

Foggy Dew

Canon O'Neill

Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 'Twas down the glen one Eas-ter morn, to a ci-ty fair rode I. When.
 Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 Ire-land's line of march-ing men in squad-rons passed me by. No
 Eb Bb Cm Gm Ab
 pipe did hum and no bat-tle drum did sound its dread. tat-too; But the
 Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Cm
 An-ge-lus bell o'er the Lif-fey's swell rang out in the fog-gy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town,
 They hung out the flag of war
 'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
 Then 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 Britannia bade our wild geese go,
 That small nations might be free;
 But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves,
 On the shore of the great North Sea.
 But had they died by Pearse's side,
 Or fought with Cathal Bruagh;
 Their names we'd 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 Easter tide,
 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.

Well back over the glen I rode again
 And my heart with grief twas sore,
 For I parted then with valiant men
 That I never shall see no more.
 And to and fro in my dreams I go
 And I kneel and I pray for you;
 Oh slavery fled, oh glorious dead
 When you died in the foggy dew.