

037 A: Fiddler's Green

Music: John Conolly
Words: John Conolly

1: As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
to view the salt water and take in the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song.
"Oh, take me away boys, me time is not long.

vandre

Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's 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 weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper

3: Now, when you're in dock, and the long trip is
trough there's pubs and there's clubs and there's
lassies there too
And the girls are all pretty, and the beer is all free
And the bottles of rum growing on every tree.

Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper

4: Where the skies are all clear and there's never a
gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their
tale
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper

5: Now I don't want a harp nor a *halo*, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old *squeeze-box* as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin' to sing me a song.

glorie

harmo-
nika

Chorus: Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green."

Wrap me up in.... (Omkvædet gentages som afslutning)...