

MRS. LOVETT: *(To Tobias)* Now, dear, seems like your gvnor 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?

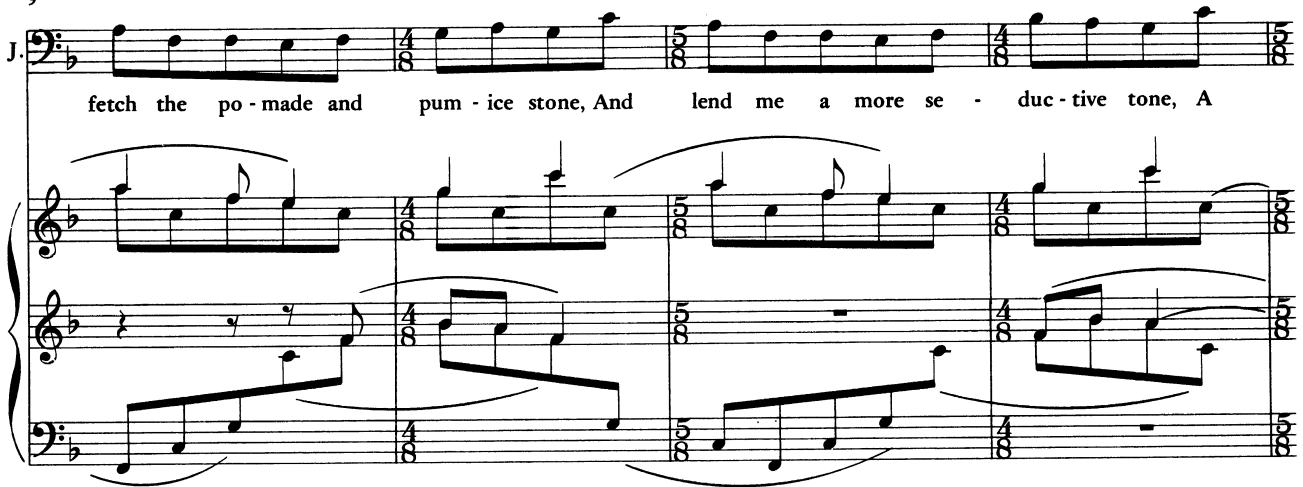
JUDGE: *mf*

You

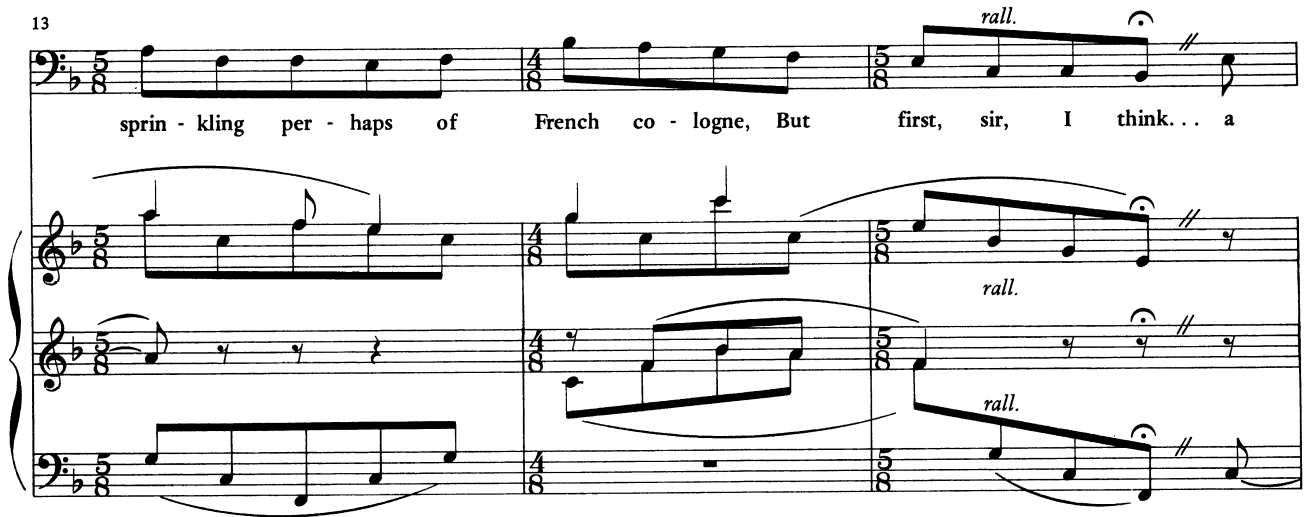
5

sec, 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

16 A tempo
TODD:


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, bumming 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

'Tis your de-light, sir, catch-ing fi-re from
