

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

Traditional

♩ = 110

When I was a ba-che-lor, I lived all a-lone, I worked at the wea-ver's trade.. And the

6 on-ly on-ly thing that I did, that was wrong, was to woo a fair young maid. I

10 wooed her in the win-ter - time, part of the sum - mer, too. And the

14 on-ly on-ly thing that I did, that was wrong, was to keep her from the fog-gy, fog-gy dew.

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.