

Fiddler's green

Irish folk

Violine

1. Strophe

As I walked by the dockside one ev' ning so fair To
 view the salt wa-ter and take the sea air I heard an old fish-er-man
 sing- ing a song Won't you take me a- way boys my time is not long Wrap me
 up in my oil- skins and jum-per No more on the docks I'll be seen
 Just tell my old ship-mates I'm tak- ing a trip mates and I'll see you one day in
 Fi - dl-ers green Now

2. Strophe

Chorus : Wrap me up in my oilskins and jumper
 No more on the docks I'll be seen.
 Just tell my old shipmates - I'm taking a trip mates
 And I'll see you one day in Fiddlers green

- 2) 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..... **Chorus :**
- 3) When you get to the docks and the long trip is through
 There's pubs, there's clubs and there's lassies there too,
 Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.... **Chorus :**
- 4) 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 :**