

Off to Dublin in the Green

I am a merry ploughboy and I ploughed the fields all day
'Till a sudden thought came to my head that I should roam away
For I'm sick and tired of slavery since the day that I was born
And I'm off to join the I.R.A. and I'm off tomorrow morn.

Cho: And we're off to Dublin in the green, in the green
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash
To the echo of the Thompson Gun.

I'll leave aside my pick and spade and I'll leave aside my plough
I'll leave aside my horse and yoke I'll no longer need them now
I'll leave aside my Mary she's the girl that I adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me when she hears the rifles roar

And when the war is over and dear old Ireland is free
I'll take her to the church to wed and a rebels 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 that the Saxons stold