

Off to Dublin in the Green

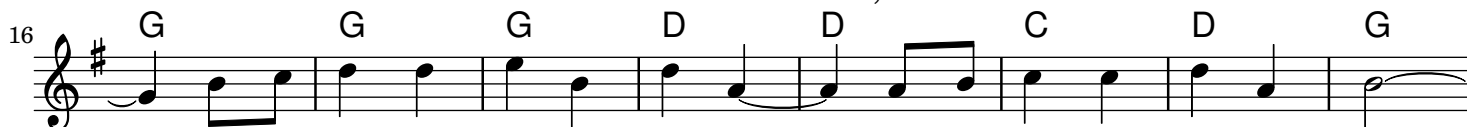
(The Merry Plough Boy)



1. I am a mer-ry plough - boy and I ploughed the fields all day,
2. I'll leave a - side my pick and spade, I'll leave a - side my plough,
3. And when the war is o - ver and dear old Ire-land is free,



'Til a sud-den thought came to my mind that I should roam a - way.
I'll leave a - side my horse and yoke, I no long-er need them now.
I'll take her to the church to wed, and a re-bel's wife she'll be.



Well I've al - ways ha - ted sla - very, since the day that I was born,
And I'll leave a - side my Ma - ry, she's the girl that I a - dore.
Well, some men fight for sil - ver, and some men fight for gold.



So I'm off to join the I - R - A, and I'm off to - morrow morn.
And I wonder if she'll think of me when she hears the ri - fles roar.
But the I - R - A are fighting for the land that the Sax-ons stole.



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 ri-fles crash, to the echo of the Thompson Gun.