

The Gourmet's Love-Song

$\text{♩} = 80$

molto secco
mf

How

5

strange is Love: I am not one who Cupid's power belittles, for

9

Cupid 'tis who makes me shun my customary victuals. Of

13

Effie, since that painful scene that left me broken-hearted, my

17

ap - pe-tite so erst-while keen, has ut - ter-ly de - part-ed. My

21

form, my friends ob-serve with pain is grow - ing dai - ly thin-ner. Love

25

on - ly oc - cu - pies the brain that once could think of din - ner. A -

29

round me my-riad wai-ters flit, with meat and drink to ply men; a -

33

lone, dis-con - so - late, I sit, and feed on thoughts of Hy -

crescendo

36

- men. _____ (A very large groan.) The kind-ly wai-ters hear my groan,

ten. $\text{♩} = 66$ *3*

f *p* *sustained*

39

— they strive to charm with cur - ry — they tempt me with a de - villed bone,

simile

41

— I beg them not to wor - ry. Soup, white-bait, en - trees, — fri - ca -

ritardando *3*

colla parte *mf*

43 $\text{♩} = 60$

sees, they bring me un - in - vi - ted. I need them not, for what are these to

45 *ritardando*

one whose life is blight - ed? — They show me dish - es rich — and rare, — but ah! my pulse

48

— no joy stirs. — For sa - vou - ries — I've ceased to care, I hate ³ the thought of

51 *ritardando* $\text{♩} = 50$

oy - sters. — They bring me roast, they bring me boiled, — but

53

all in vain they woo me; the waiters softly mutter, "Foiled!" The

55

ritardando

♩ = 80

chef, poor man, looks gloomy. So, Effie, turn that shell-like

molto secco

57

ear, nor to my sighing close it, you cannot doubt that

61

I'm sincere -- this ballad surely shows it. No longer spurn the suit I

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65

press, re - spect my a - gi - ta - tion, - do change your mind, and an - swer,

69

'Yes,' and save me from star - va - tion. An - swer, - 'Yes...'

73

— An - - swer, - 'Yes!' _____ How

76

strange is _____ love? _____

circa 3' 20"