The Bold Fenian Men

'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!"

"When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling.
They loved poor old Ireland, and to die they were willing.
Glory o - glory o to the bold Fenian men!

"Some died in the glenside; some died mid the stranger,
And wise men have told us that their cause was a failure;
But they stood by old Ireland and never feared danger.
Glory o - glory o to the bold Fenian men!

"'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming
On strong, manly forms or on eyes with hope gleaming;
I see them again, sure, through all my sad dreaming!
Glory o - glory o to the bold Fenian men!"

I went on my way. God be praised that I met her.
Be life long or short, I will never forget her.
We may have good men, but we'll never have better.
Glory o - glory o to the bold Fenian men!