



# The foggy dew

*for SATB choir a cappella*

English song 1815

Irish ballad 1916

**Arrgt. Jean-Christophe Rosaz**



# The foggy dew

English song 1815

Irish ballad 1916

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$\text{♩} = 88$

Soprano

Alto

Ténor

Basse

solo ad lib. *p* as emerging of the fog

8

1) As down the glen one Eas - ter morn To a ci - ty fair rode I.

Div. *pp* as emerging of the fog

Unis.

O

10

T

B

8

Where armed lines of proud - ly mar - ching men In squa - drons passed me by.

Unis.

O

18

T

B

8

No pipes did hum, no bat - tle drum Did sound its loud tat - too

O

26

T

B

8

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

*misterioso*

O In the fog - gy dew.

34

A

T

B

8

2) Right proud - ly high o - ver Du - blin town They hung out a flag of war.

*p*

Unis.


*p* as emerging of the fog

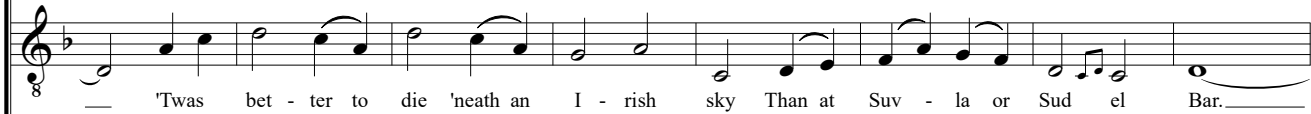
(tutti) *mp*


O

The foggy dew

42

A 


T 


B 


O O

'Twas bet - ter to die 'neath an I - rish sky Than at Suv - la or Sud el Bar.

50

A 

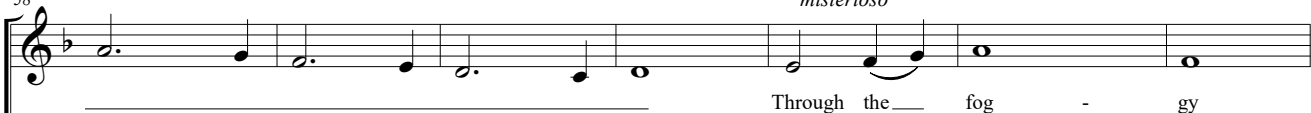
T 

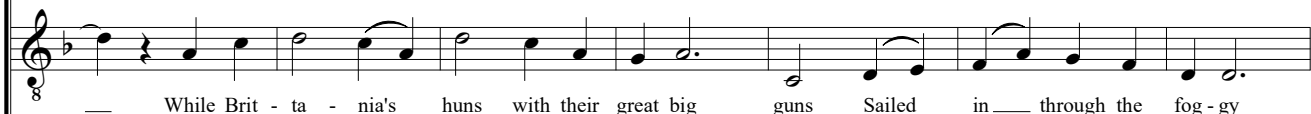
B 


O O

And from the plains of Ro - yal Meath Strong men came hur - rying through;

58 *misterioso*

A 

T 


B 


Through the fog - gy


While Brit - ta - nia's huns with their great big guns Sailed in through the fog - gy


O Through the fog - gy

65 *mf*

S 

A 

T 

B 

*mp* *mp*

3) 'Twas Brit - ta - nia bade our wild geese go That small

dew. In the fog - gy dew, all na -

dew. The fog - gy dew, the fog - gy dew! In the fog - gy dew, all the

dew. The fog - gy dew, the fog - gy dew, in the fog - gy down the

## The foggy dew

72

S na - tions\_\_ might be free. But their lone - ly\_\_ graves are by Suv - la's

A tions\_\_ might be free! Free! Might be free, might be

T na - tions might be free! Might\_\_ be free, might be

B na - tions might be free! Might be free, might be

79

S waves On the fringe of the gray North Sea. But had they died by\_\_

A free on the Sea! On the sea! The sea!

T free on gray North Sea! On sea! On the

B free on gray North Sea! On sea!

87

S Pear - se's side Or\_\_ fought with Ca - thal\_\_ Brugha, Their names we'd

A On the sea!

T sea! On the sea!

B The sea! The sea!

# The foggy dew

94

S keep where the Fe-nians sleep 'Neath the shroud of the fog-gy dew. The

A In the fog - gy dew! The fog - gy

T In the fog - gy dew! In the dew! O!  
On the sea!

