

Dubliners

"Down By The Glenside"

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T'was 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 man

It's fifty long years
Since I saw the moon beaming
A strong mainly force
There eyes with hope gleaming
I see then again
Through all my sad dreaming
Glory o glory o, to the bold fenian man

Some died by the hillside

Some died with the stranger
And wise man have told us
They cause was a failure
But they love they old Ireland
And they never feel danger
Glory o glory o, to the bold fenian man

I passed on my way
God be prayed that I met her
Be life long or short
I will never forget her
We may have brave man
But we'll never have better
Glory o glory o, to the bold fenian man

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