

SIDE 1: Mrs. LOVETT / BEGGAR WOMAN

34

No. 3

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON (MRS. LOVETT)

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

START

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)
MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

2
Wait! What's yer rush? What's yer hur - ry? You gave me such a

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

3
fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min - ute, can't - cher? Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

17
M.L.

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

20

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

24

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

27

(Todd bites into the pie)

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

(Gives him ale)

31 M.L.

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

END

36

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

sempre f

mf

39 **Tempo I^o**
(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)

Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Nev-er (grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men'd think it was a

f mf f mf f mf f mf

44

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

f mf f mf f mf

SIDE 2: JOHANNA / Prilleli (F)

62

No. 6

GREEN FINCH AND LINNET BIRD (JOHANNA)

START

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

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

Musical score for the first section, measures 1-3. It features three staves: a vocal line with trills, a piano accompaniment with trills, and a lower piano accompaniment with chords. Dynamics include p and mp.

Musical score for the second section, measures 4-5. It features three staves: a vocal line with a melodic phrase, a piano accompaniment with sustained notes, and a lower piano accompaniment with chords. A dynamic of mp is present.

He lifts the bird cages up to her.

Allegretto, poco rubato ($\text{♩} = 112$)

Musical score for the third section, measures 6-9. It features a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include mp, poco rit., a tempo, and poco rit.

JOHANNA:

Musical score for the fourth section, measures 10-13. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include mp and a tempo.

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

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a page number or reference: 2125: 53712

5

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

9

Out - side the sky waits, beck - on - ing, beck - on - ing, Just be - yond the bars.

poco rit. *a tempo*

mp *poco rit.* *a tempo*

12

How can you re-main, star - ing at the rain, mad-dened by the

poco accel. e cresc.

15

mf *poco rit.*

stars?

L.H. *mf* *poco rit.* *simile* *dim.*

END

64

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

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

p *rit.* *a tempo*

21

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

mp *L.H.*

25

Con poco moto *cresc. poco a poco*

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

simile *cresc. poco a poco*

28

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

f

(147)

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ANTHONY / Prillel / Beadle

SIDE 3

No. 8A

JOHANNA (Part II) (ANTHONY)

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

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

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

Maestoso ($\text{♩} = 66$)

-Safety- 3 **START**

ANTHONY: *f*

I'll

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

f

Con poco moto
mf

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

mf

ANTHONY BULLER / Results

2023

13

A.

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

16

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

cresc. *f*

FINISH

19

A tempo

ff

END

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

dim.

SIDE 4: TODD/Judge

(The dumb show vanishes. Todd and Mrs. Lovett gaze at each other)

MRS. LOVETT: *(Coolly)* So it is you -- Benjamin Barker.

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

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

TODD: Where is my wife? Where's Lucy?

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

TODD: And my daughter?

MRS. LOVETT: Johanna? He's got her.

TODD: He? Judge Turpin?

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

TODD: Fifteen years sweating in a living hell on a trumped up charge. Fifteen years dreaming that, perhaps, I might come home to a loving wife and child. *(Todd strikes ferociously on the pie counter with his fists)* Let them quake in their boots -- Judge Turpin and the Beadle -- for their hour has come.

MRS. LOVETT: *(Awed)* You're going to -- get 'em? You? A bleeding little nobody of a runaway convict? Don't make me laugh. You'll never get His 'Igh and Mightiness! Nor the Beadle neither. Not in a million years. *(No reaction from Todd)* You got any money? *(Still no reaction)* Listen to me! You got any money?

TODD: No money.

MRS. LOVETT: Then how you going to live even?

