

**Roddy MacCorley**

See the fleet foot host of men that speed with faces wan,  
From farmstead and from fisher's cot 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 Toome today

Up the narrow street 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 eye, both sad and bright are they,  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today

When he last stepped up that street, 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 McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today

There was never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray  
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge on 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