

The Foggy Dew

The Dubliners

It was down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I.
Their armoured 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 hung out the flag of war.

'Twas 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 Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in by the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go
that small nations might be free.

But their lonely graves are by Silva's waves
or the fringe 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 shadow
of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell, and the solemn bell
rang mournfully and clear.

For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year

And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those stout hearted men,
but few.

Who bore the fight that freedom's light
might shine through the foggy dew.

Back to the glen I rode again and my heart with grief was sore.
For I parted with those valiant men whom I never would see no more.

And to and fro in my dreams I will go

And I'd kneel and I'd pray for you,

For slavery fled, O glorious dead,

When you fell in the foggy dew.