

Roddy McCorley

Songwriters: Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem



C F C
Oh see the fleet foot host of men who come with faces wan.
F C G7
From farmstead and from fishers' cot along the banks of Bann.
C F C G7
They come with vengeance in their eyes, too late, too late are they,
C F C
For young Roddy McCorley he goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

The last time he stepped up that street, shining pike in hand.
About 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 street he steps, smiling proud and young.
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets flung.
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright are they,
For young Roddy McCorley he 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 in Toomebridge town 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.