

(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)

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?

START

TOBIAS: *p*

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

Nothing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a - round.

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.

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

De - mons are prowl - ing 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.*



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*)

Whis - tle, I'll be there.

*mf*

*mf*

(b)

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

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

*mp* L.H.

(b)

END

MRS. LOVETT: What is

33

T. 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. (She looks at him uneasily)

*Safety*