

15

*p*

To - night my din-ner will con - tain a tu - ber, to-night my din-ner will con

20

*pp*

tain a kum' - ra. As I set my o - ven dial to "Bake", my deep-ly trou-bled soul be-gins to

24

*p*

ache. As I chop the pars-nip and the car - rot, I pour my-self a gen'rous glass of

28

cla - ret. My chic-ken stock, it weights two hun-dred grams be - fore I driz-zle it u-pon the

32

yams. Mes - dames, mes - sieurs, raise a toast to my tra - gic Sun - day roast!

37

Of the fla - vours I shall boast in my tra - gic Sun - day roast, in my tra - gic Sun - day

42 (A tempo)

roast. My cu - li - na - ry skills will make a

47

splash, I pon - der as I squash and turn the mash. I lay it on a bed of mince and