



105 ma-gine a woods with a cot-tage, And in-side that cot-tage we find: A

107 dwarf called Zeek - A car-ni-val\_ freak who can fold pa-per hats\_ with his mind. And he says

K

109 Don't let them steal your hor-ses. Don't let them take them a-way. If you

111 **Poco rall.** find your way through They'll be wait-ing for you, sing-ing **Eric: She's mad.** Ah  
Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... (molto ad lib)

L

Colla Voce

113 ha! And there, just like I said, the 114 stin-ky mag-got rears his head.

Kick line tempo (swung)

115 E-ven the squit-ti-est, pi-te-ous mess can har-bour seeds of 116 stin-ki-ness. Have you


117 e-ver seen a-ny-thing more re-pel-lant? Have you 118 e-ver smelt a-ny-thing worse than that Smell Of Re-

## #18 – The Smell Of Rebellion






**M** **Take it home!**



bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of in -



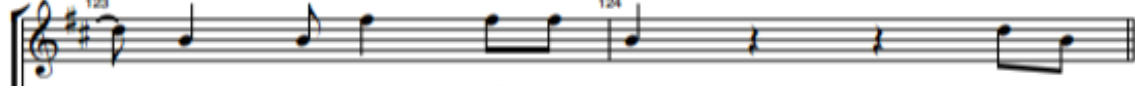
Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,




- - - sub - or - di - na - tion, a whiff of re - sis -



If you're mis - chief - ing, she'll sniff you out, with - out a doubt she's a snout in a mil - li - on.



tance, the pong of dis - sent... And I



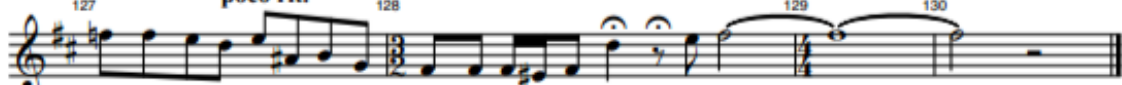
Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,

**N** *straighter*



will not stop 'til you are squashed, 'til this re - bel - li - on is quashed. 'Til

*poco rit.* **Tempo**



glo - rious swea - ty dis - ci - pline has washed this sic - ken - ing stench a - way!

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