

The Old Fiddler

Bill Monroe

Let me tell you a tale about a spry old man
Guess he's as old as the hills
He's the favorite fiddler for miles and miles around
And plays for all the good quadrilles

Every Saturday night all the folks stop in and tune
The whole town is ready to go
While the fellers chose their partners and the caller taps the
jug
And the old man puts the rosen to the bow

You could hear Uncle Ben yellin' do-si-do
Swing that gal in the calico