

Bm G A Bm *Moderate tempo* D F#m

squad - rons passed me by, No pipe did hum and no
 Suv - la or Sud - el - Bar. And from the plains of

A D Bm G A

bat - tle drum Did sound its dread tat - too, But the
 Roy - al Meath Strong men came hur - ry - ing through, While Brit -

Bm A D Bm

An - ge - lus bell o'er the Lif - fey's swell Rang out in the fog - gy dew.
 tan - ia's sons with their long-range guns Sailed in from the fog - gy dew.

3. 'Twas England bade our wild geese go
 That small nations might be free;
 Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
 On the fringe of the grey North Sea.
 But had they died by Pearse's side
 Or fought with Valera true,
 Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep,
 Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

4. The bravest fell, and the solemn 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 and true
 Who bore the fight that freedom's light
 Might shine through the foggy dew.