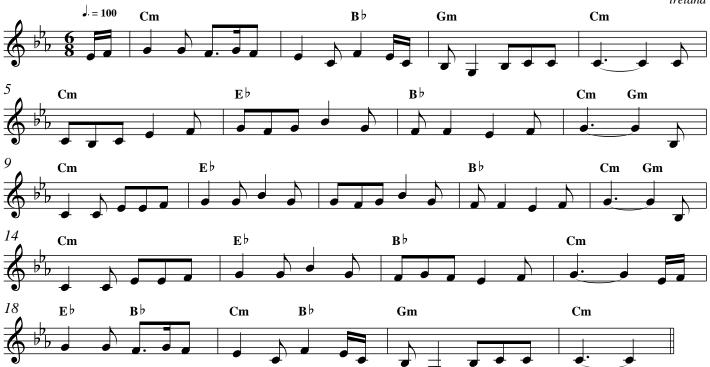
The Valley of Knockanure





You may sing or speak about Easter week or the heroes of Ninety-eight Those Fenian men who roamed the glen for vict'ry or defeat Their names on history's page are told, their memories will endure Not a song was sung about three young men 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 the guns could seal his fate, young Walsh had broken thro' With a prayer to God he spurned the sod as against the hill he The bullets tore his flesh in two yet he cried with voice so sure, "Revenge I'I1 get for my comrade's death in the Valley of Knockanure."

The summer sun is sinking low behind the field and lea
The pale moon light 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