

Fire on McGinnis "Foggy Dew"

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'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair road I
When Ireland's line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by
No pipe did hum no battle drum did sound its dread
tattoo
But the Angelus bell and the liffey's swell rang out in
the foggy dew

Right proudly high o'er Dublin town, they flung out a
flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky then at Suvla or
Sud el Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came
a-hurrying through
While Britannia's sons with their long-range guns
sailed in through the
foggy dew

But the night fell black, the rifle crack made "Prefidious
Albion" reel
'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame did shine
o'er the lines of
steel.
By every blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her
sons be true

And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's
folds in the
foggy dew

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang
mournfully and clear
For those who died at Eastertide at the springing of the
year.
The world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless
men and true
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine
through the foggy dew

Oh back through the glen, I rode again
My heart with grief was sore

For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall
see more
To and fro in my dreams I go, I kneel, I will pray for you
For Slavery fled o'er glorious dead when you fell in the
foggy dew

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