Harp.

Keyboard: Yamaha ES 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: Bb, and Fg Clarinet; Flute; Piccolo
Reed 3: Bass Clarinet; Fg Clarinet; (Flute optional).
Reed 4: Oboe; English Horn; (Fg Clarinet optional).
Reed: 5: Bassoon; (Fg Clarinet optional).

Percussion: 3 Timpani; Concert Bass Drum; Concert-size Xylophone; Vibraphone; Snare Drum; tuneable Tom-Toms;
Bass Drum with pedal; Orchestral Bells; large Tam-Tam (at least 36 inches); full set of Chimes; various
Suspended Cymbals (4); Wood Block; Crash Cymbals; Bell Tree; Tambourine; Washboard.

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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performance of this work, whether legitimate, stock, amateur or foreign should be ad-
dressed to the licensing agent.
For Milton Horowitz and Henry Erle
SWEENEY TODD
The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

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)

*Optional

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

Two workmen enter and cross to the drop.

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

No.1
THE BALLAD OF SWEENEY TODD
(TODD, COMPANY)

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

Misterioso, con moto (\( \frac{3}{4}, 132 \))

1st MAN (Bass or Baritone):

At-

Piano

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.
shaved the faces of gentlemen Who never thereafter were heard of again.

He trod a path that few have trod, Did

Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of

Fleet Street.
2nd MAN (Tenor): 

He kept a shop in

London Town Of fancy clients and

good renown. And what if none of their

souls were saved? They went to their Maker impeccably shaved
By Swee - ney, by Swee - ney Todd,

The De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.
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 body into the grave. A woman pours black ashes into the hole from a tin canister marked "Flour".
Freely flows the blood of those who

dim. poco a poco

(end of Chorus)

mor-al-ize.

dim. poco a poco

mor-al-ize.

dim. poco a poco

mor-al-ize.

fff
TOBIAS: mp

His

3rd MAN (Baritone):

needs were few, his room was bare:

La
dva-bo and a fancy chair,
mug of suds and a leather strop, An apron, a towel, a pail and a mop.
2 WOMEN (Mezzos):

For neat-ness he de-serves a nod,

Does

ALL: pp

Swee - ney Todd,

The De - mon Bar - ber of

Fleet Street.

WOMEN:

In - con-spic-u - ous Swee - ney was,
Quick and qui-et and clean 'e was.
Back of his smile, under his word, Swee-ney heard mu-sic that no-bod-y heard.

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

CHORUS:
S.

A.

B.

Bs.

Swee-ney was smooth, Swee-ney was sub-tle, Swee-ney would blink and rats would scut-tle.
Inconspicuous Sweeney was, Quick and quiet and like a perfect ma-
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle.

Inconspicuous Sweeney was, Quick and quiet and clean 'e was.

They start to gather around the grave.
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and
Sweeney! Clean 'e was, was Sweeney!
Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle.

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

like a perfect machine he was, was Sweeney!

Keen he was, was Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
ney!

ney!

ney!

ney!

ney!

ney!

136  TODD: (Rising from the grave)  ff

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

138

CHORUS:

fff

At -
He tend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

He served a dark and vengeful God.

What happened then... well, that's the play. And
he wouldn’t want us to give it away,

Not Sweeney,

Not Sweeney Todd,
The

The

Demon Barber of Fleet Street!

Demon Barber of Fleet Street!

Blackout.
ACT I

No. 2 & 2A

NO PLACE LIKE LONDON

(ANTHONY, TODD, BEGGAR WOMAN)


ANTHONY: mf
I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders From the Dardanelles to the
mountains of Peru, But there's no place like London! I feel

cresc.

home again. I could hear the city bells ring, what-

dim.

Mr. Todd, sir?

ever I would do. No, there's no--

TODD: (Grimly) mf

No, there's no place like London...

You are

L.H.

f

You will

mp

poco dim.
Rubato \( \text{\( \frac{J}{j} = 66 \)} \)

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.

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

**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.

A Beggar Woman appears.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:**

Alm... alms... for a mis'-ra'-ble woman On a mis'-ra'-ble

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

chilly morning.

Thank you, sir, thank you...
(d =  \( \frac{3}{4} \)) more relaxed

\textit{mf sub.}

'Ow would you like a little muff, dear, A little jig, jig, A little

\textit{mf}

bounce around the bush? Wouldn't you like to push me parsley? You looks to

\textit{Tempo Primo (d = \( \frac{3}{4} \))}

(Turns to Todd, pathetically)

\textit{mp sub.}

me, dear, like you got plenty there to push! Alms! Alms! for a pitiful

\textit{L.H. mp/}

wom-an Wot's got wan-der-in' wits...Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter?
TODD: (Turning away) Must you glare at me, woman? Off with you! . . . Off, I say!

A tempo ($\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}}$)

BEGGAR WOMAN:

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

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

The Beggar Woman scuttles away.
BEGGAR WOMAN: (Exiting) (Disappears)

Alms! Alms! for a pitiful woman.

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.

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.

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

ANTHONY: Mr. Todd, before TODD (Fiercely): What is it? ANTHONY: I have nothing to forgive. ANTHONY: we part --
honored my promise never to question you. Whatever brought you to that sorry shipwreck is your affair. And yet, during those many weeks of the voyage home, I have come to think of you as friend and, if trouble lies ahead for you in

London...if you need help—or money—

TODD: No! (As Anthony draws back, startled)

There's a hole in the world like a great black pit, And the ver-min of the world in-hab-it it, And its mor-als are n't worth what a pig could spit, And it goes by the name of Lon-don.
At the top of the hole sit the privileged few, Making
mock of the vermin in the lower zoo, Turning beauty into filth and
greed. I, too, have sailed the world and seen its
wonders, For the cruelty of men is as
wondrous as Peru, But there's no place like London!

Meno mosso

There was a

barber and his wife, And she was beautiful, A foolish

barber and his wife. She was his reason and his life,
And she was beautiful.

And she was virtuous.

And he was naive.

There was an
other man who saw
That she was beautiful
A pious

vulture of the law,
Who with a gesture of his claw
Removed the

barber from his plate.
Then there was nothing but to wait,

And she would fall, So soft, So young, So lost and oh, so
TODD: poco rall. mp 247 a tempo

Oh, that was many years ago.
I'm off to Plymouth. TODD: If you want, you may well find me. Around Fleet Street, I wouldn't wonder.

