Fiddler's Green

John Connolly


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C                                      Am
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
C                                    Dm  Dm7  G7
To view the salt water and take the sea air
 F                    C        Em
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,
        Am                   F          G7
Won't ya take me away boys, me time is not long
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                   C       G         C
(chorus):     Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
                 F          C         G
              No more on the docks I'll be seen
                 F                  C       Em
              Just tell me old shipmates I'm takin' a trip, mates
                 Dm        G7                   C
              And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green
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Oh Fiddler's Green is a place I heard 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 on the docks and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growin' on every tree

(chorus)

Oh I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rollin' sea
And I'll play me auld squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin' to sing me this song