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CHARACTERS

SWEENEY TODD
MRS. LOVETT
ANTHONY HOPE
JOHANNA
TOBIAS RAGG
JUDGE TURPIN
THE BEADLE
BEGGAR WOMAN
ADOLFO PIRELLI
JONAS FOGG

COMPANY:
MEN
WOMEN
CUSTOMERS
LUNATICS
ETC.
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PROLOGUE

THE PLACE: London: Fleet Street and environs

THE TIME: The 19th Century

Prelude (Optional)

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

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

# 1 — The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

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

MAN (Bass)

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

ANOTHER MAN (Tenor)

HE KEPT A SHOP IN LONDON TOWN,
of FANCY CLIENTS AND GOOD RENOWN.
AND WHAT IF NONE OF THEIR SOULS WERE SAVED?
THEY WENT TO THEIR MAKER IMPECCABLY SHAVED
BY SWEENEY,
BY SWEENEY TODD,
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.
(A blinding light cuts down the stage as an upstage iron door opens. Two men enter. They carry a body in a bag, tied at both ends with rope. They are followed by a woman carrying a tin canister marked “Flour.” They walk to the edge of the grave and unceremoniously dump the body in it. The woman opens the canister and pours black ashes into the hole. This action covers the next verse of the song)

**COMPANY**

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

(Various members of the COMPANY step forward and sing)

**TOBIAS**

HIS NEEDS WERE FEW, HIS ROOM WAS BARE:

**MAN (Baritone)**

A LAVABO AND A FANCY CHAIR,

**ANOTHER MAN (Bass)**

A MUG OF SUDS AND A LEATHER STROP,

**Add TENOR**

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

**TWO WOMEN (Mezzos)**

FOR NEATNESS HE DESERVES A NOD,
DOES SWEENEY TODD,

**COMPANY**

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

**WOMEN**

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

(The MEN join in singing, voices overlapping, in a gradual crescendo)
(COMPANY)
SWEENEY WAS SMOOTH, SWEENEY WAS SUBTLE,
SWEENEY WOULD BLINK AND RATS WOULD SCUTTLE
INCONSPICUOUS SWEENEY WAS,
QUICK AND QUIET AND CLEAN 'E WAS,
LIKE A PERFECT MACHINE 'E WAS,
WAS SWEENEY!
SWEENEY!
SWEENEY!
SWEENEY!
SWEENEY!
SWEENEY!

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

TODD
ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.

COMPANY
ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.

TODD
HE SERVED A DARK AND A VENGEFUL GOD.

COMPANY
HE SERVED A DARK AND A VENGEFUL GOD.

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

TODD & COMPANY
NOT SWEENEY TODD,
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

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

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

#2 — No Place Like London

ANTHONY

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

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

TODD

(sings grimly)

NO, THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE LONDON.

ANTHONY

(surprised at the interruption)
Mr. Todd, sir?

TODD

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

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

ANTHONY

There’s no cause to thank me for that, sir. It would have been a poor Christian indeed who’d have spotted you pitching and tossing on that raft and not given the alarm.
TOOD
There’s many a Christian would have done just that and not lost a wink’s sleep for it, either.

(A ragged BEGGAR WOMAN suddenly appears)

BEGGAR WOMAN

(APPROACHING, HOLDING OUT A BOWL TO ANTHONY)

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

(ANTHONY DROPS A COIN IN HER BOWL)

THANK YER, SIR, THANK YER.

(SOFTLY, SUDDENLY LEERING IN A MAD WAY)

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

(AS ANTHONY STARTS BACK IN EMBARRASSMENT, SHE TURNS INSTANTLY AND PATHETICALLY TO
TOOD, WHO TRIES TO KEEP HIS BACK TO HER)

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

(SHE PEERS INTENTLY AT HIM)

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

BEGGAR WOMAN

(SMILING VACANTLY)

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

TOOD

(MAKING A GESTURE AS IF TO STRIKE HER)
Off, I said. To the devil with you!

(SHE SCUTTLES AWAY, TURNS TO GIVE HIM A PIERCING LOOK, THEN WANDERS OFF)
BEGGAR WOMAN

(Singing as SHE goes)

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

(Music continues under)

ANTHONY

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

TODD

(Half to himself; half to ANTHONY)
I beg your indulgence, boy. My mind is far from easy, for in these once-familiar streets I feel the chill of ghostly shadows everywhere. Forgive me.

ANTHONY

There’s nothing to forgive.

TODD

Farewell, Anthony.

ANTHONY

Mr. Todd, before we part—

TODD

(Suddenly fierce)
What is it?

ANTHONY

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

TODD

(Almost shouting)
No!

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

THERE’S A HOLE IN THE WORLD
LIKE A GREAT BLACK PIT
AND THE VERMIN OF THE WORLD
INHABIT IT
AND ITS MORALS AREN’T WORTH
WHAT A PIG COULD SPIT
AND IT GOES BY THE NAME OF LONDON.

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

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

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

(Shrugs)

NAIVE.

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

(Pauses, music under)
ANTHONY
And the lady, sir — did she — succumb?

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

(Music under)
Now, leave me, Anthony, I beg of you. There’s somewhere I must go, something I
must find out. Now. And alone.

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

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

ANTHONY
Well, until then, Mr. Todd.

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

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

(TODD has started out in alarm.)

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

(SHE sticks the knife into the counter)

YOU GAVE ME SUCH A —

(SHE wipes her hands on her apron)

FRIGHT. I THOUGHT YOU WAS A GHOST.
HALF A MINUTE, CAN’TCHER?
SIT! SIT YE DOWN!

(Forcefully)

SIT!
ALL I MEANT IS THAT I
HAVEN’T SEEN A CUSTOMER FOR WEEKS.
DID YOU COME HERE FOR A PIE, SIR?

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

DO FORGIVE ME IF ME HEAD’S A LITTLE VAGUE —
UGH!

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

WHAT IS THAT?
BUT YOU’D THINK WE HAD THE PLAGUE —

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

FROM THE WAY THAT PEOPLE —

(SHE flicks something off a pie with her finger)

KEEP AVOIDING —

(Spotting it moving)

NO YOU DON’T!

(SHE smacks it with her hand)

HEAVEN KNOWS I TRY, SIR!

(Lifts her hand, looks at it)

YICH!

(SHE wipes it on the edge of the counter)

BUT THERE’S NO ONE COMES IN EVEN TO INHALE—
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

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

(TODD nods)

MIND YOU, I CAN’T HARDLY BLAME THEM—

(Pouring a tankard of ale)

THESE ARE PROBABLY THE WORST PIES IN LONDON.
I KNOW WHY NOBODY CARES TO TAKE THEM —
I SHOULD KNOW,
I MAKE THEM.
BUT GOOD? NO,
THE WORST PIES IN LONDON—
EVEN THAT’S POLITE.
THE WORST PIES IN LONDON—
IF YOU DOUBT IT, TAKE A BITE.

(HE does)

IS THAT JUST DISGUSTING?
YOU HAVE TO CONCEDE IT.
IT’S NOTHING BUT CRUSTING—
HERE, DRINK THIS, YOU’LL NEED IT—

(SHE puts the ale in front of him)

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON—

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

AND NO WONDER WITH THE PRICE OF
MEAT WHAT IT IS

(grunt)

WHEN YOU GET IT.

(grunt)

NEVER

(grunt)

THOUGHT I’D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY MEN’D THINK IT WAS A
TREAT FINDING POOR

(grunt)

ANIMALS

(grunt)
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

(As TODD gamely tries another mouthful)

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

(Sighs heavily)

AH SIR,
TIMES IS HARD. TIMES IS HARD.

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

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

(as HE does)

That’s my boy.

TODD

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

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

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

(sighs)

AND HE WAS BEAUTIFUL ...

(Music continues under)

Barker, his name was — Benjamin Barker.

TODD

Transported? What was his crime?

MRS. LOVETT

Foolishness.

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

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

THERE WERE THESE TWO, YOU SEE,
WANTED HER LIKE MAD,
ONE OF ‘EM A JUDGE,
ONE OF ‘EM HIS BEADLE
EVERY DAY THEY’D NUDGE
AND THEY’D WHEEDELE.
STILL SHE WOULDN’T BUDGE
FROM HER NEEDLE.
TOO BAD. PURE THING.
(Far upstage, in very dim light, shapes appear. A swirl of cloth, glints of jewels, the faces of people masked as animals and demons. During the following lyric, the WIFE takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling it in her arms as SHE sobs)

(MRS. LOVETT)
So they merely shipped the poor blighter off south they did, leaving her with nothing but grief and a year-old kid. Did she use her head even then? Oh no, God forbid! Poor fool.
Ah, but there was worse yet to come—

(intake of breath)
Poor thing.

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

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

(Drifts off in reminiscence)

(TODD)

(Tensely)
Go on.

MRS. LOVETT

(Eyeing TODD sharply)
My, you do like a good story, don’t you?

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

Well, Beadle calls on her, all polite,
Poor thing, poor thing.
The judge, he tells her, is all contrite,
He blames himself for her dreadful plight,
She must come straight to his house tonight!
Poor thing, poor thing.

(Excited, almost gleeful)

Of course, when she goes there,
Poor thing, poor thing.
They’re havin’ this ball all in masks.
(The shapes are now clear. A ball is in progress at the JUDGE’s house: the COMPANY, wearing grotesque masks, is dancing a slow minuet. The BEADLE, leading the WIFE, appears, moving with her, through the dancers. HE gives her champagne. SHE looks dazedly around, terrified)

(MRS. LOVETT)

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

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

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

TODD

(A wild shout)
Would no one have mercy on her?

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Coolly)
So it is you — Benjamin Barker.

TODD

(Frighteningly vehement)
Not Barker! Not Barker! Todd now! Sweeney Todd! Where is she?

MRS. LOVETT

So changed! Good God, what did they do to you down there in bloody Australia or wherever?
TODD
Where is my wife? Where’s Lucy?

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

TODD
And my daughter?

MRS. LOVETT
Johanna? He’s got her.

TODD
He? Judge Turpin?

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

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

(TODD strikes ferociously on the pie counter with his fists)
Let them quake in their boots — Judge Turpin and the Beadle — for their hour has come.

MRS. LOVETT
(Awed)

(No reaction from TODD)
You got any money?

(Still no reaction)
Listen to me! You got any money?

TODD
No money.

MRS. LOVETT
Then how you going to live even?

TODD
I’ll live. If I have to sweat in the sewers or in the plague hospital, I’ll live — and I’ll have them.
MRS. LOVETT

Oh, you poor thing! You poor thing!

(A sudden thought)

Wait!

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

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

#5 — My Friends

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

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

TODD

Silver, yes.

(Quietly, looking into the box)

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS.
SEE HOW THEY GLISTEN.

(Picks up a small razor)

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

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

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

(Listening)

I KNOW, I KNOW —
YOU’VE BEEN LOCKED OUT OF SIGHT
ALL THESE YEARS —
LIKE ME, MY FRIEND.
WELL, I’VE COME HOME
TO FIND YOU WAITING.
HOME,
AND WE’RE TOGETHER,
AND WE’LL DO WONDERS,
WON’T WE?

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

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

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

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

MRS. LOVETT
I’M YOUR FRIEND TOO, MR. TODD.
IF YOU ONLY KNEW, MR. TODD —
OOH, MR. TODD.
YOU’RE WARM
IN MY HAND.
YOU’VE COME HOME.
ALWAYS HAD A FONDNESS FOR YOU,
I DID.

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

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

TODD
At last, my right arm is complete again!

(Lights dim except for a scalding spot on the razor as music blares forth from both the
organ and the orchestra. The COMPANY, including the JUDGE and the BEADLE,
appears and sings)
LIFT YOUR RAZOR HIGH, SWEENEY!
HEAR IT SINGING, “YES!”
SINK IT IN THE ROSY SKIN
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

Beadle

HIS VOICE WAS SOFT, HIS MANNER MILD,

Four Women

HE SELDOM LAUGHED BUT HE OFTEN SMILED.

Man (Bass)

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

Company

NOT SWEENEY,
NOT SWEENEY TODD,

Two Men (Bass & Tenor)

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET...

#6 – Green Finch and Linnet Bird

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

Johanna

And how are they today?

Bird Seller

Hungry as always, Miss Johanna.

(HE lifts the cages up to her)

Johanna

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IF I CANNOT FLY,
LET ME SING.

(SHE gazes into the middle distance disconsolately)

#7 — Ah, Miss

ANTHONY

(Gazing at her, sings softly)

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

(Breathlessly)

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

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

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

ME!
LOOK AT
ME!

LOOK AT ME ...

JOHANNA

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

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

BEGGAR WOMAN

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

(ANTHONY hurriedly digs out a coin and drops it in her bowl; SHE peers at him)
BEG YOUR PARDON, IT’S YOU, SIR...
THANK YER ... THANK YER KINDLY ...

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

ANTHONY

One moment, mother.

(SHE turns)
Perhaps you know whose house this is?

BEGGAR WOMAN

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

ANTHONY

And the young lady who resides there?

BEGGAR WOMAN

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

(Slyly confidential)
But don’t you go trespassing there, young man. Not if you value your hide.

(SHE nods her head)
Tamper there and it’s a good whipping for you — or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

(Leers at him)

HEY! HOY! SAILOR BOY!
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

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

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

ANTHONY

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

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

Which one sings the sweetest?

BIRD SELLER

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

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

ANTHONY

He sings bravely.

(Watches the cage)

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

BIRD SELLER

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

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

Have pleasure of the bird, sir.

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

#8—Johanna (Part 1)

ANTHONY

(Softly)

I FEEL YOU,
JOHANNA,
I FEEL YOU.
(ANTHONY)
I WAS HALF CONVINCED I’D WAKEN,
SATISFIED ENOUGH TO DREAM YOU.
HAPPILY I WAS MISTAKEN,
JOHANNA!
I’LL STEAL YOU,
JOHANNA,
I’LL STEAL YOU ...

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

JUDGE

(Shouting)
Johanna! Johanna!

JOHANNA

Oh, dear!

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

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

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

JUDGE

(To BEADLE)
Dispose of him!

(HE strides toward the house)

JOHANNA

Oh dear! I knew!

BEADLE

(Fondling the truncheon, to ANTHONY)
You heard His Worship.

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

(The BEADLE takes the cage from him, opens its door, takes out the bird, wrings its
neck and then tosses it away)
BEADLE
Get the gist of it, friend? Next time, it’ll be your neck!

(HE starts after the JUDGE and JOHANNA)

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

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

JUDGE

(Relenting, patting her cheek)
Dear child.

(Gazing at her lustfully)
How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.

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

#8a — Johanna (Part II)

ANTHONY

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

I FEEL YOU,
JOHANNA,
AND ONE DAY
I’LL STEAL YOU.
TILL I’M WITH YOU THEN,
I’M WITH YOU THERE,
SWEETLY BURIED IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR ...
The BEADLE is strolling around, pompously patrolling his district. TODD and MRS. LOVETT enter. TODD is carrying his razor case. MRS. LOVETT has a shopping basket)

**TODD**

(Pointing at the caravan)
That’s him? Over there?

**MRS. LOVETT**
Yes, dear. He’s always here Thursdays.

**TODD**

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

**MRS. LOVETT**
Eyetalian. All the rage, he is.

**TODD**
Not for long.

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

**TODD**
By tomorrow they’ll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

**MRS. LOVETT**
(Sees BEADLE)
Oh no! Look. The Beadle — Beadle Bamford.

**TODD**
So much the better.

**MRS. LOVETT**
But what if he recognizes you? Hadn’t we better — ?

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

**MRS. LOVETT**
Oops. Sorry, dear, I’m sure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LESS THAN THIRTY DAYS OLD!

‘TWAS PIRELLI’S
MIRACLE ELIXIR,
THAT’S WOT DID THE TRICK, SIR,
TRUE, SIR, TRUE.
WAS IT QUICK, SIR?
DID IT IN A TICK, SIR,
JUST LIKE AN ELIXIR
OUGHT TO DO!
(TOBIAS)

(To FIRST MAN)

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

CROWD

(Simultaneously)

FIRST MAN:

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, I DON’T KNOW...

SECOND MAN:

YOU DON’T NEED —

FIRST MAN:

AH, LET’S GO!

(Starts to leave)

TOBIAS:

(To THIRD MAN)

GO AHEAD AND TUG, SIR.

THIRD MAN:

PENNY FOR A BOTTLE, IS IT?

TOBIAS:

GO AHEAD, SIR, HARDER ...

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

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

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

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

(Simultaneously)

FIRST MAN:

(To SECOND MAN)

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, MIGHT AS WELL ... 

(Looks hesitantly to SECOND MAN)

THIRD MAN:

WOTCHER THINK?

SECOND WOMAN:

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

TOBIAS:

(To OTHERS)

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

FIRST WOMAN:

(To THIRD MAN)

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

FOURTH MAN:

PENNY BUYS A BOTTLE, DOES IT?

TOBIAS:

(To SECOND MAN)

THAT’S ENOUGH, SIR, AMPLE.

GENTLY DAB IT. 
GETS TO BE A HABIT. 
SOON THERE’LL BE ENOUGH, SIR, 
SOMEBODY CAN GRAB IT.

(Points to a man standing nearby)

SEE THAT CHAP WITH 
HAIR LIKE SHELLEY’S? 
YOU CAN TELL ‘E’S 
USED PIRELLI’S!
CROWD

(Simultaneously)

**FIRST MAN:**
LET ME HAVE A BOTTLE.

**SECOND MAN:**
MAKE THAT TWO.

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

**FIRST WOMAN**
THEN AGAIN I COULD GET SOME FOR HARRY...

**SECOND WOMAN:**
NOTHING WORKS ON HARRY, DEAR. BYE BYE.

**TOBIAS:**
GO AHEAD AND FEEL, MUM.
ABSOLUTELY REAL, MUM ...

**SECOND MAN:**

*(To FIRST MAN)*
HOW ABOUT A BEER?

**FIRST MAN:**
YOU KNOW A PUB?

**SECOND MAN:**
THERE’S ONE CLOSE BY.

**FIRST WOMAN:**

*(To SECOND WOMAN)*
YOU GOT ALL THE HAIR YOU NEED NOW.

**THIRD MAN:**
THAT’S NO LIE.

**FOURTH MAN:**
PASS IT BY.

**THIRD WOMAN:**
I’M JUST PASSING BY.
TODD:

(Loudly to MRS. LOVETT)

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

MRS. LOVETT:

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

TOBIAS:

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

(To FOURTH WOMAN)

WANT TO BUY A BOTTLE, MISSUS?

CROWD

(Simultaneously)

TODD:

(Sniffing FIRST MAN’s bottle)

WHAT IS THIS?

MRS. LOVETT:

(Examining THIRD MAN’s bottle)

WHAT IS THIS?

FIRST MAN:

PROPAGATES THE HAIR, SIR.

FOURTH MAN:

I’LL TAKE ONE!

TODD:

(Hands bottle back distastefully)

SMELLS LIKE PISS.

MRS. LOVETT:

SMELLS LIKE — PHEW!
SECOND MAN:
HE SAYS IT SMELLS LIKE PISS.

TODD:
LOOKS LIKE PISS.

MRS. LOVETT:
WOULDN’T TOUCH IT IF I WAS YOU, DEAR!

MEN:

(To THIRD MAN)
WOTCHER THINK?

TODD:

(Nods)
THIS IS PISS. PISS WITH INK,

SECOND WOMAN & FIFTH MAN:
SAYS IT SMELLS LIKE PISS OR SOMETHING.

TOBIAS:
PENNY FOR A BOTTLE ...
HAVE YOU EVER SMELLED A CLEANER SMELL?
HOW ABOUT A SAMPLE? ...
HOW ABOUT A SAMPLE, MISTER?

MEN & WOMEN:
LET ME SMELL THAT BOTTLE.
I DON’T WANT NO INK PISS!
WHAT IS THIS?

WOMEN:
GIVE US BACK OUR MONEY!

MEN:
WHAT DOES THAT SMELL LIKE TO YOU, MA’AM?

MRS. LOVETT:
GIVE ‘EM BACK THEIR MONEY!

TOBIAS
(Trying to calm them, gesturing to TODD)
NEVER MIND THAT MADMAN, MISTER ...
NEVER MIND THE MADMAN ...

TODD & MRS. LOVETT
WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?
CROWD

YEAH, WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?

TOBIAS

(Desperately, beating the drum out of rhythm)

LET PIRELLI’S ACTIVATE YOUR ROOTS, SIR —

TODD

KEEP IT OFF YOUR BOOTS, SIR —

EATS RIGHT THROUGH.

CROWD

GO AND GET PIRELLI!

TOBIAS

YES, GET PIRELLI’S!

USE A BOTTLE OF IT!

LADIES SEEM TO LOVE IT

MRS. LOVETT

FLIES DO, TOO!

(CROWD laughs uproariously)

CROWD

HAND THE BLOODY MONEY OVER!

HAND THE BLOODY MONEY OVER!

TOBIAS

(Frenetically fast, looking desperately toward the curtain)

SEE PIRELLI’S

MIRACLE ELIXIR

GROW A LITTLE WICK, SIR,

THEN SOME FUZZ.

THE PIRELLI’S!

SOON’LL MAKE IT THICK, SIR,

LIKE A GOOD ELIXIR

ALWAYS DOES!

TRUST PIRELLI’S!

IF YOUR HAIR IS SICK, SIR,

FIX IT IN A NICK, SIR,

DON’T LOOK GRIM.

JUST PIRELLI’S
(TOBIAS)
MIRACLE ELIXIR,
THAT’LL DO THE TRICK, SIR

3 MEN
WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?

TOBIAS
IF YOU’VE GOT A KICK, SIR —

CROWD

(Individuals, building to a shout)
WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?
WHERE IS THIS PIRELLI?
GO AND GET PIRELLI!
WHAT ABOUT OUR MONEY?

TOBIAS
TELL IT TO THE MIXER
OF THE MIRACLE ELIXIR
IF YOU’VE GOT A KICK, SIR —

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

TOBIAS

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

TALK TO HIM!

#9a — Pirelli’s Entrance

PIRELLI

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

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

(HE does)

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

TODD

I do.

(HE holds up the bottle of elixir)

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

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

TOBIAS

(Beating agitatedly on the drum, shouting)

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

TODD

(Breaking in)

And furthermore...

(Glaring at PIRELLI)

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

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

You see these razors?

MRS. LOVETT

The finest in England.

TODD

(To PIRELLI)

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

Bravo, bravo.

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

PIRELLI

(HE speaks with a fairly obvious put-on foreign accent, barely concealing an Irish underlay)
Zees are indeed fine razors. Instruments like zees once seen cannot be soon forgotten.

(Takes out a tooth-extractor)
And a fine extractor, too! You wager zees against five pounds, sir?

TODD

I do.

PIRELLI

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

TODD

(Surveying the crowd)
Friends, neighbors, who’s for a free shave?

FIRST MAN

(Stepping forward eagerly)
Me, Mr. Todd, sir.

SECOND MAN

(Stepping forward eagerly, too)
And me, Mr. Todd, sir.

TODD

Over here. Bring me a chair.

PIRELLI

(To TOBIAS)
Boy, bring ze basins, bring ze towels!

TOBIAS

Yes, sir...
PIRELLI

Quick!

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

TODD

Will Beadle Bamford be the judge?

BEADLE

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

(As another man comes on with a wooden chair and TOBIAS emerges from the caravan with basins, towels, etc., the BEADLE instantly takes over.
To MAN, indicating where to set the chair)

Put it there.

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

Ready?

PIRELLI

Ready!

TODD

Ready!

BEADLE

The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

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

#10 – The Contest (Part I)

PIRELLI

(Sings to crowd while mixing, furiously)

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

(Begins to lather his man)
(PIRELLI)

MR. SWEENEY-WHOEVER --

(Sarcastic bow to TODD)

OH, I BEG-A YOUR PARDON --

(To the customer as he lathers his nose)

'IL PROBABLY SAY IT WAS ONLY A CARDINAL --
NOPE!
IT WAS-A DA POPE!

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

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

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

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

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

I STUDY-A STARTING IN MY YOUT'!

(TODD starts slowly mixing his lather)

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

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

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

BEADLE

(Blowing whistle)

THE WINNER IS TODD.

MRS. LOVETT

(Feeling the customer’s cheek)

Smooth as a baby’s arse!

(The CROWD “oohs and aahhs”)

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

TODD

(Looks around)

And now, who’s for a tooth pulling — free without charge!

MAN (With Head Tied Up In Rag)

Me, sir. Me, sir.

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

TODD

(Looking around)

Who else?

(There is silence from the crowd)

No one?

(Turning to the BEADLE)

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

To which he is entitled!!

(To CROWD)

Right?

(The CROWD applauds)

PIRELLI

Wait! One moment. Wait!

(HE turns to TOBIAS)

You, boy. Get on that chair.

TOBIAS

(in terror)

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

PIRELLI

(Giving him a swinging blow on the cheek)

You do now!

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

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

BEADLE

Ready?

PIRELLI

Ready!

TODD

Ready!

#10a – The Contest (Part II)

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

PIRELLI

TO PULL-A DA TOOT’
WIDOUT-A DA SKILL
CAN DAMAGE DA ROOT ...
(PIRELLI)

(To the squirming TOBIAS)

NOW HOLD-A DA STILL!

(To the CROWD)

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

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

(Glaring archly at TODD)

SOMETIMES IS DA CASE
YOU EVEN-A A KILL.

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

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

(HE clamps his hand over TOBIAS’ mouth)

IT COULD-A DRIVE-A
YOU CRAZY —!

(To TOBIAS, who is groaning)

DON’ MUTTER,
OR BACK-A YOU GO TO DA GUTTER —

(To the CROWD, forcing a smile)

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

(Removes his hand and re-inserts the extractor)

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

I WIN-A DA RACE! —

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

I GIVE-A DA UP.

MAN

(Jumping up from chair)

Not a twinge of pain! Not a twinge!

MRS. LOVETT

The man's a bloody marvel!

BEADLE

(Beaming at TODD)

The two-time winner — Mr. Sweeney Todd!

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

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

PIRELLI

(With profound bow)

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

TODD

The five pounds.

PIRELLI

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

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

(Bows to CROWD)

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

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

(To TODD)
Who’d have thought it dear! You pulled it off!
(The CROWD clusters around TODD)

MAN (With Cap)
Oh, sir, Mr. Todd, sir, do you have an establishment of your own?

MRS. LOVETT
He certainly does. Sweeney Todd’s Tonsorial Parlor — above my meat pieshop on Fleet Street.
(The BEADLE strolls somewhat menacingly over to THEM)

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

MRS. LOVETT
(Concealing agitation)
Him? That’s a laugh — him being my uncle’s cousin and arrived from Birmingham yesterday.

TODD
(Very smooth)
But already, sir, I have heard Beadle Bamford spoken of with great respect.

BEADLE
(Whatever dim suspicions HE may have had allayed by the flattery)
Well, sir, I try my best for my neighbors.
(To MRS. LOVETT)
Fleet Street? Over your pieshop, ma’am?

MRS. LOVETT
That’s it, sir.

