

Since Kate Learnt How To Play - song lyrics

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Since Kate Learnt How to Play.
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Words and Music by B. H. Janssen.

Kate Reilly was a right smart girl, as bright as she could be.
With sweet and lovely handsome face, such as you seldom see;
She spoke the language of each clime, she studied night and day.
Her education was complete, but Katie couldn't play.
Old Reilly did not have a rest, he could not sleep or eat,
"An upright piano!" was the cry, whenever Kate he'd meet;
An instrument at last he bought, he sent it home one day.
The family are all dead or mad, since Kate learnt how to play.

Chorus.
La la la la la la la, up and down the scale,
La la la la la la la. like an infant's wail;
"Fishermayden, " ' Erminie, " they're all played in one way,
There's not a tenant in the house since Kate learnt how to play.

She has her own peculiar style, she plays from morn till night.
At times she'll let her left hand rest and play both with her right;
Both pedals she will always use, she says, "to force the tone."
She has a little fancy waltz which she plays with them alone.
She plays a song just like a march, an opera like a dance.
And sings about some fishermayden whene'er she gets ; chance;
No soul now lives within a block, they all have moved away,
The horse-cars take Another street since Kate learnt how to play.- Chorus.

She buys her music by the load, she's everything that's out,
And if perchance you " do meet Kate, of Wagner she will spout;
She's worn down all the ivory with "classics, " so she says,
"Boulanger's March." the "Maiden's Prayer," for weeks and weeks she plays.
She drums on each and everything, on table, sofa, chair.
And talks of flats and sharps and rests, and always hums some air;
No policeman now will take that beat, no fool will pass that way.
The sun has not shone down that Street since Kate learnt to play.-Chorus