

Prologue

Stephen Sondheim

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.
His skin was pale and his eye was odd.
He shaved the faces of gentlemen
who never thereafter were heard of again.
He trod a path that few have trod
did Sweeney Todd
the demon barber of fleet street.
He kept a shop in London town.
Of fancy clients and good renown
and what if none of their souls were saved
they went to their maker impeccably shaved.
By Sweeney,
by Sweeney Todd
the demon barber of fleet street.

Company

Swing your razor wide!
Sweeney, hold it to the skies.
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize.
His needswere few, his room was bare.
A lavabo and a fancy chair.
A mug of suds, and a leather strop,
an apron, a towel, a pail, and a mop.
For neatness he deserves a nod,
does Sweeney Todd,
the demon barber of Fleet Street.
Inconspicuous Sweeney was,
quick, and quiet and clean he was.
Back of his smile, under his word,
Sweeney heard music that nobody heard.
Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned,
like a perfect machine he planned,
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttle
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttle
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttle
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttle
Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
Sweeney!

Sweeney Todd

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd!

Company

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd!

Sweeney Todd

He served a dark and avengeful God!

Company

He served a dark and avengeful God!

Sweeney Todd

What happened then, well that's the play,
and he wouldn't want us to give it away...

Company

Not Sweeney

Not Sweeney Todd

The demon barber of Fleet...

Street...