**The Foggy Dew**

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by  
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew.  
  
Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud El Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through  
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew  
  
'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the shore of the Great North Sea  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their names we will keep where the fenians sleep 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew  
  
But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year  
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew  
  
Ah, 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 more  
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, When you fell in the foggy dew