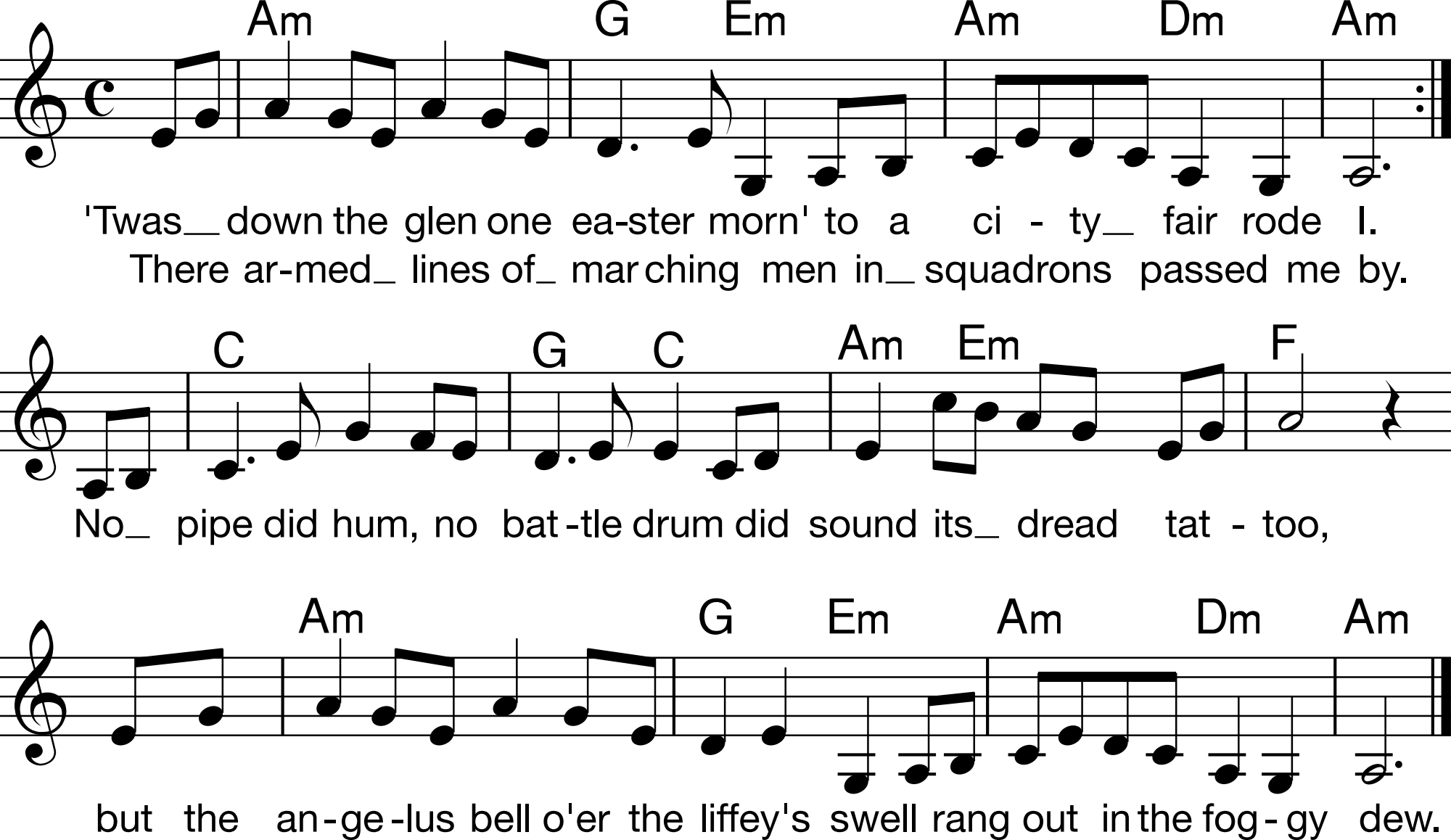
Am G Em Am Dm Am
'Twas_ down the glen one ea-ster morn' to a ci - ty_ fair rode I.
There ar-med_ lines of_ mar ching men in_ squadrons passed me by.
C G C Am Em F
No_ pipe did hum, no bat-tle drum did sound its_ dread tat - too,
Am G Em Am Dm Am
but the an-ge-lus bell o'er the liffey's swell rang out in the fog-gy dew.