

The Violin My Great Grand-Daddy Made

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I.

In our fam'ly there has been for many years a Violin,

It hangs in our front room upon the wall;

Now it's not much on looks or strings,

but when it comes to Music things,

That fiddler there has got it on them all.

And tho' it's worn and old, it's worth its weight in gold.

Chorus

My great granddaddy, when he was a laddie,

Played "Yankee Doodle came to town" upon that Violin,

And my own daddy's dad made my grandmammy glad

with "Way down south in the land of cotton," Best tune that he had;

Now my dad takes that bow, And he syncopates so soft and low a rag, a rag,

I love to hear it played; Then he hands that fiddle to me, And I play a Maxixe melody,

"Tia-da-da, tia-da-da, tia-da-da, tia-da-da," On the Violin my great granddaddy made.

II.

Many times that Violin upon that wall just seems to grin,

And says so soft and sweetly to its bow,

As years roll on, the fashions change,

the tunes today are mighty strange,

'Twas not this way a hundred years ago.

I realize it too, the tunes today are new.

(Chorus)

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