The Valley of Knockanure

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(Tim Leahy)

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

note: refers to the "Black and Tan War" of 1921
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