

An Cat Dubh

"Down By The Glenside"

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d C F a

4Twas down by the glenside I met an old woman

d C F a

Aplucking young nettles, she ne4er saw me coming.

d F C

I listened a while to the song she was humming,

d a B C d

Glory-oh, glory-oh to the bold Fenian men.

4Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming

On strong manly forms, their eyes with hope gleaming.

I see them again through all my sad dreaming,

Glory-oh, glory-oh to the bold Fenian men.

When I was a young boy their marching and drilling

Awoke in the glenside, sound awesome and thrilling,

They stood by old Ireland and to die they were willing,

Glory-oh, glory-oh to the bold Fenian men.

Some died by the glenside, some died with the
stranger,

And wise men have told us their cause was a failure.

But they stood by old Ireland and never feared danger,

Glory-oh, glory-oh 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 we4ll never have better,

Glory-oh, glory-oh to the bold Fenian men.

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