

Fiddler's Green

words and music John Conolly

C Where the skies are all clear and there's
As I roved by the dockside one evening so never a gale
Am And the fish jump on board with one swish
fair on their tail
C Where you lie at your leisure, there's no
To view the salt waters and take in the salt work to do
G And the skipper's below making tea for the
air crew
F **Em**
I heard an old fisherman singing a song *Chorus*
Dm **Am** **G**
Oh, take me away boys me time is not long Now when you're in dock and the long trip
is through
Chorus: There's pubs and there's clubs and there's
C lassies there too
Wrap me up in me oilskin and blankets And the girls are all pretty and the beer is
F **G** all free
No more on the docks I'll be seen And there's bottles of rum growing on
F **Em** every tree.
*Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a
trip mates*
Dm **F** Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers sea
C I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail
Green along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a
song
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard
tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to *Chorus*
hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins
do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far
away

Chorus