

The Foggy Dew (by Charles O'Neill)

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I
When armed line of marching men in squadrons passed me by
No pipes did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out a flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla 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.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves on the fringe of the gray 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.

The bravest fell, and the solemn bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Watertide in the springing of the year
And 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.

And 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 from 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.