

(THREE TENORS)

WERE SOON RECONSIDERING UNDER THE SOD,
 CONSIGNED THERE WITH A FRIENDLY PROD
 FROM SWEENEY TODD,
 THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

SEE YOUR RAZOR GLEAM, SWEENEY,
 FEEL HOW WELL IT FITS
 AS IT FLOATS ACROSS THE THROATS
 OF HYPOCRITES...

(The ballad ends on a crashing chord as the singers black out and lights comes up on JUDGE TURPIN in full panoply of wig, robe, etc. HE is about to convict a very young boy)

JUDGE**START!**

This is the fourth time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. Though it is my earnest wish ever to temper justice with mercy, your persistent dedication to a life of crime is such an abomination before God and man that I have no alternative but to sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead.

(HE produces the black cap and puts it on his head. As HE does so the condemned prisoner is led away)

Court adjourned!

STOP!

#20—Underscore

Judge cont....

(During the following, the JUDGE removes cap, wig and gown. To the BEADLE)

It is perhaps remiss of me to close the court so early, but the stench of those miserable wretches at the bar was so offensive to my nostrils I feared my eagerness for fresher air might well impair the soundness of my judgment.

(Light dims on the court and finds the JUDGE and the BEADLE now walking down a street together)

BEADLE

Well, sir, the adjournment is fortunate for me, sir, for it's today we celebrate my sweet little Annie's birthday, and to have her daddy back so soon to hug and kiss her will be her crowning joy on such a happy day.

JUDGE

It is a happy moment for me, too. Walk home with me for I have news for you. In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry Johanna next Monday.

BEADLE

Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

STOP!