**[1] As I walked by the dockside**

**one evening so fair,**

**to view the salt waters and take the salt 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 oilskins and jumpers,**

**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 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 oilskins and jumpers,**

**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.**

**[3] 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 oilskins and jumpers,**

**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.**

**[4] 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 oilskins and jumpers,**

**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.**

**[5]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**

**Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumpers,**

**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.**