

Trenchball

105 ma-gine a woods with a cot-tage, 106 And in-side that cot-tage we find: A

107 dwarf called Zeek - 108 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. 110 Don't let them take them a - way. If you

**Poco rall.** 111 find your way through They'll be wait-ing for you, sing-ing **Eric: She's mad.** 112 Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... Ah (molto ad lib)

START \*

**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 squat-ti - est, pi - te - ous mess can 116 har - bour seeds of stin - ki - ness. Have you

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

**M** Take it home!

119  
 bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, 120 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,

121  
 - - - sub - or - di - na - tion, a whiff of re - sis -

122  
 If you're mis - chief - ing, she'll sniff you out, with - out a doubt she's a snout in a mil - li - on.

123  
 tance, the pong of dis - sent... 124 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*

125  
 will not stop 'til you are squashed, 'til this re - bel - li - on is quashed. 'Til 126

127 *poco rit.* 128 *Tempo* 129 130  
 glo - rious swea - ty dis - ci - pline has washed this sic - ken - ing stench a - way!

\*  
STOP