Now Fiddlers Green is a place I 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

When you get on the 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 beer it is free
And there’s bottles of rum growing from every tree.

CHORUS

Now, I don’t want a harp nor a halo, not me.
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea.
I’ll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

CHORUS