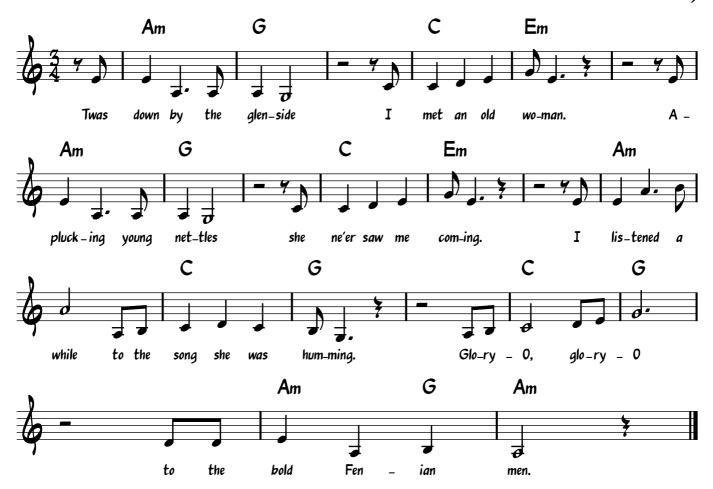
Down By The Glenside

Peadar Keaney



It's fifty long years since I saw the moon beamingg 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