

Bardic

"Follow Me Up To Carlow"

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Lift Mac Cahir Og your face,
Brooding o'er the old disgrace,
That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the Fern
Grey said victory was sure,
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure,
Feach Mac Hugh O'Byrne

See the swords of Glen Imayle,
Flashing o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael,
Beneath O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of the fighting stock,
Would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock,
Fly up and teach him manners

Curse and swear Lord Kildare
Feach will do what Feach will dare
Now Fitzwilliam, have a care
Fallen is your star low
Up with halbert, out with sword
On we go for by the Lord
Feach Mac Hugh has given his word
Follow me up to Carlow

From Tassagart to Clonmore,
Flows a stream of Saxon gore

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