Kelly, the Boy from Killane

"What's the news, what's the news, o my bold Shelmaliers,
With your long-barreled guns of the sea?
Say what wind from the south brings a messenger here
With a hymn of the dawn for the free!" -
"Goodly news - goodly news do I bring youth of Forth -
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy men,
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north,
Led by Kelly the boy from Killane!"

"Tell me, who is this giant with the gold curling hair? -
He who rides at the head of your van.
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 our greatest of heroes a man.
Fling your beavers aloft, and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly the boy from Killane!

"Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,
And the Barrow tomorrow 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 march o'er the heath,
With brave Mansfield to lead in the van;
But the foremost of all in that 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 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 Killane!