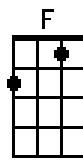
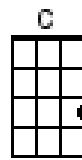
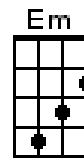
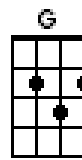
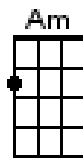


THE FOGGY DEW

Words: Canon Charles O'Neill

Tune: Traditional (The Moorlough Shore)



Am G Em
As down the glen one Easter morn
C G Am
To a city fair rode I.
Am G Em
There armed lines of marching men,
C G Am
In squadrons passed me by.
C G Am
No pipe did hum, no battle drum,
Am G Am
Did sound out its loud tattoo.
Am G Em
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell,
C F Am
Rang out through the Foggy Dew.

Am G
Right proudly high over Dublin town
C G Am
They flung out the flag of war.
Am G
'Twas far better to die 'neath an Irish sky,
C G Am
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
C G Am
And from the plains of royal Meath,
G Am
Brave men came hurrying through,
Am G Em
While Britannia's Huns with their long-range guns
C F Am
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

Am G
O, the night fell black and the rifle's crack,
C G Am
Made perfidious Albion reel.
Am G
'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame
C G Am
Did shine o'er the lines of steel.
C G
By each shining blade a prayer was said,
Am G Am
That to Ireland her sons would be true,
Am G
& when morning broke still the green flag shook out
C F Am
Its folds in the foggy dew.

Am G
It was England bade our Wild Geese go,
C G Am
That small nations might be free.
Am G
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
C G Am
On the fringe of the great North Sea.
C G Am
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
G Am
Or had fought with Cathal Brugha,
Am G
Their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep
C F Am
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

Am G
But the bravest fell and the requiem bell,
C G Am
Rang out mournfully and clear,
Am G
For those who died that Eastertide
C G Am
In the springtime of the year.
C G Am
While the world did gaze with deep amaze,
G Am
At those fearless men and few,
Am G
Who bore the fight that freedom's light,
C F Am
Might shine through the foggy dew.

Am G
As back through the glen I rode again,
C G Am
And my heart with grief was sore.
Am G
For I parted then with those gallant men,
C G Am
I never will see no more,
C G Am
And to and fro in my dreams I go
G Am
And I'll kneel and pray for you,
Am G
For slavery fled, oh you gallant dead,
C F Am
When you fell in the foggy dew.
C F Am
When you fell in the foggy dew.