

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
Both sad and bright were they
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die
On the bridge of Tuam today
When he last stepped up that street
Shining steel in hand
Behind him marched in grim 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 today
See 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

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