

Wotan

"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, no battle drum
Did sound it's loud tattoo
But the angelus bells
O'er the liffey swells
Rang out in the foggy dew

Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they 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 Huns
With their long range-guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew
The bravest fell
And the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easter-tide
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

And back though
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 kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled

Oh, glorious dead
When you fell in the foggy dew

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