

Fiddler's green

1. As i walked by the dock-side one even-ing so fair to
view the salt wa-ter and take the sea air I heard an old
fish-er-man sing-ing a song Won't you take me a -way boys me
time is not long Ref. Wrap me up in me oil-skin and ju-per no
more on the dicks I'll be seen just tell me old ship-mates, I'm
taking a trip mates and I'll see you some day in fid-dler'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.