

Foggy Dew



traditional

As down the glen on Easter Morn to a city fair rode I.
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.
No pipe did hum no battle drum did beat out it's wild tattoo.
But the Angelus bell over Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew

It was England bade our wild geese go thar small nations might be free.
But theyr lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.
Oh had they died Pearse's side or fallen by Cathal Brugha
theyr names we would keep where the Fenians sleep who fell in to the Foggy Dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town we flung out our flag of war.
It was better to die under an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud-el-Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through.
While Brittania's Huns and their long range guns poured hell through the Foggy Dew.

As back through the glen I rode again my heart with grief was sore.
For the gallant band of fighting men I never would see more.
And too and fro in my grief I go I think gallant comrades of you.
For slavery fled oh glorious dead when you fell in to the Foggy Dew.