

Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air,
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,
'Oh, take me away boys me time is not long'.

*Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumpers,
No more on the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green.*

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

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail.
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

Now when you're in dock and the long trip is through,
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free,
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.

Now I don't want a harp nor 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 me a song.

Last chorus 3rd 4th row ↓ on 1

I	ii	I	vi	-
I	IV	I	V	-
ii	-	I	iii	-
I	IV	-	V	-
I	V	I	I7	
IV	I	V	-	
IV	iv	I	iii	
ii	V	V7	I	