

TAKING THE FIDDLER HOME

IN MEMORY OF PADDY REYNOLDS

TUNE: "THE GALBALLY FAMER"

COME KIND-HEARTED CHRISTIANS OF EVERY DEGREE
I'VE A STORY TO TELL IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE DANGERS OF SWEET CHARITY
IT'S CALLED "TAKING THE FIDDLER HOME"!
IT BEGINS IN O'REILLY'S, A PLACE YOU KNOW WELL
ABOUT THREE HOURS AFTER THE LAST CLOSING BELL
IN THE DARKNESS AND SMOKE, SURE YOU'D THINK IT WAS HELL
EXCEPT NO ONE WAS THINKING OF LEAVING

MYSELF AND JOHN CASEY WERE UP AT THE BAR
DISCUSSING THE WEATHER AND ENJOYING A JAR
WHEN IN THRU THE MURK LIKE A SMALL SHINING STAR
COMES ROLLING OUR FRIEND, THE BOLD FIDDLER
NOW OUR HERO'S A PLAYER DESERVING OF FAME
FROM SLIGO, OR LONGFORD, OR SOME PLACE MUCH THE SAME
TO AVOID BEING SUED, I'LL NOT TELL YOU HIS NAME
(AND IT'S REALLY MORE FUN TO BE GUESSING!)

HE WAS FAIRLY PELOOTHERED, BUT STILL, NOT THAT BLIND
FOR THE SIGHT OF ME THERE BROUGHT A THOUGHT TO HIS MIND:
"BILL BLACK, YOU'VE A CAR - WOULD YOU E'ER BE SO KIND
AS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO MY DWELLING?"
AS FOR MY RESPONSE, IF THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD,
I WAS GOING TO REPLY IN A VOICE HARSH AND COLD
"YOU MAY PLANT A SWEET KISS ON MY BUTTOCKS, YOU OLD ..."
BUT MY GOOD CATHOLIC UPBRINGING STOPPED ME!

GETTING FIDDLER IN CAR THEN WAS NO EASY CHORE
SO I WENT TO ASK HELP FOR TWO SECONDS, NO MORE
WHEN I CAME OUT I SAW HE HAD PEED ON MY DOOR
AH, SAYS I, NOW THE FUN'S JUST BEGINNING!
AS WE DROVE CROSS THE BRIDGE HE SNORED MOST OF THE WAY
UNDISTURBED BY A TAPE I HAD PUT IN TO PLAY
HE AWAKENED JUST BRIEFLY THESE WISE WORDS TO SAY
"FRANKIE GAVIN IS NO PAGANINI ..."

WE GET TO THE FIDDLER'S HOUSE JUST AT DAWN
AS I OPEN HIS DOOR, HE FALLS OUT ON THE LAWN
WITH ME HOLDING HIS ARM LIKE A GREAT AMADHÁN
AND MY OTHER HAND CRADLING HIS FIDDLE
WE ROLL IN THE GRASS LIKE TWO PUPPIES AT PLAY
HE'S YELLING - I'M STUMBLING TO GET FAR AWAY
AS THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES I HEAR MYSELF PRAY

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“DEAR LORD, HELP THE NEIGHBORS SLEEP SOUNDLY ...”

**FINALLY REACHING THE PORCH ON HIS HANDS AND HIS KNEES
HE SPENDS HALF AN HOUR FUMBLING AROUND FOR HIS KEYS
MY SUGGESTIONS ARE MET WITH “I’LL DO AS I PLEASE!”
THEN HE CAN’T GET THE DAMNED FRONT DOOR OPEN
AS WE GO ROUND THE BACK, WE’RE BOTH SLIPPING ON LEAVES
AND THE NEIGHBOR’S TWO DOBERMANS THINK THAT WE’RE THIEVES
- I KNOW THAT IN GOOD WORKS A CHRISTIAN BELIEVES
BUT AT THAT POINT I’D HAVE GLADLY TURNED MUSLIM**

**NOW THE FIDDLER’S HOUSE HAS A REAL TOUCH OF CLASS
FOR THE BACK PORCH IS COVERED IN FINE PANES OF GLASS
SAYS I TO MYSELF “IF HE FALLS ON HIS ASS
THEN WE’RE BOTH GOING TO NEED A TRANSFUSION ...”
AS HE STANDS SHOVING KEYS AT THE DOOR IN THE NIGHT
UPSTAIRS IN THE KITCHEN APPEARS A SMALL LIGHT
AND THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS - GOOD LORD, WHAT A SIGHT:
IT’S THE FIDDLER’S WIFE THERE TO GREET HIM!**

**THEY SAY VENGEANCE IS SWEET, AND I LEARN WHAT THEY MEAN
AS I GAZE ON THIS VISION HOVERING OVER THE SCENE
PINK BATHROBE AND SLIPPERS, TWO EYES BRIGHT AND KEEN
AND HER HAIR WRAPPED UP TIGHTLY IN CURLERS
SHE RESEMBLES A CANNON PREPARING TO ROAR
AS OUR HERO CONTINUES TO POKE AT THE DOOR
ALL BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF THE LANGUAGE IN STORE
FROM THE TONGUE OF THAT UNSMILING LADY**

**WHO NOW POINTS A FINGER, DEMANDING “WHAT’S THIS?”,
AT THE FIDDLER, WHO SENSES THERE’S SOMETHING AMISS
HE LOOKS UP WITH A GULP AT THAT BEARER OF BLISS
AND I SWEAR HE TURNS INSTANTLY SOBER
HE QUICK DROPS MY ARM, AND AWAY I DO CREEP
BUT ONCE OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY TO MY CAR MAKE A LEAP
AS A VAGUE SOUND OF MAYHEM DROWNS THE LITTLE BIRDS’ PEEP
AND IT’S MORE THAN THE DAWN THAT IS BREAKING**

**AND NOW MY CONCLUSION AND MORAL ARE PLAIN:
IF YOU WISH TO SPARE FIDDLERS GREAT TORMENT AND PAIN
LET THEM SOBER UP RIDING A TAXI OR TRAIN
RUSHING THEM TO THEIR DOOM IS NO FAVOR!**

~1984