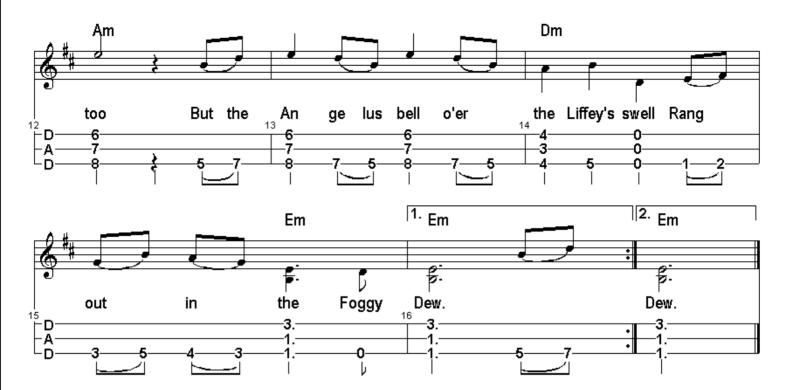
## The Foggy Dew

Traditional Irish Folk Song

Arranged for Dulcimer: David Hooten



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Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they out a flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath that Irish sky
Than at Sulva or Sud el Bar

And from the plains of Royal Meath Strong men came hurrying through While Brittania's Huns with their long range guns Sailed in through the foggy dew

Their bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide 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

willowstreammusic@gmail.com