

Foggy Dew

Jag Panzer

I was down the glen one easter morn
To a city fair rode I
There armed lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by
No pipe did hum
No battle drum did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus Bells o'er the Liffey Swells
Rang out in the foggy dew

Proudly high in Dublin town
The hung out a flag of war
It was better to die neath an Irish sky
Than at Sulva or Sud el Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through
While Brittania's huns with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew

Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go
That small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves
Or the shore of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will keep where the Fenians sleep
Neath the shroud of the foggy dew
Their bravest tell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the Spring time of the year
While the world did gaze with desp amaze
At those fearless men but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew