Fiddlers Green

[Intro]

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
to view the salt waters, take in the sea air,
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,
'Oh take me away boys, me time is not long'.

[Chorus]
Wrap 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 you some day on Fiddler's Green.

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
where the 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.

[Chorus]
Wrap 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 you some day on Fiddler's Green.

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,
and the fish jump on board with one 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.

[Chorus]
Wrap 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 you some day on Fiddler's Green.

When you get back on docks 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 it is free,
and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

[Chorus]
Wrap 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 you some day on Fiddler's Green.

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,
just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea.
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,
with the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

[Chorus] x 2
Wrap 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 you some day on Fiddler's Green.