

Follow Me up to Carlow

The High Kings

Lift Mac Cahir A'g your face
Broodin' o'er the old disgrace
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the fern
Gray said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure
With Fiach Mchugh O'ByrneCurse 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 we go for, by the Lord
Fiach McHugh has given the word
"Follow me up to Carlow!"
See the swords at Glen Imaal,
flashin' o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael,
beneath O'Byrne's banner
Rooster of a fighting stock,
would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish Rock,
fly up and teach him manners.Curse 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 we go for, by the Lord
Fiach McHugh has given the word
"Follow me up to Carlow!"
From Tassagart to Clonmore,
flows a stream of Saxon gore
How great is Rory A'g O'More
at sending loons to Hades
White is sick, Gray is fled,
now for black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red,
to Queen Liza and her ladiesCurse 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 we go for, by the Lord
Fiach McHugh has given the word
"Follow me up to Carlow!"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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