

The Bereaved Fiddler

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Guitar

His fid-dl ling once swung like the
roll - ing sea or scamp - ered like shing - le sucked aw - ay tak - ing its
time then tear - ing a - bout hold - ing the well worn world at bay im -
ag - ine - how he felt when he put the fid - dle down and
new he'd ne - ver play her a - gain
the fid - dle graft - ted on the curve of his chin once swung to the
dance of his fin - gers and arms the fid - dle craft - ted from tim - ber and gut
gut res - on - ates dus - ty sil - ence im - ag - ine - how he felt when
he put the fid - dle down and he knew he'd nev - er play her a
gain
he's quiet now since - words im - ply mean - ing and mus - ic would

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mock his fathom-om-less wrong there's no such sense to be had on this earth as the

swell of a tune or the surge of a song i - mag-ine-how he felt when

he put the fid-dle down and knew he'd ne-ver play

her a - gain