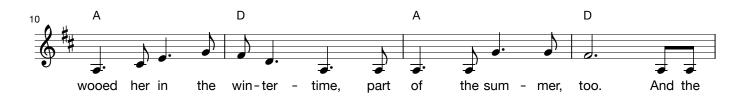
The Foggy, Foggy Dew

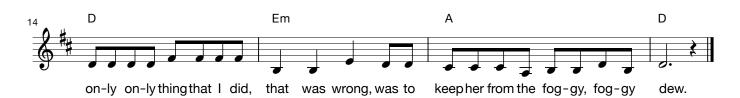
Traditional











- 2. One night she knelt close by my side When I was fast asleep.
 She threw her arms around my neck,
 And she began to weep.
 She wept, she cried, she tore her hair
 Ah, me! What could I do?
 So all night long I held her in my arms
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.
- 3. Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son We work at the weaver's trade.
 And every sing time I look into his eyes He reminds me of that fair young maid. He reminds me of the wintertime Part of the summer, too,
 And the many, many times that I held her in my arms Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.