

## 28 Fiddler's green.

Intro:

Solo:

As I went a walking one evening so rare,  
to view the still waters and taste the salt air.  
I heard an old fisherman singin' this song,  
saying, "take me away boys, me time is not long".

**refrein: koor.**

Wrap me up in me oilskins and blankets.  
No more in the docks I'll be seen.  
Just tell me old shipmates I'm takin' a trip mates  
and I'll see you some day in fiddler's green.

Solo:

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.

**refrein:**

solo:

Where the weather is fair and there's never a gale.  
Where the fish jump on board with a swish of their tale.  
You lie at your leisure, their is no work to do.  
While the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

**refrein :**

Solo:

I don't need 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  
and the wind in the riggin' will sing me this song.

**refrein: 1 x herhalen.**