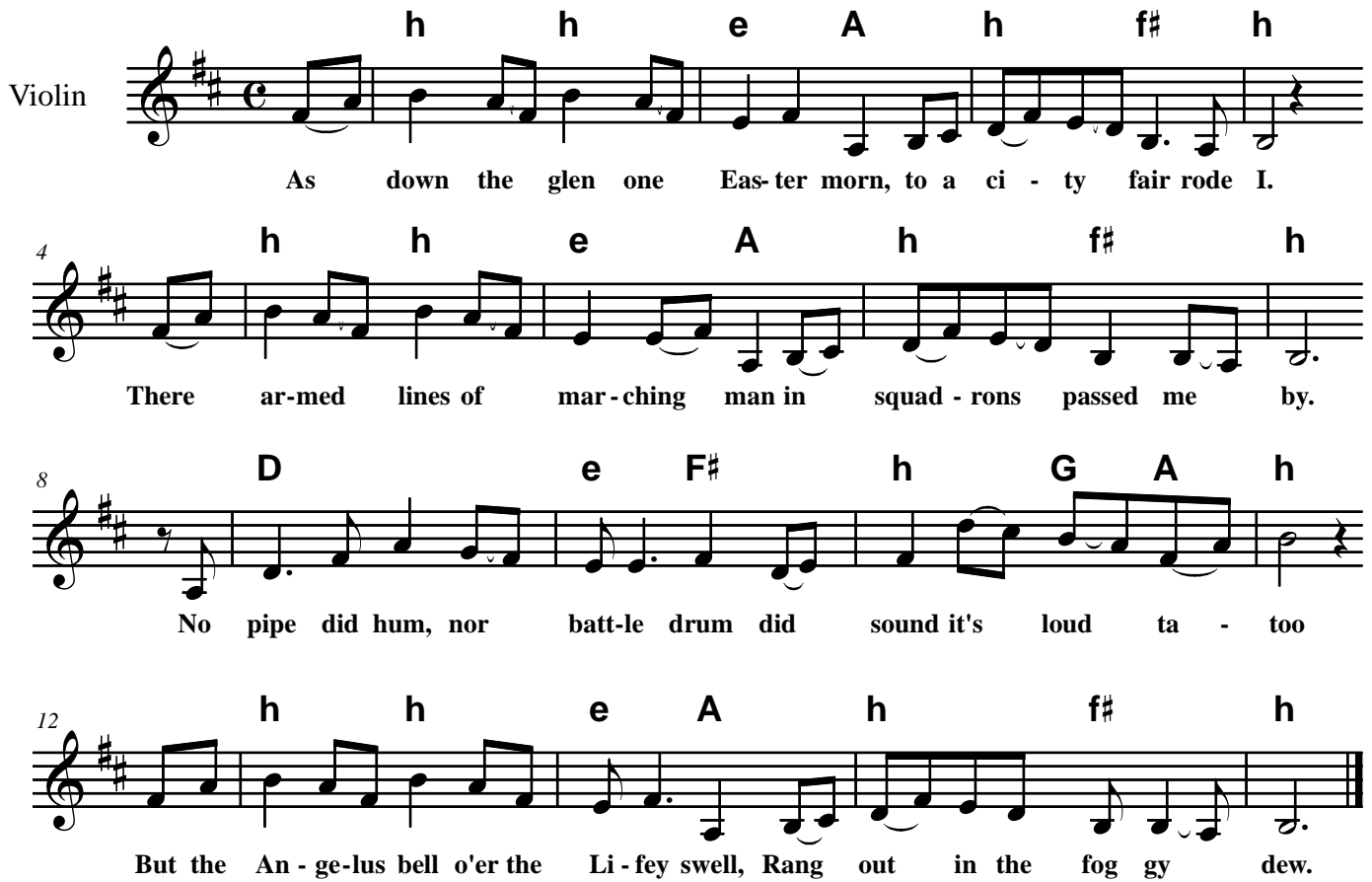


29- The Foggy Dew

Irish Folk

Violin



h h e A h f# h

As down the glen one Eas-ter morn, to a ci - ty fair rode I.

4 h h e A h f# h

There ar-med lines of mar-ching man in squad-rons passed me by.

8 D e F# h G A h

No pipe did hum, nor batt-le drum did sound it's loud ta - too

12 h h e A h f# h

But the An - ge-lus bell o'er the Li - fey swell, Rang out in the fog gy 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 (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

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at 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 those valiant men whom I never shall see more
But to and fro in my dreams I'll be go and I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O rebell dead, When you fell in the foggy dew.