

## Down by the Glenside (The Bold Fenian Men)

Peadar Kearney

'Twas down by the glenside, I met an old woman  
A-plucking young nettles, she ne'er saw me coming  
I listened a while to the song she was humming  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming  
On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleaming  
I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreaming  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling  
Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling  
They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

Some died by the glenside, some died near a stranger  
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure  
But they fought for old Ireland and 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  
We may have brave men, but we'll never have better  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men