Poor Thing

Patti LuPone

Mrs. LovettThere 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.Sweeney Todd (spoken)Transported? What was his crime?Mrs. LovettFoolishness...
He had this wife, ya see.
Pretty little thing,
silly little nit.
Had her chance for the moon on a string...
Poor thing!
Poor thing!
There were these two, ya see...
Wanted her like mad!
One of them a judge
one of them his beadle!
Everyday they'd nudge and they'd weadle!
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.Sweeney Todd (spoken)Go on...Mrs. Lovett (spoken)My, but you do like a good story, don't you?
(sung)
Well, Beadle calls on her all polite
Poor thing!
Poor thing!
The judge, he tells her, is all contright.
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 having this ball all in masks.
There's no one she knows there!
Poor dear!
Poor thing!
She wonders, tormented and drinks!
Poor thing!
The judge has repented, she thinks.
Poor thing!
"Oh where is Judge Turpin?" she asks...
He was there, alright!
Only not so contright!
She wasn't no match for such craft, ya see.
And everyone thought it so droll.
They figured she had to be daft, ya see.
So all of them stood there and laughed, ya see!
Poor soul!
Poor thing!Sweeney Todd (spoken)Would no one have mercy on her!?Mrs. Lovett (spoken)So it is you, Benjamin Barker!Sweeney Todd (spoken)NOT BARKER! NOT BARKER! (taking her by the neck) 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 will be back again someday and need 'em.
Cracked in the head, wasn't I?
Times as bad as they are I maybe could've got five or ten quid for 'em any day. See?

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