

The MERRY PLOWBOY

WELL I AM A MERRY PLOWBOY
AND I PLOW THE FIELDS ALL DAY
TILL A SUDDEN THOUGHT CAME TO MY MIND
THAT I SHOULD RUN AWAY
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF LABORING
SINCE THE DAY THAT I WAS BORN
SO I'M OFF TO JOIN THE I.R.A.
AND I'M OFF TOMORROW MORN

*AND WE'RE OFF TO DUBLIN
IN THE GREEN, IN THE GREEN
WHERE OUR HELMETS GLISTEN IN THE SUN
WHERE THE BAYONETS FLASH
AND THE RIFLES CRASH
TO THE ECHO OF A THOMPSON GUN*

I'LL LEAVE BEHIND MY PICK AND SPADE
I'LL LEAVE BEHIND MY PLOW
I'LL LEAVE BEHIND MY OLD GREY MARE
NO MORE I'LL NEED HER NOW
AND I'LL TAKE MY SHORT REVOLVER
AND MY BANDOLIER OF LEAD
I'LL DO OR DIE MY BEST TO TRY
TO AVENGE MY COUNTRY'S DEAD!

AND I'LL LEAVE BEHIND MY MARY
SHE'S THE GIRL I DO ADORE
AND I WONDER IF SHE'LL THINK OF ME
WHEN SHE HEARS THOSE CANNONS ROAR
AND WHEN THE WAR IS OVER
AND DEAR OLD IRELAND'S FREE
I'LL TAKE HER TO THE CHURCH TO WED
AND A REBEL'S WIFE SHE'LL BE!