

Paddy Schmidt**"OFF TO DUBLIN IN THE GREEN"**

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Oh I am a merry ploughboy

and I ploughed the fields all day

Â´Till a sudden thought came to my mind

that I should roam away

For IÂ´m sick and tired of slavery

since the day that I was born

And IÂ´m off to join the I.R.A.

and IÂ´m off tomorrow morn.

And weÂ´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 echo of the Thompson Gun.

IÂ´ll leave aside my pick and spade

and IÂ´ll leave aside my plough

IÂ´ll leave aside my old grey mare

for no more IÂ´ll need them now

And IÂ´ll take my short revolver

and my bandoleer of lead

IÂ´ll do or die I can try

to avenge my country's dead.

I'll leave aside my Mary

she's the girl I do adore

And I wonder will she think of me

when she hears the rifles roar

And when the war is over

and old Ireland she is free

I will take her to the church to wed

and a rebel's wife she'll be

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