

Fiddler's Green

Intro — Last line of chorus

As I roamed by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the still water and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
Won't you take me away boys me time is not long

Chorus

**Wrap me up in me oil-skin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green**

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Chorus

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Chorus

Now, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

Chorus x 2