

# The Foggy Dew

Mise en page: Ludovic AL

Em Am Bm 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 G Am Em G Em

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

19 Em Am Bm Em

But the an - ge-lus bells o'-er the liffeys 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 Britannia'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.