

## THE FOGGY DEW

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'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
Thru a city fair rode I  
And arméd lines of marching men  
In squadrons did pass me by  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Beat out its wild tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell  
Rang into the foggy dew

Right proudly high o'er Dublin Town  
They flung out the flag of war  
I was better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvia or Sud El Bar;  
And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through  
While Britannia's huns with their great big guns  
Sailed in through the Foggy Dew

The night fell black and the rifles' crack  
Made "Perfidious Albion" reel  
'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame  
Did shine o'er the lines of steel;  
By each shining blade, a prayer was said  
That to Ireland her sons be true  
And when morning broke still the war flag shook  
Out its fold in 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  
But had they died by Pearse's side,  
Or 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 Eastertide  
In the springtime of the year  
While 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.

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  
[Or: *And I think, gallant comrades, of you* ]  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the Foggy Dew.