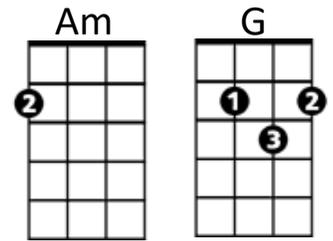
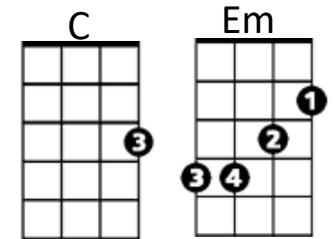


Down by the Glenside (Patrick Ryan / Peter Anthony Kearney)

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

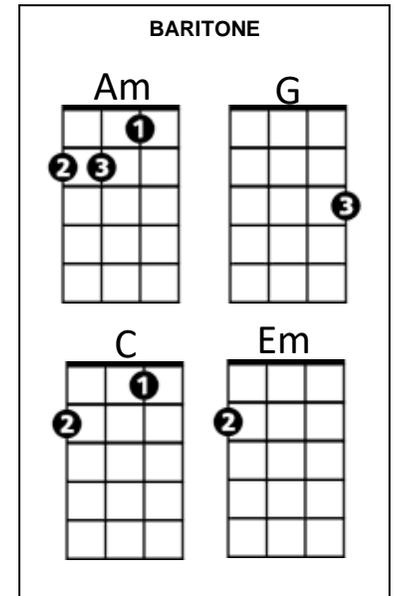


G **C** **Em**
 'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
Am **G** **C** **Em**
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin'
Am **C** **G**
 I see them again, sure, in all my sad dreamin'
C **G** **Am** **G** **Am**
 Glory o glory o to the Bold Fenian Men



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