

The Foggy Dew

The Wolfe Tones

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 pipe did hum nor battle drum did sound its dread
tattoo
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's 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 Suvla
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 England bade our wild geese go, that "small
nations might be free";
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe
of the great North Sea.
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with
Cathal Brugha*
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath
the shroud of the foggy dew.
Oh the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made
perfidious Albion reel
In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine
o'er the lines of steel
By each shining blade a prayer was said, that to
Ireland her sons be true
But when morning broke, still the war flag shook out
its folds the foggy dew
Oh the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang
mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the spring time
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
As 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 kneel and pray
for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in the
foggy dew.