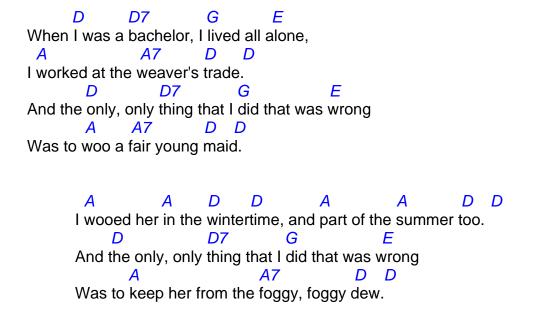
## Foggy Foggy Dew traditional



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.