

foggy dew

CANON CHARLES O'NEILL (1887-1963)

'Twas down the glen one Eas - ter morn To a ci - ty fair rode I. When
armed lines of march-ing men In squa-drons passed me by. No pipes did hum, no
bat - tle drum Did sound its loud tat - too But the
An - ge-lus bell o'er the Lif - fey's swell Rang out in the fog - gy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla 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

As 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 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.

Nr 3

*Twas britannian bade our **wild geese** go, that "small nations might be free";
Their lonely graves are by **Suvla's** waves or the fringe of the great **North Sea**.
Oh, had they died by **Pearse's** side or fought with **Cathal Brugha***
Their graves we'd keep where the **Fenians** sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.*