**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 at the link below. 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....