

# Alan Stivell, Foggy Dew

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 fife did hum nor battle drum did  
sound it's dread tatoo  
But the Angelus bell o'er the  
Liffey swell rang out through the foggy dew  
Right proudly high over Dublin Town  
they hung out the flag of war  
'Twas better to die 'neath  
an Irish sky than at Sulva 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  
'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese  
go that small nations might be free  
But their lonely graves are  
by Sulva's waves or the shore  
of the Great North Sea  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side  
or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their names we will keep  
where the fenians sleep 'neath  
the shroud of the foggy dew  
But the bravest fell,  
and the requiem 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, but few  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light  
might shine through the foggy dew  
Ah, back through 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'd kneel and pray for you,  
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,  
When you fell in the foggy dew.