FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

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Dm                    C    Dm
LIFT MACCAHIR OG YOUR FACE BROODING O'ER THE OLD DISGRACE
     Dm                              C      Dm        C      Dm
THAT BLACK FITZWILLIAM STORMED YOUR PLACE, DROVE YOU TO THE FERN
Dm                    C    Dm
GREY SAID VICTORY WAS SURE SOON THE FIREBRAND HE'D SECURE
  Dm                  C         Dm       C      Dm
UNTIL HE MET AT GLENMALURE WITH FEACH MACHUGH O'BYRNE
     Am
     CURSE AND SWEAR LORD KILDARE
     C
     FEAGH WILL DO WHAT FEACH WILL DARE
     Am
     NOW FITZWILLIAM, HAVE A CARE
     C              Em
     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

SEE THE SWORDS OF GLEN IMAYLE, FLASHING O'ER THE ENGLIGH PALE

SEE ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE GAEL, BENEATH O'BYRNE'S BANNERS

ROSTER OF THE FIGHTING STOCK, WOULD YOU LET A SAXON COCK

CROW OUT UPON AN IRISH ROCK, FLY UP AND TEACH HIM MANNERS

  FROM TASSAGART TO CLONMORE, THERE FLOWS A STREAM OF SAXON GORE

  OCH, GREAT IS RORY OGE O'MORE, SENDING THE LOONS TO HADES

  WHITE IS SICK AND LANE IS FLED, NOW FOR BLACK FITZWILLIAM'S HEAD

  WE'LL SEND IT OVER, DRIPPING RED, TO QUEEN LIZA AND THE LADIES.
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