

*(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: Cool! 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. . .

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dialogue

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?

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

*rit.**mp*

Tempo primo

hide a thing from you, Like some.

*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 hides 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.

Skip to measure  
75

*(Under dialogue)*

67 Più mosso espressivo

67 *sempre p* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

70 *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

73 *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Tempo primo

75 MRS. LOVETT: *Safety* 76 75a *mp* 76a

Noth-ing's gon - na harm you,

*p* *L.H.* *molto espressivo* *R.H.* *L.H.*

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?

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

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

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.*  
(b)

105 *dim.* *mp subito* *p*

Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a -  
*dim.* *mp*

END

107

*p*  
round.