Follow Me Up to Carlow

Lift, MacCahir Óg, your face!—brooding over the old disgrace:
That black Prince William stormed your place and drove you to the Fern.
Grey said victory was sure—soon the firebrand he’d secure!—
Until he met, at Glen Malure, with Feach MacHugh O’Byrne.

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare!  Feach will do what Feach will dare!
Now, Prince William, have a care—fallen is your star, low!
Up with halberd!  Out with sword!  On we’ll go, for, by the lord,
Feach MacHugh has given the word!  Follow me up to Carlow!

See the swords of Gráinne Mhaol flashing o’er the English Pale—
See all the children of the Gael beneath O’Byrne’s banners.
Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock?  Fly up and teach him manners!

Chorus

From Tassagart to Clonmore flows a stream of Saxon gore,
And great is Rory Óg O’More at sending the loons to Hades!
White is sick, and Grey is fled—now for black Prince William’s head!
We’ll send it over, dripping red, to Liza and her ladies!

Chorus