

Clancy Brothers

"Roddy Mccorley"

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RODDY MCCORLEY

(Words by Ethna Carberry; music traditional)

O see the fleet-foot host of men, who march with faces
drawn,

From farmstead and from fishers' 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

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.

To Antrim town! To Antrim town, he led them to the
fray,

But 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; ray

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.

Recorded by Kingston Trio, Clancys

@Irish @rebellion @death @war @death @war

filename[RMCORLEY

play.exe RMCORLEY

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