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Blind Fiddler

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I lost my eyes in the blacksmith's shop in the year of 56
While dusting out a T planch which was out of fix
It bounded from my tongs and there concealed my doom
I am a blind fiddler and far from my home

I've been to San Francisco, I've been to Dr. Lane
He operated on one of my eyes but nothing could he gain
He told me that I'd never see and it's no cause to mourn
I am a blind fiddler and far from my home

I have a wife and three little ones depending now on me
To share all my troubles, whatever they may be
I hope that they'll be careful while I'm compelled to roam
I am a blind fiddler and far from my home

dates back to about 1850, according to Sing Out (source of these words), through Mrs. Emma Dusenberry. American.

recorded by Joe Hickerson

SOF