

## **Fiddlers Green**

D-Dur

**As I walked by the dock-side one evening so fair,  
to view the salt water and take the sea air,  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:  
Won't you take me away boys, me time is not long.**

**Wrap me up in my oilskin and jumber  
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 in Fiddlers Green.**

**Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've 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.**

**Wrap me up ...**

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

**Wrap me up ...**

**When you get to the docks and the long trip is through,  
there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassiers there too,  
where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free  
and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.**

**Wrap me up ...**

**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.**