

Down By The Glenside

Peadar Keaney

Am G C Em
Twas down by the glen-side I met an old wo-man. A -

Am G C Em Am
pluck-ing young net-tles she ne'er saw me com-ing. I lis-tened a

C G C G
while to the song she was hum-ming. Glo-ry - 0, glo-ry - 0

Am G Am
to the bold Fen - ian men.

*It's fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming
On strong manly forms, their 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 hillside, some died near a stranger
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
But 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, I will never forget her
We may have brave men but we'll never have better
Glory-o, glory-o to the bold Fenian men*