# Sinead O' Connor, 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, nor battle drum
Did sound its loud tatoo
But the angelus bells o'er the liffey swells
Rang out in the foggy dew
Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla 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.
Their bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year
While the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew
As back through the glen I rode again
And my heart with me fell 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 a glorious dead
When you fell in the foggy dew