

## An Cat Dubh

### "Follow Me Up To Carlow"

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e (D) e (D)  
Lift MacKahir Og your face, brooding o4er the old  
disgrace,  
e (D) C D e  
that black FitzWilliam stormed your place, and drove  
you to the Fern.  
e (D) e (D)  
Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he□d  
secure,  
e (D) C D e  
until he met at Glenmalure Fiach McHugh O4Byrne.

Ref:  
h D  
Curse and swear, Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what  
Fiach4ll dare,  
h h D e  
now FitzWilliam have a care, falling is your star low.  
h D  
Up with Halpert out with sword, on we go for by the  
lord,  
h h D e  
Fiach McHugh was given the word, follow me up to  
Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imale, flashing o□er the English  
pale,  
see all the children of the Gael, beneath O4Byrne4s  
banners.  
Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let a saxon cock,  
crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach □em  
manners.

From the Taggart to Clonmore, flows a stream of Saxon  
gore,  
and great is Rory Og O4More, at sending loons to  
Hades.  
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black  
FitzWilliam4s head,  
we send it over dripping red, to Lisa and her Ladies.

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