

# The Bold Fenian Men

Omnia

't Was down by the Glennside  
I met an old woman  
A' plucking young nettles  
She ne'er saw me coming  
I listened a while  
To the song she was hummin  
"Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

" 't Was many long years  
Since I saw the moon beaming  
On strong manly forms  
Their eyes with hope gleaming  
I'll see them again  
Through all my sad dreaming  
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

"Some died by the Glennside  
Some died with a stranger  
And wise men have told us  
Their cause was a failure  
But they loved their old Ireland  
And they never feared danger  
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men"

I passed on my way  
Gods be praised that I met her  
Be life long or short  
I'll never forget her  
We may have brave men  
But we'll never have better  
Glory-oh, glory-oh, to the Bold Fenian Men