

Blacksmith Reel

Fiddler's Green

In Irish air you smell the sea
The taste of turf and tasty tea
The scent of stout will ever be
A part of Ireland's heart

A Blacksmith down from Dingle Bay
He lived his life a special way
He lost his wife and house I'd say
But still the best is left

A carpenter from Inishee
Discovered his ability
To live from love and air, you see
A quit his boring job

A Businessman from Waterford
Sat on his ship completely bored
Till someone threw him overboard
He shivered in the cold
...but he was well!
...got strong like hell!
...he found his way!
...swam all the day!

In Irish air you smell the sea
The taste of turf and tasty tea
The scent of stout will ever be
A part of Ireland's heart, Cause