

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

D G D
Oh, see the fleet-foot host of men, who march with faces drawn
D G D Bm G A
From farmstead and from fishers' cot, along the banks of Bann
D G D Bm G A
They come with vengeance in their eyes. Too late! Too late are they
D G D
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

D G D
Up the narrow street he stepped, so smiling, proud and young
D G D Bm G A
About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung
D G D Bm G A
There's ne'er a tear in his blue eyes, fearless and brave are they
D G D
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

D G D
When last this narrow street he trod, his shining pike in hand
D G D Bm G A
Behind him marched, in grim array, an earnest stalwart band
D G D Bm G A
To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the fray
D G D
But young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

D G D
There's never a one of all your dead more bravely died in fray
D G D Bm G A
Than he who marches to his fate in Toomebridge town today
D G D Bm G A
True to the last! True to the last, he treads the upwards way
D G D
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today