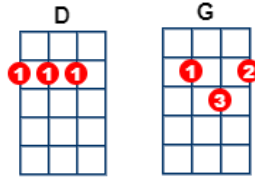


Off To Dublin In The Green – Dubliners



[G] I am a merry **[D]** ploughboy and I plough the fields all **[G]** day,
Till a **[D]** sudden thought came to my head, that I should roam **[G]** away.
For I'm sick and tired of **[D]** slavery, since the day that I was **[G]** born,
And I'm **[D]** off to join the I.R.A. and I'm off tomorrow **[G]** morn.

***[G]** And we're all off to Dublin in the **[D]** green, in the green,
Where our **[G]** helmets glisten in the sun.
Where the **[D]** bayonets flash and the rifles crash,
To the rattle of a Thompson **[G]** gun.*

[G] I'll leave aside me **[D]** pick and spade, I leave aside me **[G]** plough.
I'll **[D]** leave aside me horse and yoke, I no longer need them **[G]** now.
I'll leave aside me **[D]** Mary, she's the girl that I **[G]** adore,
And I **[D]** wonder if she'll think of me, when she hears the rifles **[G]** roar.

***[G]** And we're all off to Dublin in the **[D]** green, in the green,
Where our **[G]** helmets glisten in the sun.
Where the **[D]** bayonets flash and the rifles crash,
To the rattle of a Thompson **[G]** gun.*

[G] And when the war is **[D]** over and dear old Ireland's **[G]** free,
I will **[D]** take her to the church to wed, and a rebel's wife she'll **[G]** be.
Oh! Some men fight for **[D]** silver and some men fight for **[G]** gold,
But the **[D]** I.R.A. are fighting for the land that the Saxons **[G]** stole.

***[G]** And we're all off to Dublin in the **[D]** green, in the green,
Where our **[G]** helmets glisten in the sun.
Where the **[D]** bayonets flash and the rifles crash,
To the rattle of a Thompson **[G]** gun.*