

Bill Monroe

"The Old Fiddler"

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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

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