ANTHONY: Well, until then, Mr. Todd.

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

Safetee  

TODD: (last time)  

There's a

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

shit, And the vermin of the world in-hab-it it...
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 outside staircase. Mrs. Lovett, a vigorous, slatternly woman in her forties, enters and begins preparing dough, flicking flies off the trays of pies. Todd appears at the end of the street and moves slowly toward the pieshop, looking around as if
remembering. Seeing the shop, he pauses a moment at some distance, gazing at it and at Mrs. Lovett, who has now picked up a wicked-looking knife and starts chopping suet.

\( \text{\textit{L'istesso tempo}} \)

After a beat, Todd moves toward the shop, hesitates, and then enters.
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 (\( \text{q} = 112 \))

MRS. LOVETT:

\text{(Sticks the knife into the counter)}

(Wipes her hands on her apron)

(Pushes Todd onto a stool)

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

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

You gave me such a 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
M. L.

head's a little vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd think we had the plague from the way that people

keep avoiding... No, you don't! Heaven knows I try, sir! Yich! But there's no one comes in

even to inhale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hardly

blame them. These are probably the worst pies in London.
I know why nobody cares to take them. I should know, I make them, But good? No, The worst pies in London.

Even that's polite. The worst pies in London.

(Todd bites into the pie)

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just disgusting? You have to con...
(Gives him ale)

cede it. It's nothing but crust-ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

sempre f

worst pies in London. And no wonder, with the price of

Tempo io

(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)

Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it (grunt) Never (grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men'd think it was a

Treat finding poor (grunt) animals (grunt) wot are dying in the street. Mrs. Moo-ney has a
pie shop, Does a bus-ness, but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

(Rolls the dough)

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

(Pounds the dough)

(grunt) Pop-ping pussies in-to pies. Would’n’t do in my shop. Just the thought of it’s e-

(Again) rit.

nough to make you sick. And I’m tell-ing you, them pus-sy-cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is
Meno mosso, sempre rubato

hard, sir.

Even harder than the worst pies in London.

(As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)

Only lard and nothing more. Is that just revolting? All

greasy and gritty. It looks like it's

molt ing and tastes like... Well, pity a
a tempo, molto espressivo

a tempo, molto espressivo

limited wind

And the worst pies in

cresc.

Rubato

London.

Ah, sir, times is hard, times is

Tempo 10

mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)
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 ($j = 50$)

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.

There was a

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

art-i-st with a knife, But they trans-port-ed him for life. And he was
A tempo, delicato (in 3)

Barker, his name was - - Benjamin Barker.

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

MRS. LOVETT: (last time)

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

chance for the world on a string.

Poor
M. L.

thing. Poor

L. H.

33

thing. There were these

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

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

lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.

Più mosso (in 1)

judge, one of 'em his beadle. Every day they'd
nudge and they'd wheedle. Still she wouldn't

budge from her needle. Too

bad, Pure thing. So they merely

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

shipped the poor blighter off south, they did. Leaving her with
Barker's wife takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.

nothing but grief and a year-old kid. Did she use her
cresc.

head even then? Oh no, God forbid! Poor

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

(Intake of breath)

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

thing.

p subito
name... Pretty little Johanna... *(Drifts off)*

TODD: *(Tensely)* Go on.

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

Well,

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

Moderato cantabile *(d = 16/16)*

Beadle calls on her, all polite, Poor thing, Poor thing.

The judge, he tells her, is all contrite. He
M.L.

blames himself for her dreadful plight. She must come straight to his

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.

Meno mosso – Minuet

A tempo

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

The wife looks around dazedly, mimes drinking champagne.

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

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

thinks, Poor thing. "Oh, where is Judge Tur - pin?" she asks.
The Judge appears and tears off first his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. The wife screams as he reaches for her. She struggles wildly as the Beadle burls her to the floor. He holds her there as the Judge mounts her while the masked dancers pirouette around the ravishment, giggling. It wasn’t no match for such craft, you see, and everyone thought it so droll. They figured she had to be daft, you see, so
all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see. Poor soul!

Poor thing!

TODD: (With a wild shout)
Would no one have mercy on her?
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 'lgh 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 hos-
ital, 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? May-
be 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 (d = 100)

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
TOGG:

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

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

Più mosso

He holds the razor to his ear. rit.

friend, My faith-ful friend.

pa tempo

Speak to me, friend. Whisper, I'll lis-ten._

p a tempo
I know, I know. You've been locked out of sight all these years, like me, my friend. Well, I've come home to find you waiting.

Home, and we're together,
And we'll do wonders,— Won't we?

MRS. LOVETT: (Fondling Todd gently)
a tempo

I'm your friend, too, Mis-ter Todd, If you on-ly

You there, my friend. Come, let me hold you._

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_
You've come home. Always had a fondness for you, I did. My clever friend.

Never fear, Mister Todd. You can move in now, my friends. Soon I'll unfold you.

here, Mister Todd. Splendors you never have dreamed all your

Soon you'll know splendors you never have dreamed all your
days will be yours. I'm your friend, and you're
days, My lucky friends. Till now your

mine! Don't they shine beautiful! Silver's good enough for me,
shines was merely silver.

Friends, you shall drip rubies.
You'll soon drip precious rubies...

A tempo, sempre dolce

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

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

TODD: My right arm is complete again!
Meno mosso, ben marcato

COMPANY: (Appearing suddenly)  
Todd exits slowly, holding the razor high.

Lift your razor high, Swee­ney.

Hear it sing­ing, “Yes!”
Sink it in the rosy skin of righteousness.
Beadle: mp

His voice was soft, his manner mild.

4 Women:

He seldom laughed but he often smiled.

Bass:

He'd seen how civilized men behave. He never forgot and he never forgave,

All: p

Not Sweeney, Not
Sweeney Todd,
The Demon Barber of

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.

(Add electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.)

Safety

ad lib.

ad lib.

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)

He lifts the bird cages up to her.

