

# Foggy Dew

## Fire On McGinnis

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn  
To a city fair road 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 and the liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew  
Right proudly high o'er Dublin town, they  
flung out a flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky then at Suvla or Sud el Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came a-hurrying through  
While Britannia's sons with their long-range guns sailed in through the  
foggy dew  
But the night fell black, the rifle crack made "Prefidious Albion" reel  
'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of  
steel.  
By every blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true  
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's folds in the  
foggy dew  
But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died at Eastertide at the springing of the year.  
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

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