

**PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR**  
(TOBIAS, CROWD, TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

*The factory whistle blasts. Lights come up to reveal St. Dunstan's market place.*

(♩ = 132)

*A hand-drawn caravan, painted like a Sicilian donkey cart, stands on the street. On its side is written in ornate script:*

**SIGNOR ADOLFO PIRELLI**  
**HAIRCUTTER-BARBER-**  
**TOOTHPULLER TO HIS ROYAL**  
**MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES**  
*and under this: BANISH BALDNESS*  
**WITH PIRELLI'S MIRACLE ELIXIR.**  
*(The Beadle is strolling around, pompously patrolling his district. Todd and Mrs. Lovett enter. Todd is carrying his razor case. Mrs. Lovett has a shopping basket)*

TODD: *(Pointing at the caravan)* That's him? Over there?

MRS. LOVETT: Yes, dear. He's always here Tuesdays.

TODD: *(Reading the sign)* Haircutter, barber, toothpuller to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples.

MRS. LOVETT: Eytalian. All the rage, he is.

TODD: Not for long.

MRS. LOVETT: Oh Mr. T., you really think you can do it?

TODD: By tomorrow they'll all be flocking after me like sheep to be shorn.

MRS. LOVETT: *(Sees the Beadle)* Oh no! Look. The Beadle--Beadle Bamford.

TODD: So much the better.

MRS. LOVETT: But what if he recognizes you? Hadn't we ought to--?

TODD: I will do what I have set out to do, woman.

MRS. LOVETT: Oops. Sorry, dear, I'm sure. *(Tobias, Pirelli's adolescent, simple-minded assistant, appears through a curtain at the rear of the caravan, beating on a tin drum. A crowd of people comes running on, gathering around him)*

L'istesso tempo

8 *He beats the drum enthusiastically.*

T. *May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?*

*sempre mf*

*f*

11 *Do you wake ev - 'ry morn - ing in*

*mf*

14 *shame and de - spair To dis - cov - er your pil - low is cov - ered with hair*

17 *Wot ought not to be there? Well,*

*f* *mf* *f*

21

T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, From now on you can wak - en at ease. You need

*mf* *L.H.* *f* *L.H.*

25

nev - er a - gain have a wor - ry or care, I will show you a mir - a - cle

28

mar - vel - ous rare. Gen - tle - men, you are a -

31

*A woman in the crowd gasps with horror.*

TOBIAS: *(Reassuringly)*

32

bout to see some-thing that rose from the dead. . . . . on the top of my

*L.H.* *f*

37 *mp* 39 *mp*

T. head! Scarce-ly a month a-go, gen-tle-men, I was

40

sud-den-ly struck with a rare Or-i-en-tal dis-ease. Though the

42

fin-est phy-si-cians in Lon-don were called, I a-wak-ened one morn-ing a-mazed and ap-palled To dis-

44

cov-er with dread that my head was as bald as a nov-ic-e's knees.