Allegretto, poco rubato \( (\text{\textit{\textit{\textit{\textbf{\text{"}}}}} = 112)\)\)

JOHANNA:
Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black bird, How is it you sing?
How can you jubilate, sitting in cages, never taking wing?

Outside the sky waits, beckoning, beckoning, just beyond the bars.

How can you remain, staring at the rain, maddened by the stars?

Poco rit.  
Poco accel. e cresc.

L.H.  
Simile  
Dim.
How is it you sing anything? How is it you sing?

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

Con poco moto

Whence comes this melody constantly flowing? Is it rejoicing or

merely hal - lo - ing? Are you discussing or fussing or simply
poco rit.  a tempo

dreaming?  Are you crowing?

p subito

poco rit.  a tempo

Are you screaming?

poco rit.

a tempo, sempre rubato

mp

Ring dove and robinet, is it for wages, Singing to be sold?

mp

Have you decided it's safer in cages,
Sing-ing when you're told?

My cage has man-y rooms, dam-ask and dark. Noth-ing there sings, not
e-ven my lark. Larks nev-er will, you know, when they're cap-tive.

Teach me to be more a-dap-tive.
Tranquillo

a tempo

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

If I cannot fly, let me

She gases disconsolately into the middle distance.
No. 7

AH, MISS

(ANTHONY, JOHANNA, BEGGER WOMAN)

Con moto, poco rubato (\( \text{\textbf{\textit{d}} = 80} \))

ANTHONY: (Gazing at Johanna) \textit{mp}

1

I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders From the

3

R.H. \textit{mp}

5

sempre \( \textit{mp} \)

pearls of Spain to the rubies of Tibet, But not even in London have I

8

L.H.

seen such a wonder.

La dy,

9

dim.

rit.

13

a \textit{tempo}

Look at me look at me miss, oh look at me please oh, Favor me favor me with your

p a \textit{tempo}
Ah, miss, what do you see off there in those trees oh, won't you give me a chance? Who would sail to Spain, for all its wonders, when in Keaney's Lane lies the greatest wonder yet? Ah, miss, look at you look at you pale and ivory-skinned oh, look at you looking so sad, so
Johanna:

(Anthony)

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

Nightingale, blackbird, Teach me how to sing.

Look at me!
Their eyes meet. They gaze at

If I cannot fly, Let me sing...

Look at me...

each other for a moment.

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

Alms! Alms! For a mis’ra’ble woman... Beg your pardon, it’s

Woman thrusts her bowl at Anthony, who Bastily drops a coin into it, then turns back to discover Jobanna gone.

you, sir... Thank yer, thank yer kindly...
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)

Hey! Hoy! Sailor boy! Want it snugly harbored?
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, ANTHONY: (Tossing coins at her) Here and here and here! lifting her skirts. Take it and be off with you! Off!

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

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

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?

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, singling the cages on his back, and starts off) Have pleasure of the bird, sir. (Exits)

Segue
Johanna reappears at the window. Anthony holds the cage up as a present, beckoning her down. She hesitates, smiles, nods, disappears into the house. He waits. Shyly, almost furtively, she slips out of the door and stands there. He moves toward her, holding out the cage. Slowly her hand goes out toward him.

Tranquillo (d = 66)

Bird sounds continue, then fade.

feel you, Johanna, I

feel you. I was half convinced I'd waken,
Sat - is - fied e - nough to dream you. Hap - pi - ly, I was mis - tak -

en, Joh - na! I'll steal

dim.  

you, Joh - na, I'll steal you...

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

JUDGE: (Shouting) Johanna! Johanna!

JOHANNA: Oh dear! (Forgetting the birdcage, she scurries to the house)

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

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

(last time)

Safety-
... but the most respectful sentiments of --

JUDGE: (To Beadle) Dispose of him. He strides toward the house.

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

ANTHONY: But friend, I have no fight with you.

The Beadle opens the cage door, takes the bird out, wrings its neck and then tosses it away.

BEADLE: Get the gist of it, friend? Next time it'll be your neck. He starts after the Judge and Johanna.
JUDGE: Johanna, if I were to think you encouraged that young rogue... JUDGE: (Relenting, petting her cheek) Dear child. (gazing at her lustfully) How sweet you look in that light muslin gown. Johanna runs into the house, the Judge after her. The Beadle follows. Anthony is left alone, the empty cage in his hands.

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

Maestoso \( \left( \dot{J} = 66 \right) \)

ANTHONY: I'll steal you, Johanna, I'll

Con poco moto

\( \text{mf} \)

steal you. Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window. I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair...

A tempo

feel you, Joanna, And
He smashes the cage.

one day I'll steal you.

Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweetly buried in your poco cresc.

yellow hair.

cresc. poco a poco

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

\( \text{\( j = 132 \)} \)

A band-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: Eyetalian. All the rage, he is.

TODD: Not for long.

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

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

MRS. LOVETT: (Sees 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!
May I have your attention, please?

Do you wake every morning in shame and despair to discover your pillow is covered with hair?

Wot ought not to be there?

Well,
Ladies and gentlemen, From now on you can wake up at ease. You need

never again have a worry or care, I will show you a miracle

marvelous rare.

Gentlemen, you are a

A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.

TOBIAS: (Reassuringly)

bought to see something that rose from the dead...

...on the top of my
head!

Scarce-ly a month a-go, gen-tle-men, I was

sud-den-ly struck with a rare Or-ien-tal dis-ease.

Though the

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

cov-er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov-ic-e's knees.
I was dying of shame
Till a gentleman came,

An illustrious barber, Pirelli by name.
He

gave me a liquid as precious as gold.

rubbed it in daily like wot I was told.
And be-
He beats the drum and doffs his cap dramatically, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders.

L'istesso tempo

old!

'Twas Pirelli's Miracle Elixir, That's wot did the trick, sir, True, sir, true.

semper staccato

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an Elixir
T.

ought to do. How 'bout a bot-tle, mis-ter? Only costs a pen-ny, guar-an-

70 (TOBIAS) He proffers bottles of the elixir to the crowd.

eed. Go a-head and tug, sir, Go a-head, sir, hard - er

1st MAN: (To 2nd Man)

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

2nd MAN: (To 2nd Man)

MEN: You don’t need...

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!

sempre staccato
(Gently applying the 1st Man's band to the wet spot)

Tis unique. Rub a minute. Stimulatin', in' it?

