

# THE WORST PIES IN LONDON

from *SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET*

Lyrics and Music by  
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegretto agitato (♩ = 112)  
MRS. LOVETT:

(Sticks the knife  
into the counter)

Wait! What's yer rush? What's yer hur-ry? You gave me such a

(Wipes her hands  
on her apron)

(Pushes Todd  
onto a stool)

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

(Mrs. Lovett flicks  
dust from a pie)

have-n't seen a cus-tom-er for weeks. Did you come here for a pie, sir? Do for-give me if me

(Plucks something off a pie)

(Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)

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 something on the counter)

(Spots it moving)

(Smacks it with her band)

(Looks at her band)

(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

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

(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him)

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.*

*poco rit.* **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*

I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I

make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.

E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.

If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust - ing? You have to con -

(Gives him ale)

cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The

worst pies in Lon - don. And no won - der, with the price of

*sempre f*

*mf*

Tempo 1<sup>o</sup>

(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*

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*

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*) Pop-ping 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*

Meno mosso, sempre rubato

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

*f* L.H. *mf* *f*

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

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

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

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

*poco rit.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo, molto espressivo*

wom - an a - lone With

*a tempo, molto espressivo*

lim - it - ed wind And the worst pies in

*cresc.*

*Rubato*  
*mp*

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

*ff* *mf*

**Tempo 1<sup>o</sup>**  
*mf* (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)

hard.