

No. 4. Truffle Song.

Valse moderato.

KONIG.

PIANO.

Such dish by man not oft is seen As that which
 With - in the pies soft ten der breast It lay, by

once I tas - ted 'Twas served at sup - per by the queen All
 crust sur - round ed Just like a bird - ling in its nest. Ah

nice - ly browned and past - - ed I taste it yet that lit - tle
 what de - light un - bound - - ed It peeped out dark with melt - ing

thing That sweet dish of which now I sing. Beau - ti - ful is its
 grace But when torn swift from out its place, Oh then a won - drous

fra - grant smell No words its sweet - ness e'er can tell.
smell a - rose Which haunts my dreams when I re - pose.

Beau - ti - ful is its fra - grant smell, I love it oh so
Oh then a wor - drous smell a - rose, And still it haunts my

ve - ry well, ah The truf - fle the truf - fle Ah the
roy - al nose, ah The truf - fle the truf - fle Ah the *ppoo rit.*

truf - fle - is the dish for me, The truf - fle The truf - fle
a tempo truf - fle is the dish for me The truf - fle The truf - fle

Ah no fin - er dish can be.
Ah no fin - er dish can be.