The Foggy Dew

Written by Fr (later Canon) Charles O'Neill 1919

INTRO: Am G C F Am D DUDUDU 4 4 2 2 8

Am G C// G// Am	Am
I was down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I. Am G C// G// Am There are adding a few position man be accorded to by	
There armed lines of marching men In squadrons passed me by. C G Am// Em// Am	
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo, Am G C// F// Am Am	Ш
But the Angelus Bells o'er the Liffey swells rang out in the foggy dew.	
Am G C// G// Am Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out a flag of war.	<u> </u>
Am G C// G// Am	
'Twas better to die 'neath that Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud al Bahr. C G Am// Em// Am	
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through,	
Am G C// F// Am Am	шш
While Brittania's Huns with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew.	
Am G C// G// Am	Em
Oh the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made perfidious Albion reel, Am G C// G// Am	
In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel,	00
C G Am// Em// Am	(00)
By each shining blade a prayer was said, that to Ireland her sons be true Am G C// F// Am Am	00
But when morning broke, still the war flag shook out its folds in the foggy dew.	
Am G C// G// Am	
'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go, that small nations might be free.	<u> </u>
Am G C// G// Am But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves on the fringe of the great North Sea.	
C G Am// Em// Am	0 0
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha,	
Am G C// F// Am Am	
Their graves we will keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.	ш
Am G C// G// Am	
Their bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear.	G
Am G C// G// Am For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year.	$\Box\Box$
C G Am// Em// Am	(00)
And the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men, but few,	
Am G C// F// Am Am	
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew. Am G C// F// Am Am	لللا
Am G C// F// Am Am Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew.	