(To others)

Soon you'll have to thin it once a week. Penny buys a bottle-guaranteed.

(TOBIAS)

Teed. 'Ow about a sample? Have you ever smelled a cleaner?

(To 3rd Man)

1st WOMAN:

2nd WOMAN:

1st MAN:

2nd MAN:

3rd MAN:

Pen-ny buys a bottle, might as well. (To 2nd Woman)

Wot che' think?
(TOBIAS) (To 1st Man)

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)

Penny buys a bot-tle, does it?

cresc. mp subito sempre staccato

(Points to a long-haired man)

Soon there'll be e-nough, sir, some-bod-y can grab it. See that chap with

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

cresc.
TOBIAS:

(Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)

TODD:

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

Let me have a bot-tle. Make that two.

1st MAN:

2nd MAN:

MRS. LOVETT:

Ab-so-lute-ly real, mum.

(To a man in the crowd)

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

TODD:

stench?

1st WOMAN:

2nd WOMAN:

Then a-gain I could get some for Har-ry. Noth-ing-workson Har-ry, dear, 'bye-

3rd WOMAN:

2nd MAN:

1st MAN:

I'm just pass-ing through.

3rd MAN:

How a-bout a beer? You know a pub? There's one close

Pass it
(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.

soon sprouts curls. Try Pi-rel-li's! When they see how thick, sir,
(TOBIAS)
You can have your pick, sir, of the girls! Want to buy a bottle, missus?

MRS. LOVETT:

TODD:

1st & 2nd MAN:

3rd & 4th MAN:

(TOBIAS)

(MRS. LOVETT) f

(TODD)

This? What is this? (Handing the bottle back distastefully)

1st MAN:

2nd MAN:

4th MAN:

3rd MAN: (To 2nd Man)

I'll take one. What was that?
TOBIAS: How about a sample?
MRS. LOVETT: How about a sample, sir?
TODD: Wouldn't touch it if I was you, dear.
2nd MAN: Looks like piss. This is piss. Piss with...? Wotcher think?
2nd WOMAN & 5th MAN: Says it smells like piss or something.

(TOBIAS) (Trying to calm the crowd)

MRS. LOVETT: Never mind that madman, sir.
TODD: What does that smell like to you, sir?

INK.

WOMEN: Let me smell that bottle. I don't want no ink-piss! What is this?
MEN: Let me smell that bottle. I don't want no ink-piss! What is this?
(TOBIAS)

Never mind the madman.

(MRS. LOVETT)

Give 'em back their money!

(TODD)

Where is this P-i-r-e-l-l-i?

(WOMEN)

Where is this P-i-r-e-l-l-i?

(MEN)

Give us back our money!

Yeah, where is this P-i-r-e-l-l-i?

(TOBIAS)

What does that smell like to you, ma'am?

Yeah, where is this P-i-r-e-l-l-i?

(MRS. LOVETT)

Let P-i-r-e-l-l-i's activate your roots, sir.

(TODD)

Keep it off your boots, sir.

(WOMEN)

rel-l-i?

(MEN)

rel-l-i?
(TOBIAS)

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

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)

Eats right through!

CROWD:

Go and get Pi-rel-li!

(TOBIAS)

Ladies seem to love it!

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)

Flies do, too!

(CROWD)

The crowd laughs uproariously.
CROWD:
Hand the bloody money over!  Hand the bloody money over!

TOBIAS: (Frenetically)
See Pi - rel - li's Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir grow a lit - tle wick, sir,

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

Like a good e - lix - ir al - ways does.  Trust Pi - rel - li's!
If your hair is sick, sir, Fix it in the nick, sir, Don't look grim.

Just Pirelli's Miracle Elixir, That'll do the trick, sir!

(TOBIAS)

If you've got a kick, sir!

3 MEN:

What about the money?
159 TOBIAS:

CROWD:

S.

What about the money? Where is this Pirelli?

A.

What about the money? Where is this Pirelli?

T.

Yeah, where is this Pirelli?

B.

Yeah, where is this Pirelli?

R.H.

cresc.

161 (TOBIAS)

S.

Tell it to the mixer of the

Go and get Pirelli! What about our

A.

Go and get Pirelli! What about our

T.

Go and get Pirelli! What about our money?

B.

Go and get Pirelli! What about our money?
Pirelli bursts through the curtain flamboyantly. The crowd falls silent, stunned. TOBIAS: (Exhausted)

Talk to him!
No. 9A  PIRELLI'S ENTRANCE
(PIRELLI)

Moderato, con molto rubato

PIRELLI:

Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment. I am Adolfo Pirelli.

accel.

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

accel.

7

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

I

p

f a tempo

Da so fa-mous Pi-rel-li, I wish-a to know-a who has-a da
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 "ooh!" 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 band for silence. Slowly he swaggered 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.  

TOOD: 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 burries  
off into the caravan)  

TOOD: The fastest, smoothest shave is the win-
ner. (He blows his whistle)  

PIRELLI: Ready!  

TOOD: Ready!  

PIRELLI: 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: Agitato (J = 144)

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

Todd also strops his razor, but with painstaking slowness.
PIRELLI: (last time)

Now signorini, signori, we mix a da lather, but first a you

Gather around, Signorini, signori, you looking a man who have

(Lathering his man) (To the customer,

had a da glory to shave a da Pope! Mister Sweeney whoever I

as be accidentally lathers his nose)

beg a your pardon'll probably say it was only a cardinal.
(Finishes lathering the man)

Noope!

(Exchanges his brush for a razor)

It was a da Pope!

To shave a da

(Fshaves his man, with flourishes)

grazioso

face,

To pull a da toot'

Re-qui-re da grace

And not-a da

brute,

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

Todd strops his razor slowly and deliberately, disconcerting Pirelli and drawing the crowd’s attention.

PIRELLI: (Getting the crowd’s attention back)

a tempo

lip a bit, and dat’s a da trut’!

To shave a da

lento

mp a tempo
54

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

(Gesturing to Tobias, who pulls down an elaborate anatomical chart of the head)

57

Meno mosso

heart.

It take-a da art.

I show you a chart

I stud-y-a

57

Again, Todd slowly strops his razor.

PIRELLI: (Gaining confidence)

58

start-ing in my yout'

To cut-a da

62

as be 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
whistle, Dis is from early infancy da

talent give to me by God! It take-a da skill. It take-a da

brains, It take-a da will To take-a da pains. It take-a da

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

pace, It take-a da grace. The winner is Todd!
MRS. LOVETT: (Feels the customer's cheek) Smooth as a baby's arse! (The crowd "oooh" and "aahs")

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

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

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.

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


TOBIAS: (In terror) Me, Signor? Oh, not a tooth, sir, I beg of you! I ain't got a twinge -- not the tiniest pain. I . . .

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

BEADLE: Ready?

PIRELLI: Ready!

TODD: Ready!

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)

１ Molto rubato

PIRELLI: *mf

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

Ow!

Ooh!

³ (To the squirming Tobias) (To the crowd) *ritt. accel. poco a poco

root... *mf Now hold-a da still! *p An' if a you slip you grip a bit. you

Anhh--!

Ah...

Hohn... Hohn... Hohn...

² (To the crowd) *ritt. accel. poco a poco

*An optional cut may be taken from here to the asterisk on page 110.
hit da pit of it or chip-a-da tip an' have-a to fill! To pull-a da
Honh... Honh... Honh... Ohhh Anhh!

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

place. You try to e-rase Wid-out-a da trace... Some-time is da
Uh... Uh... Uh...
Pirelli withdraws the extractor and wrestles Tobias into a new position.

case you even a kill.

To hold-a da clamp Wid-out-a da

Anh-eee!

Unh... Unh...

molto espressivo Pirelli clamps bis band over Tobias' mouth. (To Tobias)

Wid all dat saliva. It could-a drive-a you cra-zy (don'mut-ter or (Muffled)

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

(Removes bis band and re-inserts the extractor) (To the crowd, forcing a smile)

Back-a you go to the gut-ter), I Hold-a da clamp like a but-ter-a cup! I take-a da

accel.

back-a you go to the gut-ter), I hold-a da clamp like a butter-a cup! I take-a da

Mmmm

ph!

a tempo
pains, I learn - a da art, I use - a da brains, I give - a da

Todd, with a tiny tug, extracts his man's tooth.

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

The Beadle blows his whistle, the crowd roars its approval.
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. (Bow to crowd) Signori! Bellissime signorine! Buon giorno! Buon giorno a tutti! (Kicking Tobias afoot of him, be 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 be may have bad 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 (\( \mathbf{\text{J} = 132} \))

(As the whistle dies)
SOLO BASS:

Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned, Like a perfect machine planned,

SOLO BARI:

Barbing the hook, Baiting the trap, Setting it out for the Beadle to snap.

SOLO TENOR:

Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did, Set a sort of a scene, 'e did,

SOPR. & TENOR:

Laying the trail, Showing the traces, Letting it lead to higher places.
Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned, Like a perfect ma-

Laying the trail, Showing the trac-es, Letting it lead to

chine 'e planned, Sly-ly court-ed 'im, Sweeney did.

Laying the trail, Showing the trac-es,

higher plac-es, Sly-ly court-ed 'im, Sweeney did.
(WOMEN)

Swee

(TENORS)

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

(BARIS. & BASSES)

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

(WOMEN)

ney...

(TENORS)

ney...

(BARIS. & BASSES)

Swee-ney...

Segue to No. 12
No. 12

WAIT

(MRS. LOVETT, BEGGER 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 (d = 50)

BEGGER WOMAN:

(To a generous passerby) Thank you... (She shuffles...)

Alms... alms... for a mis’ra-ble...

R.H.

L.H.

mf

mp

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!

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!

Piu 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.

Alms... alms... for a desperate woman...

MRS. LOVETT: (Putting the chair down)
It’s not much of a chair, but it’ll do till you get your fancy new one.

As Mrs. Lovett appears, Todd relaxes somewhat. Mrs. Lovett is now very proprietary towards him.

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.

MRS. LOVETT: And who says the week’s out yet? It’s only Friday.

Todd continues pacing restlessly.
Adagio espressivo ma non rubato ($j = 112$)

MRS. LOVETT:

\[
\text{Eas - y now. - Hush, love, hush._ Don't dis - tress _ your _ self,}
\]

\[
\text{What's your rush? _ Keep your thoughts _ Nice and lush.}
\]

\[
\text{p Todd keeps pacing. (32 to 38) 38 mp}
\text{Wait. Hush, love, hush._}
\]

\[
\text{Think it through._ Once it bub - bles, then what's to do?}
\]
Todd grows calmer.

Watch it close.  Let it brew.  Wait.

Mrs. Lovett looks around the room.

I've been thinking, flowers—Maybe daisies—To

brighten up the room. . . Don't you think some flowers—Pretty

daisies, Might relieve the gloom? Ah,
Wait, love, wait.

TODD: (Intensely) And the Judge? When will I get him? MRS. LOVETT: Can't you think of nothin' else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago -- (Todd turns away violently with a biss)

MRS. LOVETT:

Slow, love, slow... Time's so fast...

Now goes quickly. See, now it's past!... Soon will come,... Soon will last...
Todd grows calm again.

Wait.

Don't you know, silly man,

Half the fun is to plan the plan? All good things come to those who can

dim.

Todd sits quietly. Mrs. Lovett looks around the room again.

Wait.

Gilly-flowers may be, 'stead of daisies... I don't know, though...

dim. poco a poco
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:** (Docilely) Yes. **MRS. LOVETT:**

**anthony:**

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

**TODD:** Yes.

**ANTHONY:** I congratulate you. *(Turning to Mrs. Lovett)* And... er...

**MRS. LOVETT:** Mrs. Lovett, sir.

**ANTHONY:** A pleasure, ma'am. Oh, Mr. Todd, I have so much to tell you. I have found the fairest and most loving maid that any man could dream of! And yet there are problems. She has a guardian so tyrannical that she is kept shut up from human eye. But now this morning this key fell from her shuttered window. *(He holds up Johanna's key)* The surest sign that Johanna loves me and...
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 coquettsishly, 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 band)

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

TODD: Why? (In the shop, Mrs. Lovett puts a stool for Tobias to sit down and bands 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)

\( \text{\textit{Nastily, quasi parlando}} \)

1

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

4

\textit{(sung)}

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

Todd knocks the razor out of his hand and, in a protracted struggle, starts to strangle him.

