

## Sinead Oconnor

### "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 pipe did hum, nor battle drum  
Did sound its loud tatoo  
But the angelus bells o'er the liffey swells  
Rang out in the foggy dew

Right proudly high in Dublin town  
Hung they out the 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 long range guns  
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

Their bravest fell and the requiem bell  
Rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide  
In the springing of the year  
While 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

As back through the glen I rode again  
And my heart with me fell 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 kneel and pray for you  
For slavery fled a glorious dead  
When you fell in the foggy dew

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