

The Foggy Dew

Easter rebellion song

♩ = 100

'Twas down the glen one ea - ster morn to a ci - ty fair rode
Ire - lands lines of mar - ching men in squa - drons passed me

I, when by. No pipe did hum and no bat - tle drum did

sond it's dread tat - too but the An - ge - lus bell o'er the

Lif - fey's swell rang out in the fog - gy dew.

K3

a G e a G e a
1. 'Twas down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I,
a G e a G e a
When Ireland's lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by,
G C G C a G a
No pipe did hum and no battle drum did sound it's dread tattoo,
G a G e a G e a
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.

a G e a G e a
2. Right proudly high over Dublin town they hang aut a flag of war!
a G e a G e a
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
G C G C a G a
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through,
G a G e a G e a
While Britannia's sons with their long-range guns sailed in from the foggy dew.