

## 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)

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

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 -

31 (Gives him ale)

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*

Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

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

*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-appeared. Have to hand it to her. (grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) en-ter-prise,

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

(Pounds the dough)

(grunt) Popping 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-nying, 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 *Rubato mp 74*

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

*ff mf*

76 *Tempo 1º mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)*

*hard.*