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Misterioso, con moto (\( \dot{\text{J}}. = 124 \))

At tend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

His skin was pale and his eye was odd.

He shaved the faces of gentlemen Who never there-after were heard of again.

He trod a path that few have trod,

Did Sweeney Todd, The
2nd MAN (Tenor):

Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

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 imper-

pec-cably shaved. By Sweeney,

by Sweeney Todd,

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

TENORS:

BASS: Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,
Freely flows the blood of those who

Freely flows the blood of those who

Freely flows the blood of those who

mor-al-ize.

mor-al-ize.

mor-al-ize.

His

needs were few, his room was bare:

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
4th MAN (Bass):

lav-a-bo and a fancy chair,

A

mug of suds and a leather strop, An apron, a towel, a

2 WOMEN
(Mezzos):
pail and a mop.

For

neatness he deserves a nod,

Does

Sweeney Todd,

The

Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

WOMEN:

In-con-spic-u-ous Sweeney was, Quick and quiet and clean 'e was.
(WOMEN)

Back of his smile, under his word, Sweeney heard music that
no-body heard. Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned,

Like a perfect machine he planned.

TENORS:

Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and

BARITONES:

Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and

BASSES:

Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and

rats would scuttle. Inconspicuous Sweeney was,

rats would scuttle. Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,

rats would scuttle. Inconspicuous Sweeney was,
ALTOS:

Sweeney was smooth,

TEN.

Quick and quiet and like a perfect machine 'e was, was-

BARITONI:

Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle. Inconspicuous

BASSES:

Quick and quiet and clean 'e was. Sweeney!

SOLO:

Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,

Sweeney was subtle, Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle.

Sweeney. Clean 'e was, was Sweeney!

Sweeney was, Quick and quiet and like a perfect ma-

Clean 'e was, was Sweeney! Keen 'e was, was-

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(SOPRANOS)

Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle. Sweeney!

(ALTOS)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(TENORS)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

(BARITONES)

chine 'e was, was Sweeney! Sweeney!

(BASSES)

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(SOPRANOS)

(ALTOS)

(TENORS)

(BARITONES)

(BASSES)

CHORUS:

TODD:
(Rising from a grave)

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

tend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(CHORUS)

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

(TODD)

venge-ful God.

TODD:

What happened then... well,

that's the play, And he wouldn't want us to give it a-way,

Not Swee-ney,

CHORUS:

Not Not

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(CHORUS)

(160)

(TODD)

Sweeney Todd,

Sweeney Todd,

The

(165)

The

Demon Barber of Fleet Street!

Demon Barber of Fleet Street!

#2—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
No Place Like London

Largo ($\dot{\text{J}} = 80$)

I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders From the

Dar-denelles to the mountains of Peru, But there's

no place like London! I feel

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

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

TOoD:

$\text{f}$ No, there's no place like London.

#3—No Place Like London
(TODD)

You are young. Life has been

to you. You will

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

learn.

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

(A Beggar Woman appears)

Piu mosso (\( \text{J} = \downarrow \text{J} \))

BEGGAR WOMAN:

Alms... Alms... For a miserable

woman— On a miserable

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

chilly morning. Thank you, sir, thank you...

#3—No Place Like London
(\(J = \frac{3}{4}\))

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

"Ow would you like a little muff, dear. A little jig, jig, A little kiss, dear? I'll be your girl-friend. You won't do bounce a-round the bush? Would-n't you like to push me pars-ley? You looks to bet-ter on the docks. Would-n't you like to take me dan-cin' And be my me, dear, like you got plen-ty there to push! boy-friend And buy me lots of pret-ty frocks?

Tempo primo (\(J = \frac{2}{4}\))

(Turns to Todd, pathetically)

Alms! Alms! For a pit-i-ful rit.

wo-man—Wot's got wan-der-in' wits... Hey, don't I know you, Mis-ter?

a tempo

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

Then 'ow would you like to split me

Then 'ow would you like a lit-tle

muff, Mis-ter, We'll go jig, jig, A lit-tle...

kiss dear, I'll be your girl-friend you won't do...

*If Desired, Use Alternate Lyrics

#3—No Place Like London
(BEGGAR WOMAN)  
(EXITING)  
(Disappears)

Alms! Alms! For a pitiful woman.

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

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

ANTHONY: There's 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—
Poco rubato, largo

TODD:

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 aren'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-ile-ged 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 sailed the world and seen its won-ders, For the cru-e-ty of men is as

#3—No Place Like London
(TODD)

won-drous as Per-ru, But there's no place like Lon-don!

Meno mosso

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

re-a-son and his life, And she was

beau-ti-ful. And she was

vir-tu-ous. And he was
na-ive.

There was an

o-th-er man who saw That she was beau-ti-ful.

A pi-ous vul-ture of the law, Who with a

ges-ture of his claw Re-moved the bar-ber from his plate.

Then there was noth-ing but to wait,

And she would fall, So soft, So

#3—No Place Like London
(TODD)

young, So lost and oh, so beau - ti - ful!

poco rall.

Oh, that was

a tempo

man - y years a - go.

I doubt if

an - y - one would know.

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

#3—No Place Like London
Anthony exits in one direction, Todd starts off in another, muttering to himself.

**Safety**

TODD:
(last time)

There's a

hole in the world like a great black pit, And it's

mor-als are-n't worth what a pig could

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

Segue

#3—No Place Like 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)

Wait! What's your rush? What's your hurry? You gave me such a fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half-a minute, can't-cher?

Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I haven't seen a customer for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? Do forgive me if me

#5—The Worst Pies In London
(MRS. LOVETT)

head's a little vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd

(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)

try, sir! Yich! But there's no one comes in

(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) \( \text{rit.} \)

even to inhale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you

(Todd nods and grunts) 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.

#5—The Worst Pies In London
(MRS. LOVETT)

I know why no-bod-y cares to take them. I should know, I make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon-don.

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

(Todd bites into the pie)

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis-
gust-ing? You have to con-cede it. It's no-th-ing but crust-ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The worst pies in Lon-don. And no won-der, with the price of

#5—The Worst Pies In London
Tempo Iº

(MRS. LOVETT)

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

Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Never

(grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men'd think it was a

Treat finding poor (grunt) animals

(grunt) wot are dying in the street. Mrs. Moo-ney has a'

pie shop, Does a bus'-ness but I

no- tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her.
(MRS. LOVETT) (Rolls the dough)

(grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) enter prise,

(grunt) Popping pussies into pies. Wouldn't do in

(Pounds the dough)

my shop. Just the thought of it's c -

(Again)

nough to make you sick. And I'm tell ing you, them

 pus sy cats is quick. No de ny ing, times is

Meno mosso, sempre rubato

hard, sir. Even hard er than the worst pies in

(As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)

London. Only lard and nothing more. Is

#5—The Worst Pies In London
(MRS. LOVETT)

that just revolting? All greasy and gritty. It

poco rit.

looks like it's molting and tastes like... Well, pity a

a tempo, molto espressivo

wo-man a-lone. With

limited wind. And the worst pies in

Rubato

London. Ah, sir, times is hard, times is

Tempo I° (Deliberate) (Folds pie crust and finishes with a flourish)

hard.

#5—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.

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

Larghetto (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 50 \))

Chimes

\[
\begin{align*}
S\ 
\end{align*}
\]

MRS. LOVETT: Molto rubato

There was a barber and his wife. And he was

beautiiful.

A proper

artist with a knife.

But they trans-

A tempo, delicato (\( \text{\textit{j}} = \text{\textit{j}} \))

(Sighs)

port-ed him for life. And he was beautiiful.

#6—Poor Thing
(MRS. LOVETT)

Safety

Barker, his name was — Benjamin Barker.

( last time)

He had this

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

wife, you see.______ Pretty lit-tle thing. Sil-ly lit-tle

nir had her chance for the world on a string.______

Poor thing.______ Poor thing.

(Judge Turpin and his obsequious assistant, the Beadle,
approach the house, gazing up lecherously at the wife.
She remains demure, sewing.)

There were these two, you see:______ Want-ed her like mad,

Piu mosso (in 1)

One of 'em a judge, one of 'em his bead-le.

Ev'-ry day they'd nudge and they'd whee-dle.

#6—Poor Thing
(MRS. LOVETT)

Still she wouldn’t budge from her needle.

Too bad, Pure thing.

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

So they mere-ly shipped the poor blight-er off south, they did.

(Barker’s wife takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.)

Leav-ing her with 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. Hook! Poor thing.

(The shadowy figures start to come together.)

Well,

#6—Poor Thing
Moderato cantabile, (\( j = \frac{1}{4} \))

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

\begin{align*}
(\text{MRS. LOVETT})
\end{align*}

Beadle calls on her, all po-lite, Poor thing, Poor thing. The judge, he tells her, is all con-trite. He blames him-self for her dread-ful plight. She must come straight to his house to-night, Poor thing, poor thing.

Meno mosso - Minuet

\begin{align*}
\text{(The shadowy figures have assembled. They are dancing a slow minuet as the Beadle leads the wife through them.)}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{(A tempo) }
\end{align*}

Of course, when she goes there, Poor thing, poor thing, They're havin' this ball all in masks. There's

#6—Poor Thing
(MRS. LOVETT) (The wife looks around dazedly, mimes drinking champagne.)

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.

(The Judge appears and tears off his mask revealing himself. The wife screams as he reaches for her. She struggles wildly as the Beadle hauls her to the floor. He holds her there as the Judge ravishes her while the masked dancers pirouette around them.)

He was there, all right! Only

not so contrite!

She

wasn't no match for such craft, you see, And

#6—Poor Thing
(MRS. LOVETT)

ev-ry-one thought it so droll. They

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

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

accel. poco a poco

soul! Poor thing!

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

(TODD screams)

#6—Poor Thing
(Todd picks up a small razor, fondles it.)
MRS. LOVETT: My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they?
TODD: Silver, yes.

**Misterioso (\( \bar{=} 100 \)**)

These are my friends.

See how they glis-ten.

See this one shine,

**Piu mosso**

(smiles in the light, My-friend, My faith-ful friend.)

(He holds the razor to his ear.)

**rit. a tempo**

Speak to my, friend.

Whis-per, I'll listen.

I know, I know. You've been locked out—of sight all these years,

like me, my

#7—My Friends
(TODD)

Piu mosso

friend. Well, I've come home.

to find you waiting.

Home, and we're together.

rit.

And we'll do wonders, Won't we?

a tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (Caressing Todd gently.)

TODD: (Picking up a larger razor.)

