

MS#2c Mrs. Lovett

29

M.L.

thing.

Poor

L.H.

Start

33

thing.

There were these

37

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

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

41

*lecherously at the wife. She remains demure, sewing.*

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

*mf* (to 95)

*mp*

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

(Intake of breath)

End

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

thing.

*p subito*