Down by the glenside
Peadar Kearney

'Twas down by the glen side 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 Oh Glory Oh 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-Oh, Glory-Oh To the bold Fenian men

Some died on the hill-side 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-Oh, Glory-Oh To the bold Fenian men

I passed on my way Thanks to God 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-Oh, Glory-Oh To the bold Fenian men

Thanks to God 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-Oh, Glory-Oh To the bold Fenian men