B In the fog - gy dew! The fog - gy dew

101 *f con forza*

S dew! O! 4)The bra - vest fell, and the so - lemn bell Rang mourn - ful - ly and

A dew! 4)The bra - vest fell, and the so - lemn bell O! Rang mourn - ful - ly and

T 4)The bra - vest fell, and the so - lemn bell Rang mourn - ful - ly and

B O! 4)The bra - vest fell, and the so - lemn bell Rang mourn - ful - ly and

108

S clear For those who died that Wa - ter - tide In the sprin - ging

A clear, and clear! For those who died that Wa - ter - tide O! In the sprin - ging

T clear, and clear! O! For those who died that Wa - ter - tide In the sprin - ging

B clear, For those who died that Wa - ter - tide In the sprin - ging

## The foggy dew

115

S of the year. And the world did gaze with deep a - maze At those

A of the year. And the world did gaze with deep a - maze At those

T of the year. And the world did gaze with deep a - maze At those

B of the year, of the year! And the world did gaze with deep a - maze At those

122 *diminuendo*

S fear - less men, but few Who bore the fight that free-dom's

A fear - less men, but few Who bore the fight that free-dom's

T fear - less men, but few, but few Who bore the fight that free-dom's  
Div.

B fear - less men, but few, but few Who bore the fight that free-dom's

129 *le chant disparaît dans la brume...  
chaque voix entre en canon, librement*

S light Might shine through the fog - gy dew. bouche fermée respiration indépendante

A light Might shine through the fog - gy dew. bouche fermée  
chaque voix entre en canon, librement

T light Might shine through the fog - gy dew. bouche fermée  
Unis. respiration indépendante

B light Might shine through the fog - gy dew. bouche fermée

The foggy dew

137

Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B) vocal parts. Measures 137-144. The Soprano and Tenor parts feature a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the Alto and Bass parts provide a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes and ties.

145

Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B) vocal parts. Measures 145-152. The Soprano and Tenor parts continue the melodic line, with some notes tied across measures. The Alto and Bass parts maintain the harmonic accompaniment.

153

Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B) vocal parts. Measures 153-156. The Soprano and Tenor parts end with a fermata and the instruction "tenir la note". The Alto and Bass parts end with a fermata and the instruction "colla parte".

1)As down the glen one Easter morn  
 To a city fair rode I.  
 Where armed lines of proudly marching men  
 In squadrons passed me by.  
 No pipes did hum, no battle drum  
 Did sound its loud tattoo  
 But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell  
 Rang out in the foggy dew.

2)Right proudly high over Dublin town  
 They hung out a flag of war.  
 'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky  
 Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.  
 And from the plains of Royal Meath  
 Strong men came hurrying through;  
 While Britannia's huns with their great big guns  
 Sailed in through the foggy dew.

3)'Twas Britannia bade our wild geese go  
 That small nations might be free.  
 But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves  
 On the fringe of the gray North Sea.  
 But had they died by Pearse's side  
 Or fought with Cathal Brugha,  
 Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep  
 'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

4)The bravest fell, and the solemn bell  
 Rang mournfully and clear  
 For those who died that Watertide  
 In the springing of the year.  
 And 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.

#### La rosée brumeuse

Un matin de Pâques au pied de la vallée encaissée,  
 Tandis que je me rendais vers Dublin,  
 Là, des lignes armées d'hommes qui marchaient  
 en escadron me dépassèrent.  
 Aucune voix ne fredonnait,  
 aucun tambour de guerre ne résonnait  
 Mais la cloche de l'Angélus carillonnait crescendo  
 au-dessus de la Liffey jusque dans la rosée brumeuse.

Avançant fièrement dans la ville de Dublin,  
 ils arborèrent le drapeau de guerre avec dignité.  
 C'était mieux de mourir sous le ciel irlandais  
 qu'à Suvla ou Sud el Bar.  
 Et depuis les plaines de Royal Meath  
 des hommes forts arrivèrent en désordre  
 Tandis que les Huns britanniques avec leurs armes longues portée  
 tiraient à travers la rosée brumeuse.

C'est l'Angleterre qui a dit à nos oies sauvages de partir  
 que les petites nations pourraient être libres  
 Mais leurs tombes solitaires sont près des vagues de Suvla  
 Au bord de la mer grise du Nord.  
 Mais s'ils étaient morts aux côtés de Pearse  
 Ou avaient combattu avec Cathal Brugha,  
 Leurs noms, nous les garderions là où dorment les Fenians  
 Sous le linceul de la rosée brumeuse.

Les plus courageux tombèrent, et la cloche du requiem  
 sonna lugubre et cristalline  
 Pour ceux qui sont morts en cette journée de Pâques  
 dans le renouveau de l'année  
 Pendant que le monde contemplant avec stupéfaction  
 cette poignée d'hommes si braves  
 Qui supportèrent le combat afin que la lumière de la liberté  
 puisse à nouveau briller à travers la rosée brumeuse.