I'm your friend,

You there, my friend.

too, Mis-ter Todd, If you only knew, Mis-ter Todd.

Come, let me hold you. Now, with a

#7—My Friends
(MRS. LOVETT)

Ooh, Mis-ter Todd, you’re warm in my hand.

(TODD)

sigh, you grow warm in my hand, My-

You’ve come home.

friend, My cle- ver

poco rall.

Al- ways had a fond- ness for you, I did.

friend.

a tempo

Never you fear, Mis-ter Todd.

Rest now, my friends. Soon I’ll un

#7—My Friends
(MRS. LOVETT)  You can move in here, Mis-ter Todd. Splen-dors you fold you, — Soon you’ll know splen-dors you

(TODD)  nev-er have dreamed all your days will be nev-er have dreamed all your days,

yours. — I’m your friend, and you’re My luck-y friends. — Till now your

mine! Don’t they shine beau-ti-ful Sil-ver’s shine was mere-ly sil-ver.

#7—My Friends
(MRS. LOVETT)

good e-nough for me, Mis-ter T.

(TODD)

Friends, you shall drip

(TODD)

rit.

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

A tempo sempre dolce

ru-bies...

TODD: My right arm is complete again!

Meno mosso, ben marcato

WOMEN:

Lift your ra- zor high,

TENORS:

Lift your ra- zor high,

BARITONES:

LIFT you ra- zor high,

BASSES:

#7—My Friends
(WOMEN) Sweeney. Hear it singing. "Yes!"

(TENORS) Sweeney. Hear it singing. "Yes!"

(BARI) Sweeney. Hear it singing. "Yes!"

(BASSES) Sweeney. Hear it singing. "Yes!"

Sink it in the rosy skin of righteousness.

Sink it in the rosy skin of righteousness.

Sink it in the rosy skin of righteousness.

#7—My Friends
His voice was soft, his manner mild.

He seldom laughed but he often smiled.

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

Not Sweeney, not Sweeney Todd,

(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.)

Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

Safety
Green Finch and Linnet Bird

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

(Ad lib. Repeat 3 Ad lib. 2)

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,

Never tak-ing wing? Out-side the sky waits,

poco rit. a tempo

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
(JOHANNA) **poco rit.**

Stars?

**rit.**

How is it you sing anything?

**a tempo**

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

**Con poco moto**

Whence comes this mel-o-dy con-stant-ly flow-ing?

Is it re-joic-ing or mere-ly hal-lo-ing? Are you dis-cuss-ing or

**poco rit.**

fuss-ing or sim-ply dream-ing? Are you

#8—Green Finch and Linnet Bird
(JOHANNA)

\[ \textit{a tempo} \quad \textit{poco rit.} \quad \textit{a tempo} \]

crowing? Are you screaming?

Ring-dove and robinet, is it for wages,

Singing to be sold? Have you decided it's

safer in cages, Singing when you're told?

\[ \textit{Più mosso} \]

My cage has many rooms, damask and dark. Nothing there sings, not
ev-en my lark. Larks nev-er will, you know, when they're captive.

\[ \textit{poco rit.} \]

Teach me to be more adaptive. Ah,

#8—Green Finch and Linnet Bird
poco rit.  A tempo, tranquillo

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird,

Teach me how to sing.

poco rit.  (She gazes disconsolately into the middle distance.)

If I cannot fly, let me sing.

Segue as one

#8—Green Finch and Linnet Bird
Ah, Miss

Con moto, poco rubato ($\downarrow = 80$)

ANTHONY: (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,

[13] a tempo

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,

#9—Ah, Miss
(ANTHONY)

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

#9—Ah, Miss
JOHANNA:

Green finch and lin-net bird, night-in-gale, black-bird,

(ANTHONY)

me!

Look at

Teach me how to sing. If I cannot fly, Let me

me!

Look at

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

sing...

me...

BEGGAR WOMAN:

(Gagging Anthony from a garbage heap)

Alms! Alms! For a miserable

(Johanna, frightened, slips back inside the house. The Beggar Woman thrusts her bowl

wo-man....

Beg your pardon, it's

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

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

#9—Ah, Miss
Hey! Hoy! Sail - or boy! Want it snug - ly har - bored?

*Hey! Hoy! Sail - or boy! Look - in' pret - ty chip - per!

Open me gate, but dock it straight, I see it lists to star-board!

Make us a date, I'll be your mate and you can be my skip-per!

*If Desired, Use Alternate Lyrics

#9—Ah, Miss
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 ($\frac{1}{4} = 66$)

feel you, Johanna, I feel

you. I was half convinced I'd waken,

Satisfied enough to dream you.

Happily, I was mistaken, Johanna!
(ANTHONY)

I'll steal you, Johanna, I'll

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

steal you...

JUDGE: (Shouting) Johanna! Johanna!

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

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

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

... but the most respectful sentiments of--

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

(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

#10—Johanna (Part I)
Johanna (Part II)

Maestoso ($J = 66$)

(Dialog)

(ANTHONY: last time)

I'll steal you, Johanna, I'll steal

Con poco moto

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.

#11—Johanna (Part II)
(ANTHONY)

I feel you, Johanna, and one day I'll steal you.

Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, sweetly buried in your yellow hair.

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

Segue

#11—Johanna (Part II)
Pirelli's Miracle Elixir

Brightly ($J = 132$)

L'istesso tempo ($J = \cdot \cdot$)

Tobias:
(last time)

Ladies and gentlemen!

(He beats the drum enthusiastically)

May I have your attention, please?

Do you wake ev'ry morning in shame and despair To dis-

cover your pillow is covered with hair

Wot ought not to be there? Well,

Ladies and gentlemen, From now on you can wake with ease.
(TOBIAS)

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 in the crowd gasps with horror)

(Reassuringly)

L'istesso tempo

...on the top of my head.

'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,

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS)

Just like an e-lix-er ought to do. How a-bout a bot-tle, mis-ter?

Only costs a pen-ny, guar-an-

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

1st MAN:

Go a-head and tug, sir;

Pen-ny buys a bot-tle, I don't

Go a-head, sir, hard-er.

know.

2nd MAN:

Ah, let's

You don't need...

MEN:

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

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
(Stopping the 1st Man, who's bald, and pouring a drop on his head.)

Does Pi-rel-li's stim-u-late the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir, go!

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

'Tis u-nique. Rub a min-ute. Stim-u-lat-in', i'n' it?

(To others)

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

'Ow a-bout a sam-ple? Have you ev-ersmelled a clean-er

1st WOMAN: (To 3rd Man)

1st MAN:

Pen-ny buys a bot-tle, might as well...

2nd MAN: (To 2nd Woman)

Is-n't it a

Wot-cher think?

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS)  (To 1st Man)
smell? That's enough, sir, ample.

(1st WOMAN)
crime they let these urchins clog the

2nd WOMAN:
Go ahead and try it, wot the

3rd MAN:
Penny buys a bottle, does it?

(TOBIAS)
Gently dab it. Gets to be a habit. Soon there'll be e-rough, sir,

(1st WOMAN)
pavings?

(2nd WOMAN)
hell?

(Points to a long-haired man)
some-body can grab it. See that chap with hair like Shelly's?

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS)

You can tell 'e's used Pi-rel-li's!

1st MAN:

Let me have a bot-tle. Make that

2nd MAN:

TODD:

(Loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)

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

two.

TODIAS:

MRS. LOVETT:

Go a - head and feel, mum.

Are we stand - ing near an o - pen

(TODD)

stench?

1st WOMAN:

Then a - gain I could get some for

2nd MAN:

How a - bout a

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
(Handing Todd a bottle for inspection.)

**Absolu**-tely real, mum. **Buy Pirelli's**

(MRS. LOVETT) (To a man in the crowd)

**trench? Par-don me, sir, what's that aw-ful stench?**

(TODD)

**Must be stand-ing near a o-pen trench.**

(1st WOMAN) 2nd WOMAN:

**Har-ry. Noth-ing works on Har-ry, dear, bye-bye.**

3rd WOMAN:

(2nd MAN) 1st MAN: 2nd MAN:

**beer? You know a pub? There's one close by.**

3rd MAN:

(TOBIAS)

**Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir. An-y-thing wot's slick, sir, soon sprouts curls.**

Try Pirelli's! When they see how thick, sir, You can have your pick, sir.
(TOBIAS)

of the girls! Want to buy a bottle, missus?

(TODD)

What is

MRS. LOVETT:

Penny for a bottle. Have you ever smelled a cleaner

(TODD)

What is this? (Handing the bottle back distastefully)

this? Smells like phew!

1st MAN:

Smells like piss.

2nd MAN:

Propagates the hair, sir.

4th MAN:

I'll take one.

2nd MAN:

He says it smells like

3rd MAN: (To 2nd Man)

What was that?

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
smell? How about a sample? How about a sample, mister?

Wouldn't touch it if I was you, dear.

Looks like piss. This is piss. Piss with piss.

2nd Woman & 5th Man:

Says it smells like piss or something.

ink.

Women:

Let me smell that bottle. I don't want no

Men:

Let me smell that bottle. I don't want no

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS) (Trying to calm the crowd)

Never mind that madman, mister.

(MRS. LOVETT)

What does that smell like to you, sir?

(WOMEN)

ink-piss! What is this?

(MEN)

ink-piss! What is this?

Never mind the madman.

Give 'em back their money!

Give us back our money!

What does that smell like to you, ma'am?
(MRS. LOVETT)

Where is this Pi-rel-li?

(TODD)

Where is this Pi-rel-li?

(WOMEN)

Yeah, where is this Pi-rel-li?

(MEN)

Yeah, where is this Pi-rel-li?

ac-ti-vate your roots, sir.

TODD:

Keep it off your boots, sir. Eats right through!

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!

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
MRS. LOVETT:
(Flies do, too! (The crowd laughs uproariously)

CROWD:
Hand the bloody money over!

TOBIAS:
See Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
Hand the bloody money over!

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,

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS)

Don't look grim. Just Pi-rel-li's Mir-a-cle E-lix-ir,

That'll do the trick, sir!

What a-bout the mon-ey?

(TOBIAS)

If you've got a kick, sir!

What a-bout the mon-ey?

#12—Pirelli's Miracle Elixir
141 SOPRANOS:
Where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

142 ALTOS:
Where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

143 TENORS:
Where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

144 BASSES:
where is this Pirelli? Go and get Pirelli!

145 (TOBIAS)
Tell it to the mixer of the Miracle Elixir.

