

Alan Stivell, The Foggy Dew

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When Ireland's line 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's swell
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a flag of war.
'Twas better to die Ineath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through ;
While Brittanials sons with their long-range guns
Sailed in from the foggy dew.

An back through the glen I rode again
And my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with variant whom
I never shall see more
But to and through in my dreams I go
And I kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled oh glorious dead
When you fell in the foggy dew,

Traditionnal song on Irish revolution