

Foggy Dew

Beltaine

It was down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
And no fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell over the Liffey swell rang in through the
foggy dew

Right proudly high in Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
It was better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud E
l 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 th
rough the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our wild geese go that small nations might b
e free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of th
e Great North Sea
Oh, have they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugh
a
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shr
oud 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, b
ut few
Who bore the fight so freedom's light might shine through the f
oggy dew