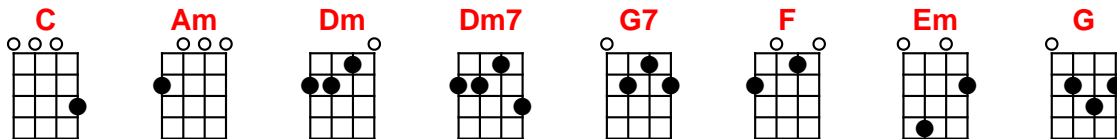


# Fiddlers' Green

John Connelly © 1970



## Verse 1

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

## Chorus

Wrap me [C] up in me [G] oilskin and [C] jumper.  
No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen.  
Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] taking a [Em] trip, mates,  
And [Dm] I'll see you [G7] someday in Fiddlers' [C] Green.

## Verse 2

Now [C] Fiddlers' Green is a place I heard [Am] tell  
Where [C] fishermen go if they don't go to [Dm] Hell, [Dm7] {G7}  
Where the [F] skies are all clear and the [C] dolphins do [Em] play,  
And the [Dm] cold coast of Greenland is [F] far, far a - [G7] - way.

## Chorus

Wrap me [C] up in me [G] oilskin and [C] jumper.  
No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen.  
Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] taking a [Em] trip, mates,  
And [Dm] I'll see you [G7] someday in Fiddlers' [C] Green.

## Verse 3

Where the [C] weather is fair and there's never a [Am] gale,  
And the [C] fish jump on board with a flip of their [Dm] tail. [Dm7] [G7]  
You can [F] lie at your leisure. There's [C] no work to [Em] do,  
And the [Dm] skipper's below making [F] tea for the [G7] crew.

## Chorus

Wrap me [C] up in me [G] oilskin and [C] jumper.  
No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen.  
Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] taking a [Em] trip, mates,  
And [Dm] I'll see you [G7] someday in Fiddlers' [C] Green.

## Verse 4

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

## Chorus

Wrap me [C] up in me [G] oilskin and [C] jumper.  
No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen.  
Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] taking a [Em] trip, mates,  
And [Dm] I'll see you [G7] someday in Fiddlers' [C] Green.

Verse 5: Now I [C] don't want a harp or a halo, not [Am] me.  
Just [C] give me a breeze an a good rolling [Dm] sea. [Dm7] [G7]

I'll [F] play me old squeeze box as [C] we sail a - [Em] – long  
With the [Dm] wind in the riggin' to [F] sing me a [G7] song.”

### Chorus

Wrap me [C] up in me [G] oilskin and [C] jumper.

No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen.

Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] taking a [Em] trip, mates,

And [Dm] I'll see you [G7] someday in Fiddlers' [C] Green.