

# The Foggy Dew

Gilles Servat

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 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 that Irish sky  
Than at Sulva or Sud el Bar And from the plains of Royal Meath  
Strong men came hurrying through  
While Brittania'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 the glorious dead  
When you fell in the foggy dew

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