

# The Foggy Dew (with Sinéad O'Connor)

## The Chieftains

I was down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair rode I  
There armed lines of marching men  
In squadrons passed me by  
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound it's 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 that Irish sky  
Than at Sulva 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  
Their bravest fell and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide 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 n'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

Songwriters

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