Scythian
"Follow Me Up To Carlow"

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Lift MacCahir Og your face, brooding o'er the old
disgrace when
Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and drove you to
the fern.
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd
secure
Til 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, out with sword, on we'll go for by the
Lord
Fiach MacHugh has given his word. Follow me up to
Carlow.

[fiddles play A section of "Swallowtail Jig"]

See the swords of Glen Imaal, a flashing o'er the
English pale
See all the soldiers of the Gael beneath O'Byrne's
banner
Rooster of a fighting stock would yet let the English
cock
Cry out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him
manners.

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[Intro Instrumental]
[fiddles play A section of "Swallowtail Jig"]

Now from Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream
of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending 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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