

Foggy Dew

The Dubliners

As down the glen one Easter morn
to a city fair rode I
There Armed 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 war
'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 through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns
sailed in through the foggy dew
'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go
that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves
or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will 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
Oh, 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.