

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery

1. Oh — see the fleet - foot hosts of men who speed with fac - es wan,
 2. Up the nar - row street he stepped, smil - ing proud and young.
 3. When he last stepped up that street, his shi - ning pike in hand,
 4. There is ne - ver a one of all your dead more brave - ly fell in fray,



From _ farm - stead and from fish - er's cot up - on the banks of Bann.
 A - bout the hemp - rope on his neck the gol - den ring - lets clung.
 Be - hind him marched in grim ar - ray a stal - wart ear - nest band.
 Than _ he who mar - ches to his fate on the Bridge of Toome to - day.



They _ come with veng - eance in their eyes; too _ late, too late are they,
 But there's ne - ver a tear in his blue eyes, both glad and bright are they,
 For _ An - trim town! For An - trim town! He led them to the fray,
 True _ to the last, true to the last, he treads the up - ward way,



As _ Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley _ goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day.
 As young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day.
 As young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day
 And young Rod - dy Mc - Cor - ley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome to - day

Roddy McCorley

Ethna Carbery (1866–1902)