

Pertness

"Foggy Dew"

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'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I
When Ireland's line of marching men
In squadron passed me by

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

No pipe did hum, no battle drum
Did sound its dread 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 Brittanials sons with their long-range guns
Sailed in from the foggy dew

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I
When Ireland's line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by

But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew

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