

(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. . .

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"?

Nothing's gon - na harm you, no, sir, Not while I'm a - round. _____

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

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. _____

15

TOBIAS:

dim.

mp

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

(b) *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*)

Whis - tle, I'll be there. _____

mf

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