

# Foggy Dew

Mark Hanson

As down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I,  
Their armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by.  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum  
Did sound its loud tattoo  
But the Angelus' bells o'er the Liffey swells  
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin town  
Hung they 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.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Easter-tide  
In the springing of the year.  
While the world did gaze with deep amaze  
At those fearless men but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
Might shine through the foggy dew.

And 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 kneel and pray for you  
For slavery fled  
Oh, glorious dead  
When you fell in the foggy dew

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written by TRADITIONAL

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