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

MRS. LOVETT: Oh, you poor thing! You poor thing! *(A sudden thought)* Wait! *(She disappears behind a curtained entrance leading to her parlor. For a beat Todd stands alone, almost exalted. Mrs. Lovett returns with a razor case. She holds it out to him)* See! It doesn't have to be the sewers or the plague hospital. When they come for the little girl, I hid 'em. I thought, who knows? Maybe the poor silly blighter'll be back again someday and need 'em. Cracked in the head, wasn't I? Times as bad as they are, I could have got five, maybe ten quid for 'em, any day. See? You can be a barber again. *(She opens the case for him to look inside. For a long moment he stands, gazing down into the case)*

No. 5

MY FRIENDS (TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

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

Misterioso (♩ = 100)

The musical score is for the song 'My Friends' and is written for voice and piano. It is in 3/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into four measures, labeled A, B, 1, and 2. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The first measure is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The second measure is marked with a simile dynamic. The vocal line is indicated by a treble clef and a series of notes with stems, but no lyrics are written under the notes.

Side 1: Todd / 2nd

START

TODD:

p sempre dolce

3

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

7

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

poco cresc.

11

Più mosso
mp

friend, — My faith - ful friend. —

He holds the razor to his ear.
rit.

mp *rit. e dim*

15

p a tempo

Speak to me, friend. Whis - per, I'll lis - ten. —

p a tempo

147

19 *cresc.*

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

poco cresc.

23 *mf*

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

mf *cresc.*

27 *Più mosso*
f p.

home — to find you wait - ing. —

f p.

31

Home, — and we're to - geth - er, —

mf

END

34 *dim.* *rit.*

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

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

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

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

41 *poco cresc.*

knew, Mis-ter Todd. Ooh, Mis-ter Todd, you're warm in my hand. —

Now, with a sigh, you grow warm in my hand, My —

(Lights come up on the eating garden. Early evening. The place is deserted. Mrs. Lovett is sitting on the steps knitting a half-finished muffler. The bells of St. Dunstan's sound. After a beat, Tobias emerges from the shop with a "Sold Out" sign, puts it on the shop door, and goes to Mrs. Lovett)

TOBIAS: I put the sold-out sign up, mum.
 MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy. (Holding up the knitting) Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.
 TOBIAS: Cool! For me?
 MRS. LOVETT: Wouldn't you like to know!

TOBIAS: Oh, you're so good to me, mum. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor Pirelli - - it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.
 MRS. LOVETT: It's just my warm heart, dear. Room enough there for all God's creatures.
 TOBIAS: (Coming closer, hovering, very earnest) You know, mum, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. If there was a monster or an ogre or anything bad like that wot was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.
 MRS. LOVETT: What a sweet child it is.
 TOBIAS: . . . Or even if it was just a man. . .
 MRS. LOVETT: (Somewhat uneasy) A man, dear?
 TOBIAS: (Exaggeratedly conspiratorial) A man wot was bad. . .

No. 23 NOT WHILE I'M AROUND
 (TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT)

Molto rubato (♩ = 112)

1 TOBIAS: . . . and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

MRS. LOVETT: (Even more wary) What is this? What are you talking about?

3 TOBIAS: p

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

START

7 TOBIAS: *mp* MRS. LOVETT: What do you mean, "a man"?

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

p L.H. *cresc.* *mp*

L.H. L.H.

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

De-mons are prow-ling ev-ry-where now-a-days.

15 TOBIAS: *dim.* *mp*

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

mp

18 *poco accel.* MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do. . . What a sweet, affectionate child it is. *rit.*

L.H. *p poco accel.* *rit.*

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21 TOBIAS: *a tempo p* MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves...

No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare.

p a tempo

25 TOBIAS: *mp* *cresc.*

Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry,

cresc.

27 MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration)

mf

Whis - tle, I'll be there.

mf

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

mp L.H.

END

33 MRS. LOVETT: What is

Noth-ing can harm you, Not while I'm a-round.

p

sempre legato

37 this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about. . .

39 It's him, you see - - Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't like women, they ain't wot you can trust,

41 as I've lived and learned. (*Sbe looks at bim uneasily*)

Safety