

MRS. LOVETT: *(To Tobias)* Now, dear, seems like your gubnor 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 (♩ = 144)

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

START

JUDGE: *mf*

You

5

see, sir, a man in - fat - u - ate with love, Her ar - dent and ea - ger slave, So

9

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

13

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

rall.

16

A tempo
TODD:

mf

The clos- est I ev- er

(JUDGE)

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

T. *gave.*

J.

24

does so.

25

mp

(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

mf 38

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

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

40

one man to the next.

mf

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

44

T. *What more can man re - qui - re?*

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

48

T. *More than love, sir. Wom - en. Pret - ty*

J. *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 - ba - da - dum - bum - bum

dim. *mp*

mf
(Whistles)

(etc.)

Strop (optional)

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

poco rall.

poco rall.

poco rall.

END