

**Roddy McCorley**

See the host of fleet foot men  
Who sped with faces wan.  
From farmstedt and from fishers 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 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.

When the last stepped up the 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's never a one of all your dead  
more bravely died in fray  
Than he who marches to his fate  
On the bridge Toome today  
True to the last! True to the last,  
he treads the upwards way,  
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
on the bridge of Toome today.