146 SOPRANOS:
What about our money? What about it?

147 ALTOS:
What about our money? What about it?

148 TENORS:
What about our money? Go and get Pirelli!

149 BASSES:
What about our money? Go and get Pirelli!

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
(TOBIAS)

If you've got a kick, sir...

SOPRANOS:

Where is this Pirelli?

ALTOS:

Where is this Pirelli?

TENORS:

Where is this Pirelli?

BASSES:

Where is this Pirelli?

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

(TOBIAS)

Segue

Talk to him!

#12—Pirelli’s Miracle Elixir
13

Pirelli’s Entrance

Moderato, con molto rubato
(Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment)

PIRELLI:

I am Adolfo Pirelli, Da king of da barbers, Da barber of accel.

kings, E buon giorno, Good day.

(He does)

blow you a kiss.

And

I, Da so famous Pirelli, I wish-a to ten.

know-a who has-a da nerve-a to say... My e-lix-ir is

Dictated

piss!

Who says this?

#13—Pirelli’s Entrance
PIRELLI: Ready!
TODD: Ready!
BEADLE: The fastest, smoothest shave
is the winner. (He blows his whistle)

Agitato ($\frac{1}{4} = 144$)

L'istesso tempo ($\frac{1}{4} = \frac{1}{4}$)
Safety
PIRELLI:
(last time)

Now si-gnor-i-ni, si-gnor-i, we mix-a da lath-er, but first-a you
gath-er a-round, Si-gnor-i-ni, si-gnor-i, you look-ing a man who have

(Lathering his man)

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

(To the customer, as he accidentally lathers his nose)

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

#14—The Contest
(Finishes lathering the man)

(PIRELLI)

(Exchanges his brush for a razor)

Noope! It was-a da Pope! To shave-a da

(Shaves his man, with flourishes)

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

accel. poco a poco

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

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

ten.

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

#14—The Contest
Again, Todd slowly strops his razor. Rubato

(starting in my yout')

To cut-a da

(Gaining confidence)

(a tempo)

as he sees Todd so far behind)

hair, To trim-a da beard, To make-a da bristle clean like a
ten.

whistle, Dis is from early infancy da talent give to me by

God! It take-a da skill, It take-a da

ten.

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 winner is Todd!

#14—The Contest
Ballad of Sweeney Todd

TODD: (Expressionless) You will be welcome, Beadle Bamford, and I guarantee to give you, without a penny’s charge, the closest shave you will ever know.

(Mrs. Lovett takes Todd’s arm and starts with him offstage as the scene blackens out. The factory whistle blasts.)

Allegretto (♩ = 132)
(As the whistle dies)

SOLO BASS:

Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned,

SOLO BARI:

Like a perfect machine ‘e planned, Barb-ing the hook,

SOLO BASS:

Bait-ing 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, Lay-ing the trail, Show-ing the traces,

#15—Ballad of Sweeney Todd
2 SOPR. &
2 TENORS:

Letting it lead to higher places. Sweeney pondered and

(3 BARIS)

Laying the trail,

Sweeney planned, Like a perfect machine 'e planned,

Showing the traces, Letting it lead to higher places,

(3 WOMEN)

Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did, Sween-

TENORS:

Laying the trail, Showing the traces, Letting it lead to

BARIS,
BASSES:

Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did. Set it like a ma-

#15—Ballad of Sweeney Todd
(WOMEN)

(TENORS)

(higher places. Swee-

(BARIS,
BASSES)

chine, a sort of a scene 'e did, Did

ney...

ney...

Sweeney...

Segue

#15—Ballad of Sweeney Todd
**Wait**

**BEGGAR WOMAN:**

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

(To a generous passerby) Thank yer... (She shuffles to Mrs. Lovett)

**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!

(BEGGAR WOMAN)

(Shuffling off into the wings)

She exits. Mrs. Lovett rings the bell to indicate her approach and
starts climbing the stairs carrying the chair. At the sound of the
bell, Todd becomes alert and snatches up the razor.

**a des-per-ate wo-man...**

#16—Wait
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
dropey. (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 Tuesday.
(Todd continues pacing)

Adagio espress., non rubato \( \text{\( f \)} = 112 \)

MRS. LOVETT:

Ea-s-y now._
Hush, love, hush._
Don’t dis-tress—your-self.

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

Todd keeps pacing.

Wait.

Hush, love, hush._

#16—Wait
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.

(MRS. LOVETT)

I've been thinking, flowers, maybe daisies. To

brighten up the room. Don't you think some flowers, pretty

Todd doesn't respond.

daisies, Might relieve the gloom?

Ah,

Wait, love, wait.

MRS. LOVETT: Can't you think of nothin' else? Always broodin' away on yer wrongs what happened heaven knows how many years ago--

(Todd turns away violently with a kiss)

#16—Wait
(MRS. LOVETT)

Slow, love, slow. Time's so fast. Now goes quickly. See,

now it's past! Soon will come, Soon will last.

(MRS. LOVETT) Todd grows calm again.

Wait. 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.

Gilly flowers may be, 'stead of daisies...

I don't know, though... What do you think?

#16—Wait
(♩ = 100)

**PIRELLI:**
(Nastily, quasi parlando)

1. You t'ink-a you smart? You fool-ish-a

2. boy. To-mor-row you start In my-a em-

3. ten.

4. ploy. You un-ner-a-

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

6. You like-a my plan?  

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

#17—Pirelli's Death
19

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Three tenors enter and sing.

Andante con moto (♩ = 132)

Play 2 X's

TENOR I:

His hands were quick, his

fingers strong.

It stung a little but

not for long.

TENOR II:

And

those who thought him a simple clod Were

soon reconsidering under the sod.

TENOR III:

Con-

#19—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
From Sweeney Todd,
signed there with a friendly prod
From Sweeney Todd,

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

See your razor gleam, Sweeney,
See your razor gleam, Sweeney,
See your razor gleam, Sweeney,

#19—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
Feel how well it fits
(TENOR II)

Feel how well it fits...
(FEEL)

Feel how well it fits, How well it

As it floats a-cross the throats of

As it floats a-cross the throats of

fits. It floats a-cross the throats of

Lights black out on the singers and come up on Judge Turpin in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. He is about to convict a young boy.

JUDGE: This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. (Scene continues)

hyp-_o-crites.

hyp-_o-crites.

hyp-_o-crites.

#19—The Ballad of Sweeney Todd
Kiss Me (Part I)

Allegretto ma non troppo ($J = 120$)

1. JOHANNA:

He means to marry me Monday.

What shall I do? I'd rather die.  

ANTHONY:

I have a

(Not listening to him)

I'll swallow poison on Sunday,

that's what I'll do, I'll get some lye.

I have a
(JOHANNA)

Oh, dear, was that a noise? I think I heard a noise.

(ANTHONY)

plan.

A plan.

It couldn't be, He's in court, he's in court today.

plan!

Still, that was a noise, Wasn't that a noise? You must have heard that...

\(\text{mp (Shyly)}\)

Oh, sir...

\(\text{To 11} \)

Kiss me!

Ah, miss...

\(\text{mf} \)

If he should marry me Monday,

#21—Kiss Me (Part I)
(JOHANNA)

What will I do? I'll die of grief.

(ANTHONY)

We fly to...

Tis Friday, virtually Sunday,

night.

What can we do with time so brief?

We fly to...

(Covering Anthony's mouth)

Behind the curtain, quick! I think I heard a click.

Muffled

To-night.

Tonight.

It was a gate. It's the gate. We don't have a gate.

night!

It's not a gate. There's no

#21—Kiss Me (Part I)
(JOHANNA)

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

(ANTHONY)

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

To-night? You mean to-

kiss me! Kiss me!

night? Oh, sir! I feel a

The plan is made, So kiss me.

fright. Sir, I did'

Be not a-fraid. To-night I'll
cantabile

(JOHANNA)

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

(ANTHONY)

steal you, Jo-han-

na, I'll steal you.

(ANTHONY)

It's me you'll mar-ry on Mon-day,

(JOHANNA)

And glad-ly, sir.

That's what you'll do! St. Dun-stan's,

I knew I'd be with you one day,

noon.

#21—Kiss Me (Part I)
(JOHANNA)

Even not knowing who you were.

(ANTHONY)

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...

marry me, marry me, Please, oh marry me Monday...
Ladies in Their Sensitivities

Allegretto grazioso ($ \frac{3}{4} = 144$)

Beadle: Voice cued in Recorder (8va)

Safety

cuse me, my lord, May I re-request, my lord, Per-mis-sion, my lord, to speak? For-give me if I sug-gest, my lord, You're looking less than your best, my lord, There's pow-der up-on your vest, my lord, And stub-ble up-on your cheek.

And

#22—Ladies in Their Sensitivities
JUDGE: Perhaps if she greets me cordially upon my return, I should give her a small gift...

LARGHETTO ($\frac{\text{j}}{\text{= 80}}$)

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 propensities.

#22—Ladies in Their Sensitivities
Meaning no offense, it happens they resent it,

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

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord. Fret

Tempo primo

not, though, my lord, I know a place, my lord, A

barber, my lord, of skill. Thus armed with a shaven

face, my lord, Some eau de cologne to brace my lord, And

musk to enhance the chase, my lord, You'll dazzle the girl un-

til She

#22—Ladies in Their Sensitivities
(BEADLE)

bows to your every will.

JUDGE: That may well be so.

(THey have reached the JUDGE's house)

Segue

#22—Ladies in Their Sensitivities
Kiss Me (Part II)

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

Allegro ($J = 132$)

The name is

ANTHONY:

We'd best not wait until Monday.

(BEADLE)

JUDGE: Todd, eh?

Todd,

JOHANNA:

Sir, I con-cur, and ful-ly, too.

It is'n't right, We'd best be mar-ried on Sun-day.

Swee-ney Todd.

(JOHANNA)

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

(ANTHONY)

Or else to -
(JOHANNA)

I think I heard a noise, I mean an-other noise.

(ANTHONY)

night. Fear not. Like

Oh, nev-er mind, just a noise, just an-other noise,

what? You must-n’t mind, It’s a

Some-thing in the street, I’m a sil-ly lit-tle nim-ny nod-dle,

noise, Just an-other noise, Some-thing in the street, you sil-ly...

(Falling into his arms)

Kiss me! Oh, sir...

Kiss me!

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)


ANTHONY

We'll go to Paris on Monday.

We'll ride a

train,

With you beside me on Sunday,

What will I care what things I lack?

Then sail to

I'll take my reticule. I'll need my reticule.

Spain.

Why take your reticule? We'll buy a
(JOHANNA)

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

(ANTHONY)

reticule. I'd never think you a fool, but a

never leaves my side, It's the only thing my mother gave me...

