

The Merry Ploughboy

Dominic Behan

I am a merry ploughboy
and I ploughed the fields all day
'Till a sudden thought came to my mind
that I should roam away
I'm sick and tired of slavery
since the day that I was born
And I'm off to join the I.R.A.
and I'm off tomorrow morn.

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*And we'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 rattle of the Thompson Gun.*

I'll leave aside my pick and spade
I'll leave aside me plough
I'll leave aside me horse and yoke
I'll no longer need them now
And I'll leave aside my Mary
she's the girl I do adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me
when she hears the rifles roar

And when the war is over
and till old Ireland is free
I will take her to the church to wed
and a rebels 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 England stole