

## **The Foggy Dew**

Performed by Wolfe Tones

Tw'as down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I.  
When Ireland's line of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
They flung out a flag of war.  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
Than at Suvla 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 fringe of the grey North Sea  
Oh had they died by Pearse's side,  
or had fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their graves we'd 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 Eastertide  
In the springing of the year  
And the world did gaze, with deep amaze,  
At those fearless men and true  
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.