



## The Foggy Dew

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 fife did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out through 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 Britannia's Huns with their long-range  
guns  
Sailed in through 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 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 solemn 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