

Boulavogue

At Boulavogue as the sun was setting on the bright May meadows of Shelmalier
A rebel hand set the heather blazing and brought the neighbours from far and
near
Then Father Murphy from old Kilcormack spurred up the rocks with a warning
cry
'he cried, 'for I've come to lead you, for Irelands freedom we'll fight or
die';

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldier, the cowardly yeomen we put to
flight
It was at the Harrow the boys of Wexford showed Bookies' regiment how men
could fight
Look out for hirelings, King George of England, search ev'ry country where
breathes a slave
For Father Murphy from the county Wexford sweeps o'er the land like a mighty
wave

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney our heroes vainly stood back to
back
And the Yoes at Tullow took Father Murphy and they burned his body upon the
rack
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy, and open heaven to all your men
For the cause that called you may call tomorrow in another fight for the
green again