

# THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

Words by W. B. Yeats  
Music by J. M. Mason

When I play on my fid - dle in Doon - ey, Folk dance like a wave of the  
come at the end of time, To Saint Pet - er sit - ting in  
when the folk there spy me, They will all come up to

4 sea; My cou - sin is priest in Kil - var - net, My  
state, He will smile on the three old spir - its, But  
me, With "Here is the Fid - dler of Doon - ey!" And

7 broth - er in Mo - har - a - buiee. I passed my broth - er and  
call me first through the gate; For the good are al - ways the  
dance like a wave of the sea. When I play on my fid - dle in

10 cou - sin: They read in their books of prayer; I  
mer - ry, Save by an e - vil chance And the  
Doon - ey, They will all come up to me With

13 read in my book of songs That I  
mer - ry all love the fid - dle And the  
"Here is The Fid - dler of Doon - ey!" And

15 bought at the Sli - go fair. When we  
mer - ry all love go to dance: And  
dance like a wave of the

17 3. D E7 D A7 D  
sea; And dance like a wave of the sea.