

## Berlin Irving

### "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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