

RODDY McCORLEY

**OH SEE THAT FLEET-FOOT HOST OF MEN
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!**