

The Ballad of Tom Archer

The Irish Rovers

I'm known by the name of Tom Archer
A bold highwayman of renown
I was born in the sweet county Antrim
In a place they call Ballymena town
Me parents they reared me right decent
I was schooled in the shoemaking trade
But I left there and joined with the Antrim defenders
Oh I was a wild sporting blade

I rode with young Roddy McCorley
We'd a victory at old Randalstown
To freedom or hell, we were marching
For to break from the chains of the Crown
The Unitedmen tried to free Ireland
Bold Emmet, McCracken, Wolfe Tone
We were brave men but had not the means or the power
To drive out the redcoats alone

So I'll ride like the wind 'til they catch me
I'll ride like the wind from them all
I know that the devil is waiting
So I'll ride like the wind 'til I fall

I repaired to the green glens of Antrim
And I hid with the fox and the hare
I plundered the quislings who sold us
And I made English gentry beware
Stand and deliver I ordered
Your money or your life is the fee
And which one I take sure it makes little difference
To a wild rapparee such as me

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For a handful of silver they trapped him
Betrayed by a comrade and friend
And he died as the brave men before him
Deviant and bold to the end
Sometimes when the moon's shining brightly
And the night's deathly quiet and still
Some have seen a ghost rider appear in the moonlight
Where they hanged him on top of moat hill

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