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

(JOHANNA)

Kiss me!

(ANTHONY)

Kiss me! I know a

Beadle:

The name is Todd.

Judge:

Todd?

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

We'll go there.

(ANTHONY)

place where we can go to-night.

(BEADLE)

Todd.

(SWEENEY)

(BEADLE)

Todd,

(SWEENEY)

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.

Sweeney

Todd,  Sweeney

Todd?

Sweeney

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

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

(ANTHONY)

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

(BEADLE)

Todd.  Todd.  Todd.

(JUDGE)

Todd.  Todd.  Todd.

still don’t know your name, sir, E-ven as I
did not know your name.

Jo-

Swee-ney Todd..

Swee-ney Todd..

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

saw you, Even as it does not matter that I

(ANTHONY)

han-na! Jo-han-na! Jo-

(BEABLE)

Todd.

(JUDGE)

Todd.

still don’t know your name. An-tho-ny!

han-na! An-tho-ny.

Todd.

Todd?

Todd, eh?

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

I'll marry Anthony Sunday!

(ANTHONY)

You marry Anthony Sunday!

(BEADLE)

Ladies in their sensi-

That's what I'll do, no matter what!

That's what you'll do, no matter what!

Activities, my lord,

Pray lead the

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)
I knew you'd come for me one day,

(ANTHONY)
I knew I'd come for you one day

(BEADLE)
Have a fragile sens-

(JUDGE)
way.

Only afraid that you'd forgot.

Only afraid that you'd forgot.

bili-

Just as you

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

I feared you'd never come, That you'd been called away,

(ANTHONY)

Marry me, marry me, miss, Oh marry me Sunday!

(BEADLE)

When a girl's emergency say.

(JUDGE)

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.

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

Trampled by a horse, gone to sea again, Arrested by the... 

(ANTHONY)

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

(BEADLE)

Ladies in their sensibilities.

Anthony crushes Johanna to him. They kiss. Anthony and Johanna sink onto the couch, embracing.

Oh, sir...

Ah, miss...

Ah, miss... ah, miss... ah, sensibilities...

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
Johanna

Oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir... oh, sir...

Anthony

Miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah, miss... ah,

Beadle

Judge

Todd...

Segue

#23—Kiss Me (Part II)
Pretty Women (Part I)

(cue) TODD:
And what may I do for you, sir?
A stylish trimming of the hair?

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

JUDGE:

Safety

see, sir, a man infatuated 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

rall.

first, sir, I think... a

#25—Pretty Women (Part I)
a tempo

(JUDGE)

shave.

(Hums ad lib. syllables - optional 8va)

JUDGE:

bumbumbum-bumbumbum-bum-badadumbumbum (etc.)

Whistles (optional)

Whistles (optional)

Hums

#25—Pretty Women (Part I)
JUDGE: You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

'Tis your delight, sir, catching fire from one man to the next.

'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire the blood to pound, The heart leap higher, What

(TODD)

What more can man require? More than more can man require than love, sir?

#25—Pretty Women (Part I)
(TODD)

49

love, sir. Wo-men.

50

Pret-ty

(JUDGE)

51

What, sir? Ah, yes, Wo-men.

52

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

53

(jauntily)

54

Wo-men.

55

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-

56

(TODD)

57

Whistles (optional)

58

ba-da-dum-bum-bum (etc.)

59

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

60

Segue

#25—Pretty Women (Part I)
Pretty Women (Part II)

(TODD: (To the razor))

Now then, my friend,

Now to your purpose. Patience, enjoy it, Re-

venge can't be taken in

(Opens his eyes suddenly)

JUDGE: Make

(Nodding)

haste.

My lord.

haste and if we wed, you'll be commended, sir.

(TODD)

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

(JUDGE) My
(Todd freezes) JUDGE: And pretty as a rosebud.

TODD: As pretty as her mother?

ward.

L’istesso tempo (\(d = 72\)) non rubato

TODD: (Shaving him)

Pretty women... fascinating...

Sipping coffee,... dancing...

Pretty women... are a wonder...

Pretty women!

Sitting in the... window or Standing on the

#26—Pretty Women (Part II)
(TODD)

stair, Some-thing in them—
cheers the air.

(TODD)

Pret-ty wo-men...-

JUDGE:

Sil-hou-ett-ed...

Stay with-in you...

Glanc-ing...

Stay for-ev-er...

Breath-ing light-ly...
(TODD)

Pretty women,

(JUDGE)

Pretty women!

Pretty women!

Blowing out their candles or

Blowing out their candles...

combing out their hair,

Combing out their hair, then they

Even when they—

Even when they

#26—Pretty Women (Part II)
(TODD)
leave, they still are

(JUDGE) optional 8va
leave you and vanish, they somehow can still remain

64
there, They're there. Ah,

65
there with you, There with you. Ah,

66
Pretty women at their mirrors,
Pretty women in their gardens,

67
letter writing, weather watching,
flower picking,

#26—Pretty Women (Part II)
(TODD)

How they make a man sing! Proof of heaven--

(JUDGE)

How they make a man sing! Proof of heaven--

as you're living. Pretty women, sir,

as you're living. Pretty women, sir,

pretty women. Here's to pretty women. Yes,

pretty women. All the 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.

#26—Pretty Women (Part II)
(TODD)

pret - ty wo - men!

(JUDGE)

p - pret - ty wo - men, sir, pret - ty wo - men...

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

ANTHONY:

Jo - han - na mar - ries me Sun - day!

Ev - 'ry - thing's set, we leave to - night!

We'll be in: Par - is by Mon - day.

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

Out of that heart - less tyr - rant's sight...

#26—Pretty Women (Part II)
Epiphany

(cue) TODD:  MRS. LOVETT:
Out, I say, out! All this running and shouting,
What is it now, dear?

Furioso \( \frac{J}{J} = 132 \)

TODD:  Vamp
(last time)

\[
\begin{align*}
& I \quad had \quad him... \\
& \quad \text{and then...}
\end{align*}
\]

MRS. LOVETT: I saw them both running down the street...

\[
\begin{align*}
& I \quad had \quad him!
& \text{His throat was bare beneath my hand...}
\end{align*}
\]

MRS. LOVETT: There, there, dear. Don’t fret.

\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{(TODD)}
& \text{No, I had him!}
& \text{His throat was}
\end{align*}
\]

MRS. LOVETT:

\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{Easy now...}
& \text{Hush, love, hush...}
\end{align*}
\]

there and he’ll never come again!

#27—Epiphany
(MRS. LOVETT)  
I keep telling you... (TODD) 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 its morals aren't worth what a pig could spit. And the vermin of the world inhabit it... But not for long!

Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

They

#27—Epiphany
(TODD)

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

#27—Epiphany
(TODD)

all deserve to die! Even

you, Mrs. Lovett, even I! Because the

Slash

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!

#27—Epiphany
(TODD)

All right! You, sir, How about a shave?

Slash

Come and visit your good friend Sweeney!

You, sir, too, sir, Welcome to the grave! I will have

Cantabile

vengeance, I will have salvation!

Who, sir? You, sir?

No one in the chair, come on! Come on!

Sweeney's waiting! I want you bleed-ers!

#27—Epiphany
(TODD)

You, sir! Any-body! Gentlemen, now don’t be shy! Not

Cantabile

one man no, Nor ten men, Nor a

hundred can assuage me, I will

Moderato alla marcia (\( \frac{d}{d} = 80 \))

have you!

And I

will get him back even as he gloats. In the

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

#27—Epiphany
(TODD)

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

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

work waits, I'm a -

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

#27—Epiphany
A Little Priest

Rubato

MRS. LOVETT: 
"Shame?"

Seems a down-right shame.

Seems an awful waste. 
Such a nice plump ten.

frame wot's-'is-name has... had... has... nor it can't be traced. 
Bus'ness needs a lift...

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

(Todd is staring into space)

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

#28—A Little Priest
(She sighs)  
(MRS. LOVETT)  
Non rubato (\( \frac{3}{4} = 60 \))

\[ \text{(She sighs)} \quad \text{(MRS. LOVETT)} \quad \text{Non rubato (}\ \frac{3}{4} \ = \ 60) \]

Seems an awful waste.

\[ \text{poco accel.} \]

I mean, with the price of

\( (\ \frac{3}{4} = 66) \)

meat what it is, When you get it, If you get it...

(Todd chuckles)

\[ \text{(Todd chuckles)} \]

Good, you got it. Take, for instance,

Mrs. Mooney and her

\[ \text{Mrs. Mooney and her} \]

pie shop.

\[ \text{Bus'ness never} \]

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

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

Now a pus-sy's good for maybe six or seven at the most.

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

(MRS. LOVETT)

accel. poco a poco

taste...

TODD:

Well, it

Mrs. Lov-ett, What a charm-ing no-tion, Em-i-nently

does seem a waste...

prac-ti-cal and yet ap-pro-pri-ate, as al-ways...

(TODD)

Mrs. Lov-ett, How I did with-out you

#28—A Little Priest
(d. = 72) (MRS. LOVETT)

Think about it!

all these years, I'll never know. How de-

accel, poco a poco

Lots of other gentlemen I'll soon be

Iec - ta - ble!

com-ing for a shave. Won't they? Think of

Also un-de - tect-a - ble. How

rall.

all them pies...

choice! How rare! For

#28—A Little Priest
( dope = 66) (TODD)

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...

It's

man devouring man, my dear, and
(MRS. LOVETT)

who are we to deny it in here?

(TODD)

who are we to deny it in here?

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

MRS. LOVETT (holding out a pie to Todd):
Here we are, hot from the oven.

A tempo

priest. Have a little priest.

Is it really

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

Sir, it's too good, at least.

(TODD)

good?

(MRS. LOVETT)

Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh,

So it's pretty fresh.

(TODD:)

Awful lot of

On-ly where it sat.

(TODD)

fat.

Have'n't you got

No, you see, the

po-et or some-thing like that?

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

trouble with poet is, How do you know it's deceased?

Try the priest.

Safety

MRS. LOVETT:
(Offering another pie)

Lawyer's rather

A tempo

TODD:

Order something

If it's for a price.

(MRS. LOVETT)

else, though, to follow, Since no one should swallow it

#28—A Little Priest
twice. (TODD)

Well then, if you're

Any-thing that's lean.

(MRS. LOVETT)

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

Any-way it's clean...

Though, of course, it tastes of wherever it's been...

(TODD) ten.

