

## **Blood On The Dancefloor**

### **"Follow Me Up To Carlow / Holt's Way"**

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Lift mcCahir Og your face  
You're brooding over the old disgrace  
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and sent you  
to the ferns  
Grey said victory was sure  
Soon the firebrand he'd secured  
Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh  
O'Byrne  
Curse and swear Lord Kildare  
Fiach will do what fiach will dare  
Now Fitzwilliam have a care  
Fallen is your star low  
Up with halberd our with sword  
On we go for by the Lord  
Fiach MacHugh has given the word  
Follow me up to Carlow.  
See the swords of Glen Imaal  
Go flashing o'er the English pale  
See all the children on the Gael beneath O'Byrne's  
banner  
Rooster of the fighting stock  
Would you let a saxon cock  
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him  
manners  
From Teach Sagard to Clonmore  
There flows a stream of Saxon gore  
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending the loons to  
hades  
White is sick and Grey has fled  
Now for Black Fitzwilliam's head  
We'll send it over dripping red to Liza and her ladies

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