

Off to Dublin in the Green

According to wikipedia, this is an IRA marching song. There it is claimed that it dates back to approximately 1916 (the Easter Uprising), however the lyrics confound this theory. '...To the rattle of a Thompson gun'. The Thompson submachinegun did not go into production till 1921. It was used during the Civil War but had not even been conceived during the Easter Rising. The song also refers to the IRA, which did not exist till late 1919-early 1920, well after the Easter Rising.

The lyrics were penned by Jeremy Lynch, and was set to the tune of "The Jolly Ploughboy", a traditional English song.

Off to Dublin in the Green

(The Merry Plough Boy)

March

trad. English, Irish - FF Version

I am a mer-ry plough-boy and I ploughed the fields all day,
 I'll leave a-side my pick and spade, I'll leave a-side my plough,
 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
 And I'll leave a-side my Ma-ry, she's the girl that I a-
 Well, some men fight for sil-ver, and some men fight for
 born, So I'm off to join the I-R-A, and I'm off to-
 dore. And I won-der if she'll think of me when she hears the
 gold. But the I-R-A are fight-ing for the land that the
 morrow morn. And we're off to Dublin in the green, in the
 ri-fles roar.
 Sax-ons stole.
 green, where the hel-mets glisten in the sun. Where the bayonets flash
 and the ri-fles crash, to the echo of the Thompson Gun.

Playing Notes: - none

Off To Dublin In The Green

(Song about joining the IRA)

1. Oh 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 IRA, and I'm off tomorrow morn.

Chorus: *And we're all 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 rattle of a Thompson gun.*

2. I'll leave aside my pick and spade, I'll leave aside my plough,
I'll leave aside my horse and yoke, I no longer need them now.
And 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.

3. And when the war is over and dear old Ireland is free,
I'll 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 IRA are fighting for the land that the Saxons stole.

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