

Fiddler's Green

Traditional

As I walked by the dock-side one ev' - ning so fair. To
 view the salt wa - ter and take the sea air. I
 heard an old fish - er - man sin - ging 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 Fid - dl - er's green.

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.

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 petty and the beer it is free,
 and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

Wrap me up . . .

Wrape me up . . .

Now I don't want a harp or 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.

Wrape me up . . .