

# The Foggy Dew

Key of Am

1916 w. Canon Charles O'Neill; m. Irish traditional  
Sinead O'Conner Version

(Intro)

Am G Em C G Am

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I

(Verse 1)

Am G Em C G Am

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,

Am G Em C G Am

Their armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;

C G Am G Am

No pipe did hum, nor battle drum did sound its loud tattoo,

Am G Em C Em Am

But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew.

(Verse 2)

Am G Em C G Am

Right proudly high o'er Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war,

Am G Em C G Am

'Twas better to die neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar;

C G Am G Am

And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through,

Am G Em C Em Am

While Britannia's sons, with their long range guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

(Verse 3)

Am G Em C G Am

O, the night fell black, and the rifles crack made Perfidious Albion reel,

Am G Em C G Am

'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel;

C G Am G Am

By each shinning blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true,

Am G Em C Em Am

And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's folds in the Foggy Dew.

(Instrumental Break)

(Verse 3)

Am G Em C G Am  
O, the night fell black, and the rifles crack made Perfidious Albion reel,  
Am G Em C G Am  
'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel;  
C G Am G Am  
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true,  
Am G Em C Em Am  
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out it's folds in the Foggy Dew.

(Verse 4)

Am G Em C G Am  
But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,  
Am G Em C G Am  
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year.  
C G Am G Am  
While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men but few,  
Am G Em C Em Am  
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew,

(Verse 5)

Am G Em C G Am  
Back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,  
Am G Em C G Am  
For I parted then with valient men who I never shall see no more;  
C G Am G Am  
But to and from in my dreams I go, and I'd kneel and pray for you,  
Am G Em C Em Am  
For slavery fled, O' glorious dead when you fell in the Foggy Dew.

(Outro last line)

Am G Em C Em Am  
For slavery fled, O' glorious dead when you fell in the Foggy Dew.