

The FOGGY DEW

'T WAS DOWN THE GLEN ONE EASTER MORN
THRU A CITY FAIR RODE I
AND ARMED LINES OF MARCHING MEN
IN SQUADRONS DID PASS ME BY
NO PIPE DID HUM, NO BATTLE DRUM
BEAT OUT ITS WILD TATTOO
BUT THE ANGELUS BELL O'ER THE LIFFEY SWELL
RANG INTO THE FOGGY DEW

RIGHT PROUDLY HIGH O'ER DUBLIN TOWN
THEY FLUNG OUT THE FLAG OF WAR
I WAS BETTER TO DIE 'NEATH AN IRISH SKY
THAN AT SUVIA OR SUD EL BAR;
AND FROM THE PLAINS OF ROYAL MEATH
STRONG MEN CAME HURRYING THROUGH
WHILE BRITANNIA'S HUNS WITH THEIR GREAT BIG GUNS
SAILED IN THROUGH THE FOGGY DEW

'T WAS ENGLAND BADE OUR WILD GEESE GO
THAT SMALL NATIONS MIGHT BE FREE
BUT THEIR LONELY GRAVES ARE BY SUVLA'S WAVES
OR THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT NORTH SEA
BUT HAD THEY DIED BY PEARSE'S SIDE,
OR FOUGHT WITH CATHAL BRUGHA
THEIR NAMES WE'D 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 SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR
WHILE THE WORLD DID GAZE WITH DEEP AMAZE
AT THOSE FEARLESS MEN, BUT FEW
WHO BORE THE FIGHT THAT FREEDOM'S LIGHT
MIGHT SHINE THROUGH THE FOGGY DEW.

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 THINK, GALLANT COMRADES, OF YOU
FOR SLAVERY FLED, O GLORIOUS DEAD,
WHEN YOU FELL IN THE FOGGY DEW!