You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

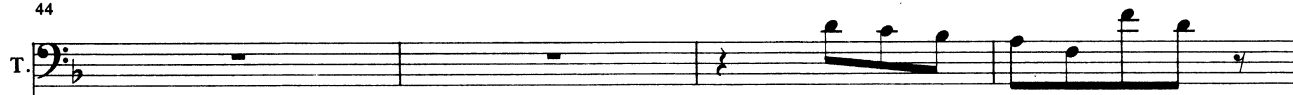
40

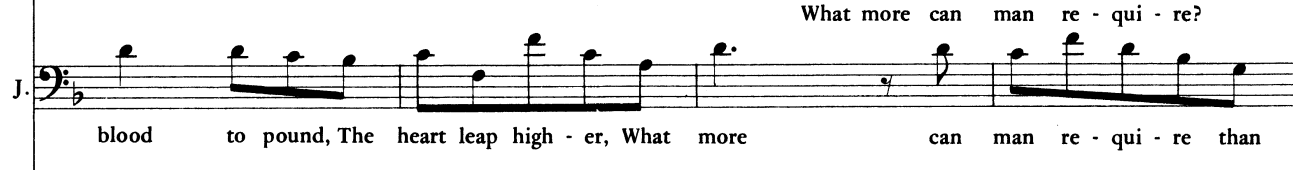
one man to the next.


mf

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

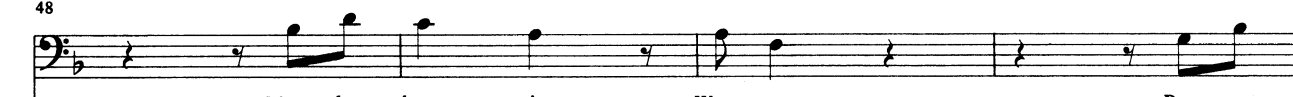
44

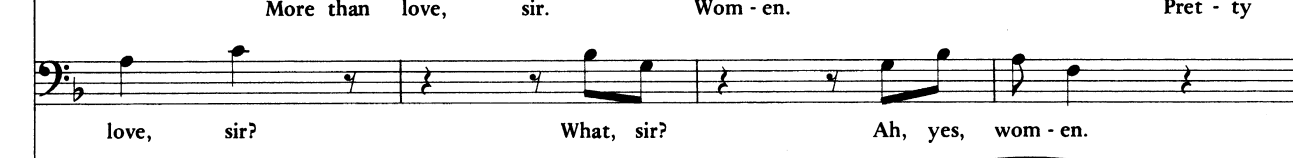
T. 


J. 



48

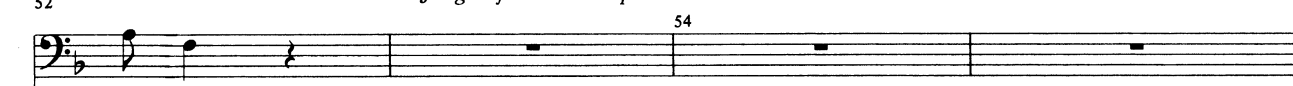
T. 

J. 



52

He lathers the Judge's face and strops the razor.

T. 

J. 