5

Tobias: (Downstairs, unaware of this) Oh, gawd, he's got an appointment with his tailor!

6

Tobias: (Let die away naturally)

You like-a my plan?
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: 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 band, which he doesn’t notice. Todd at this moment does, however. Suddenly he is all nervous smiles)

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

TOBIAS: Oh yes, sir. She’s a real kind lady.

TOBIAS: I’d say, sir. (Patting his stomach) An aching void. (Once again his band is on the edge of the chest, moving toward Pirelli’s band. Slowly now, we see the fingers of Pirelli’s band stirring, feebly trying to clutch Tobias’ band. When it has almost reached him, Todd grabs Tobias up off the chest)

One whole pie. (As he speaks, his band moves very close to Pirelli’s band)

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?

TODD: Then why don’t you run downstairs and wait for your master there?
(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)

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)

Segue

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

Three tenors enter and sing.

Andante con moto (\( \frac{4}{4} = 132 \))
hands were quick, his fingers strong.

stung a little but not for long.
those who thought him a simple clod Were soon reconsidering under the sod,

Consigned there with a friendly prod

From
T. I

Sweeney Todd,

T. II

Sweeney Todd,

T. III

Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.
T. I
See your razor gleam, Sweeney, Feel how

T. II
See your razor gleam, Sweeney, Feel how

T. III
See your razor gleam, Sweeney, Feel how

T. I
well it fits

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.

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 condemned prisoner is led away.) Court adjourned. (During the following, the Judge removes cap, wig, and gown)
No. 12D

UNDERSCORE

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

CUE NO. 1

\( \text{\(J = 144\)} \)

(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.
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)

JOHANNA:

He means to marry me Monday. What shall I do? I'd rather die.

ANTHONY:

I have a

(Not listening to him)

I'll swallow poison on Sunday, that's what I'll do, I'll get some lye.

I have a plan.

...
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!

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

(Slyly) mp

Oh, sir...

Kiss me!

Ah, miss...

(to 11)

dim.
(Pacing again)

If he should marry me Monday, What will I do? I'll die of grief.

'Tis Friday, virtually Sunday, What can we do with time so brief?

Behind the curtain, 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
Still, there was a... Wait! There's another click, You must have heard that...

gate, You don't have a gate. If you'd only listen, miss, And

cresc.

Tonight?

To-night? You mean to-

kiss me! Kiss me!

L.H. f

night? Oh, sir!

I feel a

The plan is made, So kiss me.
fright.
Sire, I did love you even as I

Be not afraid. Tonight I’ll steal

saw you. Even as it did not matter that I

you, John

did not know your name.

na, I’ll steal
you.

It's me you'll marry on Monday,

And gladly, sir. I knew I'd be with you one day,

That's what you'll do! St. Dunstan's, noon.

Even not knowing who you were. I feared you'd never come, That you'd been called away,

Ah, miss, marry me, marry me, miss, Oh marry me Monday!
J.
That you’d been killed, had the plague, were in debtor’s jail,

A.
Favor me, favor me with your hand. Promise,

L.H.

35
Trampled by a horse, gone to sea again, arrested by the...
marry me, marry me, Please, oh marry me Monday...

36
Kiss me!

Of course.

Kiss me!

You’re sure?
No. 14  

**LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES**  
*(BEADLE)*

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

**Allegretto grazioso (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 144\))**

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

**BEADLE:**

"Excuse me, my lord, May I request, my lord, Permission, my lord, to"
speak?
Forgive me if I suggest, my lord, You're

looking less than your best, my lord, There's powder upon your

vest, my lord, And stubble upon your cheek.

And ladies, my lord, are
JUDGE: Perhaps if she greets me cordially upon my return, I should give her a small gift...
You defer to her gentility, my lord.

Personal disorder cannot be ignored,

Given their genteel proclivities.

Meaning no offense, it happens they resents it,
JUDGE: (Feeling his chin) Stubble, you say? Perhaps at times I am a little overhasty with my morning ablutions...

Beadle:

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord. Fret

Tempo primo

not, though, my lord, I know a place, my lord, A barber, my lord, of skill. Thus armed with a shaven face, my lord, Some

eau de cologne to brace my lord, And musk to enhance the
chase, my lord, You'll dazzle the girl until

She bows to your every

JUDGE: That may well be so.

BEADLE: (As they reach the Judge's house) BEADLE: In Fleet Street, sir. JUDGE: (cont'd) Take me to him.
Well, here we are, sir. I bid you good day. JUDGE: Perhaps you may be right. (They start off)

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

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

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

Allegro (\( \text{\textbf{\textit{j}} = 132} \))

A

B

BEADLE: \( \text{mp} \)

The name is

1

(BEADLE)

JUDGE: Todd, eh?

BEADLE: Swee ney

Todd,

JOHANNA:

ANTHONY: \( \text{mp} \)

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
(JOHANNA)

I think I heard a noise, I mean another noise. Oh, never mind, just a noise, just another noise, night.

(ANTHONY)

Fear not. Like what? You mustn't mind, It's a

L.H.

Something in the street, I'm a silly little ninny noddy, noise, just another noise, something in the street, you silly...

(Falling into his arms)

Kiss me! Oh, sir...

Kiss me! We'll go to Paris on Monday.
What shall I wear? I dare not pack. With you beside me on Sunday,

We'll ride a train.

What will I care what things I lack? I'll take my reticule. I'll need my reticule.

Then sail to Spain. Why take your reticule? We'll buy a

You mustn't think me a fool, But my reticule

reticule. I'd never think you a fool, but a
never leaves my side, It's the only thing my mother gave me...

reticule... Leave it all aside and begin again and...
cresc.

16

Johanna:
Kiss me! Kiss me!

Anthony:
Kiss me! I know a

Beadle:
The name is Todd.

Judge:
Todd?

L.H.
JOH.

We'll go there. Kiss me! We have a place where we can go tonight. Kiss me! We have a place where we can go tonight! I loved you even as I loved you even as I

A.

B.

Todd, Swee-ney Todd.

