

# The Fiddler

Anne Gregson

There is a fid - dler on the hill who plays the sweet - est

4 mel - o - dy. He takes his mus - ic from the op - en

7 skies, And when that mus - ic plays you throw true love a -

11 way and give your heart up to the fid - dler play - ing.

1. There is a fiddler on the hill who plays the sweetest melody  
He takes his music from the open skies.

Chorus: And when that music plays you throw true love away  
And give your heart up to the fiddler playing

2. All through the day and through the night his melodies will haunt you  
And they will echo in your deepest dreams.
3. You'll never be his only love, for music feeds on fantasy  
His roving mind cannot be anchored down.
4. No love on earth could be like ours when it was new and wonderful  
Could you forget your dearest memories.
5. And as the fiddler plays his tune, the mystery of melody  
Awakes a yearning you cannot forget.