

The Bold Fenian Men

Omnia

't Was down by the Glennside
I met an old woman
A' plucking young nettles
She ne'er saw me coming
I listened a while
To the song she was hummin
"Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

" 't Was many long years
Since I saw the moon beaming
On strong manly forms
Their eyes with hope gleaming
I'll see them again
Through all my sad dreaming
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

"Some died by the Glennside
Some died with a stranger
And wise men have told us
Their cause was a failure
But they loved their old Ireland
And they never feared danger
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

I passed on my way
Gods be praised that I met her
Be life long or short
I'll never forget her
We may have brave men
But we'll never have better
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men