



Fiddler's Green

(Words and Music) John Conolly

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, my time is not long

Chorus

*Dress me up in my oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell my old ship-mates
I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green*

Oh Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen 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

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

When you get back in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lasses there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

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