

TO MY OLD FIDDLE.


WORDS BY
E. WAUGH.

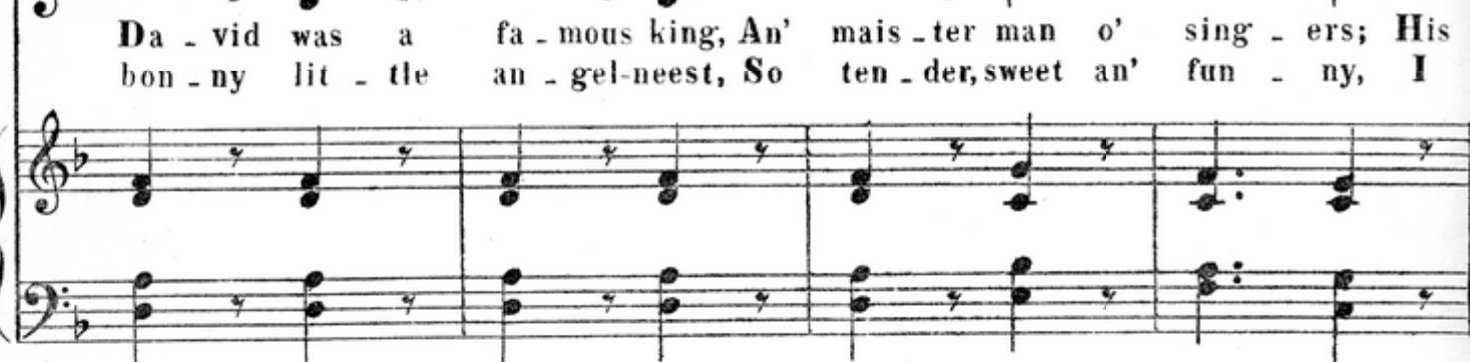
MUSIC BY
C. E. ROWLEY.

VOICE. 

1. Oh,
2. My

PIANO. 


Da - vid was a fa - mous king, An' mais - ter man o' sing - ers; His
bon - ny lit - tle an - gel-neest, So ten - der, sweet an' fun - ny, I




fid - dle was a witch - ing thing When touch'd by Da - vid's fin - gers; But
would - n't swap my mu - sic - kist To own a mint o' mo - ney. I



Da - vid nev - er stirr'd a string To mel - o - dy as fine, oh, And
some-times think it's grade-ly wick; There's sing - in' brids in - side on't; An'

Da - vid's fid - dle could-nt sing Like this owd brid o' mine, oh!
not a string but's swarm-in' thick Wi' lit - tle elves a - - stride on't!

3.

For it can sob, an' moan, an' sigh,
An' it can pout an' whimper;
An' it can coax an' wheedle siy,
An' it can lisp and simper:
An' it can laugh, an' crow, an' shout,
An' it can wail so keen, oh,
Folk cannot see their gate about
For th' wayter i' their e'en, oh!

4.

Th' wood were groon i' fairy-lond
That th' bits o' pegs were made on;
An' every nook on't thrills wi' life
The minute that it's played on:
For th' younger end o' fairy-folk,
They're dancin' upo' th' bridge on't;
They're caperin' upo' th' fiddle-bow,
An' ridin' upo' th' ridge on't!

5.

As I go tweedlin' up an' down
I meet wi' welcome free, oh.
There's never a mon that comes to town
They're haue as fain to see, oh:
For th' childer bring'n me butter cakes,
To tickle up my timber;
An' fuddlers bring'n me gills of ale,
To make my elbow limber.

6.

My darlin' little singin' brid,
We'n both grown owd together;
An' we'n bin kind an' faithful friends,
Through dark an' sunny weather:
An' though nought else should make a moan
The day that I shall dee, oh,
If they'n let this little brid alone
It'll sing a hymn for me, oh!