Such dish by man not of is seen At that which
With-in the pies soft ten der breast it lay, by

Once I tasted this served at supper by the queen All!
Crust surround ed just like a bird in its nest. Ah

Wool-ly browned and_past- ed I taste it yet that lit-
What de-light un-bound-ed It peeped out dark with melt-ing

...thing That sweet dish of which now I sing. Beau-ti-ful is its
grace But when torn swift from out its place. Oh then a won-drous
Fragrant smell No words its sweetness ever can tell.
smell a rose Which haunts my dreams when I repose.

Beautiful is its fragrant smell. I love it oh so well.
Oh then a wondrous smell a rose. And still it haunts my

very well, ah The truffle the truffle Ah the
royal nose, ah The truffle the truffle Ah the

truffle is the dish for me. The truffle The truffle
truffle is the dish for me. The truffle The truffle

Ah no finer dish can be.
Ah no finer dish can be.
No. 5. Duet.

KING: Allegretto.

Premier: (Forcing dishes on the king)

PIANO: These oysters are great

(Aside)

Better ones have ate!

I think you'll find them not so poor!

Stomach I know I shall rue in sure, I'm stuffed so full!

I fear I'll

They're not the worst!