

Fiddler's Green *bolderlied*

1.

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
To view the seawaters and take the salt air.
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:
Oh, take me away boys, me time is not long.

Refrein:

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.

2.

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell,
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell.
Where skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of England is far, far away.

Refrein:

3.

And when you're in dock and the long trip is trough,
There's pubs and there's clubs
And there's lassies there to.
The girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles around growing on ev'ry tree

Refrein:

4.

Now I don't want a harp or a halo, not me.
Just give me a breeze and 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: