Roddy Mccorley

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                C                                        F                C
Verse 1:   Oh See the host of fleet foot men who sped with faces wan.
                                   F      C     Am       Dm       G7
           From farmstedt and from fishers cot along the banks of Bann.
                C         Em       F         C           Am         Dm
G7
           They come with vengence in their eyes, too late, too late are
they,
                      C                                    Am        F      C
           For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome
today.

Verse 2:   When the last stepped up the stret, his shining pike in hand.
           Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest band.
           For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray,
           And young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome
today.

Verse 3:   Up the narrows streets he steps, 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 sad and bright are
they,
            For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome
today.
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