

I Won't Follow You Up To Carlow

Fiddler's Green

Lift Mac Cahir Og your face
Brooding o'er the old disgrace
That black Fitz-William stormed your place
And drove you to the fern
Grey said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glen Malure Feach
Mac Hugh O'Byrne

But me I'm sick and tired of hate
I'll never use a sword or blade
And when I hear the beating drum
I'll sing a song of peace
My hand be not a dashing fist
Won't put my name on your list
I'll try to save my wife and child
I'll run away to hide

Say a foe is now born
Tar and feather me with scorn
Take my hand
You heaven-sent
You'll never get my soul though
Bury the hatchet, down the sword
No justification by the Lord
No more feud, I'm tired of war
No following up to Carlow

Can't stand the swords of Glen
Imale, flashing o'er the English Pale
The bleeding children of the Gael
Beneath O'Byrne's banners
All I see is bloody war
And leaders who still cry for more
Sheer madness on its marching feet
The lunacy of war

Houses burnt, wasted land
More destruction in the end
Men of hate, men of war
Fallen is your star, low
Down with halbert, down the sword
No more marching by the Lord
Feach Mac Hugh, I'm tired of war
No following up to Carlow

The marchin' feet they march no more
They stand in front of Hades door
All men are slain, the women raped
The living mourn the dead
There is no use to foster hate
This is no way to change our fate
We'd rather change our attitude
Than sing these songs of war