

Boo-lavogue

At **C** Boo-lavogue as the **F** sun was setting
O'er the **C** bright May **Am** meadows of **F** Shelma- **G** -lier,
A **C** Rebel hand set the **F** heather blazing
and **C** brought the **Am** neighbours from **F** far and **C** near.

Then **C** Father Murphy from **F** old Kilcormack
Spurred **C** up the **Am** rocks with a **F** warning **G** cry:
“Arm! **C** Arm!” he cried, “For I’ve **F** come to lead you;
For **C** Ireland’s **Am** freedom we’ll **G** fight or **C** die!” **D**⁷

He led us on against the coming soldiers,
And the cowardly yeomen we put to flight:
'Twas at the Harrow 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 of 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 Coilte our pikes were reeking
With the crimson blood of the beaten Yeos.

At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore,
Ah! 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 a 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.