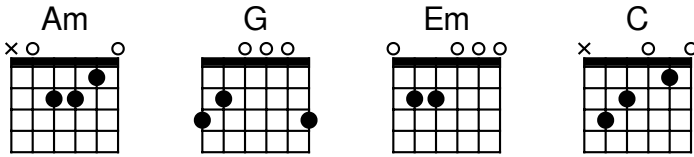


The Foggy Dew

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] o

(Verse 1)

As [Am] down the glen one E [G] aster [Em] morn to a [C] city [G] fair rod [Am] e I,
Th [Am] eir armed lines of m [G] arching [Em] men in [C] squadrons [G] passed m
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
[Am] ew.

(Verse 2)

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

(Verse 3)

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

(Instrumental Break)

(Verse 3)

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

&red: 'Mid[Am] the leaden rain, s[G]even tongue[Em]s of flame[C] did shine o'
[Am]s of steel;
&red: By[C] each shinning bl[G]ade a prayer was said th[Am]at to Ireland[G] h
be true,
&red: And[Am] when morning broke stil[G]l the war[Em] flag shook out[C] it's f
F[Am]oggy Dew.

(Verse 4)

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

(Verse 5)

Back [Am]through the glen I [G]rode [Em]again, and my [C]heart with [G]grief
For I [Am]parted then with [G]valient [Em]men who I [C]never [G]shall see [Am]
But [C]to and from in my [G]dreams I [Am]go, and I'd kneel and p[G]ray for [Am]
For [Am]slavery fled, O'[G] glorious [Em]dead when you[C] fell in the[Em] Fog

(Outro last line)

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