Roddy McCorley

D A D b G A D
O see the fleet-foot hosts of men, who speed with faces wan.

G A b e A
From farmstead and from fisher’s cot, along the banks of Ban-

D G A b e A
They come with vengeance in their eyes; too late, too late are they,

D A D b G A D
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling proud and young.
About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung.
There is never a tear in his blue eyes; both sad 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 stalwart, endless band.
For Antrim town, for Antrim town he led them to the fray;
Now 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.
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.