



dominique gauquelin

France, rouen

FIDDLER'S GREEN

About the artist

Composer now handicapped, I can't play any instrument (pipes, flutes and medieval fiddles which are hung up on the walls, for decoration). Scores (bourrées, mazurkas, waltzes, jigs, reels...., in a word dances) are increasing uselessly. If you entrust an E-mail address to me, I can send the audio in a better format than mp3 : wav.

.So, I decided to give them. These scores were written for the harp but it is playable with fiddle, flute, tin-whistle, mandoline, etc... Ah a big detail there's no copyrights on my scores. I can send audio in a better format than Dominique Gauquelin

Qualification: Fifty years of music but I need a second life for composition...

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

About the piece



Title: FIDDLER'S GREEN
Composer: gauquelin, dominique
Arranger: gauquelin, dominique
Copyright: Copyright © dominique gauquelin
Publisher: gauquelin, dominique
Style: Celtic

dominique gauquelin on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

Prohibited distribution on other website.



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



As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt water and take the sea air
I heard an old fisher man singing a song.

« Won't you take me away, boys ,my time is not long.

CHORUS Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper.

Nomore on the docks,I'll bee seen.

Just tell me old shipmates,I'm taking a trip mates

And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green .

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I heard tell

Where the 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 get on the docks 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 beer it is free

And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

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 rigging to sing me a song.

CHORUS

