

F C

Fa - ther Mur - phy from old Kil - cor - mack_ Spurred up the rocks with a
 out for hire - lings, King George of Eng - land, Search ev - 'ry king - dom that

Am C F

warn - ing cry; "Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've come to
 breathes a slave, For Fa - ther Mur - phy from the coun - ty

C Am G C

lead you; For Ire - land's free - dom we'll fight or die."
 Wex - ford Sweeps o'er the land like a might - y wave.

3. 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 upon 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.