



01 - THE FOGGY DEW

<http://www.macnoise.de>

(Father P. O'Neill)

Capo III.

**am**                    **G**    **em**    **am** **G**    **am**  
'Twas down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
**am**                    **G**            **em**    **am**            **G**            **am**  
When armoured lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.

**C**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **C**            **F**  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo  
**am**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **G**            **am**  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang through in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out a flag of war.  
It was 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 Brittania's sons with their long-range guns poured dead in the foggy dew.

**am**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **G**            **am**  
'Twas England bade our wild geese go that our nations might be free.  
**am**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **G**            **am**  
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves on the fringe of the grey North Sea.

**C**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **C**            **F**  
But had they died by Pearse's side or fought with the noble Gathal Bruga,  
**am**                    **G**    **em**    **am**            **G**            **am**  
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 loud and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide in the spring time of the year.  
While the world it gazed in deep amaze at those fearless men and true  
Who fought the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew.