

The Foggy Dew (Key Am)

Am / G Em
As down the glen one Easter morn
Am Em Am /
To a city fair rode I
Am / G Em
There armed lines of marching men
Am Em Am /
In squadrons passed me by
C / G Am
No fife did hum, no battle drum
Am Em Am /
Did sound its dread tattoo
Am / G Em
But the Angelus bells o'er the Liffey's swell
Am Em Am /
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
But had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we would 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 Eastertide
In the springing of the year

And the world did gaze in 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.