

ACT II

No. 19

GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

(TOBIAS, MRS. LOVETT, TODD, COMPANY)

Thanks to her increasing prosperity, Mrs. Lovett has created a modest outdoor eating garden outside the pieshop, consisting of a large wooden table with two benches, a few bushes in pots, birds in cages. At rise, contented customers, one of whom is drunk, are filling the garden, devouring their pies and drinking ale while Tobias, in a waiter's apron, drums up trade along the sidewalk. Inside the pieshop, Mrs. Lovett, in a "fancy" gown, a sign of her upward mobility, doles out pies from the counter and collects a few on a tray to bring into the garden subsequently. Todd is pacing restlessly in the Tonsorial Parlor. The Beggar Woman hangs around throughout, hungry and ominous.

Moderato (♩ = 132)

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, marked Moderato (♩ = 132). It consists of two systems of three staves each (treble, middle, and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing chords and a middle staff with a forte (f) dynamic marking and a bass staff with rests. The second system starts at measure 5, featuring a treble clef staff with chords, a middle staff with triplet eighth notes, and a bass staff with eighth notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

TOBIAS:

7 *f*

La - dies and gen - tle - men! May I have your at - ten - tion, per - lease?

10

Are your nos - trils a - quiv - er and

14

tin - gling as well At that del - i - cate lus - cious am - bro - si - al smell?

17

Yes they are, I can tell. Well,

21

T. La - dies and gen - tle - men, That a - ro - ma en - rich - ing the breeze ——— Is like

sempre f

L.H.

L.H.

25

noth - ing com - pared to its suc - cu - lent source, As the gour - mets a - mong you will

28

tell you, of course. ———

31

La - dies and gen - tle - men, You can't im - ag - ine the rap - ture in store ———

35 (Indicating the pieshop) 37 *L'istesso tempo*
He beats his drum. (to 41)

T. Just in-side of this door!

ff *ff*

41

There you'll sam - ple Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies, Sa - vor - y and sweet pies,

mf *sempre staccato*

44

as you'll see. You who eat pies, Mrs. — Lov - ett's meat pies

47

Con - jure up the treat pies used to be!

49 TOBIAS:

Right a -

S. A. Tell me, are they fla - vor - some? They

T. 1 MAN: O - ver here, boy, How a - bout some ALL: ale? Let me have an - oth - er, lad - die!

B.

cresc. poco a poco

51

T. way. Thrup-pence...

S. A. are. Could we have some ser - vice o - ver here, boy? God, that's good.

T. Could we have some ser - vice, wait - er? What a - bout that pie, boy?

B. Yes, what a - bout that pie, boy?

She enters the garden with a tray of pies, indicates a customer.

53 MRS. LOVETT: *(Rings bell twice)* *f*

TOBIAS: *(Calming them)* *f* *(To a customer)*

La - dies and gen - tle - men... Com - ing! 'Scuse me.

S. A. Thrup-pence for a meat pie?

T. Tell me, are they ten - der?

B. Where's the ale I asked you for, boy?

56 M.L. Quick, now!

He runs inside, picks up a jug of ale, whisks back out into the garden and starts filling tankards.

T. Right, mum! *(Licking their fingers)*

S. A. *f* God, that's good!

T. *f* God, that's good!

B. *f* God, that's good!

L'istesso tempo

58

mf Serves pies, collects money, addresses different patrons with equal insincerity.

M.L.

Nice to see you, dear - ie. How have you been keep - ing?

mf R.H.

62

(Indicates a customer)

Cor, me bones is wea - ry! To - by-! One for the gen - tle - man...

66

Hear the bird - ies cheep - ing- Helps to keep it cheer - y...

70

(Indicates the Beggar Woman)

M.L.

To - by! Throw the old wom - an out!

f

S.
A.

T.
B.

God, that's good!

God, that's good!

gva

74 *mf* Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon returns, sniffing.

M.L.

What's your plea - sure, dear - ie? No, we don't cut slic - es.

mf

78 *f* *mf* 3 3 (Indicates the drunken man)

Cor, me eyes is blear - y!... To - by! None for the gen - tle - man...

82

I could up me pric - ces— I'm a lit - tle

85 3 3

leer - y. Bus - 'ness could - n't be bet - ter, though—

88 *mp* (Knocks)

M.L. *mp* Knock on wood!

S. *f* God, that's good!

A. *f* God, that's good!

T. *f* God, that's good!

B. *f* God, that's good!

f *mp* *mf*

L'istesso tempo

gives

92 MRS. LOVETT: (To customer) (To Tobias)

Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers.

