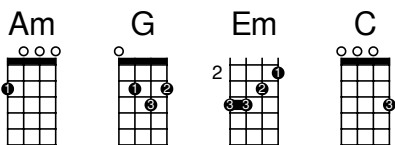


# The Foggy Dew

1916 w.Canon Charles O'Neill; m. Irish traditional



## Sinead O'Conner Version

(Intro)

&red: [Am]As down the glen o[G]ne East[Em]er morn to[C] a ci[G]ty fair r[Am]ode l

(Verse 1)

As[Am] down the glen one E[G]aster [Em]morn to a [C]city [G]fair rod[Am]e l,  
Th[Am]eir armed lines of m[G]arching [Em]men in [C]squadrons [G]passed me[Am]  
N[C]o pipe did hum, nor [G]battle [Am]drum did sound its lou[G]d tatto[Am]o,  
But the [Am]Angelus bell o'er the [G]Liffey's [Em]swell rang [C]out through the [Em]

(Verse 2)

Right [Am]proudly high o'er [G]Dublin [Em]Town they [C]hung out the [G]flag of [Am]  
Twas [Am]better to die neath an [G]Irish [Em]sky than at [C]Suvla or [G]Sud El [Am]  
And [C]from the plains of [G]Royal [Am]Meath strong men came h[G]urrying [Am]th  
While [Am]Brittania's sons, with their [G]long range [Em]guns, sailed [C]in through  
[Em]Foggy D[Am]ew.

(Verse 3)

O, the [Am]night fell black, and the [G]rifles [Em]crack made [C]Perfidious [G]Albio  
'Mid the [Am]leaden rain, seven [G]tongues of [Em]flame did [C]shine o'er the [G]lin  
By each [C]shinning blade a [G]prayer was said that to [Am]Ireland her s[G]ons be  
And when [Am]morning broke still the [G]war flag [Em]shook out it's [C]folds in the  
[Am]ew.

(Instrumental Break)

(Verse 3)

&red: O,[Am] the night fell black, and[G] the ri[Em]fles crack [C]made Perfid[G]ious  
reel,

&red: 'Mid[Am] the leaden rain, s[G]even tongue[Em]s of flame[C] did shine o'er[G]  
steel;

&red: By[C] each shinning bl[G]ade a prayer was said th[Am]at to Ireland[G] her  
true,  
&red: And[Am] when morning broke stil[G]l the war[Em] flag shook out[C] it's fol  
[Am]oggy Dew.

(Verse 4)

But the [Am]bravest fell, and the [G]requiem [Em]bell rang m[C]ournfully [G]and [A]  
For [Am]those who died that [G]Easter[Em]tide in the [C]springtime of [G]the [Am]  
While the [C]world did gaze with [G]deep [Am]amaze at those fearless [G]men b  
Who [Am]bore the fight that [G]freedom's [Em]light might [C]shine through the [E]

(Verse 5)

Back [Am]through the glen I [G]rode [Em]again, and my [C]heart with [G]grief wa  
For I [Am]parted then with [G]valient [Em]men who I [C]never [G]shall see [Am]no  
But [C]to and from in my [G]dreams I [Am]go, and I'd kneel and p[G]ray for [Am]y  
For [Am]slavery fled, O'[G] glorious [Em]dead when you[C] fell in the[Em] Foggy [A]

(Outro last line)

&red:[Am] For slavery fle[G]d, O' glor[Em]ious dead whe[C]n you fell i[Em]n the F