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

TODD
(Expressionless)
You will be welcome, Beadle Bamford, and I guarantee to give you, without a penny’s charge, the closest shave you will ever know.
(MRS. LOVETT takes TODD’s arm and starts with him offstage as the scene blacks out. In limbo, the BEGGAR WOMAN appears with other members of the company. THEY sing)
MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUDGE

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

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

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,
SO SUDDENLY A WOMAN,
(JUDGE)

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

(Ashamed, HE stops peering)

NO!
GOD!
DELIVER ME!

(Sinks to his knees)

DELIVER ME!

(starts tearing — off his robes)

DOWN!
DOWN.
DOWN ...

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

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

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

(Whips himself)

GOD!

(Again and again, as HE continues)

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

(Whips himself)
(JUDGE)

NO!

(Again and again)

GOD!
DELIVER ME!
IT WILL—
STOP —
NOW! IT WILL—
STOP —
RIGHT —
NOW.
RIGHT —
NOW.
RIGHT —
NOW ...

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

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,
I CANNOT KEEP YOU LONGER.
THE WORLD IS AT YOUR WINDOW,
YOU WANT TO FLY AWAY—
YOU STIR ME, JOHANNA,
SO SUDDENLY A WOMAN,
I CANNOT WATCH, YOU ONE MORE DAY—!

(Again whips himself into a frenzy)

GOD!
DELIVER ME!
GOD!
DELIVER ME!
GOD!
DELIVER—

(Climaxes)

GOD!!

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

JOHANNA, JOHANNA,
I’LL KEEP YOU HERE FOREVER,
I’LL WED YOU ON THE MORROW.
JOHANNA, JOHANNA,
THE WORLD WILL NEVER TOUCH YOU,
(JUDGE)

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

(HE is fully dressed again)

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

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

JOHANNA

Father!

JUDGE

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

JOHANNA

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

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

JUDGE

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

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

How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.
JOHANNA

’Tis nothing but an old dress, father.

JUDGE

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

JOHANNA

(Demurely, moving to the door)

Think what, dear father?

JUDGE

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

JOHANNA

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

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

JUDGE

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

JOHANNA

You have?

JUDGE

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

(Drops to his knees)

JOHANNA

(Staggered)

You?!!!

(The scene blacks out)

---

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

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

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

**MRS. LOVETT**

(Imitating her nastily)

Alms ... Alms ...

(Music continues)

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

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

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

(A cackling laugh)

Come on, dear. Have a heart, dear.

**MRS. LOVETT**

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

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

Stuck up thing! You and your fancy airs!

(Shuffling off, into the wings)

ALMS ... ALMS ...

FOR A DESPERATE WOMAN ...

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

**MRS. LOVETT**

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

(Surveying the room, music under)

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

**TODD**

Why doesn’t the Beadle come? “Before the week is out,” that’s what he said.
MRS. LOVETT

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

(As TODD paces restlessly)

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

(TODD paces)

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

(TODD grows calmer)

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

(As TODD doesn’t respond)

AH, WAIT, LOVE, WAIT.

(Music continues under)

TODD

(Intensely)

And the Judge? When will I get him?

MRS. LOVETT

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

(TODD turns away violently with a hiss)

SLOW, LOVE, SLOW.
TIME’S SO FAST.
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

(TODD grows calm again)

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

(Looking around the room)

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

TODD

(Docilely)

Yes.

MRS. LOVETT

(Gently taking the razor from him)

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

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

TODD

Anthony.

ANTHONY

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

TODD

Yes.
ANTHONY
I congratulate you.

(Turning to MRS. LOVETT)
And ... er ...

MRS. LOVETT
Mrs. Lovett, sir.

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

(HE holds up JOHANNA’s key)
The surest sign that Johanna loves me and ...

MRS. LOVETT
Johanna?

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

(HE gazes at the inscrutable TODD)

MRS. LOVETT
(After a beat)
Bring her, dear.

ANTHONY
Oh thank you, thank you, ma’am.

(To TODD)
I have your consent, Mr. Todd?

TODD
(After a pause)
The girl may come.

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

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

(Turning at the door)
My thanks! A thousand blessings on you both!

(HE hurries out and down the stairs)

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Makes a throat-cutting gesture)

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

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

PIRELLI

(With Italianate bow)

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

(HE kisses MRS. LOVETT’s hand)

MRS. LOVETT

Well, ‘ow do you do, Signor, I’m sure.

PIRELLI

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Surveying TOBIAS)

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

(Smiling at him)

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

TOBIAS

Oh yes, ma’am.
MRS. LOVETT

(Taking his hand)
Then come with me, love.
(THEY start down the stairs to the shop)

PIRELLI

Mr. Todd.

TODD

Signor Pirelli.

PIRELLI

(Reverting to Irish)
Ow, call me Danny, Daniel O’Higgins’ the name when it’s not perfessional.
(Looks around the shop)
Not much, but I imagine you’ll pretty it up a bit.
(Holds out his hand)
I’d like me five quid back, if’n ya don’t mind.

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

That’s my boy. Tuck in.

PIRELLI

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

TODD

(Very quiet)
Why do you call me that?

MRS. LOVETT

(Stroking TOBIAS’s luxurious locks)
At least you’ve got a nice full head of hair on you.

TOBIAS

Well, Ma’am, to tell the truth, Ma’am —
(HE reaches up and pulls off the “locks” which are a wig, revealing his own shortcropped hair)
— get awful 'ot.

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

PIRELLI

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

(Holding up razor)

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

(For a long moment TODD stands gazing at him)

#12a — Pirelli’s Death

(Sings, nastily)

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

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

TOBIAS

(Downstairs, unaware of this)

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

(HE jumps up and starts out)

MRS. LOVETT

I wouldn’t want to, I’m sure, dear.

(TODD violently continues with the strangling)

TOBIAS

(Calling on the stairs)

Signor! It’s late! The tailor, sir.

(Remembering)

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

# 1 2 b — P i r e l l i  D e a t h  U n d e r s c o r e

(TOBIAS)
Signor, I did like you said. I reminded you ... the tailor ... Ow, he ain’t here.

TODD
Signor Pirelli has been called away.

TOBIAS
Where did he go?

TODD
He didn’t say. You’d better run after him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOBIAS
I’d say, sir.

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

TODD

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

(Afterthought)

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

TOBIAS

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

(HE runs down the stairs to MRS. LOVETT)

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

MRS. LOVETT

Gin, dear? Why not!

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

#12c – The Ballad Of Sweeney Todd

THREE TENORS

(Enter and sing)

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

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

(The ballad ends on a crashing chord as the singers black out and lights come up on JUDGE TURPIN in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. HE is about to convict a very young boy)
JUDGE
This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. Though it is my earnest wish ever to temper justice with mercy, your persistent dedication to a life of crime is such an abomination before God and man that I have no alternative but to sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead.

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

(During the following, the JUDGE removes cap, wig and gown. To the BEADLE)
It is perhaps remiss of me to close the court so early, but the stench of those miserable wretches at the bar was so offensive to my nostrils I feared my eagerness for fresher air might well impair the soundness of my judgment.

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

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

BEADLE
Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

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

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

I HAVE A PLAN —

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

I HAVE A PLAN —

JOHANNA

(Stops pacing suddenly)

OH, DEAR, WAS THAT A NOISE?

ANTHONY

A PLAN —

JOHANNA

I THINK I HEARD A NOISE.

ANTHONY

A PLAN!

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

KISS ME!

JOHANNA

(Shyly)

OH, SIR

ANTHONY

AH, MISS

JOHANNA

OH, SIR ...

(SHE turns away, agitatedly)

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

WE FLY TONIGHT —

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

WE FLY TONIGHT —

JOHANNA

BEHIND THE CURTAIN — QUICK!

ANTHONY

TONIGHT —

JOHANNA

I THINK I HEARD A CLICK!

ANTHONY

TONIGHT!

JOHANNA

IT WAS A GATE!
IT’S THE GATE!
WE DON’T HAVE A GATE.
STILL THERE WAS A — WAIT!
THERE’S ANOTHER CLICK!
YOU MUST HAVE HEARD THAT...

ANTHONY

IT’S NOT A GATE.
THERE’S NO GATE,
YOU DON’T HAVE A GATE.
IF YOU’D ONLY LISTEN, MISS, AND —

ANTHONY

KISS ME!

JOHANNA

TONIGHT?

ANTHONY

KISS ME.

JOHANNA

YOU MEAN TONIGHT?

ANTHONY

THE PLAN IS MADE.

JOHANNA

OH, SIR!
ANTHONY
SO KISS ME.

JOHANNA
I FEEL A FRIGHT.

ANTHONY
BE NOT AFRAID.

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

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

JOHANNA
AND GLADLY SIR.

ANTHONY
ST. DUNSTAN’S, NOON.

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

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

JOHANNA
KISS ME!

ANTHONY
OF COURSE.
JOHANNA
KISS ME

ANTHONY
YOU’RE SURE?

JOHANNA
KISS ME!

ANTHONY
(Taking her in his arms)
I SHALL!

JOHANNA
KISS ME!
OH, SIR
(Lights dim on them but remain; light rises on the JUDGE and the BEADLE, still walking together. Music continues under)

#14 — Ladies In Their Sensitivities

JUDGE

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

BEADLE

EXCUSE ME, MY LORD.
MAY I REQUEST, MY LORD,
PERMISSION, MY LORD, TO SPEAK?
FORGIVE ME IF I SUGGEST, MY LORD,
YOU’RE LOOKING LESS THAN YOUR BEST, MY LORD,
THERE’S POWDER UPON YOUR VEST, MY LORD,
AND STUBBLE UPON YOUR CHEEK.
AND LADIES, MY LORD, ARE WEAK.

(Music continues)

JUDGE

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

BEADLE

(Winces delicately)

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES, MY LORD,
(BEADLE)

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

JUDGE

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

BEADLE

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

JUDGE

That may well be so.

(THEY have reached the JUDGE’s house)

BEADLE

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

JUDGE

Good day.

(HE muses, turns)
And where is this miraculous barber?

BEADLE

In Fleet Street, sir.

JUDGE

Perhaps you may be right. Take me to him.
(THEY start off. Light up on JOHANNA’s room. JOHANNA and ANTHONY get up from a couch)

BEADLE

THE NAME IS TODD...

ANTHONY

WE’D BEST NOT WAIT UNTIL MONDAY.

JUDGE

Todd, eh?

JOHANNA

SIR, I CONCUR,
AND FULLY, TOO.

BEADLE

SWEENEY TODD.

ANTHONY

IT ISN’T RIGHT.

JOHANNA

SATURDAY, SIR,

ANTHONY

WOULD ALSO DO.

OR ELSE TONIGHT.

(The JUDGE and the BEADLE move past the house)

JOHANNA

I THINK I HEARD A NOISE.

FEAR NOT.

JOHANNA

I MEAN ANOTHER NOISE!

LIKE WHAT?

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

YOU MUSTN’T MIND,
IT’S A NOISE,
JUST ANOTHER NOISE,
(JOHANNA)
NINNYNODDLE —

(ANTHONY)
SOMETHING IN THE STREET,
YOU SILLY —

BOTH

(Falling into each other’s arms)
KISS ME!

JOHANNA
OH, SIR ... 

ANTHONY
WE’LL GO TO PARIS ON MONDAY.

JOHANNA
WHAT SHALL I WEAR?
I DAREN’T PACK!

ANTHONY
WE’LL RIDE A TRAIN ...

JOHANNA
WITH YOU BESIDE ME ON SUNDAY,
WHAT WILL I CARE
WHAT THINGS I LACK?

ANTHONY
THEN SAIL TO SPAIN ...

JOHANNA
I’LL TAKE MY RETICULE.
I’LL NEED MY RETICULE
YOU MUSTN’T THINK
ME A FOOL
BUT MY RETICULE
NEVER LEAVES MY SIDE,
IT’S THE ONLY THING
MY MOTHER GAVE ME -
KISS ME!
KISS ME!

ANTHONY
WHY TAKE YOUR RETICULE?
WE’LL BUY A RETICULE.
I’D NEVER THINK
YOU A FOOL,
BUT A RETICULE -
LEAVE IT ALL ASIDE
AND BEGIN AGAIN AND
KISS ME!

JOHANNA
WE’LL GO THERE,
KISS ME!
WE HAVE A PLACE WHERE WE CAN
GO TONIGHT.

ANTHONY
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GO
TONIGHT.
KISS ME!
WE HAVE A PLACE WHERE WE CAN
GO TONIGHT.
(Simultaneously with the above)

THE NAME IS TODD

JUDGE

TODD?

BEADLE

TODD. SWEENEY TODD.

JUDGE

TODD.

BEADLE

TODD.

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

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

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

JOHANNA ...

JOHANNA ...

JOHANNA ...

BEADLE

(Simultaneously with above)

TODD ... SWEENEY TODD.

JUDGE & BEADLE

SWEENEY TODD.

ANTHONY

ANTHONY...

JUDGE

TODD?

BEADLE

TODD.
JOHANNA

ANTHONY

JUDGE

TODD, EH?

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

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

BEADLE

(Simultaneously with above)

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES, MY LORD ...

JUDGE

PRAY LEAD THE WAY.

BEADLE

HAVE A FRAGILE SENSIBILITY

JUDGE

JUST AS YOU SAY.

JOHANNA

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

ANTHONY

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

(HE crushes her to him; THEY kiss)

BEADLE

(Simultaneously with above)

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

TODD ...

JOHANNA

(As SHE sinks to the floor with ANTHONY)

OH SIR

ANTHONY

AH, MISS

JOHANNA

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

OH, SIR ...

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

#15a – Underscore

MRS. LOVETT

Maybe you should run along, dear.

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

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

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

(SHE sits down on the chest)

How long before the Eyetalian gets back?

TODD

(Still impassively cleaning the razor)

He won’t be back.

MRS. LOVETT

(Instantly suspicious)

Now, Mr. T., you didn’t!
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

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

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Turns to peer down again into the chest)

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEADLE

(Pointing)

There you are sir. Above the pieshop, sir.

JUDGE

I see. You may leave me now.

BEADLE

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

(HE starts off as the JUDGE approaches the parlor)

MRS. LOVETT

(Coming out of her pondering)

Well, first there’s the lad.

TODD

Send him up here.
MRS. LOVETT
Him, too! Now surely one’s enough for today, dear. Shouldn’t indulge yourself, you know. Now let me see, he’s half seas over already with the gin ...

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

TODD
Providence is kind!

MRS. LOVETT
Who is it?

TODD
Judge Turpin.

MRS. LOVETT
(Flushed)
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 guvnor has gone and left you high an dry. But don’t worry. Your Aunt Nellie will think of what to do with you.
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

Come on into my lovely back parlor.

(THEY disappear through the curtains)

JUDGE

(looking around)

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

TODD

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

(indicating chair)

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

(she starts to pour him more gin.)

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

(she leaves him alone)

TODD

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

#16 — Pretty Women (Part I)

JUDGE

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

THE CLOSEST I EVER GAVE.

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

JUDGE

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

TODD

(Mixing lather)

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

JUDGE

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

BOTH

WHAT MORE, WHAT MORE CAN MAN REQUIRE —

JUDGE

THAN LOVE, SIR?

TODD

MORE THAN LOVE, SIR.

JUDGE

WHAT, SIR?

TODD

WOMEN.

JUDGE

AH YES, WOMEN.

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN.

#16a – Pretty Women (Part II)

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

NOW THEN, MY FRIEND.

NOW TO YOUR PURPOSE.
(TODD)

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

JUDGE

(Opens his eyes)

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

TODD

(Bows)

MY LORD

(Goes to him)

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

JUDGE

MY WARD.

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

And pretty as a rosebud.

TODD

(Music rising)

As pretty as her mother?

JUDGE

(Mildly puzzled)

What? What was that?

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

TODD

(Musingly, lightly)

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

(Starts to shave the JUDGE)

PRETTY WOMEN ...
FASCINATING ...
SIPPING COFFEE,
DANCING ...
PRETTY WOMEN
(TODD)

ARE A WONDER.
PRETTY WOMEN.

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

PRETTY WOMEN

JUDGE

SILHOUETTED

TODD

STAY WITHIN YOU ...

JUDGE

GLANCING ...

TODD

STAY FOREVER

JUDGE

BREATHING LIGHTLY ...

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN ...

BOTH

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

JUDGE

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

TODD

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

BOTH

AH,
PRETTY WOMEN
TODD

AT THEIR MIRRORS ... JUDGE

IN THEIR GARDENS ...

TODD LETTER-WRITING

JUDGE FLOWER-PICKING

TODD WEATHER-WATCHING ...

BOTH HOW THEY MAKE A MAN SING —

PROOF OF HEAVEN

AS YOU’RE LIVING —

PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!

JUDGE TODD

PRETTY WOMEN, YES!

PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!

PRETTY WOMEN!

PRETTY WOMEN, SIR!

PRETTY WOMEN ...

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

ANTHONY

JOHANNA MARRIES ME SUNDAY,

EVERYTHING’S SET, WE LEAVE TONIGHT

(Fade on cue)

WE’LL BE IN PARIS BY MONDAY,

OUT OF THAT HEARTLESS TYRANT’S SIGHT

JUDGE

(Jumping up, spilling the basin and knocking the razor from TODD’s hand)

You!

ANTHONY

Judge Turpin!
JUDGE
There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time.

(As ANTHONY retreats, HE jumps on him and grabs him by the arm)
Johanna elope with you? Deceiving slut — I’ll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile, corrupting youth shall ever lay eyes on her again.

ANTHONY
(Shaking himself free)
But, sir, I beg of you—

JUDGE
(To TODD)
And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well! and hold their custom — for you’ll have none of mine.

(HE strides out and down the stairs)

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd!

TODD
(Shouting)
Out! Out, I say!

#17 — Epiphany

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

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

TODD
I HAD HIM — AND THEN ...

MRS. LOVETT
The sailor busted in. I saw them both running down the street and I said to myself: “The fat’s in the fire, for sure!”
TOOIIIDDDDD

(Interrupting)

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

**MRS. LOVETT**

(Alarmed, pacifying)
There, there, dear. Don’t fret.

TOOIIIDDDDD

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

**MRS. LOVETT**

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

TOOIIIDDDDD

(Violently)

WHEN?

**MRS. LOVETT**

WHAT’S YOUR RUSH?

TOOIIIDDDDD

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

(Music becomes ferocious. TOOIIIDDDDD’s insanity, always close to the surface, explodes finally)

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

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

(Slashes at the air)
MADE BRIEF.
FOR THE REST OF US, DEATH
WILL BE A RELIEF —
WE ALL DESERVE TO DIE!

(Keening)
AND I’LL NEVER SEE JOHANNA,
NO, I’LL NEVER HUG MY GIRL TO ME —
FINISHED!

(Turns on the audience)
ALL RIGHT! YOU, SIR,
HOW ABOUT A SHAVE?

(Slashes twice)
COME AND VISIT
YOUR GOOD FRIEND SWEENEY
YOU, SIR, TOO, SIR —
WELCOME TO THE GRAVE!
I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE,
I WILL HAVE SALVATION!

WHO, SIR? YOU, SIR?
NO ONE’S IN THE CHAIR
COME ON, COME ON!
SWEENEY’S WAITING!
(TODD)

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

(To MRS. LOVETT)

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

(Keening again)

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

(Exalted)

AND I’M FULL OF JOY!

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Who has been watching him intently)

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

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

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

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

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

(SHE starts downstairs)

Come on!

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

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

(Indicating the tonsorial parlor above)
What are we going to do with him?

TODD

(Disinterestedly)
Later on, when it’s dark, we’ll take him to some secret place and bury him.

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Pause. Chord)
You know me. Sometimes ideas just pop into me head and I keep thinking ...

#18 — A Little Priest

SEEMS A DOWNRIGHT SHAME

TODD

Shame?

MRS. LOVETT

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

(TODD stares into space)

NO?

(SHE sighs)

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

(Becoming aware, chuckling)

Ah!

MRS. LOVETT

GOOD, YOU GOT IT.

(Warming to it)

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

MRS. LOVETT

WELL, IT DOES SEEM A
WASTE ...  

It’s an idea...

THINK ABOUT IT ...  

LOTS OF OTHER GENTLEMEN’LL
SOON BE COMING FOR A SHAVE
WON’T THEY?
THINK OF

ALL THEM
PIES!

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

THOSE CRUNCHING NOISES PERVADING THE AIR?
MRS. LOVETT

YES, MR. TODD,
YES, MR. TODD, YES,
ALL AROUND —

TODD

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

(SHE goes to the counter and comes back with an imaginary pie)

MRS. LOVETT

Here we are, hot from the oven.

(SHE holds it out to him)

TODD

WHAT IS THAT?

MRS. LOVETT

IT’S PRIEST.
HAVE A LITTLE PRIEST.

TODD

IS IT REALLY GOOD?

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

(Looking at it)

AWFUL LOT OF FAT.

MRS. LOVETT

ONLY WHERE IT SAT.

TODD

HAVEN’T YOU GOT POET
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

(Tasting it)
Heavenly.

(MRS. LOVETT giggles)
Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps, but not as bland as curate, either.

MRS. LOVETT

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

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

LAWYER’S RATHER NICE.

TODD

IF IT’S FOR A PRICE.

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

ANYTHING THAT’S LEAN.

MRS. LOVETT

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

(TODD makes a face)

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

TODD

(Looking past her at an imaginary oven)

IS THAT SQUIRE ON THE FIRE?
MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

LOOKS THICKER.
MORE LIKE VICAR.

MRS. LOVETT

NO, IT HAS TO BE GROCER — IT’S GREEN.

TODD

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY LOVE

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

— IS THOSE BELOW SERVING THOSE UP ABOVE.

MRS. LOVETT

EVERYBODY SHAVES,
SO THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY OF FLAVORS

TODD

HOW GRATIFYING FOR ONCE TO KNOW —

BOTH

— THAT THOSE, ABOVE WILL SERVE THOSE DOWN BELOW!

MRS. LOVETT

Now, let’s see ...

(Surveying an imaginary tray of pies on the counter)

We’ve got tinker ...

TODD

(Looking at it)

Something pinker.

MRS. LOVETT

Tailor?

TODD

(Shaking his head)

Paler.
MRS. LOVETT

Butler?

TODD

Subtler.

MRS. LOVETT

Potter?

TODD

(Feeling it)

Hotter.

MRS. LOVETT

Locksmith?

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

LOVELY BIT OF CLERK.

TODD

MAYBE FOR A LARK ...

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Another)

TRY THE FINANCIER.
PEAK OF HIS CAREER.

TODD

THAT LOOKS PRETTY RANK.

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Feels it)

MAYBE IT WAS OLD

TODD

HAVE YOU ANY BEADLE?
MRS. LOVETT

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

(Offers another pie)
Now this may be a bit stringy, but then, of course, it’s fiddler player.

TODD

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

MRS. LOVETT

How can you tell?

TODD

It’s piping hot.

(Giggles)

MRS. LOVETT

(Snorts with glee)
Then blow on it first.

(HE guffaws)

TODD

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY SWEET —

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

— IS WHO GETS EATEN AND WHO GETS TO EAT.

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

BUT FORTUNATELY, IT’S ALSO CLEAR —
MRS. LOVETT
Since marine doesn’t appeal to you, how about rear admiral?

TODD
Too salty. I prefer general.

MRS. LOVETT
With or without his privates? “With” is extra.

(TODD chortles)

MRS. LOVETT

(As MRS. LOVETT offers another pie)

WHAT IS THAT?

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

(TODD makes a face)

NOT ONE?

TODD
PUT IT ON A BUN.

(As SHE looks at him quizzically)

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

MRS. LOVETT
TRY THE FRIAR.
FRIED, IT’S DRIER.

TODD
NO, THE CLERGY IS REALLY
TOO COARSE AND TOO MEALY.
MRS. LOVETT
THEN ACTOR—
THAT'S COMPACKER.

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

MRS. LOVETT
Wait! True, we don’t have Judge — yet — but we’ve got something you might fancy even better.

TODD
What’s that?

MRS. LOVETT
(Handing him a butcher’s cleaver)
Executioner.
(TODD roars, and then, picking up her rolling pin, hands it to her)

TODD
HAVE CHARITY TOWARD THE WORLD, MY PET —

MRS. LOVETT
YES, YES, I KNOW, MY LOVE —

TODD
WE’LL TAKE THE CUSTOMERS THAT WE CAN GET.

MRS. LOVETT
HIGH-BORN AND LOW, MY LOVE.

TODD
WE’LL NOT DISCRIMINATE GREAT FROM SMALL.
NO, WE’LL SERVE ANYONE
MEANING ANYONE —

BOTH
AND TO ANYONE AT ALL!
(Music continues as the two of them brandish their “weapons.” The scene blacks out)

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

#19 – God, That’s Good!

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

TOBIAS

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

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

(Indicating the shop)

JUST INSIDE OF THIS DOOR!

(Beatting his usual drum)

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

*(Sing simultaneously)*

**MAN (Tenor):**
OVER HERE, BOY, HOW ABOUT SOME ALE?

**MEN:**
LET ME HAVE ANOTHER, LADDIE!

**WOMEN:**
TELL ME, ARE THEY FLAVORSOME?
THEY ARE.

**TOBIAS:**

*(To SECOND MAN)*
RIGHT AWAY.

**WOMEN:**
COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE OVER HERE, BOY?

**MEN (Tenors):**
COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE, WAITER?

**WOMEN:**
GOD THAT’S GOOD!

**MEN (Tenors):**
WHAT ABOUT THAT PIE, BOY?

**WOMEN:**
TELL ME, ARE THEY TENDER?

**TOBIAS:**
THRUPPENCE.

**MEN (Baritones):**
YES, WHAT ABOUT THAT PIE, BOY?

**WOMEN:**
THRUPPENCE FOR A MEAT PIE?

**MEN (Baritones)**
WHERE’S THE ALE I ASKED YOU FOR, BOY?

**TOBIAS:**
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — !
MRS. LOVETT

(Ringing a bell to attract TOBIAS’s attention)

TOBY!

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

TOBIAS

COMING!

(To a customer)

‘SCUSE ME

MRS. LOVETT

(Indicating a beckoning customer)

ALE THERE!

TOBIAS

RIGHT, MUM!

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

MRS. LOVETT

QUICK, NOW!

CUSTOMERS

(Licking their fingers)

GOD, THAT’S GOOD!

MRS. LOVETT

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

NICE TO SEE YOU, DEARIE ...
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING? ...
COR, ME BONES IS WEARY!
TOBY —!

(Indicating a customer)

ONE FOR THE GENTLEMAN ...
HEAR THE BIRDIES CHEEPING -
HELPS TO KEEP IT CHEERY ...

(Spying the BEGGAR WOMAN)

TOBY!

THROW THE OLD WOMAN OUT!
CUSTOMERS

GOD, THAT’S GOOD!

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

MRS. LOVETT

(To other CUSTOMERS, without breaking rhythm)

WHAT’S YOUR PLEASURE, DEARIE?
NO, WE DON’T CUT SLICES ...
COR, ME EYES IS BLEARY!

