

No. 4

POOR THING
(MRS. LOVETT)

MRS. LOVETT: (*Notices Todd having difficulty with his pie*) Spit it out, dear. Go on. On the floor. There's worse things than that down there. (*Sighs, as Todd spits the pie out*) That's my boy.

TODD: Isn't that a room up there over the shop?

Larghetto (♩ = 50)

TODD: (*continuing, as distant chimes sound*) If times are so hard, why don't you rent it out? That should bring in something.

MRS. LOVETT: Up there? Oh, no one will go near it. People think it's haunted. You see -- years ago, something happened up there. Something not very nice.

(Chimes)

1 *p* *mp* MRS. LOVETT: *mp*
There was a

6 *Molto rubato*
bar-ber and his wife. — And he was beau-ti-ful. — A prop-er

9 *(Sighs)*
art-ist with a knife, — But they trans- port-ed him for life. — And he was

11 (♩ = ♩.) A tempo, delicato (in 3) Barker, his name was -- Benjamin Barker.

M.L. beau - ti - ful . . .

15 TODD: Transported? What was his crime? MRS. LOVETT: Foolishness. Safety

18 MRS. LOVETT: (last time) He had this

19 A pretty young girl, Barker's wife, appears in the empty upstairs room, dancing her household chores.

wife, you see. Pret - ty lit - tle thing. Sil - ly lit - tle nit had her

24 chance for the world on a string. Poor

29

M.L.

thing. Poor

L.H.

33

thing. There were these

Judge Turpin and his obsequious assistant, the Beadle, approach the house, gazing up

37

two, you see; Want - ed her like mad, One of 'em a

lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.

41

Più mosso (in 1)

judge, one of 'em his bea - dle. Ev - 'ry day they'd

mp

45

M.L. nudge and they'd whee - dle. Still she would - n't

49

budge from her nee - dle. Too

p subito

53

bad, Pure thing. So they mere - ly

mp *mf* (to 95)

95

In the shadows of the stage, people appear dimly lit. They wear formal clothes and the masks of animals and demons.

shipped the poor blight - er off south, they did. Leav - ing her with

99 *Barker's wife takes an imaginary baby from an imaginary cot and sits on the floor, cradling the child and sobbing.*

M.L.

noth - ing but grief and a year - old kid. Did she use her

cresc.

103 (to 109)

head e - ven then? Oh no, God for - bid! Poor

mf

109 (Intake of breath)

fool. Ah, but there was worse yet to come. Poor

113 *The shadowy figures start to come together.* MRS. LOVETT: Johanna, that was the baby's

thing.

p subito

118 name . . . Pretty little Johanna . . . (*Drifts off*) TODD: (*Tensely*) Go on.

M.L.

121 MRS. LOVETT: (*Eyeing him sharply*) My, you do like a good story, don't you? *mf*

The Beadle reappears, mimes solicitously for the wife to come down. She does.

124 Moderato cantabile (♩ = ♩.)

127 thing. ———— The judge, he tells her, is all con - trite. He

130
M.L.
blames him - self for her dread - ful plight. She must come straight to his

133 (to 139)
house to - night, Poor thing, poor thing.

The shadowy figures have assembled. They are dancing a slow minuet as the Beadle leads the wife through them.

139 **Meno mosso – Minuet**
p subito

143 **A tempo** MRS. LOVETT:
Of
poco cresc.

145

M.L.

course, when she goes there, Poor thing, poor thing, They're hav - in' this ball all in

mp

148

The wife looks around dazedly, mimes drinking champagne.

masks. There's no one she knows there, Poor dear, poor thing, She

151

wan - ders tor - ment - ed and drinks, Poor thing. The judge has re - pent - ed, she

cresc. *dim.*

154

thinks, Poor thing. "Oh, where is Judge Tur - pin?" she asks.

157 *The Judge appears and tears off first his mask, then his cloak, revealing himself naked. The wife screams as he reaches for*

M.L.

f

He was there, all right! On - ly not so con - trite!

160 *her. She struggles wildly as the Beadle hurls her to the floor. He holds her there as the Judge mounts her while the masked*

mf

She

162 *dancers pirouette around the ravishment, giggling.*

was - n't no match for such craft, you see, And ev - 'ry - one thought it so

mf cresc. poco a poco (to 170)

165

droll. They fig - ured she had to be daft, you see, So

168

M.L.

all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see, Poor soul!

171

173

Poor thing!

173a

173b

174

furioso

ff

furioso

ff

TODD: (With a wild shout)
Would no one have
mercy on her?