

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

C Am F

Oh see the host of fleet foot men who speed with faces

C F C Am

wan From farmstead and from fishers' hut along the

F G C F C

banks of Bann They come with vengeance in their hearts too

Am F G C Am

late, too late are they For young Roddy McCorley goes to

F C

die 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 boldly steps, smiling, proud and young
Around the hemp rope on his neck his golden ringlets clung
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright are they
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today*

*There was never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
Then he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today
True to the last as we say goodbye he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today*