

## 'GRAND'

Pamela Jean, Piano Queen,  
Her keyboard antics could cause a scene.

Precision timing can't be beat,  
Rhythm makes you move your feet.

Console, grand, upright, spinet,  
Just so blacks and whites are in it.

Making arrangements as she goes,  
No time to notate, just compose.

Classic, modern, ballad, jazz,  
The keys to all I think she has.

Span and octave, perfect match,  
Look quickly now a glimpse to catch.

Faster, faster, then two-two,  
Back and forth her fingers flew.

Eighty-eight keys at her command,  
I'd swear she's using her third hand.

You won't believe what you just heard,  
Major, minor, Picardy third.

Accompaniment that strongly beckons,  
Five-note chords in thirty/seconds.

Quick, clean tones in clear staccatos,  
Silky smooth, WOW, nice legatos!

Flipping pages keep her cool,  
Stand and stare, she's on a roll.

A B C D E F G,  
Scaling clefs too fast to see.

Playing soft her Forte? Not!  
Skillful volume's what she's got.

Metronomes are so old fashioned,  
She plays so fast it all just happened.

Accidentals don't disturb her,  
But needless holds just might perturb her.

To encounter a fermata,  
Requires patience, yes, a lota.

Sixteenths, eighths, quarters, halves,  
Lines and spaces, bars and staves.

Notes and flags there are no rests,  
Try her out she'll pass all tests.

When she plays for fame or medal,  
She always gets herself in treble.

Concerts worth a half a Mill,  
All attendees get a trill.

Singing strings you won't forget,  
A coda means we're not done yet.

Style sublime and great technique,  
Strong enough to play all week.

Nimble fingers, sweeping scales,  
See for yourself, these aren't just tales.

Music with and without measure,  
Sounds your ears can't help but treasure.

Warming hearts and moving souls,  
From the bench is where she rules.

The musical marriage of our land,  
Instrument and talent...GRAND!

George Wertman (1991)

My wife Pamela Jean, plays her Steinway  
Grand Piano lavishly with amazing skill.