

The Foggy Dew (Dm)

Dm As down the glen **C** one Easter morn
Dm To a city fair rode I.
C Where armed line of marching men
Dm In squadrons passed me by.
F No pipes did hum, **C** no battle drum **F**
Dm Did sound its dread tattoo
C But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Dm Rang out through the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out the flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through
While Brittania's huns with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas Brittania bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the shore of the gray North Sea
Oh had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easter Tide
In the springing of the year.
And the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight, that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

Ah, back through the glen I rode again
and my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men
whom I never shall see more.
But to and fro in my dreams I go and
I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew.