

Todd drops down into the barber's chair in a sweat, panting.

MRS. LOVETT: (*Who has been watching him intently*) That's all very well, but all that matters now is him! (*She points to the chest. Todd still sits motionless. She goes to him, peers at him*) Listen! Do you hear me? Can you hear me? Get control of yourself. (*She slaps his cheek. After a long pause Todd, still in a half dream, gets to his feet*) What are we going to do about him? And there's the lad downstairs. We'd better go and have a look and be sure he's still there. When I left him he was sound asleep in the parlor. (*She starts downstairs*) Come on!

MRS. LOVETT: (*Todd follows. She disappears into the back parlor and re-emerges*) No problem there. He's still sleeping. He's simple as a baby lamb. Later I can fob him off with some story easy. But him! (*Indicating the tonsorial parlor above*) What are we going to do with him?

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

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

No. 18

A LITTLE PRIEST
(MRS. LOVETT, TODD)

MRS. LOVETT: (*After a pause*) You know Rubato ($\text{♩} = 120$) me. Sometimes ideas just pop into my head and I was thinking...

TODD: Shame?

1
 Mrs. Lovett: You know Rubato ($\text{♩} = 120$) me. Sometimes ideas just pop into my head and I was thinking...
 Todd: Shame?
 Seems a down-right shame.

4
 Mrs. Lovett:
 Seems an awful waste. Such a nice plump frame wot's-'is-name has...

8

M.L.

had... has... nor it can't be traced. Bus - 'ness needs a

12

lift... Debts to be e - rased... Think of it as

cresc.

16

mf *dim.* *(Todd is staring into space)* *(Sighs)*

thrift, as a gift... If you get my drift... No?... Seems an aw - ful

19

Non rubato ($\text{♩} = 60$) *mp*

waste. I mean, with the price of

mp *poco accel.*

23 (♩ = 66) (Todd chuckles)

M.I. meat what it is, When you get it, If you get it... Good, you got it.

sempre mp

27 *cresc.*

Take, for in - stance, Mrs. Moo - ney and her

29 *mf*

pie shop. Bus - 'ness nev - er

32

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

35
M.L.

Now a pus - sy's good for may - be six or sev - en at the most...

38

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

41 (MRS. LOVETT)

cresc. e accel. poco a poco

taste. . . Well, it

TODD: *mp* *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*

Mrs. — Lov - ett, What a charm - ing no - tion, Em - i - nent - ly

mp *cresc. e accel. poco a poco*

44

It's an idea. . .

does seem a waste. . .

prac - ti - cal and yet ap - pro - pri - ate, as al - ways. . . Mrs. — Lov - ett,

(♩. = 72)

mf

M.L. 47

Think a - bout it!

T. How I did with - out you all these years, I'll nev - er know. How de -

50

Lots of oth - er gen - tle - men - 'll soon be com - ing for a shave.

lec - ta - ble! Al - so un - de -

53

Won't they? Think of all them pies. . .

tect - a - ble. How choice! How rare! For

cresc. *rall.* *cresc.* *rall.* *cresc.* *rall.*

57 (♩. = 66)

M.L.

mf

T.

what's the sound of the world out there?

mf

61 *mf*

What, Mis - ter Todd, what, Mis - ter Todd, what is that sound?

Those

65

crunch - ing nois - es per - vad - ing the air?

69

M.L. Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, Mis - ter Todd, Yes, all a - round. . .

T. It's

73

man de - vour - ing man, my dear, And

Then

77

who are we to de - ny it in here?

who are we to de - ny it in here?

81

M.L.

T.

85

Mrs. Lovett goes to the counter

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

mp subito

89

and comes back with an imaginary pie.

Safety

MRS. LOVETT: (Holding it out to him) Here we are, hot from the oven.

rit. mp

It's

rit.

What is that?

rit.

93 *a tempo*

M.L. *a tempo*

priest. *a tempo* Have a lit - tle priest. *mp*

T. Is it real - ly

a tempo sempre mp

97 *ten.*

Sir, it's too good, at least. Then a - gain, they

good?

ten.

ten.

101

don't com - mit sins of the flesh, So it's pret - ty

105

M.L.

fresh.

T.

(Examining the pie)

Aw - ful lot of

109

On - ly where it sat.

fat.

Have - n't you got

113

No, you see, the

po - et or some - thing like that?

117

M.L. *trou - ble with po - et is, How do you*

T.

Piano accompaniment for measures 117-119, featuring chords and melodic lines in both hands.

120

know it ___'s de - ceased? Try the

Piano accompaniment for measures 120-122, including a fermata at the end of measure 122.

123

priest.

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

dim. poco a poco

Piano accompaniment for measures 123-125, with a dynamic marking of *dim. poco a poco*.

