

Billy Billy

POOR Billy boy was music mad,
On music mad was he;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

With a "hey-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-my, ho!" sang he--
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

"Nobody knows the joys I know
Or sees the sights I see;
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle's enough for me.

With a "hey-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig -a-my, ho!" sang he--
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

It takes me here, it takes me there
So play me low or high;
It finds me, binds me, anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky."

With a "hey-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig -a-my, ho!" sang he--
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.