

Moderato.

PREMIER.

PIANO.

8 *rit.* To

dine at No-ble ta-ble, When cook-ing was not right, To tell it I'm not

a-ble, It fills me with af-fright! I force it down, tho' I should die, The mis-er-

-a-ble leather pie! And eat as if 'twere best of all, To cheese that seems a-way to

Listesso tempo.

crawl, And no one knew that dread ca-lam-i-ty, As I ate with peace and

*pp*

am-i - ty. Yes I hid all in-ner sor-row-ing, And com-fort at heart I was

*pp*

borrowing, That I was a-ble, At such a ta-ble, Still to keep, to keep my

Valse.

*p*

face quite straight, With all such hor-rors on my plate. Thus one can see,

noth-ing moves me, Highest of high diplo-ma-tists am I, Highest of high diplo-

ma - tists am I.

*f*