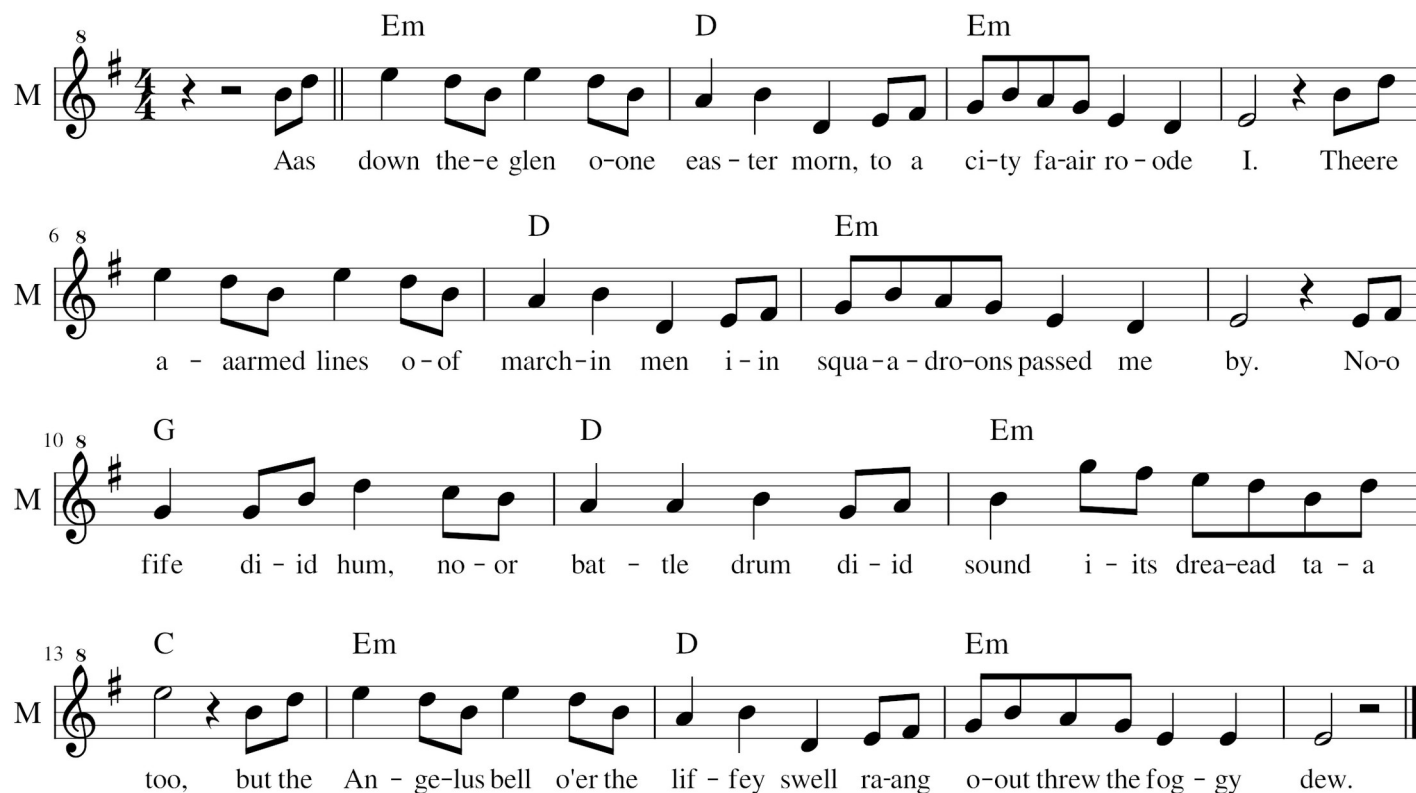


# THE FOGGY DEW (Irish Trad)



M 8

Em D Em

Aas down the-e glen o-one eas-ter morn, to a ci-ty fa-air ro-ode I. Theree

M 6 8

D Em

a - aarmed lines o-of march-in men i-in squa-a - dro-ons passed me by. No-o

M 10 8

G D Em

fife di - id hum, no - or bat - tle drum di - id sound i - its drea-ead ta - a

M 13 8

C Em D Em

too, but the An - ge-lus bell o'er the lif - fey swell ra-ang o-out threw the fog - gy dew.

**Em** **D**  
 As down the glen one Easter morn  
**Em** %  
 To a city fair rode I  
 % **D**  
 There armed lines of marching men  
**Em** %  
 In squadrons passed me by  
**G** **D**  
 No fife did hum, no battle drum  
**Em** **C**  
 Did sound its dread tattoo  
**Em** **D**  
 But the Angelus bells o'er the Liffey's swell  
**Em**  
 Rang out through the foggy dew

<b>Em</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Em</b>	%
<b>Em</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Em</b>	%
<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>C</b>
<b>Em</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Em</b>	%

Vidéos :  
 Young Wolfe Tones (Dm).  
 The Dubliners (Bm).

Right proudly high over Dublin town  
 They hung 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 Brittania's huns with their long-range guns  
 Sailed in through the foggy dew

'Twas Brittania bade our wild geese go  
 That small nations might be free  
 But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
 On the shore of the gray North Sea

But had they died by Pearse's side  
 Or fought with Cathal Brugha  
 Their names we would 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