The Foggy Dew

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 byNo 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 dewRight 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 BarAnd 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 dewTheir bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the
Springing of the yearWhile 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 dewAnd 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'moreBut 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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