

Fiddle and Bow

Bruce Guthro



Oh, my name is Will-iam Mac Da-nel I have come a-cross the sea I am no hand-some man of wealth nor
So with fid-dle strapped u-pon my back I set out to see new land I have lived a while in ro-vin' life -,



do I plan to be But I've a treas-ure fit for kings and beg-gars all the same
played to meek and grand. And to all, I play with all I have. I could not help be-lieve,



She comes with me where - 'er I go. Some - times she calls my name My
When I'd draw the bow - a - cross the strings, this is how I'd set them free.



fa-ther worked his life a-way dig-gin' for the coal. To the cent-ral low-lands eve-ry day with

Instrumental Interlude to Chorus - - -



sho-vel he would go, And he left for me the on-ly thing he felt he had 'twas fine.



It's my pride and joy It's yours now, boy, with a note he left be-hind: No

Chorus



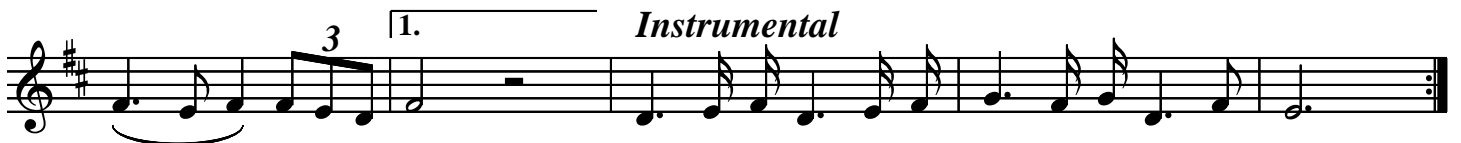
ap-ple falls far from a tree Now I pass this fid-dle down to thee Hold it near your heart and soul



Let your pass - ions guide your goal And when the mus - ic sweet doth play Oh



now I'll be not far a - way Though my bod - y lies down with the cold My spir - it lies for you to



hold Fiddle and bow



instrumental interlude

