



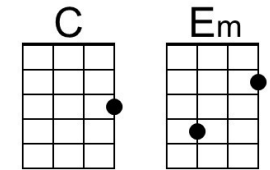
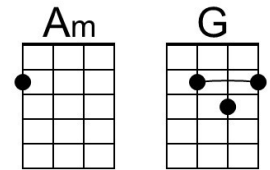
Down by the Glenside (Peador Kearney, ca. 1916) (Am)

(aka *The Bold Fenian Men*)

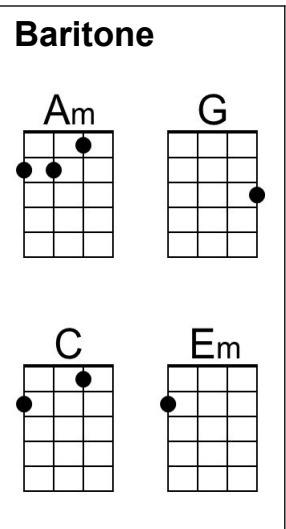
Down by the Glenside by the Dubliners – Down by the Glenside by the Clancy Brothers

Intro (Last line of Verse) C | G | Am | G | Am

Am G C Em
 'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
 Am G C Em
 A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
 Am C G
 I listened a while to the song she was humming
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



G C Em
 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
 Am G C Em
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
 Am C G
 I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



G C Em
 When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
 Am G C Em
 Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling
 Am C G
 They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

G C Em
 Some died by the hillside, some died near a stranger
 Am G C Em
 And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
 Am C G
 But they fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
 C G Am G Am Em Am Em Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

G C Em
 I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
 Am G C Em
 Be life long or short, sure I will never forget her
 Am C G
 We may have brave men but we'll never have better
 C G Am G Am
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

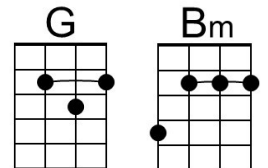
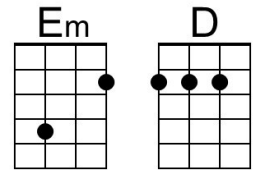
Down by the Glenside (Peador Kearney, ca. 1916) (Em)

(aka *The Bold Fenian Men*)

Down by the Glenside by the Dubliners – Down by the Glenside by the Clancy Brothers

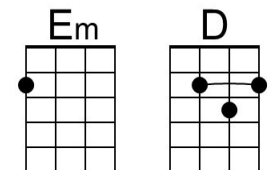
Intro (Last line of Verse) G | D | Em | D | Em

Em D G Bm
'Twas down by the Glenside I met an old woman
Em D G Bm
A plucking young nettles she ne'er saw me coming
Em G D
I listened a while to the song she was humming
G D Em D Em
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

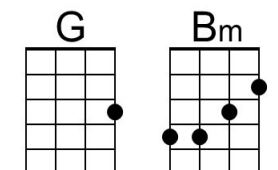


 D G Bm
'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
Em D G Bm
On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
Em G D
I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
G D Em D Em
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

Baritone



 D G Bm
When I was a young girl, their marching and drilling
Em D G Bm
Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrilling
Em G D
They loved dear old Ireland, to die they were willing
G D Em D Em
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



 D G Bm
Some died by the hillside, some died near a stranger
Em D G Bm
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure
Em G D
But they fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger
G D Em D Em Bm Em Bm Em
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men

 D G Bm
I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her
Em D G Bm
Be life long or short, sure I will never forget her
Em G D
We may have brave men but we'll never have better
G D Em D Em
Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men