

Roddy Mccorley

The Clancy Brothers

O see the fleet-foot host of men
Who speed with faces wan
From farmstead and from fishers' 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

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

When last this narrow street he trod
His shining pike in hand
Behind him marched, in grim array
A earnest stalwart 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

There's never a one of all your dead
More bravely died in fray
Than he who marches to his fate
In Toomebridge town today
True to the last! True to the last
He treads the upwards way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today