

MRS. LOVETT: *(To Tobias)* Now, dear, seems like your gun-
nor 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 par-
lor. *(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 bot-
tle 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?

JUDGE: *mf*

You

3

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:

The clos - est I ev - er

(JUDGE)

shave.

mf

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)

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

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.*

wom - en.

54

(Jauntily) mf

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

dim. *mpo*

T. *mf*
(Whistles)

J. (etc.)

Strop (optional)

poco rall.

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.