

The Foggy Dew

Mise en page: Ludovic AL

Em D Em

As down the glen one es-tern morn, to a ci-ty fair rode I.
There Arm-ed lines of mar-ching men, in squa-drons passed me by.

10 Em D Em

No pipe did hum No bat-tle drum, did sound its loud ta too.

19 Em D Em

But the an-ge-lus bells o'-er the liffey swells, rang out in the fog-gy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they out a flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath that Irish sky
Than at Sulva or Sud-El-Bar.

And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through
While Brittania's Huns with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

Their bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the
Springing 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.

And 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 n'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.