(Todd looks past her at an imaginary oven)

Is that

(MRS. LOVETT)

Mercy squire on the fire?

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

no, sir, look clos - er, You'll no - tice it's

a tempo

gro - cer.

(TODD)

Looks thick - er, more like vic - ar...

(MRS. LOVETT)

has to be gro - cer, it's green.

The

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

Save a lot of graves, Do a lot of rel - a - tives

#28—A Little Priest
fa\-vors...
(TODD)

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

Ev\-\-ry\-bo\-dy shaves, So there should be plen\-ty of

fla\-vors... That

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

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

those a\-bove will serve those down be\-low!
MRS. LOVETT: Now, let's see... We've got tinker.

TOADD: Something pinker.

MRS. LOVETT: Locksmith?

TOADD: Something subtler.

MRS. LOVETT: (Offering another pie)

Vamp (Todd slumps, defeated)

A tempo

Love-ly bit of clerk.*

TOADD: May-be for a lark.

(MRS. LOVETT)

Then a-gain there's sweep If you want it cheap And you like it dark. Try the fin-
cier...

Peak of his ca-reer.

*Pronounced "Clark"

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

Well, he drank.

Yet looksprettyrank.

(TODD)

No, it's bank cashier. Never really

called...

May-be it was old.

(TODD)

Have you any

(MRS. LOVETT)

Next week, so I'm told. Beadle isn't

(MRS. LOVETT)

bad till you smell it and notice how

#28—A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT (Offering another pie)
Now this may be a little stringy, but then of course, it's fiddle player.

TODD: This isn't fiddle player. It's piccolo player.
MRS. LOVETT: How can you tell? TODD: It's piping hot.

Safety
The history of the world, my sweet...

MRS. LOVETT:
Oh, Mister Todd, Ooh, Mister Todd, What does it

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

252

tell?

(TODD)

253

Is who gets eat-en and who gets to eat.

(MRS. LOVETT)

257

And, Mis-ter Todd, too, Mis-ter Todd, Who gets to

sell.

(TODD)

260

But for-tu-nate-ly it's also clear That

(MRS. LOVETT)

266

ev-ry-body goes down well with beer.

267

ev-ry-body goes down well with beer.

#28—A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT: Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how about rear admiral.
TODD: Too salty. I prefer general.

A tempo

What is that?

fop.
Fin-est in the shop.
Or we have some

shep-herd's pie pep-pered with ac-tu-al shep-herd on
top.
And I've just be-gun.
Here's the pol-i-
ti-cian, So oil-y it's served with a doi-ly. Not

one?
(Todd shakes his head)
TODD: (As she looks at him quizically)

Put it on a bun.
Well, you nev-er

#28—A Little Priest
(MRS. LOVETT)

Try the

know if it's going to run.

(TODD)

Fri - ar. Fried, it's dri - er.

No, the

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

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

Yes, and

#28—A Little Priest
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 would you settle for the next best thing?

Charity towards the world, my pet.

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

We'll take the customers that we can get.

#28—A Little Priest
MRS. LOVETT:

High-born and low, my love.

(TODD)

We'll not discriminate great from small. No,

(TODD)

Meaning anyone,

we'll serve anyone, Meaning anyone,

And to anyone at

And to anyone at

all!

#28—A Little Priest
God, That's Good

(cue - Blackout)

Moderato (\( \frac{3}{4} = 132 \))

L'istesso tempo (\( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \))

TOBIAS:

Ladies and gentlemen! May I have your attention, please?

Are your nostrils quivering 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

Just inside of this door!

There you’ll sample Mrs. Lovett’s meat pies, savory and sweet pies, as you’ll see.
45 (TOBIAS)

You who eat pies, Mrs. Lovett's meat pies

47

Conjure up the treat pies used to be!

49 1st MAN:

Over here, boy, How about some

50 TOBIAS:

Right a-

51 (TOBIAS)

way.

(WOMEN)

Tell me, are they flavorful? They are. Could we have some service over

52 ALL WOMEN:

Right a-

53 ALL MEN:

Tell me, are they flavorful? They are. Could we have some service over

54 TENORS:

Could we have some service, waiter?

#29—God, That's Good
(WOMEN)

here, boy? God, that's good.

(TENORS)

What a - bout that pie, boy?

BARIS, BASSES:

Yes, what a - bout that pie, boy?

MRS. LOVETT:
(Rings bell twice)

(TOBIAS)

La - dies and gen - tle - men...

(WOMEN)

Thrup - pence for a meat pie?

(TENORS)

(BARIS,BASSES)

Tell me, are they ten - der?

Where's the ale I asked you for, boy?

#29—God, That's Good
She enters the garden with a tray of pies, indicates a customer.

_Toby!_ (TOBIAS) _Ale there!_

_Com-ing! 'Scuse me._

Quick, now!

_Right, mum!_ (Licking their fingers)

 ludicrously.

_SOPRANOS: f_ |

_ALTOS: God, that's good!

_TENORS: f_ |

_BASSES: God, that's good!_

Serves pies, collects money, addresses different patrons with equal insincerity.

_Nice to see you, dearie. How have you been keeping?_ (Indicates a customer)

_Cor, me bones is weary! Toby! One for the gentle-man..._

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

Hear the birdies cheeping, Helps to keep it '"

(Indicates the Beggar Woman)

cheer-y... Toby! Throw the old woman out!

SOPRANOS:

God, that's good!

ALTOS:

God, that's good!

TENORS:

BASSES:

Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon returns, sniffing.

(MRS. LOVETT)

What's your pleasure, dearie? No, we don't cut slices.

(Indicates the drunken man)

Come, me eyes is blurry! Toby! None for the gentleman...

I could up me prices, I'm a little lary.

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)  
Business couldn't be better, though...

(Knocks)

SOPRANOS:  
Knock on wood!

ALTOS:  
God, that's good!

TENORS:  

BASSES:  
God, that's good!

L'istesso tempo

(To customer)  
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

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

So it's six o'clock.

(TODD)

six o'clock!

It was

And it's due to arrive at a quarter to five. And it's

probably already down the block. It'll

six o'clock!

be here! It'll be here! Have a

I've been waiting all day.

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

beaker of beer and stop worryin', dear!

(TODD)

But it should have been here by

Now, now...

Will you

SOPRANOS: now!

ALTOS: More hot pies!

TENORS: More hot pies!

BASSES: More hot pies!

(MRS. LOVETT)

wait there, cool ly? 'Cause my

(TODD)

You'll come back when it comes?

(Moving back to the garden)

customers truly are get ting un ru ly and

#29—God, That's Good
L'istesso tempo

(MRS. LOVETT)

What's you plea-sure, deare- ie?  Oops!  I beg your par-don!

Just me hands is smear- y...  To- by!  Run for the gen-tle-man!

Don't you love a gar-den?  Al- ways makes me tear- y.  Must be one of them for-eign-ers...

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:  God, that's good!  That is de-li-cious!

TENORS:

BASSES:  God, that's good!  That is de-li-cious!

Workmen bring a crate down the street.

(MRS. LOVETT)

What's my se-cret?  Frank- ly, deare-

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

give my candor—Family secret, All to do with
herbs. Things like being Careful with your

coriander. That's what makes the gravy grander!

SOPRANOS: $f$

ALTOS: More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

TENORS: $f$

BASSES: More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

L'istesso tempo

(MRS. LOVETT) (To a customer) (To Tobias)

Excuse me. Dear, see to the customers.

TODD: (To Mrs. Lovett)

Psst! Psst!

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)  (To Todd)

What now, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk.

(TODD)

Pssst!

But it's

It's where?

I'll get here!

Com- ing up the stair!

(Holds up the tray)

rid of this lot as they're still pret-ty hot And then

It's a-

I'll be there!

No, I'll

bout to be o-p ened Or don't you care?

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

be there! I will be there! But they'll

(TODD)

But we have to prepare!

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Approaching a customer)

never be sold if I let 'em get cold. Oh, and

L'istesso tempo

(To one particular customer)

Incidently, dearie, You know Mrs. Mooney.

Sales have been so dreary—Toby! Poor thing is pennyless.

(To Tobias, indicating the Beggar Woman) (To the same customer)

What about that loony? Lookin' sort of beery...

Oh, well, got her come-uppance And

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

\[ \text{that 'll be thrupence and...} \]

SOPRANOS:

\[ \text{So she should!} \]

ALTOS:

\[ \text{God, that's good That is de} \]

TENORS:

\[ \text{BASSES: God, that’s good That is de} \]

\[ \text{Have you licious ever tasted smell such} \]

\[ \text{Have you licious ever tasted smell such} \]

\[ \text{Oh my God What more That's pies Good!...} \]

\[ \text{Oh my God What more That's pies Good!...} \]

#29—God, That’s Good
L'istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT: They swoon with admiration at the new chair.

Ooohhh

TODD:

Ooohhh

Ooohhh

(TODD)

Is that a chair fit for a king, A

(MRS. LOVETT)

It's gorgeous! It's gorgeous!

(TODD)

wondrous neat and most particular

It's perfect!

You tell me where is there a seat can half compete with

It's gorgeous!

You make your

this particular thing! I have a few minor adjustments

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT) few minor adjustments.
(TODD) You take your time, I'll to make.

They'll take a moment.

poco rit.

go see to the customers.
(Looking at the chair) I'll call you...
I have another friend...

a tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (To the customers) It's gorgeous!

TOBIAS: (To the customers) Is that a pie fit for a king, A wondrous sweet and

SOPRANOS; unis.

ALTOS: Yum!

TENORS:

BASSES: Yum!

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

It's gorgeous!

(TOBIAS)

most par-ti-cu-lar thing? You see, ma'am, why there's no meat pie

(WOMEN)

Yum!

(MEN)

Yum!

#29—God, That's Good
The crust all vel-vet-y and wav-y, That

vel-vet-y and wav-y, That glaze, Those crimps...

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS: Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

TENORS:

BASSES: Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

glaze, Those crimps, And then the suc-cu-lent

And then the thick suc-cu-lent gra-vy... One whiff,

TODD:

And now to test this best of

Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

210
To 213
214
To 216

gra- vy. So thick it makes you

(TOBIAS)

One glimpse... So ten- der that you sur-

(TODD)

bar-ber chairs... It's time... It's time...

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS:

Yum! Yum!

TENORS:

Yum! Yum!

BASSES:

Yum! Yum!

L'istesso tempo

216 (MRS. LOVETT) (To the customers) 217 (To Tobias)

sick. Ex- cuse me... Dear, see to the cus- tom- ers.

(TOBIAS) (Out the window)

Pssst! Pssst!

