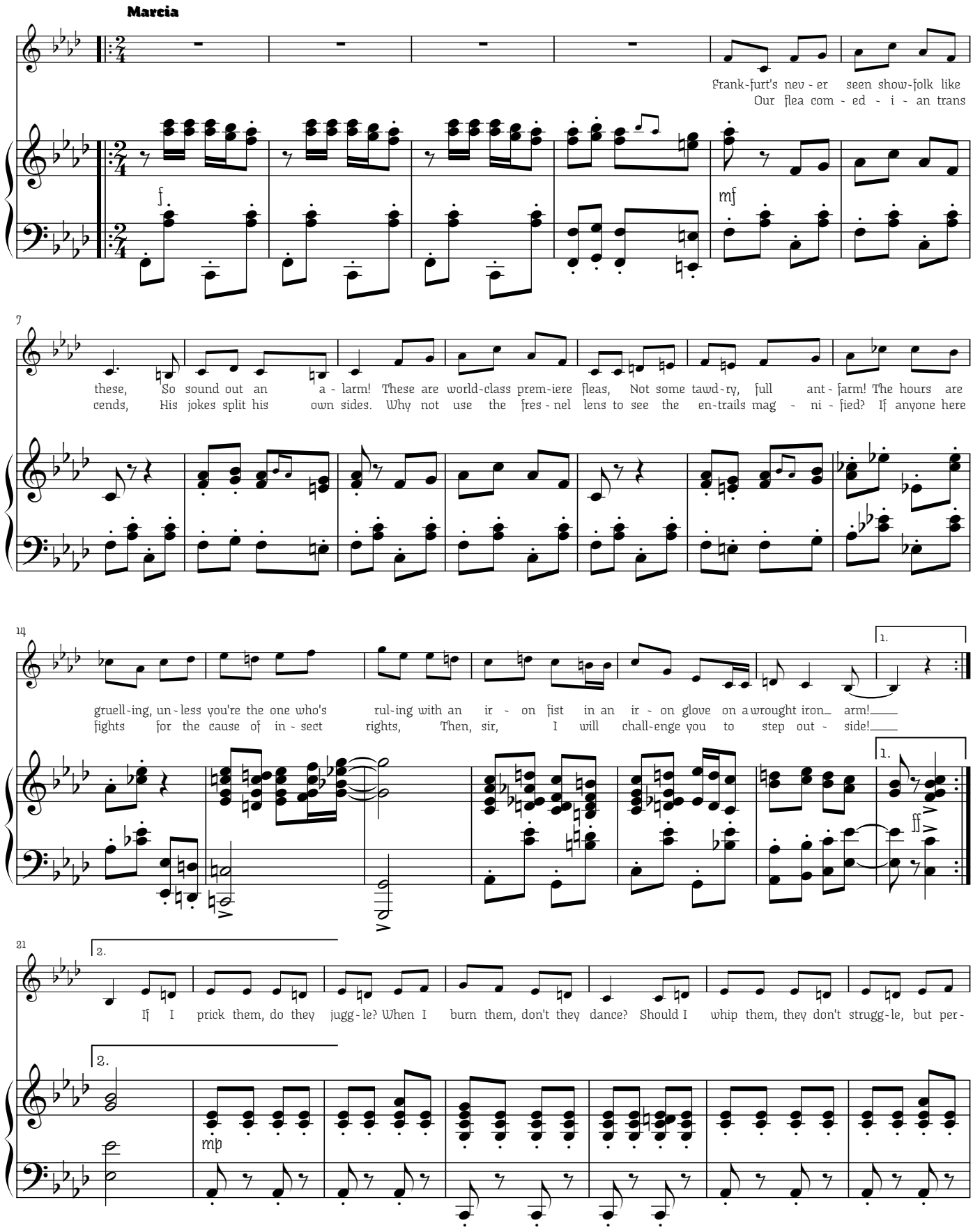
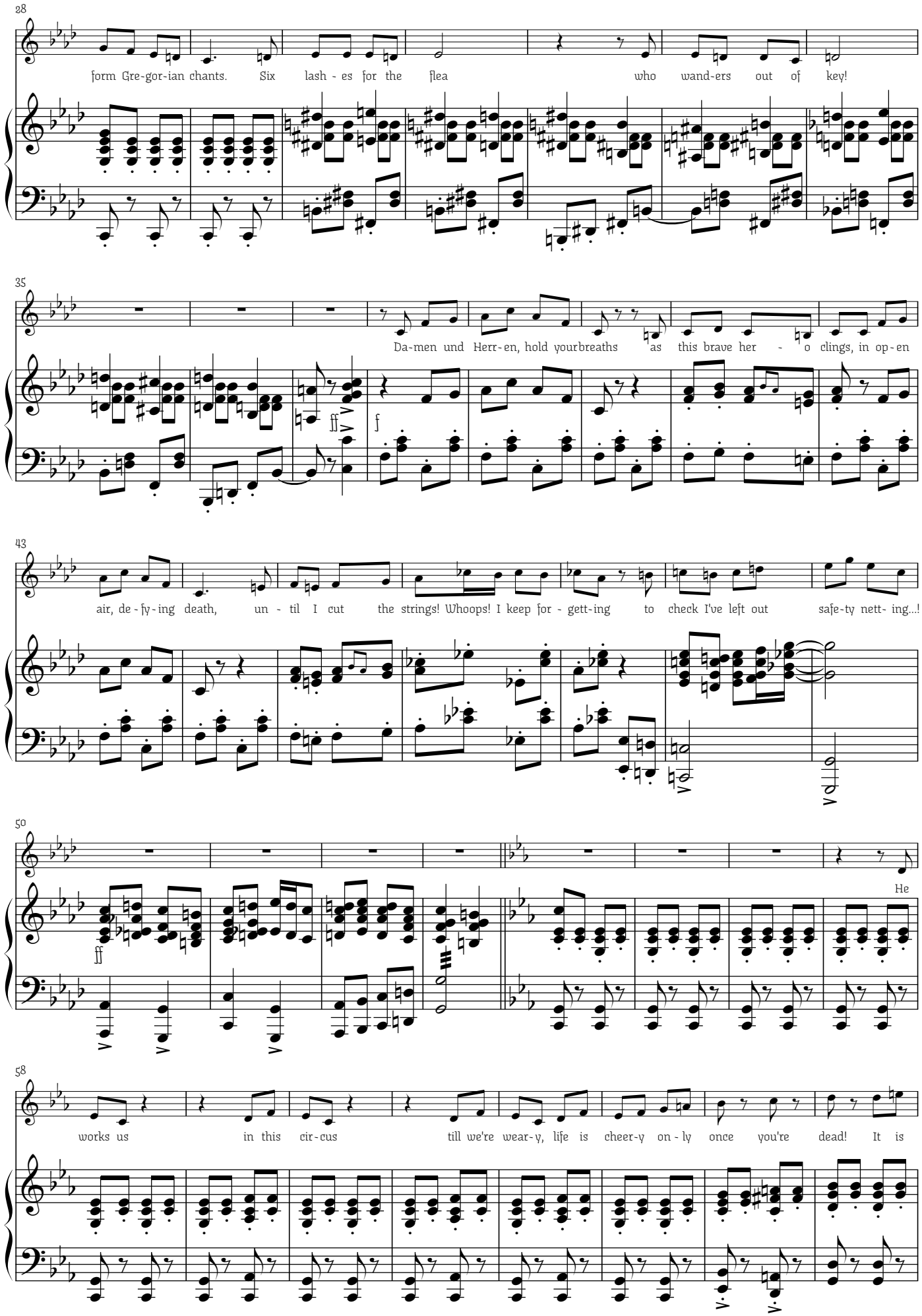
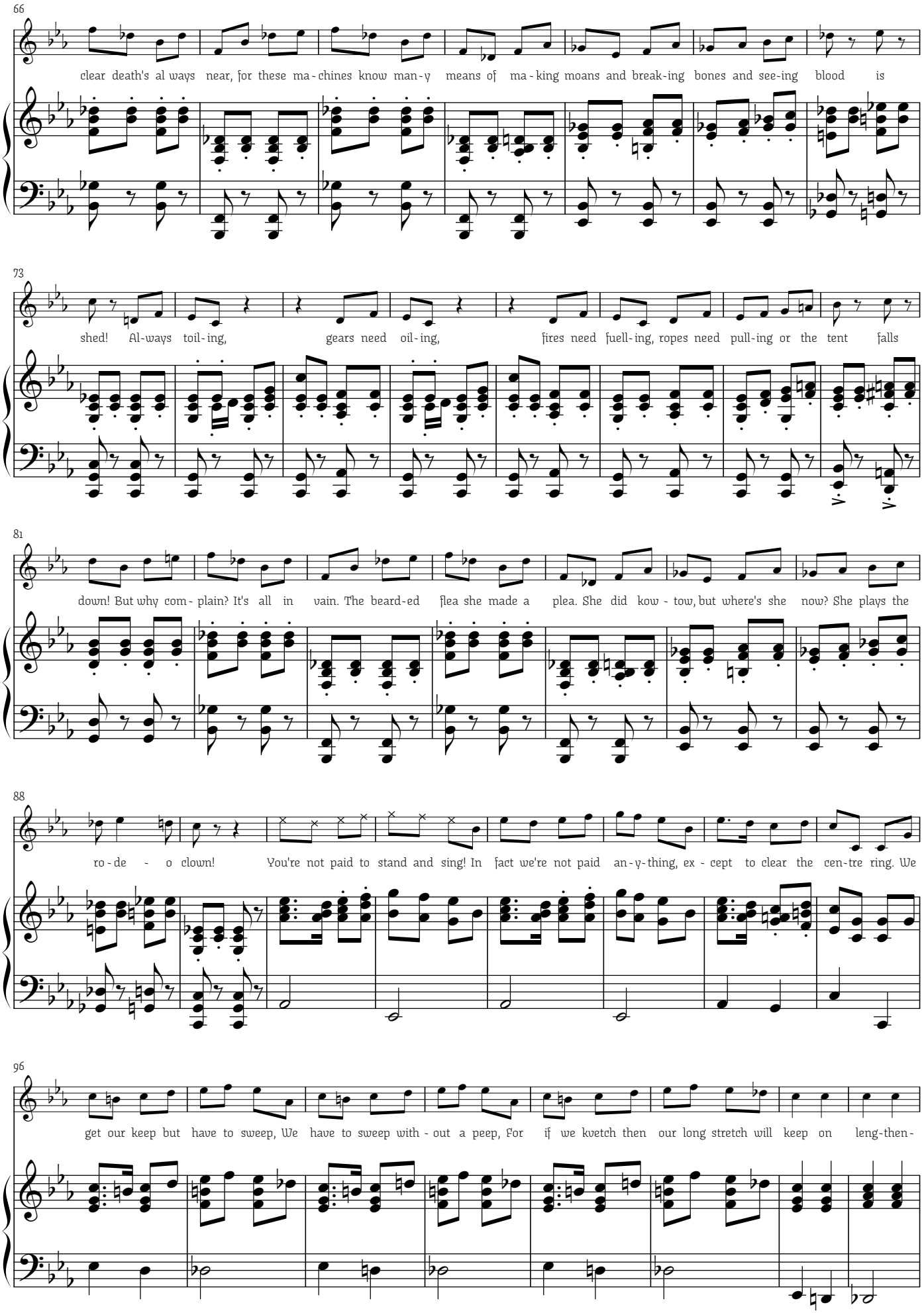
The Flea Circus

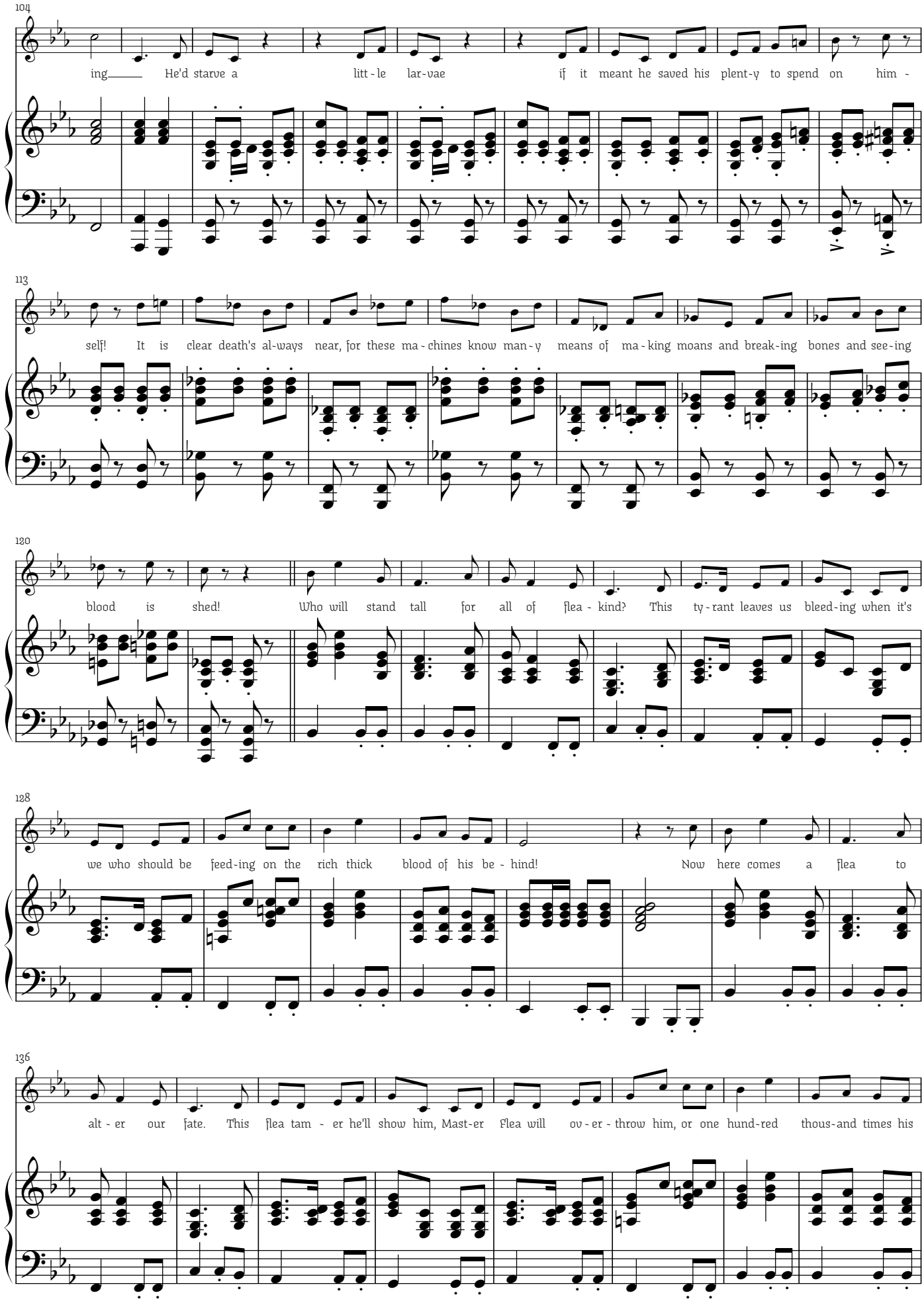
Words by Reggie Chamberlain-King

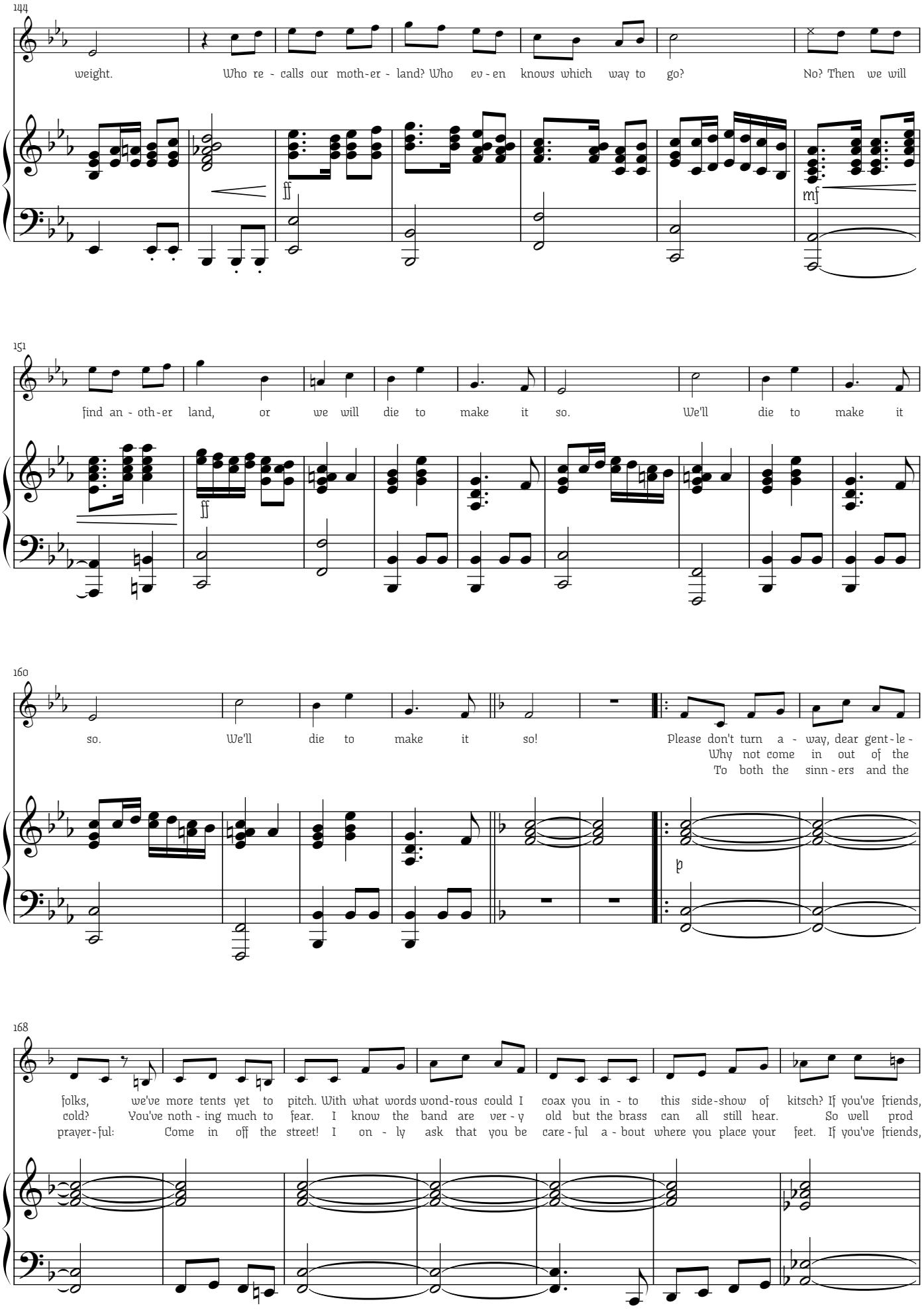
Music by Martin White

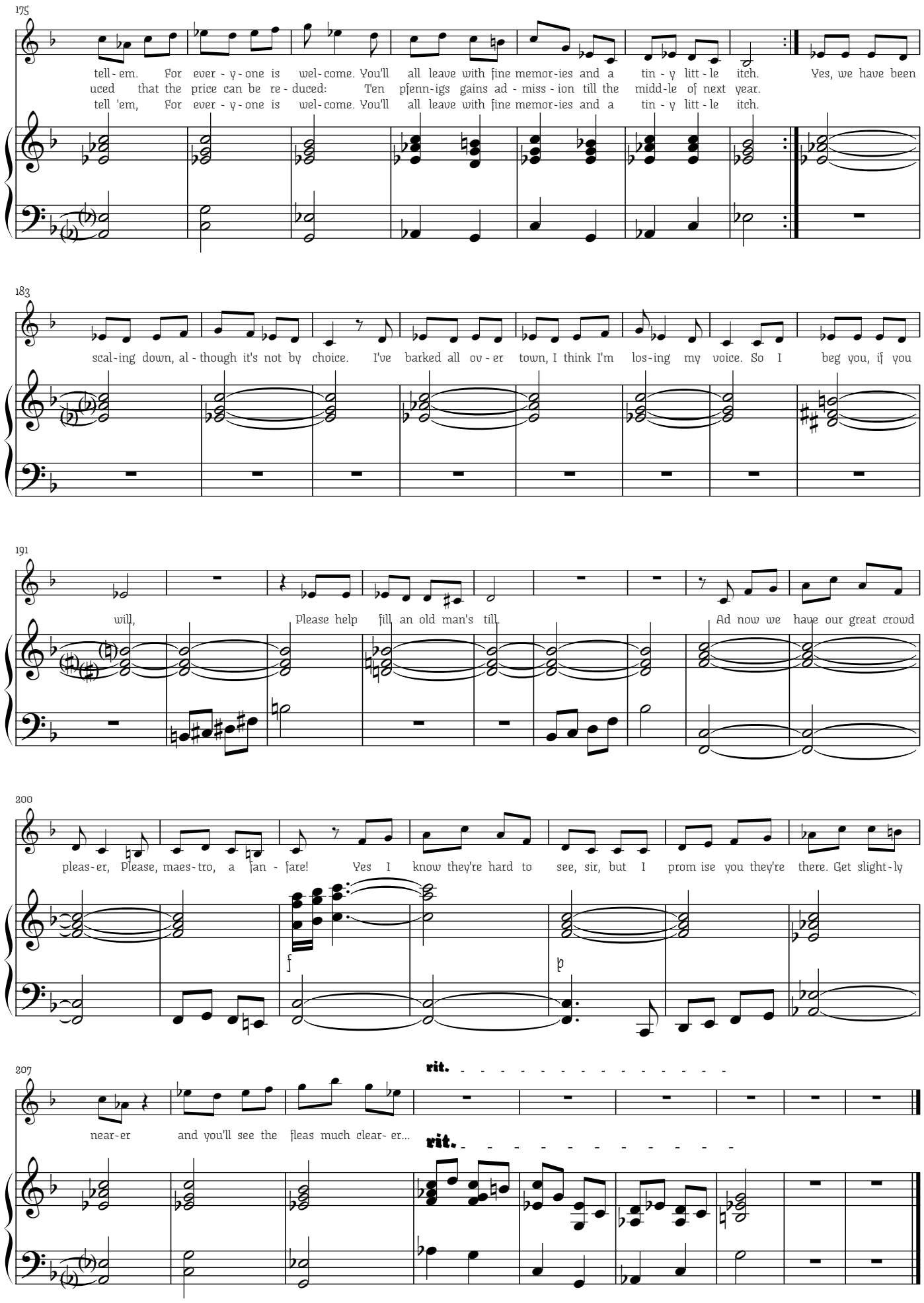



28
form Gre-gor-ian chants. Six lash - es for the flea who wand-ers out of key!
35
Da-men und Herr-en, hold yourbreaths as this brave her - o clings, in op-en
43
air, de-fy-ing death, un - til I cut the strings! Whoops! I keep for - gett-ing to check I've left out safe-ty nett- ing...!
