## **Follow Me Up to Carlow**

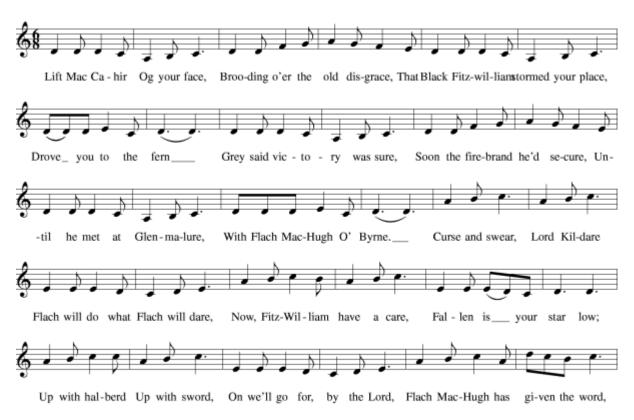
Lift Mac Cahir Og your face, You're broodin' o'er the old disgrace That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and drove you to the ferns Gray said victory was sure, And soon the firebrand he'd secure Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach McHugh O'Byrne

## Chorus:

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare, Fiach will do what Fiach will dare Now Fitzwilliam have a care, Fallen is your star low Up with halbert, out with sword, on we go for, by the Lord Fiach McHugh has given the word "Follow me up to Carlow" See the swords of Glen Imaal, They're flashing o'er the English Pale See all the childer of the Gael, Beneath O'Byrne's banner Rooster of the fighting stock, Would you let a Saxon cock Crow out upon an Irish Rock, Fly up and teach him manners Chorus

From Tassagart to Clonmore, There flows a stream of Saxon gore And great is Rory Og O'More At sending loons to Hades White is sick and Gray is fled, And now for black Fitzwilliam's head We'll send it over, dripping red to Liza and her ladies Chorus

your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up (53.13) as she is syung. Whence followeup with end- (267.08) slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again! (214.30) gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the worm- (379.10) focse and Faugh MacHugh O'Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and (382.22) Now follow Me up to Sarlow (382.30) pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin (466.02) shell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up (479.05) The man what shocked his shanks at contey Carlow's. He is Deucollion. (538.28-29)





Fol-low me up to Car-low.