

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I  
When Ireland's line of marching men  
In squadron passed me by

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar

No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They hung out a 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 Brittanians sons with their long-range guns  
Sailed in from the foggy dew

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