He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers;
The cowardly yeoman we put to flight
'Twas at the Harra the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookies' regiment how men could fight
Look out for the hirelings, King George of England,
Search ev'ry kingdom that breathes a slave,
For Father Murphy from the county of Wexford
Sweeps over the land like a mighty wave.

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney
Our heroes vainly stood back to back,
And the Yoes at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body on the rack.
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open heaven to all your men;
For the cause that called you may call tomorrow
In another fight for the green again.