



05 - FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

<http://www.macnoise.de>

(M: Traditional, L: P.J. McCa

em **G**
Lift Mac Cahir Og your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace
em **D** **em**
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and drove you to the fern
em **G**
Grey said victory was sure soon the fire-brand he'd secure
em **D** **em**
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feagh MacHugh o' Byrne

Chorus: **hm** **D**
Curse and swear, Lord Kildaire, Feagh will do what Feagh will dare.
hm **D** **em**
Now, Fitzwilliam, have a care, fallen is your star low.
hm **D**
Up with halberd, out with sword, on we go for by the Lord,
hm **A** **hm** **D** **em**
Feagh Mac Hugh has given the word: "Follow me up to Carlow."

See the swords 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

Chorus

Now from Tassagart to Clonmore there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Oge More at sending the loons to Hades
White is sick and Grey is fled now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red - to Liza and her ladies

Chorus

Lift, Mac Cahir Oge your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and drove you to the fern
Grey said victory was sure soon the fire-brand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feagh MacHugh o'Byrne