



FIDDLER'S GREEN

IRISH TRADITION

D D/F# D/F# Bm/D D D/A

As I walked by the dock side one evening so fair to view the salt water and

9 D/F Em/G A G G/B D F#m F#m/A Em/G

take the sea air I heard an old fisherman singing a song Won't you take me a -

18 Em G A7/E A7/E_{chorus} D/F# A D D/F# G

way boys my time is not long Wrap me up in me oil - skin and jum per - no more on the

27 D/A A A G G/B D F#m Em/G

docks I'll be seen Just tell me oul ship mates I'm ta king a trip mates and I'll see you

35 A7/C# A7 D

some day in Fid dl ers Green.

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I heard tell
 Where the 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 beer it is free
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.
CHORUS

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.
CHORUS