

Bold Fenian Men

Judy Collins

Twas down by the glenside I spied an old woman
She was pluckin' young nettles and she scarce saw me comin'
I listened a while to the song she was hummin'
Glory O Glory O to our bold Fenian men

'Tis sixteen long years since I saw the moon beamin'
On strong manly forms and their eyes were not gleamin'
I see them all now, sure in all my daydreamin'
Glory O Glory O to our 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 their freedom and they never feared danger
Glory O Glory O to our bold Fenian men

I passed on my way, thanks to God 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 our bold Fenian men