

## Fiddler's Green ( D )

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair  
to view the still water and take the salt air.  
I heard an old fisherman singing this song:  
Won't you take me home boy's, my time is not long.

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper.  
No more on the dock's I'll be seen.  
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates  
and I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green.**

Oh! Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell.  
Where sailormen go, if they don't go to hell.  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphin's do play  
and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

**Wrap me up . . .**

Where skies are all clear and there's never a gale  
and the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.  
Where you lie on your leisure, there's no work to do  
and the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

**Wrap me up . . .**

And when you are docked, and the long trip is through.  
There's pub's, there's club's, there's lassies there too.  
And the girl's are all pretty and the beer is all free  
and there are bottles of rum growing out from each tree.

**Wrap me up . . .**

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.

**II: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper.  
No more on the dock's I'll be seen.  
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates  
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green. :||**

