

Follow Me Up to Carlow

Scythian

Lift MacCahir Og your face, brooding oer the old disgrace when
Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and drove you to the fern.

Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand hed secure
Til he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh OByrneCurse 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 well go for by the Lord
Fiach MacHugh has given his word. Follow me up to Carlow.[fiddles play A section of Swallowtail Jig]See the
swords of Glen Imaal, a flashing oer the English pale
See all the soldiers of the Gael beneath OByrnes banner
Rooster of a fighting stock would yet let the English cock
Cry out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.Curse and swear Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what
Fiach will dare

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[fiddles play A section of Swallowtail Jig]Now from Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og OMore at sending loons to Hades
White is sick and Grey has fled, now for Black Fitzwilliams head
Well send it over dripping red, to Liza and her ladiesCurse and swear Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what Fiach
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