

21 TOBIAS: *a tempo p* MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves. . .

No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare. \_\_\_\_\_

*p a tempo*

25 TOBIAS: *mp* *cresc.*

Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry,

*cresc.*

27 MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (*Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration*)

*mf*

Whis - tle, I'll be there. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

(b)

29 TOBIAS: *mf* *mp*

De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

*mp* L.H.

(b)

MRS. LOVETT: What is

33

T. Noth - ing can harm you, *p* Not while I'm a - round.

*p* *sempre legato*

37 this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about. . .

39 It's him, you see - - Mr. Todd. Oh, I know you fancy him, but men ain't like women, they ain't wot you can trust,

41 as I've lived and learned. (*She looks at him uneasily*)

*Safety*