Young Roddy Mccorley
Album: College Concert

Oh, see the fleet foot hosts of men who speed with faces wan
From farm stead and from thresher's cot along the banks of Ban.
They come with vengeance in their eyes, too late, too late are they,
For young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today!

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling and proud and young.
About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and bright are they,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today!

When he last stepped up that street his shining pike in hand
Behind him marched in grim array a stalwart earnest band.
For Antrim Town! For Antrim Town! He led them to the fray,
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today!

There's never a one of all who die more bravely fell in fray
Than he who marches to his fate on the Bridge of Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last, he treads the upward way
And young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today!
As young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today!