

Beethoven's Piano

I am the instrument through which Beethoven
Expresses himself, beautiful music,
Which he cannot hear well.
Playing all day, it makes me tired,
I am afraid I will make a mistake,
Creak and groan out of tune.
I do my best, I don't want to be replaced,
I am happy here, for I enjoy being played,
By the best musician in this town.
I live through the music,
Seeing the world in it.
And I know my master loves me,
I know how he feels, and I support him,
For I am his voice,
Through his dark days,
When he plays music as black as the night.