

Fiddler's Green

Fiddler's Green is a legendary imagined afterlife, where there is perpetual mirth, a fiddle that never stops playing, and dancers who never tire. Its origins are obscure. One sailor's tale published in 1832 speaks of Fiddler's Green as being "nine miles beyond the dwelling of his Satanic majesty". In maritime folklore it is a kind of afterlife for sailors who have served at least 50 years at sea, where there is unlimited rum and tobacco.

As I walked by the dock-side one evening so fair
To view the salt water and smell the sea air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Won't you take me home boys for my time is not long

Chorus

*Dress me up in my oilskin and jumper.
No more on the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old ship mates I'm takin' a trip mates.
And I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.*

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

Chorus

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

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