

## 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!

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