

TOBY

Piano/Vocal

ILLYRIA

6

Cakes and Ale

Direct *segué*

(Toby, Andrew, Feste, Maria)

Music & Lyrics
by PETER MILLS

Toby

Some go ear-ly to bed, like my sis-ter's daugh-ter. Some are hap-pi-ly fed

mf

T

just on bread and wa-ter. I have fi-gured a way life can be much ri-cher, the

ANDREW: I do indeed get the picture, Sir Toby.
TOBY: Of ale. ANDREW: Oh.

T

sec-ret of which I will con-vey, if you get the pit-cher.

Slowly

T

First, you take a ti-ny swig of ale, your thirst to

mp

TOBY

P/V

Cakes and Ale / 2

ILLYRIA

26
T 8
slake, but then the taste is stale. So now, to make it bet-ter, have some

32
T 8
cake. Bid the bit-ter-ness— good-bye. But now your mouth is dry! So first you

A bit faster

slow arp. *mf*

38
T 8
take a ti-ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but then the taste is stale. So

44
T 8
now, to make it bet-ter, have some cake. Bid the bit-ter-ness— good-bye.

TOBY

Cakes and Ale / 3

ILLYRIA

P/V

50
T 8
Cakes and ale! Let the mo-ral-y min - ded

50
mf

56
T 8
rant and rail. All their hol-ler-ing is to no a - vail, for I for

56

62
T 8
one won't fail to get my cakes and ale.

62

68
T 8
First, you take a ti - ny swig of ale, your thirst to slake, but

68
A 8
ANDREW First, you take your thirst to slake

68
F 8
FESTE a swig of ale

68