

FIDDLER'S GREEN

**AS I ROVED BY THE DOCKSIDE ONE EVENING SO FAIR
TO VIEW THE STILL WATERS AND TAKE THE SALT AIR
I HEARD AN OLD FISHERMAN SINGING THIS SONG:
"OH THEN TAKE ME AWAY BOYS - MY TIME IS NOT LONG..."**

***"DRESS ME UP IN MY OILSKINS AND JUMPER
NO MORE ON THE DOCKS I'LL BE SEEN
JUST TELL MY OLD SHIPMATES
I'M TAKING A TRIP, MATES
AND I'LL SEE YOU SOMEDAY
ON FIDDLER'S GREEN!"***

**NOW FIDDLER'S GREEN IS A PLACE, I HEAR TELL,
WHERE 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**

**THE SKY'S ALWAYS BLUE 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**

**AND WHEN YOU'RE IN DOCK AND THE LONG TRIP IS THROUGH
THERE'S PUBS AND THERE'S CLUBS
AND THERE'S LASSES THERE TOO
THE GIRLS ARE ALL PRETTY AND THE BEER IS ALL FREE
AND THERE'S BOTTLES OF RUM GROWING ON EVERY TREE**

**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 SQUEEZEBOX AS WE SAIL ALONG
WITH THE WIND IN THE RIGGING
TO SING ME THIS SONG:**