

# The Foggy Dew

Writer: Traditional



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

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

The [Am] bravest fell and the [G] requiem bell rang  
[C] mournfully [G] and [Am] clear,  
For [Am] those who died that [G] Eastertide  
in the [C] springing of [G] the [Am] year  
While the [C] world did gaze with [G] deep [Am] amaze  
at those fearless [Em] men but [Am] few  
Who [Am] bore the fight that [G] freedom's light  
might [C] shine through the [F] Foggy [Am] Dew

Back [Am] through the glen I [G] rode again,  
and my [C] heart was [G] sore with [Am] grief  
For I [Am] parted then with [G] valiant men  
who I [C] never [G] more shall [Am] see  
But [C] to and fro in my [G] dreams I [Am] go and I kneel  
and I [Em] pray for [Am] you,  
For [Am] slavery fled o [G] glorious dead  
when you [C] fell in the [F] Foggy [Am] Dew