

**B** *Slightly quicker*

51 On these walls I hang won-der-ful pic-tures, 52 Through this win-dow I can watch the sea-sons 53 54

55 change, By this lamp, I can read 56 and I, I am set free. 57 58

59 And when it's cold out-side I feel no fear, 60 E-ven in the win-ter 61 62

63 storms I am warmed 64 by a small but stub-born fire, 65 And 66

67 there is no-where I would ra-ther be. 68 69 70

71 It is-n't much, but it is e-nough 72 for me. 73 For this is 74 75

**C**

76 my house. 77 This is my house. 78 79

80 It is-n't much, but it is e-nough for me. 81 This is 82 83

84 my house. 85 This is my house. 86 87

#20 - My House



## MATILDA

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**poco rall.** . . . . .

It is - n't much, but it is\_\_ e - nough... Escapologist

Don't

**D** **A tempo**

And when it's cold and bleak\_\_ I feel no fear, E - ven\_ in the fier - cest

cry, please don't cry, I am here, lit-tle girl.

storms I am warmed by this small but stub-born fire,\_\_

Please don't cry, Let me wipe\_\_ a - way your tears. For

**E**

E - ven when out - side\_\_ it's free-zing I don't pay much heed. (I know that)

-give me, I did - n't mean to de - sert you, I know that I

ev - 'ry - thing I need\_\_ is in here.

hurt you...

## #20 - My House