

## The Mermaid

Fiddler's Green

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