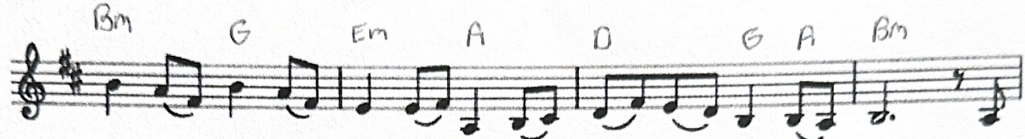


key: B minor

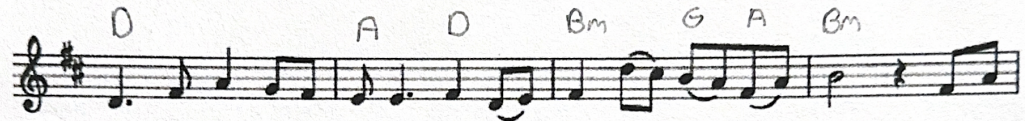
The Foggy Dew



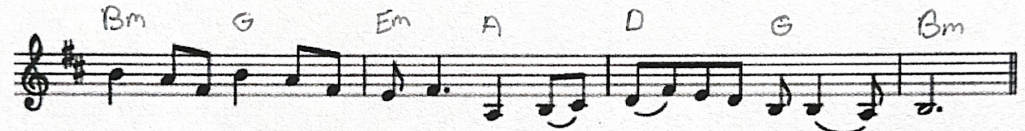
'Twas down the glen one Eas-ter morn, To a ci-ty fair rode I. When



Ire-land's line of march-ing men In squad-rons passed me by. No



pipe did hum, and no bat-tle drum Did sound it's dread tat-too, But the



An-ge-lus bell o'er the Lif-fey's swell Rang out in the fog-gy dew.