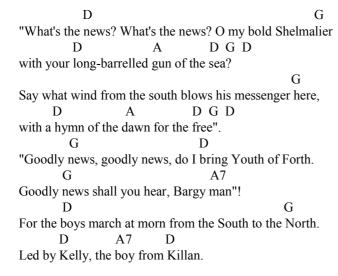
Kelly of Killan



"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 and some inches to spare, and he looks like a king in command!"

"Ah, my lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers, among our greatest of heroes a man!

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 the Barrow tomorrow we will cross. On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun, that will batter the gateway of 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 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, 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 men!
Glory O! To mount Leinster's own darling and pride.
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killan!.

John Kelly blev hængt efter slaget ved New Ross i 1798. Det oprør der ellers startede så godt med at alle soldater blev drevet ud af byen, endte med at de kom tilbage og slog de fleste af oprørerne ihjel. John Kelly anførte en flok mænd fra Bargy, Forth, Shelmalier og ligeledes ved Bew Ross. Sangen er skrevet af Patrick. Joseph McCall (1861-191).