J.

Swee-ney Todd.

L.H.
saw you, Even as it does not matter that I

han-na! Joh-anna! Joh-

Todd. Todd. Todd.

Todd. Todd. Todd. L.H.

still don’t know your name.

han-na! An-tho-ny.

mf
JOH.  
An-tho-ny!  I'll mar-ry An-tho-ny Sun-day!
A.  
You mar-ry An-tho-ny Sun-day!
B.  
Todd.  Ladies in their sen-si-
J.  
Todd?  Todd, eh?

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,  Have a frag-ile sen-si-
J.  Pray lead the way.
On-ly a-fraid that you’d for-got. I feared you’d nev-er come, That you’d been called a-way,

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

b i l - i - t y... When a girl’s e - mer-gent,

J.

Just as you say.

L.H.

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

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

Pro-ba-bly it’s ur-gent.
Trampled by a horse, gone to sea again, Arrested by the...

marry me, marry me, That you'll marry me, Enough of all this...

Ladies in their sensi

Anthony crushes Jobanna to him. They kiss.

Oh, sir...

tivities...

Orch.
Anthony and Johanna sink onto the couch, embracing.

JOH.

A.

B.

J.

L.H.

42

JOH.

A.

B.

J.

(JUDGE)

Todd...

molto dim.
No. 15A

UNDERSCORE

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

unfreeze from the positions in which they were last seen.
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.

(Tobias climbs the stairs. As she enters the parlor) Ah me, my 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 gasps down, then spins to Todd) You're crazy mad! Killing a man won't 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 noggins.

(As she sits deep in thought, we see the Judge and Beadle coming up the street)

BEADLE: (Pointing) There you are, sir. Above the pie shop, 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 gurnor 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 bolding 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 bolding 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 (\( \frac{j}{j} = 144 \))

1

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

JUDGE:  

You

see, sir, a man in - fat - u - ate with love, Her ar - dent and ea - ger slave,
fetch the pomade and pumice stone, And lend me a more seductive tone,

sprinkling perhaps of French cologne, But first, sir, I think... a

A tempo

TODD:

The closest I ever shave.
He whips the sheet over the Judge and tucks the bib in. The Judge flicks imaginary dust off the sheet, bummimg as be
gave.

does so.

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

(Gaily) f

(Whistles)
You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire the
What more can man require?

blood to pound, The heart leap higher, What more can man require than

More than love, sir. Women. Pretty

love, sir? What, sir? Ah, yes, women.

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

women.

(Jauntily) mf

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

Todd puts the razor down, tilts the Judge's head back and closes the Judge's eyes, then stands back to survey him.
No. 16A  PRETTY WOMEN (Part II)  
(TODD, JUDGE, ANTHONY)

Ad lib. (\( \text{J} = 144 \))

TODD: (Finishing the lathering of the Judge’s face)  
(Hesitating at the throat)

\( \text{mf} \)

(Whistles)

\( \text{molto rit. e dim.} \)

\( \text{(Puts down brush, picks up razor)} \)

\( \text{(To the razor)} \)

\( \text{Now then, my friend,} \)
Now to your purpose. Patience, enjoy it, Re-

(TODD)

Nodding

venge can't be taken in haste. (Opens his eyes suddenly)

My

JUDGE:

Make haste, and if we wed, you'll be commend-ed, sir.

lord.

And who may it be said, is your intended, sir?

My

(JUDGE) Todd freezes. JUDGE: And pretty as a rosebud. TODD: As pretty as her mother? JUDGE: What? What was that?
TOOD: Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing. May we proceed? The Judge leans back again. Todd brings the razor down to his throat.

\[ J = 72 \]

TOOD: (Shaving him)

Pretty woman... fascinating... Sipping coffee... dancing...

Non rubato

\[ mp \text{ subito} \]

Pretty woman... are a wonder... Pretty woman!

\[ \text{dim.} \]

Sitting in the window or Standing on the stair,

\[ \text{sempre mp} \]
Something in them... cheers the air...

(TODD)

Pretty women...
Stay within you...

JUDGE:

Silhouetted...
Glancing...

Stay forever...
Pretty women...
Pretty woman!

Breathing lightly...
Pretty woman!...
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair,
Blowing out their candles... Combing out their hair, then they leave,
Even when they leave, they still are leave.
Even when they leave you and vanish, they somehow can still remain there,
They're there. Ah,
there with you, There with you. Ah,
Pretty women at their mirrors,
letter-writing,
weather-watching,

Pretty women in their gardens,
flower-picking,

How they make a man sing!
Proof of heaven

as you're living,
Pretty woman, sir, pretty woman,
Here's to

as you're living,
Pretty woman, sir, pretty woman,
Yes,
Todd raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the Judge’s throat when Anthony bursts in.

(\( \text{\textit{\textit{\textbf{ff}}}} \) 74)

**T.**

pret-ty wom-en, All the pret-ty wom-en!

**J.**

pret-ty wom-en, sir, Pret-ty wom-en, pret-ty wom-en, sir, pret-ty wom-en...

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{\( \text{\textit{\textbf{ff}} \)}}}} \)

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{\( \text{\textit{\textbf{\( J = 120 \)}} \)}}}} \)

**ANTHONY:** \( \text{\textbf{f}} \)

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

\( \text{\textsf{L.H.}} \) \( \text{\textsf{\textit{\textit{\textbf{f subito}}}}} \)

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

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 beneath 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.

MRS. LOVETT: No, I had him! His throat was there and he'll never come again!

MRS. LOVETT: Easy now. Hush, love, hush.

TODD: I keep telling you... (Violently) What's your rush?

When? Why did I
(TODD)

wait? You told me to wait! Now he'll never come a-

gain!
Feroces There's a

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

vermin of the world inhabit it... But not for
Meno mosso (\( \dot{=} 120 \))

They

\( f \)  poco dim.

R.H.

24

all
de-serve
to
die!

