

The Blind Fiddler

Dm
I lost my eyes in the blacksmith shop
Gm Dm
in the year of ' Fifty- Six,
Bb F C Am
While dusting out a T-planch, which was out of fix.
Bb F C Am
It bounded from the tongs and there concealed my doom.
Dm A7 Gm Dm
I am a blind fiddler and far from my home.

I've been to San Francisco, I've been to Doctor 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 use 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.