

Fiddler's Green

G **Em**
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
G **D7**
To view the salt water and take the sea air
C **G** **Em**
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Am **C** **D7**
Won't you take me away boys my time is not long

G **D7** **G**
Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
C **G** **D7**
no more on the docks I'll be seen
C **G** **Em**
Just tell me old ship mates I'm taking a trip mates
Am **D7** **G**
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I hear tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Chorus:

When you get to the docks and the long trip is thru
There's pub and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Chorus:

Now I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing us a song