

Fiddler's green

C Am

1. As i walked by the dock-side one even-ing so fair

Am C Dm Dm⁷ G⁷

to view the salt water and take the sea air I

F C Em

heard an old fish-er-man sing-ing a song Won't you

Dm F G⁷

take me a-way boys me time is not long Ref. Wrap me

C G C F C G

up in me oilskin and ju-per no more on the docks I'll be seen

F C Em

just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates and

D G⁷ C

I'll see you some day in fid-dl-er's green.

2. Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

3. When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
Ther's pubs and ther's clubs and ther's lassies there too
When the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And ther's bottles of rum growing from every tree

4. 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 rigging to sing me a song

Worte und Weise: John Conolly.

Um nach Fiddlers' Green zu gelangen, gibt es in der irischen wie in der griechischen Legende ein sicheres Mittel. Man nimmt ein Ruder auf die Schulter und geht so lange ins Binnenland hinein, bis man gefragt wird, was man da eigentlich trägt.