

## Roddy McCorley

### The Dubliners

Oh See the host of fleet foot men who sped with faces wan.  
From farmsted and from fishers cot along the banks of Bann.  
They come with vengeance in their eyes, too late, too late are t  
hey,  
For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome toda  
y.

When the last stepped up the stret, his shining pike in hand.  
Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest band.  
For Antrim town, for Antrim town, he led them to the fray,  
And young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome toda  
y.

Up the narrows streets he steps, smiling proud and young.  
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung.  
There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright ar  
e they,  
For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome toda  
y.