

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Foggy foggy dew

When I was a batchelor I lived all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade
And the only only thing I ever did that was wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid
I wooed her in the winter-time
And in the summer too
And the only only thing I ever did tha was wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew

One night she appeared at my bedside
As I lay sleeping there
The moonlight gleamed on her pale pale face
And glistened on her coal black hair
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

Now I am a batchelor, I live with my son
We work at the weaver's trade
And every single time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young mind
He reminds me of the winter-time
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