

Fiddler's Green

Tim O'Brien

There's a sad tale I'll tell you of a sailor man's life
How his love for the high seas it cost him a wife
When I've told you my story I'm sure you'll agree
It's not but pure folly when a man goes to sea
Just a young man of twenty I was courting a lass
Full of innocent beauty with style and with class
But the ships in the harbor they beckoned it seemed
I was lured by the trade winds to find fiddler's green
When first I went sailing how a young girl did cry
But the lure of the trade winds could not be denied
And though she vowed to be faithful as my ship sailed away
She would marry another one year from that day
Yo ho ho, fiddler's green
Bewitching young sailors with all of your dreams

Yo ho ho, she's calm and serene
Enchantment awaits you on fiddler's green
Well I've sailed many oceans since I left Boston town
And my hair has turned silver it was once chestnut brown
And from London to Bombay and ports in between
I was always in search of this fiddler's green
And to the young lads now courting pretty maiden's so fair
Should you hear those trade winds let me warn you beware
Go marry your young girl, as corn and your beans
Don't waste your young manhood on fiddler's green
Yo ho ho, fiddler's green
Bewitching young sailors with all of your dreams
Yo ho ho, she's calm and serene
Enchantment awaits you at fiddler's green