

DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE

Em **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
T'WAS DOWN BY THE GLENSIDE, I MET AN OLD WOMAN
Em **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
A PLUCKING YOUNG NETTLES SHE N'ER SAW ME COMING
Em **C** **A7** **D7**
I LISTENED AWHILE TO THE SONG SHE WAS HUMMING
Em **Bm** **B7** **C** **D7** **Em**
GLORY-O, GLORY-O TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG LAD, THEIR MARCHING AND DRILLING
AWOKE IN THE GLENSIDE SOUNDS AWESOME AND THRILLING
THEY LOVED DEAR OLD IRELAND AND TO DIE THEY WERE WILLING
GLORY-O, GLORY-O TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

TIS FIFTY LONG YEARS SINCE I SAW THE MOON BEAMING
ON BRAVE MANLY FORMS, ON EYES WITH HOPE GLEAMING
I SEE THEM AGAIN SURE THRU ALL MY SAD DREAMING
GLORY-O, GLORY-O TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

SOME DIED BY THE GLENSIDE, SOME DIED MID THE STRANGER
AND WISE MEN HAVE TOLD US, OUR CAUSE WAS A FAILURE
BUT THEY LOVED POOR OLD IRELAND AND NEVER FEARED DANGER
GLORY-O, GLORY-O TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

I PASSED ON MY WAY, GOD BE PRAISED THAT I MET HER,
BE MY LIFE LONG OR SHORT, I WILL NEVER FORGET HER
WE MAY HAVE HAD GOOD MEN, BUT WE'LL NEVER HAVE BETTER
GLORY-O, GLORY-O, TO OUR BOLD FENIAN MEN

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**