

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Fiddler

The Fiddler

When the fiddler has played his last tune for the night
The singer has sung his last song
The mandolins and guitars and banjos are quiet
The loud noisy crowd has gone on

cho: There's nothing as quiet as a night without music
As dark as a night with no stars
There's nothing as lonesome as a cold lonely room
And wonderin' all night where you are

As we walked together the music was playing
Whispering, soft, through the trees
With my arms around you I whispered "I love you"
The words seemed to float on the breeze

Now the fiddler has played his last tune for the night
The singer has sung his last song
The mandolins and guitars and banjos are quiet
Like the music, sweetheart, you are gone

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