

BooLavogue

C **F** **C** **Am** **D** **G7**
At BooLavogue as the sun was setting,O'er the bright May meadow of Shelmalier,,
C **F** **C** **Am** **G** **C**
A reble hand set the heather blazing,and brought the neighbours from far and near,
C **F** **C** **Am** **D** **G7**
The Father Murphy from old Kilcormack spurred up the rock like a warning cry,
C **F** **C** **Am** **G** **C**
Arm,arm he cried,for I've come to lead you,for Ireland's freedom we fight or die.

He led us on against the comming soilders,the cowardly yeomen we put to fight,
T'was at the harrow,the boys of Wexford showed Bookies regiments how men could fight,
Look out for hirelings,King George of England,search every kingdom where breathes a slave,
For Fr. Murphy from Co.Wexford,sweeps or the land like a mighty wave.

At Vinigar Hill o're the plesant Slaney our hero's vainly stood back to back.
And the yeos a Tullow took Fr. Murphy and burned his body upon the rack.
God grant you glory brave Fr. Murphy,and open heaven to all your men,
The cause that called you,may come tomorrow,in another fight for the green again.