

## The Foggy Dew

### The Dubliners

It was down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I.  
Their armoured lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.  
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo.  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell  
rang out through the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of w  
ar.

'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El  
Bar.

And from the plains of royal Meath strong men came hurrying thr  
ough.

While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in by  
the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go  
that small nations might be free.

But their lonely graves are by Silva's waves  
or the fringe of the Great North Sea.

Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugh.  
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shr  
oud of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the solemn 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 stout hearted m  
en, but few.

Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
might shine through the foggy dew.

Back to the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore.  
For I parted with those valiant men whom I never would see no m  
ore.

And to and fro in my dreams I will go  
And I'd kneel and I'd pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.