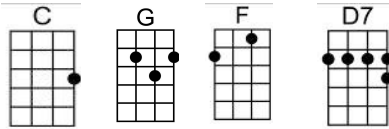


Fiddlers Green



Intro:

Just t[F]ell me old shipmates, I'm ta[C]king a trip, mates,
and I[G]ll see you some day on F[G7]iddler's Gr[C]een.

As I wa[C]lked by the do[F]ckside one ev[C]ening so fa[Am]ir,
to vi[C]ew the salt w[F]aters and t[C]ake the salt a[G]ir,
I hea[F]rd an old fisherman sin[C]ging a song,
'Oh take me aw[G]ay boys, me t[C]ime is not lo[G]ng'.

Chorus:-

Wrap me [C]up in me oi[G]skins and j[C]umpers,
no m[F]ore on the d[C]ocks I'll be s[G]een.
Just t[F]ell me old shipmates, I'm ta[C]king a trip, mates,
I [G]ll see you some day on F[G7]iddler's Gr[C]een.

Now F[C]iddler's Gr[F]een is a pl[C]ace I've heard t[Am]ell,
where the fi[C]shermen go[F] if they do[C]n't go to he[G]ll.
Where the sk[F]ies are all clear and the dol[C]phins do play,
and the cold coast of Gre[G]enland is far, [C]far a[G]way.

CHORUS

Where the ski[C]es are all cl[F]ear and there's ne[C]ver a g[Am]ale,
and the f[C]ish jump on b[F]oard with one s[C]wish of their t[G]ail.
Where you l[F]ie at your leisure, there's [C]no work to do,
and the skipper's bel[G]ow making t[C]ea for the cr[G]ew.

CHORUS

When you g[C]et back on d[F]ocks and the lo[C]ng trip is thr[Am]ough,
there's[C] pubs and there's cl[F]ubs and there's la[C]ssies there, to[G]o.
Where the g[F]irls are all pretty and the be[C]er it is free,
and there's bottles of r[G]um growing f[C]rom every t[G]ree.

CHORUS

Now I d[C]on't want a h[F]arp nor a h[C]alo, not m[Am]e,
just [C]give me a bre[F]eze on a go[C]od rolling s[G]ea.
I'll [F]play me old squeezebox as w[C]e sail along,
with the wind in the[G] rigging to s[C]ing me a s[G]ong.

CHORUS