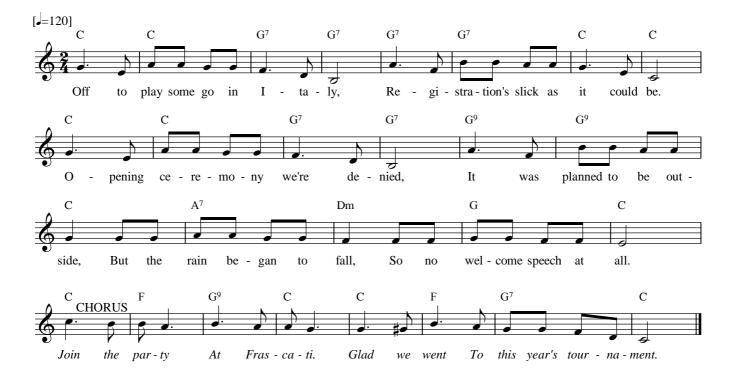
To my good friend Gionata Soletti

"Marianina", Traditional Italian melody



Off to play some go in Italy, Registration's slick as it could be. Opening ceremony we're denied, It was planned to be outside, But the rain began to fall, So no welcome speech at all. Join the party At Frascati. Glad we went To this year's tournament.

Off we go to see the Vatican,
Shown round by a young Italian man.
Sistine Chapel he describes at length,
All his chatter saps our strength,
Half an hour of his babble,
Just ten minutes in the chapel.
Join the party
At Frascati.
Glad we went
To this year's tournament.

If you want to be quite late in Rome, You may find it hard to get back home. Half past nine you'll find the concert starts, Ten to ten last train departs, And the taxis are expensive, And the service not extensive. Join the party At Frascati. Glad we went

To this year's tournament.

If you want to go by autobus, You may have a most tremendous fuss. There's no tickets in the *tabacchi*, They'll soon close till half past three, "Please come back this afternoon, There'll be tickets here quite soon." *Join the party* At Frascati.

Glad we went To this year's tournament.

Many Smart Cars on the road we see, Why so popular in Italy?
"Small is beautiful," is what they say. Can your car affect your play, If I take one to my heart, Will my play become more smart?

Join the party
At Frascati.
Glad we went
To this year's tournament.

Soon we say goodbye to Frascati,
Maybe lost a game or two, or three,
Maybe four, five, six, seven, eight, or nine,
Still a splendid place to dine,
And to drink a lot of wine,
So our holiday went fine.
Join the party
At Frascati.
Glad we went
To this year's tournament.