



# dominick cochlain

Arranger, Composer, Interpreter, Publisher

France, rouen

## About the artist

I've always had a great passion for Irish music : songs above all but dances, too (jigs, reels, hornpipes, & so on); I love, as thirty years ago, the Chieftains, De Dannan, Clannad, Loreena Mac Kennit... I practice Irish set-dancing and French traditional dances (bourrées, waltzes of all kind, mazurkas, rondeus of south-west of France, & so on).

I was a member of two medieval groups that interpreted songs of trouvères, troubadours, Guillaume de Machaut, Adam de la Halle, Cantigas de Santa Maria, & so on.

I studied harmony that allow me to compose. First, I was a teacher in nursery schools and I wrote children songs. I also created videos for children., created with Illustrator & I-Movie.

**Qualification:** Irish singing & dancing at the Irish Association of Paris, medieval singing, medieval fiddle, rebec studied at the Medieval Centre of Paris, baroque music in the Conservatoire of Reims.

**Associate:** SACEM

**Artist page :** <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-falorum.htm>

## About the piece



**Title:** FOGGY DEW  
**Composer:** Anonymous  
**Arranger:** cochlain, dominick  
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**Publisher:** cochlain, dominick  
**Style:** Celtic

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'Twas down the glen one Easter morn' to a city fair  
rodel When Ireland's line of marching men in  
squadron's passed me by

No pipe did hum and no battle drum did sound its dread  
tattoo

But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in  
the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go

That small nations might be free;

Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves,

On the fringe of the grey North Sea.

But had they died by Pearse's side

Or fought with Valera true,

Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep,

'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell and the solemn bell

Rang mournfully and clear

For those who died that Eastertide

In the springing of the year.

And the world did gaze in deep amaze

At these fearless men and true

Who bore the fight that freedom's light

Might shine through the foggy dew.