

53 *mp*

A. *Jo - han*  
*He pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute.*

T. *I'm fine, Jo - han - na, I'm fine.*

57 (to 65)

*na...*

*Night falls. Black smoke rises from the bakehouse chimney. As it thickens, we become aware of Mrs. Lovett, in a white nightdress, inside the bakehouse. The oven doors are open and cast a hot light. She is tossing "objects" into the oven. As the music continues, the Beggar Woman stumbles into view from the alleyway beside the chimney, coughing and spitting and carrying a meager straw pallet, her bed.*

65 *f (last time)* *Safety* 66

*BEGGAR WOMAN: (In a rage)*

*Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the dev - il! Sign of the dev - il!*

*mp* *mf*

*She tries to interest passers-by who, clearly revolted, move away.*

67 *mp*

B.W. *Cit - y on fi - re! \_\_\_\_\_ Witch! Witch! Smell it, sir! An e - vil smell!*

71 *cresc.*

*Ev - 'ry night at the ves - pers bell, Smoke that comes from the mouth of Hell,*

73 *f*

*Cit - y on fi - re! \_\_\_\_\_ Cit - y on fi - re! \_\_\_\_\_*

*f* *dim. poco a poco*

*She shuffles off. Light comes up. Morning again. Anthony is searching through another part of London. Todd, on the steps, greets another (to 85)*

77 *mf* *mp*

*Mis - chief! Mis - chief! Mis - chief!*