

## **Patti LuPone**

### **"Poor Thing"**

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Mrs. Lovett:

There was a barber and his wife,  
And he was beautiful,  
A proper artist with a knife,  
But they transported him for life.  
And he was beautiful...

[Spoken]

Barker his name was-- Benjamin Barker.

Todd: [Spoken]

Transported? What was his crime?

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Foolishness.

He had this wife, you see,  
Pretty little thing.  
Silly little nit  
Had her chance for the moon on a string--  
Poor thing, poor thing.

There were these two, you see,  
Wanted her like mad,  
One of 'em a judge,  
T'other one his beadle.  
Every day they'd nudge  
And they'd wheedle.  
Still she wouldn't budge  
From her needle.  
Too bad. Pure thing.

So they merely shipped the poor blighter off south,  
they did,  
Leaving her with nothing but grief and a year-old kid.  
Did she use her head even then? Oh no, God forbid!  
Poor fool.  
Ah, but there was worse yet to come--  
Poor thing.

[Spoken]

Johanna, that was the baby's name.

Pretty little Johanna...

Todd: [Spoke]

Go on.

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

My, but you do like a good story, don't you?

Well, Beadle calls on her, all polite,  
Poor thing, poor thing.  
The judge, he tells her, is all contrite,  
He blames himself for her dreadful plight,  
She must come straight to his house tonight!  
Poor thing, poor thing.

Of course, when she goes there,  
Poor thing, poor thing,  
They're havin' this ball all in masks.  
There's no one she knows there,  
Poor dear, poor thing,  
She wanders tormented, and drinks,  
Poor thing.  
The judge has repented, she thinks,  
Poor thing.  
"Oh, where is Judge Turpin?" she asks.

He was there, all right--  
Only not so contrite!  
She wasn't no match for such craft, you see,  
And everone thought it so droll.  
They figured she had to be daft, you see,  
So all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see.  
Poor soul!  
Poor thing!

Todd: [Spoken]

Would no one have mercy on her!

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

So it is you-- Benjamin Barker.

Todd: [Spoken]

Not Barker! Not Barker! Todd now! Sweeney Todd!

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Oh, you poor thing. You poor thing. Wait!  
See! When they come for the little girl, I hid 'em. I  
thought,  
Who knows? Maybe the poor silly blighter'll be back  
again  
Someday and need 'em. Cracked in the head, wasn't I?

Times as bad as they are, I could have got five, maybe  
ten  
Quid for 'em, any day. See? You can be a barber again.

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