TODD: (Leaning out of the window)

Psst! Psst!

mp

94 *mp* (To Todd)

Yes, what, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk. *mp*

Psst! But it's

96

M.L. *So it's six o'clock. And it's*

T. *six o'clock! It was due to arrive at a quarter to five And it's*

poco cresc.

98

cresc. f

prob-ably al-read-y down the block. It - 'll be here! It - 'll be here! Have a

six o'clock! I've been wait - ing all day.

f mf

100

M.L. *beak - er of beer and stop wor - ry - in', dear! Now, now... Will you*

T. *But it should have been here by now!*

S. *f* *More hot pies!*

A. *f* *More hot pies!*

T. *More hot pies!*

B. *More hot pies!*

(Moving back to the garden)

102

M.L. *dim.*
 wait there, cool - ly? 'Cause my cus-tom-ers tru - ly are get-ting un - ru - ly and

T.
 You'll come back when it comes?

L'istesso tempo

104

(MRS. LOVETT) (Circulating among the customers again) (Spills ale on a customer)

mf
 What's your plea - sure, dear - ie? Oops! I beg your par - don!

(Indicates the drunken man, who is leaving without paying)

108

f
 Just me hands is smear - y... To - by! Run for the gen - tle - man!

112

mf Tobias runs and collects from the drunk. (Indicating the drunk)

Don't you love a gar - den? Al - ways makes me tear - y. Must be

117

M.L. *3* *3*
 one of them for - eign - ers...

S. *ff* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>*
 A. God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

T. *ff* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>*
 B. God, that's good! That is de - li - cious!

122

MRS. LOVETT: *Workmen bring a crate down the street.*

f
 What's my se - cret? Frank - ly, dear— for - give my can - dor—

legato
f

126

Fam - 'ly se - cret, All to do with herbs.

130 *mf* *The workmen carry the crate up the stairs.*

M.L. Things like be - ing Care - ful with your

133 *f*

co - ri - an - der. That's what makes the gra - vy grand - er!

136 *Todd sees the workmen and runs to the window.*

M.L.

S. A. *ff* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

T. B. *ff* More hot pies! More hot! More pies!

L'istesso tempo

141 MRS. LOVETT: (To a customer) *mp*

(To Tobias)

Ex - cuse me. Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers.

TODD: (To Mrs. Lovett)

Psst! Psst!

mp
R.H.

143 (To Todd)

What now, love? Quick, though, the trade is brisk. It's where? I'll get

Psst!

But it's here! Com-ing up the stair!

146 (Holds up the tray)

cresc.

rid of this lot as they're still pret - ty hot And then I'll be there! No, I'll

cresc.

It's a - bout to be o-pened Or don't you care?

poco cresc.

148 *f* *dim.* (Addressing a customer)

M.L. be there! I will be there! But they'll nev - er be sold if I let 'em get cold. Oh, and

T. But we have to pre-*pare!*

L'istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (To one particular customer)

150 *mf*

In - ci - dent - 'ly, dear - ie, You know Mrs. — Moo - ney.

154 *f* *mf* 3 3

Sales have been so drear - y — To - by! — Poor thing is pen - ni - less.

158 (To Tobias, indicating the Beggar Woman) (To the same customer)

What a - bout that loon - y? Look - in' sort of beer - y...

162

(Hawklike, to a rising customer)

M.L. Oh, well, got her come - up - pance And that - 'll be thrup-pence and...

165

M.L. *f*

S. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

A. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

T. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

B. *ff* God, that's good That is de - Have you

ff So she should!

Mrs. Lovett runs up the stairs and into the Tonsorial Parlor as Todd opens the crate.

169

S. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

A. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

T. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

B. li - cious ev - er tas - ted smell such

173

S. A. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

T. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

B. Oh my God What more That's pies Good! . . .

cresc.

L'istesso tempo

177 MRS. LOVETT: *mf* They swoon with admiration at the new chair.

Ooohhh

TODD: *mf* Ooohhh

Ooohhh

ff mp p mp

179


mp dolce It's gor - geous! It's gor - geous!


dolce Is that a chair fit for a king, A won - drous neat and most par - tic - u - lar

mp


183

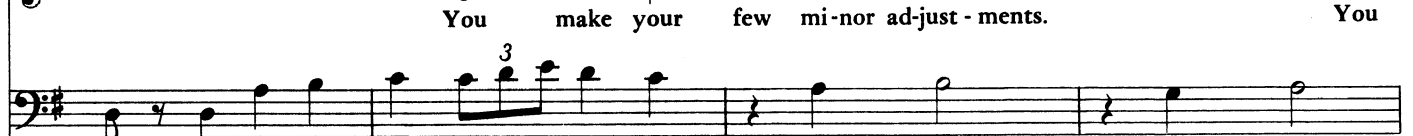
M.L. 

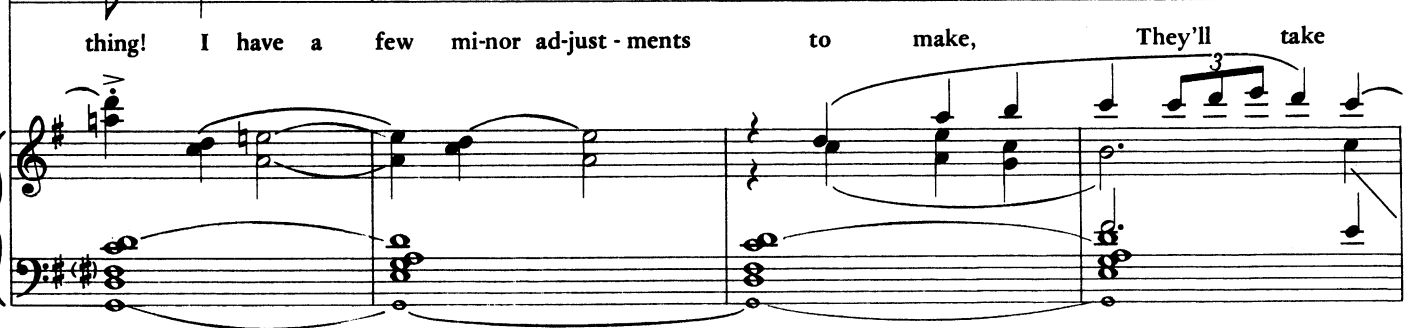
T. 



187



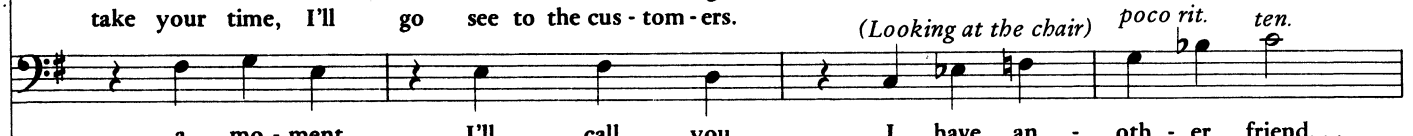





She goes back into the garden as Todd tinkers with the chair. poco rit.

191







195 A tempo
MRS. LOVETT:

(To the customers)
mf

MRS. LOVETT: *mf* (To the customers) It's gor - geous! It's gor - geous!

TOBIAS: *mf* (To the customers) It's gor - geous! It's gor - geous!

TODD: Is that a pie fit for a king, A won - drous sweet and most par - tic - u - lar

S. *mf unis.* Yum!

A. Yum!

T. *mf* Yum!

B. Yum!

199

M.L. It's per - fect! It's gor - geous!

Tb. thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie Can com - pete with this de - lec - ta - ble

T.

S. Yum! Yum!

A. Yum! Yum!

T. Yum! Yum!

B. Yum! Yum!

203

M.L. *The crust all vel - vet - y and wav - y, That*

Tb. *pie! The crust all vel - vet - y and wav - y, That glaze, Those crimps...*

T. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

S. A. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

T. B. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

cresc. poco a poco

207

M.L. *glaze, Those crimps, And then the suc - cu - lent*

Tb. *And then the thick suc - cu - lent gra - vy... One whiff,*

T. *mf And now to test this best of*

S. A. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

T. B. *Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!*

210 to 216

M.L. gra - vy. So thick it makes you

Tb. One glimpse... So ten - der that you sur -

T. bar - ber chairs... *dim.* It's time... It's time...

S. A. Yum! Yum!

T. B. Yum! Yum! Yum!

3

R.H.

216 *L'istesso tempo* *mp* (To Tobias) (To Todd)

M.L. sick. Ex - cuse me... Dear, see to the cus-tom-ers. All set, love?

Tb. ren - der.

T. *(Out the window)* Psst! Psst! Psst!

mp R.H.

219

M.L. *mp* My heart's a - flut-ter! When you pound the floor. . .

T. Quick, now! When I pound the floor, It's a

221

cresc. Yes, you told me, I know, you'll be read - y to go when you pound the floor. Will you

cresc. sig - nal to show that I'm read - y to go, When I pound the floor!

cresc.

