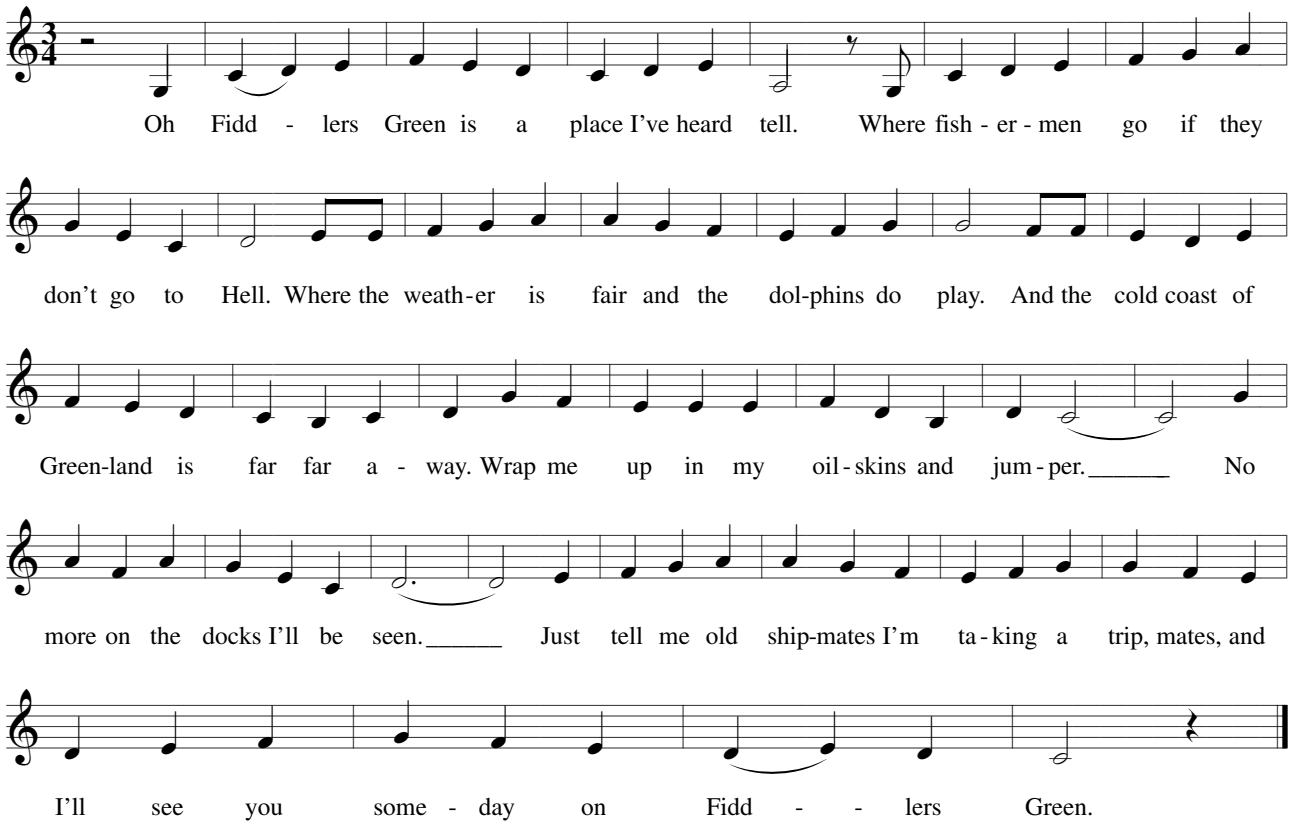
Oh Fidd - lers Green is a place I've heard tell. Where fish - er - men go if they
don't go to Hell. Where the weath-er is fair and the dol-phins do play. And the cold coast of
Green-land is far far a - way. Wrap me up in my oil-skins and jum-per. No
more on the docks I'll be seen. Just tell me old ship-mates I'm ta-king a trip, mates, and
I'll see you some - day on Fidd - - lers Green.