

## Fiddlers Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song  
Oh, take me away boys me time is not long

**ch**

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and Jumber  
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 someday on Fiddlers Green**

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

**ch**

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale  
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail  
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do  
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

**ch**

When you get by on dock and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too  
Oh where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free  
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

**ch**

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 riggin to sing me a song

**ch**