

Louis

Les Poissons

18

Chef Louis

[DIRECT SEGUE]

Valse Parisienne ($\text{d} = 60$)

[Louis hums ad lib]

1 7
8

START



9 A tempo

10 11 12
8 sons, Les pois - sons, How I love les pois - sons. Love to

37 1
8

13 14 15 16
8 chop and to serve lit - tle fish. First I

41 P
8 soi

17 18 19 20
8 cut off their heads, then I pull out the bones. Ah mais

45 1
8 pa

21 22 23 24
8 oui, ça c'est tou - jours de - lish. Les pois -

49 1
8 pouPoco piu mosso (ca. $\text{d} = 64$)

25 26 27 28
8 sons, Les pois - sons, Hee hee hee, Hah hah hah. With the

53 1
8 slas

29 cleav - er I 30 hack them in 31 two. 32 I pull

33 out what's in - side and I 34 35 serve it up 36 fried. God, I

love lit - tle fish - es, don't you? 39 40 here's

Poco più mosso (ca. $\text{d} = 70$)

41 some - thing for 42 tempt - ing the 43 pal - ate, 44 pre -

45 pared in the 46 clas - sic 47 tech - nique. 48 First you

49 pound the fish flat with a 50 51 mal - let. 52 Then you

53 slash through the skin, give the 54 55 bel - ly a 56 slice. Then you

rall.

57 rub some salt in... 'cause that makes it taste nice.
dolce

58 rit.

59 60 61

Zut alors!
I have missed one! Shh...

[62] Lightly, slowly at first (ca. $\text{d} = 60$)

63 64 65 66

Sa - cré bleu, what is this? How on earth could I miss such a

67 68 69 70

sweet lit - tle suc - cu - lent crab? Quel dom -

71 72 73 74

mage, what a loss. You be - long in the sauce, with some

poco accel.

75 76 77 78

flour, I think, just a dab. Then I'll

Grand Valse ca. $\text{d} = 72$

79 80 81 82

stuff you with bread. It won't hurt... you'll be dead! And you'll

83 84 85 86

sure - ly be luck - y you are! 'Cause it's

87 gon - na be hot 88 89 90
in my

91 Crash 92 93 94
big cop - per pot! Too - dle

95 96 97 98
loo, mon pois - son! Au re -

99 100 101 102
voir!

103 104 105 106
END
APPLAUSE SEGUE