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The Valley Of Knockanure

(Brian McMahon)

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      Bm      A         Bm    A          D       Em    Bm
You may sing and speak about Easter Week and the heroes of Ninety Eight
             D              Em     Bm   F#
Of Fenian Men who roamed the glen in victory or defeat.
    Bm             D             Em      Bm      F#
Their names on history's pages told, their memories will endure
    Bm      A         Bm     A          D       Em    Bm
Not a song was sung of our darling sons in the Valley of Knockanure
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V 2: There was Lyons and Walsh and the Dalton boy, they were young and in their prime
They rambeled 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.

V 3: It was on a neighbouring hillside we listened in hushes 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.

V 4: But e'er the guns could seal his fate, young Walsh had spoken thro'
With 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"

V 5: 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

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