

55- Fiddler's Green

John Connolly

Violin

C **d** **C**

Oh Fidd - lers Green is a place I've heard

a **C** **F** **C**

tell. Where fish - er - men go if they don't go to

G **d** **C**

Hell. Where the weath - er is fair and the dol - phins do

e **C** **F**

play. And the cold coast of Green - land is far far a -

G *Chorus* **C** **G** **C**

way. Wrap me up in my oil - skins and jum - pers.

F **C** **G**

No more on the docks I'll be seen. Just

F **C** **e** **d**

tell me old ship - mates I'm ta - king a trip, mates, and I'll see you

G **G7** **C**

some - day on Fidd - - lers Green.