

Fiddler's Green

John Connolly

D G D Bm D

As I walked by the dock-side one even-ing so fair To view the salt

G D A G D

wa-ter and take the salt air I heard an old fish-er-man sing-in' a

Bm D G D A

song Won't you take me a-way boys my time is not long Wrap me

D G D G D

up in me oil-skin and jump-per no more on the docks I'll be

A G D Bm

seen Just tell me old ship-mates I'm tak-ing a trip mates and

I'll see you some - day on Fid - di - lers Green

*Now 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*

*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
 And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree*

*Now I don't want 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 riggin' to sing me a song*