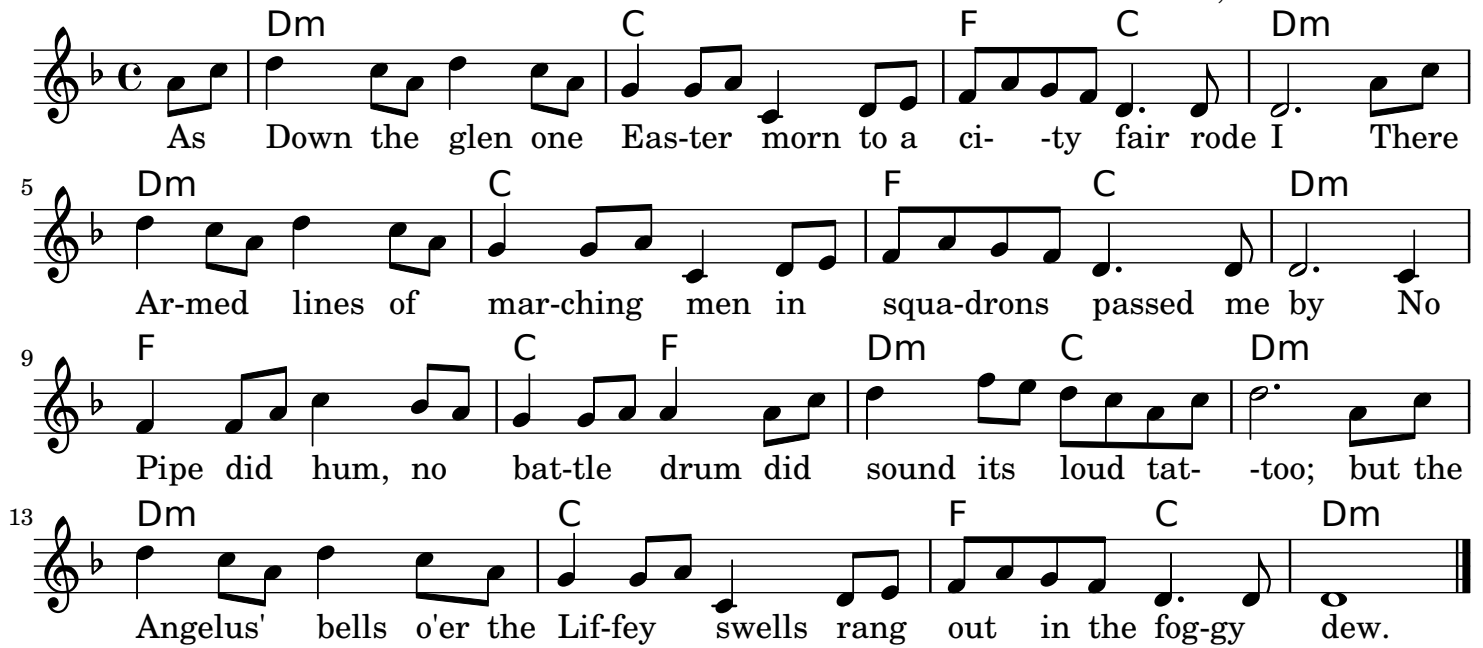


The Foggy Dew (Dm)

Traditional, Arr. Mark Duvall



As Down the glen one Easter morn to a ci-ty fair rode I There

Ar-med lines of mar-ching men in squa-drons passed me by No

Pipe did hum, no bat-tle drum did sound its loud tat-too; but the

Angelus' bells o'er the Lif-fey swells rang out in the fog-gy dew.

Verse: 2 Right proudly high in Dublin town hung they out the flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sedd el Bahr.
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.

Verse: Instrumental

Verse: 3 The bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easter tide in the springing of the year.
And 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.

Verse: 4 As down the glen I rode again, my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men I never shall see more.
And to and fro in my dreams I'll go and I'll kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.