

# Off to Dublin in the green

Oh, I'm a merry ploughboy  
and I plough the fields all day,  
till a sudden for came to me had,  
that I should roam away.

**I'm sick and tired of slavery,  
since the day that I was born.  
So I'm off to join the IRA,  
and I'm off tomorrow morn**

**Refrain( 2x):**

**Yes we're all of to Dublin in the green, in the green,  
where the helmets glisten in the sun,  
where the bay'nets flash and the rifles crash  
to the echo of a Thompson gun**

I leave aside my old gray coat,  
I'll leave aside my plough,  
I leave aside my horse and yoke,  
for no more I'll need them now.

**I'll take my short revolver and my bandolier of lead  
and live or die I can but try to avenge my country's dead.**

**Refrain:**

There's one I leave behind me, the cailin I adore  
I wonder will she think of me when she hears them cannons roar.

**But when the war is over and dear old Ireland's free,  
I'll take her to the church to wed and a good man's wife  
she'll be.**

**Refrain:**

(Trad.)