

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

1. As down the glen one East-er morn To a ci-ty fair rode I

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

Their armed lines of march-ing men In squad-rons passed me by

F Gm F Dm C Dm

No pipes did hum no bat-tle drum Did sound it's loud ta-too

Dm C

But the An-gel-us bell o'er the Lif-fey's swell

Dm Gm Dm

Rang out in the Fog-gy Dew

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

2. Right proud-ly high o-ver Dub-lin Town They flung out the flag of war

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

'Twas bet-ter to die 'neath an I-rish sky _ Than at Suv-la or Sud-El-Bar

F Gm F Dm C Dm

And from the plains of Ro-yal Meath Strong men came hur-ry-ing through

Dm C

While Bri-tan-nia's Huns with their long range guns

Dm Gm Dm

Sailed in through the Fog-gy Dew

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

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Dm C Dm Gm Dm

3.'Twas Eng-land bade our Wild Geese go That small nat-ions might be free

Dm C

But their lone-ly graves are by Suv-la's waves

Dm Gm Dm

On the fringe of the Great North Sea

F Gm F Dm C Dm

Oh had they died by Pear-se's side Or fought with Cathal Brugha

Dm C

Their names we'll keep where the Fen-ians sleep

Dm Gm Dm

'Neath the shroud of the Fog-gy Dew

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

4. Oh the bra-vest fell and the req-ui-em bell Rang mourn-ful-ly and clear

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

For those who died that Eas-ter tide In the spring time of the year

F Gm F Dm C Dm

While the world did gaze with deep a-maze At those fear-less men but few

Dm C

Who bore the fight that the free-dom's light

Dm Gm Dm

Might shine through the Fog-gy Dew

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

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Dm C Dm Gm Dm

5. Back through the glen I rode a-gain My heart with grief was sore

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

For I part-ed with those val-i-ant men That I'll ne-ver see no more

F Gm F Dm C Dm

But to and fro in my dreams I go And I'd kneel and pray for you

Dm C Dm Gm Dm

For slav-er-y fled O glor-ious dead When you fell in the Fog-gy Dew