

Blood Or Whiskey, Follow Me Up To Carlow/Holt'

Lift mcCahir Og your face
You're brooding over the old disgrace
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place and sent you to the ferns
Grey said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secured
Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne
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 our with sword
On we go for by the Lord
Fiach MacHugh has given the word
Follow me up to Carlow.
See the swords of Glen Imaal
Go flashing o'er the English pale
See all the children on the Gael beneath O'Byrne's banner
Rooster of the fighting stock
Would you let a saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners
From Teach Sagard to Clonmore
There flows a stream of Saxon gore
And great is Rory Og O'More at sending the loons to hades
White is sick and Grey has fled
Now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red to Liza and her ladies