

Boulavogue

Jim McCann

At Boulavogue as the sun was setting
On the bright May meadows of Shelmaliar,
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'll fight or die.'*

He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers;
The cowardly yeomen we put to flight.
'Twas at the Harra the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookies' regiment how men could fight.

*Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search ev'ry kingdom that 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 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.*

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