



KELLY, The Boy From Killann.

What's the news ? what's the news ? Oh ! my Bold Shelmalier,
With your long-barrelled gun of the sea ?
Say, what wind from the sun blows his messenger here,
With a hymn of the dawn of the free ?
Goodly news, goodly news do I bring, Youth of Forth ;
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy Man !
For the boys march at morn from the South to the North,
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killann.

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 lads, that's the Pride of the Bold Shelmaliers,
'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man,
Fling your heavers aloft and give three ringing cheers,
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killann.

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won
And the Barrow to-morrow we'll cross,
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun,
That will batter the gateways at Ross.
All the Forth Men and Bargy Men march o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead on the van ;
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of death,
Will be Kelly the Boy from Killann.

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
And it set with the Slaney's red waves ;
And poor Wexford stripped naked, hung high on a cross
And 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 Killann.