

Follow me off to Carlow

Irish Traditional



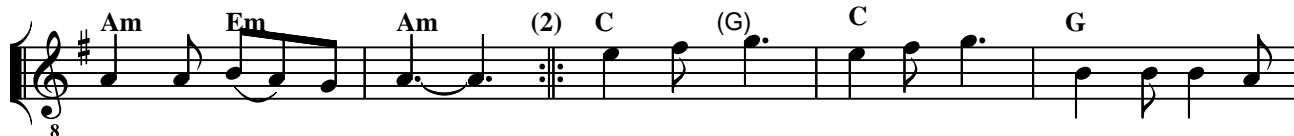
Lift Mc - Hugh up 'og your face, brood - ing o'er the old dis - grace, That
See the swords of Glen - a - mael flashing out - side the Eng - lish pale See
(From) Tass - a - gard to Clan a More there runs a stream of Sax - on gore. Oh,



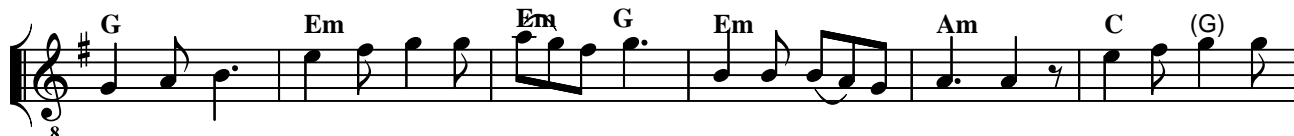
Black Fitz - Will - iam stole your place and drove you to the fern. Grey says vic - tor -
all the chil - dren of the Gael be - neath O - 'Byr - ne's banner. Roost - er of a
great is Ror - y Og a Mor at sending the loons to Hades. Gray is sick and



- y is sure; soon the fire - brand we'll se - cure, But then he met at Glen - ma - ture with
fight - ing stock, would you let a Sax - on cock Crow out u - pon an I - rish rock, fly
Lane is fled. Now for Black Fitz - Will - iam's head! We'll send it ov - er drip - ping red to Queen



Feach Mac - Hugh O' - Bryne Curse and swear, Lord Kil - dare! Feach will do what
up and teach you manners? Curse and swear, Lord Kil - dare! Feach will do what
Li - za and her ladies! Curse and swear, Lord Kil - dare! Feach will do what



Feach will dare! Now Fitz - Will - iam have a care, Fall - en is your star low! Up with hal - berd,
Feach will dare! Now Fitz - Will - iam have a care, Fall - en is your star low! Up with hal - berd,
Feach will dare! Now Fitz - Will - iam have a care, Fall - en is your star low! Up with hal - berd,



out with sword! On we go, for by the Lord Feach Mac - Hugh has giv - en the word:
out with sword! On we go, for by the Lord Feach Mac - Hugh has giv - en the word:
out with sword! On we go, for by the Lord Feach Mac - Hugh has giv - en the word:



Fol - low me up to Car - low!
Fol - low me up to Car - low!
Fol - low me up to Car - low!