

Celtic Folk, Fiach Mchugh

Celtic Folk
Miscellaneous
Fiach Mchugh
FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

(author unknown, chords G Am will do)

Lift Mac Cahir Og your face, from brooding o'er the old disgrace
When Black FitzWilliam stormed your place an drove you to the
fern o!

Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd secure,
Until he met at Glenmalure, with Fiach MacHugh 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 halberd out with sword! On we go for by the lord
Fiach MacHugh has given the word: Follow me up to Carlow!

See the swords at Glen Imael, flash all o'er the English Pale,
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of a fighting stock, will you let an Saxon cock
Cry out upon an Irish rock, Fly up and teach him manners!

From Tassagart to Clonmore there flows a trail of English gore,
Well great is Rory Og O'More, at sending the loons to Hades
White is sick and Grey is fled, now for Black FitzWilliams head
We'll send it over dripping red, to Liza and her ladies