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT) (To Todd)

All set, love? My heart's a-flutter!

(TODD)

Psst! Quick now! When I

When you pound the floor...

pound the floor, It's a

Yes, you told me, I know, you'll be

signal to show that I'm ready to go, When I

ready to go when you pound the floor. Will you

pound the floor!

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT)

trust me? Will you trust me? I'll be

(TOBB)

I just want to be sure...

wait - ing be - low for the whis - tle to blow...

When I'm cer - tain that you're in

(TOBB)

(Pounds on the window frame)

place, I'll pound three times.

(Pounds)

Three times.

(MRS. LOVETT)

(Knocks the air impatiently)

(TOBB) (As she nods)

And then you— Three

#29—God, That's Good
(MRS. LOVETT) (Knocks exaggeratedly) (Knocks heavily and wearily on the wall)

(TODD)

(times... If you— Ex-actly...)

(MRS. LOVETT) (Torn between the customers and Todd)

(TODD)

Gawd! Right!

SOPRANOS:  
Psst!

ALTOS:  More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

TENORS:  More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

BASSES:  More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

(MRS. LOVETT)

Wait!

(Knocks on the chute)

(TODD) (Pounds on floor)

#29—God, That's Good!
(MRS. LOVETT) (Knocks excitedly on the chute)

(TODD) (Pounds on the floor in triumph)

Mrs. Lovett hurries out of the bakehouse, while Todd resumes tinkering happily with the chair.

SOPRANOS: ff

ALTOS: More hot pies! More hot! More

TENORS: ff

BASSES: More hot pies! More hot! More

pies! More! Hot! Pies!

pies! More! Hot! Pies!

L'istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (To the customers)

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin I rolled it.

TOBIAS: (To the customers)

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin she rolled it.

#29—God, That's Good!
(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 now we've sold it!

Eat them slow 'Cause that's the lot and now we've sold it!

Come again to mor-row... Hold it!

Come again to mor-row!

MRS. LOVETT:

Bless my eyes!

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS: More hot pies!

TENORS: More hot pies!

BASSES: More hot pies!

#29—God, That's Good!
(MRS. LOVETT)

Fresh supplies!

(MRS. LOVETT)

How about it, dearie? Be here in a twinkling.

TOBIAS:

Is that a pie fit for a king, A

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS: Yum!

TENORS: Yum!

BASSES: Yum!

Just confirms my theory... Toby!... God watches over us.

wondrous sweet and most delectable

Yum!

Yum! Yum! Yum!

Yum!

Yum! Yum! Yum!

#29—God, That's Good!
(MRS. LOVETT)

Did-n't have an ink-ling... Pos-i-tive-ly ee-rie...

(TOBIAS)

thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie...

SOPRANOS:

ALTOS: Yum! Yum!

TENORS: —

BASSES: Yum! Yum!

(MRS. LOVETT) She spots the Beggar Woman again.

To-by! THROW THE OLD WOMAN OUT!

SOPRANOS: cresc. poco a poco al Fine

ALTOS: God, that's good That is de Have you

TENORS: —

BASSES: God, that's good That is de Have you

Li-cious ev-er tasted smell such

Li-cious ev-er tasted smell such

#29—God, That's Good!
SOPRANOS:

ALTOS: Oh my God, what perfect more that's

TENORS:

BASSES: Oh my God, what perfect more that's

Pies such flavor God that's good!

Segue

#29—God, That's Good!
Johanna
(Act II Sequence)

Dawn. The streets of London.

Rubato

Andante ($\text{j} = 66$)

ANTHONY:

feel you, Johanna. I feel

Light comes up on the pieszop. Todd sits on the outside stairs enjoying the morning.

you. Do they think that walls can hide you?

Even now I'm at your window.

A customer arrives.

Todd ushers him into the tonsorial parlor and seats him in the chair, preparing him for a shave.

I am in the dark beside you, Buriied sweet-ly in your
(Sings dreamily to himself throughout, benign and detached from the action)

(ANTHONY)  

\textbf{rit.} \hspace{2cm} \textbf{ten. ten.}

\textbf{yellow hair,} \hspace{1cm} J\textbf{ohan-na...}

TO\textbf{D}D: \hspace{1cm} \textbf{ten. ten.}

\textbf{Jo-han-na...}

\textbf{23}

\textbf{Safety}

\textbf{(last time)}

\hspace{1cm} \textbf{And are you beau-ti-ful and}

\hspace{1cm} \textbf{pale, With yel-low hair, like her? I'd want you}

\hspace{1cm} \textbf{beau-ti-ful and pale, The way I've dreamed you were, Jo-}

\hspace{1cm} \textbf{han-na...}

\textbf{30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)}
And if you're beau-ti-ful, what then, With yel-low hair
like wheat? I think we shall not meet a-

He sla-thes the cus-to-mer's throat. I'll steal
gain, My lit-tle dove, my sweet Jo-han-na.

you, Jo-han-na.

Good-bye, Jo-han-na. (Stomp) (Stomp) (Stomp) You're gone, and

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
He pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute.

(TODD)

yet you're mine. I'm fine, Jo - han - na. I'm

(TODD)

han

tana...

fine.

Safety

BEGGAR WOMAN:
(last time)

Smoke! Smoke!

Sign of the dev - ill! Sign of the dev - ill! 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!

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

Ev'ry night at the ves-pers bell, Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell,

City on fire! City on fire!

Mischief! Mischief! Mischief!

Safety
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:

I'll marry Anthony Sunday... Anthony

han-na...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
(JOHANNA)

Sun-day...

ANTHONY:

(TODD) I feel

And in that darkness when I'm

(ANTHONY)

you,

(TODD)

blind with what I can't forget, It's always

morning in my mind, My little lamb, my pet, Jo-

(JOHANNA)

I knew you'd come for me one day... Come for me...

(TODD)

han-na...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
One day...

(ANTHONY)

You stay, Johanna, (Stomp) (Stomp)

(Dusk gathers.)

(Looking up)

(Stomp) The way I've dreamed you are, Oh, look, Johanna, A star!

(Buried sweetly in your)

hanna,

A shooting star

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
Safety
BEGGAR WOMAN:

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! Ci-ty on fi-re!

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!

(Top line optional)

Tell ’em! Tell ’em! Help! Fiend! Ci-ty on fi-re!

Ci-ty on fi-re...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

Mis-chief... Mis-chief... Mis-chief...

Fiend... Alms...

Alms...

TODD: (Showering the customer)

(last time)

And though I'll think of you, I guess, un-til the day—I die,

I think I miss you less and less as ev'-ry day—

ANTHONY:

Jo-han

goes by, Jo-han-na...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
With you beside me on Sunday, Married on Sunday...

(TODD)

beautiful and pale, And look too much like her.

If only angels could prevail, We'd be the way...

(JOHANNA)

Married on Sunday...

(AUTHONY)

(TODD)

I feel you,

we were, Johanna...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
Married on Sunday...

Wake up, Johanna!

Another bright red day! We learn, Johanna, to say

I'll

Goodbye...

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
(ANTHONY)

(TODD)

#30—Johanna (Act II Sequence)
After Johanna
(Act II Sequence)

\( \dot{\text{J}} = 200 \)

JOHANNA:

\begin{align*}
\text{\textit{A}} & \quad \text{\textit{mf \ ad lib.}} \\
\text{\textit{B}} & \\
\text{\textit{C}} &
\end{align*}

Green finch and lin-net bird...

\begin{align*}
\text{\textit{1}} & \\
\text{\textit{2}} & \quad \text{\textit{4}} & \quad \text{\textit{5}} & \quad \text{\textit{9}} & \quad \text{\textit{2}}
\end{align*}

Green finch and lin-net bird...

#31—After Johanna (Act II Sequence)
MRS. LOVETT: (ad lib.)

I am a lass who a-las loves a lad Who a-

las has a lass in Can-ter-bur-y. 'Tis a row dow did-

dle dow day, 'Tis a ro dow did-dle dow dee...
By The Sea (Part I)

Moderato \( \frac{J}{4} = 84 \)

MRS. LOVETT:

Ooh, Mister Todd,

(Kisses him again)

I'm so happy

I could

eat you up, I really could. You know what I'd like to do,

Mister Todd? What I dream...?

If the business stays as good, Where I'd really like to go...?

(No response from Todd)

In a year or

#33—By The Sea (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT) 
(Still no response)

so...?

TODD: (Dully) Of course.

Don't you want to

know?

Do you really want to

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.

By the sea, Mister Todd, That's the life I cov—et, By the sea, Mister Todd, Ooh, I knew you'd love— it! You and me, Mister T, We could be a—lone— In a
(MRS. LOVETT)

house we'd almost own— Down by the sea!

TODD:

Wouldn't that be anything you say!

(MRS. LOVETT)  (Todd gives her a painsed smile)

smashing?  With the sea at our gate, We'll have kippered herring We'll have

swum to us straight from the Straits of Ber ing. Ev'ry night in the kip when we're through our kippers, I'll be

there slippin' off your slippers By the

#33—By The Sea (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)
sea,
With the fish-ies splash-ing.
By the

sea,
Would-n't that be smash-ing?

Down by the sea!

TODD:
An-y-thing you say,
An-y-thing you

can

say.

see us wak-ing,
The break-ers break-ing,
The

sea gulls squawk-ing,
Hoo! Hoo! I

#33—By The Sea (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)

do me baking, Then I go walking with

(Waving gaily)

you-hoo! Yoo-hoo! I'll

warm me bones on the es-plan-ade, Have

(Indicating Todd)

tea and scones with me gay young blade, Then

(Coily)

I'll knit a sweater while you write a letter, Un-

less we got bet-ter to do-hoo.

TODD: Anything you say...

(MRS. LOVETT)

Think how

snug it'll be underneath our flannel When it's

#33—By The Sea (Part I)
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

Don't you love the weather—
An-\text{y-}thing you say—

By the sea? We'll grow old to-
gether— By the seaside, Hoo!

Hoo! By the beautiful sea!

MRS. LOVETT: Oh, I can see us now—in our bathing dresses--
Moderato \( \dot{\jmath} = 84 \)

MRS. LOVETT:
(last time)

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 rumbled bedding legitimized. Me eye-lids'll flutter, I'll turn into butter, The moment I mutter, "I do-o-o!"

#34—By The Sea (Part II)
sea, in our nest, We could share our kip - pers With the
odd pay - ing guest from the week - end trip - pers, Have a
nice sun - ny suite for the guest to rest - in... Now and
then, you could do the guest - in... By the sea,
Mar - ried nice and prop - er,... By the
sea.
Bring a - long your chop - per.
(Slashes the air twice)
To the sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful
sea!

#34—By The Sea (Part II)
Wigmaker Sequence

(cue) TODD
A madhouse... a madhouse!

#35—Wigmaker Sequence
SOLO ALTO,  
SOLO TENOR:

Sweeny'd wait-ed too  long be-fore.  "Ah, but nev-er a-gain," he swore.

SOLO BARITONE:

For- tune ar-rived.  "Sween-ney!" it sang,  Sweeny was read-y and Sweeny sprang.

SOLO ALTO,  
SOLO TENOR:

Sweeny's prob-lems went up in smoke,  All re-solved with a sin-gle stroke.

SOLO BARITONE:

Sweeny was sharp,  Sweeny was burn-ing,  Sweeny be-gan the en-gines turn-ing.

SOPRANOS:

Sweeny's prob-lems went up in smoke,  All re-solved with a

ALTONS:

Sweeny!  Did-n't wait, no, nev-er a-gain,

TENORS:

Sweeny was sharp,  Sweeny was burn-ing,  Sweeny be-gan the

BARITONES:

Single stroke—by—Sweeny!  Did-n't wait, did—

BASSES:

Sweeny!  Did-n't wait, did—Sweeny!

#35—Wigmaker Sequence
SOPRANOS:

sin - gle stroke by_ Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

ALTOS:

Set the bait, Did_ Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

TENORS:

en - gines turn - ing, Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

BARITONES:

Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

BASSES:

Set the bait, Did_ Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney! Swee - ney!

---

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.

#35—Wigmaker Sequence
The Letter

Andante, molto rubato (\( \dot{\ \} = 80\))

TODD: (Shorts) Hm!

venture thus to write you this...

Urgent... note to warn you that the
He thinks. He grunts with satisfaction. He resumes writing.

Young has ab-

sempre rubato

hot-blooded young sailor

hot-blooded young sailor

Soprano

Todd stares off sadly.

Aalto
duct-ed your ward Jo- han-na...

tenor

duct-ed your ward Jo- han-na...

Baritone

Jo-

Bass

Jo- han-na...

#36—The Letter
He resumes writing again. He thinks a bit, then writes.

From the institution where you...

Con-

From the institution where you...

Con-

han-na...

So wise-ly...

So wise-ly...

So wise-ly...

fined

her.

fined

her.

But

#36—The Letter
L'istesso tempo, non rubato

I have persuaded the boy to lodge her

In here to-night at my tonsorial parlor in

At my tonsorial parlor in

#36—The Letter
He dips his pen, resumes writing.

If you
Fleet Street.
If you
Fleet Street.
If you
Fleet Street.
If you

Soprano
want her again in your arms, Hurry after the rall.

Alto

Tenor

Baritone

Bass

want her again in your arms, Hurry after the
want her again in your arms, Hurry after the
want her again in your arms, Hurry after the
want her again in your arms, Hurry after the

#36—The Letter
He starts to sign, then adds another phrase with a smile.

night falls.

She will be

night falls.

Todd reads the letter over.

He dips the pen again and writes carefully.

Waiting...

Waiting...

wait-ing.

Waiting...

Waiting...

Your o -

Your o -

#36—The Letter
Listesso tempo

be-di-enthum ble servant... TODD:

be-di-enthum ble servant, Sweeney Todd. Segue
36alt.

The Letter
(Alternate Version)

Andante, molto rubato ($d = 144$)

TODD: Molto rubato

TENOR: Most

SOPRANO: I venture thus to write you this...

ALTO: Honorable!

TENOR: Honorable!

Ur- gent... note to warn you that the

hot-blooded young sailor has ab-

#36a—The Letter (Alternate Version)
He resumes writing again.

(TODD)

(Tenor) From the institution where you... So

han - na...

wise - ly... Con - fined her. But

L'istesso tempo, non rubato

hop-ing to earn your fa-vor, I have per - suad-ed the boy to lodge her

here to-night at my ton - so-ri-al par-lor in Fleet Street. If you

#36a—The Letter (Alternate Version)
want her again in your arms, Hurry after the

night falls. She will be

Todd reads the letter over. He dips the pen again and writes carefully.

wait-ing.

SOPRANO:

Wait-ing...

ALTO:

Wait-ing...

BARITONE:

Wait-ing...

BASS:

Wait-ing...

L'istesso tempo

be-di-ent hum ble ser-vant, Swee ney Xylo. Todd.

Segue

#36a—The Letter (Alternate Version)
(cue) TOBIAS: ...a man wot was bad and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

Molto rubato ($= 112$)

3

+ Flute (Optional with voice)

TOBIAS:

MRS. LOVETT: Of course not, dear, and why should it?

3

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, Not while I'm a-round.

11

MRS. LOVETT: What do you mean, "a man"?

11

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, no sir, Not while I'm a-round.

15

MRS. LOVETT: (Relieved, patting his head) And so they are, dear.

16

De-mons are prowl-ing ev-ry-where now-a-days

17

I'll send 'em howl-ing, I don't care... I got ways.

#38—Not While I'm Around
MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do... What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

* poco accel. *

MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves...

a tempo

(TOBIAS)

MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong.

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

No one's gonna hurt you, No one's gonna dare.

Others can desert you, Not to worry, Whist le I'll be there...

Demons'll 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...

#38—Not While I'm Around
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.

Piu mosso, sempre rubato

TOBIAS:

Not to wor-ry, Not-to wor-ry, I may not be smart but I ain't
dumb.

I can do it, Put me to it, Show me some-thing

I can o-ver-come, Not to wor-ry, mum.

\textit{a tempo}

Be-ing close and be-ing clev-er ain't like be-ing true.

I don't need to, I won't nev-er hide a thing from you, like

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 Firelli's money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon)

\textbf{Tempo primo}

some.

#38—Not While I'm Around
TOBIAS: (Suddenly excited, pointing)
That! That's Signor Firelli's purse!
(Mrs. Lovett, realizing her slip, quickly hides it)

MRS. LOVETT: (Stalling for time) TOBIAS: That proves it! What I've
What's that? What was that, dear? been thinking. That's his purse!

Piu mosso, espressivo

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

Tempo primo

MRS. LOVETT:

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you Not while I'm a-round.

TOBIAS: You don't understand!

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, dar-ling. Not while I'm a-round.

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?

accel.

(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 when the days draw in. And it's so becoming on you.

a tempo

#38—Not While I'm Around
Tobias:

De-mons'-Il charm you with a smile. For a-while, but in time

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, Not while I'm a-round.

#38—Not While I'm Around
40

Parlour Songs (Part I)

Andante ($ \downarrow = 132$)

BEADLE:

Sweet Polly Plunkett lay in the grass,

Turned her eyes heavenward, sighing,

I am a lass who, alas, loves a lad, who, a-

rall.

las, has a lass in Canterbury. 'Tis a row dow

a tempo accel. rall. Dialog

diddle dow day, 'Tis a row dow diddle dow dee.

#40—Parlour Songs (Part I)
Parlour Songs (Part II)

BEADLE: When will he be back?
MRS. LOVETT: Couldn't say, I'm sure.
BEADLE: (Finds a particular song) Ah, one of
mother's favorites...

Andante \( \frac{\dot{\text{}}}{\downarrow} = 144 \)

If one bell rings in the
Tower of Bray, Ding dong, your true love will stay. Ding dong!

TOBIAS:
(The Beadle stops playing)

One bell to-day In the Tower of Bray. Ding dong!

(BEADLE)

One bell to-day in the Tower of...

Dialog

#41—Parlour Songs (Part II)
42  Parlour 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 sits down on the stool and starts playing loudly)

Andante (♩ = 132) accel. a tempo
MRS. LOVETT:

Sweet Pol-ly Plunk-ett

(Fade) lay in the grass, Turned her eyes heav-en-ward, sigh- ing...

Andante (♩ = 132)
MRS. LOVETT:

"Tis a row dow did-dle dow day, "Tis a row dow did-dle dow dee! Sweet Pol-ly Plunk-ett

(Cut off when Todd enters)

lay in the grass, Flew down the cit-y road, cry-ing:

#42—Parlour Songs (Part III)
Fogg's Asylum

Misterioso (\( \downarrow \) = 124)

SOLO BARITONE:

\( pp \) (Whispered)

The

2 WOMEN:

\( pp \) (Whispered)

engine roared, the motor hissed.

And

who could see how the road would twist?

1 SOPRANO & 1 TENOR:

In Sweeney's ledger the entries matched: A

Beadle arrived, and a Beadle dispatched.
1 TENOR:

\[\text{pp} \]  

To satisfy the hungry god

ALL (thus far):

of Sweeney Todd,

De-mon Bar-ber of Fleet Street.

WOMEN:

Sweeney!

TUTTI:

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

#43—Fogg’s Asylum
Sweeney Todd School Edition

Swee-he-he-he-ney! Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee-ney! Swee-ney! Swee-ney! Swee-ney! Swee-ney! Swee-ney!
Sweeney Todd School Edition

#43—Fogg's Asylum
Sweeney Todd School Edition

#43—Fogg's Asylum
Sweeney Todd School Edition

*Sweeney Todd School Edition*

#43—Fogg's Asylum
Sweeney Todd School Edition

Swee-he-he-he-ney!  Swee-he-he-he-ney!

Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!

Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!  Swee-ney!

#43—Fogg’s Asylum
Fogg's Passacaglia

Largo \( \text{=} 50 \)

Sopranos

Altos
Sweeney!

Tenors
Sweeney!

Basses
Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

(Continue until gunshot)

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

Sweeney!

#43a—Fogg's Passacaglia
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)

City on fire! Rats in the grass and the

Lu-nat-ics yell-ing in the

streets! It's the end of the world! Yes!

City on fire! Hunch-backs danc-ing!

Stir-rings in the ground And the

#44—City On Fire
whirring of giant wings!

out! Look!

Thick black rain falling on the City on fire! City on fire!

Safety

JOHANNA:

(Chattily, excited)

Will we be married on Sunday?

That's what you promised, Married on Sunday!

#44—City On Fire
(JOHANNA) (Pensively)  He looks at her unbelievingly.

That was last August...

He drags her off as the lunatics reappear.

LUNATICS (Chorus):
(last time)

There! Look! Crawling on the chimneys,

Great black crows screeching at the

City on fire! City on fire! City on fire!

