

Interactive #1 – ACDA Online

“The Song of the Old Fiddler”

It’s a long road over the mountain
And my shoes are fallen to bits,
And I hear folk saying my singing
Has gone the way of my wits

For now I am crooked and withered
That once was as straight as a lath,
A coughing drowsy old fellow
That creeps like a snail on the path.

And the lads and the colleens go by me
With ‘Look at that crazy old soul!’
There’s few of them now will be minding
My share of the fire and the bowl.

But the stars and the winds and the waters
And the little grey stones on the way
Come crowding and jostling each other
When my cracked old fiddle I play.

And the saints on their benches in heaven,
Sitting over God’s hearth in a ring,
Are all nodding their heads to the rhythm
Of the merry old songs I sing.

And there’s nowhere in Donegal county
A prouder old sinner than I,
‘Tis the Lord will be fetching my fiddle
To heaven with me when I die.⁸