

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)* fright, I thought you was a ghost! Half - a min-ute, can't-cher? Sit! Sit ye down! Sit! *(Pushes Todd onto a stool)* All I meant is that I

f mp f mp f mp

5 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

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

(Plucks some-
thing off a pie)

(Drops it
on the (Stomps
floor) 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 peo-ple

f *mp* *f* *mp*

(Flicks at some-
thing 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

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

(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

f *mp* *f* *mp* *cresc.*

Meno mosso, sempre rubato

poco rit.

sempre f

13 14

blame them. 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 -

31 M.L. *(Gives him ale)*

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 10*
(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

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*

(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*

(Pounds the dough)

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

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

(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*

51 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato*

M.L. *52*

hard, sir. E - ven hard - er than the worst pies in Lon - don.

f L.H. *mf* *f*

55 *(As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)*

On - ly lard and noth - ing more. Is that just re - volt - ing? All

mf *cresc.* *f*

58

greas - y and grit - ty. It looks like it's

61 *poco rit.*

molt - ing and tastes like... Well, pit - y a

poco rit.

64 *a tempo, molto espressivo*

M L. wom - an a - lone With

a tempo, molto espressivo

68 lim - it - ed wind And the worst pies in

cresc.

72 Lon - don. Ah, sir, times is hard, times is

ff *mf*

Rubato *mp*

76 *Tempo 10*
mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)

hard.