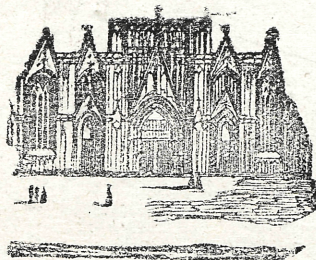


FATHER MURPHY, the Wexford Man of '98

You Roman Catholics throughout this nation,
Of no persuasion I speak but thee,
Keep fresh in date the year of ninety-eight,
Since we call the pride of our country,
mean that here brave Father Murphy,
That for your sakes fought for liberty,
When violent pitch caps, most lacerating,
On your heads were placed in this country,
On Whit Sunday we got uneasy,
To break the chains of our country
We took up arms to defend God's garments,
And raised the green flag of liberty.
The Caernarvon Cavalry we did oppose them,
The first lieutenant we took down,
And Captain Donovan, that rode before them,
He never went back to Caernarvon town.
On Olworth Hill we first showed our valour,
Where nine hundred of the North Militia on
the ground did bleed,
With deadly risk and fame advancing,
Fo Enniscorthy we marched with speed.
The loyal townsmen gave their assistance,
We'll die or conquer, they all did say;
The Hessian Cavalry made no resistance,
And along the pavements the footmen lay.
Our trumpets sounding, with valour bounding
Our drums a beating, and our men reviewing,
Like triumphant heroes that feared no danger,
We marched for Wexford in the afternoon.
On the rocks we took up head quarters,
Early next morning at eight o'clock,
The British army sallied out their forces,
Our gunsmen gave them a woful shock.
We took the town, and we drank like toppers,
We fought the soldiers and cavalry,
The troops retreating with dread and danger,
They dare not face our artillery.
We marched to Ross, and got intoxicated,
We fought three battles on the one day;
First in the morning we did them storm,
And at the second volley they ran away.
A reinforcement came down upon us,
Just in the evening, with fire and smoke,
We were forced to leave them the town then
blazing,
On our retreatment burned Scullabogue.
In Carrick we for some time waited,
We were preparing for Gorey town;
In Tubberneil we feared no danger,
Our Irish heroes to cut them down.
(Our guns at Gorey like hail did shower,
Our pikemen did rally all round the field,
Their Cavalry they made no resistance,
The foot soldiers they lay on the green.
We marched to Comer and fought the soldiers
We travelled round through the Colliery;
They stole our guns, which left us disarmed.
We lost our lives in Kilkenny.
If we had conduct to march on forward,
And not return back to Gorey town,
We would save the lives of ten thousand heroes
That died in Arklow—God rest their souls.
Twas by their means Father Murphy was taken
On our retreat towards Castlemore;
He was brought to Tullow and used severely,
This blessed priest they burned him sore.
Here's a health, my brave county Wexford,
Throw off the yoke, and to victory run;
Let no man think we gave up our arms,
For every man has his pike and gun.
So now, my friends, the time is approaching,
All in one body we will appear,
We'll be commanded by some pious teachers,
Like Father Murphy and his Shelmahiers.]



The true-lover's Trip o'er the Mountain.

One night as the moon luminated the sky,
When I first took a notion to marry,
I put on my hat and away I did hi
You might think I had been on a hunt,
Then I reached to the dwelling where often
had been,
My heart gave a leap when my charmer I
seen,
I raised up the latch and I bid her good e'en
And I said will you come o'er the mountain.

What notion is that you have got in your head
I'm glad for to meet you so merry,
It's past 12 o'clock when I should be in bed
Speak low or my mother will hear you.
If I be jesting my jesting is true,
I courted a year and I think it should too,
Before that I sleep I'll get married to you,
If you venture with me o'er the mountain.

If I was to make an elopement with you,
It might be attended with danger,
The country would censure and tattle us too
Then my friends they would frown, and no
wonder
We'll just let them censure and tattle away,
Consult with yourself for its very nigh day
I dont care a fig what the whole of them say
If I once had you over the mountain.

Oh, then your in earnest she said with a smile
Kind providence be my director,
I have love in my bosom I ne'er will deny,
Tho' the sentence it seemed to effect her.
I'm using no magic, no art, nor no spell,
I have a true honest heart, and I love you
right & well!
And if you refuse me, sweet girl, farewell,
My steps I'll retrace o'er the mountain,

So now I'm resolved at home for to stay,
I think it more safer and better,
So fare thee well, girl, as I must away,
So that puts an end to the matter,
Oh! stop for a moment till I get my shoes,
My heart gave a leap when I heard the glad
news,
She flew to the door, saying I hope you
excuse
My simplicity over the mountain.

By this time the moon had sunk in the West
And the morning star brightly was shining
As thus we pursued our journey in haste,
And joined at the altar of Hymen.
So now in contentment we spent the long day
Tho' the anger of marriag was soon blown
away,
We oftentimes chat when we were little to say,
On the trip we took o'er the mountain.

