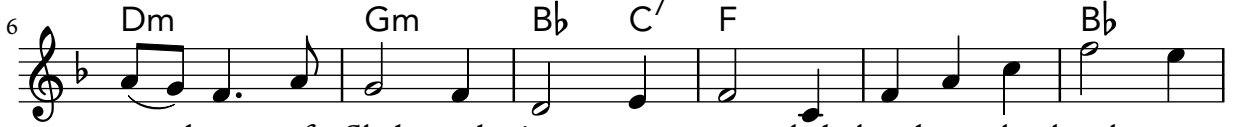


Boollavogue

Traditional



1. At Bool - a - vogue as the sun was set-ting, o'er the bright may
 2. He led us on 'gainst the com - ing soldiers, the coward - ly
 4. At Vine - gar Hill o'er the pleas - ant Sla - ney our her - oes



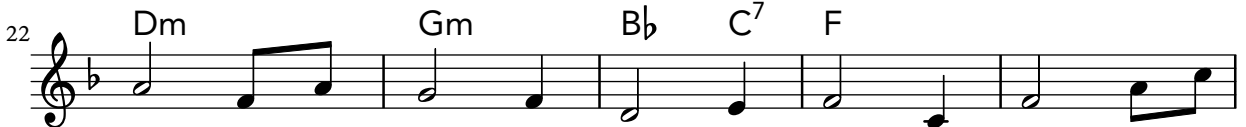
meadows of Shel - mal - ier, a re - bel hand set the heath - er
 yeo - men we put to fight, 'twas at The Har - row, the boys of
 vain - ly stood back to back. And the yeos at Tul - low took Fath - er



blaz - ing, and brought the neighbours from far and near. Then
 Wexford showed Book - ey's regi - ments how men could fight, look
 Murphy and burned his bo - dy up - on the rack. God



Fath - er Mur - phy from old Kil - cor - mack spurred up the
 out for hirelings, King George of Eng - land, search eve - ry
 grant you glo - ry brave Fath - er Mur - phy, and op - en



rock with a war - like cry, "Arm, arm!" he cried, "for I've
 king - dom where breathes a slave, for Fath - er Mur - phy from
 hea - ven to all your men, the cause that called you, may



come to lead you, for Ire - land's free - dom we'll fight or die."
 Coun - ty Wexford, sweeps o'er the land like a mig - ty wave.
 come tom - orr - ow, in a - noth - er fight for the green ag - ain.