

## Boulavogue

### The Dubliners

A Boulavogue as the sun was setting, O'er the bright May meadow  
of Shelmalier,,  
A rebel hand set the heather blazing, and brought the neighbours  
from far and near,  
The Father Murphy from old Kilcormack spurred up the rock like  
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 on against the coming soldiers, the cowardly yeomen  
we put to fight,  
T'was at the harrow, the boys of Wexford showed Bookies regiment  
s how men could fight,  
Look out for hirelings, King George of England, search every king  
dom where breathes a slave,  
For Fr. Murphy from Co. Wexford, sweeps or the land like a mighty  
wave.

At Vinigar Hill o're the pleasant 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.