

MRS. LOVETT - Worst Pies In London

(MRS. LOVETT) 24

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

(Todd bites into the pie) 28

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

(Gives him ale) 35

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

Start

39 Tempo I°

(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

(MRS. LOVETT)

41 42
Treat find-ing poor (*grunt*) an-i-mals (*grunt*) wot are dy-ing in the street. Mrs. Moo-ney has a

43 44
pie shop, Does a bus-ness but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'

45 46
cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (*Rolls the dough*) (*grunt*) Wot I calls (*grunt*) en-ter-prise,

47 48
(*grunt*) Pop-ping pus-sies in-to pies. Would-n't do in

48 49
(*Pounds the dough*) (*Again rit.*)
my shop. Just the thought of it's e-nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them

50 51
pus-sy-cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is hard, sir.

52 53 54
E-ven hard-er than the worst pies in Lon-don.

V.S.
(quick!)

(MRS. LOVETT) (As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)

55 56 57 58

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

59 60 61 62 63 *poco rit.*

grit-ty. It looks like it's molt-ing and tastes like... Well, pi-ty a

64

a tempo, molto espressivo

65 66 67

wo - man a - lone. With

68 69 70 71

lim - it - ed wind And the worst pies in

72 73 74 75 *Rubato*

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

76

Tempo I° (Deliberate)

(Folds pie crust and finishes with a flourish)

77

hard.

#03 - The Worst Pies In London