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

TOBY!
NONE FOR THE GENTLEMAN!
I COULD UP ME PRICES—
I’M A LITTLE LEERY ...
BUSINESS
COULDN’T BE BETTER, THOUGH

CUSTOMERS

GOD, THAT’S GOOD!

MRS. LOVETT

KNOCK ON WOOD.

(SHE does)

TODD

(Leaning out of the window)

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To a customer)

EXCUSE ME

TODD

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To TOBIAS)

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.

TODD

PSST!
MRS. LOVETT

(Moving toward him)
YES, WHAT, LOVE?
QUICK, THOUGH, THE TRADE IS BRISK.

TODD

BUT IT’S SIX O’CLOCK!

MRS. LOVETT

SO IT’S SIX O’CLOCK.

TODD

IT WAS DUE TO ARRIVE
AT A QUARTER TO FIVE

TODD

AND IT’S SIX O’CLOCK!
I’VE BEEN WAITING ALL DAY!
BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE
BY NOW!

MRS. LOVETT

AND IT’S PROBABLY ALREADY
DOWN THE BLOCK!
IT’LL BE HERE, IT’LL BE HERE!
HAVE A BEAKER OF BEER
AND STOP WORRYIN’, DEAR,
NOW, NOW ...

CUSTOMERS

MORE HOT PIES!

TODD

YOU’LL COME BACK
WHEN IT COMES?

MRS. LOVETT

(To TODD, moving back to the garden)
WILL YOU WAIT THERE,
COOLLY,
’COS MY CUSTOMERS TRULY
ARE GETTING UNRULY.

MRS. LOVETT

(Circulating in the garden)
AND WHAT’S YOUR PLEASURE, DEARIE?

(Spilling ale)
OOPS! I BEG YOUR PARDON!
JUST ME HANDS IS SMEARY —

(Sporting a would-be freeloader)
TOBY!
RUN FOR THE GENTLEMAN!
(TOBIAS catches him, collects the money; MRS. LOVETT turns to another customer)

(MRS. LOVETT)

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

(Looking back at the freeloader)

MUST BE ONE OF THEM FOREIGNERS —

CUSTOMERS

GOD THAT'S GOOD! THAT IS DELICIOUS!

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

MRS. LOVETT

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

(To a woman)

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

CUSTOMERS

MORE HOT PIES!

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

MORE HOT!
MORE PIES!

TODD

(Out the window)

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To a customer in the shop)

EXCUSE ME

TODD

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To TOBIAS)

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.
TODD

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

BUT IT’S HERE!

MRS. LOVETT

IT’S WHERE?

TODD

COMING UP THE STAIR!

MRS. LOVETT

(Holding up the tray)

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

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

NO, I’LL BE THERE!
I WILL BE THERE!
BUT THEY’LL NEVER BE SOLD
BUT WE HAVE TO PREPARE!
IF I LET ‘EM GET COLD —

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Without pausing for breath, smiling to a customer)

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

(Spots the BEGGAR WOMAN again)

TOBY —!

(To the same customer)

POOR THING IS PENNILESS.

(Indicating BEGGAR WOMAN, to TOBIAS)

WHAT ABOUT THAT LOONY?
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

LOOKIN’, SORT OF BEERY —
OH WELL, GOT HER COMEUPPANCE —

(Hawklike, to a rising customer)
AND THAT’LL BE THRUPPENCE — AND

CUSTOMERS

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

OOOOHHHH! OOOOHHHH!

(The empty crate swings away on the crane)

TODD & MRS. LOVETT

(Swooning with admiration)

OOOOOH! OOOOHHH!

Is that a chair fit for a king,
A wondrous neat
And most particular chair?
You tell me where
Is there a seat
Can half compare
With this particular thing!
I have a few
Minor adjustments
to make —
They’ll take
A moment.
I’ll call you

TODD

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

(OOOGOD! THAT’S GOOD THAT IS DE HAVE YOU Licious ever tasted smell such
OH MY GOD WHAT MORE THAT’S PIES GOOD!

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

TODD

(Swooning with admiration)

OOOOHHHH! OOOOHHH!

(The empty crate swings away on the crane)

IS THAT A CHAIR FIT FOR A KING,
A WONDROUS NEAT
AND MOST PARTICULAR CHAIR?
YOU TELL ME WHERE
IS THERE A SEAT
CAN HALF COMPARE
WITH THIS PARTICULAR THING!
I HAVE A FEW
MINOR ADJUSTMENTS
TO MAKE —
THEY’LL TAKE
A MOMENT.
I’LL CALL YOU

TODD

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

I HAVE ANOTHER FRIEND
TOBIAS

(To the customers)

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

MRS. LOVETT

IT’S GORGEOUS!
IT’S GORGEOUS!
IT’S GORGEOUS!
IT’S PERFECT!
IT’S GORGEOUS!

CUSTOMERS

YUM!
YUM!
YUM!
YUM!
YUM!

TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT

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

CUSTOMERS

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

TOBIAS

SO RICH,
SO THINK
IT MAKES YOU SICK

MRS. LOVETT

SO TENDER
THAT YOU SURRENDER

CUSTOMERS

YUM!
YUM!

TOBIAS

IT’S TIME ...
IT’S TIME ...
PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To the customers)

EXCUSE ME

TOBIAS

(From above)

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(To TOBIAS)

DEAR, SEE TO THE CUSTOMERS.
TODD

PSST!

MRS. LOVETT

(Moving toward him)

ALL SET, LOVE?

TODD

QUICK, NOW!

MRS. LOVETT

ME HEART’S A FLUTTER —!

TODD

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

I JUST WANT TO BE SURE.

WHEN I’M CERTAIN THAT YOU’RE
IN PLACE —

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

I’LL POUND THREE TIMES.
(HE demonstrates on the frame of the window)

THREE TIMES.

(HE does it again; SHE nods impatiently)

AND THEN YOU —

(SHE knocks at the two times)

THREE TIMES —

(SHE knocks heavily and wearily at the wall)

IF YOU —

(SHE knocks again, rolling her eyes skyward)

EXACTLY.

CUSTOMERS

MORE HOT PIES!
MRS. LOVETT

GAWD!

CUSTOMERS

MORE HOT!

MRS. LOVETT

(Over her shoulder to them)

RIGHT!

CUSTOMERS

MORE PIES!

TODD

(Seeing her attention waver)

PSST!

CUSTOMERS

MORE!

MRS. LOVETT

WAIT!

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

CUSTOMERS

MORE HOT PIES!

(MRS. LOVETT hurries out of the bakehouse)

MORE HOT! MORE PIES!

(TODD resumes tinkering happily with the chair)

MORE! HOT! PIES!

TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT

(To the customers)

EAT THEM SLOW AND
(TOBIAS & MRS. LOVETT)

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

(SHE hangs up a “Sold Out” sign)

COME AGAIN TOMORROW –

MRS. LOVETT

(Spotting something along the street)

HOLD IT

CUSTOMERS

MRS. LOVETT

BLESS MY EYES – !

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

FRESH SUPPLIES!

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

MRS. LOVETT

HOW ABOUT IT, DEARIE?
BE HERE IN A TWINKLING!
JUST CONFIRMS MY THEORY –
TOBY!
GOD WATCHES OVER US.
DIDN’T HAVE AN INKLING POSITIVELY
EERIE ... IS THAT A PIE
FIT FOR A KING, A WONDROUS SWEET
AND MOST DELECTABLE
THING?

TOBIAS

YOU SEE, MA’AM, WHY
THAT IS NO MEAT PIE

CUSTOMERS

YUM!
YUM!
YUM!

MRS. LOVETT

(Spotting the BEGGAR WOMAN again)

TOBY!
THROW THE OLD WOMAN OUT!

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

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

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

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

GOD THAT’S GOOD!!!

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

#20 – Johanna (Act II Sequence)

ANTHONY

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

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

TODD

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

ANTHONY

JOHANNA ...

TODD

AND IF YOU’RE BEAUTIFUL, WHAT THEN,
(TODD)
WITH YELLOW HAIR, LIKE WHEAT?
I THINK WE SHALL NOT MEET AGAIN —

(HE slashes the customer’s throat)
MY LITTLE DOVE, MY SWEET
JOHANNA ...

ANTHONY
I’LL STEAL YOU,
JOHANNA ...

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

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

ANTHONY
JOHANNA ...

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

BEGGAR WOMAN
(In a rage, loudly)
SMOKE! SMOKE!
SIGN OF THE DEVIL! SIGN OF THE DEVIL!
CITY ON FIRE!

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

(Spits at bakehouse)
SMELL IT, SIR! AN EVIL SMELL!
EVERY NIGHT AT THE VESPERS BELL—
SMOKE THAT COMES FROM THE MOUTH OF HELL
CITY ON FIRE!

(The smoke trails away as dawn comes up)
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

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

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

TODD

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

JOHANNA’S VOICE

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

I’LL MARRY ANTHONY SUNDAY ...
ANTHONY SUNDAY ...

ANTHONY

I FEEL YOU ...

TODD

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

ANTHONY

JOHANNA ...

TODD

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

JOHANNA’S VOICE

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

TODD                ANTHONY

YOU STAY, JOHANNA -- JOHANNA ...

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

THE WAY I’VE DREEMED YOU ARE

(Dusk gathers; TOBBY looks up)

OH LOOK, JOHANNA —

(HE pulls the lever and the customer disappears)

A STAR!

ANTHONY

BURIED SWEETLY IN YOUR YELLOW HAIR

TOBBY

(Tossing the customer’s hat down the chute)

A SHOOTING STAR!

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

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Pointing)

THERE! THERE!
SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY LOOK UP THERE!

(Passers-by continue to ignore her)

DIDN’T I TELL YOU? SMELL THAT AIR!
CITY ON FIRE!
QUICK, MISS, RUN AND TELL!
WARN ‘EM ALL OF THE WITCH’S SPELL!
THERE IT IS, THERE IT IS, THE UNHOLY SMELL!
TELL IT TO THE BEADLE AND THE POLICE AS WELL!
TELL ‘EM! TELL ‘EM!
HELP!!! FIEND!!!
CITY ON FIRE!!!

(The smoke thins; dawn rises)

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

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

FIEND ...

(Shrugs, turns pathetically to a passer-by)

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

TODD

(Shaving the customer)

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

ANTHONY

JOHANNA ...

JOHANNA’S VOICE

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

TODD

(Sadly)

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

ANTHONY

I FEEL YOU ...
JOHANNA

JOHANNA’S VOICE

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

TODD

(Cheerfully, looking up at the sky)

WAKE UP, JOHANNA!
ANOTHER BRIGHT RED DAY!

(Wistful smile)

WE LEARN, JOHANNA,
TO SAY
GOODBYE
(Having completed the shave, TODD accepts money from the customer, who leaves with his family)

**ANTHONY**

(Disappearing into the distance)

I’LL STEAL YOU ...

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

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

**JOHANNA**

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...
GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...
GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD...

**ANTHONY**

(Incredulous, overjoyed, stops in his tracks)

Johanna!

(Calling excitedly up at a window)

Johanna! Johanna!

(A male passer-by enters)

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

**PASSER-BY**

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

**ANTHONY**

A madhouse!

**PASSER-BY**

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

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

**ANTHONY**

Johanna! Johanna!

(HE starts beating wildly on the door)
Open! Open the door!
(The BEADLE, falsely amiable as ever, swaggers on, recognizes him)

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

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

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

ANTHONY
Johanna.

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

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

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

ANTHONY
You have no right to order me about.

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

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

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

BEADLE
(Calling after them)
After him! Get him!! Bash him on the head if need be! That’s the sort of scalawag that gets this neighborhood into disrepute.

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

(Sitting at a harmonium)

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

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

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

(Piling up coins)
Four and thruppence ... four and eleven pence ...

(Makes a note in the book and does some adding)
That makes seven pounds nine shillings and four pence for this week. Not bad — and that don’t include wot I had to payout for my nice cheery wallpaper or the harmonium ...

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

(Glancing at the unresponsive TODD)
Mr. T., are you listening to me?

TODD

Of course.

MRS. LOVETT

Then what did I say, eh?

TODD

(Back in his reflections)
There must be a way to the Judge.

MRS. LOVETT

(Cross)
The bloody old Judge! Always harping on the bloody old Judge!

(SHE massages his neck)
(MRS. LOVETT)
We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and — since we’re careful to pick and choose — only strangers and such like wot won’t be missed — who’s going to catch on?
(No response; SHE leans across and pecks him on the lips; music)

#21 — By The Sea (Part I)

OOH, MR. TODD--
(Kisses him again)
I’M SO HAPPY —
(Again)
I COULD —
(Again)
EAT YOU UP, I REALLY COULD!
YOU KNOW WHAT I’D LIKE TO DO, MR. TODD?
(Kisses him again)
WHAT I DREAM —
(Again)
IF THE BUSINESS STAYS AS GOOD,
WHERE I’D REALLY LIKE TO GO —
(No response)
IN A YEAR OR SO ...
(No response)
DON’T YOU WANT TO KNOW?

TODD

Of course.

MRS. LOVETT
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

TODD

(Feigning enthusiasm)
Yes, yes, I do, I do.
(Music continues under)
MRS. LOVETT

(Settling back, after a pause)
I’ve always had a dream — ever since I was a skinny little slip of a thing and my rich Aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside August Bank Holiday ... the pier ... making little castles in the sand. I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briny.

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

TODD

ANYTHING YOU SAY ...

MRS. LOVETT

WOULDN’T THAT BE SMASHING?

(TODD gives her a pained smile)

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

TODD

ANYTHING YOU SAY,
ANYTHING YOU SAY.

MRS. LOVETT

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

Sweeney Todd — The Demon Barber of Fleet Street — 109 —
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

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

(Waves)

YOO-HOO ...

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

(Coily)

UNLESS WE GOT BETTER
TO DO-HOO ...

TODD

Anything you say ...

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

ANYTHING YOU SAY

MRS. LOVETT

DON’T YOU LOVE THE WEATHER
BY THE SEA?
WE’LL GROW OLD TOGETHER
BY THE SEASIDE,
HOO HOO!
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!
(MRS. LOVETT)

(Music under)

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

#21a – By The Sea (Part II)

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

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

(TODD gives her a rather appalled glance)

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

(Two slashes)

HOO! HOO!
BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!
(MRS. LOVETT)

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

Come on, dear. Give us a kiss.

(Kisses him)

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

TODD

Of course.

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

(Back with his obsession)

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

MRS. LOVETT

(Almost scolding)

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

(SHE takes a bon-bon from her purse)

Have a nice bon-bon.

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

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

(From the pieshop, upstage, we hear ANTHONY calling)

ANTHONY

(Off)

Mr. Todd! Mr. Todd!

(HE comes running in)

I’ve found her!

TODD

(Jumping up)

You have found Johanna?

ANTHONY

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

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

TODD
A madhouse! A madhouse!

(Swinging around, feverishly excited, buzzing music under)

#22 — Wigmaker Sequence

Johanna is as good as rescued.

MRS. LOVETT
(Bewildered)
She is?

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

MRS. LOVETT
Who knows, dear? The morgue, wouldn’t be surprised.

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

ANTHONY
Then you think —?

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

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

(Exits)

TODD
(Excitedly, to ANTHONY)
We will write a letter to this Mr. Fogg offering the highest price for hair the exact shade of Johanna’s — which I trust you know?

ANTHONY
Yellow.
TODD
Not exact enough. I must make you into a credible wigmaker — and quickly.
THERE’S TAWNY AND THERE’S GOLDEN SAFFRON,
THERE’S FLAXEN AND THERE’S BLONDE ...
Repeat that. Repeat that!

ANTHONY
Yes, Mr ... Todd.

TODD
Well?

ANTHONY
THERE’S TAWNY AND THERE’S GOLDEN SAFFRON,
THERE’S FLAXEN AND THERE’S BLONDE ...

TODD
GOOD.

(Sings)
THERE’S COARSE AND FINE,
THERE’S STRAIGHT AND CURLY,
THERE’S GREY, THERE’S WHITE,
THERE’S ASH, THERE’S PEARLY,
THERE’S CORN-YELLOW, ,
BUFF AND OCHRE AND
STRAW AND APRICOT ...

ANTHONY
THERE’S COARSE AND FINE,
THERE’S STRAIGHT AND CURLY,
THERE’S GRAY, THERE’S WHITE,
THERE’S ASH, THERE’S PEARLY,
THERE’S CORN-YELLOW ...

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

QUINTET

(Variously)
SWEENEY’D WAITED TOO LONG BEFORE –
“AH, BUT NEVER AGAIN,” HE SWORE.
FORTUNE ARRIVED. “SWEENEY!” IT SANG.
SWEENEY WAS READY, AND SWEENEY SPRANG.
SWEENEY’S PROBLEMS WENT UP IN SMOKE,
ALL RESOLVED WITH A SINGLE STROKE.
SWEENEY WAS SHARP, SWEENEY WAS BURNING,
SWEENEY BEGAN THE ENGINES TURNING.
SWEENEY’S PROBLEMS WENT UP IN SMOKE,
ALL RESOLVED WITH A SINGLE STROKE.
WITH A SINGLE STROKE
BY SWEENEY!
(QUINTET)

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

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

ANTHONY

(Finished with his catechism)

WITH FINER TEXTURES,
ASH LOOKS FAIRER,
WHICH MAKES IT RARE,
BUT FLAXEN’S RARER —

YES, YES, I KNOW -
CHEAPER, NOT RARER

(Music continues under)

TOIDD

HERE’S MONEY
(Hands him a purse)
And here’s the pistol.
(Hands him a gun)
For kill if you must. Kill.

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

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

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

(Clasping both TODD’s hands)
Oh, thank you — friend.
(HE hurries off. TODD goes to a little writing table, picks up a quill pen and starts to write. The QUINTET sings what HE writes)

#22a – The Letter

QUINTET

(Variously as TODD writes)

MOST HONORABLE JUDGE TURPIN —

(TODD pauses reflectively)

MOST HONORABLE—

(TODD snorts derisively)

HONORABLE!

(HE resumes writing)

I VENTURE THUS TO WRITE YOU THIS—

(Thinks, choosing the word)

URGENT NOTE TO WARN YOU THAT THE HOT-BLOODED

(Thinks)

YOUNG —

(Grunts with satisfaction)

SAILOR HAS ABDUCTED YOUR WARD JOHANNA —

(Stares off sadly)

JOHANNA — JOHANNA —

(Resumes writing)

FROM THE INSTITUTION WHERE YOU

(Thinks)

SO WISELY CONFINED HER BUT,

HOPING TO EARN YOUR FAVOR,

I HAVE PERSUADED THE BOY TO LODGE HER HERE TONIGHT

AT MY TONSORIAL PARLOR —

(Dips the pen)

IN FLEET STREET.

IF YOU WANT HER AGAIN IN YOUR ARMS,

HURRY

AFTER THE NIGHT FALLS.

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

SHE WILL BE WAITING.

(Reads it over)

WAITING ...

(Dips pen again, writing carefully)

YOUR OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

SWEENEY

(A flourish of the pen)

TODD.

#22b – After Letter

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

TODD

Give this to Judge Turpin. It’s urgent.

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

TOBIAS

I put the sold-out sign up, ma’am.

MRS. LOVETT

That’s my boy.

(Holding up the knitting)

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

TOBIAS

Coo, ma’am. For me?

MRS. LOVETT

Wouldn’t you like to know!

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

What a sweet child it is.

TOBIAS

Or even if it was just a man ...

MRS. LOVETT

(Somewhat uneasy)
A man, dear?

TOBIAS

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

#23 – Not While I’m Around

MRS. LOVETT

(Even more wary)
What is this? What are you talking about?

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

Of course not, dear, and why should it?

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

What do you mean, “a man”?

TOBIAS

DEMONS ARE PROWLING
EVERYWHERE
NOWADAYS.
MRS. LOVETT

(Somewhat relieved, patting his head)
And so they are, dear.

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

I know what Toby deserves ...

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

Here, have a nice bon-bon.

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

TOBIAS

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

(Music continues)

MRS. LOVETT

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

TOBIAS

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

(SHE looks at him uneasily)
(TOBIAS)
NOT TO WORRY, NOT TO WORRY,
I MAY NOT BE SMART BUT I AIN’T DUMB.
I CAN DO IT,
PUT ME TO IT,
SHOW ME SOMETHING I CAN OVERCOME.
NOT TO WORRY, MUM.

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

(Music continues under)

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

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

TOBIAS
(Suddenly excited, pointing)
That! That’s Signor Pirelli’s purse!

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

MRS. LOVETT
(Stalling for time)
What’s that? What was that, dear?

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

MRS. LOVETT
(Concealing what is now almost panic)
Silly boy! It’s just a silly little something Mr. T. gave me for my birthday.

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

MRS. LOVETT
Bought it, dear. In the pawnshop, dear.

(To distract him, SHE lifts the unfinished muffler on its needles)
(MRS. LOVETT)

Come on now.

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

TOBIAS

You don’t understand.

TWO QUID WAS IN IT,
TWO OR THREE –

(Music continuing)

The guvnor giving up his purse — with two quid?

NOT FOR A MINUTE!
DON’T YOU SEE?

(Music under)

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

MRS. LOVETT

(With a weak laugh)

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

TOBIAS

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

TOBIAS

(For the first time distracted)

Oh yes, ma’am. Indeed, ma’am. Yes.
MRS. LOVETT

Well, how about it?

TOBIAS

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

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

MRS. LOVETT

No time like the present, Come on!

(SHE leads him through the pieshop into the bakehouse)

#23a – After “Not While I’m Around”

TOBIAS

(Looking around)
Coo, quite a stink, ain’t there?

MRS. LOVETT

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

(SHE leads him across to the ovens)
Now the bake ovens is here.

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

TOBIAS

They’re big enough, ain’t they?

MRS. LOVETT

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

(Closes doors. Draws him to the butcher’s block table)
Now here’s the grinder.

(SHE turns its handle, indicating how it operates)
You see, you pop meat in and you grind it and it comes out here.

(Indicates the mouth of the grinder)
And you know the secret that makes the pies so sweet and tender? Three times. You must put the meat through the grinder three times.
TOBIAS

Three times, eh?

MRS. LOVETT

That’s my boy. Smoothly, smoothly. And as soon as a new batch of meat comes in, we’ll put you to work.

(SHE starts for the door back into the pie shop)

TOBIAS

(Blissfully)

Me making pies all on me own! Coo!

(Noticing her leaving)

Where are you going, ma’am?

MRS. LOVETT

Back in a moment, dear.

(At the door SHE turns, blows him a kiss and then goes into the pieshop, slamming the door behind her and locking it, putting the key in her pocket. TOBIAS, too fascinated to realize HE has been locked in, starts happily turning the handle of the grinder)

TOBIAS

Smoothly does it, smoothly, smoothly ...

(As HE grinds and MRS. LOVETT appears at the foot of the stairs to the tonsorial parlor, unseen by her the BEADLE enters the back parlor)

BEADLE

Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett!

MRS. LOVETT

(Climbing the stairs, looking for TODD)

Mr. Todd! Mr. Todd!

#24 — Parlour Songs (Part 1)

BEADLE

(Notices the harmonium, sits down, and sings from a song book, accompanying himself)

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS,
TURNED HER EYES HEAVENWARD, SIGHING,
“'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY,
'TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DEE ”
MRS. LOVETT

(Enters, clapping)
Oh, Beadle Bamford, I didn’t know you were a music lover, too.

Beadle

(Not rising)
Good afternoon, Mrs. Lovett! Fine instrument you’ve acquired.

MRS. LOVETT

Oh yes, it’s my pride and joy.

Beadle

(Sings, as SHE watches him uneasily)
SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT SAW HER LIFE PASS,
FLEW DOWN THE CITY ROAD, CRYING,
“I AM A LASS WHO ALAS LOVES A LAD
WHO ALAS HAS A LASS LOVES ANOTHER LAD
WHO ONCE I HAD
IN CANTERBURY.
‘TIS A ROW DOW DIDDLE DOW DAY,
‘TIS A ROW DOWDIDLE DOW DEE . . .”

(He speaks, leafing through the pages)
Well, ma’am I hope you have a few moments, for I’m here today on official business.

MRS. LOVETT

Official?

Beadle

That’s it, ma’am. You see, there’s been complaints —

MRS. LOVETT

Complaints?

Beadle

About the stink from your chimney. They say at night it’s something foul. Health regulations being my duty, I’m afraid I’ll have to ask you to let me take a look.

MRS. LOVETT

(Hiding extreme anxiety)
At the bakehouse?

Beadle

That’s right, ma’am.
MRS. LOVETT

(Improvising wildly)
But, it’s locked and ... and I don’t have the key. It’s Mr. Todd upstairs — he’s got the key and he’s not here right now.

BEADLE

When will he be back?

MRS. LOVETT

Couldn’t say, I’m sure.

BEADLE

(Finds a particular song)
Ah, one of mother’s favorites ...

#24a – Parlour Songs (Part II)

IF ONE BELL RINGS IN THE TOWER OF BRAY,
DING DONG, YOUR TRUE LOVE WILL STAY.
DING DONG, ONE BELL TODAY
IN THE TOWER OF BRAY ...
DING DONG!

TOBIAS

(Joining in from the bakehouse)
ONE BELL TODAY, IN THE TOWER OF BRAY ...
DING DONG!

BEADLE

(Stops playing)
What’s that?

MRS. LOVETT

Oh, just my boy — the lad that helps me with the pies.

BEADLE

But surely he’s in the bakehouse, isn’t he?

MRS. LOVETT

(Almost beside herself)
Oh yes, yes, of course. But you see ... he’s — well, simple in the head. Last week he run off and we found him two days later down by the embankment half-starved, poor thing. So ever since then, we locks him in for his own security.
Beadle

Then we’ll have to wait for Mr. Todd, won’t we?

_BUT IF TWO BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF BRAY,_

DING ... 

Since you’re a fellow music lover, ma’am, why don’t you raise your voice along with mine?

_MRS. LOVELT_

All right.

Beadle

DING, DONG!

_MRS. LOVELT_

DING DONG –

Beadle

_YOUR TRUE LOVE WILL STRAY. DING DONG_ 

_MRS. LOVELT_

DING, DONG!

_Beadle, Mrs. Lovett & Tobias_

TWO BELLS TODAY IN THE TOWER OF BRAY.

DING DONG!

DING DONG!

Beadle

_BUT IF THREE BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF BRAY..._

_MRS. LOVELT_

(Another “inspiration”)

Oh yes, of course! Mr. Todd’s gone down to Wapping. Won’t be back for hours. And he’ll be ever so sorry to miss you. Why, just the other day he was saying, “If only the Beadle would grace my tonsorial parlor I’d give him a most stylish haircut, the daintiest shave — all for nothing.” So why don’t you drop in some other time and take advantage of his offer?

Beadle

Well, that’s real friendly of him.

_(Immovable, He starts to sing another verse)_

_IF FOUR BELLS RING IN THE TOWER OF—(BRAY...)_

_MRS. LOVELT_

Just how many bells are there?
Beadle

Twelve.

DING DONG!

Mrs. Lovett

DING DONG!

