

60. Fiddlers green

COUPLET 1 (Solist)

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

REFREIN koor:

**Wrap me up in me oilskins 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 someday on Fiddlers Green.**

COUPLET 2 (Solist)

Now Fiddlers 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. | **REFREIN KOOR**

COUPLET 3 (Solist)

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. | **REFREIN KOOR**

COUPLET 4 (Solist)

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through,
there's pubs, 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. | **REFREIN KOOR**

COUPLET 5 (Solist)

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.

REFREIN KOOR | LAATSTE TWEE REGELS HERHALEN