

The Foggy Dew

La - Sol La - Re - La -
As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
Sol Mi - La - Re - La -
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
Do Sol Do La - Mi - La -
No pipes did hum, nor battle drum did sound its loud tattoo
Sol Mi - Do Re - La -
But the angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out in the Foggy Dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin Town they flung 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 Britannia's Huns, with their great big guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

O, the night fell black, and the rifles' crack "Perfidious Albion" reel,
'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongue of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel:
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true,
And the morning broke still the war flag shook out its folds in the Foggy Dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free,
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.
O, had they died by Pearse's side, or had fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easterside in the springtime of the year.
While 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.