

# THE FOGGY DEW

♩ = 92

KEY Cm

As down the glen one Eas - ter morn to a ci - ty fair rode I, There  
ar - med lines of mar - ching men in squad - rons passed me by. No  
pipe did hum, no bat - tle drum did sound its dread tat - too, But the  
An - ge - lus bell o'er the Lif - fey swell, rang out through the fog - gy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese 'Go, that small nations might be free,'  
But 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 names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of 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 Brittain's Huns, with their great bit guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,  
For those who died that Easter tide, in the springtime of the year;  
While the world did gaze with deep amaze, at those fearless men but few,  
Who bore the fight, that freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew.