

PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR
(TOBIAS, CROWD, TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

The factory whistle blasts. Lights come up to reveal St. Dunstan's market place.

(♩ = 132)

A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script:

SIGNOR ADOLFO PIRELLI
HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-
TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL
MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES
and under this: BANISH BALDNESS
WITH PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR.
(The Beadle is strolling around, pompously patrolling his district. Todd and Mrs. Lovett enter. Todd is carrying his razor case. Mrs. Lovett has a shopping basket)

TODD: (Pointing at the caravan) That's him? Over there?

MRS. LOVETT: Yes, dear. He's always here Tuesdays.

TODD: (Reading the sign) Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

MRS. LOVETT: Eytalian. All the rage, he is.

TODD: Not for long.

MRS. LOVETT: Oh Mr. T., you really think you can do it?

TODD: By tomorrow they'll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

MRS. LOVETT: (Sees the Beadle) Oh no! Look. The Beadle--Beadle Bamford.

TODD: So much the better.

MRS. LOVETT: But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we ought to--?

TODD: I will do what I have set out to do, woman.

MRS. LOVETT: Oops. Sorry, dear, I'm sure. (Tobias, Pirelli's adolescent, simple-minded assistant, appears through a curtain at the rear of the caravan, beating on a tin drum. A crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)

L'istesso tempo

8 *He beats the drum enthusiastically.*

T. *May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?*

sempre mf

f

11 *Do you wake ev - 'ry morn - ing in*

mf

14 *shame and de - spair To dis - cov - er your pil - low is cov - ered with hair*

17 *Wot ought not to be there? Well,*

f *mf* *f*

21

T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, From now on you can wak - en at ease. You need

mf *L.H.* *f* *L.H.*

25

nev - er a - gain have a wor - ry or care, I will show you a mir - a - cle

p.

28

mar - vel - ous rare. Gen - tle - men, you are a -

31

32

bout to see some - thing that rose from the dead. . . .

L.H. *f*

A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.

TOBIAS: (Reassuringly)

. . . on the top of my

37 39 *mp*

T. head! Scarce-ly a month a-go, gen-tle-men, I was

mp

40

sud-den-ly struck with a rare Or-i-en-tal dis-ease. Though the

42

fin-est phy-si-cians in Lon-don were called, I a-wak-ened one morn-ing a-mazed and ap-palled To dis-

44

cov-er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov-ic-e's knees.

46

T. I was dy - ing of shame Till a gen - tle - man came,

48

poco rit. An il - lus - tri - ous bar - ber, Pi - rel - li by name. *a tempo* He

50

cresc. gave me a liq - uid as pre - cious as gold. *mf*

52

cresc. rubbed it in dai - ly like wot I was told, *mf* And be -

He beats the drum and doffs his cap dramatically, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulders.

54

T. *f*

hold!

R.H. *f* L.H.

Less than thir - ty days

56 *L'istesso tempo*

57 (to 60) (Drum) 60

old!

mf *mp*

'Twas Pi - rel - li's

61

Mir - a - cle E - lix - ir, That's wot did the trick, sir, True, sir, true.

sempre staccato

64

Was it quick, sir? Did it in a tick, sir, Just like an e - lix - ir

67
T. ought to do. Howa - bout a bot - tle, mis - ter? On - ly costs a pen - ny, guar - an -

70 (TOBIAS) He proffers bottles of the elixir to the crowd.

teed. Go a - head and tug, sir, Go a - head, sir, hard - er

1st MAN: (To 2nd Man)
Pen - ny buys a bot - tle, I don't know. Ah, let's

2nd MAN: (To 1st Man)

MEN: You don't need...
Pen - ny for a bot - tle, is it?

72 TOBIAS: (Stopping the 1st Man, who's bald, and pouring a drop on his head)

Does Pi - rel - li's stim - u - late the growth, sir? You can have my oath, sir,

(1st MAN)
go!

mp *sempre staccato*

(Gently applying the 1st Man's hand to the wet spot)

75

T. 'Tis u - nique. Rub a min - ute. Stim - u - lat - in', i'n' it?

(To others)

78

Soon you'll have to thin it once a week. Pen-ny buys a bot - tle - guar - an -

cresc. *f*

81 (TOBIAS)

teed. 'Ow a - bout a sam - ple? Have you ev - er smelled a clean - er (To 3rd Man)

1st WOMAN: Is - n't it a

2nd WOMAN:

1st MAN: Pen - ny buys a bot - tle, might as well. (To 2nd Woman)

2nd MAN: Wot - cher think?

3rd MAN: