

The Wolfe Tones

"The Valley of Knockanure"

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You may sing or speak about Easter week or the heroes of ninety eight:
Of the 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 is sung for 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, though 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 Dalton's down in the Valley of Knockanure.

They took them then beside a fence to where the furze did bloom,
Like brothers so they faced the foe to meet their dreadful doom,
When Dalton spoke his voice it broke with a passion proud and pure,
"For our land we die as we face the sky in the Valley of Knockanure."

The summer sun was sinking low behind the field and lea,
The pale moonlight was shining bright far off beyond Tralee,
The dismal stars and the clouds afar were darkening over the moor,
And the Banshee cried when young Dalton died in the Valley of Knockanure.

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