Tobias

DING DONG!

Beadle

DING DONG!

Beadle, Mrs. Lovett & Tobias

Then lovers must pray!

DING, DONG!

DING, DONG!

Four bells today.

(During this, Todd enters, reacts on seeing the Beadle)

Mrs. Lovett

(With a huge smile of relief)

Back already! Look who’s here, Mr. T., on some foolish complaint about the bakehouse or something. He wants the key and I told him you had it. But ...

(Coquettishly, to the Beadle)

... there’s no hurry, is there, sir? Why don’t you run upstairs with Mr. Todd and let him fix you up nice and pretty — there’ll be plenty of time for the bakehouse later.

Beadle

(Considering)

Well ... tell me, Mr. Todd, do you pomade the hair? I dearly love a pomaded head.

Mrs. Lovett

Pomade? Of course! And a nice facial rub with bay rum too. All for free!

Beadle

(To Todd)

Well, sir, I take that very kindly.

Todd

(Bowing to the Beadle)

I am, sir, entirely at your — disposal.

(The two men exit. Mrs. Lovett hesitates, then speaks)
MRS. LOVETT

Let’s hope he can do it quietly. But just to be on the safe side, I’ll provide a little musical send-off.

#24b - Parlour Songs (Part III)

(SHE goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing and singing a loud verse of “Polly Plunkett”)

SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS.
TURNED HER EYES HEAVEN-WARD SIGHING.

(In the bakehouse, TOBIAS stands by the grinding machine eating a pie. HE feels something on his tongue, puts a finger in his mouth and pulls the something out, holding it up for inspection)

TOBIAS

An ’air! Black as a rook. Now that ain’t Mrs. Lovett’s ’air ... Oh, well, some old black cow probably.

(HE continues to eat. HE bites on something else, takes it out of his mouth, looks at it)

Coo, bit of fingernail! Clumsy. Ugh!

(HE drops the pie. Bored, HE starts around the room, inspecting. HE peers at an unidentifiable hole in the wall – the chute. HE is baffled by it. As HE does so, we hear a strange, shambling, shuffling sound as if a heavy object is falling inside the wall. TOBIAS spins around just as the bloody body of the BEADLE comes trundling out of the mouth of the chute. TOBIAS screams)

No! Oh no!

(HE dashes to the door, tries the handle; it is locked. HE starts beating on it)

Mrs. Lovett! Mrs. Lovett! Let me out! Let me out!

(Wildly, HE tries to break down the door. It is too solid for him. Whimpering, HE stands paralyzed. Then HE sees the open trap door leading to the cellar steps. HE runs and disappears down them. In the parlor, MRS. LOVETT continues to sing and play. After a suitable period, SHE stops)

MRS. LOVETT

TIS A ROW Dow DIDDLE DOW DAY.
’TIS A ROW Dow DIDDLE DOWDEE.
SWEET POLLY PLUNKETT LAY IN THE GRASS,
FLEw DOWN THE CITY ROAD,
CRYING:

(As SHE gets up from the harmonium, TODD hurries in)
TODD

It’s done.

MRS. LOVETT

Not yet it isn’t! The boy, he’s guessed.

TODD

Guessed what?

MRS. LOVETT

About Pirelli. Since you weren’t here, I locked him in the bakehouse. He’s been yelling to wake the dead. We’ve got to look after him.

TODD

(Fiercely)

But the Judge is coming. I’ve arranged it.

MRS. LOVETT

You — worrying about the bloody Judge at at time like this!

(Grabbing his arm and pulling him toward the door.)

Come on.

(The scene blacks out. MEMBERS of the company appear and sing)

#25 — Fogg’s Asylum

COMPANY

(Variously)

THE ENGINE ROARED, THE MOTOR HISSED,
AND WHO COULD SEE THAT THE ROAD WOULD TWIST?
IN SWEENEY’S LEDGER THE ENTRIES MATCHED:
A BEADLE ARRIVED, AND A BEADLE DISPATCHED
TO SATISFY THE HUNGRY GOD
OF SWEENEY TODD,

ALL

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET ...
SWEENEY!
... STREET.
SWEENEY! SWEENEY!
SWEENEY! SWEENEY! SWEENEY! SWEENEY!
SWEEEEEEEEEEEY!
(And as THEY sing the name, THEY transform themselves into the inmates of Fogg’s Asylum, which is now revealed: a huge stone wall and a heavy iron door. Behind the wall, the ragged inmates are crawling, lolling, capering, giggling, shrieking. In the center of them sits JOHANNA, her long yellow hair tumbling about her)

INMATES

(Intoning, chattering, screaming)

SWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SWEEENYSWEEENYSWEEENYSWEEENY ...

(These moans and humming noises continue under the following. Occasionally interrupted by little mad birdlike outbursts of song. MR. FOGG enters with ANTHONY in his wigmaker’s disguise. HE carries a huge pair of scissors. Behind them, is the asylum wall)

#25a – Fogg’s Passacaglia

FOGG

Just this way, sir.

ANTHONY

You do me honor. Mr. Fogg.

FOGG

I agree it would be to our mutual interest to come to some arrangement in regard to my poor children’s hair.

ANTHONY

Your — children?

FOGG

We are one happy family here, sir, and all my patients are my children, to be corrected when they’re naughty, and rewarded with a sweetie when they’re good. But to our business.

(As THEY enter the inside of the asylum, lights come up behind the scrim wall revealing the shadows of the inmates. MR. FOGG, as in a shadow play, grabs one female by the hair, pulling her head up for ANTHONY’s inspection)

Here is a charming yellow, a little dull in tone perhaps, but you can soon restore its natural gleam.

(HE drops the head, moves to a man and grabs his head up by the hair)

Now, here! A fine texture for a man and, as you must know, sir, there is always a discount on the hair of a male.

(ANTHONY has been looking around and has spotted JOHANNA)
ANTHONY
This one here has hair the shade I seek.

FOGG
Poor child. She needs so much correction. She sings all day and night and leaves the other inmates sleepless.

(HE goes to JOHANNA and tugs her, indignantiy struggling, across the floor toward ANTHONY, by the hair)

Come, child. Smile for the gentleman and you shall have a sweetie.

(HE brandishes the scissors)
Now, where shall I cut?

JOHANNA

(Sees ANTHONY)
Anthony!

ANTHONY

Johanna!

FOGG
What is this? What is this?

ANTHONY

(Drawing his pistol)
Unhand her!

FOGG
Why you—!

(Clutching the scissors, HE moves resolutely toward ANTHONY. ANTHONY backs away a few steps, but FOGG keeps coming)

ANTHONY
Stop, Mr. Fogg, or I’ll fire.

FOGG
Fire, and I will stop.

ANTHONY
I cannot shoot.

(Losing his nerve, ANTHONY drops the gun which JOHANNA catches in mid-air. FOGG moves toward ANTHONY, raising the scissors. JOHANNA, holding the gun with both hands, shoots FOGG, who falls. SHE drops the gun and together SHE and ANTHONY run out. Compelled by the energy released by FOGG’s death, the LUNATICS tear down the wall and rush out of the asylum, spilling with euphoric excitement onto the street)
#26 — City On Fire

**LUNATICS**

(In three contrapuntal groups)

CITY ON FIRE!
RATS IN THE GRASS
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING IN THE STREETS!
IT’S THE END OF THE WORLD! YES!
CITY ON FIRE!
HUNCHBACKS DANCING!
STIRRINGS IN THE GROUND
AND THE WHIRRING OF GIANT WINGS!
WATCH OUT!
LOOK!
BLOTTING OUT THE MOONLIGHT,
THICK BLACK RAIN FALLING ON THE
CITY ON FIRE!
CITY ON FIRE!
CITY ON FIRE!
CITY ON FIRE!

(During this, police whistles sound. ANTHONY and JOHANNA are still visible hurrying away, ANTHONY systematically disposing of the wig-maker’s costume, tossing the hat off here, the cloak off there, etc. Throughout, JOHANNA is excited and chatty. At one point, ANTHONY stops briefly to reconnoiter nervously)

**JOHANNA**

WILL WE BE MARRIED ON SUNDAY?
THAT’S WHAT YOU PROMISED,
MARRIED ON SUNDAY!

(Pensively)

THAT WAS LAST AUGUST ...

(HE looks at her unbelievingly)

KISS ME!

(HE drags her off as the LUNATICS reappear, this time in two groups)

**LUNATICS**

THERE! LOOK!
CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS,
GREAT BLACK CROWS SCREECHING AT THE
CITY ON FIRE!
(LUNATICS)

CITY ON FIRE!
CITY ON FIRE!

(As THEY run off, lights come up on the bakehouse. TODD, holding a lantern, and MRS. LOVETT enter, looking around for TOBIAS)

#27 – Searching (Part I)

MRS. LOVETT

TOBY!
WHERE ARE YOU, LOVE?

TODD

TOBY!
WHERE ARE YOU, LAD?

MRS. LOVETT

NOTHING’S GONNA HARM YOU

TODD

TOBY!

MRS. LOVETT

NOT WHILE I’M AROUND ...

TODD

(Opening trap door, peering down)

TOBY!

MRS. LOVETT

WHERE ARE YOU HIDING?
NOTHING’S GONNA HARM YOU,
DARLING...

TODD

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, BOY ...

(Closes the trap door, peers into the darkness)

MRS. LOVETT

NOT WHILE I’M AROUND.

(Muttering)

DAMN!
TODD

TOBY ...

MRS. LOVETT

(SHE and TODD move upstage, Where their voices echo)

DEMONS ARE PROWLING EVERYWHERE
NOWADAYS ...

TODD

TOBY ...

(THEY wander off as the LUNATICS run on)

LUNATICS

CITY ON FIRE!
RATS IN THE STREETS
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE MOON!
IT’S THE END OF THE WORLD! YES!

(Lights go down on them and come up on, the BEGGAR WOMAN, peering off through the darkness as if at the pieshop)

BEGGAR WOMAN

BEADLE! ... BEADLE! ...

TODD

TOBY ...

BEGGAR WOMAN

NO GOOD HIDING, I SAW YOU!
ARE YOU IN THERE STILL?
BEADLE! ... BEADLE! ...
GET HER, BUT WATCH IT!
SHE’S A WICKED ONE, SHE’LL DECEIVE YOU
WITH HER FANCY GOWNS
AND HER FANCY AIRS
AND HER —

(Suddenly shrieking)

MISCHIEF! MISCHIEF!
DEVIL’S WORK!

(Quietly calling again)

WHERE ARE YOU, BEADLE?
BEADLE ...

(As SHE shuffles off toward the pieshop, lights dim on her and come up on the lunatics)
LuNatiCS
CITY ON FIRE!

#27a — Searching (Part II)

LUNATICS (GROUP 1)
RATS IN THE STREETS
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE MOON!
IT’S THE END OF THE WORLD! GOOD!
CITY ON FIRE!
HUNCHBACKS KISSING!
STIRRINGS IN THE GRAVES
AND THE SCREAMING OF GIANT WINDS!
WATCH OUT! LOOK!
CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS,
GREAT BLACK CROWS SCREECHING AT THE

LUNATICS (GROUP 2)
CITY ON FIRE!
RATS IN THE STREETS
AND THE LUNATICS YELLING AT THE MOON!
IT’S THE END OF THE WORLD! GOOD!
CITY ON FIRE!
HUNCHBACKS KISSING!
STIRRINGS IN THE GRAVES
AND THE SCREAMING OF GIANT WINDS!
WATCH OUT! LOOK!
CRAWLING ON THE CHIMNEYS ...

LUNATICS
CITY ON FIRE!

(Light comes up on the tonsorial parlor. It is empty for a moment, then ANTHONY and JOHANNA, who is now dressed in a sailor’s uniform, enter; music under)

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd?

JOHANNA
No one here. Where is this Mr. Todd?

ANTHONY
No matter. He’ll be back in a moment, for I trust him as I trust my right arm. Wait for him here — I’ll return with the coach in less than half an hour.

JOHANNA
But they are after us still. What if they trace us here? Oh, Anthony, please let me come with you.

ANTHONY
No, my darling, there is no safety for you on the street.

JOHANNA
But dressed in these sailors clothes, who’s to know it is I?

ANTHONY
No, the risk is too great.

(As SHE turns away pouting, HE sings)
(ANTHONY)

AH, MISS,
LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, MISS, OH
LOOK AT ME PLEASE, OH,
FAVOR ME, FAVOR ME WITH YOUR GLANCE.
AH, MISS,
SOON WE’LL BE, SOON WE’LL BE GONE
AND SAILING THE SEAS
AND HAPPILY, HAPPILY WED IN FRANCE.

(SHE looks at him and smiles)

BOTH

AND WE’LL SAIL THE WORLD
AND SEE ITS WONDERS
FROM THE PEARLS OF SPAIN
TO THE RUBIES OF TIBET —

(THEY kiss)

JOHANNA

AND THEN HOME.
SOME DAY.

ANTHONY

AND THEN COME BACK TO
LONDON.
SOME DAY.

(Starting out)

And I’ll be back before those lips have time to lose that smile.

(HE rushes off. Music continues under. JOHANNA paces. SHE sees the barber chair,
starts to move toward it. During this, the BEGGAR WOMAN can be seen below
approaching the pie shop. A factory whistle blows. JOHANNA gasps, startled, then goes
to the chair. SHE sits in it. Her hand moves to inspect the lever, but before SHE touches
it, the BEGGAR WOMAN approaches, calling.)

BEGGAR WOMAN

BEADLE! ...
BEADLE!
WHERE ARE YOU?
BEADLE, DEAR!
BEADLE!

JOHANNA

(Simultaneously, jumping up)
Someone calling the Beadle! I knew it!
(JOHANNA looks wildly around, sees the chest, runs to it and clammers in, closing the lid just as the BEGGAR WOMAN comes shuffling on. Dimly surveying the room, SHE mimes opening a window. SHE then gently picks up an imaginary infant and rocks it in her arms)

**BEGGAR WOMAN**

(Suddenly becoming giddily crazy)

```
BEADLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DUMPLING
BEADLE DUMPLING BEDEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE
DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE
DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE ...
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(BEGGAR WOMAN whimpers, growls lasciviously, prowls around. Sees the chest, feels it, opens a window. Sees a baby, screams and wails. Clutches baby to her, pats and rocks it.)

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AND WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP THEN,
MY JO, MY JING?
OOH, YOUR FATHER’S AT TEA
WITH THE SWEDISH KING.
HE’LL BRING YOU THE MOON
ON A SILVER STRING
OOH ... OOH ... 

QUICKLY TO SLEEP THEN,
MY JO, MY JING
HE’LL BRING YOU A SHOE
AND A WEDDING RING
SING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN,
COME AGAIN SPRING.

HE’LL BE COMING SOON NOW TO KISS YOU,
MY JO, MY JING
BRINGING YOU THE MOON AND A SHOE
AND A WEDDING RING
HE’LL BE COMING HERE AGAIN, HOME AGAIN ...
```

(Without warning, leaping in like a thunderbolt, TODD appears, the razor in his hand; music continues)

**TODD**

You! What are you doing here?
BEGGAR WOMAN

(Clutching his arm)
Ah, evil is here, sir. The stink of evil—from below—her!

(Calling)
Beadle dear, Beadle!

TODD

(Looking anxiously out the window for the JUDGE)
Out of here, woman.

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Still clutching his arm)
She’s the Devil’s wife! Oh, beware her, sir. Beware her. She with no pity ... in her heart.

TODD

Out, I say!

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Peering dimly at him)
HEY, DON’T I KNOW YOU, MISTER?

(On the street, the JUDGE approaches the tonsorial parlor)

#28 – The Judge’s Return

TODD

(Seeing him)
The Judge. I have no time.

(HE turns on the BEGGAR WOMAN, slits her throat, puts her in the chair and releases her down the chute! The JUDGE enters the room. Music continues under)

JUDGE

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS THE GIRL?

TODD

Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor, Mrs. Lovett. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her. Thank heavens too, she has seen the error of her ways.

JUDGE

She has?
TODD
Oh yes, your lesson was well learned, sir. She speaks only of you, longing for forgiveness.

JUDGE
And she shall have it. She’ll be here soon, you say?

TODD
I THINK I HEAR HER NOW.

JUDGE
Oh, excellent, my friend!

TODD
IS THAT HER DAINTY FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR?

JUDGE
(Listening)
I hear nothing.

TODD
YES, ISN’T THAT HER SHADOW ON THE WALL?

JUDGE
WHERE?

TODD
(Points)
THERE!
(The JUDGE looks, getting excited)
PRIMPING,
MAKING HERSELF EVEN PRETTIER THAN USUAL—

JUDGE
EVEN PRETTIER

TODD
IF POSSIBLE.

JUDGE
(Blissful)
OHHHHHHH,
PRETTY WOMEN!

TODD
PRETTY WOMEN, YES ...
JUDGE

(Straightening his coat, patting his hair)
Quickly, sir, a splash of bay rum!

TODD

(Indicating the chair)
Sit, sir, sit.

JUDGE

(Sitting in the chair, in lecherous rapture)
JOHANNA, JOHANNA ...

(TODD gets a towel, puts it carefully around him, moves to pickup a bottle of bay rum)

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN...

JUDGE

HURRY, MAN!

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN
ARE A WONDER ...

JUDGE

YOU’RE IN A MERRY MOOD AGAIN TODAY, BARBER.

TODD

YES, SIR,

(Joyfully)

PRETTY WOMEN!

(During the following, TODD smooths bay rum on the JUDGE’s face, reaching behind him for a razor)

JUDGE

PRETTY WOMEN!

TODD

PRETTY WOMEN!
JUDGE

How seldom it is one meets a fellow spirit!

TODD

(Smiling down)
With fellow tastes — in women, at least.

JUDGE

What? What’s that?

TODD

The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose, the face of a barber — the face of a prisoner in the dock — is not particularly memorable.

JUDGE

(Blowing out their candles, combing out their hair — even when they leave, they somehow can still remain there with you, there ...)

TODD

Rest now my friend,
Rest now forever.
Sleep now the untroubled
Sleep of the angels ...
(TODD)

(HE starts down the stairs. HE stops midway, remembering his razor)

My razor!

(HE starts back up the steps just as JOHANNA has climbed out of the chest. SHE stands frozen)

You! What are you doing here? Speak!

JOHANNA

Oh, dear. Er—excuse me, sir. I saw the barber’s sign. So thinking to ask for a shave, I—

TODD

When? When did you come in?

JOHANNA

Oh sir, I beg of you. Whatever I have seen, no man shall ever know. I swear it. Oh, sir, please, sir ... 

TODD

A shave, eh?

(HE turns chair toward her)

At your service.

JOHANNA

But, sir ...

TODD

Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir. Sit.

(TODD sits JOHANNA in the chair. As HE goes for the razor, simultaneously the factory whistle blows and MRS. LOVETT is heard screaming “Die! Die!” from the bakehouse below. JOHANNA jumps up and runs out. TODD lunges after her, misses her. SHE runs away. TODD pauses; another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as HE disappears into the pieshop, the COMPANY appears)

COMPANY

LIFT YOUR RAZOR HIGH, SWEENEY!
HEAR IT SINGING, “YES!”
SINK IT IN THE ROSY SKIN
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
(Light comes up on the bakehouse. MRS. LOVETT is standing in horror by the mouth of the chute from which the JUDGE, still alive, clutches her skirt. MRS. LOVETT tries to tug the skirt away from the vise-like grip)

MRS. LOVETT

Die! Die! God in heaven—die!

(The JUDGE’s fingers relax their grip; HE is dead. Panting, MRS. LOVETT backs away from him and for the first time notices the body of the BEGGAR WOMAN. SHE pauses)

You! Can it be? How all the demons of Hell come to torment me!

(Looks hastily over her shoulder)

Quick! To the oven.

(SHE starts to drag the BEGGAR WOMAN to the oven as TODD enters, runs to her)

TODD

Why did you scream? Does the Judge still live?

MRS. LOVETT

He was clutching, holding on to my skirt, but now — he’s finished.

(Continues dragging BEGGAR WOMAN to oven)

TODD

Leave them to me. Open the doors.

(HE starts to shove her toward the oven)

MRS. LOVETT

(Clutching the BEGGAR WOMAN’s wrists)

No!

TODD

Open the doors, I say!

(HE goes to the JUDGE, razor in hand, to be sure he’s dead; MRS. LOVETT, seeing his attention distracted, runs to the oven. TODD sees the JUDGE is dead and starts back to the BEGGAR WOMAN just as MRS. LOVETT opens the oven doors and the light hits the BEGGAR WOMAN)

MRS. LOVETT

(Rushing to him)

No! Don’t touch her!!
(Leaning down to pick up the BEGGAR WOMAN)
What is the matter with you? It’s only some meddling old beggar —
(A chord of music as HE realizes who SHE is)
Oh no, oh God ... “Don’t I know you?” she said ...
(Looks up)
You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew
my Lucy lived!

MRS. LOVETT
I was only thinking of you!

TODD
(Looking down again)
LUCY ...

MRS. LOVETT
Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and rotten spuds out of alley ashcans! Would
you have wanted to know that was all that was left of her?

TODD
(Slowly looking up)
You lied to me.

MRS. LOVETT
NO, NO, NOT LIED AT ALL.
NO, I NEVER LIED!

TODD
(To the BEGGAR WOMAN)
LUCY ...

MRS. LOVETT
SAID SHE TOOK THE POISON — SHE DID—
NEVER SAID THAT SHE DIED —
POOR THING,
SHE LIVED —

TODD
I’VE COME HOME AGAIN ...

MRS. LOVETT
BUT IT LEFT HER WEAK IN THE HEAD,
ALL SHE DID FOR MONTHS WAS JUST LIE THERE IN BED —
TODD

LUCY ...

MRS. LOVETT

SHOULD’VE BEEN IN HOSPITAL,
WOUND UP IN BEDLAM INSTEAD,
POOR THING!

TODD

OH, MY GOD ...

MRS. LOVETT

BETTER YOU SHOULD THINK SHE WAS DEAD.
YES, I LIED ‘COS I LOVED YOU!

TODD

LUCY ...

MRS. LOVETT

I’D BE TWICE THE WIFE SHE WAS!
I LOVE YOU!

TODD

WHAT HAVE I DONE? ...

MRS. LOVETT

COULD THAT THING HAVE CARED FOR YOU
LIKE ME?

(TODD rises, soft and smiling; MRS. LOVETT takes a step back in panic. Waltz music starts)

TODD

MRS. LOVETT,
YOU’RE A BLOODY WONDER,
EMINENTLY PRACTICAL AND YET
APPROPRIATE AS ALWAYS.
AS YOU’VE SAID REPEATEDLY,
THERE’S LITTLE POINT IN DWELLING ON THE PAST.
**MRS. LOVETT**

DO YOU MEAN IT?
EVERYTHING I DID I SWEAR I THOUGHT
WAS ONLY FOR THE BEST,
BELIEVE ME!
CAN WE STILL BE
MARRIED?

**TODD**

NO, COME HERE, MY LOVE ...
NOT A THING TO FEAR,
MY LOVE ...
WHAT’S DEAD
IS DEAD.

*(TODD puts his arms around her waist; SHE starts to relax in her babbling, and THEY sway to the waltz, her arms around his neck)*

**TODD**

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, MY PET –

**MRS. LOVETT**

OH, MR. TODD,
OOH, MR. TODD,
LEAVE IT TO ME ...

**TODD**

IS LEARN FORGIVENESS AND TRY TO FORGET.

**MRS. LOVETT**

BY THE SEA, MR. TODD,
WE’LL BE COMFY-COZY.
YOU AND ME, MR. TODD,
WHERE THERE’S NO ONE NOSY ...

*(HE waltzes her closer to the oven)*

**TODD**

AND LIFE IS FOR THE ALIVE, MY DEAR,
SO LET’S KEEP LIVING IT —!

**BOTH**

JUST KEEP LIVING IT,
REALLY LIVING IT —!

*(HE flings her into the oven. SHE screams. HE slams the doors behind her. Black smoke belches forth. The music booms like an earthquake. TODD, gasping, sinks to his knees by the oven doors. Then HE rises, moves back to the BEGGAR WOMAN and kneels, cradling her head in his arms)*
#29a – Final Scene (Part II)

TODD

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

(Shrugs)

NAIVE.

(TOBIAS emerges from the cellar, singing in an eerie voice. His hair has turned completely white)

TOBIAS

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE, BAKER MAN.
BAKE ME A CAKE —
NO, NO,
BAKE ME A PIE —
TO DELIGHT MY EYE,
AND I WILL SIGH
IF THE CRUST BE HIGH ...

(Sees TODD)

Mr. Todd.

(Notices the BEGGAR WOMAN)

It’s the old woman. Ya harmed her too, have ya? Ya shouldn’t, ya know. Ya shouldn’t harm nobody.

(HE bends to examine the body; TODD, suddenly aware of someone, pushes him violently aside. As TOBIAS staggers back and recovers his balance, HE notices the razor on the floor, picks it up, plays with it)

Razor! Razor! Cut, cut, cut cadougan, watch me grind my corn. Pat him and prick him and mark him with B, and put him in the oven for baby and me!

(Cuts TODD’s throat. TODD dies across the body of LUCY as the factory whistle blows. ANTHONY, JOHANNA and OFFICERS OF THE GUARD come running on. Seeing the carnage, THEY all stop)

You will pardon me, gentlemen, but you may not enter here. Oh no! Me mistress don’t let no one enter here, for, you see, sirs, there’s work to be done, so much work.
(TOBIAS)

(While THEY watch in horror, HE moves to the grinding machine and slowly starts to turn the handle)

Three times. That’s the secret. Three times through for them to be tender and juicy.
Three times through the grinder. Smoothly, smoothly ...

(JOHANNA gives a little cry. ANTHONY throws his arm around her. As the group stands watching, still in silence, TOBIAS continues to grind. Suddenly, the trap door slams shut; the light brightens abruptly, TOBIAS steps back, looks up and sings)

EPILOGUE

#29b – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD.
HIS SKIN WAS PALE AND HIS EYE WAS ODD.

JOHANNA & ANTHONY
HE SHAVED THE FACES OF GENTLEMEN
WHO NEVER THEREAFTER WERE HEARD OF AGAIN.

POLICEMEN
HE TROD A PATH THAT FEW HAVE TROD,

POLICEMEN, JOHANNA & ANTHONY
DID SWEENEY TODD,

add TOBIAS
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

BEGGAR WOMAN

(Rising)
HE KEPT A SHOP IN LONDON TOWN,
OF FANCY CLIENTS AND GOOD RENOWN.

JUDGE

(Rising)
AND WHAT IF NONE OF THEIR SOULS WERE SAVED?
THEY WENT TO THEIR MAKER IMPECCABLY SHAVED

BEGGAR WOMAN, JUDGE & POLICEMEN
BY SWEENEY,
BY SWEENEY TODD,
ALL (thus far)
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

PIRELLI & BEADLE

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

(The rest of the COMPANY enters)

ALL

HIS NEEDS ARE FEW, HIS ROOM IS BARE:
HE HARDLY USES HIS FANCY CHAIR.
THE MORE HE BLEEDS, THE MORE HE LIVES.
HE NEVER FORGETS AND HE NEVER FORGIVES.
PERHAPS TODAY YOU GAVE A NOD
TO SWEENEY TODD,
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY,
SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,
HUGGING THE BLADE, WAITING THE YEARS,
HEARING THE MUSIC THAT NOBODY HEARS.
SWEENEY WAITS IN THE PARLOR HALL,
SWEENEY LEANS ON THE OFFICE WALL.

