

RODDY McCORLEY

OH SEE THAT FLEET-FOOT HOST OF ME
WHO SPEED WITH FACES WAN
FROM FARMSTEAD OR FROM FISHER'S COT
ALONG THE BANKS OF BANN
THEY COME WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR EYES -
TOO LATE, TOO LATE ARE THEY
FOR YOUNG RODDY MCCORLEY GOES TO DIE
ON THE BRIDGE OF TOOME TODAY!

OH IRELAND, MOTHER IRELAND -
YOU LOVE THEM STILL THE BEST
THE FEARLESS BRAVE WHO FIGHTING FALL
UPON YOUR HAPLESS BREAST
BUT NEVER A ONE OF ALL YOUR DEAD
MORE BRAVELY FELL IN FRAY
THAN HE WHO MARCHES TO HIS FATE
ON THE BRIDGE OF TOOME TODAY!

WHEN HE LAST STEPPED UP THAT STREET
HIS SHINING PIKE IN HAND
BEHIND HIM MARCHED IN GRIM ARRAY
A STALWART EARNEST BAND
FOR ANTRIM TOWN, FOR ANTRIM TOWN,
HE LED THEM TO THE FRAY
AND YOUNG RODDY MCCORLEY GOES TO DIE
ON THE BRIDGE OF TOOME TODAY!

UP THE NARROW STREETS HE STEPPED
SMILING, PROUD AND YOUNG
ABOUT THE HEMP ROPE ON HIS NECK
THE GOLDEN RINGLETS CLUNG
THERE WAS NEVER A TEAR IN HIS BLUE EYES
BUT SAD AND BRIGHT ARE THEY
FOR YOUNG RODDY MCCORLEY GOES TO DIE
ON THE BRIDGE OF TOOME TODAY!