

The Merry Ploughboy

^D Well I am a merry ploughboy ^A
^D And I plough the fields by day
^A Till a sudden thought came through my mind
^{A7} That I should run away. ^D
^D For I'm tired of this civilian life ^A
^G Since the day that I was born ^D
^A So im off to join the I.R.A.
^G And im off tomorrow morn ^D

(Chorus)
^D And were of to Dublin in the green in the green ^A
^D Where the helmets glisten in the sun
^A Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash
^{A7} To the echo of a thompson gun ^D

I'll leave asise my pick and spade
I'll leave aside my plough
And I'll leave aside my old grey mare
For no more I'll need them now

I'll leave aside my Mary
She's the girl I do adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me
When she hears the cannon roar

And when the war is over
And dear old Ireland's free
I will take her to the church to wed
And a rebel's wife she'll be

Well some men fight for silver
And some men fight for gold
But the I.R.A. are fighting for
The land the Saxon's stole