MEN

NO ONE CAN HELP, NOTHING CAN HIDE YOU –
ISN’T THAT SWEENEY THERE BESIDE YOU?
SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY.
SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,

ALL

NO ONE CAN HELP, NOTHING CAN HIDE YOU –
ISN’T THAT SWEENEY THERE BESIDE YOU?
SWEENEY WISHES THE WORLD AWAY.
SWEENEY’S WEEPING FOR YESTERDAY,
IS SWEENEY!
THERE HE IS, IT’S SWEENEY!
SWEENEY! SWEENEY!
(ALL)

(Pointing around the theater)
THERE! THERE! THERE! THERE!
THERE! THERE! THERE!

(Pointing to the grave)
THERE!

(TODD and MRS. LOVETT rise from the grave)

TODD & COMPANY
ATTEND THE TALE OF SWEENEY TODD!
HE SERVED A DARK AND A HUNGRY GOD!

TODD
TO SEEK REVENGE MAY LEAD TO HELL,

MRS. LOVETT
BUT EVERYONE DOES IT, IF SELDOM AS WELL

TODD & MRS. LOVETT
AS SWEENEY,

COMPANY
AS SWEENEY TODD,
THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET

(THEY start to exit)

STREET!

(The COMPANY exits. TODD and MRS. LOVETT are the last to leave. THEY look to
each other, then exit in opposite directions, MRS. LOVETT into the wings, TODD
upstage. HE glares at us malevolently for a moment, then slams the iron door in our
faces. Blackout)

END OF ACT TWO

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## Sweeney Todd

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## Beggar Woman

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## Johanna

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**PRELUDE**

*(Optional)*

*(tacet)*

Largo e maestoso \( (d = 60) \)

\( \begin{array}{ccccccc}
1-2 & 2 & 3-4 & 2 & 5-6 & 2 & 3
\end{array} \)

7

\( \begin{array}{ccccccc}
7-9 & 3 & 10 & poco accel. e cresc. & 11-12 & poco rit. & A tempo & rit.
\end{array} \)

18

Più mosso

18-35

26

\( \begin{array}{ccccccc}
8 & 26-29 & 4 & 30-33 & 4 & 34 & \text{Amen}
\end{array} \)

18

\( \begin{array}{ccccccc}
2 & 37-38 & 2 & 38-40 & 2 & \text{Whistle}
\end{array} \)

**(Two workmen enter and cross to the drop.)**

accel.

\( \text{The deafening shrill sound of a factory whistle blasts forth as the workmen pull down the drop. Blackout.)} \)
Company

1

PROLOGUE
The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

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

Misterioso, con moto (J = 132)

At -

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd. His

skin was pale and his eye was odd. He

shaved the faces of gentle - men Who nev - er there - af - ter were

heard of a - gain. He trod a path that few have trod,

Did Swee - ney Todd. The

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

#01—Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
He kept a shop in London Town
Of fancy clients and good renown.

what if none of their souls were saved? They went to their Maker impeccably shaved—

By Sweeney, by

Sweeney Todd, The

V.S.
Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

Hold it to the skies!

Freely flows the blood of those who
(WOMEN)

(TENORS)

(BARITONES)

(BASSES)

TOBIAS

His

needs were few, his room was bare:

A

lav-a-bo and a fancy chair,

A mug of suds and a

leather strop, an apron, a towel, a pail and a mop.

For

neatness he deserves a nod,

Does Sweeney Todd,

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

V.S.)
Inconspicuous Sweeney was, Quick and quiet and clean 'e' was.

Back of his smile, under his word, Sweeney heard music that nobody heard.

Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned, Like a perfect machine 'e' planned.

Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle.
Inconspicuous Sweeney was, quick and quiet and like a perfect man.

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 smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and

Chine ‘e’ was, was Sweeney.

Clean ‘e’ was, was

Inconspicuous Sweeney was, quick and quiet and

Sweeney! Clean ‘e’ was, was Sweeney!

V.S.
01—Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

---

Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle.

Like a perfect machine 'e was, was Sweeney!

Keen 'e was, was Sweeney! Sweeney!

---

#01—Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
Sweeney Todd—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street—165—

(SOPRANOS)

(ALTOS)

(TENORS)

(BARITONES)

(BASSES)

CHORUS

TODD

(Rising from the grave)

At -

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

(CHORUS)

tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

V.S.

#01—Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
He served a dark and a 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
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

#01 – Prologue: The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
No Place Like London


**Largo** ($\frac{3}{4} = 80$)

(Chimes)

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(Chimes)
No, there's no place like London.

You are young. Life has been kind to you. You will learn.

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

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

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

---

#02 – No Place Like London
(A Beggar Woman appears)

Piu mosso (♩=♩)

BEGGAR WOMAN

Alms... Alms... For a mis'-ra-ble wo-man— On a mis'-ra-ble chil-ly morn-ing.

drops a coin in her bowl)

rall. (Leers at Anthony)

Thank yer, sir, thank yer... 'Ow would you like a lit-tle muff, dear. A lit-tle

jig jig. A lit-tle bounce a-round the bush? Would'n't you like to push me

pars-ley? You looks to me, dear, like you got plen-ty there to push!

Tempo primo (♩=♩)

(Turns to Todd, pathetically)

Alms! Alms! For a pit-i-ful wo-man— Wot's got wan-der-in'

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

(2 times)

wits... Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter?

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

Then

#02—No Place Like London
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

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

TODD: Off, I said! To the devil with you!
(The Beggar Woman scuttles away.)

(BEGGAR WOMAN)
(Exiting)

Alms! Alms! For a pit-i-ful wo-man...

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

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

a tempo

ANTHONY: There’s nothing to forgive.
TODD: Farewell, Anthony.

ANTHONY: Mr. Todd, before we part--
TODD: (Fiercely) What is it?

ANTHONY: I have 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--

V.S.

#02—No Place Like London
TOOD: No! (As Anthony draws back, startled)
Poco rubato, largo

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 priv'-leged few, Mak-ing mock of the ver-min in the low-er zoo, Turn-ing beau-ty in-to filth and greed, I, too, have a tempo sailed the world and seen its won-ders, For the cru-el-ty of men is as won-drous as Pe-ru, But there's no place like Lon-don!
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.

V.S.
There was another man who saw that she was beautiful.

A pious vulture of the law, who with a gesture of his claw removed the barber from his plate. Then there was nothing but to wait, and she would fall, so soft, so young, so lost and oh, so beautiful!

ANTHONY:
And the lady, sir... did she--succumb?

Oh, that was a tempo man-y years a-go. I doubt if any-one would know.
TODD: Now leave me, Anthony, I beg of you. There's somewhere I must go, something I must find out. Now. And alone.

ANTHONY: But surely we will meet again before I'm off to Plymouth.

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

ANTHONY: Well, until then, Mr. Todd.

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

Safety

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...

Segue
Transition Music
(tacet)

**Morning. The city comes to life. We see Mrs. Lovett’s Pieshop. Above it is an empty apartment which is reached by an outside staircase. Mrs. Lovett, a vigorous, slatternly woman in her forties, enters and begins preparing dough, flicking flies off the trays of pies. Todd appears at the end of the street and moves slowly toward the pieshop, looking around as if remembering. Seeing the shop, he pauses a moment at some distance, gazing at Mrs. Lovett, who has now picked up a wicked-looking knife and starts chopping suet.**

**Presto (♩= 144)**

After a beat, Todd moves toward the shop, hesitates, and then enters.

**L’istesso tempo**

Safety

Segue
The Worst Pies In London

Mrs. Lovett does not notice Todd until his shadow passes across her.
She looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks.
MRS. LOVETT: A customer!

**Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)**

Mrs. Lovett

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

Wait! What’s your rush? What’s your hurry? You gave me such a

(Wipes her hands on her apron)

fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half-a minute, can’t-cher?

(Pushes Todd onto a stool)

Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

have-n’t seen a customer for weeks. Did you come here for a

(Todd grunts)

(Mrs. Lovett flicks dust from a pie)

(Plucks something off a pie)

pie, sir? Do forgive me if me head’s a little vague. Ugh! What is that? But you’d
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street – 179 –

O M R S . L O V E T T I

(Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)

think we had the plague from the way that people

(Flicks at something on the counter) (Spots it moving) (Smacks it with her hand)

keep avoiding... No, you don't! Heaven knows I

(Looks at her hand) (Wipes it on her apron) (Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) rit.

try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in even to inhale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you

(Todd nods and grants) poco rit.

like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hardly blame them.

Meno mosso, sempre rubato

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.

V.S.

(quick!)

#03 – The Worst Pies In London
Even that's polite. The worst pies in London.

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just disgusting? You have to concede it. It's nothing but crusty. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The worst pies in London. And no wonder, with the price of

Tempo I°

(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 find-ing poor (grunt) an-i-mals (grunt) wot are dy-ing 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’ cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) en-ter-prise, (grunt) Pop-ping pus-sies in- to pies. Would n’ t do in my shop. Just the thought of it’s e-nough to make you sick. And I’m tell-ing you, them Meno mosso, sempre rubato pus-sy-cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is hard, sir.

E-ven hard-er than the worst pies in Lon-don.
(MRS. LOVETT) (As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)

On-ly lard and noth-ing more. Is that just re-volt-ing? All greasy and gritty. It looks like it’s melt-ing and tastes like... Well, pi-ty a

a tempo, molto espressivo

wo-man a lone

With

lim-it-ed wind

And the worst pies in

Rubato

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

Tempo I° (Deliberate)

(Folds pie crust and finishes with a flourish)

hard...
#03—The Worst Pies In London
Poor Thing

MRS. LOVETT: (Notices Todd having difficulty with his pie)
Spit it out, dear. Go on. On the floor. There’s worse things
than that down there. (Sighs, as Todd spits the pie out) That’s my boy.

TODD: Isn’t that a room up there over the shop?

TODD: (continuing as distant chimes sound)
If times are so hard, why don’t you rent it
out? That should bring in something.

Larghetto ($\text{d} = 50$)

Chimes

\[ \text{Hrn.} \]

There was a

Mrs. Lovett

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.

Molto rubato

bar-ber and his wife.____ And he was beau-ti-ful.____ A pro-per

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

Mrs. Lovett

Barker, his name was -- Benjamin Barker.

TODD: Transported? What was his crime?

TODD: Foolishness.

MRS. LOVETT

Safety (last time)

beau-ti-ful.____

He had this

(A pretty young girl, Barker’s wife, appears in the empty upstairs room,
dancing her household chores)

wife, you see.____ Pret-ty lit-tle thing. Sil-ly lit-tle nit had her
(MRS. LOVETT)

chance for the world on a string.

Poor thing.

There were these

(Judge Turpin and his obsequious assistant, the Beadle, approach the house, gazing lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.)

two, you see;  

Want-ed her like mad,  

One of ‘em a

Piu mosso (in 1)

judge, one of ‘em his beadle.  

Ev-ry day they’d

nudge and they’d wheedle.  

Still she wouldn’t

budge from her needle.

V.S.

#04 – Poor Thing
(MRS. LOVETT)

Too bad, Pure thing. So they mere-ly

(In the shadows of the stage, people appear dimly lit. They wear formal clothes and the masks of animals and demons. Barker’s wife shipped the poor blight-er off south, they did. Leav-ing her with takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.)

noth-ing but grief and a year-old kid. Did she use her head ev-en then? Oh no, God for-bid! Poor fool. Ah, but there was worse yet to come. Hooh! Poor

(The shadowy figures start to come together.)

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna, that was the baby’s name... Pretty little Johanna... (Drifts off)

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

MRS. LOVETT
Well,

Moderato cantabile \( \text{\textit{d} = \frac{4}{4}} \)
(MRS. LOVETT)
(The Beadle reappears, mimes solicitously
for the wife to come down. She does.)

Beadle calls on her, all polite, Poor thing,

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

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

house to-night, Poor thing, poor thing.

V.S.
Menomosso - Minuet

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

A tempo

Mrs. Lovett

Of course, when she goes there, Poor thing, poor thing, They’re havin’ this ball all in masks. 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. He was there, all right! Only

(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 hurries her to the floor. He holds
her there as the Judge mounts her while the masked dancers pirouette around the ravishment, giggling.)

not so contrite!

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

accel. poco a poco al fine

soul! Poor thing!

TODD: (With a wild shout)
Would no one have mercy on her?
#05—My Friends
My Friends

Warning:
MRS. LOVETT: ...See? You can be a barber again!
(cue) As TODD picks up the razor.

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

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

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

friend, My faith-ful friend——

V.S.

#05—My Friends
Speak to me, friend. Whisper, I'll listen.

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

"a tempo"

**MRS. LOVETT** (Fondling Todd gently.)

**TODD** (Picking up a larger razor.)

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. Al-ways had a fond-ness for you, I did.

friend, My clev-er friend.___

**poco rall.**

V.S.

#05 – My Friends
a tempo

Never you fear, Mister Todd.
You can move in

Rest 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

shine was merely silver.
(MRS. LOVETT)

(Mrs. Lovett)

(TODD)

(Todd)

(RIT.)

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: At last, my right arm is complete again!

attacca

#05—My Friends
Meno mosso, ben marcato

(Todd exits slowly, holding the razor high.)

Lift your razor high, Sweeney.

Hear it singing, “Yes!”

Sink it in the rosy skin of
(WOMEN)

92

93

94

95

Beadle

rightness.

His

(TENORS)

rightness.

(BARITONES & BASSES)

rightness.

V.S.

#05—My Friends
voice was soft, his manner mild.

He'd

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

Not

Sweeney, Not Sweeney Todd, The

Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

(Light comes up on Judge Turpin's mansion. A Bird Seller enters, carrying small birds in wicker cages. Johanna, a young girl with long blonde hair, appears at an upper level of the mansion and stands disconsolate.)

Safety

NOTE: Overlap (cross-fade) with next number (Vamp A-B-C).
Johanna

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

JOHANNA:  
(To Bird Seller) And how are they today?  

BIRD SELLER:  
Hungry as always, Miss Johanna.

Ad lib. Repeat

(He lifts the cages up to her.)

Ad lib.

a tempo

Johanna

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

How can you ju-bi-late, sit-ting in ca-ges, Nev-er tak-ing wing?

poco rit.

a tempo

Out-side the sky waits, beck-on-ing, beck-on-ing, Just be-yond the bars.

poco accel.

How can you re-main, star-ing at the rain, mad-dened by the stars?

rit.

a tempo

How is it you sing an-y-thing? How is it you sing?

V.S.

#06—Green Finch and Linnet Bird
Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird, How is it you sing?  

Con poco moto

Whence comes this melody constantly flowing? Is it rejoicing or merely halloing? Are you discussing or fussing or simply dreaming? Are you crowing?  

Are you screaming?  

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

Have you decided it’s safer in cages, Singing when you’re told?

#06—Green Finch and Linnet Bird
Piu mosso

My cage has many rooms, damask and dark. Nothing there sings, not even my lark.

Larks never will, you know, when they’re captive. Teach me to be more adaptive. Ah,

A tempo, tranquillo

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

If I cannot fly, let me sing.

Segue as one
#07 — Ah, Miss
Ah, Miss

Con moto, poco rubato

\( \text{\textit{ANTHONY}} \)
\( \text{(Gazing at Johanna)} \)

I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders From the

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

seen such a wonder. Lady,

a tempo

Look at me look at me miss, oh look at me please oh,

 Favor me favor me with your glance. Ah, miss, V.S.
(ANTHONY)

What do you what do you see off there in those trees oh,

Wont' you give wont' you give me a chance? Who would

sail to Spain, for all its wonders. When in

Kearn-ey's Lane lies the greatest wonder yet? Ah, miss,

Look at you look at you pale and ivory-skinned oh,

Look at you looking so sad, so queer. Promise

Not to retreat to the darkness back of your window,

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

#07—Ah, Miss
Green finch and linnet bird, nightingale, blackbird, me!

Look at

Teach me how to sing. If I cannot fly, let me me!

Look at

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

sing...

me...

V.S.
Ah, Miss — 206 — Sweeney Todd — The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

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

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

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

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

ANTHONY: (As the Beggar Woman starts off)
One moment, mother. Perhaps you know whose house this is.

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

ANTHONY: And the young lady who resides there?

BEGGAR WOMAN:
Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward. But don't you go trespassing there, young man.
Not if you value your hide.

BEGGAR WOMAN (cont.);
Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you — or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

(BEGGAR WOMAN)
(Leeing at him)

Hey! Hoy! Sail-or boy! Want it snug-ly har-bored? Op-en me gate, but

#07 — Ah, Miss
Ah, Miss Sweeney Tood—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

dock it straight, I see it lists to star-board!

(She grabs at his crotch and dances around him grotesquely, lifting her skirts.)

ANTHONY: (Tossing coins at her) Here and here and here! Take it and be off with you! Off! (Cackling, the Beggar Woman collects the coins and scampers off. The noise has frightened the birds, who start screeching.)

(Dialog)

Segue
Johanna (Part I)

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

Tranquillo ($\textit{d} = 66$)  
Vamp  
\begin{align*}
\text{ANTHONY} & \quad (\text{last time}) \\
\text{(Bird sounds overlap)}
\end{align*}

(ANTHONY)

5

feel you, Johanna, I feel you.

I was half convinced I’d waken, Satisfied enough to dream you.

Happily, I was mistaken, Johanna! I’ll

steal you, Johanna, I’ll steal you...

(They 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...

Safety

ANTHONY (cont.): ... 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.)

Segue as one
8A

Johanna (Part II)

Maestoso \( \text{(} \text{d} \text{=} 66 \text{)} \)

(Dialogue)

Safety

(ANTHONY)

(last time)

I'll

steal you, Johanna, I'll steal you.

Con poco moto

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.

feel you, Johanna, And

one day I'll steal you.
Till I’m with you then, I’m with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your yel-low hair.

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

Applause Segue
Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir

Tobias
Todd
Mrs. Lovett
Crowd

May I have your attention, please?
Do you

wake ev’ry morn’g in shame and des-pair
To dis-cov-er your pil-low is cov-ed with hair

Wot ought not to be there?
Well,
Ladies and gentlemen, From now on you can waken with ease.

You need never again have a worry or care, I will

show you a miracle marvelous rare.

V.S.
(Tobias)

Gentlemen, you are about to see something that rose from the dead...

(A woman in the crowd gasps with horror)

(Reassuringly)

...on the top of my head!

Scarce-ly a month ago, gentlemen, I was suddenly struck with a rare Oriental disease. Though the finest physicians in London were called, I awoke one morning amazed and appalled to discover with dread that my head was as bald as a novice's knees.

#09 - Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
I was dying of shame
Till a gentleman came,

An illustrious barber, Pirelli by name.
He gave me a liquid as precious as gold.

I rubbed it in daily like what I was told.
And behold!

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

Less than thirty days old!

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

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an elixir ought to do.

V.S.

#09 — Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
How about a bottle, mister? Only costs a penny, guaranteed.

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

1st MAN

Go ahead and tug, sir,

Go ahead, sir, harder.

Penny buys a bottle, I don't know. Ah, let's

2nd MAN

You don't need...

MEN

Penny for a bottle, is it?

(Stopping the 1st Man, who's bald, and pouring a drop on his head.)

Does Pirelli's stimulate the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir, 'Tis unique.

(1st MAN)

go!

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

Rub a minute. Stimulatein', isn't it? Soon you'll have to thin it once a week.

#09—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
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(TOBIAS)

Pen-ny buys a bot-tle guar-an-teed.  'Ow a-bout a sam-ple?

(TO 1st MAN)

Pen-ny buys a bot-tle, might as

(To others)

Have you ev-er smelt a clean-er smell? That’s e-nough, sir, am-ple.

(1st WOMAN) (To 3rd Man)

Is-n’t it a crime they let these ur-chins clog the

(2nd WOMAN)

Go a-head and try it, wot the

(1st MAN)

well...

(To 2nd Woman)

Wot-cher think?

(2nd MAN)

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

(TOBIAS)

Gent-ly dab it. Gets to be a hab-it. Soon there’ll be e-nough, sir, some-body can grab it.

(To 1st WOMAN)

pave-ments?

(To 2nd WOMAN)

hell?

V.S.

#09 — Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS) (Points to a long-haired man)

See that chap with hair like Shelley’s? You can tell ‘e’s used Pi-rel-li’s!

(TODD) (Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)

1st MAN 2nd MAN

Par-don me, ma’am, what’s that awful

Let me have a bottle. Make that two.

(TOBIAS) (To 3rd Woman)

Go a-head and feel, mum. Ab-so-lute-ly real, mum.

MRS. LOVETT (To a man in the crowd)

Are we stand-ing near an o-pen trench? Par-don me, sir, what’s that awful

(TODD)

stench?

1st WOMAN 2nd WOMAN

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

3rd WOMAN

I’m just pass-ing

2nd MAN 1st MAN 2nd MAN

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

3rd MAN

Pass it

#09—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS) (Handing Todd a bottle for inspection.)

Buy Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir. Anything wot’s slick, sir, soon sprouts curls.

(MRS. LOVETT)

stench?

(TODD)

trench.

(2nd WOMAN)

by.

(3rd WOMAN)

by.

(2nd MAN)

by.

(3rd MAN)

by.

(TOBIAS)

Try Pirelli’s! When they see how thick, sir, You can have your pick, sir, of the girls!

V.S.
#09—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
Want to buy a bottle, missus? Penny for a bottle. Have you ever smelled a cleaner?

What is this? Smells like phew!

(Tobias) (To 4th Woman)

(Todd)

What is this? Smells like piss.

1st Man

Props gates the hair, sir.

2nd Man

He says it smells like

4th Man

I'll take one.

3rd Man (To 2nd Man)

What was that?

(Tobias)

How about a sample? How about a sample, mister?

Mrs. Lovett

Wouldn't touch it if I was you, dear.

(Todd)

Looks like piss.

2nd Man

This is piss. Piss with

Piss.

2nd Woman & 5th Man

Wot-cher think?

Says it smells like piss or something.

V.S.

#09—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS) (Trying to calm the crowd)

Never mind that mad-man, mister.

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 mad-man.

(TODD)

Give ‘em back their money!

Where is this Pi-rel-li?

(WOMEN)

Give us back our money!

Yeah, where is this Pi-

(MEN)

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

Yeah, where is this Pi-

#09 – Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
#09—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir

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**TOBIAS**

Let Pi-rel-li’s ac-ti-ve your roots, sir.

**TODD**

Yes,

**CROWD**

Keep it off your boots, sir, Eats right through!

**WOMEN**

rel-li?

**CROWD**

Go and get Pi-rel-li!

**MEN**

rel-li?

**CROWD**

Go and get Pi-rel-li!

**TOBIAS**

get Pi-rel-li’s! Use a bot-tle of it! La-dies seem to love it!

**MRS. LOVETT (Opt. 8va)**

Flies do, too!

**CROWD**

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

**TOBIAS**

See Pi-rel-li’s Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir grow a lit-tle wick, sir, then some fuzz.

**CROWD**

The Pi-rel-li’s soon’ll make it thick, sir, Like a good e-lix-ir al-ways does.

**V.S.**
Trust Pirelli’s! If your hair is sick, sir, Fix it in a nick, sir, Don’t look grim.

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

If you’ve got a kick, sir!

What about the money?

What about the money? Where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

Yeah, where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

Yeah, where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!
TOBIAS

Tell it to the mixer of the Miracle Elixir. If you've got a kick, sir...

What about our money? What about it? Where is this Pirelli?

What about our money? What about it? Where is this Pirelli?

What about our money? Go and get Pirelli! Where is this Pirelli?

What about our money? Go and get Pirelli! Where is this Pirelli?

(Pirelli burst through the curtain flamboyantly.
The crowd falls silent, stunned.)

Segue

Talk to him!
Pirelli’s Entrance

Moderato, con molto rubato

PIRELLI

I am Adolfo Pirelli, Da king of da barbers, Da barber of kings, E buon giorno, Good day. I blow you a kiss. And

I, Da so famous Pirelli, I wish-a to know-a who has-a da

ten.

nerve-a to say____ My e-lix-ir is piss! Who says this?
The Contest (Part I)

PIRELLI: Ready!
TODD: Ready!
BEADLE: The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.
(He blows his whistle)

Agitato \( \text{\( \dot{\text{c}} \) = 144} \)

Safety

Pirelli strops his razor quickly and starts whipping up lather furiously. Todd also strops his razor, but with painstaking slowness.

Listessmo tempo \( \text{\( \dot{\text{c}} \) = \( \text{\( \dot{\text{c}} \) \( \dot{\text{c}} \) \)} \)} \)

Safety

PIRELLI (last time)

Now signor-i-ni, signor-i, we mix-a da lather, but first-a you gather a-round, signor-
i-ni, signor-i, you looking a man who have had-a da glo-ry to shave-a da Pope! Mis
ter

(Lathering his man)

(To the customer, as he accidentally lathers his nose)

Sweeney who-ev-er-I beg-a your par-don’-ll prob-a-bly say it was only a car-din-al.

(Finishes lathering the man)

(Exchanges his brush for a razor)

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

V.S.

#10—The Contest (Part I)
PIRELLI (Shaves his man, with flourishes)

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

accel, poco a poco

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

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

PIRELLI: (Getting the crowd’s attention back)

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

mf espress.

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

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

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

Again, Todd slowly straops his razor, then plucks a hair from his head, holds it up, slices it and watches it fall.

Rubato (Gaining confidence)

start-ing in my yout’!

To cut-a da
a tempo
as he sees Todd so far behind)

hair, To trim-a da beard, To make-a da bris-tle clean like a whis-tle, Dis is from

ear-ly in-fan-cy da tal-ent give to me by God! It take-a da

skill, It take-a da brains, It take-a da will To take-a da

pains, It take-a da pace, It take-a da grace!

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

Beadle

The win-ner is Todd!

The Contest (Part I)
10A

The Contest (Part II)

(Original)

Beadle: Ready?
Pirelli: Ready!
Todd: Ready!
(The Beadle blows his whistle)

Molto rubato

Pirelli

To pull-a da toot'
Wid-out-a da skill
Can dam-age da

Tobias

Ow!
Ooh!

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

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

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

a tempo

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

Honh... Honh...
Ohhh... Anhh!

Honh... Honh... Honh...

Toot'
Wid-out-a da grace,
You leave-a da space
All over da

(With mounting alarm)

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.

Pirelli clamps his hand
over Tobias’ mouth.

To hold-a da clamp

Wid-out-a da

Anh-eeee!

Unh... Unh...

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

accel.

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

I take-a da

Mmmm... ph!

V.S.

#10A – The Contest (Part II)
(PIERLO)

pains, I learn-a-da art, I use-a-da

(TOBIA)

(Extractor in mouth)

No... No...

