Fiddlers Green (John Conolly) Capo 2

[Intro]

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     F                              C
    G                          G7         C
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     C             F             C          Am
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
   C             F            C          G
to view the salt waters, take in the sea air,
  F                        C
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,
              G            C          G
'Oh take me away boys, me time is not long'.
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[Chorus]

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        C        G            C
Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper,
   F           C              G
no more on the docks I'll be seen.
     F                            C
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
    G                         G7        C
and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.
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    C         F          C                Am
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,
          C         F          C           G
where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell.
          F                             C
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play,
                     G            C         G
and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.
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[Chorus]

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

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         C           F             C            Am
When you get back on docks and the long trip is through,
        C                F                C              G
there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.
          F                               C
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,
                        G           C          G
and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.
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[Chorus]

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      C            F          C          Am
Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,
     C         F           C            G
just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea.
     F                           C
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,
                     G          C         G
with the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.
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[Chorus] x 2