

Follow Me Up to Carlow (A dorian)

traditional Irish Slide and Song Air
transcribed and arranged by Frank Weber

Instrumental Recordings: James Stewart & Stuart Livingston: *A Touch of Ireland* (1987); Connie O'Connell: *Ceol Cill Na Martra - Music from Cill Na Martra* (2000); Regina Mandolin Orchestra: *Celtic Mandolin* (2001); Dulcimore: *King of the Fairies* (2004); Moving Cloud: *Foxglove* (2006, reel version, different B-part) Catherine McEvoy, Caoimhín Ó Raghallaigh & Mícheál Ó Raghallaigh: *Comb Your Hair and Curl It* (2010); Maitiu O'Casaidé: *The Rolling Wave - A new Generation of Uilleann Pipers (Compilation 2012)*; D: 2010: Gisèle Guibord & Robin Grenon: *Harpes d'Irlande* (2010); Dennis Melton: *Dublin Roads - My Irish Heart* (2010); Patrick Steinbach: *Irish Folk Tunes for Flute, Vol. 1* (2011); Obscurus Orbis: *Primus Inter Pares* (2013); In Aeterno: *Die Grüne* (2013); The Bonny Men: *Moyne Road* (2015, in 'Slides II' set); Falska Gäss: *An Geadh Glas* (2017); Pride of Erin Accordion Band: *God Save Ireland* (2018); Fintan Vallely, Gerry O'Connor, Tiarnan Ó Duinnchinn & Sibéal Davitt: *Comp?á?nach - Music from All Counties of Ireland* (2018); Schelmish: *Mente Capti* (2023)

Am Em Am Em
Am Em Am G Am Am
C C G G
C C G Am Am
C C G G
C F G Em Am Am

1. Lift Mac Cahir Óg your face
Broodin' o'er the old disgrace
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place
And drove you to the fern
Gray said victory was sure
Soon the firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure
With Fiach Mchugh 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 McHugh has given the word
"Follow me up to Carlow!"

2. See the swords at Glen Imaal,
Flashin' o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael,
Beneath O'Byrne's banner
Rooster of a fighting stock,
Would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish Rock,
Fly up and teach him manners.

Chorus

3. From Tassagart to Clonmore,
Flows a stream of Saxon gore
How great is Rory Óg O'More
At sending loons to Hades
White is sick, Gray is fled,
Now for black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red,
To Queen Liza and her ladies

Chorus