

The Foggy Dew by Derek Warfield & The Young Wolfe Tones capo 5

[Intro] Am G C Am x2 [repeat after verse]

[Verse 1]

Am G C Am

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

Am G C Am

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

C G C Am

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

[Am G C Am]

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

[Verse 2]

Am G C Am

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

Am G C Am

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

C G C Am

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

[Am G C Am]

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

[Verse 3]

Am G C Am

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

Am G C Am

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

C G C Am

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

[Am G C Am]

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

[Verse 4]

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

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

C G C Am
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha,
[Am G C Am]

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

Am G C Am
Oh, the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,

Am G C Am
For those who died that Eastertide, in the springtime of the year.

C G C Am
While the world did gaze, in deep amaze at those fearless men, but few,
[Am G]

Who bore their fight that the freedom's light

C Am]
Might shine through the foggy dew. v [Verse 6] v

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

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

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

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

[Outro] Am G C Am