

Irving Berlin

"The Piccolino"

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By the Adriatic waters
Venetian sons and daughters
Are strumming a new tune upon their guitars

It was written by a Latin
A gondolier who sat in
His home out in Brooklyn and gazed at the stars

He sent his melody
Across the sea
To Italy
And we know
They wrote some words to fit
That catchy bit
And christened it
The Piccolino

And we know that it's the reason
Why everyone this season
Is strumming and humming a new melody

Come to the casino
And hear them play the Piccolino
Dance with your bambino
To the strains of the catchy Piccolino
Drink your glass of vino
And when you've had your plate of scalopino
Make them play the Piccolino
The catchy Piccolino
And dance to the strains of that new melody
The Piccolino

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