

The BOLD IRISH FIDDLER from the COUNTY MAYO

(1)

**MY NAME'S PADDY BRADY, I'M FROM BALLAGHADERREEN
[PRONOUNCED BALLA-HA-DREEM]
AND A FINER YOUNG FIDDLER YOU NEVER HAVE SEEN
I PLAY HORNPIPES AND JIGS, I PLAY REELS AND SLOW AIRS
WHEN I ROSIN MY BOW I'LL REMOVE ALL YOUR CARES**

**WHEN I LEFT DEAR OLD IRELAND AND ARRIVED AT NEW YORK
I MET DILLON, AND BLACK, AND JOHN CASEY FROM CORK
MET PIPERS, AND BANJOERS, AND FLUTERS WHO'D PUFF
I MET TWO JOHNNY CRONINS - THAT WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH!**

(CHORUS)

***TOORA-LOO, TOORA-LOW
I'M THE BOLD IRISH FIDDLER FROM THE COUNTY MAYO!***

(2)

**I HEARD LOTS OF STRANGE POLKAS, AND SLIDES, AND SLIP JIGS
AND SPENT MANY AN HOUR AT SESSIONS AND GIGS
IN THE BRONX AND MANHATTAN, AND EVEN IN QUEENS
WHERE I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SEVERAL COLEENS**

**NOW SOME GIRLS WERE IRISH, AND SOME GIRLS WERE YANKS
BUT THEY TREATED ME KINDLY AND I WISH THEM ALL THANKS
WHEN I SHOWED THEM MY BOW-STICK, SURE THEIR INTEREST WAS
KEEN**

IN THE CHARMING YOUNG FIDDLER FROM BALLAGHADERREEN

(3)

**THOUGH I LOVED OLD NEW YORK, STILL I NEEDED A JOB
SO I THOUGHT I'D HEAD WESTWARD TO MAKE A FEW BOB
AND SOON OFF THE PLANE ON A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY
I FOUND MYSELF THERE IN THE TOWN BY THE BAY**

**NOW I'D HEARD LOTS OF THINGS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO
BUT TO SEE FOR MYSELF WAS GOOD REASON TO GO
THE LEZZIES AND GAYS AND THE "ALTERNATIVE" SCENE**

The BOLD IRISH FIDDLER from the COUNTY MAYO

SURE 'TWOULD MAKE THEM ALL FAINT BACK IN BALLAGHADERREEN!

(4)

**SO I MADE SEVERAL PHONE CALLS TO PEOPLE I KNEW
TO ANNOUNCE MY ARRIVAL AS I SAID THAT I'D DO
AND ASKED THEM A QUESTION - WERE THERE DIGS TO BE HAD
IN FAIR SAN FRANCISCO FOR A BOLD IRISH LAD?**

**NOW TO GET A REPLY I HAD NOT LONG TO WAIT
AND I'LL TELL YOU, MY PROSPECTS WERE SURE LOOKING GREAT:
IN A HOUSE FULL OF WOMEN, THERE WAS ONE SMALL ROOM FREE
AND THE DARLINGS WERE WILLING TO RENT IT - TO *ME!***

(5)

**AND SOON AT THEIR HOUSE I ARRIVED IN GREAT STYLE
WITH MY BAG AND MY FIDDLE AND MY BIG IRISH SMILE
WITH VISIONS AND DREAMS IN MY HEALTHY YOUNG HEAD:
- IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, I WON'T NEED MY OWN BED!**

**BUT BEGOD WHO WAS THERE WHEN I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR
BUT A BIG UGLY THING STANDING SIX FEET OR MORE
NOSE STUDS, A CREW CUT, ON HER CHEEK A TATTOO
AND I STOOD THERE IN SHOCK WONDERING WHAT I SHOULD DO**

(6)

**BUT GODZLLLA SPOKE FIRST, WITH A TRUCK DRIVER'S BOOM:
"YOU MUST BE THE FIDDLER THAT'S NEEDING A ROOM -
WELL, GET YOUR ASS IN AND WE'LL FIND YOU A PLACE
THERE'S A BUNCH OF HELL'S ANGELS THAT I FIRST HAVE TO CHASE ..."**

**WHEN SHE LEFT, I STOOD ROOTED, TOO GUTLESS TO RUN
AND I WISHED THAT MY FIDDLE WAS SOME KIND OF GUN
I HEARD ROARING, AND CURSING, AND THE SMASHING OF PANES
AND OUT THROUGH THE BACK RAN THESE DUDES DRESSED IN
CHAINS**

The BOLD IRISH FIDDLER from the COUNTY MAYO

(7)

**THEN MY HOSTESS RETURNED, LAUGHING LOUD AS THEY FLED
AND SHE ASKED DID I MIND HAVING BLOOD ON MY BED
WHEN I SAID I PREFERRED TO SLEEP SOME OTHER PLACE
SHE CALLED ME A WUSS AND BELCHED BEER IN MY FACE**

**I MADE MY EXCUSES WHEN I SAW THRU THE DOOR
DOWNSTAIRS COME A-TRIPPING NOT ONE, BUT TWO MORE
ONE HAD GREEN HAIR AND A NAIL THROUGH HER NOSE
AND THE OTHER A WHIP AND THOSE BOOTS WITH STEEL TOES**

(8)

**WELL STILL NEEDING DIGS, DOWN THE STREET I DID FLY
AND I CAUGHT THE FIRST BUS THAT MIGHT STOP AT THE "Y"
BUT BELIEVE ME, THREE HOURS YOU'D NEED FOR THE SAKE
OF THE SONG CALLED "THE FIDDLER'S SECOND MISTAKE"!**

**FOR THE "Y" WOULD REMIND YOU OF THE OLD DUBLIN ZOO:
THERE WERE HE-MALES AND SHE-MALES OF EVERY HUE
THERE WERE FOUR TO A ROOM, AND MOST SLEPT IN THEIR NUDE
AND THE LORD ONLY KNOWS WHAT THEY PUT IN THE FOOD**

(9)

**NEXT MORNING, STILL SLEEPLESS, AS YOU MAY UNDERSTAND
I RUSHED TO THE AIRPORT WITH TICKET IN HAND
AND THE GUY AT THE GATE, WHEN I TURNED IN MY PASS
WELL HE GAVE ME A WINK AND A PAT ON THE ASS**

**NOW TO FINISH MY STORY - MY WANDERINGS HAVE CEASED
AND IT'S HAPPY I AM TO BE BACK IN THE EAST
WHERE THE WOMEN ARE WOMEN, AND MEN MOSTLY MEN
AND I'LL BE IN NO HURRY TO SEE FRISCO AGAIN!**

- o 0 o -