**Fiddlers’ Green**

3/4

**E A E C#m**

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,

**E A E B7sus4 B7**

to view the salt waters and take the salt air,

**A E**

I heard an old fisherman singing a song,

**B E B B7**

'Oh take me a-way boys, me time is not long'.

***Chorus:***

**E B E**

Wrap me up in me oilskins and blankets,

**A E B**

no more on the docks I'll be seen.

**A E**

Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,

**B B7 E**

and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.

**E A E C#m**

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,

**E A E B7sus4 B7**

where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell.

**A E**

Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play,

**B E B B7**

and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far a-way.

***[Chorus]***

**E A E C#m**

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,

**E A E B7sus4 B7**

and the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.

**A E**

Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,

**B E B B7**

and the skipper's be-low making tea for the crew.

***[Chorus]***

**E A E C#m**

When you get back on docks and the long trip is through,

**E A E B7sus4 B7**

there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.

**A E**

Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,

**B E B B7**

and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

***Chorus:***

**E B E**

Wrap me up in me oilskins and blankets,

**A E B**

no more on the docks I'll be seen.

**A E**

Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,

**B B7 E**

and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.

**E A E C#m**

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,

**E A E B7sus4 B7**

just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea.

**A E**

I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,

**B E B B7**

with the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

***[Chorus x2]***