

Kingston Trio, The

"Young Roddy McCorley"

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Pat Clancy

Oh, see the fleet foot hosts of men who come with
faces wan
From farm stead and from thresher's 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, smiling, proud and
young.
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets
clung.
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and
bright were they,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of
Toome today!

When he last stepped up that street his shining pike in
hand
Around him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest
band.
For Antrim Town! For Antrim Town! He led them to the
fray,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of
Toome today!

There is never a one of all who die more bravely fell in
fray
Than he who marches to his death on the Bridge of
Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward
way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge
of Toome today!
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of
Toome today!

