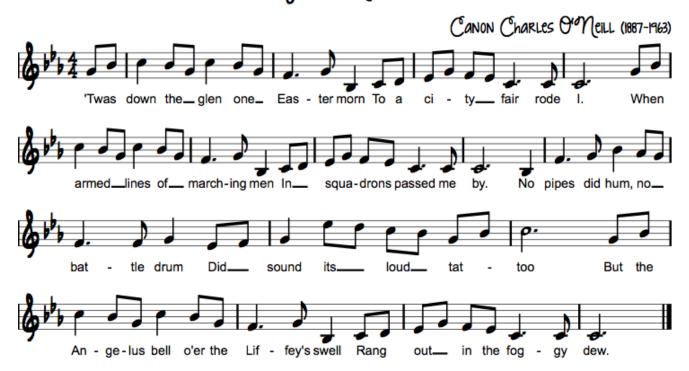
foggy dew



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.