Omnia, The Bold Fenian Men (Punk version)

Twas down by the glenside, I met an old woman She was picking young nettles and she scarce saw me coming I listened a while to the song she was humming Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beaming On strong manly forms and their eyes with hope gleaming I see them again, sure, in all my daydreaming Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men.

Some died on the glenside, some died near a stranger And wise men have told us that their cause was a failure They fought for old Ireland and they never feared danger Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men

I passed on my way, God be praised that I met her Be life long or short, sure I'll never forget her We may have brave men, but we'll never have better Glory O, Glory O, to the bold Fenian men