

ANTHONY: Judge Turpin!

JUDGE: There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time. *(As Anthony retreats, he jumps on him and grabs him by the arm)* Johanna elope with you? Deceiving slut - - I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile, corrupting youth shall ever lay eyes on her again.

ANTHONY: *(Shaking himself free)* But, sir, I beg of you - -

JUDGE: *(To Todd)* And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well and hold their custom - - for you'll have none of mine. *(He strides out and down the stairs)*

ANTHONY: Mr. Todd!

TODD: *(Shouting)* Out! Out, I say! *(Bewildered, Anthony leaves)*

No. 17

EPIPHANY
(TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

Todd stands motionless, in shock. Mrs. Lovett, with a new bottle of gin in her hand, sees the Judge hurrying off down the street. She goes into the back parlor, where Tobias is now asleep. She glances at him, puts down the bottle, then rushes out and up the stairs to Todd.

Agitato (♩ = 132)

MRS. LOVETT: All this running and shouting. What is it now, dear?

TODD: I had him. . . and then. . .

MRS. LOVETT: The sailor busted in. I saw them both running

down the street and I said to myself, "The fat's in the fire, for sure!"

TODD: *(Interrupting)*

I had him! His throat was bare be-neath my hand. . .

*Optional transposition: For voices which lie higher, Bar 1 through the downbeat of Bar 67 may be taken up a tone.

MRS. LOVETT: There, there, dear, don't fret --

7

No, I had him! His throat was there and he'll nev - er come a -

sfz *cresc.*

MRS. LOVETT:

10

Eas - y now. — Hush, love, hush. —

(TODD)

gain!

12

I keep tell - ing you... (Violently) What's your — rush?

ff

When? Why did I

sfz *dim.*

(TODD)

14

wait? You told me to wait! Now he'll nev - er come a -

f

sfz

16

gain! There's a

Feroce

mf

ff

18

hole in the world like a great black pit And it's filled with peo-ple who are filled with shit And the

20

ver-min of the world in - hab - it it... But not for

f

L.H.

L.H.

Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

22

T. long! They

f *poco dim.*

R.H.

24

all de - serve to die! Tell you

26

why, Mrs. — Lov - ett, tell you why: Be - cause in

mp

28

all of the whole hu - man race, Mrs. — Lov - ett, There are

R.H. L.H. *mp martellato*

T.

two kinds of men, and on - ly two. There's the one stay - ing put in his prop - er place And the

sempre mp *f*

31

one with his foot in the oth - er one's face. Look at me, Mrs... Lov - ett, look at you! No, we

cresc. *f*

33

all de - serve to die! E - ven

f

35

you, Mrs. — Lov - ett, e - ven I! Be - cause the

mf

37 *(Slashes at the air)* *cresc.*

T. lives of the wick - ed should be . . . made brief! For the rest of us, death will be a re - lief! We

39 *f.* *(Keening)*

all de - serve to die! And I'll

41 *mf cantabile*

nev - er see Jo - han - na, No, I'll

43 *cresc.* *ff*

nev - er hug my girl to me. Fin - ished!

45 (To the audience) (Slashes at the audience)

T. All right! You, sir, How a - bout a shave? Come and vis - it

ff

48 *dolce*

your good friend Swee-ney! You, sir, too, sir, Wel - come to the grave! I will have

mp

51 *cantabile*

ven - geance, I will have sal - va - tion!

mp cantabile *cresc.*

54 *f*

Who, sir? You, sir? No one in the chair, come on! Come on! Swee-ney's wait-ing!

f

57

T. I want you bleed-ers! You, sir! An - y - bod - y! Gen - tle - men, now don't be shy! Not

60 *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

one man no, Nor ten men, Nor a

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

62

hun - dred can as - suage me, I will

Moderato alla marcia (♩ = 80)

64 *ff*

have you!

L.H. *ff*

(To Mrs. Lovett)

67 *poco accel.*

T. **** And I will get him back e - ven as he gloats. In the

mp *poco accel.* *mf*

70 *(Keening again)*

mean - time I'll prac - tice on less hon - or - a - ble throats. And my

mp *mf*

72 *a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco*

Lu - cy lies in ash - es And I'll

mp *a tempo* *cresc. poco a poco al fine*

74

nev - er see my girl a - gain, But the

*End of optional transposition.
 **Cue notes to be used in conjunction with optional transposition.

76 *f*

T. work waits, I'm a -

f

78 *ff*

live at last, And I'm full of joy!

ff

80

R.H. L.H. *p* *ff* *p* Fade under dialogue

p

ff

p

Fade under dialogue