

Fiddlers' Green

Words and music by John Conolly

1

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

Chorus

**Dress me up in me oilskins and Jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old ship-mates, I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers' Green**

2

Now Fiddlers' Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to Hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

3

When you get back in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lasses there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree


4

Oh I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play my old squeeze box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song


Fiddler's Green

Waltz


John Conolly


Délices I. 

1. As I
2. Now
3. When you
4. Oh I



walked by the dock - side one eve - ning so rare
Fidd - ler's Green is a place I heard tell
get back in dock and the long trip is through
don't want a harp nor a ha - lo, not me


To view the still wa - ters and take the salt air
Where the fi - sher men go if they don't go to hell
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's las - ses there too
Just give me a breeze and a good rol - ling sea



I heard an old fi - sher - man sin - ging this song
Where the skies are all pret - ty and the dol - phins do play
And the girls are all squeeze - box as the beer is all free
I'll play my old as we sail a - long


Oh take me a - way boys, my time is not long
And the cold coast of Green - land is far, far a - way
And there's bot - tles of rum grow - ing from e - very tree
With the wind in the rig - ging to sing me a song


Chorus
Ch.Dress me up in my oil - skins 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 them someday in Fid - dlers' Green