

## Follow me up to Carlow (Key Em) P.J. McCall

Em / / D Em / / D  
Lift MacCahir Óg your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace  
Em / / D Em D Em /  
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern  
Em / / D Em / / D  
Grey said victory was sure soon the firebrand he'd secure;  
Em / / D Em D Em /  
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

### CHORUS

Bm / / /  
*Curse and swear Lord Kildare*  
D / / /  
*Fiach will do what Fiach will dare*  
Bm / / /  
*Now FitzWilliam, have a care*  
D / Em /  
*Fallen is your star, low*  
Bm / / /  
*Up with halbert out with sword*  
D / / /  
*On we'll go for by the lord*  
Bm / / /  
*Fiach MacHugh has given the word,*  
D / Em /  
*Follow me up to Carlow.*

See the swords of Glen Imaal, flashing o'er the English Pale  
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners  
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock  
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, flows a stream of Saxon gore  
Och, great is Rory Óg O'More, at sending loons to Hades.  
White is sick and Grey is fled, now for black Fitzwilliam's head  
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liz and the ladies.