

Follow me up to Carlow

Komponist

1. Lift Mac Ca - hir Og your face brood - ing o'er the
4 Grey said vic - to - ry was sure soon the fire - brand
old dis - grace, that black Fitz - Wil - liam stormed your place and
7 he'd se - cure; un - till he met at Gren - ma - lure
drove you to the Fern. _____ Curse and swear, _____ Lord Kil - dare
11 Feagh Mac Hugh O' - Byrne. _____ Now Fitz - Wil - liam, have a care
Feagh will do what Feagh will dare Up with hal - bert,
14 fal - len is your star, _____ low.
out with sword, on we go for by the Lord, Feagh Mac Hugh has
18 gi - ven his word, fol - low me up to Car - low.

1. Lift Mac Cahir Og your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace, that black Fitz-William stormed your place and drove you to the Fern. Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd secure, untill he met at Glenmalure Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne.

Refr.:

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare, Feagh will do what Feagh will dare.
Now Fitz-William, have a care, fallen is your star, low.
Up with halbert out with sword, on we go for by the Lord,
Feagh Mac Hugh has given his word, follow me up to Carlow.

2. See the sword of Glen Imayle, 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.
3. From Tassagart to Clonmore, flows a stream of Saxon gore.
Och, great is Rory Oge O'More, at sending loons to Ilades.
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for black Fitz-William's head.
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Liza and the ladies.