

Fiddlers Glen
Misc Traditional

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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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#

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Fiddlers Green
CAPO none

G **Em**
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
Am Am7 D7
To view the salt water and take the sea air
C **G** **Bm**
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Am **C** **D7**
Won t you take me away boys my time is not long

G **D** **G**
CHORUS: Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
C **G** **D**
no more on the docks I ll be seen
C **G** **Bm**
Just tell me old ship mates I m taking a trip mates
Am **D7** **G**
And I ll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I hear 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

CHO:

When you get to the docks and the long trip is thru
There s pub and there s clubs and there s lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and beer it is free
And there s bottles of rum growing from every tree

CHO:

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 us a song

CHO: