Follow me up to carlow

Dm C Dm
Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding oér the old disgrace,
See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing oér the English Pale
From Tassagart to clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore

Dm C Dm C Dm
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O´Byrne´s banners
Och, great is Rory Oge O´More, sending the loons to Hades.

Dm C Dm
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black FitzWilliam head

Dm C Dm C Dm
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O´Byrne.
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and the ladies.

Am
Curse and swear Lord Kildare,

C
Feagh will do what Feach will dare

Am
Now FitzWilliam, have a care

C Dm
Fallen is your star, low.

Am
Up with halbert out with sword

C
On we'll go for by the lord

Am
Feach MacHugh had given the word,

C Dm
Follow me up to Carlow.