

## **Wolfetones, The**

### **"The Merry Ploughboy"**

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Oh i am a merry ploughboy,  
And i plough the feilds all day,  
'Till a sudden thought came to my mind,  
That i should roam away.

For im tired of this civilian life,  
Since the day that i was born,  
So im off to join the IRA,  
And im off tomorrow morn'.

And were all off to Dublin in the green,  
Where the helmets glisten in the sun,  
Where the bay'nets clash,  
and rifles crash,  
to the echo of the thompson gun.

I'll leave aside my pick and spade,  
I'll leave aside my plough,  
Oh ill leave aside my horse and yoke,  
For no more i'll need them now.

And i leave aside my MAry,  
She is the girl i do adore,  
And i wonder if,  
She thinks of me when she hears that canon roar.

And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green  
Where the helmets glisten in the sun  
Where the bay'nets flash and the riffles crash  
To the rattle of a Thompson gun.

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 I.R.A. are fighting for the land that the Saxons  
stole.

And we're all off to Dublin in the green, in the green  
Where the helmets glisten in the sun

Where the bay'nets flash and the riffles crash  
To the rattle of a Thompson gun.

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