

SM 2866

I LOVE A PIANO

by IRVING BERLIN

Allegro moderato

As a
When a

Till ready

f *fz* *p* *p*

child, I went wild, when a band played; How I ran to the man, when his hand swayed. Clar-i - nets were my pets, and a green Te-tra-zine starts to war - ble, I grow cold as an old piece of mar - ble; I al - lude to the crudel it - tle

slide trombone I thought was sim - ply di - vine. — But to - day, when they play, I could hiss them; Ev - ry bar is a jar to my par - ty sing - er, who don't know when to pause. — At her best I de - test the so - pran - o, But I run to the one at the

sys - tem; But there's one mu - si - cal in - strument, that I call mine. — pian - o, I al - ways love the ac - comp - ni - ment and that's be - cause: —

CHORUS

I love a pian - o, — I love a pian - o, — I love to hear some - bod - y play — up - on a pian - o, — A grand pi -

p-f

an-o, — Itsimp-ly carries me a - way. I know a fine way to treat a Stein-way, I love to

run my fin-gers o'er the keys, the i - vor - ies, — And with the ped-al — I love to med-dle. — When Pa-da-

rew-ski comes this way, — Im so de - light - ed, — If Im in - vi - ted — To hear that long haired genius

play. — So you can keep your fid-dle and your bow, Give me a P - I - A - N - O, oh, oh, I love to

stop right — be-side an Up-right, Or a hightoned Ba-by Grand. I love a Grand. —

1. 2.

D. S.