

(Lights come up on the eating garden. Early evening. The place is deserted. Mrs. Lovett is sitting on the steps knitting a half-finished muffler. The bells of St. Dunstan's sound. After a beat, Tobias emerges from the shop with a "Sold Out" sign, puts it on the shop door, and goes to Mrs. Lovett)

TOBIAS: I put the sold-out sign up, mum.

MRS. LOVETT: That's my boy. (Holding up the knitting) Look, dear! A lovely muffler and guess who it's for.

TOBIAS: Coo! For me?

MRS. LOVETT: Wouldn't you like to know!

TOBIAS: Oh, you're so good to me, mum. Sometimes, when I think what it was like with Signor Pirelli - it seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

MRS. LOVETT: It's just my warm heart, dear. Room enough there for all God's creatures.

TOBIAS: (Coming closer, hovering, very earnest) You know, mum, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. If there was a monster or an ogre or anything bad like that wot was after you, I'd rip it apart with my bare fists, I would.

MRS. LOVETT: What a sweet child it is.

TOBIAS: . . . Or even if it was just a man. . .

MRS. LOVETT: (Somewhat uneasy) A man, dear?

TOBIAS: (Exaggeratedly conspiratorial) A man wot was bad. . .

No. 23

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

(TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT)

Molto rubato (♩ = 112)

1 TOBIAS: . . . and wot might be luring you all unbeknownst into his evil deeds, like.

MRS. LOVETT: (Even more wary) What is this? What are you talking about?

MRS. LOVETT: Of course not, dear, and why should it?

7 TOBIAS: *mp* MRS. LOVETT: What do you mean, "a man"?

Noth-ing's gon - na harm you, no, sir, Not while I'm a - round. _____

p L.H. *cresc.* *mp*

11 TOBIAS: *mf* MRS. LOVETT: (Relieved, patting his head) And so they are, dear.

De - mons are prowl - ing ev - 'ry - where now - a - days. _____

mf *mp*

15 TOBIAS: *dim.* *mp*

I'll send 'em howl - ing, I don't care... I got ways. _____

(b) *mp* *mp*

18 *poco accel.* MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do. . .What a sweet, affectionate child it is. *rit.*

L.H. *p poco accel.* *rit.*

21 TOBIAS: *a tempo p* MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves. . .

No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare. _____

p a tempo

25 TOBIAS: *mp* *cresc.*

Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry,

cresc.

27 MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (*Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration*)

mf

Whis - tle, I'll be there. _____

mf

(b)

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

mp L.H.

(b)

MRS. LOVETT: What is

33

T. *p* Noth - ing can harm you, Not while I'm a - round.

p *sempre legato*

37 this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about. . .

39 It's him, you see -- Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't like women, they ain't wot you can trust,

41 as I've lived and learned. (She looks at him uneasily)

Safety

Più mosso, sempre rubato

43 TOBIAS: *mf*

Not to wor - ry, Not to wor - ry, I may not be smart but I ain't

mf sempre legato

47 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

dumb. I can do it, Put me to it, Show me some - thing

poco rit. *a tempo*

51 *poco rit.*

I can o - ver - come. Not to wor - ry, mum.

poco rit.

55 *A tempo*

Be - ing close and be - ing clew - er ain't like be - ing

58

T. true. I don't need to, I won't nev - er

61

hide a thing from you, Like some.

rit. mp 63 Tempo primo

rit. e dim. espressivo mp

Segue

MRS. LOVETT: Now Toby dear, haven't we had enough foolish chatter? Let's just sit nice and quiet for a bit. Here. *(She pulls out the chatelaine purse, which is now immediately recognizable to the audience as Pirelli's money purse, and starts to fumble in it for a bon-bon)*

TOBIAS: *(Suddenly excited, pointing)* That! That's Signor Pirelli's purse! *(Mrs. Lovett, realizing her slip, quickly bides it)*

MRS. LOVETT: *(Stalling for time)* What's that? What was that, dear?

TOBIAS: That proves it! What I've been thinking. That's his purse!

MRS. LOVETT: *(Concealing what is now almost panic)* Silly boy! It's just a little something Mr. T. gave me for my birthday.

TOBIAS: Mr. Todd gave it to you! And how did he get it? How did he get it?

MRS. LOVETT: Bought it, dear, in the pawnshop, dear. *(To distract him, she lifts the unfinished muffler on its needles)* Come on, now.

64

(Under dialogue)

67 Più mosso espressivo

Musical score for measures 67-69. The piece is in 8/8 time and features a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Più mosso espressivo". The dynamics are "sempre p" (measures 67-68) and "poco rit." (measure 69). The key signature has three flats.

70

Musical score for measures 70-72. The tempo is marked "a tempo". The dynamics are "poco rit." (measures 70-71) and "poco rit." (measure 72). The key signature has three flats.

73

Musical score for measures 73-75. The tempo is marked "a tempo". The dynamics are "a tempo" (measures 73-74) and "poco rit." (measure 75). The key signature has three flats.

Tempo primo

Musical score for measures 75-76a. The tempo is marked "Tempo primo". The piece is in 8/8 time. The dynamics are "mp" (measures 75a-76a). The key signature has three flats. The lyrics are "Noth-ing's gon - na harm you,". The piano accompaniment is marked "molto espressivo". The right hand (R.H.) has a melodic line, and the left hand (L.H.) has a bass line. The dynamics are "p" (measures 75-76) and "molto espressivo" (measures 75a-76a). The key signature has three flats.

M.L.

Not while I'm a - round. Noth-ing's gon - na harm you, dar - ling,

TOBIAS: You don't understand! *Più mosso*

(TOBIAS) *mf*

Not while I'm a - round. Two quid was in it, Two or three...

The gov'nor giving up his purse -- with two quid? *A tempo*

Not for a min - ute! Don't you see?

dim. *mf subito*

It was in Mr. Todd's parlor that the gov'nor disappeared! MRS. LOVETT: Boys and their fancies!

L.H. accel. *rit. e dim.* *L.H.*

What will we think of next! Here, dear. Sit here by your Aunt Nellie like a good boy and look at your lovely muffler.

93 *A tempo*

mp

How warm it's going to keep you as the days draw in. And it's so becoming on you.

97

L.H. *cresc.* *mf*

101 TOBIAS:

f

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

f *L.H.*

105 *dim.*

mp subito *p*

Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a -

dim. *mp*

107

round.

p