223

f trust me? Will you trust me? I'll be wait - ing be - low for the whis - tle to blow. . .

f I just want to be sure. . . When I'm cer - tain that you're in

mp

225

M.L.

T. *mf* (Pounds on the window frame) (Pounds)

place, I'll pound three times. Three times.

228

(Knocks the air impatiently) (Knocks exaggeratedly)

(As she nods)

And then you -- Three times...

231

(Knocks heavily and wearily on the wall)

If you -- Ex - act - ly...

233

MRS. LOVETT:

f (Torn between the customers and Todd)

Gawd! Right!

TODD:

Psst!

S. A. *f* More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

T. *f* More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

B. *f* More hot pies! More hot! More pies! More!

She runs into the bakehouse, which has a large oven and a meat grinder on a butcher's block. In the wall is the mouth of a chute leading from the Tonsorial Parlor upstairs. As she does, Todd takes a stack of books tied together and puts it in the chair.

236

M.L. *ff* Wait!

T.

mp *R.H.* *cresc.*

239 (to 266) 266 (Knocks on the chute) to 269

M.L.

T.

(Pounds on the floor)

Percussion

8va

269

Todd pulls a lever on the chair and the books disappear through a trap door, reappearing from the hole in the bakehouse wall and plopping on the floor at Mrs. Lovett's feet.

f

271 (Knocks excitedly on the chute) to 274

(Pounds on the floor in triumph)

Mrs. Lovett burries out of the bakehouse, while Todd resumes tinkering happily

274

ff

S. A. More hot pies! More hot! More

T. More hot pies! More hot! More

B. More hot pies! More hot! More

ff

R.H.

with the chair.

276

S. A. pies! More hot! Pies! *div.*

T. pies! More hot! Pies!

B. pies! More hot! Pies!

L'istesso tempo

MRS. LOVETT: (*To the customers*)

278

f

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin I rolled it. Eat them

TOBIAS: (*To the customers*)

f

Eat them slow And feel the crust, how thin she rolled it. Eat them

283

slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize. Eat them slow, 'Cause

slow, 'Cause ev - 'ry-one's a prize. Eat them slow, 'Cause

288

*(Hanging up a "Sold Out" sign)**(Spotting something along the street)*

that's the lot and now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row... Hold it!

that's the lot and now we've sold it! Come a - gain to - mor - row!

The man with the cap, from Act I, comes into view, approaches the Tonsorial Parlor and rings the bell.

292

MRS. LOVETT:

TOBIAS:

Bless my eyes!

More hot pies!

More hot pies!

More hot pies!

296

M.L.

Fresh sup - plies!

300 *As Mrs. Lovett takes the sign down and turns back to her customers, Todd sees the man, beckons him up. As the man*

M.L. *f* How a - bout it, dear - ie? Be here in a twin - kling.

T. *f* Is that a pie fit for a king, A

S. *mf unis.* Yum! Yum!

A. *mf* Yum! Yum!

T. *mf* Yum! Yum!

B. *mf* Yum! Yum!

304 *starts up the stairs, he and Todd freeze, Todd with the razor in his hand.*

M.L. Just con-firms my theo - ry... To - by!... God watch-es o - ver us.

T. won - drous sweet and most de - lec - ta - ble

S. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

A. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

T. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

B. Yum! Yum! Yum! Yum!

M.L. *Did - n't have an ink - ling... Pos - i - tive - ly ee - rie...*

T. *thing? You see, ma'am, why there is no meat pie—*

S. *Yum! Yum!*

A. *Yum! Yum!*

T. *Yum! Yum!*

B. *Yum! Yum!*

312 *She spots the Beggar Woman again.*

M.L. *To - by! THROW THE OLD WOM - AN OUT!*

T. *[Silence]*

S. *[Silence]*

A. *[Silence]*

T. *[Silence]*

B. *[Silence]*

314

As Tobias shoos the Beggar Woman away, Mrs. Lovett runs back to the pishop. The customers sing with their mouths

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

S. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

A. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

T. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

B. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 God, that's good That is de Have you

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

318

full, gradually swallowing and singing clearly.

S. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

A. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

T. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

B. *f cresc. poco a poco al Fine*
 Li - cious ev - er tast - ed smell such

f cresc. poco a poco al Fine

322

Mrs. Lovett relaxes in the pieshop with a mug of ale.

S. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

A. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

T. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

B. Oh my God, what per - fect more that's

326

(Blackout)

S. *div.* Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

A. Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

T. Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

B. *div.* Pies such fla - vor God that's good!! *fff*

Segue
gva