

# The Foggy Dew

Traditional



1. As down the glen one Eas - ter morn to a
2. Right proud - ly high o - ver Dub - lin Town they
3. Oh the night fell black, and the rif - le's crack made per -
4. 'Twas Eng - land bade our wild geese go, that
5. Oh the bra - vest fell, and the Requi - em bell rang
6. As back through the glen I rode a - gain and my



ci - ty fair rode I, there armed lines of mar-ching  
 hung out the flag of war, 'twas bet-ter to die 'neath the I - rish  
 fi - di-ous Al-bion reel, in the lead-en rain se - ven toun-ges of  
 "small nations might be free"; their lone-ly graves are by Suv - la's  
 moun-ful - ly and clear, for those who died that East - er -  
 heart with grief was sore, for I part-ed then with val - iant



men in squad-rons passed me by. No pipe did hum, no  
 sky than at Suv - la or Sud - El - Bar. And from the plains of  
 flame did shi-ne o'er the lines of steel. By each shi-ning blade a  
 waves or the fringe of the great North Sea. Oh, had they died by  
 tide in the spring-ing of the year. While the world did gaze, in  
 men whom I nev-er shall see no more. But to and fro in my



bat - tle drum did sound its loud tat - too, but the An-gel-us  
 Ro - yal Meath strong men came hur-ry-ing through, while Brit-annia's  
 prayer was said, that to Ire - land's sons be true, but when morn-ning  
 Pear-se's side or fought with Ca - thal Brugha, their graves we'd  
 deep a - maze, at those fearless men but few, who bore the  
 dreams I go and I kneel and pray for you, for sla - ve - ry



bell o'er the Lif-fey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.  
 Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew.  
 broke, still the war flag shook out its folds in the foggy dew.  
 keep where the Fen-ian's sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.  
 fight that free-dom's light might shine through the foggy dew.  
 fled, O glo-roious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.