

## The Foggy Dew

Damien Dempsey

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by  
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin town, they flung 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

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small Nations might  
be free But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the  
fringe of the great North Sea O, had they died by Pearse's side,  
or had fought with Cathal Brugha Their names we'd keep where  
the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and  
clear For those who died that watertide in the springtime of the  
year While the world did gaze with deep amazement those  
fearless men, but few Who bore the fight that Freedom's light  
might shine through the foggy dew

Ah, 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'd kneel and  
pray for you For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in  
the foggy dew