

The Gourmet's Love-Song

$\text{♩} = 80$

molto secco

mf

How

5
strange is Love: I am not one who Cu - pid's power be - lit-tles, for

9
Cu - pid 'tis who makes me shun my cus - to-ma-ry vic - tuals. Of

13
Ef - fie, since that pain - ful scene that left me bro - ken - heart-ed, 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

mp

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 *3*

41

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

ritardando *colla parte* *mf* *3*

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 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* $\text{♩} = 80$

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

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"