

Fiddler's Green

C **Am**
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
C **Dm Dm7 G7**
to view the salt waters and take the salt air,
F **C** **Em**
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,
Dm **F** **G7**
'Won't you take me away boys, me time is not long'.

(Chorus) **C** **G** **C** **F** **C** **G**
Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper, no more on the docks I'll be seen.
F **C** **Em**
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
Dm **G7** **F** **C**
and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.

C **Am**
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
C **Dm Dm7 G7**
where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell.
F **C** **Em**
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play,
Dm **F** **G7**
and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

(Chorus)

C **Am**
Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,
C **Dm Dm7 G7**
and the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.
F **C** **Em**
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,
Dm **F** **G7**
and the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

(Chorus)

C **Am**
 When you get back on docks and the long trip is through,
C **Dm Dm7 G7**
 there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.
F **C Em**
 Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,
Dm **F G7**
 and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

(Chorus) **C G C F C G**
 Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper, no more on the docks I'll be seen.
F C Em
 Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
Dm G7 F C
 and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.

C Am
 Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,
C Dm Dm7 G7
 Just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea.
F C Em
 I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,
Dm F G7
 with the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

(Chorus) **C G C F C G**
 Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper, no more on the docks I'll be seen.
F C Em
 Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
Dm G7 F C
 and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.