

The Town Pants

"Kelly The Boy From Killanne"

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What's the news? What's the news? O 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 for the free?
"Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of Forth,
Goodly news do I bring, Bargy man!
For the boys march at dawn from the south to the north
Led by Kelly, the boy from Killanne!"

Tell me who is the giant with the gold curling hair,
He who rides at the head of the band?
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare
And he looks like a king in command!
"Oh, me boys, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers,
"Mongst our greatest of heroes, a man!
Fling your beavers aloft and give three rousing cheers,
For John Kelly, the boy from Killanne!"

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,
And the Barrow tomorrow we cross.
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateways to Ross!
All the Forth men and Bargy men march over the heath
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;
But the foremost of all in that grim gap of death
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killanne!

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 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 Killanne!

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