

## Kelly The Boy From Killan

The Dubliners

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, Bargo 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 Bargo 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