

No. 3

THE WORST PIES IN LONDON
(MRS. LOVETT)

*Mrs. Lovett does not notice Todd until his shadow passes across her.
She looks up, knife in air, and screams, freezing him in his tracks.*

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)
MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife into the counter)

2 *f* Wait! What's yer rush? What's yer hur - ry? You gave me such a

f mp f mp

3 *(Wipes her hands on her apron)* *(Pushes Todd onto a stool)*

fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min - ute, can't - cher? Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! All I meant is that I

f mp f mp f mp

5 *(Todd grunts)* *(Mrs. Lovett flicks dust from a pie)*

have - n't seen a cus - tom - er for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? Do for - give me if me

f mp

(Plucks something off a pie) (Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)

M.L. 7 head's a lit-tle vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd think we had the plague from the way that people

(Flicks at something on the counter) (Spots it moving) (Smacks it with her hand) (Looks at her hand) (Wipes it on her apron)

9 keep a - void-ing...No, you don't! Heav-en knows I try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in

(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him) (Todd nods and grunts)

11 e-ven to in-hale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hard-ly

Meno mosso, sempre rubato

13 *poco rit.* blame them. 14 *sempre f* These are prob-a - bly the worst pies in Lon - don.

L.H./ *mf poco rit.* *mp espressivo* *mf*

17
M.L.

I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I

20

make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.

24

E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.

27

(Todd bites into the pie)

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust - ing? You have to con -

(Gives him ale)

31 M.L.

cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

36 *sempre f*

worst pies in Lon - don. And no won - der, with the price of

mf

39 **Tempo 1^o**
(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)

Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Nev - er (grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men - d think it was a

f mf f mf f mf f mf

41

Treat find - ing poor (grunt) an - i - mals (grunt) wot are dy - ing in the street. Mrs. - Moo - ney has a

f mf f mf f mf

43

M.L.

pie shop, Does a bus-ness, but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

mp *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

45

(Rolls the dough)

cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) en-ter-prise,

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

47

(Pounds the dough)

(grunt) Pop-ping pussies in-to pies. Would-n't do in my shop. Just the thought of it's e-

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

49

(Again) rit.

nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them pus-sy-cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is

f *mf* *rit.* *f* *mf*