

**fiddlers green**

refrein:

Wrap me up in my oil-skins and jumper,  
 no more on the dock's I'll be seen.  
 Just tell me old ship-mates,  
 I'm taking a trip mates,  
 and I'll see you some day in Fid-de-lers Green

As I walked by the dock-side one evening so fair,  
 to view the salt water and take the sea-air.  
 I heard an old fisherman singing a song,  
 won't you take me away lads my time is not gone.

*refrein*

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell,  
 where 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

*refrein*

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

*refrein*

When you get to the dock's and the long trip is through,  
 there's pubs, there is 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

*refrein*