

Kelly, the boy from Killan

What's the news, what's the news, oh my bold chevalier
with the long barrel gun on the scene.
Pray that wind from the south brings your messenger here
with his hymn of the dawn for the free.

**Goodly news, goodly news do I bring you perforce,
goodly news do I bring bargee 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 fights at the head of your band,
seven feet is his height with some inches to spare.
He looks like a king in command.

**All me boys are the pride of the bold chevaliers,
the greatest of heroes and men.
So fling your beavers a loft and give three ringing cheers
for John Kelly, the boy from Killan.**

Ref.:

Emniscor thy's in flames and Old Wachsford has won
and tomorrow the Barrow we'll 'ford.
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
that will battle a gateway to Ross.

**All the pikemen and bargeemen will march o'er the hill,
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 old sun of freedom grew dark in that spot
and it set by the slaney's red waves.
And poor Wachsford stripped 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 men.
Glory-o to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride
John Kelly, the boy from Killan.**

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