

# Fiddler's Green

## Celtic Stew

September 17th, for a girl I know it's mothers day  
Her son has gone alee and that's where he will stay  
Wind on the weathervane, tearing blue eyes sailor mean  
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in Fiddler's Green  
His tiny, knotted heart, well I guess it never worked too good  
A timber tore apart and the water gorged the wood  
You can hear her whispered prayer for men at mass that always lend  
The same wind that moves her hair, moves a boy through Fiddler's Green

Nothing's changed anyway  
Ah, nothing's changed anyway, ah anytime, today  
He doesn't know a soul and there's nowhere that he's really been  
But he won't travel on alone, no, not in Fiddler's Green  
Balloons all filled with rain as children's eyes turn sleepy mean  
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain for a boy in Fiddler's Green

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