

# Sawing On The Strings

[Alison Krauss](#)

Way back in the mountains  
Way back in the hills  
There used to live a mountaineer  
They called him Fiddlin' Will  
He could play most anything  
And some say he could sing  
But the one thing that he liked to do best  
Was sawing on the strings So, get out the fiddle  
And rosin up the bow  
Look at ol' Will a-pattin' his toe  
We'll make music till the rafters ring  
All that pickin' and a sawin' on the string When the neighbors had a shindig  
And they all had vittles to eat  
We'd always have to wait on Will  
To make the frolic complete  
When he comes down from the mountain  
All the gals began to sway  
Sometimes he'd pick that ol' five-string  
Until the break of day So tune up the five-string  
Tighten up the hide  
Tell all the hill folks to get inside  
All them pickin' and a-sawing on the string

Songwriters

LEWIS COMPTON Published by

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