

The Valley of Knockanure

The Wolfe Tones

You may sing and speak about Easter Week and the heroes
of Ninety Eight.
Of Fenian Men who roamed the glen in victory or defeat.
Their names on history's pages told, their memories
will endure,
Not a song was sung of our darling sons, in the Valley
of Knockanure.
There was Lyons and Walsh and the Dalton boy, They were
young and in their prime.
They rambled to a lonely spot where the Black and Tans
did hide.
The Republic bold they did uphold, Tho' outlawed on the
moor
And side by side they fought and died In the Valley of
Knockanure.
It was on a neighbouring hillside We listened in hushed
dismay.
In every house, in every town, a young girl knelt to
pray.
They're closing in around them now, with rifle fire so
sure,
And Lyons is dead and young Dalton's down in the Valley
of Knockanure.
But e'er [ere??] the guns could seal his fate, young
Walsh had spoken thro'
With a prayer to God he spurned the sod, As against the
hill he flew
The bullets tore his flesh in two, Yet he cried with
voice so sure,
"Revenge I'll get for my comrade's death, in the Valley
of Knockanure.
The summer sun is sinking low behind the field and lea.
The pale moonlight is shining bright far off beyond
Tralee.
The dismal stars and the clouds afar are darkening o'er
the moor,
And the banshee cried when young Dalton died, In the
Valley of Knockanure.