

Paddy Schmidt

"THE FOGGY DEW"

Visit "[THE FOGGY DEW](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.
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 Britannia's sons with their long-range guns
Sailed in from the foggy dew.
'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the grey North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side

Or fought with Gathal Bruga,
Their graves weâd keep where the Fenians sleep
 âNeath the hills of the foggy dew.
The bravest fell, and the solemn 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 and true
Who bore the fight that freedomâs light
Might shine through the foggy dew

Visit [Paddy Schmidt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.