## THE FOGGY DEW

A G C Am

AS DOWN THE GLEN ONE EASTER MORN, TO A CITY FAIR RODE I

Am G C Am

THERE ARMED LINES OF MARCHING MEN IN SQUADRONS PASSED ME BY
C G C Am

NO PIPE DID HUM, NO BATTLE DRUM DID SOUND ITS LOUD TATTOO

BUT THE ANGELUS BELL O'ER THE LIFFEY SWELL

C Am

RANG OUT THROUGH THE FOGGY DEW

RIGHT PROUDLY HIGH IN DUBLIN TOWN THE HUNG OUT THE FLAG OF WAR

'TWAS BETTER TO DIE 'NEATH AN IRISH SKY

THAN AT SULVA OR SUD EL BAR

AND FROM THE OLAINS OF ROYAL MEATH STRONG MEN CAME HURRYING THRU

WHILE BRITTANIA'S HUNS, WITH THEIR GREAT BIG 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 SULVA'S WAVES

ON THE FRINGES OF THE GREAT NORTH SEA

OH HAD THEY DIED BY PEARSE'S SIDE OR

HAD THEY FOUGHT WITH CATHAL BRUGHA

THEIR NAMES WE KEEP, WHERE THE FANIANS SLEEP

'NEATH THE SHROUD OF THE FOGGY DEW

BUT THE BRAVAEST FELL AND THE REQUIEM BELL

RANG MOURNFULLY CLEAR,

FOR THOSE WHO DIED THAT EASTER TIDE

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR

WHILE THE WORLD DID GAZE WITH DEEP AMAZE,

AT THOSE FEARLESS MEN BUT FEW

WHO BORE THAT LIGHT, THAT FREEDOM'S LIGHT

MIGHT SHINE THROUGH THE FOGGY DEW.