

Papa's Old Fiddle

Sheb Wooley

Papa brought his fiddle to the new frontier
And many a night it brought us cheer
when he'd play for us

My papa had an old homemade fiddle
whittled out of a piece of pine wood
Lord knows it didn't look like much
but it sounded mighty good
And when the chores were done
after supper papa'd take that old fiddle down
He'd sit there in an old cane bottom chair
and all of us kids would gather round

Though the times were hard on the frontier
papa never made a fuss
And somehow the world seemed to be a little bit brighter
when he'd play for us
I could always tell just about how he felt
he'd sit there and close his eyes
And that old fiddle would almost talk
sometime I'd swear it's gonna cry

Then there was the time when mama took sick
the joy in our home was gone
One night she called papa close to her bed
and I heard her say papa play me a song
I saw the tears roll down his cheek
he turned toward the wall
He took that old fiddle under his chin
he stood there straight and tall

Now the years have gone by
and thoughts of hard times have almost faded away
But the mem'ry of papa's old fiddle well
I think that'll always stay
Sometimes I can almost hear it at the close of a day
And I remember just how much it meant to me
when my papa used to play