

Fiddlers Green

[C] As I walked by the [F] dockside one Am evening so rare
 To [C] view the still [F] waters and [C] take the salt [G] air
 I [F] heard an old fisherman [C] singing this song,
 Oh take me away [F] boys, for me [C] time is not [G] long

Chorus:

Dress me [C] up in me [G] oilskins and [C] jumper
 No [F] more on the [C] docks I'll be [G] seen
 Just [F] tell me old shipmates I'm [C] takin a trip mates
 And [G] I'll see you someday in Fiddler's [C] Green

Oh Fiddler's [F] Green is a Am place I've heard tell
 Where [C] sailormen [F] go if they [C] don't go to [G] hell
 Where the [F] weather is fair and the [C] dolphins do play
 And the cold coast of [F] Greenland is [C] far far [G] away

(chorus)

Where the skies are all [F] clear and there's Am never a gale
 And the [C] fish jump on [F] board with a [C] swish of their [G] tails
 Where you [F] lie in your hammocks for there's [C] no work to do
 And the skipper's be [F] low making [C] tea for the [G] crew

(chorus)

Oh and when you are [F] docked and the Am long trip is through
 Why there's [C] pubs and there's [F] clubs and there's [C] lassies there [G] too
 Where the [F] girls are all pretty and the [C] beer is all free
 And there's bottles of [F] rum growin [C] off every [G] tree

(chorus)

Oh I don't want a [F] harp nor a Am halo, not me
 Just [C] give me a [F] breeze and a [C] good rollin [G] sea
 And I'll [F] play me auld squeezebox as [C] we sail along
 With the wind in the [F] riggin to [C] sing me this [G] song

(chorus)