

## *DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE*

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'Twas down by the glenside I met an old woman  
A-plucking young nettles, nor saw I was coming  
I listened a while to the song she was humming:  
"Glory-o, glory-o, to the bold Fenian men!"

'Tis sixteen long years since I saw the moon beaming  
On brave manly forms and their eyes with heart gleaming  
I see them all now sure in all my day-dreaming  
Glory-o, glory-o, to the bold Fenian Men.

Some died on the hillside, some died with a stranger  
And wise men have judged that their cause was a failure  
They fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger  
Glory-o, glory-o, to the bold Fenian Men

I passed on my way - God be praised that I met her!  
Be life long or short, sure I'll never forget her  
There may have been brave men, but they'll never be better  
Glory-o, glory-o, to the bold Fenian Men!