

## Irish Folksongs

### "THE BOLD FENIAN MEN"

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'Twas down by the glenside, I met an old woman  
She was picking young nettles and she scarce saw me  
coming  
I listened awhile to the song she was humming  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming  
On strong manly forms and their eyes with hope  
gleaming  
I see them again, sure, in all my daydreaming  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

Some died on the glenside, some died near a stranger  
And wise men have told us that their cause was a  
failure  
They fought for 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, sure I'll never forget her  
We may have brave men, but we'll never have better  
Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

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