

Kelly, the Boy From Killan

What's the news, what's the news, oh, me bold Shelmalier
With your long-barrelled gun, of the sea
Say, what wind from the south blows your messenger here
With this hymn of the dawn for the free
"Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of Forth
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy man
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killan"

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair
He who strides at the head of your band
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare
And he looks like a king in command
"Ah, me boys, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers
Amongst our greatest of heroes, a man
So fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the boy from Killan"

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won
And tomorrow the Barrow we cross
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateway to Ross
All the Forth men and Bargy men march over the heath
With brave Harvey to lead in the van
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killan

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross
And it set by the Slaney's red waves
And poor Wexford, stript naked, hung high on a cross
With her heart pierced by traitors and knaves
Glory-o, glory-o to the brave men who died
For the cause of long-down-trodden man
Glory-o to mount Leinster's own darling and pride
Dauntless Kelly, the boy from Killan