

Alan Stivell, 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 fife did hum nor battle drum did
sound it's dread tatoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the
Liffey swell rang out through 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 Sulva or Sud El Bar
And from the plains
of Royal Meath strong men
came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns,
with their long range guns
sailed in through the foggy dew
'Twas Britannia bade our Wild Geese
go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are
by Sulva's waves or the shore
of the Great North Sea
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side
or fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we will 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
Ah, 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'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead,
When you fell in the foggy dew.