

High Kings, The "Boolavogue"

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At Boolavogue, as the sun was setting
O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmalier,
A rebel hand set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbours from far and near.
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack,
Spurred up the rock with 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 'gainst 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 ev'ry kingdom where 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 Yeos 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;
The cause that called you may call tomorrow
In another fight for the Green again.

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