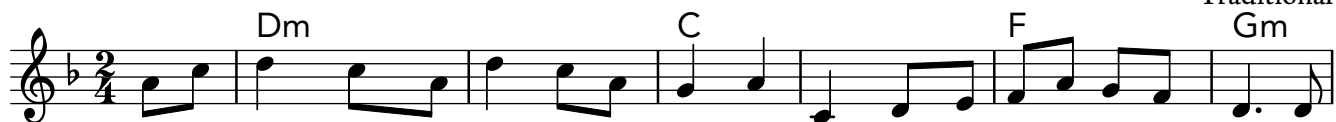


The Foggy Dew

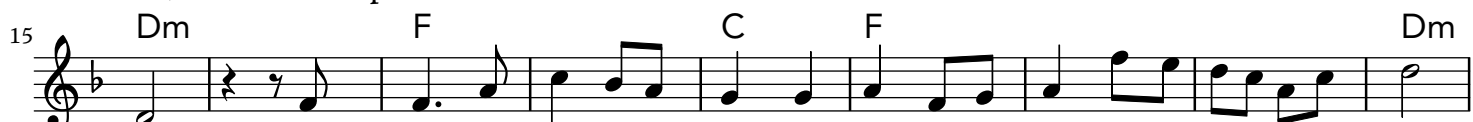
Traditional



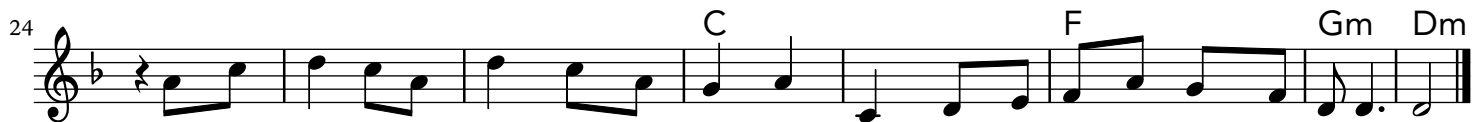
1. As down the glen one Eas - ter morn to a ci - ty fair rode
 2. Right proud - ly high o - ver Dub - lin Town they hung out the flag of
 3. Oh the night fell black, and the rif - le's crack made per - fi - di - ous Al - bion
 4. 'Twas Eng - land bade our wild geese go, that "small nations might be
 5. Oh the bra - vest fell, and the Requi - em bell rang moun - ful - ly and
 6. As back through the glen I rode a - gain and my heart with grief was



I, there armed lines of mar - ching men in squad - rons passed me
 war, 'twas bet - ter to die 'neath the I - rish sky than at Suv - la or Sud - El -
 reel, in the lead - en rain se - ven toun - ges of flame did shi - ne o'er the lines of
 free"; their lone - ly graves are by Suv - la's waves or the fringe of the great North
 clear, for those who died that East - er - tide in the spring - ing of the
 sore, for I part - ed then with val - iant men whom I nev - er shall see no



by. No pipe did hum, no bat - tle drum did sound its loud tat - too,
 Bar. And from the plains of Ro - yal Meath strong men came hur - ry - ing through,
 steel. By each shi - ning blade a prayer was said, that to Ire - land's sons be true,
 Sea. Oh, had they died by Pear - se's side or fought with Ca - thal Brugha,
 year. While the world did gaze, in deep a - maze, at those fearless men but few,
 more. But to and fro in my dreams I go and I kneel and pray for you,



but the An - gel - us bell o'er the Lif - fey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.
 while Brit - annia's Huns, with their long range guns sailed in through the foggy dew.
 but when morn - ing broke, still the war flag shook out its folds in the foggy dew.
 their graves we'd keep where the Fen - ian's sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.
 who bore the fight that free - dom's light might shine through the foggy dew.
 for sla - ve - ry fled, O glo - ro - ious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.