

WRAP ME UP IN ME OILSKINS AND JUMPER

The notion of an afterlife called Fiddlers Green where old sailors go (those who don't go to hell, anyway) first appears in literature in an 1856 novel by Frederick Marryat called The Dog Fiend. This song was written in 1960 by John Connolly and paints a lovely picture of this place long-celebrated in myth, story and song. You can hear a nice version of this song by The New Barleycorn here: <https://youtu.be/cBp1uiGHu-M?si=PN2mNQ7xWiGOSmqS>. To play along with this version, capo II and play in D as shown below.

FIDDLERS GREEN

By John Connolly

D **Bm**
As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
D **A**
To view the salt waters and take the salt air
G **F#m**
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
D **G** **D** **A**
Saying, take me away boys me time is not long

Chorus:

D **A** **D**
Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
G **F#m** **A**
No more on the docks I'll be seen
G **F#m**
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
Em **F#m** **A** **D**
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

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

Chorus...

When you land on the dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree.

Chorus...

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

Chorus...

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

Chorus....