

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW!

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Lift, Mac Cahir Og, your face
Brooding o'er the old disgrace
When black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the Ferns:
Grey said victory was sure
And soon the firebrand he'd secure
- Until he met at Glenmalure
With Fiach Mac Hugh O Byrne!

[CHORUS]

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare
Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
Now, Fitzwilliam, have a care -
Fallen is your star low!
Up with halberd, out with sword
On we go, for by the Lord,
Fiach Mac Hugh has given the word:
Follow me up to Carlow!

See the swords of Glen Imaal
lashing o'er the English pale
See all the children of the Gael
Beneath O'Byrne's banner
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 Og O'More
At sending loons to Hades!
White is sick and Grey has fled
And as for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red
To Liza and her ladies!

[CHORUS]