

Young Roddy McCorley

The Kingston Trio

Oh, see the fleet foot hosts of men who come with faces wan
From farm stead and from thresher's cot along the banks of Ban.
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 tod
ay!

Up the narrow street 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, both glad and bright w
ere they,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome toda
y!

When he last stepped up that street his shining pike in hand
Around him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest band.
For Antrim Town! For Antrim Town! He led them to the fray,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome toda
y!

There is never a one of all who die more bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his death on the Bridge of Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome tod
ay!
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome toda
y!