

Bold Fenian Men

Judy Collins

'Twas down by the glenside, I spied an old woman
She was plucking young nettles, she scarce saw me coming
I listened a while to the song she was humming
Glory O, Glory O to our bold Fenian men 'Tis sixteen long years since I saw the moon beaming
On strong manly forms and their eyes were hot gleaming
I see them on a, sure, in all my daydreaming
Glory O, Glory O to our bold Fenian men Some died on the hillside, some died with a stranger
And wise men have judged that their cause was a failure
They fought for their freedom and they never feared danger
Glory O, Glory O to our bold Fenian men I passed on my way, thanks to God that I met her
Be life long or short sure I'll never forget her
There may have been brave men but they'll never be better
Glory O, Glory O to our bold Fenian men

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