

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Edgar

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(Pam Ayres)

1. Oh, don't sell our Edgar no more violins,
That dear little laddie of mine.
Although he's but eight, we'd prefer him to wait
For I doubt if he'll live to be nine.
He plays the same song, and it's sad and it's long
And when Edgar reaches the end
With his face full of woe, he just rosins the bow
And starts it all over again.
2. Now Dad he says Edgar's a right little gem,
It's only his face that looks bored.
It's really delight makes his face appear white
When Edgar scrapes out that first chord.
Daddy, of course, was filled with remorse
When Edgar came home from the choir
To find that his fiddle, well, the sides and the middle
Were stuffed down the back of the fire.
3. So don't sell our Edgar no more violins
When next he appears in your shop.
His daddy and me, well, we both do agree
That his fiddling will soon have to stop.
Sell him a clean or a filthy magazine,
Ply him with whisky or gin,
A teddy, a bunny, or just pinch the kid's money
But don't sell out Edgar no more violins.

Coda

Although it would be a mortal sin,
We'll do the little fiddler in,
Don't sell our Edgar no more violins.

from the singing of John Murphy, Saint John, NB, 1977.

JB