

# Bill Monroe, The Old Fiddler

Let me tell you a tale about a spry old man  
Guess he's as old as the hills  
He's the favorite fiddler for miles and miles around  
And plays for all the good quadrilles

Every Saturday night all the folks stop in and tune  
The whole town is ready to go  
While the fellers chose their partners and the caller taps the jug  
And the old man puts the rosen to the bow

You could hear Uncle Ben yellin' do-si-do  
Swing that gal in the calico