27

rit. espress.

brains, I give-a-da heart, I have-a-da

No... No...

Todd, with a tiny tug, extracts his man’s tooth. The Beadle blows his whistle, the crowd roars its approval.

(Dropping)

grace, I win-a-da race! I give-a-da up.

No... Aahhhhh!
10B

Ballad of Sweeney Todd

TODD: (Expressionless) You will be welcome, Beadle Barnford, 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 blows.)

Allegretto ($\frac{4}{4} = 132$

(As the whistle dies)

SOLO BASS

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

SOLO BARI

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

SOPR. & TENOR

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

Laying the trail, Showing the traces, Letting it lead to higher places.

Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned, Like a perfect ma-

Laying the trail, Showing the traces, Letting it lead to

#10B—Ballad of Sweeney Todd
chine 'e planned,  
Sly - ly court-ed 'im, Swee - ney did,

TENORS

Lay-ing the trail,  
Show-ing the tra-ces,

high-er pla-ces,  
Sly - ly court-ed 'im, Swee - ney did.

(WOMEN)

Let-ting it lead to high-er pla-ces.  
Swee -

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

(BARIS, BASSES)

Swee - ney...  
Segue
#11—Johanna
Johanna

(The lights shift to a room in Judge Turpin’s house. The Judge is in his judicial clothes, a Bible in his hand. In the adjoining room, Johanna sits sewing.)

Molto rubato
JUDGE TURPIN

Mea culpa, mea culpa, Mea maxima culpa, Mea

max - ima max - ima cul - pa.

a tempo

God de - liv - er me! Re - lease me! For - give me! Re - stain me!

poco rall.

He peers through the keyhole of the door to Johanna’s room.

Per - vade me!

V.S.

#11 – Johanna
Moderato, non rubato (\( \mathbf{q} = 160 \))

(JUDGE TURPIN)

han-na, Joh-na-na, So suddenly a woman,

The light behind your window, It penetrates your gown.

han-na, Joh-na-na, The sun, I see the sun through your...

Ashamed, he turns away.  
He sinks to his knees, starts tearing off his robe.

No!  
God!  
Deliv-er me!  
Deliv-er me!

Naked to the waist, he picks up a scourge from the table.

Down!  
Down.  
Down...  
Jo-
Johanna

S WEENEY T ODD — T HE D EMON B ARBER OF F LEET S TREET — 239 —

(JUDGE)

han-na, Joh-anna, I watch you from the shadow.
You sigh before your window.

And gaze upon the town.

Your lips part, Joh-anna, So young and soft and beautiful...

(Flails himself) (Flails himself again) (Again) (Again)

God! Deliver me! Filth! Leave me!

(cantabile)

Joh-anna, Joh-anna. I treasured you in innocence.

And loved you like a daughter.

V.S.

#11 — Johanna
You mock me, Johanna, You tempt me with your innocence.

You tempt me with those quivering... No! God!

Deliver me! It will Stop! Now! It will Stop Right Now. Right Now.

Now. Right Now...

Panting, he kneels his way over to the door and peers through the keyhole.

Johanna, Johanna, I cannot keep you longer.
(JUDGE)

The world is at your window, You want to fly away.

(stir me, Johanna, So suddenly a woman.)

I cannot watch you one more day... God!

(Again) Deliver me! God! Deliver me!

(Again) God! Deliver... God!!

(dim.)

V.S.

#11 – Johanna
As he relaxes and regains control of himself, he starts to dress.

112

(JUDGE TURPIN)

hanna, Johanna, I’ll keep you here forever,

I’ll wed you on the morrow.

121

hanna, Johanna, The world will never touch you,

I’ll wed you on the morrow!

As years pass, Johanna, You’ll tend me in my solitude,

No longer as a daughter, As a woman.

#11—Johanna
(Now fully dressed)

\[ \text{Jo-hanna, Jo-hanna, I'll hold you here for-} \]

\[ \text{ev-er then, You'll keep away from win-dows and} \]

\[ \text{You'll de-liv-er me, Jo-hanna, From this} \]

\[ \text{Hot red dev-il With your} \]

\[ \text{soft white cool vir-gin} \]

\[ \text{palms...} \]

\#11—Johanna
Wait

Light comes up on Mrs. Lovett’s Pie Shop and the apartment above, which now is sparsely furnished with a washstand and a long wooden chest. As the foot of the outside staircase is a brand-new barber’s pole. Attached to the first banister of the staircase is an iron bell. Todd is pacing in the apartment above. Mrs. Lovett comes hurrying out of the shop, carrying a wooden chair. As she does so, the Beggar Woman shuffles across the stage.

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** (To a generous passerby)

Thank yer... (She shuffles to Mrs. Lovett)

**MRS. LOVETT:** (Imitating her, nastily)

Alms... Alms... How many times have I told you?

I’ll not have trash from the gutter hanging around my establishment!

Alms... alms... for a mis’ra-ble...

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** Not just a penny, dear? Or a pie? One of them pies that gives the stomach cramps to half the neighborhood? (A cackling laugh) Come on, dear. Have a heart, dear.

**MRS. LOVETT:** Off! Off with you or you’ll get a kick on the rump that’ll make your teeth chatter!

**BEGGAR WOMAN:** Stuck up thing! You and your fancy airs!

She exits. Mrs. Lovett rings the bell to indicate her approach and starts climbing the stairs carrying the chair. At the sound of the bell, Todd becomes alert and snatches up the razor.

Alms... alms... for a des-per-ate wo-man...
As Mrs. Lovett appears, Todd relaxes somewhat. Mrs. Lovett is now very proprietary towards him.

**MRS. LOVETT:** *(Putting the chair down)* It’s not much of a chair, but it’ll do till you get your fancy new one.
It was me poor Albert’s chair, it was. Sat in it all day long, he did, after his leg gave out from the dropsy.
*(Surveying the room)* Kinda bare, isn’t it? I never did like a bare room. Oh, well, we’ll find some nice little knickknacks.

**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)*

---

**V.S.**
Adagio espress., non rubato \( \textit{\( \ddot{\text{r}} \) = 112} \)

**MRS. LOVETT**

Easy now._ Hush, love, hush._ Don’t distress your-self, What’s your rush?

Todd keeps pacing.

Keep your thoughts._ Nice and lush._ Wait.

Hush, love, hush._ Think it through._ Once it bubbles, then what’s to do?

Todd grows calmer. Mrs. Lovett looks around the room.

Watch it close._ Let it brew._ Wait._ I’ve been thinking.

flow-ers, May-be daisies._ To bright-en up the room._ Don’t you think some

Todd doesn’t respond.

flow-ers, Pretty daisies, Might relieve the gloom? Ah,

**TODD:** (Intensely)

And the Judge? When will I get him?

Wait, love, wait.

#12—Wait
MRS. LOVETT: Can’t you think of nothin’ else? Always broodin’ away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago—
(Todd turns away violently with a hiss)

Slow, love, slow. Time’s so fast. Now goes quick-ly. See, now it’s past!

Todd grows calm again.

Don’t you know, silly man, Half the fun is to plan the plan?

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

All good things come to those who can— Wait.

Gil-ly flow-ers may-be, ‘stead of dai-sies... I don’t know, though... What do you think?

TODD: (Docilely) Yes.
MRS. LOVETT: (Gently taking the razor from him) Gillyflowers, I’d say.

MRS. LOVETT: (cont.) Nothing like a nice bowl of gillies.
Pirelli’s Death

PIRELLI
(Nastily, quasi parlando)

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

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

plan?
Pirelli’s Death Underscore

TOBIAS: Ow, he ain’t here.
TODD: Signor Pirelli has been called away.

TOBIAS: Where did he go?
TODD: He didn’t say. You’d better run after him.
TOBIAS: Oh no, sir, knowing him, sir,

TOBIAS (cont.): without orders to the contrary, I’d best wait for him here.
(He crosses to the chest and sits down on it, perilously near Pirelli’s hand, which he doesn’t notice. Todd at this moment does, however. Suddenly he is all nervous smiles)
TODD: So, Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she, my lad?

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

TOBIAS (cont.): One whole pie.
(As he speaks, his hand moves very close to Pirelli’s hand)
TODD: (Moving toward him) A whole pie, eh? That’s a treat.
And yet, if I know a growing boy, there’s still room for more, eh?

TOBIAS: I’d say, sir. (Pattling 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 Todd’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?

TODD: (Afterthought) And tell Mrs. Lovett to give you a nice big tot of gin.
TOBIAS: Oo, sir. Gin, sir! Thanking you, sir, thanking you kindly. Gin!
You’re a Christian indeed, sir!
(He runs down the stairs to Mrs. Lovett)
TOBIAS: (cont.) Oh, ma’am, the gentleman says to give me a nice tot of gin, ma’am.

MRS. LOVETT: Gin, dear? Why not? (Upstairs, with great ferocity, Todd opens the chest, grabs Pirelli by the hair, tugs him up from the chest and slashes his throat. The whistle shrinks. Downstairs Mrs. Lovett pours a glass of gin and hands it to Tobias. The tableau freezes, then fades)

Presto
Safety
Segue
Three tenors enter and sing.

**Andante con moto \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{= 132} \)**

(First time)

Three Tenors

His hands were quick, his fingers strong.

(Second time)

It stung a little, but not for long.

And those who thought him a simple clod Were

soon reconsidering under the sod,
From Sweeney Todd,

signed there with a friendly prod From Sweeney Todd,

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

V.S.
See your razor gleam, Sweeney,

Feel how well it fits

Feel how well it fits...

Feel how well it fits, How well it

As it floats across the throats of

As it floats across the throats of

fits. It floats across the throats of

#12C—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
Lights black out on the singers and come up on Judge Turpin in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. He is about to convict a young boy.

**JUDGE**: This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. *(Scene continues)*
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

(Light dims on the court and finds the Judge and the Beadle now walking down a street together)
BEADLE: Well, sir, the adjournment is fortunate for me, sir, for it's today we celebrate my sweet little Annie's birthday, (cont'd)

CUE NO. 2

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

#12D—Underscore
JUDGE: (cont’d) In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry Johanna next Monday.

BEADLE: Ah, sir, happy news indeed.
JUDGE: Strange, when I offered myself to her, she showed a certain reluctance. But that’s natural enough in a young girl. Now that she has had time for reflection, I’m sure she will greet my proposal in a more sensible frame of mind.
Kiss Me (Part I)

Light comes up on Johanna and Anthony in Johanna’s room. She is pacing in agitation and fear. Anthony sits on a couch, watching her.

Allegretto ma non troppo (♩= 120) (Two times)

1

[Music notation]

Johanna

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

Anthony

I have a

(Not listening to him)

[Music notation]

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

plan.

I have a

[Music notation]

Oh, dear, was that a noise? I think I heard a noise.

plan.

A plan.

A
(JOHANNA)

It could - n't be, He's in court, he's in court to - day.

(ANTHONY)

plan!

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

(JOHANNA)

mp (Shyly)

Oh, sir...

(ANTHONY)

mp

Kiss me!    Ah, miss...

V.S.
(JOHANNA)  \( mf \) (Pacing again)

If he should mar-ry me Mon-day, What will I do? I’ll die of grief.

(ANTHONY)  \( mf \)

We fly to-

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

We fly to...

(Covering Anthony’s mouth)

Be-hind the cur-tain, quick! I think I hearda click. It was a gate. It’s the gate. We don’t have a gate.

Muffled

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

Still, there was a… Wait! There’s an-oth-er click, You must have heard that…

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

#13—Kiss Me (Part I)
To-night? You mean to-night? Oh, sir!

kiss me! Kiss me! The plan is made, So

I feel a fright. Sir, I did kiss me. Be not afraid. To-night I’ll

cantabile

love you even as I saw you, Even as it did not matter that I steal you, John-

V.S.

#13—Kiss Me (Part I)
It's me you'll marry on Monday. That's what you'll do! St. Dunstan's,

I knew I'd be with you one day, Even not knowing who you were.

Ah, miss,

I feared you'd never come, That you'd been called away,

marry me, marry me, miss, Oh marry me Monday!

That you'd been killed, had the plague, were in debtor's jail,

Favor me, favor me with your hand. Promise,
Trampled by a horse, gone to sea again, arrested by the...

merry me, merry me, please, oh marry me Monday...

He takes her in his arms and they fall back onto the couch.

rit.

Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me! Kiss me... oh, sir...

Of course. You're sure? I shall...

Segue
#14—Ladies In Their Sensitivities
Beadle

Ladies In Their Sensitivities

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

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

Allegretto grazioso \( \text{\( \frac{144}{\text{C}} \)} \)

Ex -

(BEADLE)

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

give me if I sug-gest, my lord, You’re look-ing less than your best, my lord, There’s

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

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

And la-dies, my lord, are weak.

V.S.

#14—Ladies In Their Sensitivities
LARGHETTO \( \text{\( \frac{a}{q} \)} = 80 \) (BEADLE)

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord, Have a fragile sensibility.

When a girl's emergent, Probably it's urgent

You defer to her gentility, my lord.

Personal disorder cannot be ignored, Given their genteel proclivities.

Meaning no offense, it happens they resents it,

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord. Fret

#14—Ladies In Their Sensitivities
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

JUDGE: Until --?

She bows to your every will.

Segue

#14—Ladies In Their Sensitivities
Lights up on Johanna’s room. Johanna and Anthony rise from the couch dishevelled.

**Allegro** \( \frac{\text{4}}{\text{4}} \) \( \frac{1}{8} \) \( \frac{1}{8} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \)

**ANTHONY**

We’d best not wait un-till Mon-day.

**BEADLE**

The name is Todd,

**JUDGE**

Todd, eh?

**JOHANNA**

Sir, I con-cur, and ful-ly, too.

**BEADLE**

It is n’t right, We’d best be mar-ried on Sun-day.

Sween-ney Todd.

The Judge and the Beadle move past the house.

**JOHANNA**

Sat-ur-day, sir, would al-so do. I think I heard a noise, I mean an-oth-er noise.

**ANTHONY**

Or else to - night. Fear not. Like

---

#15 — *Kiss Me (Part II)*
(JOHANNA)

Oh, nev-er mind, just a noise, just an-oth-er noise,

what?

You must-n’t mind, It’s a

(Falling into his arms)

Some-thing in the street, I’m a sil-ly lit-tle nin-ny nod-dle, Kiss me! Oh, sir...

noise, Just an-oth-er noise, Some-thing in the street, you sil-ly... Kiss me!

V.S.
What shall I wear? I dare n't pack.

We'll go to Paris on Monday.

We'll ride a

With you beside me on Sunday, What will I care what things I lack?

train, Then sail to

I'll take my reticule. I'll need my reticule.

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

You must n't think me a fool, But my reticule reticule. I'd never think you a fool, but a
(JOHANNA)  
never leaves my side, It's the only thing my mother gave me...

(ANTHONY)  
reticule... Leave it all aside and begin again and...

V.S.
16  (JOHANNA)

Kiss me!  Kiss me!  We’ll go there.

17

Kiss me!

18

I know a place where we can go to-night.

(BEADLE)

The name is Todd.

19

JUDGE

Todd, Swee-ney

20

Todd?

Swee-ney

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

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

Todd.

Todd, Swee-ney

Todd?

Swee-ney

#15 — Kiss Me (Part II)
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21 (JOHANNA)

\[ \text{(JOHANNA)} \]

22

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

23

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

24

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

25

did not know your name.

26

Jo-

27

Swee - ney Todd.

28

Swee - ney Todd.

V.S.

#15 – Kiss Me (Part II)
saw you,

Even as it does not matter that I

han-na! Jo-han-na! Jo-


still don’t know your name.

An-tho-ny!

han-na! An-tho-ny.

Todd.

Todd? Todd, eh?
I'll marry Anthony Sunday! That's what I'll do, no matter what!

You marry Anthony Sunday! That's what you'll do, no matter what!

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord,

Pray lead the

I knew you'd come for me one day, Only afraid that you'd forgot.

I knew I'd come for you one day Only afraid that you'd forgot.

Have a fragile sensibility.

way.

Just as you

V.S.
I feared you’d never come, That you’d been called away,
Marry me, marry me, miss, Oh marry me Sunday!
When a girl’s ______ emergent,
say.

That you’d been killed, had the plague, were in debtor’s jail,
Favor me, favor me with your hand! Promise,
Probably ______ it’s urgent.

Tamped 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 sens - si -
38 (JOHANNA) Anthony crushes Johanna to him. They kiss.

39 (ANTHONY) Oh, sir...

40 (BEADLE) Ah, miss...

ti - vi - ties...

V.S.
(JOHANNA)

(Anthony)

(a, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir...)

(AH, miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah,

(SENSI-

Too... ti-vi-ties...)

(JUDGE)

Todd...

OPT. REPEAT

Oh, sir... oh, sir...

Miss... ah, miss... ah, miss...

Applause Segue
Underscore
(tacet)

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.

Wiss. & Bells

Fade on scene
#16—Pretty Women (Part I)
Pretty Women (Part I)

(cue) TODD:
And what may I do for you, sir?
A stylish trimming of the hair?

You

see, sir, a man infatuated with love,
Her ardent and eager 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 tempo

The closest I ever gave.

shave.

V.S.

#16 — Pretty Women (Part I)
He whips the sheet over the Judge and tucks the bib in. The Judge flicks imaginary dust off the sheet, humming as he does so.

(Hums ad lib. syllables)

JUDGE

bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-badadum-bum-bum (etc.)

(TODD)

Whistles

Hums

JUDGE:

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

(TODD)

'Tis
"your de-light, sir, catch-ing fi-re from one man to the next."

"true, sir, love can still in-spi-re the blood to pound, The heart leap high-er, What"

"What more can man re-qui-re? More than love, sir."

"more can man re-qui-re than love, sir? What, sir?"

"He lathers the judge's face and strops the razor."

"Wo-men. Pret-ty wo-men."

"Ah, yes, wo-men."

V.S. #16—Pretty Women (Part I)
Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-ba-da-dum-bum-bum (etc.)

Todd puts the razor down, tilts the Judge’s head back and closes the Judge’s eyes, then stands back to survey him.
#16—Pretty Women (Part I)
16A
Pretty Women (Part II)

Ad Lib. (♩ = 144)
TODD (Finishing the lathering of the Judge's face)

Whistles

molto rit.

(Puts down brush, picks up razor)
TODD (To the razor)

Now then, my friend, Now to your

pur- pose.

Pa - tience, en - joy it, Re - venge can't be

#16A — Pretty Women (Part II)
(TODD) taken in haste. 

(Judge) Make haste and if we wed, you'll be com-mend-ed, sir.

(Todd freezes) And who may it be said is your in-tend-ed, sir?

My ward.

JUDGE: And pretty as a rosebud. 

TODD: As pretty as her mother?

JUDGE: What? What was that? 

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

The Judge leans back again. 

Todd brings the razor down to his throat. 

V.S.
L’istesso tempo \( (\text{\texttt{\textit{\textbullet{} = 72}}} \) non rubato

TODD (Shaving him)

Prett-y wo-men... fas-ci-nat-ing... Sip-ping cof-fee, danc-ing...

Prett-y wo-men... are a won-der... Prett-y wo-men!

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

Some-thing in them... cheers the air...

(TODD)

Prett-y wo-men... Stay with-in you...

JUDGE

Sil-hou-ett-ed... Glanc-ing...
Stay for-ev-er... Pretty wo-men, Pretty wo-men!

Breath-ing light-ly... Pretty wo-men!

V.S.
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair, even when they leave, they hair, then they leave. Even when they leave you and vanish, they still are there, they’re there. Ah, somehow can still remain there with you, there with you. Ah, Pretty women at their mirrors, letter writing, weather watching, Pretty women in their gardens, flower picking.
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(Todd)

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav-en as you’re liv-ing...

(Judge)

How they make a man sing! Proof of heav-en as you’re liv-ing...

Pretty wo-men, sir, pretty wo-men, Here’s to

Pretty wo-men, sir, pretty wo-men, Yes,

Todd raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slice the razor across the Judge’s throat when Anthony bursts in.

Pretty wo-men, All the pretty wo-men!

Pretty wo-men, sir, Pretty wo-men, pretty wo-men, sir, pretty wo-men...

(= 120)

Anthony

Johan-na marries me Sun-day! Ev’ry-thing’s set, we leave to-night!

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

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...

#16A – Pretty Women (Part II)
17—Epiphany (original key)
Epiphany

(Original Key - B♭)

(cue) TODD: Out, I say, out!

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

Furioso (̆ = 132)
Vamp

TODD
(last time)

I had him... and then...

MRS. LOVETT: I saw them both running down the street...

I had him!
His throat was bare beneath my hand...

MRS. LOVETT:
There, there, dear.
Don’t fret.

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

MRS. LOVETT

Easy now.— Hush, love, hush.— I keep tell-ing you...

gain!

V.S.

#17—Epiphany (original key)
What’s your rush?

When? Why did I wait? You told me to wait! Now he’ll never come again!

There’s a hole in the world like a great black pit And it’s filled with people who are filled with shit And the vermin of the world inhabit it... But not for long!

They all deserve to die! Tell you why, Mrs. Lovett, tell you why:

Because in all of the whole human race, Mrs. Lovett, there are two kinds of men, and only two. There’s the one staying put in his proper place And the one with his foot in the other one’s face. Look at me, Mrs. Lovett, look at you! No, we...
all deserve to die! Even you, Mrs. Lovett, even

Il! 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 Johanna, No, I'll never hug my girl to me. Finished!

(To the Audience)

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

your good friend Sweeney! You, sir, too, sir, Welcome to the grave! I will have

vengeance, I will have salvation!

V.S.

#17—Epiphany (original key)
54 (TODD)

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

57 I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An-y-bo-dy! Gen-tle-men, now don't be shy! Not

60 Cantabile

one man, no, Nor ten men, Nor a hun-dred can as-suage me, I will

64 Moderato alla marcia (\( \text{\textdegree} = 80 \)) (TODD) (To Mrs. Lovett)

have you! And I

68 will get him back e-ven as he gloats. In the mean-time I'll prac-tice on less hon-or-a-ble throats. And my

72 Lu-cy lies in ash-es And I'll nev-er see my

75 girl a-gain, But the work waits, I'm a-

#17—Epiphany (original key)
NOTE:
Use the Long Ending for transition to the next scene (no applause).
Use the Short Ending if applause is wanted.

live at last, And I’m full of joy!

Segue

live at last, And I’m full of joy!
#17—Epiphany (transposed key)
**Epiphany**

(Transposed Key - C)

*(cue)* **TODD:** Out, I say, out!

**MRS. LOVETT:**
All this running and shouting,
What is it now, dear?

**Furioso (d = 132)**

**TODD** *(last time)*

---

I had him... and then...

---

I had him! His throat was bare beneath my hand...

---

**MRS. LOVETT:**
There, there, dear.
Don’t fret.

---

No, I had him! His throat was there and he’ll never come a-

---

**MRS. LOVETT**

Easy now. Hush, love, hush. I keep telling you...

---

V.S.

---

#17 - Epiphany (transposed key)
What’s your rush?

When? Why did I wait? You told me to wait! Now he’ll never come again!

There’s a hole in the world like a great black pit And it’s filled with people who are filled with shit And the vermin of the world inhabit it... But not for long!

They all deserve to die! Tell you why, Mrs.—Lov-ett, tell you why: Because in all of the whole human race, Mrs.—Lov-ett, there are two kinds of men, and only two. There’s the one staying put in his proper place And the one with his foot in the other one’s face. Look at me, Mrs.—Lov-ett, look at you! No, we...
all deserve to die! Even you, Mrs. Lovett, even

I! 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 Johanna. No, I'll never hug my girl to me. Finished!

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

your good friend Sweeney! You, sir, too, sir, Welcome to the grave! I will have

vengeance, I will have salvation!

V.S.

#17 – Epiphany (transposed key)
Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney’s wait-ing!

I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An-y-body! Gen-tle-men, now don’t be shy! Not

one man, no, Nor ten men, Nor a hun-dred can as-suage me, I will

have you!

And I

will get him back e-ven as he gloats. In the mean-time I’ll prac-tice on less hon-or-a-ble throats. And my

Lu-cy lies in ash-es And I’ll nev-er see my

girl a-gain, But the work waits, I’m a -

#17—Epiphany (transposed key)
**Long Ending**

NOTE:
Use the *Long Ending* for transition to the next scene (no applause).
Use the *Short Ending* if applause is wanted.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>78 (TODD)</th>
<th>79 (TODD)</th>
<th>80 (TODD)</th>
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live at last, And I'm full of joy!

---

**Short Ending**

<table>
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<th>78 (TODD)</th>
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live at last, And I'm full of joy!
A Little Priest

MRS. LOVETT: Well, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose there's any relatives going to come poking around looking for him. (After a pause) You know me. Sometimes ideas just pop into my head and I was thinking...

Rubato

MRS. LOVETT     mp  TODD: (MRS. LOVETT)

Seems a down-right shame. Seems an awful waste.

Such a nice plump frame wot's-'is-name has... had... has... nor it can't be traced.

Bus'-ness needs a lift... Debts to be e-rased...

(Todd is staring into space) (She sighs)

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

Non rubato (d = 60) poco accel.

waste. I mean, with the price of

(V.S.)

#18 — A Little Priest
(Todd chuckles)

(MRS. LOVETT)

Good, you got it. Take, for instance, Mrs. Mooney and her

pie shop. Bus’ness nev-er bet-ter, us-ing on-ly

pus-sy-cats and toast. Now a pus-sy’s good for may-be six or

sev-en at the most. And I’m sure they can’t com-pare as far as

taste...

Well, it does seem a

Mrs. Lovett, What a charm-ing no-tion, Em-i-nent-ly prac-ti-cal and yet ap-

MRS. LOVETT:
It’s an idea.

waste...

pro-pri-ate, as al-ways... Mrs. Lovett, How I did with-out you all these years, I’ll nev-er
Think about it! Lots of other gentlemen'll soon be coming for a shave.

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

What's the sound of the world out there?

What, Mister Todd, what, Mister Todd, what is that sound?

Those crunching noises pervading the air?
#18—A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT

Yes, Mister Todd, Yes, Mister Todd, Yes, all around...

TODD

It's

(MRS. LOVETT)

Then

(TODD)

man devouring man, my dear, And

who are we to deny it in here?

who are we to deny it in here?

V.S.

#18 — A Little Priest
TODD: These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for.
(Mrs. Lovett goes to the counter and comes back with an imaginary pie)

MRS. LOVETT (holding out a pie to Todd): Here we are, hot from the oven.

What is that?

A tempo

(TODD)

Is it really

Sir, it's too good, at least. Then again, they good?

(MRS. LOVETT)

don't commit sins of the flesh, So it's pret-ty
**Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street**

(MRS. LOVETT)

105

fresh.

106-107

2

108

TODD

Awful lot of

109

Only where it sat.

110

111

fat.

112

113

Have’n’t you got poet or

114

115

No, you see, the trouble with

116

117

something like that?

118

119

120

poet is, How do you know it’s deceased? Try the

121

122

123

124-127

4

TODD: (Tasting the pie) Heavenly. Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps, but not as bland as curate, either.

