As I walked by the dock-side one evening so fair.

To view the salt water and take the sea air.

I heard an old fisherman singing a song. Won't you take me away boys, my time is not long.

Wrap me up in my oil-skins and jumper. No more on the docks I'll be seen.

Just tell my old ship mates I'm taking a trip mates and I'll see you one day in 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.

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 petty and the beer it is free, and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

Wrap me up . . .

Now I don't want a harp or 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.

Wrap me up . . .

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