

Foggy Foggy Dew traditional

D D7 G E
When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
A A7 D D
I worked at the weaver's trade.
D D7 G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
A A7 D D
Was to woo a fair young maid.

A A D D A A D D
I wooed her in the wintertime, and part of the summer too.
D D7 G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
A A7 D D
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'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.