

The Foggy Dew

Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem

It was down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I
There Ireland's lines of marching men, in squadron passed me by
No pipes did hum or no battle drum did sound its dread tattoo
But, the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell, rang out in the Foggy Dew
Right proudly high over Dublin town,
they hung out the flag of war
For, '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 sons with their long range guns, sailed in by the Foggy Dew
'Twas England bade our wild
geese go that small nations might be free
But, their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves on the fringe of the grey North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side, or fought with Valera true
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the hills of the Foggy Dew
The bravest fell and the sullen bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easter tide in the springing of the year
And the world did gaze in deep amaze at those fearless men and true
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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