

THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE

**YOU MAY SING OR SPEAK ABOUT EASTER WEEK
AND THE HEROES OF NINETY-EIGHT
THE FENIAN MEN WHO ROAMED THE GLEN IN VICTORY OR DEFEAT
THEIR TALE ON HISTORY'S PAGE IS TOLD - THEIR FAME, IT WILL ENDURE
BUT NOT A SONG IS 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 FLEW
THE BULLETS TORE HIS FLESH IN TWO, YET HE CRIED WITH VOICE SO SURE:
"REVENGE I'LL GET FOR MY COMRADES' DEATH
IN THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE!"**

**THE SUMMER SUN IS SINKING LOW FAR OVER THE WESTERN SEA
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 THOSE HEROES DIED
IN THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE**

**OH WALSH AND LYONS AND DALTON BRAVE: ALTHO' YOUR HEARTS ARE CLAY
YET IN YOUR STEAD WE'VE TRUE MEN YET TO GUARD THE GAP TODAY
WHILE GRASS IS FOUND ON IRISH GROUND YOUR MEMORY WILL ENDURE
GOD GUARD AND KEEP THE PLACE YOU SLEEP
IN THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE!**