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 live 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!

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