

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

 G C
When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
 D7 G
I worked at the weaver's trade;
 C
And the only only thing I did that was wrong
 D7 G
Was to woo a fair young maid.
 D7 G
I wooed her in the wintertime,
 D7 G
Part of the summer too;
 C
And the only only thing I did that was wrong
 D7 G
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep.
She threw her arms around my neck,
And then 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.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime
And 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.