

# I Won't Follow You Up To Carlow

Fiddler's Green

Lift Mac Cahir Og your face  
Brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black Fitz-William stormed your place  
And drove you to the fern  
Grey said victory was sure  
Soon the firebrand he'd secure  
Until he met at Glen Malure Feach  
Mac Hugh O'Byrne

But me I'm sick and tired of hate  
I'll never use a sword or blade  
And when I hear the beating drum  
I'll sing a song of peace  
My hand be not a dashing fist  
Won't put my name on your list  
I'll try to save my wife and child  
I'll run away to hide

Say a foe is now born  
Tar and feather me with scorn  
Take my hand  
You heaven-sent  
You'll never get my soul though  
Bury the hatchet, down the sword  
No justification by the Lord  
No more feud, I'm tired of war  
No following up to Carlow

Can't stand the swords of Glen  
Imale, flashing o'er the English Pale  
The bleeding children of the Gael  
Beneath O'Byrne's banners  
All I see is bloody war  
And leaders who still cry for more  
Sheer madness on its marching feet  
The lunacy of war

Houses burnt, wasted land  
More destruction in the end  
Men of hate, men of war  
Fallen is your star, low  
Down with halbert, down the sword  
No more marching by the Lord  
Feach Mac Hugh, I'm tired of war  
No following up to Carlow

The marchin' feet they march no more  
They stand in front of Hades door  
All men are slain, the women raped  
The living mourn the dead  
There is no use to foster hate  
This is no way to change our fate  
We'd rather change our attitude  
Than sing these songs of war