Tell you

26

why, Mrs. Lovett, tell you why:

Because in

28

all of the whole human race, Mrs. Lovett, There are

R.H.  L.H.

mp martellato
two kinds of men, and only two. There's the one staying put in his proper place. And the

one with his foot in the other one's face. Look at me, Mrs. Lovett, look at you! No, we

all deserve to die! Even

you, Mrs. Lovett, even so! Because the
lives of the wicked should be... made brief! For the rest of us, death will be a relief! We

all deserve to die! And I'll

never see Joanna, No, I'll

never hug my girl to me. Finished!
45  (To the audience)  

    All right!  You, sir,  How about a shave?  Come and visit

48  

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

51  cantabile

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

54  

    Who, sir?  You, sir?  No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney's waiting!
I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An-y-bod-y! Gen-tle-men, now don't be shy! Not one man no, Nor ten men, Nor a hundred can as-suage me, I will have you!

Moderato alla marcia (\( \dot{J} = 80 \))
(To Mrs. Lovett)

And I will get him back even as he gloats. In the

mean-time I'll practice on less honorable throats. And my

a tempo
cresc. poco a poco

Lucy lies in ashes And I'll

a tempo
cresc. poco a poco al fine

never see my girl again, But the

*End of optional transposition.

*Cue notes to be used in conjunction with optional transposition.
work waits, I'm a-

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

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No. 18  
A LITTLE PRIEST 
(MRS. LOVETT, TODD)

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

TODD: Shame?

MRS. LOVETT:

Seems a down-right shame.

Seems an awful waste. Such a nice plump frame what's-'is'-name has...
had... has... nor it can't be traced. Bus'ness needs a

lift... Debts to be erased... Think of it as

(Todd is staring into space) (Sighs)

thrift, as a gift... If you get my drift... No?... Seems an awful

Non rubato \( \dot{J} = 60 \)

waste. I mean, with the price of
meat what it is, When you get it, If you get it... Good, you got it.

Take, for instance, Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop. Business never better, using only pussy-cats and toast.
Now a pussy's good for maybe six or seven at the most...

And I'm sure they can't compare as far as

cresc. e accel. poco a poco

taste...

Well, it

Mrs._ Lovett, What a charming notion, Eminent ly

cresc. e accel. poco a poco

It's an idea...

does seem a waste...

practical and yet appropriate, as always...

Mrs._ Lovett,
Think about it!

How I did without you all these years, I’ll never know. How de-

Lots of other gentlemen’ll soon be coming for a shave. Also under-

Wont’ they? Think of all them pies... How choice! How rare! For
what's the sound of the world out there?

What, Mr. Todd, what, Mr. Todd, what is that sound?

Those

crunching noises pervading the air?
Yes, Mister Todd, Yes, Mister Todd, Yes, all around...

It's man devouring man, my dear, And

who are we to deny it in here?

who are we to deny it in here?
Mrs. Lovett goes to the counter

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

and comes back with an imaginary pie.

MRS. LOVETT: (Holding it out to him) Here we are, hot from the oven. What is that?
93
M.L.  
\textit{a tempo}

\textit{priest.}

Have a little priest.

T.  
\textit{a tempo}

\textit{mp}

Is it really

\textit{a tempo sempre mp}

97

Sir, it's too good, at least.

Then again, they

good?

101

don't commit sins of the flesh,

So it's pretty
fresh. (Examining the pie) Awful lot of

only where it sat. fat. Have-n't you got

No, you see, the poet or something like that?
trouble with poet is, How do you

know it's deceased? Try the

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

dim. poco a poco
And good for business — always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it in Sundays.

(Offering another pie)

Law-yer's rather

nice.

Or-der some-thing

If it's for a price.

sempre mp

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

Well then, if you're

An - y - thing that's lean.

British and loyal, You might enjoy Royal Marine...

An - y - way, it's clean...

Though, of course, it
tastes of where-ever it's been...

(Looking past ber at an imaginary oven)

Is that
ten.
cresc.

Mercy

squire on the fire?

no, sir, look closer, You'll notice it's groerer.

Looks
ten.
No, it

thicker, more like vicar.

has to be grocer, it's green.

They roar with laughter.

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

Save a lot of graves, Do a lot of relatives favors...

those below serving those up above.
Ev'rybody shaves, So there should be plenty of flavors...

How gratifying for once to know that those above will serve those down below!
Mrs. Lovett surveys a tray of pies.

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

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

Butler? Locksmith? Safety-

(Offering another pie) hotter. Something subtler. Something- (Slumps, defeated)

Love-ly bit of
Then again there's

Maybe for a lark.

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

incer- Peak of his career.

That looks pretty

*Pronounced “clerk.”*
Well, he drank. No, it's bank cashier. Never really rank.

sold... Maybe it was old.

Have you any

Next week, so I'm told. Beadle isn't Beadle?
bad till you smell it and notice how

well it's been greased. Stick to

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

How can you tell?

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

It's piping hot.

(Guffaws) Then blow on it first.

They fall about with laughter.
his - to - ry of the world, my sweet...

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

who gets eat - en and who gets to eat.
And Mister Todd, too, Mister Todd, Who gets to sell.

But

Fortunately it's also clear That

Everybody goes down well with beer.

Everybody goes down well with beer.
Since marine doesn’t appeal to you, how about rear admiral? With or without
Too salty. I prefer general.

his privates? “With” is extra.

Safety... (Offering another pie)

(Guffaws)

It's

What is that?
Finest in the shop. Or we have some shepherd's pie peppered with actual shepherd on top. And I've just begun. Here's the poli-
M.L.

ti-cian, So oily it's served with a doily. Not

(Todd refuses it)

T.

297

one?

(She shakes his head)  (As she looks at him quizzically)

Put it on a bun. Well, you never

301

Try the

know if it's going to run.
Friar. Fried, it's dryer.

No, the

Then

clergy is really too coarse and too mealy.

Actor. That's compact.

Yes, and
always arrives overdone.

I'll come again when you have Judge on the menu...

Wait! True, we don't have Judge -- yet -- but we've got something you might fancy even better.
(Handing him a butcher's cleaver) Executioner.

What's that?

Todd picks up her wooden

Safety

rolling pin and hands it to her.

(last time)

Have

charity towards the world, my pet.
Yes, yes, I know, my love...

We'll take the customers that we can get.

High-born and low, my love.
not discriminate great from small. No,

f cresc. poco a poco

we'll serve anyone, Meaning anyone,

cresc. poco a poco

And to anyone at

And to anyone at
End of Act I