

THE SEVEN FIDDLERS¹

Sebastian Evans

A blue robe on their shoulder,
And an ivory bow in hand,
Seven fiddlers came with their fiddles
A-fiddling through the land,
And they fiddled a tune on their fiddles
That none could understand.

For none who heard their fiddling
Might keep his ten toes still,
E'en the cripple threw down his crutches,
And danced against his will:
Young and old they all fell a-dancing,
While the fiddlers fiddled their fill.

They fiddled down to the ferry —
The ferry by Severn-side,
And they stept aboard the ferry,
None else to row or guide,
And deftly steered the pilot,
And stoutly the oars they plied.

Then suddenly in mid-channel
These fiddlers ceased to row,
And the pilot spake to his fellows
In a tongue that none may know:
“Let us home to our fathers and brothers,
And the maidens we love below.”

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