

### Kelly the Boy From Killane

What's the news, what's the news oh my bold Shelmalier  
With your long barrelled guns from the sea  
Say what wind from the south brings a messenger here  
With the 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 that giant with the gold curling hair  
He who rides 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 my boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers  
'Mongst greatest of hero's a man  
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 will 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 will march o'er 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 stripped naked, hung high on a cross  
With her heart pierced by traitors and slaves  
Glory-o, glory-o to her brave sons 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