

Traditional Irish Music

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Roddy McCorley

(Ethna Carbury)

C F C
Oh see the host of fleet foot men who sped with faces wan.
F C Am Dm G7
From farmsted and from fishers cot along the banks of Bann.
C Em F C Am Dm G7
They come with vengeance in their eyes, too late, too late are they,
C Am F C
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

Up the narrow 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 McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

(repeat verse 1)