

Foggy Dew

Hakka Muggies

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 it's dread tattoo.
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey swell, rang out through th
e foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out the flag of w
ar,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Sulva or Sud el
Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying thr
ough,
while Brittania's sons, with their long-
range guns, sailed in through the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese 'Go, that small nations might
be free,'
But their lonely graves are by Sulva's waves or the fringe of t
he great North Sea.
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side, or fought with Cathal Brugh
a,
Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shro
ud of the foggy dew.

But the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and c
lear
for those who died that Easter tide, in the springtime of the y
ear.
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 th
e foggy dew.