

Fiddler's Green

shanty man

m + : trad.
s + 2 : PD 9/04

1. As I walked by the dockside one evening so far to view the salt water and take the sea air, I heard an old fisher man singing a song won't you take me home boys, my time isn't long sailors

Wrap me up in my oilskin and jumper. No more on the docks I'll be seen. Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates and I'll see you someday in fiddlers green.

1. As I walked by the dockside one evening so far to view the salt water and take the sea air I heard an old fisher man singing a song won't you take me home boys, my time isn't long
- C: Wrap me up in my oilskin and jumper. No more on the docks I'll be seen! Just tell me ol shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates, and I'll see you someday in fiddlers green.
2. 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.
3. 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 pretty and the beer is free, And there's bottles of rum growing from each tree.
4. Now I don't want a harp nor 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.

