



heard an old fish - - er - man sing - ing a song
skies are all clear and the dol - phins do play
lie at your leis - - ure, there's no work to do
play me old squeeze-box as we sail a - - long



Oh, take me a - - way boys me time is not long
And the cold coast of Green-land is far, far a - way
And the skip-per's be - low ma - king tea for the crew
With the wind in the rig - gin' to sing me a song

Chorus



Wrap me up in me oil - skins and jum-per



No more on the docks I'll be seen



Just tell me old ship-mates, I'm tak-ing a trip mates, and



I'll see you some-day on Fid - dl-ers Green