

The Foggy Dew



Canon Charles O'Neill (1887-1963), after 1919; about Easter Uprising in 1916

Intro: last row instrumental

**It was down the glen one Easter morn', to city fair rode I
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound it's loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell,
Rang out in 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 Brittania's Huns, with their long range guns,
Sailed in by 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 Easter tide, in springing of the year:
|: And the world did gaze with deep amaze, at those fearless men but few,
Who bore that 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 with those valiant men I never would see no more
But to and fro in my dreams I'll be go and I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O rebel dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew.**

Repeat last two rows

d -	g C	d a	d -
d -	g C	d a	d -
F -	g A↓	d BC	d -↓
d -	g C	d a	d -

: vi -	ii V	vi iii	vi -:
I -	ii III	vi IV V	vi -
vi -	ii V	vi iii	vi -