

# 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

*Chorus:*  
**C** There's pubs and there's clubs and there's  
lassies there too  
*Wrap me up in me oilskin and blankets*  
**F** **G**  
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is  
all free  
*No more on the docks I'll be seen*  
**F** **Em**  
And there's bottles of rum growing on  
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  
sea  
*And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers*  
**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  
hell  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins  
do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far  
away

*Chorus*