

Irish Rovers

"Fiddler's Green"

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

(chorus): Lock me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates I'm takin a trip mates
I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green

Oh in Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where sailormen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far far away

(chorus)

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale

And the fish jump on board with a swish of their tails
Where you lie at your leisure - there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

(chorus)

Oh and when you are docked 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 is all free
And there's bottles of rum growin off every tree

(chorus)

Oh I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rollin sea
And I'll play me auld squeezebox as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me this song

(chorus)

