

Louis *Les Poissons* ***Chef Louis***

18

[DIRECT SEGUE]

Valse Parisienne (♩ = 60)

[Louis hums ad lib]

1 8 Les pois -

9 A tempo

9 10 11 12 sons, Les pois - sons, How I love .les pois - sons. Love to

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

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

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

Poco piu mosso (ca. ♩ = 64)

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

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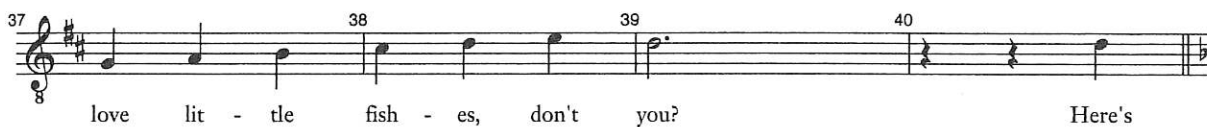
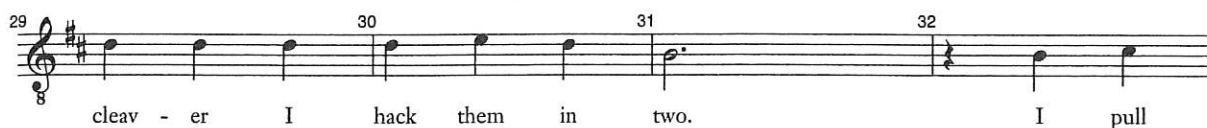
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41 P sc

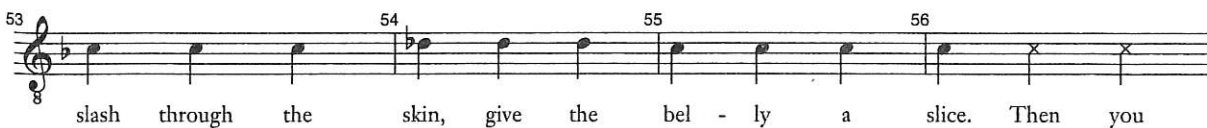
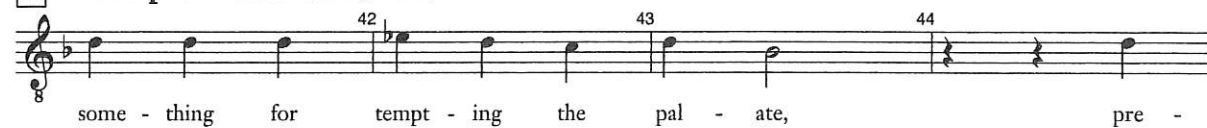
45 p^e

49 p^e

53 sl:



41 **Poco piu mosso (ca. $\text{♩} = 70$)**



57 *rall.* 58 *dolce* 59 *rit.* 60 61

rub some salt in... 'cause that makes it taste nice. *Zut alors!*
I have missed one! Shh...

62 Lightly, slowly at first (ca. ♩ = 60)

63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86

Sa - cré bleu, what is this? How on earth could I miss such a
sweet lit tle suc - cu - lent crab? Quel dom -
mage, what a loss. You be - long in the sauce, with some
flour, I think, just a dab. Then I'll
stuff you with bread. It won't hurt... you'll be dead! And you'll
sure - ly be luck - y you are! 'Cause it's

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