50
He
58
works us in this cir-cus till we're wear-y, life is cheer-y on - ly once you're dead! It is


66
clear death's al ways near, for these ma - chines know man - y means of ma - king moans and break - ing bones and see - ing blood is
73
shed! Al - ways toil - ing, gears need oil - ing, fires need fuell - ing, ropes need pull - ing or the tent falls
81
down! But why com - plain? It's all in vain. The beard - ed flea she made a plea. She did kow - tow, but where's she now? She plays the
88
ro - de - o clown! You're not paid to stand and sing! In fact we're not paid an - y - thing, ex - cept to clear the cen - tre ring. We
96
get our keep but have to sweep, We have to sweep with - out a peep, For if we kvetch then our long stretch will keep on leng - then -


104
ing He'd starve a litt-le lar-vae if it meant he saved his plent-y to spend on him -
113
self! It is clear death's al-ways near, for these ma-chines know man-y means of ma-king moans and break-ing bones and see-ing
120
blood is shed! Who will stand tall for all of flea-kind? This ty-rant leaves us bleed-ing when it's
128
we who should be feed-ing on the rich thick blood of his be-hind! Now here comes a flea to
136
alt-er our fate. This flea tam-er he'll show him, Mast-er Flea will ov-er-throw him, or one hund-red thous-and times his


144
weight. Who re - calls our moth-er - land? Who ev - en knows which way to go? No? Then we will
ff
mf
151
find an - oth-er land, or we will die to make it so. We'll die to make it
ff
160
so. We'll die to make it so! Please don't turn a - way, dear gent-le -
Why not come in out of the
To both the sinn - ers and the
p
168
folks, we've more tents yet to pitch. With what words wond-rous could I coax you in - to this side-show of kitsch? If you've friends,
cold? You've noth - ing much to fear. I know the band are ver - y old but the brass can all still hear. So well prod
prayer-ful: Come in off the street! I on - ly ask that you be care-ful a - bout where you place your feet. If you've friends,


175
tell - em. For ever - y - one is wel - come. You'll all leave with fine memor - ies and a tin - y litt - le itch. Yes, we have been
uced that the price can be re - duced: Ten pfenn - igs gains ad - miss - ion till the midd - le of next year.
tell 'em, For ever - y - one is wel - come. You'll all leave with fine memor - ies and a tin - y litt - le itch.
183
scal - ing down, al - though it's not by choice. I've barked all ov - er town, I think I'm los - ing my voice. So I beg you, if you
191
will, Please help fill an old man's till. Ad now we have our great crowd
200
pleas - er, Please, maes - tro, a fan - fare! Yes I know they're hard to see, sir, but I prom ise you they're there. Get slight - ly
f
p
207
near - er and you'll see the fleas much clear - er...
rit.
rit.