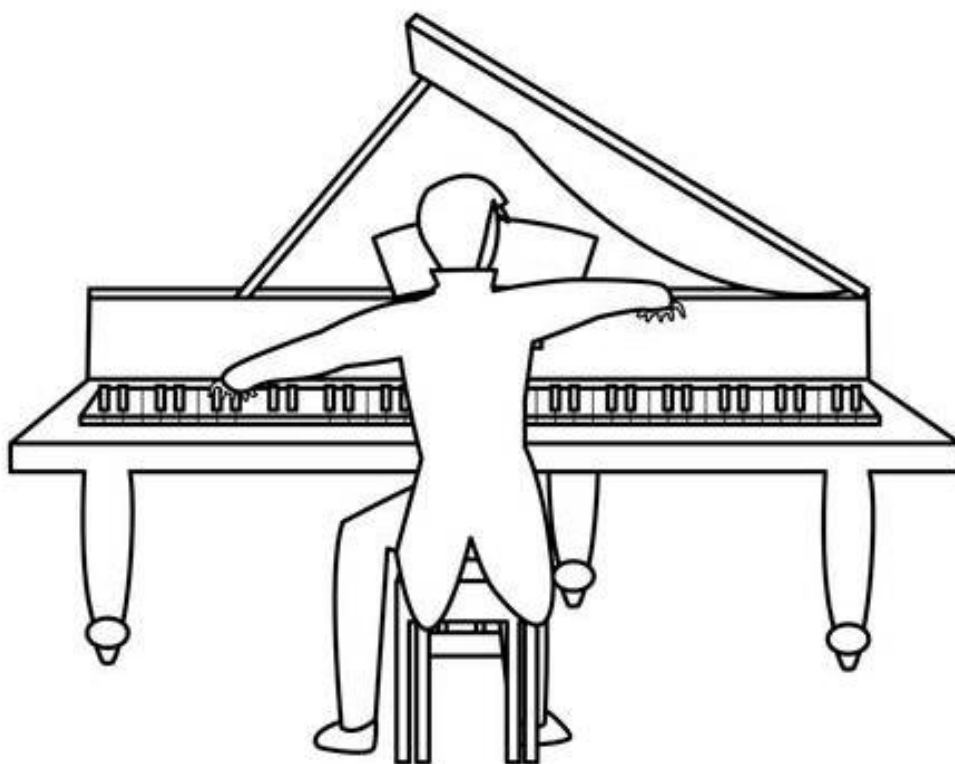


Polish Paderewski the Piano Player



Royal College of Music Museum
Museum Poem

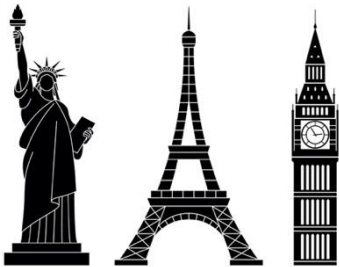
(Paderewski = pad-er-ef-ski)

Polish Paderewski had luscious copper locks
On top, his hair looked like the bushy tail of a fox
Around his shoulders soft and lovely bright red curls did fall
A handsome chap! Said all his friends. And also rather tall...



He took up piano as a child and studied it like crazy
You certainly could not have called young Paderewski lazy
A few years on he grew to be a piano virtuoso
(That means he just liked showing off, in case you didn't know so).

When he performed, his fingers danced and raced across the keys
Every note he played he seemed to carry off with ease
Soon word had spread around the world of Paderewski's fame
His charming smile and ginger hair were setting hearts aflame



So off he sailed to Paris, London and United States
Everybody loved him, he played lots of concert dates
A huge celebrity! said fans. *What a fab career!*
But Polish Paderewski had another great idea...

*I really care for Poland and I'm making it my mission
To fight for Polish Independence as a politician*
He joined the cause and, being what some people call 'a finisher',
It did not take too long before Poles made him their Prime Minister!



Some could say his rising up from nobody to star
To having his own government as being quite bizarre!
But Polish Paderewski was a man of noble passion
(And for a time his bright red locks were really quite the fashion).