

The Foggy Dew  
Misc Traditional

[Intro]

Am G C G A

[Verse 1]

Am G C G Am  
As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,  
Am G C G Am  
Their armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;  
C G Am G Am  
No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound its loud tattoo,  
Am G C Em Am  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew.

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

Am G C G Am  
O, the night fell black, and the rifles crack made Perfidious Albion reel,  
Am G C G Am  
Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of  
steel;  
C G Am G Am  
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true,  
Am G C Em  
Am  
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out its folds in the Foggy  
Dew.

[Verse 4]

Am G C G Am  
Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free,  
Am G C G  
Am  
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the shores of the Great North  
Sea.  
C G Am G Am  
Oh had they died by Pearse's side or had fought with Cathal Brugha,

Am

G

C

Em

Am

Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew

[Verse 5]

Am

G

C

G

Am

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,

Am

G

C

G

Am

For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year.

C

G

Am

G

Am

While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men but few,

Am

G

C

Em

Am

Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew,

[Verse 6]

Am

G

C

G

Am

Back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,

Am

G

C

G

Am

For I parted then with valient men who I never shall see no more;

C

G

Am

G

Am

But to and from in my dreams I go, and I'd kneel and pray for you,

Am

G

C

Em

Am

For slavery fled, O glorious dead when you fell in the Foggy Dew.