

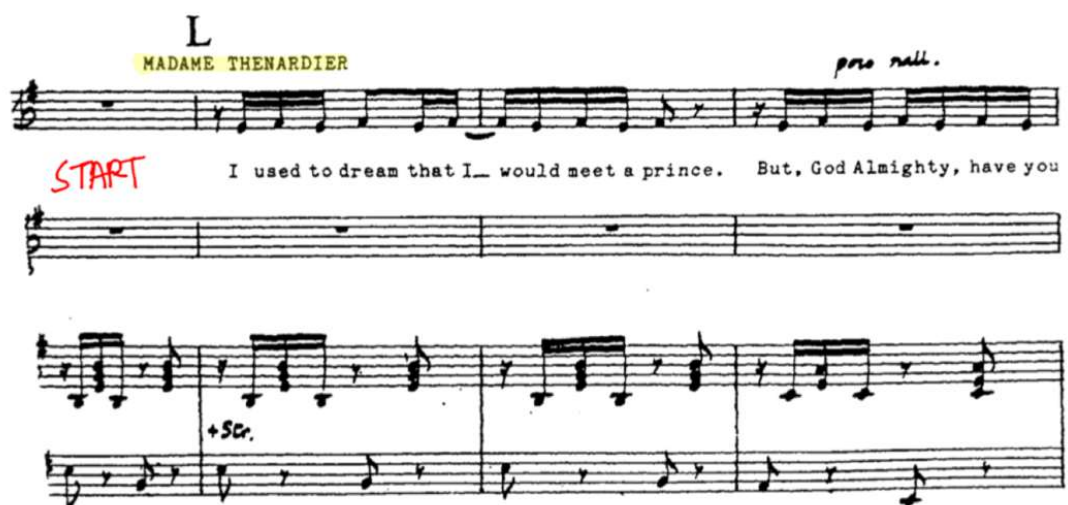
THE INNKEEPER'S SONG

2

L
MADAME THENARDIER *poco rall.*

START I used to dream that I_ would meet a prince. But, God Almighty, have you

+Scr.



MT *A tempo* **M**

seen what's happened since? — 'Master of the house'? Isn't worth my spit.

+ Flt, Clf.

+ Or.

MT 'Comforter, philosopher' and lifelong shit! Cunning little brain, Regular Voltaire,

MT Thinks he's quite a lover but there's not much there. What a cruel trick of na-

MT - - ture Landed me with such a louse. — God knows how I've lasted li -

Tempo primo N

MT - - ving with this bastard in the house.

Th

Master of the house,

Master of the house,

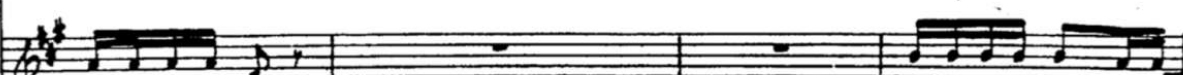
Master and a half! Don't make me laugh!

Comforter, philosopher... Servant to the poor,

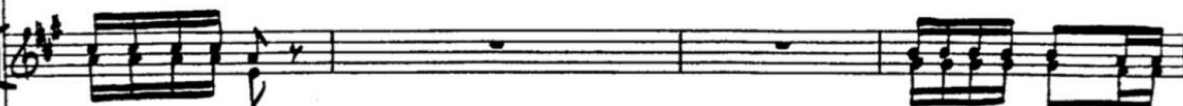
Comforter, philosopher... Servant to the poor,

MT 

Hypocrite and toady and in - eb - ri - ate.

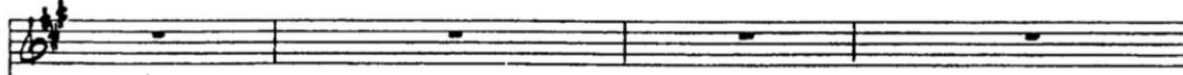
Th 

Butler to the great, Everybody bless the land-



Butler to the great, Everybody bless the land-



MT 

Th 

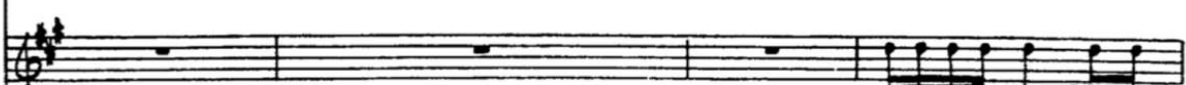
- - lord, Everybody bless his spouse, — Everybody raise a glass



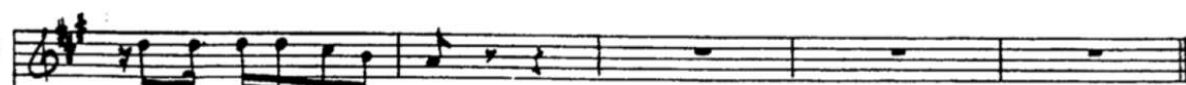
- - lord, Everybody bless his spouse, —

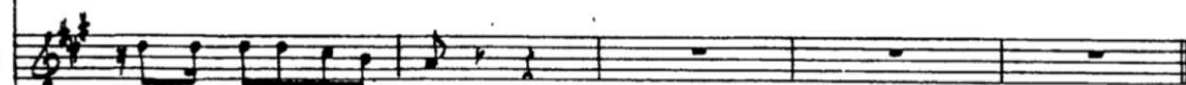


MT 
Raise it up the master's arse! Everybody raise a glass

Th 
Everybody raise a glass


Everybody raise a glass

MT 
to the master of the house!

Th 
to the master of the house!


to the master of the house!