Segue
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 \( \frac{j}{\ } = 132 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{MRS. LOVETT:} & \\
& \text{To - by! Where are} \\
& \text{you, Iuv?} \\
\text{TODD:} & \\
& \text{To - by! Where are you,} \\
& \text{Nothing's gonna harm you,} \\
& \text{lad? To - by!} \\
\end{align*}
\]
(MRS. LOVETT)

Not while I'm a-round!
(Opening a trap door and peering down)

(TODD)

Where are you

To-by!

(MRS. LOVETT)

hid-ing?

(TODD)

Not while I'm a-round. Damn!

Noth-ing to be a-fraid of, boy...

(MRS. LOVETT)

(first time only)

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you, dar-ling...

(Spots something in a corner, sneaks up on it, pounces, sees that it is a pile of old rags)

(TODD)

(Exiting)

De-mons are prawn-ing ev 'rywhere now-a-days...

(TUTTI CHORUS:)

Presto

(They cluster together, watching)

City on fire!

Rats in the streets and the

#45—Searching (Part I)
(CHORUS)

lun - na - tics yell - ing at the

moon. It's the end of the world. Yes!

L'istesso tempo

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Appearing suddenly and peering through the darkness toward the pie shop)

Bea - dle... Bea - dle... No good hid - ing, I

TODD:

To - by...

saw you. Are you in there still?

(Whispered)

Bea - dle! Bea - dle!

Piu mosso, rubato

Get her, but watch it! She's a wick - ed one, She'll de -
23 (BEGGAR WOMAN) 24
receive you with her fancy gowns And her fancy airs

Poco animato

27 28 (Shrieking) 29 30
And her... Mischief! Mischief! Devil's work!

Meno mosso

31 32 (Shuffling off towards the pie shop)

rit.

Where are you, Beadle? Beadle...

Presto (J = 132)

33
GROUP I:

Rats in the streets and the lunatics yelling at the moon! It's the end of the world! Good!

GROUP II:

Rats in the streets and the lunatics yelling at the moon! It's the

#45—Searching (Part I)
(GROUP I)

Hunchbacks kissing! Stirrings in the graves And the end of the world! Good! City on fire!

(GROUP II)

Screaming of giant winds! Watch

Hunchbacks kissing! Stirrings in the

out!

Look!

graves And the screaming of

Crawling on the chimneys, Great black giant winds! Watch out! Look!

#45—Searching (Part I)
(GROUP I)

\(\text{crows screeching at the City on fire!}\)

(GROUP II)

\(\text{Crawling on the chimneys! City on fire!}\)

\textit{Anthony and Johanna are seen running toward the pie shop.}

\(\text{Segue as one}\)

#45—Searching (Part I)
Searching (Part II)

Andante ($J = 60$)

ANTHONY:  

Ah, miss,

Poco rubato

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:  

A tempo

(ANTHONY)

And we'll sail the world and see its

hap-pi-ly hap pi-ly wed in France. And we'll sail the world and see its

#46—Searching (Part II)
(JOHANNA)

wonders From the pearls of Spain to the rubies of Tibet And then

(ANTHONY)

wonders From the pearls of Spain to the rubies of Tibet And then

ANTHONY: And I'll be back before those lips have time to lose that smile. They kiss. Anthony starts out.

home. Some day...

come back to London. Some day...

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!

\[ \text{\textbf{#46—Searching (Part II)}} \]
(BEGGAR WOMAN)

dump-ling, Be ald dump-ling, Be-de-de-dle
dee-dle dee-dle dee-dle dee-dle dee-dle...  

molto accel. Repeat ad lib. until Todd appears

(Todd leaps into the room like a thunderbolt, razor in hand)

TODD: You! What are you doing here?
BEGGAR WOMAN: (Clutching his arm) Ah, evil is here, sir.

The stink of evil -- from below -- from her!
(Calling aimlessly) Beadle dear, Beadle!

TODD: (Looking anxiously out of the window for the Judge) Out of here, woman.

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Still clutching his arm) She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir.
Beware of her. She with no pity in her heart...

Hey, don't I know you, Mister?

Segue as One

#46—Searching (Part II)
Judge’s Return

Molto rubato

TODD: Below, your Honor. In the care of my neighbor, Mrs. Lovett.

JUDGE: Where is she? Where is the girl?

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.

Poco rubato (dictated)

I think I hear her now. Is that her dainty footstep on the stair?

#47—Judge's Return
Yes, isn’t that her shadow on the wall? There. Primping.

Where?

Making herself even prettier than usual, if even prettier...

Possible.

Oh,

L’istesso tempo (d = d) non rubato

Pretty women, yes...

Pretty women...

#47—Judge’s Return
(Settling into the chair, rapturously)

(JUDGE)

Jo-han-na, Jo-han-na...

(TODD)

Pret-ty wo-men... Pret-ty wo-men

(JUDGE)

Hurry, man!

are a won-der...

Yes, sir.

You're in mer-ry mood a-gain to-

Pret-ty wo-men!

day, bar-ber.

What we do for

#47—Judge's Return
Todd smooths bay rum on the Judge's face, then reaches behind him for a razor.

Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair, even when they leave, they still are there, they're there... somehow can still remain there with you, there...

#47—Judge's Return
JUDGE: How seldom it is
one meets a fellow spirit!

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!

Slowly he drops to his knees and even more
slowly holds up the razor, gazing at it.

TODD:

Rest now, my friend.

Rest now for ever. Sleep now the:

(Suddenly remembering)

Tobias!

un-troubled sleep of the angels...

#47—Judge’s Return
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!

JOHANNA: Oh, dear. Er— (deep voice) Excuse me, sir. I saw the barber's sign. So thinking to ask for a shave, I--

TOOD: 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.

MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY:

Lift your razor high, Sweeney,

Hear it singing, "Yes!"

Sink it in the rosy skin of

Segue as one

#47—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 TODD: (Realizing) Beggar Woman's face in the light.)

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 (\textit{j = 100})

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 all that was left of her?

MRS. LOVETT:

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...

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)
son she did—Never said that she died. Poor thing.

(TODD)
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 hos pi tal, 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

God!

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)

twice the wife she was! I love you! Could that

(TODD)

Lucy! What have I
done?

Menos mosso (In 1) start under tempo and build

(Smiling up) 

(As Mrs. Lovett takes a step away in panic)

Mrs. Lovett, You're a bloody

accel. poco a poco

wonder, Eminently practical And yet ap-

pro - pri - ate as al - ways. As you've said re-

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
peatedly, There's little point in dwelling on the

(MRS. LOVETT)

Do you mean it? Everything I

(TODD) (Moving quietly toward her)

past. No, come here, my love...

did, I swear, I thought was only for the best,

Not a thing to

Todd puts his arms around her waist.

Believe me! Can we still be married?

fear, my love... What's dead is dead. The

L'istesso tempo (\( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{4}{4} \))

(TODD)

history of the world, my pet-

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
Oh, Mister Todd, Ooh, Mister Todd, Leave it to me.

They begin to waltz.

By the sea, Is learn forgiveness and try to forget.

Mister Todd, We'll be comfy cozy, You and me, Mister Todd, Where there's no one—noisy...

He waltzes her closer to the oven. And life is for the alive, my dear, So let's keep living it!

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
(MRS. LOVETT)

Just keep liv-ing it, Really liv-ing it...

(TODD)

Just keep liv-ing it, Really liv-ing it...

He flings her into the oven. She screams. He slams the door behind her. Black smoke belches forth. Gasping, he sinks to his knees. Then he rises, moves back to the Beggar Woman and kneels, cradling her head in his arms.

Segue

#48—Final Scene (Part I)
Final Scene (Part II)

Adagio - molto rubato (♩ = 80)

There was a barber and his wife,

And she was beautiful,

barber and his wife. She was his reason and his life,

And she was beautiful.

#49—Final Scene (Part II)
(TODD)

virtuous,

And he was-

naive.

Tobias emerges from the cellar. His hair has turned completely white.

Molto rubato 1 rall. 3

a tempo 2 molto rit. 1

#49—Final Scene (Part II)
Final Scene (Part III)

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

Tobias:
(last time)

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

His skin was pale and his eye was odd.

Joanna & Anthony:

He shaved the faces of gentlemen who never thereafter were

Policemen:

heard of again... He trod a path that
POLICEMEN, JOHANNA & ANTHONY:

few have trod, Did Sweeney Todd,

TOMIAS:
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 im-

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
(JUDGE)

pec-ca-bly shaved

By Sweeney,

ALL thus far:

by Sweeney Todd,

The

Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

Beadle:

Swing your razor wide, Sweeney, Hold it

Pirelli:

Swing your razor wide, Sweeney, Hold it

to the skies!

to the skies!

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
(BEADLE)

Freely flows the blood of those who

(PIRELLI)

Freely flows the blood of those who

mor- al- ize.

mor- al- ize.

3

ALL: His needs are few, his

room is bare:

He

hard-ly us-es his fan- cy chair,

The

more he bleeds the more he lives, He nev-er for-gets and he

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
(ALL)

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

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
(ALL)

par-lor hall, Sweeney leans on the office wall.

TENORS:

No-one can help, Nothing can hide you.

BARITONES:

No-one can help, Nothing can hide you.

BASSES:

No-one can help, Nothing can hide you.

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
TENORS

Sweeney wishes the world away,

(BARITONES)

No-one can help,
Nothing can hide you.

(BASSES)

Sweeney wishes the world away,

Sweeney's weeping, yes, Sweeney's weeping for,

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

Sweeney's weeping for yesterday.

ALTOS:

No-one can help,
Nothing can hide you.

TEN.

Yesterday is Sweeney.

BARL:

Sweeney wishes he world away,

BASSES:

Sweeney! There he is, is

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
SOPRANOS:

(ALTOS)

No-one can help,

Nothing can hide you.

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?

(TENORS)

There he is, is Sweeney!

(BARITONES)

Sweeney's weeping, yes Sweeney's weeping for

(BASSES)

Sweeney! There he is, is

Isn't that Sweeney there beside you? Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

yesterday is Sweeney! Sweeney!

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
Sweeney!  Sweeney!

There!  There!  There!  There!  There!  There!  There!

Sweeney!  Sweeney!

There!
TODD:
(last time)
Attend the tale of
Sweeney Todd.

He served a dark and a hungry God.

To seek revenge may lead to hell. But everyone does it, if seldom as well

#50—Final Scene (Part III)
(MRS. LOVETT)

As Sweeney,

(TODD)

As Sweeney,

CHORUS & MRS. LOVETT:

As Sweeney Todd,

ALL:

The Demon Barber of Fleet Street!

3 Times

#50—Final Scene (Part III)