

## The Marching Song Of Fiach Mac Hugh

Cruachan

Lift MacCahir Og your face brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern  
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;  
Until he met at Glenmaiure with Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne.

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'll go for by the Lord  
Fiach MacHugh 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

From Saggart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore  
O great is Rory Og 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.