

## Shane Harper

### "Roddy Mccorley"

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When he stepped up the narrow street  
Smiling proud and young  
Around the hemp, around his neck  
The golden ringlets clung  
There was never a tear in his blue eyes  
Both sad and bright were they  
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam today  
When he last stepped up that street  
Shining steel in hand  
Behind him marched in grim array  
A stalwart, earnest band  
For Antrim town, for Antrim town  
He leapt into the fray  
Now young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam today  
See the host of fleet foot men  
Dismayed with faces wan  
>From Verners house and fishers cut  
Along the banks of Bann  
They come with vengeance in their eyes  
Too late, too late are they  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam today

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