

## 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 Bargy 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 Bargy 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.