

# The Foggy Dew

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

As 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, 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 great big guns,  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,  
For those who died that Easter tide, in the springtime 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.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem 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 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 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,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.