

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 spoken tho' 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 comrade's death, in the Valley of Knockanure".

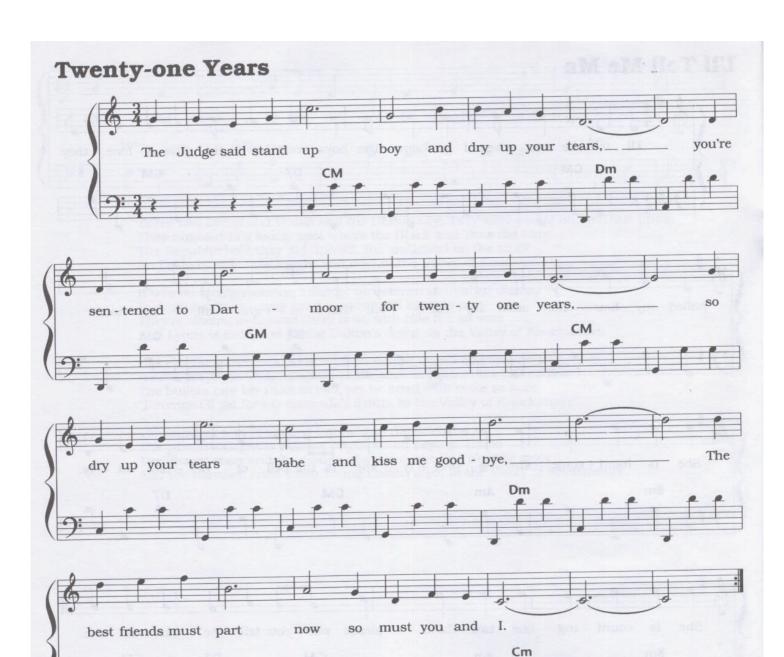
The summer sun is sinking low behind the field and lea
The pale moonlight is shining bright far off beyond Tralee
The dismal stars and the clouds afar are darkening o'er the moor
And the banshee cried when Young Dalton died, in the Valley of Knockanure.

### I'll Tell Me Ma



Albert Mooney says he loves her, all the boys are fighting for her They knock at the door and they ring at the bell, saying 'oh my true love are you well' Out she comes, as white as snow, rings on her fingers and bells on her toes Old John Murray says she'll die if she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye.

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high, and the snow come tumbling from the sky She's as nice as apple pie, she'll get her own lad by and by When she gets a lad of her own, she won't tell her ma when she goes home Let them all come as they will, for it's Albert Mooney she loves still.



I hear the train coming 't will be here at nine To take me to Dartmoor to serve up my time I look down the railway, and plainly I see You standing there waving your goodbye to me.

Six months have gone by, babe; I wish I were dead This cold dreary dungeon and stone for my head It's raining it's hailing; the moon shows no light Now will you tell me babe, why you never write.

I've counted the days, babe; I've counted the nights I've counted the footsteps; I've counted the lights I've counted the raindrops; I've counted the stars I've counted the million of these prison bars.

I waited, I trusted, I longed for the day A life-time so lonely; Now my hair's turning grey And my thoughts are for you, babe; Till I'm out of my mind For twenty-one years is a mighty long time.

# A Bunch Of Thyme



#### Chorus:-

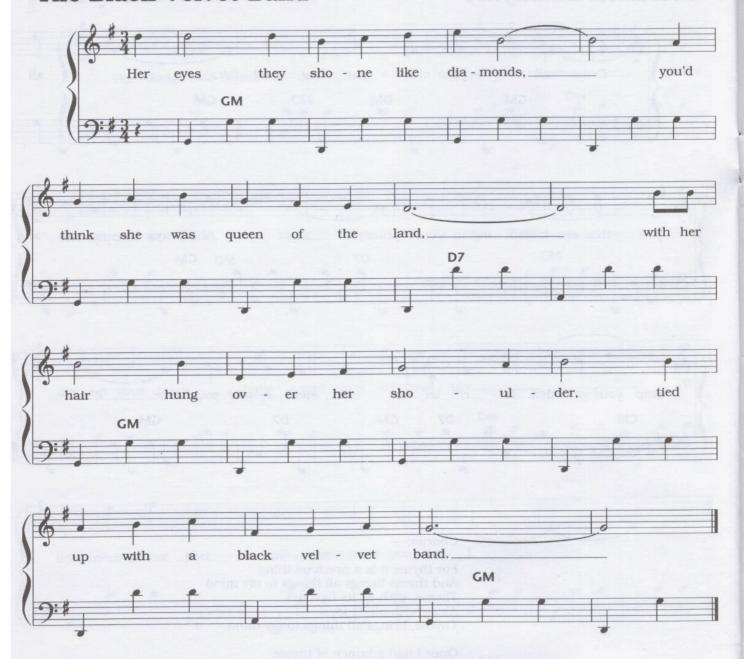
For thyme it is a precious thing And thyme brings all things to my mind Thyme, with all its flavours Along with all its joys Thyme, brings all things to my mind

Once I had a bunch of thyme I thought it never would decay Then came a lusty sailor Who chanced to pass my way And stole my bunch of thyme away.

#### Chorus:-

The sailor gave me a rose
A rose that never would decay
He gave it to me
To keep me reminded
Of when he stole my thyme away.

### The Black Velvet Band



As I went walking down Broadway, not intending to stay very long, I met with a frolicsome damsel, as she came tripping along.

A watch she pulled out of her pocket, And slipped it right into my hand On the very first day that I met her, Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Before judge and jury next morning, Both of us did appear A gentleman claimed his jewellery, And the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation, Right down to "Van Dieman's Land" Far away from my friends and companions, Betrayed by the black velvet band.

## The Wild Rover

