

Fiddler of Dooney

Music by Danny Schwarzze, Lyrics by W.B. Yeats
Recorded by The Northerly Gales

When I play my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet
My brother in Mocharbuie
I met my brother and cousin
They read in their books of prayer
I read in my book of songs
That I bought at the Sligo fair

For the good are always the merry
Save by an evil chance
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance
Yes the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance

And when we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state
He'll smile on the three old spirits
But call me first through the gate
And when the folk there spy me
They'll all come up to me
With here is the Fiddler of Dooney
And dance like a wave of the sea

For the good are always the merry
Save by an evil chance
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance
Yes the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance

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