

Green Fiddler's, The Mermaid

It was Friday morn when we sat sail
And we were not far from the land
When our captain he spied a mermaid so fair
With a comb and a glass in her hand

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine old man was he
"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea";

Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship
And a brave young lad was he
Saying "I have a sweetheart in Brooklyn by the sea
And tonight she'll be weeping for me";

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
And a fine spoken man was he
Saying "I have a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight she'll be weeping for me";

Three times round spun our gallant ship
And three times round spun she
Three times round spun our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

And the ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors are skipping at the top
While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below
While the land-lubbers lie down below