

Fiddler's Green



Manfred the Hunter

John Connolly

traditionel

As I walked by the dock - side one ev - ning so fare, to
view the salt wa - ters and taste the salt air, I heard the old
fi - sher - man sing - in` this song: "O - `ll take me a - way boys, my time is not
Chor: long!" Wrap me up in me oil - skin and jum - per, no
more on the docks I`ll be seen. Just tell me old ship - mates, I`m
ta - king a trip mates and I`ll see you some - day on fi - dd - lers green.

2. Now fiddler's green is a place I've heard tell,
where the 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.

Chor: Wrap me up ...

3. Where the 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 at your leisure there's no work to do
and the skipper's below makin` tea for the crew.

Chor: Wrap me up ...

4. I don't need a harp nor a halo not me,
just give me a breeze and a good rollin` sea,
I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
and the wind in the riggin` will sing me this song.

Chor: Wrap me up ...

Helmut Uthof 31.1.1999

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