

The Abbey Tavern Singers "Off To Dublin In The Green"

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I am a merry ploughboy and
I ploughed the fields all day
Till a sudden thought
Came into my head
That I should roam away

For I'm tired of civilian life
Since the day that I was born
So Iâ€™m off to join the I.R.A.
And Iâ€™m off tomorrow morn

[CHORUS]

So weâ€™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 a Thompson Gun

Oh, I leave behind
My old gray home
I leave behind my plough
And I leave behind
My old gray mare
For no more Iâ€™ll need 'em now

And I leave behind my Mary
Sheâ€™s the one that I adore
And I wonder will
She think of me when she
Hears the rifles roar

[Repeat CHORUS]

Oh, some men fight for silver
And some men fight for gold
But the I.R.A. are fighting for
The land the Saxons stole

[Repeat CHORUS]

And when the war is over
And dear old Ireland's free
I will take her to the church to wed
A rebel's wife she'll be

[Repeat CHORUS]

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