V.S.

#18 – A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT: And good for business. Always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it on Sundays.

(Offering another pie)

MRS. LOVETT: Lawyer's rath-er

A tempo

(MRS. LOVETT)

nice.

TODD

Order some-thing

If it's for a price.

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

(MRS. LOVETT)

twice.

TODD

Well then, if you're

An-thing that's lean.

(MRS. LOVETT)

British and loyal, You might en-joy Royal Ma-

rine... An-way it's clean... Though, of course, it
(Todd looks past her at an imaginary oven)

Tastes of wherever it's been...

Is that

Mercy squire on the fire?

No, sir, look closer, You'll notice it's grocer.

Looks

A tempo

No, it thicker, more like vicar.

(Mrs. Lovett)

Has to be grocer, it's green.

V.S.

#18 – A Little Priest
The history 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...
(MRS. LOVETT) (TODD)
That

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

(Poins upstairs)

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

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

(Mrs. Lovett surveys a tray of pies)

MRS. LOVETT: Now, let’s see... We’ve got tinker. TODD: Something pinker.
MRS. LOVETT: Tailor.
TODD: (shakes his head) Something paler.
MRS. LOVETT: Potter.
TODD: Something hotter.
MRS. LOVETT: Butler?
TODD: Something subtler.

V.S.

#18 – A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT: Locksmith?  
(Todd slumps, defeated)

MRS. LOVETT  
(Offering another pie)

Love-ly bit of

A tempo  
(MRS. LOVETT)

clerk.*

(TODD)

Then a-gain there’s

(“Pronounced “Clark.”)  
May-be for a lark.

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

(cier...  
Peak of his car-reer.

That looks pret-ty

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

#18 – A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

bad till you smell it and notice how

(Indicating a bribe)

well it’s been greased. Stick to

MRS. LOVETT: (Offering another pie) Now this may be a little stringy, but then of course, it’s fiddle player.

V.S.

#18—A Little Priest
TOOD: This isn’t fiddle player. It’s piccolo player.
MRS. LOVETT: How can you tell?
TOOD: It’s piping hot.

MRS. LOVETT: (Guffaws)
Then blow on it first.
(They fall about with laughter)

TODD: The

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

Is

who gets eat - en and who gets to eat.

MRS. LOVETT

And, Mis - ter Todd, too, Mis - ter Todd, Who gets to sell.

TODD

But

#18—A Little Priest
But fortunately it's also clear that every body goes down well with beer.

(Mrs. Lovett offers another pie)

MRS. LOVETT:
Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how about rear admiral?

TODD:
Too salty. I prefer general.

V.S.
MRS. LOVETT: With or without his privates?  "With" is extra.

MRS. LOVETT  (Offering another pie)

It's

What is that?

A tempo

(MRS. LOVETT)

fop.  Finest in the shop.  Or we have some

shepherd's pie peppered with actual shepherd on
top.  And I've just begun.  Here's the politician, So oily it's served with a daily. Not

one?

(Todd shakes his head)  TODD

Put it on a bun.  Well, you never
(MRS. LOVETT)

(TODD)

Try the

No, the

Then

Yes, and

V.S.

#18—A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT: Wait! True, we don’t have judge—yet—but we’ve got something you might fancy even better.
TODD: What’s that?
MRS. LOVETT: (Handing him a butcher’s cleaver) Executioner.

(Todd picks up her wooden rolling pin and hands it to her)

Safetv

TODD (last time)

Have

(TODD)

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

MRS. LOVETT

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

TODD

We’ll

(TODD)

take the cus - to - mers that we can get.
MRS. LOVETT

High - born and low, my love.

We'll not discriminate great from small. No, we'll serve anyone,

MRS. LOVETT

We'll serve anyone, And to anyone at

And to anyone at all!

End of Act I

#18 – A Little Priest
ACT II
God, That’s Good!

Thanks to her increasing prosperity, Mrs. Lovett has created a modest outdoor eating garden outside the pie shop, consisting of a large wooden table with two benches, a few bushes in pots, birds in cages. At rise, contented customers, one of whom is drunk, are filling the garden, devouring their pies and drinking ale while Tobias, in a waiter’s apron, drums up trade along the sidewalk. Inside the pie shop, 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.

L’istesso tempo (\( \frac{4}{4} \))

TOBIAS

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

Are your nos-trils a-quiver and ting-ling as well At that de-li-cate lus-cious am-bro-si-al smell?

Yes they are, I can tell. Well,
Ladies and gentlemen, That aroma enriching the breeze is like
nothing compared to its succulent source, As the gourmets among you will

Ladies and gentlemen, you can’t imagine the rapture in store

(Indicating the pie shop)  
L’istesso tempo (\( \frac{1}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \))
(He beats his drum)

Just inside of this door!

There you’ll sample Mrs. Lovett’s meat pies, Savory and sweet pies, as you’ll see.

You who eat pies, Mrs. Lovett’s meat pies Conjure up the treat pies used to be!

V.S.

#19—God, That’s Good!
#19 — God, That’s Good!

(TOBIAS)

Right away.

(WOMEN)

Tell me, are they flavorful? They over here, boy, how about some ale? Let me have another, lad-die!

1st MAN

ALL WOMEN

ALL MEN

(TENORS)

(COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE over here, boy? God, that’s good)

(BARITONES & BASSES)

(COULD WE HAVE SOME SERVICE, wai-ter? What about that pie, boy?)

Yes, what about that pie, boy?
MRS. LOVETT  
(Rings bell twice)  
She enters the garden with a tray of pies, indicates a customer.

(TOBIAS)  
La-dies and gen-tle-men…  
Com-ing! ‘Scuse me.

(WOMEN)  
Thrup-pence for a meat pie?

(TENORS)  
Tell me, are they ten-der?

(BARITONES & BASSES)  
Where’s the ale I asked you for, boy?

(TOBIAS)  
Quick, now!

Right, mum!  
(Licking their fingers)

Sopranos  
God, that’s good!

Alto  
Tenors  
Basses

God, that’s good!

V.S.

#19 – God, That’s Good!
MRS. LOVETT  Serves pies, collects money, addresses different patrons with equal insincerity.

Nice to see you, dear- ie. How have you been keep- ing?

(Indicates a customer)

Cor, me bones is wea- ry! To- by! One for the gen- tle- man...

Hear the bird- ies cheep- ing, Helps to keep it cheer- y...

(Indicates the Beggar Woman)

To- by! Throw the old wo- man out!

Sopranos  

God, that’s good!

Alto  

Tenors  

Basses  

God, that’s good!

(MRS. LOVETT) Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon returns, sniffing.

What’s your plea- sure, dear- ie? No, we don’t cut sli- ces.

(Indicates the drunken man)

Cor, me eyes is bleary! To- by! None for the gen- tle- man...

#19—God, That’s Good!
I could up me prices, I’m a little leer-y. Business couldn’t be better, though...

Knock on wood!

God, that’s good!

V.S.

#19—God, That’s Good!
L’istesso tempo
(MRS. LOVETT)  (To customer)  (To Tobias)

Excuse me. Dear, see to the customers.

TODD  (Leaning out of the window)

Psst! Psst!

(To Todd)

Yes, what, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk.

Psst! But it’s

So it’s six o’clock.

And it’s six o’clock!

It was due to arrive at a quarter to five And it’s probably already down the block. It’ll be here! It’ll be here! Have a six o’clock!

I’ve been waiting all day.

#19—God, That’s Good!
19—God, That’s Good!

Sweeney Todd—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

(Mrs. Lovett)

beaker of beer and stop worrying, dear! Now, now... Will you

(Todd)

But it should have been here by now!

Sopranos

Altos

More hot pies!

Tenors

Basses

More hot pies!

(Mrs. Lovett)

(Moving back to the garden)

wait there, coolly? ‘Cause my customers truly are getting unruly and

(Todd)

You’ll come back when it comes?

L’istesso tempo

(Mrs. Lovett) (Circulating among the customers again)

(Spills ale on a customer)

What’s your pleasure, dearie? Oops! I beg your pardon!

V.S.

#19—God, That’s Good!
(MRS. LOVETT)

(Indicates the drunken man who is leaving without paying)

Just me hands is smear-y... Tob-y! Run for the gentle-man!

Tobias runs and collects from the drunk.

Don’t you love a garden? Always makes me

(Indicates the drunk)

tear-y. Must be one of them foreigners...

Sopranos

Alto

Tenors

Basses

God, that’s good! That is delicious!

God, that’s good! That is delicious!

MRS. LOVETT Workmen bring a crate down the street.

What’s my secret? Frankly, dear—forgive my candor—

Family secret, All to do with herbs.

# 19—God, That’s Good!
(MRS. LOVETT) The workmen carry the crate up the stairs.

Things like being careful with your coriander. That's what makes the gravy grander!

Sopranos

Alto

Tenors

Basses

More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

V.S.

#19—God, That's Good!
L’istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT (To a customer) (To Tobias) (To Todd)

Ex-cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-to-mers. What now, love?

TODD (To Mrs. Lovett)

Psst! Psst! Psst!

Quick, though, the trade is brisk. It’s where? I’ll get

But it’s here! Com-ing up the stair!

(Holds up the tray)

rid of this lot as they’re still pretty hot And then I’ll be there! No, I’ll

It’s a-bout to be o-pened Or don’t you care?

(Addressing a customer)

be there! I will be there! But they’ll nev-er be sold if I let ‘em get cold. Oh, and

But we have to pre-pare!

L’istesso tempo

(MRS. LOVETT)

In-ci-dent-ly, dear-ly, You know Mrs. Mooney.
19—God, That’s Good!

Sales have been so dreary—Toby! Poor thing is penniless.

What about that loony? Lookin’ sort of beer-y...

Oh, well, got her come-uppance And that’ll be thruppence and...

So she should!

God, that’s good That is de-Have you lici-cious ever

Mrs. Lovett runs up the stairs and into the Tonsorial Parlor as Todd opens the crate.

tasted smell such Oh my God What more That’s pies Good!

tasted smell such Oh my God What more That’s pies Good!

V.S.
L’istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT  They swoon with admiration at the new chair.

Ooohhh  Ooohhh  Ooohhh  Ooohhh

TODD

It’s gorgeous!  It’s gorgeous!

Is that a chair fit for a king, A wondrous neat and most particular

It’s perfect!  It’s gorgeous!

chair? You tell me where is there a seat can half compete with this particular

You make your few minor adjustments.  You

thing! I have a few minor adjustments to make, They’ll take

#19—God, That’s Good!
Mrs. Lovett goes back into the garden as Todd tinkers with the chair.

Mrs. Lovett (To the customers)

It's gorgeous! It's gorgeous!

Is that a pie fit for a king, A wondrous sweet and most particular

Sopranos unis.

Altos

Yum!

Tenors

Basses

Yum!

It's perfect! It's gorgeous!

thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie Can compete with this delectable

Yum!

V.S.

#19—God, That's Good!
The crust all vel-vet-y and wav-y, That
glaze, Those crimps, And then the succ-u-lent gra-vy. So
And then the thick succ-u-lent gra-vy... One whiff, One glimpse...
And now to test this best of bar-ber chairs...

#19—God, That’s Good!
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

213

(MRS. LOVETT)

(TOBIAH)

(TODD)

Sopranos

Altos

Tenors

Basses

216

L’istesso tempo

(MRS. LOVETT)  (To the customers)  (To Tobias)  (To Todd)

(TOBIAH)

(TODD)  (Out the window)

Psst!  Psst!  Psst!

V.S.

#19 – God, That’s Good!
(MRS. LOVETT)

My heart's a-flutter!
When you pound the floor...

Quick now! When I pound the floor, It's a

Yes, you told me, I know, you'll be ready to go when you pound the floor. Will you

signal to show that I'm ready to go, When I pound the floor!

trust me? Will you trust me? I'll be waiting below for the whistle to blow...

I just want to be sure... When I'm certain that you're in

place, I'll pound three times.

MRS. LOVETT (Knocks the air impatiently)

(Pounds)

(As she nods)

Three times. And then you—

#19—God, That's Good!
times... If you— Ex-act-ly...

Gawd! Right!

Pssst!

Sopranos

Alto

More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

Tenors

More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

Basses

She runs into the bakehouse, which has a large oven and a meat grinder on a butcher’s block. In the wall is the mouth of a chute leading from the Tonsorial Parlor upstairs. As she does, Todd takes a stack of books tied together and puts it in the chair.

Wait!

V.S.

#19—God, That’s Good!
MRS. LOVETT (Knocks on the chute)

TODD (Stamps on the floor)

MRS. LOVETT (Knocks excitedly on the chute)

TODD (Stamps on the floor in triumph)

Mrs. Lovett hurries out of the bakehouse, while Todd resumes tinkering happily with the chair.

L’istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT (To the customers)

TOBIAS (To the customers)
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

(MRS. LOVETT)

Eat them slow, ’Cause ev’ry-one’s a prize.

(TOBIAS)

Eat them slow, ’Cause ev’ry-one’s a prize.

Eat them slow, ’Cause that’s the lot and

Eat them slow ’Cause that’s the lot and

(Hanging up a “Sold Out” sign)

now we’ve sold it! Come a-gain to-mor-row... Hold it!

(Spotting something along the street)

now we’ve sold it! Come a-gain to-mor-row!

The man with the cap, from Act I, comes into view, approaches the Tonsorial Parlor and rings the bell.

Bless my eyes!

Sopranos

Altos

Tenors

Basses

More hot pies!

V.S.

#19 – God, That’s Good!
MRS. LOVETT

296–297

MRS. LOVETT

298–299

MRS. LOVETT

301–309

Tobias

Is that a pie fit for a king, A

Sopranos

Altos

Yum!

Tenors

Yum!

Basses

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Just confirms my theory... Toby!... God watches over us.

Wondrous sweet and most delectable

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

#19—God, That’s Good!

As Mrs. Lovett takes the sign down and turns back to her customers, Todd sees the man, beckons him up. As the man starts up the stairs, he and Todd freeze, Todd with the razor in his hand.
19—God, That’s Good!

Sweeney Todd—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Did—n’t have an ink—ling... Pos—it—ive—ly ee—rie...

 thing? You see, ma’am, why there is no meat pie...

She spots the Beggar Woman again.

V.S.
#19—God, That’s Good!
As Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, Mrs. Lovett runs back to the pie shop. The customers sing with their mouths full, gradually swallowing and singing clearly.

Mrs. Lovett relaxes in the pie shop with a mug of ale.

Applause Segue
Johanna - Act II Sequence

Dawn. The streets of London.

Rubato

Anthony searches through the streets for Johanna.

feel you, Johanna. I feel you.

Do they think that walls can hide—— you? Even now I'm at your window.

I am in the dark beside—— you, Buried sweetly in your
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(ANTHONY)

\[\text{Allegretto (} \frac{d}{4}=80, \text{ strict tempo throughout)}\]

yel-low hair, Jo-han-na...

(Todd sings dreamily to himself throughout, benign and detached from the action)

TO DD ten. ten.

Jo-han-na...

25

(TODD)

(last time)

And are you beau-ti-ful and pale, With yel-low hair, like her?

I’d want you beau-ti-ful and pale, The way I’ve dreamed you were, Jo-

ANTHONY

Jo-han-na...

(TODD)

han - na....

And if you’re beau-ti-ful, what then, With yel-low hair like wheat?

V.S.

#20 – Johanna – Act II Sequence
I think we shall not meet again, My little dove, my sweet Johanna...

Good-bye, Johanna. You're gone, and yet you're mine.

I'm fine, Johanna, I'm fine...

#20—Johanna - Act II Sequence
Night falls. Black smoke rises from the bakehouse chimney. As it thickens, we become aware of Mrs. Lovett, in a white nightdress, inside the bakehouse. The oven doors are open and cast a hot light. She is tossing “objects” into the oven. As the music continues, the Beggar Woman stumbles into view from the alleyway beside the chimney, coughing and spitting and carrying a meager straw pallet, her bed.

**Safety**

**BEGGAR WOMAN**
(last time)

Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the dev-il! Sign of the dev-il! Ci-ty on fi-re!

She tries to interest passers-by who, clearly revolted, move away.

Witch! Witch! Smell it, sir! An e - vil smell!

Ev’ry night at the ves-pers bell, Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell,

Ci-ty on fi-re! Ci-ty on fi-re!

She shuffles off. Light comes up. Morning again. Anthony is searching through another part of London. Todd, on the steps, greets another...

**Mischief! Mischief! Mischief!**

V.S.
...customer, ushers him into the Tonsorial Parlor and prepares him as before.

Safely
TODD
(last time)

And if I never hear your voice, My turtle dove, my dear,

I still have reason to rejoice: The way ahead is clear, Jo-

JOHANNA (Becoming visible behind bars in Fogg's Asylum, the madhouse where she is incarcerated)

I'll marry Anthony Sunday

ANTHONY

I

han-na...

(JOHANNA)

And in that darkness when I'm blind with what I can't forget,
(ANThony)

(ToDD)

han
na...

It’s always morning in my mind, My little lamb, my pet, Jo-

JOHANNA

(Todd slashes the customer’s throat, and stomps on the floor to signal Mrs. Lovett) (Dusk gathers.)

(ANThony)

(Stomp) (Stomp) (Stomp)

(Todd)

You stay, Johanna, The way I’ve dreamed you are,

V.S.
(Todd pulls the lever and again the customer disappears)

(Todd)

(Looking up)

Buried sweetly in your

Oh, look, Johanna, A star!

Todd tosses the customer’s hat down the chute. Night falls again. Smoke rises. The Beggar Woman reappears, coughing fit to kill.

Yellow hair...

A shooting star!

Safety

BEGGAR WOMAN
(last time)

There! There! Some-bod-y, some-bod-y look up there!

Passers-by continue to ignore her.

Did-n’t I tell you? Smell that air! City on fire!

Quick, miss! Run and tell! Warn ‘em all of the witch’s spell! There it is, there it is, the un-ho-ly smell! Tell it to the Beadle and the po-lice as well!
Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend! Ci-ty on fi-re!

Dawn rises.

Ci-ty on fi-re... Mis-chief... Mis-chief... Mis-chief...

She curses at theukehouse with her fingers.

Fiend... Alms...

She shuffles off. Todd greets a third customer, whose small daughter, much to Todd's chagrin, follows her father into the shop.

Alms...

V.S.
And though I'll think of you, I guess, until the day I die,

I think I miss you less and less as ev'ry day goes by, Johanna...

With you beside me on Sunday,

JOHANNA

(TODD)

han-na...

(TODD)

And you'd be beautiful and pale, And look too much like her.
If only angels could prevail, We'd be the way we were, Johanna.

Todd finishes shaving the customer, who pays him and leaves with his daughter.

Married on Sunday... Married on Sunday...

I feel you, Johanna...

Wake up, Johanna! Another bright red day!

V.S.
We learn, Johanna, to say.

I'll Good-bye...

steal

you...

The scene fades.

Segue
Johanna

After Johanna Act II Sequence

(♩= 200)

JOHANNA

A \textit{mf} \textit{ad lib.}

B

C

Green finch and lin-net bird...

Green finch and lin-net bird...

Green finch and lin-net bird...

1

$\text{Ad lib. repeat}$

2-10

9

(Fade on scene)
#20B—I Am A Lass
Mrs. Lovett

I Am A Lass

(As lights come up on Mrs. Lovett's parlor)

MRS. LOVETT (ad lib.)

I am a lass who alas loves a lad Who alas has a lass in
Canterbury. 'Tis a row dow diddle dow day, 'Tis a row dow diddle dow dee...

Segue
(cue) MRS. LOVETT: (Cross) The bloody old Judge! (She massages his neck) We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and-- since we’re careful to pick and choose-- only strangers and such like wot won’t be missed-- who’s going to catch on? (No response; she leans across and pecks him on the lips)

Moderato (\( \varphi = 84 \))
Vamp
MRS. LOVETT (last time)
(Kisses him again)
(Again)

Ooh, Mis - ter Todd, I’m so hap - py I could
eat you up, I real - ly could. You know what I’d like to
do, Mis-ter Todd?

What I dream...? If the bus’ness stays as good, Where I’d real-ly like to
go...? In a year or so...? Don’t you want to

TODD: (Dully) Of course.

TODD: Yes, yes, I do, I do.

MRS. LOVETT: (Settling back) I’ve always had a dream-- ever since I was a skinny little slip of a thing and my rich aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside August Bank Holiday... the pier... making little castles in the sand. I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briny.

Safety

MRS. LOVETT (last time) (to 29)

#21—By The Sea (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)

sea, Mis-ter Todd, That's the life I cov-et, By the

sea, Mis-ter Todd, Ooh, I knew you'd love— it! You and me, Mis-ter T, We could

be a-lone— In a house wot we'd al-most own— Down by the

(Todd gives her a pained smile)

sea!

Wouldn't that be smash-ing?____ With the

Any-thing you say____

(MRS. LOVETT)

sea at our gate, We'll have kip-pered her-ring Wot have swum to us straight from the

Straits of Ber-ing. Ev'-ry night in the kip when we're through our kip-pers, I'll be

there slip-pin' off your slip-pers By— the sea,

V.S.
By The Sea (Part I)

With the fishes splashing, By the sea,

Wouldn't that be smashing? Down by the sea!

Any-thing you say, Any-thing you say.

see us wak-ing, The break-ers break-ing, The sea gulls squawk-ing, Hoo! Hoo! I do me bak-ing, Then I go walk-ing with you - hoo! Yoo - hoo! I'll warm me bones on the es-planade, Have tea and scones with me gay young blade, Then I'll knit a sweat-er while you write a let-ter, Un - less we got bet-ter to do - hoo.
TOOD: Anything you say...

MRS. LOVETT

Think how snug it'll be underneath our flannel When it's just you and me and the English Channel In our cozy retreat, Kept all neat and tidy, We'll have chums over every Friday By the sea,

DON'T YOU LOVE THE WEATHER_____ By the An-ying thing you say.

sea? We'll grow old together_____ By the seaside, Hoo! Hoo! By the beautiful sea!

MRS. LOVETT:

Oh, I can see us now— in our bathing dresses--

Segue as one

#21—By The Sea (Part I)
(cont.) MRS. LOVETT: ...you in a nice rich navy-- and me, stripes perhaps.

be so qui-et that who’ll come by it Ex-cept a sea-gull? Hoo! Hoo! We

should - n’t try it. Though, till it’s le-gal For two - hoo!______ But a

sea - side wed-ding could be de-vised, Me rum-pled bed-ding le-git-i-mized. Me

eye-lids’l flut-ter, I’ll turn in-to but-ter. The mo-ment I mut-ter, “I do - oo!”____

#21A – By The Sea (Part II)
(MRS. LOVETT)

By the sea, in our nest, We could share our kippers With the odd paying guest from the weekend trippers, Have a nice sunny suite for the guest to rest in... Now and then, you could do the guest in... By the sea, Married nice and proper, By the sea. Bring along your chopper To the seaside, Hoo! Hoo! By the beautiful sea!

(Slashes the air twice)
Wigmaker Sequence

(cue) TODD
A madhouse... a madhouse!

TODD: (Swinging around, feverishly)
Johanna is as good as rescued.

MRS. LOVETT:
She is?

TODD:
Where do you...

TODD: (cont.)
suppose all the wigmakers of London go to obtains their human hair?

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

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

ANTHONY:
Then you think--?

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

MRS. LOVETT: And the scalp to go with it, too,
if requested. Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm out! (Exits)

TODD: (Excitely, to Anthony) We will write a letter to this Mr. Fogg
offering the highest price for hair the exact shade of Johanna's--

(TODD)
which I trust you know?

ANTHONY:
Yellow.

TODD: Not exact enough. I must make
you into a credible wigmaker-- and quickly.

TODD
There's

(TODD)
tawny and there's golden saffron, There's flaxen and there's blonde...

#22 – Wigmaker Sequence
TODD: Repeat that. *Anthony stares at him* Repeat that!
ANTHONY: Yes, Mr. Todd.

TODD: Well?
ANTHONY

There’s
tawny and there’s golden saffron, There’s flaxen and there’s

(blonde...)

TODD

Good. There’s coarse and fine, There’s straight and curly, There’s
course and fine, there’s straight and curly, There’s grey, there’s white, There’s
grey, there’s white, There’s ash, there’s pearly, There’s corn yellow,

(Exiting with Todd) As the lights dim on them, a quintet from the company appears.

Buff and ochre And straw and apricot...

V.S.

#22 – Wigmaker Sequence
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Todd appears on the staircase accompanied by a strange figure, who we soon realize is Anthony, disguised as a wigmaker.

(Anthony) (Finishing his catechism)

With

(Sopranos)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(Alto)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(Tenor)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(Baritone)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(Bass)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(A) (Anthony)

finer textures, Ash looks fairer, Which makes it rare, But flaxen’s rarer...

(Todd)

Good. Good. Good. No,

Yes, yes, I know, cheaper, not rarer...

(Hands him purse)

no, The flaxen’s cheaper... Here’s money.

V.S.

#22 – Wigmaker Sequence
TODD: And here's the pistol. *(Hands him a pistol)* For kill if you must. Kill.
ANTHONY: I'll kill a dozen jailers if need be to set her free.
TODD: Then off with you, off. But, Anthony, listen to me once again. When you have
rescued her, bring her back here. I shall guard her while you hire the chaise to Plymouth.
ANTHONY: I'll be with you before the evening's out, Mr. Todd. *(Clasping Todd's hands)*
Oh, thank you - - friend.
(Todd)
Quintet

**The Letter**

*Anthony hurries off. Todd goes to the little writing table, picks up a quill pen and starts to write. The quintet sings what he writes.*

*Andante, molto rubato (♩ = 144)*

Todd pauses reflectively.

**TOGG** (Soprano)

Hm!

**(Soprano)**

**(Alto)**

**semper rubato**

**(Tenor)**

(Todd thinks, choosing the word.

**Bass**

**(Bass)**

Turpin...

**Bass**

venture thus to write you this...

V.S.

#22A – The Letter
He writes.

TO Todd

He thinks.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{He grunts with satisfaction.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\text{Soprano} \quad \text{Alto} \quad \text{Tenor} \quad \text{Baritone} \quad \text{Bass}\]

Urgent... note to warn you that the hot-blooded young

Urgent... That the hot-blooded young

He resumes writing.

\[\text{(Soprano) \quad \text{sempre rubato}}\]

\[\text{(Alto) \quad \text{sempre rubato}}\]

\[\text{(Tenor) \quad \text{sempre rubato}}\]

\[\text{(Baritone) \quad \text{mp dolce}}\]

\[\text{(Bass) \quad \text{mp dolce}}\]

Todd stares off sadly.

has ab ducted your ward Johanna...

has ab ducted your ward Johanna...

sail or Johanna...

sail or Johanna...

#22A – The Letter
He resumes writing again.

From the institution where you... Confined her.

Han-na... So wisely...

So wisely... But

So wisely...

V.S.
L'istesso tempo, non rubato

I have persuaded the boy to lodge her
hoping to earn your favor, I have persuaded the boy to lodge her

He dips his pen, resumes writing.

