

# The Foggy Dew

Tune "The Moorlaugh Shore"

Canon Charles O'Neill 1919  
tune - traditional

D A D

Musical score for dulcimer in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six systems, each with a treble clef staff, a three-line tablature staff, and lyrics. Chord changes are indicated above the staff.

**System 1:** Chords: Bm, A. Lyrics: As down the glen one Eas - ter morn, to a

**System 2:** Chords: D, Bm. Lyrics: ci - - - ty fair rode There arm - ed lines of

**System 3:** Chords: A, D, Bm. Lyrics: march - ing men in squad - rons passed me by No

**System 4:** Chords: D, A, D, Bm. Lyrics: pipes did hum, no bat - tle drum did sound its

**System 5:** Chords: G, Bm, F#m. Lyrics: lo - - ud tat too but the An - gel - us Bell o'er the

**System 6:** Chords: Em, A, Bm, G, Bm. Lyrics: Lif - fey's swell, ra - ng out in the fog - gy dew

## THE FOGGY DEW

by Canon Charles O'Neill

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 loud 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 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.

Oh the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made perfidious Albion reel  
In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel  
By each shining blade a prayer was said, that to Ireland her sons be true  
But when morning broke, still the war flag shook out its folds in the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go, that "small nation s might be free"  
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great North Sea.  
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha  
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew

Oh the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell rang mournfully and clear  
For those who died that Eastertide in the spring time 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 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 glorious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.

County Down parish priest Charles O'Neill chronicled the 1916 Easter Uprising during WWI . Irish nationalists led by James Connolly and Patrick Pearse took advantage of Britains pre-occupation with the war to stage a rebellion seizing some of the major buildings in Dublin. The rebellion was quickly put down by the British who ruled Ireland at the time but the executions of the leaders marked a turning point for many Irish people adding to the growing sense of alienation from the British Government

