



dominick cochlain

Arranger, Composer, Interpreter, Publisher

France, rouen

About the artist

I've always had a great passion for Irish music : songs above all but dances, too (jigs, reels, hornpipes, & so on); I love, as thirty years ago, the Chieftains, De Dannan, Clannad, Loreena Mac Kennit... I practice Irish set-dancing and French traditional dances (bourrées, waltzes of all kind, mazurkas, rondeaus of south-west of France, & so on).

I was a member of two medieval groups that interpreted songs of trouvères, troubadours, Guillaume de Machaut, Adam de la Halle, Cantigas de Santa Maria, & so on.

I studied harmony that allow me to compose. First, I was a teacher in nursery schools and I wrote children songs. I also created videos for children., created with Illustrator & I-Movie.

Qualification: Irish singing & dancing at the Irish Association of Paris, medieval singing, medieval fiddle, rebec studied at the Medieval Centre of Paris, baroque music in the Conservatoire of Reims.

Associate: SACEM

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-falorum.htm>

About the piece



Title: FIDDLERS GREEN
Composer: Anonymous
Arranger: cochlain, dominick
Publisher: cochlain, dominick
Style: Celtic

dominick cochlain on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)



This work is not Public Domain. You must contact the artist for any use outside the private area.

Prohibited distribution on other website.



- listen to the audio
- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist

As I went by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the still water and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
Won't you take me away boys my time is not long

CHORUS

Wrap 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 you one day 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 skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Where there's always a breeze and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with a swish in their tail
and you lie at your leisure, there's nothing to do
And the captain's below making tea for the crew

when you get to the dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies
there too
and the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

I don't need a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a stiff rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we roll along
When the wind in the rigging will sing me this song