

Kelly The Boy From Killane

The Dubliners

What's the news, what's the news, O me bold Shelmalier
With your long barrel guns from the sea?
Say, what wind from the south brings a messenger here
With this hymn of the dawn for the free?
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring youth of Forth
Goodly news shall I hear Bargo man.
For the boys march at morn from the south to the north
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killane.

Tell me who is the 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.
O me boys that's the pride of the bold Shelmalier
'Mongst our greatest of heroes a man
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the boy from Killane.

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

But the gold sun of freedom grew darkened at Ross
And it set by the Slaney's red wave...
And poor Wexford stripped naked hung high on a cross
With her heart pierced by traitors and knaves.
Glory-o, Glory-o to her 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 Killane.