

## 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  
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