

Irish Folksongs

"BOOLAVOGUE"

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Come all you warriors and renowned nobles
Give ear unto my warlike theme
And I will sing you how Father Murphy
Lately aroused from his sleepy dream
Neither Julius Cesar nor Alexander
Nor brave King Arthur could equal him
Armies formidable he did conquer
Though with two gun men he did begin

Camolin cavalry he did unhorse them
Their first lieutenant he cut them down
With shattered ranks and with broken columns
They soon returned to Camolin town
On the hill of Oulart he displayed his valour
Where a hundred Corkmen lay on the plain
At Enniscorthy his sword he wielded
And I hope to see him once more again

When Enniscorthy became subject to him
Twas then to Wexford we marched our men
And on the Three Rock took up our quarters
Waiting for daylight the town to win
The loyal townsmen gave their assistance
We'll die or conquer they all did say
The yeomen cavalry made no resistance
For on the pavement their corpses lay

With drums a-beating the town did echo
And acclamations came from door to door
On the Windmill Hill we pitched our tents
And we drank like heroes but paid no score
On Carraig Rua for some time we waited
And next to Gorey we did repair
At Tubberneering we thought no harm
The bloody army was waiting there

The issue of it was a close engagement
While on the soldiers we played warlike pranks
Thro' sheepwalks, hedgerows and shdy thickets
There were mangled bodies and broken ranks
The shuddering cavalry I can't forget them

We raised the brushes on their helmets straight
They turned about and they bid for Dublin
As if they ran for a ten-pound plate

Some crossed Donnybrook and more through
Blackrock
And some up Shankill without

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