

The Contest

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Pirelli

I am Adolfo Pirelli,
Da king of da barbers,
Da barber of kings,
E buon giorno, good day,
I blow you a kiss!
And I, da so-famous Pirelli,
I wish-a to know-a
Who has-a da nerve-a to say
My elixir is piss!
Who says this?!

Todd

I do. I am Mr. Sweeney Todd of Fleet Street. I have
opened a bottle of Pirelli's elixir, and I say to you
that it is nothing but an errant fraud, concocted from
piss and ink. And furthermore Signor I have
serviced no kings, yet I wager I can shave a cheek with
ten times more dexterity than any street mountebank!

Pirelli

You hear this foolish man? Now, please, you will see
how he will regret his folly!

Todd

Who's for a free shave? Will Beadle Bamford be
the judge?

Beadle

Glad, as always, to oblige my friends and neighbors.
The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

Pirelli

Now, signorini, signori,
We mix-a da lather
But first-a you gather
Around, signorini, signori,
You looking a man
Who have had-a da glory
To shave-a da Pope!
Mr. Sweeney whoever
I beg-a your pardon
Probably say it was only a cardinal
Nope!

It was-a da Pope!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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