

# Roddy McCorley

## Shane MacGowan And The Popes

When he stepped up the narrow street  
Smiling proud and young  
Around the hemp, around his neck  
The golden ringlets clung  
There was never a tear in his blue eyes  
But sad and bright were they  
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam todayWhen he last stepped up that street  
Shining steel in hand  
Behind him marched in gray array  
A stalwart earnest band  
For Antrim town, for Antrim town  
He lept into the fray  
Now young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam todaySee the host of fleet foot men  
Dismayed with faces wan  
From Verners house and fishers cut  
Along the banks of Bann  
They come with vengeance in their eyes  
Too late, too late are they  
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die  
On the bridge of Tuam today

Songwriters

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