

## ***DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE***

'T WAS 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!"

'T IS 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!