The Foggy, Foggy Dew - Traditional

The Foggy, Foggy Dew-Traditional
(ca. 1815)

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