

## Irving Berlin

### "Try It On Your Piano 7 Jul 1910"

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1st verse:]

Benjamin Manner played a grand piano  
And he cert'nly played it fine  
Played the piano all the time  
Like a reg'lar Rubinstein  
Sunday he called around to see Miss Lucy Brown  
And said "My darling pet  
I have found a new way to make love  
That hasn't been discovered yet  
Won't you let me show you how?"  
But Miss Lucy cried "not now":

[chorus:]

Try it on your piano grand  
I don't care to understand  
B or I flat, C or Y flat  
Try it hon' but not in my flat  
While I don't doubt that what you say is true  
I'm not taking chances with some love that's new  
So Mister Manner, try it on your piano  
But you can't try it on me

[2nd verse:]

Benjamin Manner sold his grand piano  
And became a doctor fair  
One who cures your pain and care  
He was known most ev'rywhere  
Lucy took sick one day, he called around to say  
"I've brought with me a pill  
It's a new discovery of my own  
That surely ought to cure or kill  
It has never yet been tried"  
But Miss Lucy loudly cried:

[2nd chorus:]

Try it on your piano grand  
I don't care to understand  
B or I flat  
C or Y flat  
Try it hon' but not in my flat  
Give me Peruna for my ev'ry pain

For he who takes that will live to take again  
So try your brand up on a baby grand  
Because you can't try it on me

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