

# Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

Oh see the host of fleet foot men who speed with faces  
wan From farmstead and from fishers' hut along the  
banks of Bann They come with vengeance in their hearts too  
late, too late are they For young Roddy McCorley goes to  
die on the bridge of Toome today

*When he last stepped up that street, his shinning 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*