Roddy Mccorley The Dubliners

C
Verse 1: Oh See the host of fleet foot men who sped with faces wan.

F C Am Dm G7

From farmstedt and from fishers cot along the banks of Bann.

C Em F C Am Dm G7

They come with vengence in their eyes, too late, too late are they,

C Am F C

For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.

- Verse 2: When the last stepped up the stret, 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,

 And young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.
- Verse 3: Up the narrows streets he steps, smiling proud and young.

 About the hemp rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung.

 There was never a tear in his blue eyes, both sad and bright are they,

 For young Roddy McCorly goes to die on the bridge of Toome today.