

## Alan Stivell "The Foggy Dew"

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As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I  
There Armed lines of marching men in squadrons  
passed me by  
No fife did hum nor battle drum did sound it's dread  
tattoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell rang out  
through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the  
flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or  
Sud El Bar  
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came  
hurrying through  
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns  
sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small  
nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the  
shore of the Great North Sea  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with  
Cathal Brugha  
Their names we will 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 springing of  
the year  
And the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those  
fearless men, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine  
through the foggy dew

Ah, 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'd kneel and pray  
for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, When you fell in the

foggy dew.

(Merci ? Jean Jacques pour cetttes paroles)

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