

A Boolavogue as the sun was setting, O'er the bright May meadow
of Shelmaliar,,
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
show 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 over the land like a mighty
wave.

At Vinigar Hill o're the pleasant Slaney our hero's vainly stood
back to back.
And the yeomen of 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.