

27

A.

T.

pale, With yel low hair, ___ like her? I'd want you beau - ti - ful and

mp

31

A.

T.

pale, The way I've dreamed _ you were, Jo - han - na...

mp

35

A.

T.

And if you're beau - ti - ful, what then, With yel - low hair ___

40

A. 

T. 
— like wheat? I think we shall not meet a - gain, My lit - tle dove, —

He slashes the



mp


44

customer's throat.

mp

I'll steal — you, Jo - han - na... —

— my sweet Jo - han - na... —



mp

49

mf

Good - bye, Jo - han - na. You're gone, and yet you're mine.



53 *mp*

A. *Jo - han*
He pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute.

T. *I'm fine, Jo - han - na, I'm fine.*

mf

57 (to 65)

na...

Night falls. Black smoke rises from the bakehouse chimney. As it thickens, we become aware of Mrs. Lovett, in a white nightdress, inside the bakehouse. The oven doors are open and cast a hot light. She is tossing "objects" into the oven. As the music continues, the Beggar Woman stumbles into view from the alleyway beside the chimney, coughing and spitting and carrying a meager straw pallet, her bed.

65 *f* (last time) *Safety* *mf* 66

BEGGAR WOMAN: (In a rage)

Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the dev - il! Sign of the dev - il!