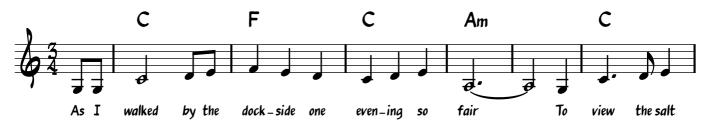
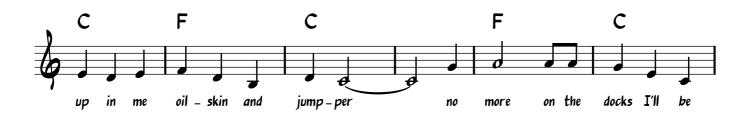
Fiddler's Green

John Connolly













Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell Where 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

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 And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Now I don't want 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 riggin' to sing me a song