

## *BOULAVOGUE*

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At Boulavogue as the sun was setting  
O'er 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:  
"Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've come to lead you  
For Ireland's freedom we fight or die."

He led us 'gainst the coming soldiers  
And the cowardly Yeomen were put to flight:  
'Twas at the Barrow the boys of Wexford  
Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.  
Look out for hirelings, King George of England.  
Search every kingdom where breathes a slave,  
For Father Murphy from the County Wexford  
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,  
And Wexford storming, drove out our foes:  
'Twas at Slieve Coillte our pikes were reeking  
With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.  
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis  
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore:  
An, Father Murphy, had aid come over,  
The green flag floated from shore to shore.

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,  
Our heroes vainly stood back to back  
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy,  
And burned his body upon the rack.  
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,  
And open Heaven to all your men:  
The cause that called you may call tomorrow,  
In another fight for the green again.