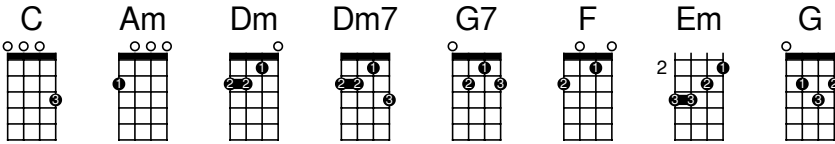


Fiddlers' Green

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.