

Off to Dublin in the Green



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

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

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

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