

The Foggy Dew by Derek Warfield & The Young Wolfe Tones

[Intro] Dm C F Dm x2 [repeat after verse]

[Verse 1]

Dm C F Dm

As down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I.

Dm C F Dm

There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.

F C F Dm

No pipes did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo;

[Dm C F Dm]

But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.

[Verse 2]

Dm C F Dm

Right proudly high over Dublin town, they flung out the flag of war.

Dm C F Dm

'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar.

F C F Dm

And from the plains of Royal Meath, strong men came hurrying through,

[Dm C F Dm]

While Britannia's Huns, with their great big guns, sailed in through the foggy dew.

[Verse 3]

Dm C F Dm

Oh, the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made perfidious Albion reel.

Dm C F Dm

'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame, did shine o'er the lines of steel.

F C F Dm

By each shining blade, a prayer was said, that to Ireland her sons be true;

[Dm C F Dm]

When the morning broke, still the war flag shook - out its folds in the foggy dew.

[Verse 4]

Dm C F Dm
'Twas England bade our wild geese go, that "small nations might be free";

Dm C F Dm
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves, on the fringe of the great North Sea.

F C F Dm
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha,

[Dm C F Dm]
Their names we would keep where the Fenians sleep, 'Neath the shroud
[Verse 5] of the foggy dew.

Dm C F Dm
Oh, the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,

Dm C F Dm
For those who died that Eastertide, in the springtime of the year.

F C F Dm
While the world did gaze, in deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few,

[Dm C]
Who bore their fight that the freedom's light

F Dm]
Might shine through the foggy dew. v [Verse 6] v

Dm C F Dm
Back through the glen I rode again; my heart with grief was sore,

Dm C F Dm
For I parted with those gallant men whom I'll never see no more.

F C F Dm
But to and fro in my dreams I go, and I kneel and I pray for you;

Dm C F Dm
(slow) For slavery fled...O glorious dead...when you fell in the foggy dew.

[Outro] Dm C F Dm