

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