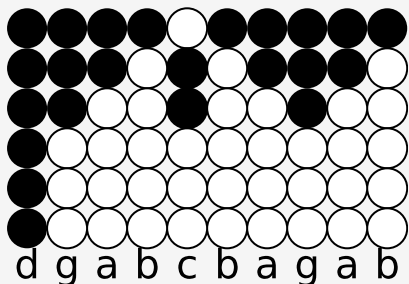


Tin whistle tabs for: Fiddlers Green

Author/Performer: John Connoly

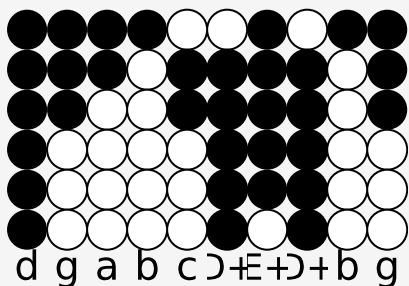
Fiddler's Green



Oh Fid-dlers green is a place I've heard



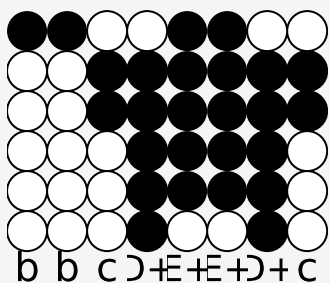
tell



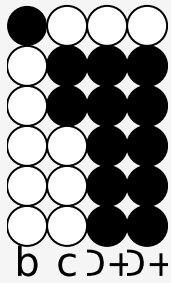
Where fish-er-men go If they don't go to



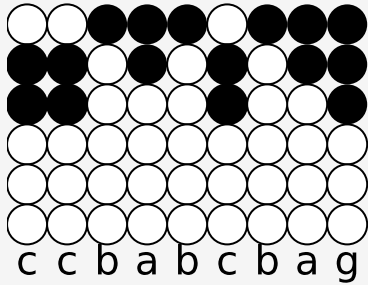
hell



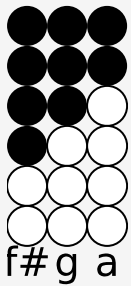
Where the weath-er is fair and the



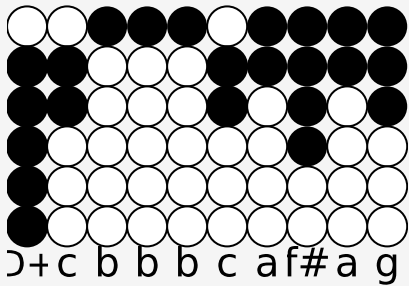
dol-phins do play



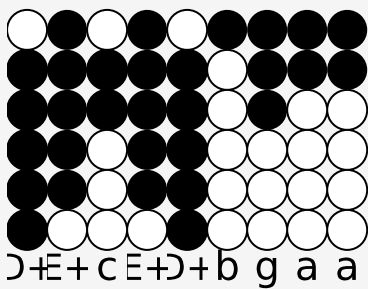
And the cold coast of Green-land is far



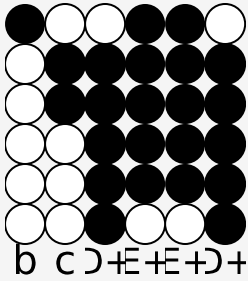
far a-way



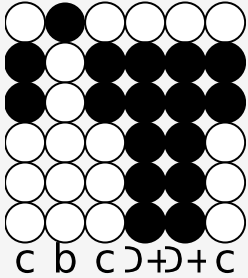
Dress me up in my oil-skins and jum-per



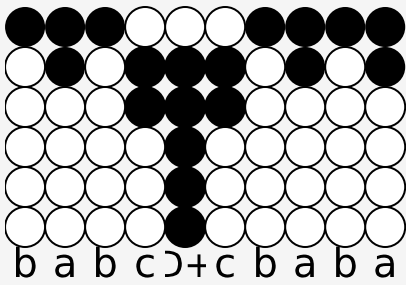
No more on the docks I'll be seen



Just tell me old ship-mates



I'm taking a trip mates



And I'll see you some-day on Fiddlers



Green

Dress 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 them someday in Fiddler's Green
 Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
 Where fishermen go when 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
 The sky's always clear and there's never a gale
 And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tail
 You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
 And the skipper's below making tea for the crew
 And when you're in dock and the long trip is thru
 There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies there too
 Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
 And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree

I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
When the wind's in the rigging to sing me this song.

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>