

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Merry Ploughboy

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I am a merry ploughboy
I plough the fields all day,
But a notion came into my head
That I should run away
I'm tired of civilian life, since the day that I was born
And I'm off to join the I.R.A. I'm tomorrow morn.

cho: We're off to Dublin in the green
In the green,
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where bayonets flash and rifles clash
To the echoes of a Thompson Gun.

ML
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