

Down By the Glenside

The Dubliners

'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
I listened a while to the song she was humming
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

It's fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
On strong manly force, their eyes with hope gleamin'
I see them again through all my sad dreamin'
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Some died by the hillside, some died with the stranger
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
But they loved their 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

'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
I listened a while to the song she was humming
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men