

The Foggy Dew

Traditionnel irlandais

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' bells o'er the Liffey swells
Rang out in the foggy dew.

Soprano

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Easter-tide
In the springing 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.

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Ba ba ba...

Alto

/
/
Ba ba ba...

And 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, oh, glorious dead
when you fell in the foggy dew.

Tutti

Ooh...

