

The Foggy Dew

Bm **Em** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
Over the hills I went one day, a lovely maid I spied.

Em **A**
With her coal black hair and her mantle so green,
Bm **Em** **Bm**
an image to perceive.

D **G** **D** **A**
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride
Bm **Em** **F** **Bm**
and she lifted her eyes of blue;

Em **A**
She smiled and said, "Young man I'm to wed,
Bm **Em** **Bm**
I'm to meet him in the foggy dew."

Over the hills I went one morn, a-singing I did go.
Met this lovely maid with her coal-black hair,
and she answered soft and low:
Said she, "Young man, I'll be your bride,
if I know that you'll be true."
Oh, in my arms, all her charms
were casted in the foggy dew.