

FIDDLER'S GREEN

(John Connolly)

As I roved 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
O take me away boys my time is not long

Chorus

Dress me up in me oilskin 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 them someday on Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where fishermen go when 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

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

Chorus

And when you're in dock and the long trip is thru,
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies there, too.
Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free,
And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree.

Chorus

I don't want a harp or a halo, not me.
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea.
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along,
When the wind's in the rigging to sing me this song

Chorus