

The Foggy Dew

Noel McLaughlin

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.
'Tw'as 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.

Oh, the night fell black and the rifles crack
Made "Perfidious Albion" reel
'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame
Did shine o'er the lines of steel
By each shining blade, a prayer was said
That to Ireland her sons be true
And when morning broke still the war flag
shook
Out its fold in the Foggy Dew.

'Tw'as 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.