

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

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

3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

13 *poco rit.* 14 *Meno mosso, sempre rubato* *sempre f*

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 -

(Gives him ale)

31
 1.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

Tempo 1^o
 39 (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

41
 Treat find-ing poor (grunt) an - i - mals (grunt) wot are dy - ing in the street. Mrs. - Moo-ney has a