

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.