127

M.L. And good for business — always leaves you wanting more. Trouble is, we only get it in Sundays. *Safety* (Offering another pie)

T. Law-yer's rath - er

131

nice. Or - der some-thing

If it's for a price.

sempre mp

135

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

139

M.L. twice. Well then, if you're

T. An - y - thing that's lean.

143

Brit - ish and loy - al, You might en - joy Roy - al Ma -

147

rine... An - y - way, it's clean... Though, of course, it

151

M.L. tastes of wher - ev - er it's been... *(Looking past her at an imaginary oven)*

T. Is that

mf ten.

cresc.

155

Mer - cy

squi - re on the fi - re?

mf

mf

159

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

Looks

ten.

ten.

163

M.L. 

T. 



167







171







175

M.L.

T.

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

mf

179

mp

Save a lot of graves, Do a lot of rel - a - tives fa - vors...

mf

Is

mp

183

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

mf

187 *mp*

M.I. Ev - 'ry - bod - y shaves, So there should be plen - ty of fla - vors... *mf*

T. How

191 *mf*

That

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

195

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

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

199

Mrs. Lovett surveys a tray of pies.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

203

Now, let's see... we've got tinker.

Tailor?

Potter?

(Looks at it) Something pinker.

(Shakes his head) Something-paler.

Something-

mp

207

Butler?

Locksmith?

-Safety-

(Offering another pie)

mp

hotter.

Something - subtler.

Something - (Slumps, defeated)

Love - ly bit of

mp

211

M.L. *a tempo*

clerk.* *a tempo* *mp* Then a - gain there's

T. *a tempo* *mp* May - be for a lark.

mp a tempo

215

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

mp a tempo

219

cier - Peak of his ca - reer. That looks pret - ty

mp a tempo

*Pronounced "clark."

223

M.L. Well, he drank. No, it's bank cash - ier. Nev - er real - ly

T. rank.

227

sold. . . May - be it was old. Have you an - y

231

Next week, so I'm told. Bea - dle is - n't

Bea - dle?

235

M.L.
bad till you smell it and no - tice how

T.

238

well it's been greased. Stick to

241

priest.

mf L.H.

241A (Offering another pie) Now this may be a bit stringy, but then of course it's fiddle player.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

241E How can you tell?

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

241I (Guffaws) Then blow on it first.

They fall about with laughter. *mf*

The

245

M.L.

T.

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

mf

249

mp

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

mf

Is

mp

253

who gets eat - en and who gets to eat.

mf

257

M.L. *mf*
And Mis - ter Todd, too, Mis - ter Todd, Who gets to sell.

T. *mf*
But

261

mf
But

for - tu - nate - ly it's al - so clear That

mf

265

ev - 'ry - bod - y goes down well with beer.

ev - 'ry - bod - y goes down well with beer.

269

She offers another pie.

M.L.

T.

L.H.

273

Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how about rear admiral?

With or without

Too salty. I prefer general.

mp

dim. poco a poco

277

his privates? "With" is extra.

Safety

(Offering another pie)
mp

(#)
It's

(Guffaws)

What is that?

281 *a tempo*

M.L. *fop.* *a tempo* Fin - est in the shop. Or we have some

T.

mp a tempo

285

shep - herd's pie pep - pered with ac - tu - al shep - herd on

mp a tempo

289

top. And I've just be - gun. Here's the pol - i -

mp a tempo

293

M.L. ti - cian, So oil - y it's served with a doi - ly. Not
(Todd refuses it)

T.

297

one?

(Shakes his head) *mp* (As she looks at him quizzically)

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

301

mf ten. Try the

cresc. know if it's go - ing to run.

ten.

cresc. *ten.*

305

M.L. *fri - ar. Fried, it's dri - er.*

T. *No, the*

mf

309

Then

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

ten.

313

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

Yes, and

317

M.L.

T.

al - ways ar - rives o - ver - done. I'll

321

come a - gain when you have Judge on the men - u...

325

Wait! True, we don't have Judge - - yet - - but we've got something you might fancy even better.

mp subito

cresc. poco a poco

325A *(Handing him a butcher's cleaver)* Executioner.

M.L.

T. What's that? Todd picks up her wooden

325B

rolling pin and bands it to her. *(last time)* **f** Have

Safety

329

char - i - ty towards the world, my pet.

sempre f

333 *f*

M.L. Yes, yes, I know, my love. . . *f*
(b)

T. We'll

337

take the cus - tom - ers that we can get.

341 *f*

High - born and low, my love. *f*
(b)

T. We'll

345

M.L.

T.

not dis - crim - i - nate great from small. No,

349

f cresc. poco a poco

Mean - ing an - y - one,

cresc. poco a poco

we'll serve an - y - one, Mean - ing an - y - one,

cresc. poco a poco

353

ff

And to an - y - one at

ff

And to an - y - one at

M.I. 356 358 359

all!

T. all!

ff

358A 359A 360 *Blackout.*

End of Act I