If you
In Fleet Street.
If you
here to-night at my Tonsorial Parlor in Fleet Street.
If you
At my Tonsorial Parlor in Fleet Street.
If you

#22A – The Letter
want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

want her a-gain in your arms, Hur - ry af - ter the night falls.

V.S.
then adds another phrase with a smile.

Todd reads the letter over.
He dips the pen again and writes carefully.

**Soprano**

Then adds another phrase with a smile.

**(Alto)**

Wait-ing...

**(Tenor)**

mp dolce

Wait-ing...

She will be wait-ing.

**(Bass)**

Wait-ing...

Your o-

**Baritone**

Wait-ing...

Your o-

L’istesso tempo

Todd gives the last word a flourish.

**Baritone**

35

be-di-ent hum-ble ser-vant...

**(Bass)**

be-di-ent hum-ble ser-vant, Swee-ney Todd.

Segue
After Letter
(tacet)

Todd hurries across the stage to Judge Turpin’s house, knocks on the door, which opens, and hands in the letter.

Misterioso

TOIDD:
Give this to Judge Turpin, it’s urgent!

(Fade on scene)
23

Not While I’m Around

MRS. LOVETT: (Even more wary)
What is this? What are you talking about?

MRS. LOVETT:
Of course not, dear, and why should it?

MRS. LOVETT:
What do you mean, “a man”?

MRS. LOVETT:
(Relieved, patting his head)
And so they are, dear.

MRS. LOVETT:
Of course you do...

#23 – Not While I’m Around
MRS. LOVETT (cont.): What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

23—Not While I’m Around

MRS. LOVETT:
I know what
Toby deserves...

No one’s gonna hurt you, No one’s gonna dare.

MRS. LOVETT: Here,
have a nice bon-bon.
(Starts to reach for her purse, but
Tobias stays her hand in adoration)

Others can desert you, Not to worry—whistle, I’ll be there.

De-mons’l charm you with a smile For a while, but in time

Nothing can harm you, Not while I’m around.

MRS. LOVETT: What is this foolishness? What are you talking about?
TOBIAS: Little things wot I’ve been thinking and wondering about...
It’s him, you see—Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain’t
like women, they ain’t wot you can trust, as I’ve lived and learned.
(She looks at him uneasily)

V.S.
Piu mosso, sempre rubato

TOBIAS

Not to wor-ry, Not to wor-ry, I may not be smart but I ain’t dumb.
I can do it, Put me to it, Show me some-thing.

rit.

I can o-ver-come, Not to wor-ry, mum.

a tempo

Be-ing close and be-ing clev-er ain’t like be-ing true.

rit.

I don’t need to, I won’t nev-er hide a thing from you, like

MRS. LOVETTE: Now Toby dear, haven’t we had enough foolish chatter? Let’s just sit nice and quiet for a bit. Here. (*She pulls out the chatelaine purse, which is now immediately recognizable to the audience as Pirelli’s money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon*)

Tempo primo

some.

#23 – Not While I’m Around
TOBIAS: (Suddenly excited, pointing) That! That’s Signor Pirelli’s purse! (Mrs. Lovett, realizing her slip, quickly hides it)
MRS. LOVETT: (Stammering for time) What’s that? What was that, dear?
TOBIAS: That proves it! That’s what I’ve been thinking. That’s his purse!
MRS. LOVETT: (Concealing what is now almost panic) Silly boy! It’s just a little something Mr. T. gave me for my birthday.
TOBIAS: Mr. Todd gave it to you! And how did he get it? How did he get it?
MRS. LOVETT: Bought it, dear, in the pawnshop, dear. (To distract him, she lifts the unfinished muffler on its needles)
Come on, now.

Piu mosso, espressivo

Tempo primo

Safety MRS. LOVETT (last time)

Nothing’s gonna harm you
Not while I’m around.

TOBIAS:
You don’t understand!

Nothing’s gonna harm you, darling,
Not while I’m around.

Piu mosso

TOBIAS

Two quid was in it,
Two or three...

TOBIAS: The guv’nor giving up his purse— with two quid?

A tempo

(TOBIA)

Not for a minute! Don’t you see?

V.S.
TOBIAS: It was in Mr. Todd’s parlor that the guv’nor disappeared!
MRS. LOVETT: Boys and their fancies! What will we think of next?

(MRS. LOVETT): Here, dear. Sit here by your Aunt Nellie like a good boy and look at your lovely muffler. How warm it’s going to keep you as the days draw in. And it’s so becoming on you.

De-mons’l charm you with a smile For a-while, But in time

Noth-ing’s gon-na harm you, Not while I’m a-round.
After “Not While I’m Around”  
(tacet)

(cue) MRS. LOVETT: No time like the present. Come on!

Largo \( (\frac{3}{4} = 60) \)

Segue
Parlor Songs (Part I)

(Beatle sings from a song book, accompanying himself on the harmonium)

Andante (♩= 132)

Beadle

Sweet Polly Plunkett lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heavenward,
sighing, I am a lass who, alas, loves a lad, who, alas,

has a lass in Canterbury. ’Tis a row dow

MRS. LOVETT: (Enters, clapping) Oh, Beadle Bamford, I didn’t know you were a music lover, too.
BEADLE: (not rising) Good afternoon, Mrs. Lovett! Fine instrument you’ve acquired.
MRS. LOVETT: Oh yes, it’s my pride and joy.

diddle dow day, ’Tis a row dow diddle dow dee.
Sweet Polly Plunkett saw her life pass, Flew down the city road, crying, “I am a lass who alas loves a lad who alas has a lass loves an-
other lad who once I had in Canterbury. ‘Tis a row dow diddle dow day, ‘Tis a row dow diddle dow dee.”
Parlor Songs (Part II)

Beadle
Mrs. Lovett
Tobias

BEADLE: When will he be back?
MRS. LOVETT: Couldn’t say, I’m sure.
BEADLE: (Find a particular song)
Ah, one of mother’s favorites...

Andante (♩ = 144)

If one bell rings in the Tower of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong!

TOBIAS

One bell to-day In the Tower of Bray. Ding dong!

(Hears Tobias’ voice) (The Beadle stops playing)

One bell to-day in the Tower of...

BEADLE: (Stops playing) What’s that?
MRS. LOVETT: Oh, just my boy – the lad that helps me with the pies.
BEADLE: But surely he’s in the bakehouse, isn’t he?
MRS. LOVETT: (Almost beside herself) Oh yes, yes, of course. But you see... he’s – well, simple in the head. Last week he ran off and we found him two days later down by the embankment half-starved, poor thing.
So ever since then, we lock him in for his own security.
BEADLE: Then we’ll have to wait for Mr. Todd, won’t we?
(Turns back to the book)

But if two bells ring in the Tower of Bray. Ding...

V.S.
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Your true love will stray.

Ding dong! Two bells today in the Tower of Bray.

Ding dong! Two bells today in the Tower of Bray.

Ding dong! Ding dong! But if three bells ring in the Tower of Bray...
**MRS LOVETT:** (Another “inspiration”)
Oh yes, of course! Mr. Todd’s gone down to Wapping. Won’t be back for hours. And he’ll be ever sorry to miss you. Why, just the other day he was saying, “If only the Beadle would grace my tonsorial parlor I’d give him a most stylish haircut, the daintiest shave – all for nothing.” So why don’t you drop in some time and take advantage of his offer?
**BEADLE:** Wee, that’s real friendly of him.
(Immovable, HE starts to sing another verse)

---

**MRS. LOVETT:**
Just how many bells are there?
**BEADLE:** Twelve.

If four bells ring in the Tower of (Bray...)
Sweeney Todd—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

MRS. LOVETT

Ding dong!

TOBIAS

Ding dong!

BEADLE

Ding dong!

Then lovers must pray.

Then lovers must pray.

Ding dong! Then lovers must pray. Ding dong!

Ding dong!

Four bells to-day...

Ding dong!

Four bells to-day...

Ding dong! Four bells to-day...

#24A—Parlor Songs (Part II)
24B
Parlor Songs (Part III)

TODD: (Bowing to the Beadle) I am, sir, entirely at your disposal.
(The two men exit. Mrs. Lovett hesitates, then speaks)

MRS. LOVETT: Let’s hope he can do it quietly. But just to be
on the safe side, I’ll provide a little musical send-off.
(She goes to the harmonium, sits down on the stool and starts playing
and singing loudly)

\[ \text{Andante } (\dot{=} 132) \quad \text{accel.} \quad \text{rall.} \quad \text{a tempo} \]

\[ \text{B} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{E} \]

Sweet Polly Plunkett

\[ \text{(Fade)} \]

lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heav - en - ward, sigh - ing...

\[ \text{Largo misterioso } (\dot{=} 50) \quad \text{(Under dialog)} \]

\[ \text{Under dialog} \]

\[ \text{a tempo} \]

\[ \text{On cue: segue to meas. 33} \]

#24B – Parlor Songs (Part III)
Andante (♩ = 132)

MRS. LOVETT

'Tis a row dow diddle dow day, 'Tis a row dow diddle dow dee!

Sweet Pol-ly Plunk-ett

(Cut off when Todd enters)

lay in the grass, Flew down the city road, crying:
Fogg’s Asylum

Chorus

Misterioso \( \text{ allegro } = 132 \)

SOLO BARITONE (last time) \( \text{ pp } \) (Whispered)

The

en - gine roared, the mo - tor hissed.

And

who could see how the road would twist?

In

Swee - ney’s led - ger the en - tries matched: A

Bead - le ar - rived, and a Bead - le dis - patched. To

#25—Fogg’s Asylum
SATISFY THE HUNGRY GOD

OF Sweeney Todd.

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

#25—Fogg’s Asylum
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
Sweeney Todd — The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
#25A – Fogg’s Passacaglia
Chorus

Fogg’s Passacaglia

Largo ($\textit{d} = 50$)
Electronically reproduced bird sounds ad lib.

(Continue until gunshot)

Segue
City On Fire

The whistle shrieks. Johanna drops the gun and together she and Anthony run out. Compelled by the energy released by Fogg’s death, the lunatics tear down the wall and rush out of the asylum, spilling with euphoric excitement onto the street.

Presto (≈ 132)
Vamp
LUNATICS (Chorus) (last time)
(Almost whispered)

Cit-y on fi-re! Rats in the grass and the lu-na-tics yell-ing in the streets! It’s the end of the world! Yes! Cit-y on fi-re!

Hunch-backs dance-ing! Stir-rings in the ground And the whir-ring of gi-ant wings! Watch out! Look! Blot-ting out the moon-light, Thick black rain fall-ing on the

Cit-y on fi-re! Cit-y on fi-re! Cit-y on fi-re!
Police whistles sound. Anthony and Johanna are still visible hurrying away, Anthony systematically disposing of the wigmaker's costume. At one point he stops nervously to reconnoiter.

Safety

JOHANNA (last time)
(Chattily, excited)

Will we be married on Sunday? That's what you promised,

(Pensively) He looks at her unbelievingly.

Married on Sunday!
That was last August...

Safety

LUNATICS (Chorus) (last time)

Kiss me! There! Look! Crawling on the chimneys,

(CHORUS)

Great black crows screeching at the

City on fire! City on fire! City on fire!

Segue
Searching (Part I)

As Johanna and Anthony run off, lights come up on the bakehouse. Todd, holding a lantern, and Mrs. Lovett enter, looking around for Tobias. Their voices echo eerily.

Misterioso (♩ = 132)

MRS. LOVETT

To-by! Where are you, luv?

(TODD)

To-by! Where are you, lad?

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Opening a trap door and peering down)

Nothing’s gonna harm you, Not while I’m a-round! Where are you hid-ing? Nothing’s gonna harm you, dar-ling...

Nothing to be afraid of, boy...

(Muttering)

Not while I’m a-round. Damn!

(Exiting)

Demons are prowling

To-by...
(MRS. LOVETT)

MRS. LOVETT: ‘Ere, ain’t it quiet around here?

(TODD) (Exiting)

TODD: Yes, very quiet.

Presto

TUTTI CHORUS (They cluster together, watching)

TUTTI CHORUS: City on fire! Rats in the streets and the

L'unatics yelling at the moon. It’s the end of the world. Yes!

L’istesso tempo

BEGGAR WOMAN (Appearing suddenly and peering through the darkness toward the pie-shop)

BEGGAR WOMAN: Beadle... Beadle... No good hiding, I saw you.

TODD

TODD: Toby...

(V.S.)

BEGGAR WOMAN: Are you in there still? Beadle... Beadle...
Get her, but watch it! She's a wicked one, She'll deceive you with her fancy gowns
And her fancy airs And her...

Mischief! Mischief! Devil's work!

Where are you, Beadle? Beadle...

Rats in the streets and the lunatics yelling at the city on fire!

moon! It's the end of the world! Good! City on fire!

Rats in the streets and the lunatics yelling at the moon! It's the
Hunch-backs kissing! Stirrings in the graves And the end of the world! Good! City on fire!

Screaming of giant winds! Watch out! Look!

Hunch-backs kissing! Stirrings in the graves And the screaming of

Crawling on the chimneys, Great black crows screeching at the giant winds! Watch out! Look! Crawling on the chimneys!

Anthony and Johanna are seen running toward the pie shop.

City on fire!

Segue as one
27A

Searching (Part II)

Anthony
Johanna
Beggar Woman

Andante \( \frac{d}{4} = 60 \)

Anthony

ten. \hspace{1cm} ten.

Ah, miss,

Poco rubato

(Anthony)

Look at me, look at me, miss, oh,

Look at me please, oh,

Favor me, favor me with your glance.

Ah, miss,

Soon we'll be soon we'll be gone

And sailing the seas

And

Johanna

(Looks at him, smiles)

(Anthony)

And we'll

happily happily wed in France.

And we'll
A tempo

sail the world and see its wonders From the pearls of Spain to the rubies of Ti-bet And then

sail the world and see its wonders From the pearls of Spain to the rubies of Ti-bet And then

They kiss. Anthony starts out.

ANTHONY: And I'll be back before those lips have time to lose that smile.

come back to Lon-don Some day...
Anthony rushes off. Johanna, restless, moves toward the barber chair, inspects it curiously. Meanwhile, the Beggar Woman comes out of the darkness below, approaching the pieshop. Johanna sits in the chair.

Johanna’s hand moves to inspect the lever.

BEGGAR WOMAN
(Calling up the stairs)

Beadle! —

JOHANNA: (Jumping up)
Someone calling the Beadle!
I knew it!

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

Beadle, where are you? Beadle, dear! Beadle!

Short Insert

\[ \text{\#152} \]

BEGGAR WOMAN

Beadle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle

dumpling, Beadle dumpling, Beedeole deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle,\[ \text{\#38} \]

molto accel.

Repeat ad lib. until Todd appears

Deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle...
Long Insert

(BEGGAR WOMAN) (Soft cry)

(Looks around) (Terrified) (Crouches)

Beadle!

Larghetto (Vacant)

(Whimpers)

Beadle de-dle de-dle Dee-dle de-dle de-dle Dumb-ling...

Piu mosso, rubato (agitato)

(molto rit.) (Feels it)

(Opens window) (Sees imaginary baby) (Scream and wail)

(Clutches baby to her)

V.S.

#27A — Searching (Part II)
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

(Pats and rocks baby)

Mmm

And

Piu mosso

why should you weep then, my Jo, my jing? Ooh.... Your

fathers at tea with the Swedish king. He'll

bring you the moon on a silver string. Ooh.... Ooh....

Quickly to sleep then, my Jo, my jing. He'll

bring you a shoe and a wedding ring. Sing

here again, home again. Come again spring. He'll be com-ing
(Beggar Woman) (Bounces the baby gently)

soon now to kiss you, my Jo, my jing, Bring-ing you the moon and a shoe and a
wed-ding ring. He'll be com-ing here a-gain, home a-gain--

(Todd leaps into the room like a thunderbolt, razor in hand)

attacca

Todd: You! What are you doing here?
Beggar Woman: (Clutching his arm) Ah, evil is here, sir. The stink of evil -- from below -- from her!
(Calling aintlessly) Beadle dear, Beadle!
Todd: (Looking anxiously out of the window for the judge) Out of here, woman.
Beggar Woman: (Still clutching his arm) She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. Beware of her.
She with no pity in her heart...
Todd: Out, I say!

(Beggar Woman) (Peering dimly at him)

Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter?

Segue

#27A – Searching (Part II)
#28 — Judge’s Return
Judge’s Return

On the street the Judge approaches the Tonsorial Parlor. Todd sees him.

\[ \text{Molto rubato} \]

\[ \text{JUDGE} \]

Where is she? Where is the girl?

\[ \text{Poco rubato (dictated)} \]

\[ \text{TODD} \]

I think I hear her now. Is that her dain-ty foot-step on the stair?

\[ \text{JUDGE: (Listening)} \]

I hear nothing. Yes, is ’nt that her shad-ow on the wall? There.

\[ \text{JUDGE} \]

Where?

\[ \text{V.S.} \]
Primping, Making herself even prettier than

Even usual, if possible.

Pretty women, yes...

Pretty women...

LISTESSE TEMPO (NON RUBATO)

JUDGE: (Straightening his coat, patting his hair)
Quickly, sir, a splash of bay rum.

TODD: (Indicating the chair)
Sit, sir, sit.

Todd gets a towel, puts it carefully around him, moves to pick up a bottle of bay rum.

(Settling into the chair, rapturously)

Johanna, Johanna...

#28 – Judge’s Return
(TODD)

Pret-ty wo-men... Pret-ty wo-men are a won-der... Yes, sir.

(JUDGE)

Hur-ry, man!

You’re in a mer-ry mood a-gain to-

Pret-ty wo-men!

Pret-ty wo-men!

day, bar-ber.

What we do for pret-ty wo-men!

V.S.
Todd smooths bay rum on the Judge's face, then reaches behind him for a razor.

Blow-ing out their can-dles or comb-ing out their hair, E-ven when they leave, They hair. Then they leave. E-ven when they leave you and van-ish, They

Todd now has the razor in his hand.

still are there, They’re there... some-how can still re-main there with you, there...

JUDGE: How seldom it is one meets a fellow spirit!

TODD: (Smiling down) With fellow tastes -- in women, at least.

JUDGE: What? What's that?

TODD: The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose, the face of a barber -- the face of a prisoner in the dock -- is not particularly memorable.

JUDGE: (With horrified realization)

Benjamin Barker!

#28 – Judge’s Return
TODD: Benjamin Barker! The factory whistle shrieks. The Judge in terror tries to jump up but Todd slashes his throat, then pulls the lever on the chair.

The judge tumbles out of sight and down the chute. For a long moment, Todd stands by the chair, exhaling deeply.

Slowly he drops to his knees and even more slowly holds up the razor, gazing at it.

He starts down the stairs. He stops midway, remembering the razor.

TODD: My razor! He goes back up the steps and reenters the room just as Johanna is climbing out of the chest.

TODD: You! What are you doing here? Speak!

(Suddenly remembering) Tobias!

Sleep now the untroubled sleep of the angels...

Johanna: Oh, dear. Er -- (deep voice) Excuse me, sir. I saw the barber’s sign. So thinking to ask for a shave, I --

TODD: When? When did you come in?

Johanna: Oh, sir. I beg of you. Whatever I have seen, no man shall ever know. I swear it. Oh, sir, please, sir--

TODD: A shave, eh? (Turning the chair towards her) At your service.

Johanna: But, sir...

TODD: Whatever you may have seen, your cheeks are still as much in need of the razor as before. Sit, sir, sit.

Todds Johanna in the chair. As he goes for the razor, Mrs. Lovett is heard screaming “Die! Die!” from the bakehouse below. Todd is momentarily distracted, and Johanna jumps up and runs out as the factory whistle blows. Todd lunges after her, misses her.

She runs off. Todd pauses. Another scream from the bakehouse sends him running down the stairs, and as he disappears in to the pie shop, members of the company appear.

V.S.

#28—Judge’s Return
MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY

Lift your razor high, Sweeney,

Hear it singing, "Yes!"

Sink it in the rosy skin of

Segue as one

#28 – Judge’s Return
Final Scene (Part I)

(cue) TODD (Leaning down to pick up the Beggar Woman) What is the matter with you? It's only some meddling old beggar...

(Todd sees the Beggar Woman's face in the light.)

TODD: (Realizing)
Oh, no!

right - eous - ness!

TODD:
Oh, God..."Don't I know you?" she said...
(Looks up) You knew she lived. From the first moment that I walked into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

Largo \( \text{\( \bullet = 100 \)} \)

V.S.
MRS. LOVETT: I was only thinking of you! Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and spuds out of the alley ash cans. Would you have wanted to know that was all that was left of her?

TODD (Looking down again) (Slowly looking up) You lied to me.

Lu- cy.

lied at all,_ No, I nev- er lied. Said she took the poi-

(To the body)

Lu- cy.

son- she did Nev- er said that she died. Poor thing._

I’ve come

— She lived, but it left her weak in the head. All she did for months was just lie there in bed.

home a - gain.
Should've been in hospital, wound up in Bedlam instead, poor thing. Better you should

Lu- cy... Oh, my

Think she was dead. Yes, I lied 'cause I loved you! I'd be twice the wife she was! I

God! Lu- cy!

Love you! Could that thing have cared for you like

What have I done?

V.S.
#29—Final Scene (Part I)
Meno mosso (In 1)

**(MRS. LOVETT)**

14

**accol. poco a poco**

me?

**(TODD)**

(Smiling up)  
(As Mrs. Lovett takes a step away in panic)

Mrs._Lov-ett, You’re a blood-y won-der, Em-i-nent-ly prac-ti-cal And yet ap-

pro-pri-ate as al-ways. As you’ve said re-
peat-ed-ly, There’s lit-tle point in dwell-ing on the

past. No, come here, my love... Not a thing to

Todd puts his arms around her waist.

**MRS. LOVETT**

22

**(TODD)**

(Moving quietly toward her)

Do you mean it? Ev-ry-thing I did, I swear, I thought was on-ly for the best,

Be-lieve me! Can we still be mar-ried?  

fear, my love... What’s dead is dead. The

L’istesso tempo (a =)

**(TODD)**

As she begins to relax, they sway to the music.

his-to-ry of the world, my pet,
Oh, Mister Todd, Ooh, Mister Todd, Leave it to me.

They begin to waltz.

By the sea,
learn for-giveness and try to for-get.

Mister Todd, We'll be com-fy co-zy, You and me, Mister Todd, Where there's no-one—

And

He waltzes her closer to the oven.

— no-sy...

life is for the a-live, my
See "Sweeney Todd—The Demon Barber of Fleet Street" — 429 —

(TODD)

Dear, So let’s keep living it!

MRS. LOVETT

Just keep living it, Really living it...!

(TODD)

Just keep living it, Really living it...!

He flings her into the oven. She screams. He slams the door behind her. Black smoke belches forth. Gasping, he sinks to his knees. Then he rises, moves back to the Beggar Woman and kneels, cradling her head in his arms.

Segue

#29—Final Scene (Part I)
Todd

Final Scene (Part II)

Adagio - molto rubato (\(_\text{d} = 80\))

There was a

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

bar-ber and his wife. She was his rea-son and his life, And she was beau-ti-ful. And she was

And he was na-ive.

Tobias emerges from the cellar. His hair has turned completely white.

Molto rubato

a tempo

rall.

a tempo

rall.

molto rit.
The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

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

Safety

\( \text{Tobias (last time)} \)

At-

\( \text{tend the tale of Sweeney Todd.} \)

\( \text{His} \)

\( \text{skin was pale and his eye was odd.} \)

\( \text{He} \)

\( \text{shaved the faces of gentlemen Who never thereafter were heard of again.} \)

\( \text{2 Policemen} \)

\( \text{He trod a path that few have trod,} \)

\( \text{2 Policemen, Johanna & Anthony} \)

\( \text{Did Sweeney Todd,} \)

\( \text{The} \)

#29B – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(2 POLICEMEN, JOHANNA & ANTHONY, TOBIAS)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

BEGGAR WOMAN
(Rising)

He

kept a shop in Lon - don Town

Of

fancy cli - ents and good re - nown.

And

what if none of their souls were saved? They went to their Mak - er im - pec-ca - bly shaved—

BEGGAR WOMAN, JUDGE and 2 POLICEMEN

By Swee - ney,

ALL thus far

by Swee - ney Todd,

The

(ALL thus far)

De - mon Bar - ber of Fleet Street.

V.S.
Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,
Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,
Hold it to the skies!
Hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those who
Freely flows the blood of those who
mor - al - ize...
mor - al - ize...
His needs are few, his room is bare:

Hardly uses his fancy chair.

More he bleeds the more he lives, He never forgets and he never forgives.

Perhaps today you gave a nod

To Sweeney Todd,

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

V.S.
Sweeney wish-es the world a-way, Sweeney's weep-ing for yes-ter-day,

Hug-ging the blade, wait-ing the years, Hear-ing the mu-sic that no-body hears.

Sweeney waits in the par-lor hall, Sweeney leans on the off-ice wall.

No one can help, Noth-ing can hide. Is n't that Sweeney there be-side you?

No one can help, Noth-ing can hide you. Is n't that Sweeney there be-side you?

Sweeney wish-es the world a-way, Sweeney's weep-ing, yes, Sweeney's weep-ing for,

No one can help, Noth-ing can hide you. Is n't that Sweeney there be-side you?

Sweeney wish-es the world a-way, Sweeney's weep-ing for yes-ter-day.
No-one can help,

No-one can help, Nothing can hide you. Isn't that Sweeney

Yesterday is Sweeney. There he is, is

Sweeney wishes the world away, Sweeney's weeping, yes

Sweeney! There he is, is Sweeney!

Nothing can hide you. Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

There beside you? Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney's weeping for yesterday is Sweeney!

There he is, is Sweeney! Sweeney!
Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
They point around the theatre, then to the grave or the shadows, from which Todd and Mrs. Lovett appear.

Solo  Solo  Solo  Solo  Solo  Solo  Solo  Solo

There! There! There! There! There! There! There! There!

SOPRANOS

ALTOS  ney!

(TENORS)  ney!

(BARI TONES)  ney!

(BASSES)  ney!

There!

There!

There!

There!

V.S.
At -

(Chorus)

At - tend the tale of Swee - ney Todd.

(Todd)

He

He served a dark and a

served a dark and a hun - gry God.

(Todd)

(Todd)

MRS. LOVETT

But ev -'ry - one does it, if

seek re - venge may lead to hell.

#29B – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

(MRS. LOVETT)

153

sel-dom as well

(TODD)

154

As

155

CHORUS & MRS. LOVETT

156

Swee-ney,

157-158

(TODD) As

159

2

Swee-ney,

160

ALL

161-162

Swee-ney Todd,

163

(TODD) ALL

Swee-ney Todd,

164

ALL

De-mon Bar-ber of Fleet

164A

3

164B-164D

Street!

164E

(3 Times)

164F-164H

3

(to 168) 168-169

2

170-171

2

#29B – The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
30

Exit Music (Part I)
(tacet)

(cue) As Todd leaves stage.

Segue as one
Exit Music (Part II)
(tacet)

L’istesso tempo (twice as fast)