The 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 pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its dread tattoo,
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell, rang out in the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go, that small nations might be free.
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves, or the fringe of the grey North Sea.
But had they died at Pierce's side or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the hills of 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 Suvla or Sud el Bar.
Then from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurtling through,
While Brittania Huns with their long-range guns sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,
For those who died that Easter tide, 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.

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 kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled o'er the glorious dead when you fell in the Foggy Dew.