

Roddy McCorley

Shane MacGowan

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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