1. As down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I, when armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by. No pipe did hum, no battle drum did beat out its wild tat too, but the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.

2. Oh, the bravest fell and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear for those who died that watertide in the springtime 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.

3. As back through the glen I rode again, my heart with grief was sore, for I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more. But to and from in my dreams I go, and I'd kneel and pray for you, for slavery fled, oh, glorious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.