## RODDY MCCORLEY

G		С		G	
Oh see the fleet foot host of	of men wh	o spee	d with fac	es wan	
	C G	C	Am	D	
From farmstead and from f	isher's co	t along	the banks	s of Ban	n
G	С	G	Em	Am	D
They come with vengeance in their eyes. To late to late are they					
G		•	С		G
For young Roddy McCorley	goes to	die on	the bridge	of Toor	ne today

Up the narrow streets he steps smiling proud and young About the hemp rope on his neck the golden ringlets clung There is never a fear in his blue eyes both glad and bright are 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 Behind him marched in grim array a stalward earnest band For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he lead them to the fray And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today

There is never a one of all your dead more bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate on the bridge of Toome today
To true the last, to true the last he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the bridge of Toome today