

MRS. LOVETT: (To Tobias) Now, dear, seems like your governor has gone and left you high and dry. But don't worry. Your Aunt Nellie will think of what to do with you. (Picks up the bottle of gin and pours some more into his glass. Still holding the bottle, she leads him toward the curtains) Come on into my lovely back parlor. (They disappear through the curtains)

JUDGE: (Looking around) These premises are hardly prepossessing and yet the Beadle tells me you are the most accomplished of all the barbers in the city.

TODD: That is gracious of him, sir. And you must please excuse the modesty of my establish-

ment. It's only a few days ago that I set up quarters here and some necessaries are yet to come. (Indicating chair) Sit, sir, if you please, sir. Sit. (The judge settles into the chair; Mrs. Lovett, still holding the gin bottle, enters her back parlor with Tobias)

MRS. LOVETT: See how nice and cosy it is? Sit down, dear, sit. (She starts to pour him more gin) Oh, it's empty. Now you just sit there, dear, like a good quiet boy while I get a new bottle from the larder. (She leaves him alone)

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

## No. 16

PRETTY WOMEN (Part I)  
(JUDGE, TODD)Allegretto grazioso ( $\text{J} = 144$ )

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

JUDGE: *mf*

You

5

9

J. fetch the po - made and pum - ice stone, And lend me a more se - duc - tive tone, A

13

spring - kling per - haps of French co - logne, But first, sir, I think... a

16 A tempo  
TODD:

(JUDGE)

The clos - est I ev - er shave.

20 *He whips the sheet over the Judge and tucks the bib in. The Judge flicks imaginary dust off the sheet, humming as he gave.*

24 *does so.* 25

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

28 (Gaily) *f* 29

(Whistles)

32

T. 

J. 

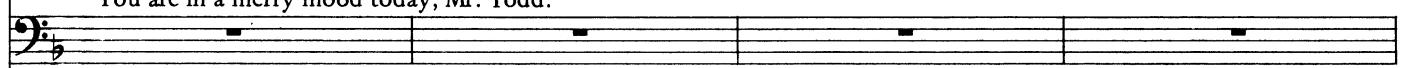


36



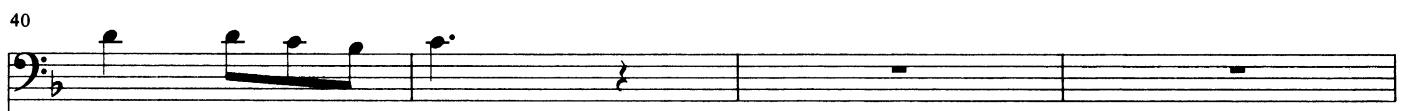
'Tis your de - light, sir, catch - ing fi - re from

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





40



one man to the next.



'Tis true, sir, love can still in - spi - re the



44

T.  
J.  
P.

What more can man re - qui - re?  
blood to pound, The heart leap high - er, What more  
can man re - qui - re than

48

T.  
B.  
P.

More than love, sir. Wom - en. Pret - ty  
love, sir? What, sir? Ah, yes, wom - en.

52

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

54

wom - en.

(Jauntily) *mf*

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

*dim.* *mp*

T. *mf*  
 (Whistles)

J. (etc.)  
*Strop  
(optional)*

60

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

63 *poco rall.*

*poco rall.*

*poco rall.*

Segue