

## Young Roddy McCorley

The Irish Rovers

Oh see the fleet foot host of men  
Who sped with faces wan  
From farmstedt 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 streets he steps  
He smiling proud and young  
About the hemp rope 'round his neck  
The golden ringlets clung  
There's never a tear in his blue eyes  
Both glad and bright are they  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Toome today

When the last stepped up the 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  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Toome today

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