

## The Foggy Dew

### Traditional Irish.

#### Verse 1

**Bm** As down the glen one **Em** Easter morn to a **A** city fair rode I, **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by; **Em** **Bm** **Bm**  
**D** No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound it's loud tattoo, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew. **Em** **Bm**

#### Verse 2

**Bm** Right proudly high o'er Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war, **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** 'Twas better die neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar; **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**D** And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** While Brittania's Huns, with their long range guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew. **Em** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**

#### Verse 5

**Bm** But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear, **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** For those who died the Eastertide in the springtime of the year. **Em** **Bm** **Bm**  
**D** While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men but few, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew, **Em** **Bm**

#### Verse 3

**Bm** O, the night fell black, and the rifles crack made "Perfidious Albion" reel, **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** 'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel; **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**D** By each shinning blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's folds in the Foggy Dew. **Em** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**

#### Verse 4

**Bm** 'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free, **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the Great North Sea. **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**D** Oh had they died by Pearse's side or had fought with Cathal Brugha, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew **Em** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**

#### Verse 6

**Bm** Back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore, **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**Bm** For I parted then with valient men who I never shall see more; **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**  
**D** But to and from in my dreams I go, and I'd kneel and pray for you, **Em** **F#m** **Bm**  
**Bm** For slavery fled, O glorious dead when you fell in the Foggy Dew. **Em** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**