

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

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 ENGLISH 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.